

The Wellsborough Advertiser.

BY WILLIAM D. BAILEY,

[SELF-DEPENDENCE AND SELF-IMPROVEMENT—THE FIRST RIGHT, AND THE FIRST DUTY OF EVERY NATION.]

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WHOLE NO.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A—

BY CLARA N'LISTON.

They have laid thee in the grave, Addie,
The cold and silent tomb;
Thy soul has fled from earth, Addie,
To thy eternal home.
We miss thy joyous laugh, Addie,
And thy steps so light and free,
As if borne on zephyrs soft and cool,
From the distant, rolling sea.
But thou hast found thy rest at last,
Life's cares shall vex no more—
Thou hast left behind these sorrowing hearts,
Whose grief is deep and sore—
We followed thee to the grave, Addie,
We saw the cold, damp sod
Placed on thy breast so joyous once,
And gave thee up to God.
'Twas a bitter, bitter pang, Addie,
To rend true hearts in twain,
To close those dark deep eyes, which will
Ne'er beam on us again.
Beneath the earth that fell, Addie,
Upon thy silent tomb,
The hopes that we had cherished oft
Forever were suppressed.
The love we felt for thee, Addie,
Remains as true and pure,
As though we had not left thee now
To see thee nevermore!
For in the Eden-bowers of God,
Those gardens far above,
There blooms still brighter than on earth,
Our blighted hopes and love.

Historical Sketch.

THE HEART'S SACRIFICE,

OR,
INCIDENT AT THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

BY LAWRENCE LABRE.

We have heard the story of a young man who lived through the perilous times of our country. He was ardent and patriotic, and thirsted to be a sharer in the glories which our brave armies plucked from the bristling bayonets of the enemy; yet he had been withheld from joining the ranks by aged and infirm parents, whose only support and comfort he was. As he looked upon the feebleness of their old age, and thought of the perils they would be exposed to, with no defender to their helplessness, he would sigh for the destinies of his country, and resign himself to the duties of the small farm that was their support. He could not desert them and leave them to the mercy of the vagabond stragglers from the enemy's camp, and worse, traitors of his own country. Instances were too fresh in his memory, of reverend heads and hoary locks having been crushed to the dust by midnight plunderers and assassins, and his love for the authors of his being left him nothing but prayers for his oppressed country.

But he had other affections growing in his breast like spring flowers, shedding a perfume of holiness upon his spirit, like the Christian's inspiration. There existed, since their childhood, an attachment between him and the only daughter of a widow, who resided but a few rods from his father's; and that attachment had ripened into mutual declarations of love, when the parties became sufficiently old to appreciate the glow of true devotion. A time was set for the consummation of their vows, which was the evening of the ever memorable 25th of December, 1776, at the time when Washington was making his perilous but triumphant passage across the Delaware, amid floating ice, and suffering from the intense cold of the season.

The two families were now united, George removing his bride and her mother to the house of his father. But still he was not happy—he could not banish from his mind an oppressive anxiety for the welfare of his country, and the doubtful struggle which she was maintaining, in the hope of acquiring that freedom for which every heart so warmly prayed.

In a week from the night of the passage of the Delaware, Washington met a detachment of the enemy at Princeton, which he defeated with small loss, with the exception of several officers, among whom was the gallant and brave General Mercer, while that of the enemy was upwards of one hundred killed, and the remainder, about three hundred, taken prisoners. The General then retired to winter quarters at Morristown, which he did not leave until the latter end of May, with an army amounting to but a little over seven thousand men; although Congress had offered recruits bounties in land, with an increased pay.

At this time George burned to enlist in the ranks of his countrymen, and share their sufferings and their glory. But his young wife looked in his face with weeping eyes, whose eloquence added to the infirmities of his parents, deterred him from the sacrifice. Besides, as the roads became more passable, and the season more temperate, robberies and midnight excursions of straggling Hessians and skinners were more frequent, and the house of one of their neighbors had been pillaged, the inmates brutally murdered, and the dwelling set on fire, within sight of their friends, who could offer them no assistance, expecting, as they did, every moment to meet a similar fate. In this state of disquietude passed away the summer, until the intelligence reached George of an engagement between the

American and English armies at Brandywine, on the 11th of September, when the republican forces were compelled to retire, after a day's hard fighting, with a loss estimated at three hundred killed, about six hundred wounded, and between three and four hundred made prisoners.

This reverse of American arms aroused anew the patriotic feelings of George, and he at once communicated his intentions to his father, who offered no impediment to his immediately joining the army, and helping to retrieve what now had been so unfortunately lost.

"Go, my son," said he. "I am beyond service myself; but, like Abraham of old, I am willing to offer my son to the sacrifice. Let the plea of protection to your parents be no longer an excuse to keep you from the ranks of those brave and devoted men who follow Washington, and receive our blessing, and bid farewell to your young wife, whose love of her country I am sure cannot be less than her affection for yourself. If you fall, it is in a just and holy cause."

This was the heroic advice, but nowise uncommon in the mouths of our venerable sires. George communicated his design to his mother, and afterwards to his wife; but the latter would not listen to his arguments, and wept and beseeched him not to leave them to the mercy of the mercenary robbers, that overrun the country in the neighborhood of the British armies. Earnestly did he plead the sufferings of his countrymen, and the necessity of his presence among those who are battling for the blessings of liberty—to nothing would she listen—no argument would convince her. What was a single arm in the mighty strife! Despairing and impatient, our hero resolved to leave for the army the ensuing night, and for this purpose he made all necessary preparations for his secret departure. His gun and knapsack were deposited in the barn, and a letter of farewell written which he was to leave to be read after his departure.

Midnight at length came, melancholy and gloomy to George; but he arose from his bed, to which he had retired in the early part of the evening to lull suspicion, and kissing his wife affectionately as she lay asleep, he hurried to the barn, accoutred himself as well as his few equipments would allow, was soon on his way to join the army. He had not far to travel as Washington had encamped within eighteen miles of Germantown, and half that distance from his own residence, and long ere daylight on the first of October, he had preceded himself within the lines of the American army, and made known his desire to enlist, and that morning's reveille, as it beat the time to rise, was answered by the presence of George Madden.

But what consternation did the morning's dawn bring to the hearts of his wife and parents! His non-appearance was at first scarcely noticed, until the former perceived a letter lying on the table directed to herself, wherein George informed her of his resolution, and urged the necessity of his assisting in the struggle for freedom.

"If I fall," it said, "remember me—I shall die in a just and glorious cause. If I live—trust me, it will be in the enjoyment of a freeman's glorious privileges."

Ere the letter was concluded, the forsaken wife had fallen senseless on the floor. The father felt a glow of patriotic pride thrill his heart at this devotion in his son, while the mother knelt and clasped her hands in silent prayer. The poor wife at last came to her senses, but it was to wander about the house weeping, continually calling upon her husband, insisting that she should never see him more, and marvelled at his cruelty in deserting her. She was not of Spartan mould, and possessed not those stern virtues which prompted those ancient heroines to lay the last particle of affection upon the altar of their country's freedom! No, she asked nothing more than the love and presence of her husband—a devotion which remained paramount in her heart, permitting the presence of none else. Grief she could not submit to be left thus alone. The act must be revoked that made him one of the army. She would seek him—she would implore him to come back to those who loved him, and to whom he was all the world.

On that same day ere the sun had reached the meridian, unbeknown to any one, she left her home, and after three hours weary travel, she stood beside her husband in the camp, beseeching him to return. Those who heard her earnestness were melted by her tender entreaties—those rugged soldiers who would rush madly on bayonet and cannon—march barefoot over frozen ground and through deep snow, sustained only by fervent patriotism—they wept as they beheld this fond and timid wife clinging to her husband, and with eloquent endearment, begging him for the love he bore her, to return once more to the desolate hearth now left without a protector. Impossible! he had enlisted for the war—the army could not spare any of its number, which, even at best, was too small to cope with a large force, better disciplined and better clothed. Impossible! he could not with any decent grace, retreat from a position so recently assumed. He consoled her as best he could, but assured her of the impracticability of leaving the army. She must submit; it would be a sacrifice no greater than had been made by thousands. There was no remedy but to wait in hope—the end was certain, and the consequences

would be glorious. But what could the poor wife do? Ah! a thought has struck her. She will seek the tent of Washington—at his feet she will lay her petition.

Behold the hero in his tent—the great, the God-like, in whom are joined all virtues—created for the age and for the cause, doing what none else could. Before him is kneeling the wife of George Madden. Her petition has not been in vain, her tears have not been without effect. She holds in her hand a paper that will restore her to her husband. But before she goes to the officer of his regiment, she reverently takes the hand of his benefactor and presses it to her lips; a tear falls upon it which the good man suffers to remain, and sends her from his presence with a benediction, and words of hope and comfort!

Again she is in the presence of her husband—she shows him his discharge with a beaming countenance, and words of joy.

"Now you will go home with me George, and we will again be happy—oh, how happy!"

But no glow of satisfaction lit up his eye, no gladdening emotions shed their radiance over his features.

The discharge was recognised, and she led her husband from the ranks of his devoted companions; but he went not forth with that manly dignity and firm step with which he entered the camp as a volunteer. The eyes of the hardened soldiers were upon him—he fancied scornfully—his head dropped upon his chest, and suppressed whispers hissed in his ear like so many serpents, each a voice of reproach and shame; but the timid and loving woman that led him forth from the camp of war, was unconscious of all this. She heard no whispers of reproach, she saw no scornful eyes, she was only conscious that she had recovered her husband, and what cared she for eyes and lips! The pickets were passed, and the last guard stared rudely in her face as she approached him and muttered something that she did not hear. She prattled ramblingly to her husband, fond creature, all the way, telling him how happy she should be, and father and mother; but he answered her not, still walking gloomily by her side. Little cared she though, and still she wended along, and still she prattled. Poor, timid, tender creature! She did not imagine what a load of shame she had piled upon the head of her husband! She could not think how deeply she had wounded him. She had him safe, all her own again, at last, and she could not dream of any future woe, brooding sorrow! But he thought—he brooded over his discretion of his comrades, and remembered the expression of their faces, as he suffered himself to be led out of the encampment. And that night in his dreams, he heard the booming cannon, the crack of musketry, the clash of steel, and the pealing shout of victory; but he had suffered a child to tie his hands, and when he struggled to free himself, he heard a cry of "Shame! Shame!" that awoke him from his uneasy slumber, with cold sweat upon his brow, and his tender wife slumbering peacefully by his side, with her white and delicate arm clasping his panting chest!

When morning dawned and the day called him to his duties, it found him a strangely altered man. The caresses of his wife seemed loathsome to him—he could not bear her presence, but sought every opportunity of shunning her. But once during that day did he speak to her. The poor creature could not bear his coldness, and her heart overflowing with feelings that became insupportable she seized his hand and looked earnestly in his face, while her eyes glistened with tears, and exclaimed:

"O, George! why do you behave so coldly? It is killing me, George—you must look kindly—you must speak to me, or I shall die!"

He pressed her to his bosom a single moment, and then, looking earnestly in her eyes, said:

"Mary, you have disgraced me! I can never look man in the face again!"

She spoke not, but returned his glance with a proud eye, and suddenly quitting the room, she left her husband wondering at the strangeness of her own behavior. Her absence was but for a moment, and returning, she placed in the hands of George the gun and knapsack with which he had accoutred himself the previous night.

"There George, return to the camp. Tell General Washington that the wife gives her heart to the cause of her country. If every American gave as much we would be invincible! Go! God bless you! This is my sacrifice! You will bid me farewell—you will now speak to me—you will look as you used to do! That is some happiness. O, I could not bear your displeasure!"

Need we say how the heart of the young patriot leapt with excessive joy, and how he pressed the yielding form of his beautiful wife to his bosom? Shall we describe the tender parting and the affectionate farewell—or shall we cover with the veil of silence scenes so sacred? We prefer that the imagination of the reader should supply a scene description cannot do justice to.

George Madden was once more enlisted into the ranks of his countrymen, where he was received with applause. At this period Philadelphia was occupied by the British under General Howe, who, annoyed at some forts on the Delaware, detached a portion of the royal army to reduce them. Washington improved this opportunity to attack the remainder of the British army encamped at Germantown. The attack was made on the fourth of October, and was maintained on the part of the Americans with great severity, but they were eventually repulsed with the loss of the enemy, owing to the inexperience of part of the troops, and the presence of a thick fog, which embarrassed their movements. It was ascertained that the American loss amounted to two hundred killed, six hundred wounded, and four hundred made prisoners.

Multitudes of these men were without shoes to their feet; some had one shoe and some one boot—a part of an old coat or a ragged blanket. Many of the officers had their garments patched on the knee and elsewhere, with cloth of various hues. This column was on its route to the Bay of Chesapeake, with the hope and purpose of Washington to intercept the march of Cornwallis, with what success it is well known—and that it ended gloriously at Yorktown, as it ended the war."

But how fared George Madden? How fought the new recruit?

An old man—a survivor of the ranks—told us that he fought with the ferocity of a tiger and that just previous to the commencement of the attack, a young stripling presented himself to the officer and requested to be placed side by side with the hardy battlers for liberty. His request was granted—for no time was allowed for questions and considerations—and he was placed by the side of Madden, who only noticed him by a look of approval as the troops wheeled into line. He fought bravely and well, foot to foot, sometimes—breast to breast. But in vain the contest—useless the struggle. History tells of that disastrous struggle, and how, like the waves of the ocean, the brave troops of General Washington, under their heroic leader, gathered and broke, again and again upon the resisting forces of the enemy, but without effect, only to meet defeat and death!

Night shrouded the victory of our oppressors, and hung gloomy and thick over the camp of our desponding, but not discouraged countrymen.

But the early light of the succeeding day beamed upon a spectacle of worse horror. There lay heaps of the dead, the wounded and the dying. But a little apart from the rest, upon a green mound, stained only with their own blood, lay two embraced in the faithful embrace of death. The elder and more manly form was recognised as that of Madden, the other the fair volunteer of the preceding day. They were locked in the last embrace, and, in trying to part them it was discovered that the slender and delicate form was that of a woman!

The hearts of the veterans grew big as they gazed upon this melancholy spectacle, and they forebore to part them, but they placed them locked in each other's arms, in the same grave, and as the earth was thrown over them, no sacred rite was performed, but the tears of brave soldiers were sufficient pleaders at the bar of heaven, and their sad thoughts an appropriate funeral prayer for the sweet rest and perpetual happiness of two such rare spirits!

From the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Item of Revolutionary History.

Major James Rees died at Geneva, N. Y., March 24, 1851, aged 85 years. He was born in Philadelphia, of a Welch family, and was in early life the confidential clerk of Robert Morris the illustrious Financier of the Revolution. Mr. Rees held the office of Quartermaster General under General Washington in the time of the Whiskey Insurrection, in 1794, also under Generals Wilkinson and Izard, in the war of 1814, was land agent and cashier of the bank of Geneva, and lastly, postmaster under General Harrison—all of which stations he filled with advantage to all concerned, and retired with unspotted honor. With the best opportunities for becoming rich, he preferred a moderate but sure competency. The following incident related by Major Rees—illustrative of the real hardships and privations of the statesmen and soldiers who won our Nation's Liberty—was communicated to the New York Literary World:

"It was in the year 1781, that Mr. Morris one morning early said, 'Jemmy, I wish the horse and 'chaise to be ready at ten, and that you accompany me to meet Gen. Washington on the Square.' At the moment appointed I was ready, and proceeded with Mr. Morris to the junction of Market and Broad streets, Philadelphia. In a few moments I saw the General and his servant approaching on horseback. The General dismounted, and saluted Mr. Morris with gravity. They both sat down on a log in that place. Their discourse at first was upon the miserable state of the army from the want of bread and clothing, and the General said: 'The head of my column will soon be in sight, on our way to the head of Elk.' The discourse soon varied to the prospect of raising funds to procure supplies for his famishing troops, and I could perceive that tears were in the eyes of both. Said Mr. Morris, 'Dear General, I have made my last effort—my notes are in the market in sums varying from five pounds to five thousand dollars. I have already received twenty thousands from some friends, (meaning Quakers,) and have that sum here ready for your military chest, and will forward to you other sums as they may come in, with flour and pork also.' The General seized the hand of Mr. Morris, saying, 'May an infinite God bless you, my dear Morris, for this timely relief! It will save my men from starving, and may win us a victory.' The tears rolled down their cheeks, and I was unable to avoid weeping like a child. It was now that I heard the drum and fife, and soon there advanced the head of a column of pale faced, ragged infantry, gaunt and lean; but their countenances brightened as they beheld their chief in conversation with the great 'paymaster,'

ladies themselves were compelled to join the merriment they had afforded the siders by the ludicrous character of interview.

How to Behave at Fires.

The moment you hear an alarm, scurry like a pair of panthers. Run any way, except the right way—for the farthest round is the nearest way to the fire, you happen to run on top of a wood so much the better, you can then get a view of the neighborhood. If a break out on your view, break for it immediately—but be sure you don't jump a low window. Keep yelling all the time, and if you can't make night hideous enough, kick all the dogs you come across and set them yelling too—(will help amazingly). A brace of cats dragged up by the tail would be a "powerful auxiliary" if you attempt this however, you had better keep an eye *claw-ward*. When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt on it, or if you can't do that, throw salt on the tail, and make him run up, the effect will be about the same. If both be impracticable, a few buckets of water cautiously applied, will answer almost as well. Perhaps the best plan would be to jerk the pump handle and pound down the cone. Don't forget to yell all the while it will have a prodigious effect in frighting off the fire. You might swear a little, if you can do it scientifically.—If you long to the "Eagle," d—n the "Hope" to the "Hope," d—n the "Eagle," and to neither, don't be partial and d—n both. The louder the better of course; and more ladies in the vicinity the greater necessity for "doing it brown." Shut the roof begin to smoke, get to work in earnest, and make any man "smoke" interrupts you. If it is summer and there are fruit trees in the lot, cut them down prevent the fire from roasting the apples. Don't forget to yell. Should the stable threatened, carry out the cow-churn. Never mind the horse—he'll be alive kicking, and if his legs don't do their duty let him pay for the roast. Ditto as to hogs—let them save their own bacon smoke for it. When the roof begins to burn, get a crow bar and pry away a stone step, or if the steps be of wood, cut an axe and chop them up. Next, throw away the wash boards in the basement, and if that don't stop the flames, the chair boards on the first floor share a similar fate. Should the devouring element still pursue the even tenor of its way, get better ascend to the second story. Pitch out pitchers and tumble out the tubs. Yell all the time.

If you find a baby abed, fling it into second story window of the house across way, but let the kitten carefully down the work basket. Then draw out the rear drawers and empty their contents of the back window, telling some body, upset the slop barrel and rain water ho head at the same time. Of course you will attend to the mirror. The further can be thrown the more pieces can be made. If any body objects smash it over his head. Do not, under any circumstance, drop things down from the second story—the fire might break its legs, and render the thing a cripple for life; set it straddle your shoulders, and carry it out carefully. Pile the bedclothes on the floor to show the spectators that you can "beat the bugs" at knocking a bedstead apart a chopping up the pieces.

By the time you have attended to these things, the fire will certainly be extinguished, or the building burnt down. In all case your services will be no longer needed, and of course you need no further directions.

Preaching to the Point.

Passing along on Wednesday night— evening at the south is our afternoon— Montgomery, Alabama, I stopped into a Presbyterian lecture room, where a slave was preaching.

"My brethren," said he, "God bless your souls, 'igion is like de Alabama rite in spring comes fresh, an' bring in all old logs, slabs an' sticks dat had been lyin' on de bank, an' an' erry dem down to de rent. Bymcby de water go down—den de log catch here on dis island, den a slab get cotched on de shore, and de sticks on de bushes—and dere dey lie withered an' dry in 'till dere comes 'nother fresh. Jus' a sinner comes 'one 'vival o' 'igion—dis o' darrer bruder an' dat old backslider bruder an' all de folk seem comin' an' 'might good times. But, brethren, God bress your souls, bymcby 'vival's gone—den dis o' sinner—is stuck on his old sin, den dat o' backslider is cotched where he was afore on jus' such a rock, den one arter 'nothe dat had got 'igion lies all 'long de shore an' dere dey lie 'till 'nother 'vival. Be lubbed brethren, God bress your souls, keep in de current!"

I thought this illustration beautiful enough for a more elegant dress, and too true, alas for other than his own race.

A WESTERN EDITOR was paid by a subscriber last week, and was so overcome that he has since been unable to attend to his usual duties. "Twas too much for him."

A GREAT MAN will neither trample on a worm, nor sneak to a king.