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Miscellaneous.
Walking the Plank.
The history of the West is one long record of bloody and atrocious deeds. Not the least in the dark and interminable catalogue is the little event we are now about to lay before our kind readers. We heard the story from the lips of one who professed—and we had no reason to doubt his word—to have played a prominent part in the thrilling occurrence, and we give it to the reader just as we heard it.

"Some years ago," said the narrator, "a friend and myself agreed to take a tramp, hunter fashion, through the great wilderness of the Northwest. Having provided ourselves with what things we thought actually necessary, and nothing more, we started upon our perilous journey for that it was perilous we were fully aware, and every reader will admit.

"After encountering innumerable hardships and many dangers of a region, many miles distant from the haunts of civilization. Already we had passed through enough to have discouraged most of us, but we were young and full of blood, and not easily put out of frightened. This was particularly the case with my companion, whose name was Andrew Hull.

"Both of us were perfectly healthy, as strong as oxen, and considerably experienced in the use of such articles as rifles, pistols, and bowie knives. In all these respects we could hold our own with the best; had it been otherwise, we should never have lived to reach the point at which we finally arrived.

"Just about dark one evening in the latter part of July, after a hard day's tramp, we halted for the night. A darker, deeper loneliness than that which surrounded us, we built a little fire and supper; silently we ate it. Worn out, and for the time being slightly dispirited, we were in no humor for conversation.

"For some time we sat by our camp fire without uttering a single word, and almost without moving. I was thinking of home and absent friends, and it was only reasonable to suppose that Hull was similarly occupied.

"After the lapse of some time, our fire burnt low, and I arose to replenish it. The bark of a wolf started me, and I involuntarily addressed my companion.

"Huff did not answer me, however, but, without noticing the circumstance, I thus a quantity of faggots on the fire and addressed him.

"Take a few, said I, and after that you can do the same by me.

"That depends on circumstances!" responded Andy, unhesitatingly. "We're two good men, afraid of neither man, or beast, and if your intentions are hostile, as they appear to be, you may take my word for it that we will give you all the trouble we can."

"You won't now, will you?" rejoined the desperado tauntingly. "Guess you'll have your hands full of yer try that sart uv a game."

"Well, what do you want here, anyhow?" I demanded boldly, fully satisfied in my own mind that if we got out of our present scrape we had to fight it out.

"What do we want here?" was the rapid reply. "I guess the forest's a tree to us, as it is to any one else. Don't kill 'er? You're boss here, stranger, do yer best."

"No!" was Andy's quick reply, and he took the words out of my mouth, "no are you. But that's not to the point," he added. "What do you want with us?"

"You money an' yer traps! Understand that sort of talk, don't yer?"

"Yes, we understand that you're a gang of thieves and cut throats," responded Andy, "but if you get anything from us, you've got to fight for it, though we are but two against a dozen. Give 'em a shot, comrade," said the fiery fellow, addressing himself to me. "We can't make the matter worse."

"I thought so too, and raising my rifle, Andy and myself fired simultaneously.

"I'm mighty two of the outlaws fell dead to the ground, and the rest uttered a concerted yell, that sounded more fearfully than the howl of the wolf I had so recently driven away.

"Now, give 'em the pistols!" shouted Andy, his whole soul in the deadly conflict.

"Each of us carried a brace of double-barreled pistols, which gave us eight shots between us, and quick as lightning we were exchanging the loads in the faces of the outlaws. Six more of the brigands fell before our aim while we remained unharmed, notwithstanding a number of scattering shots whistled around our ears and over our heads.

"What charge upon the thieves!" yelled Andy in stentorian tones.

"I followed my comrade's lead, and to gether we charged upon the remaining five outlaws for that number were left. A fierce and bloody fight ensued. Andy performed miracles, and I did double duty; but as fate would have it, we were both rendered hors d'oeuvre, my comrade by a pistol wound in the side, and I by a blow on the right shoulder.

"I know nothing more after that, for the next moment I became unconscious. When I came to myself I found I was in a cave, and it was not long before I discovered that the cave was the haunt of robbers. This much I ascertained by listening, for I could see nothing but a bright light of day seemed never to penetrate that dismal cavern. It was the gloomiest, chilliest place I ever entered, and from the bottom of my heart I wished myself well out of it.

"I thought of Andy, you may be sure, but could see no way of finding out what had become of him.

"After a while, however, an old and outrageously ugly Indian squaw made her appearance. She brought me food and medicine, and temporary light. My wounds had already been dressed. Of course I was eager to question her.

"My good woman," said I very pleasantly. "I should like to know where I am—will you tell me?"

"She shook her head negatively, and to all I could say or do I got no other answer. I inquired about Andy, and other matters, but received no satisfaction. Finally I gave up in despair, and let the old hag go.

CLIPPINGS.
Emerson says "when a public man claims more consideration than his facilities entitle him to, he is a politician."

Lord Coke calls the law "a stately tree." It may be a very nice tree, but it does have some very poor limbs!

It is said that about 450,000 of slave population of the South belong to the church—about one-seventh of the whole slave population.

Even a railway engine is not the toughest material in the world, for it has its tender part attached to it.

A don't do an Easter, not long since, tried an experiment in the way of drying powder in a store, and rather astonished both his wife and himself with the result.

Martin Van Buren, it is said, lawfully writing a book. It will be spiced, if he faithfully records the doings of the old Albany Regency in which he participated.

My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry; for how could I hope to prevail on any young lady, possessed of the slightest notions of delicacy, to take a Somerset?

Joshua R. Giddings announces that the Richmond Whig can have his head (and vertebrae, for he has done with it, if that paper will hand over the \$5,000 reward to his executors.

The Massachusetts Spy denies that Charles Sumner is to marry a rich wife and summer down into domestic life, and says he will take his seat in the Senate at the opening of Congress.

A Visit to Niagara Falls.
(NO. 1.)
SLEEPING LAWNS, May 25, 1852.
MR. EDITOR—In company with a friend, one pleasant morning a short time since, we set out wholly intent upon a visit to Niagara Falls: from a small town in the Buckeye State. Passing through a level and fertile country, nothing of importance appeared to our notice except the imposing appearance of the surrounding scenery, which not infrequently met the eye with all the variegated loveliness of a western landscape, beneath a clear and cloudless sky. Night gathered her sable curtains around us, the evening of the first day in the thriving village of Conneaut, from which harbor we intended sailing. As morning came we were to be seen upon the deep blue waters of Lake Erie, moving toward the point of our destination in one of those "floating palaces" so numerous upon its bosom, gliding as if some mysterious agency had invested man with supernatural power in the propulsion of our boat.

The tranquil waters, as they sparkled beneath the gliding rays of the morning sun, seemed to bespeak animation to all animated nature, and little did we anticipate, that their brilliancy would so soon be overclouded, and the turbulent fury of the rolling waves threaten to engulf us in the deep, after the fine prospect under which our voyage had been commenced. Yet such was the case. Onward we went, tossed by the furious billows, and although the wind blew the storm raged, and the upheavings of the mighty deep continued nearly four hours, our hearts scarcely exhibited the least degree of fear, but rather that of triumph as our bark proudly plunged through the swollen surge.

In the evening we arrived in safety at the Queen city of the lakes, highly gratified that we had escaped the danger to which we had been exposed. Our arrival was greeted with an unusual number of cab-drivers, who were all anxiously waiting to carry the passengers to a place of repose.

We have not been, however, entirely unaccustomed to traveling, but the excitement manifested on this occasion, exceeded anything that had ever felt our lot to witness. As far as the eye could extend—along the strand, nothing but one jam of vehicles—their feelings were perceptible, and the unkind feelings created by a numerous competition, at length broke forth in a general melee among the cab men. Whether the authorities of Buffalo sanction such improper conduct is a problem we are not prepared to solve, but the least we can say of it is that a broken head appeared almost inevitable from the flying missiles of the combatants.

After partaking of the hospitality of a first class hotel, we were ready to take passage in the morning train of cars, direct to the Falls. Nothing worthy of special note occurred during our short stay in the city, as the cars leaving at an early hour prevented such observations as would be of interest. Once out of the city, it is to be seen on the right the fair face of nature which no longer retains the solitude in which the "red man of the forest" sported, unconscious of the change that was soon to take place, by the energetic hand of civilization. On the left rolls the broad and placid stream Niagara, toward the great glacier of waters.

The first station after leaving the city, is Black Rock, where nothing of unusual appearance would induce the traveler to pause, if it were not that the name is familiar to all conversant with the history of the late war with Great Britain. Here it was that Commodore Perry took winter quarters, and so completely foiled the British as to keep them entirely ignorant of his whereabouts. Several villages appear on the route through which the cars pass, among which is Tonawanda, a distance of twelve miles from Buffalo. This place, though possessing many natural advantages, is seriously affected in consequence of the lowness of its local position. At this point the Niagara is at its most extreme breadth—being eight miles from the American to the Canada shore.

Nine miles from the last named village is Schlosser Landing, where the steamer Caroline, of Buffalo, was cut loose by the English militia during the Canada rebellion of 1837. This vessel, it will be remembered, was used as a ferry boat to carry American citizens to the Island, where the "self-called patriots"—that had set themselves in defiance to the English laws—were stationed. The Island was visited by a great number of persons, entirely through motives of curiosity. In view of these circumstances, the commander of the English at Chippewa determined that the boat should be destroyed. At the hour of midnight a party of men were dispatched to cut off what they supposed to be carrying aid to the rebels. Floating within the peaceful precincts of our republican jurisdiction, and moored in the American landing, was this ill-fated vessel when attacked. Entirely unconscious of danger, and without means of defence, the sleeping inmates were aroused by the assailants on board. As no serious obstacle presented, the completion of their work was speedily accomplished. They fired the boat and sent it a burning wreck upon Niagara's bosom. The proprietor was killed in the affray.

Such are the circumstances in relation to this affair, though not the only incident which makes the place memorable. A fort erected by the French in an early period, adds to the interest of its history, with those who love to ponder on the events of former days. From here, a moment was required, before we landed in the picturesque village of Niagara Falls, one mile from the former place. It is beautifully situated, near the falls, and contains some very fine buildings, among which are several churches, good hotels, and lodges belonging to the charitable and benevolent institutions of the Sons of Temperance and Odd Fellowship.

A little beyond the village toward the Fall, at the depth of two hundred feet below the surface flowed the mighty stream. In the distance a Canadian landscape outstretched majestically, while to the left a partial view of the falls, with its beautiful rainbow, was perceptible. All were indeed grand and imposing!

After we had endeavored to realize the magnitude of what we presented we proceeded to the bank of the river below the American Fall. To enable the visitor to accomplish this object, there is a pair of stairs erected by cutting away the embankment, making it of gradual descent. These stairs are of considerable length—being seven hundred regular steps. There is also erected at the same place water works for the purpose of leaving down persons desirous of descending by that means with more ease and convenience. From the foot of these stairs visitors can proceed toward the American Fall several rods without any great inconvenience, as the falling away of the embankment has produced a foundation, over which they can pass in safety.

A further sketch of Niagara Falls and the various objects of interest presented to the inquiring stranger, will be forthcoming at an early period.

A Brave Boy.
A brave little boy who was left alone in charge of a dentist's office and lodgings in New Orleans, recently, was awakened in the night by the entrance of a burglar. With eye lids opened merely to a line he saw him step to the side of the bed, look down the mosquito bar, and bend his head toward the occupant betrayed any signs of being awake. Satisfied with the sound the burglar took a piece of candle from his vest pocket and lit it with a match. He then raised the mosquito bar and put his head under, holding the light in one hand and a bowie knife in the other, the blade lying against the fore part of his arm. The lad preserved an appearance as if he slept, and fully satisfied with the last examination the burglar stealthily and slowly passed into the apartment adjoining. The boy got quietly out of bed and made across the room which the thief had just left to a drawer, where were two pistols. The noise made in obtaining them was heard by the burglar, who rushed back and made at the boy with knife uplifted and his left hand at a pistol which he had by his side. The little fellow was equal to the emergency, for he stood firm, holding a pistol in each hand, presented at the thief. The burglar did not dare to advance, but retreated slowly, followed by the lad with pistols extended. He had succeeded in cocking one of the derringers only, but hesitated to fire lest he might miss. As the burglar went he fell over a chair, but before the boy could decide upon shooting was on his pins again, making out into the court and climbing up the ladder. Then the boy tried what the derringer could do and fired as he was trying to get on the wall. The ball unfortunately missed and the thief escaped, says the Delta.

We never knew until we read the sermon of Elder Middleton, one of the saints of Mormondom, delivered recently to his disciples at Salt Lake City, that they had a printing office, editors and reporters, in Heaven. He concluded his sermon thus:

They eat and drink and sleep in Heaven. Earth is emphatically a miniature of Heaven. I believe they have a printing office, and short hand reporters. Why not? Are they not greater than we are on earth? I believe there is a channel of communication extending from my mouth to the loins of the angels, and probably an angel at the telegraph office in Heaven is now waiting for the news from here, and as soon as he gets it he will take it right to the hands of the printers and they will set it up in type and print it in newspapers, and then boys or men will jump on horses and ride around, giving the inhabitants of Heaven the latest news concerning the kingdom of God on earth. There are more than two reporters here, more than brother Long and brother Watt; I believe there is a reporter here from Heaven to find out who is speaking, what he is speaking about, and everything else of interest. He sends the items as fast as he gets them, right up to Heaven, and there they are printed.

A CHINESE DINNER.—During the visit of Mr. Ward, the American minister, to Peking China, he was honored with a sumptuous dinner. Though only the three Chinese commissioners and Mr. Ward, his secretary, and two interpreters, were present and set down to the table, the expense was estimated at \$1,500. It consisted of various dishes, including bird's nests, shark's fins, herring's roes, watermelon seeds, &c., &c., the whole amounting to no less than thirty courses.