

# Democratic Intelligencer

BELLEVILLE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENN. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1859.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.  
Bellefonte, Penn'a.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Office in the Arcade, second floor.

**UNITED STATES HOTEL,**  
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ATTORNEY AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.  
THURSDAY, CLEARFIELD CO. PA.  
No. 30 34-11

**CHARLES H. HALES,**  
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Office with the Hon James T. Hise  
Nov 25 1859-1f.

**DR. JAMES F. HUTCHISON,**  
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**D. G. HULSE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
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Will attend to all professional business entrusted to his care. Parties desiring to call on him please call on the office, second floor, with Col. W. H. Hise.  
January 13-59-1f.

**IRA C. MITCHELL,**  
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Will continue the practice of his profession, in the office heretofore occupied by him, in the building promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to him.  
Dec 22, 1858-1f.

**W. F. MACLEAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Bellefonte, Penn'a.  
Professional business made in Centre, Clinton and Clearfield counties.  
Office on Allegheny street, in the building formerly occupied by Humes & Wilson.  
Bellefonte, J. Dec 20, '59.

**J. D. WINGATE,**  
RESIDENT DENTIST.  
Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond, near the Court House.  
137 Will be found at the office except two weeks in each month, on James T. Hise, where he can always be consulted in the English and German languages.

**DR. G. L. POTTER,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Office on High Street (old office). Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, and respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. Office next door to his residence on Spring street.  
Oct 28-59-1f.

**ADAM HOY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Bellefonte, Penn'a.  
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## A Visit to Niagara Falls.

(No. 2.)  
SUNDAY MORNING, June 11, 1852.  
The principal inconvenience that is experienced by visitors who wish to approach the American Fall, from the foot of the stairs described in our sketch of your last issue, is the falling spray which descends in copious showers upon them. Nothing comparatively attractive is to be seen in viewing the falls from this point, consequently very few persons visit it unless for the sake of romance. Actuated, however, by a desire to witness the scene from every available point, we set out to gain a prominence of rocks and finally accomplished our object at the expense of a thorough wetting. Satisfied with what was here to be seen, we retraced our steps for the purpose of making a hasty retreat, when the most beautiful rainbow we ever beheld, outstretching its celestial arch completely encompassing us, and apparently so close that ten feet would have measured the distance. In the midst of the spray which was driven by the wind impetuously against us, we were wholly absorbed in the varied appearance of its changeable hues, which for a moment would gradually diminish, until scarcely perceptible, and then quack as the flash of some electric body, re-appear in all its resplendency.

The sky being overcast by numberless passing clouds, through which the sun shone more or less brightly, was the grand cause producing this singular effect. Retracing our steps we ascended the long flight of stairs and hastened across to the Islands dividing the American from the Canadian Fall. A bridge leading to them is erected sixty rods above the precipice, in the rapid.

The extent of the bridge is twenty-eight rods to Bath Island, and sixteen to Lisie. These noted islands form a part of the precipice producing the falls, and contiguous to them are a number of smaller ones composing a very singular group. A spiral stair case enables the tourist to descend to the brink of the river between the falls. From there you can pass behind the central fall to the opposite side, and from thence in a like manner under the American to a considerable distance. It is generally supposed that the passage behind the American fall extends through, but it has never been penetrated beyond a certain distance. Crusts of central fall is about twenty yards in width and was the scene of the frightful accident which happened in 1849, which precipitated Miss DeForest and Mr. Addington down the terraced steps.

We then proceeded to view Canada fall from Prospect Tower. This is a stone building forty feet in height, built upon a prominence of rocks, a considerable distance from the Islands, and seemingly in the midst of the rapids. To it a narrow though perfectly safe bridge is extended. A flight of stairs inside enables the visitor to ascend to the summit, where a magnificent view of the surrounding scenery is presented. The imagination cannot possibly conceive a more awe inspiring and truly sublime spectacle than is viewed in this exhibition of the handiwork of nature. There stands the Island, overgrown with small timber, beneath the branches of which thousands have enjoyed the invigorating breeze—while upon either side rushes the foaming waters, or their rough descent, with maddened splendor, and dashing against the rocks are ushered in one continued thunder to the depths below.

There the moss covered rocks and Islands, have withstood the shock for ages, and are still smiling apparently complacently at their angry foe, and seem alike invulnerable until some mighty convulsion in nature shall rend asunder their firm foundation. We descended and reluctantly left a scene that the world cannot equal.

Niagara river is the outlet by which Lake Erie, Superior, Michigan, Huron, St. Clair, and their tributaries discharge their waters, in one vast flood, unbroken until in one concentrated effort they approach the foaming rapids, vault down the fearful steep, and roll on and finally commingle with the green waters of Ontario. To comprehend more fully the stupendous scene, let it be remembered that their surfaces occupy not less than one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, and yet their waters are forced over falls that vary from one hundred and sixty to a hundred and seventy feet, while the stream above is scarcely three quarters of a mile in width. The appearance of the country around the falls is that of a level plain on the American side, though several rods from the Canadian embankment is a small hill overlooking the scene and gradually extending from the river until finally lost in the distant plain, memorable as the battle ground of Lundy's Lane. The precise locality of the falls is twenty-two miles north of Buffalo, and fourteen south of the confluence of the river with Lake Ontario.

We next passed to the Suspension Bridge, two miles below. The bridge is formed by four wire cables, being thrown over towers upon each bank, sixty feet in height. The cables are composed of thirty-six strands of No. 10 wire, to which numerous suspenders are attached, and the flooring to them firmly secured. It is eight hundred feet in length, two hundred and thirty feet above the water, and capable of sustaining two hundred and fifty tons. From the bridge a distant view of the falls is perceptible.

## Have a Purpose.

Having once chosen that calling which then becomes your main object in life, cling to it firmly—bring to bear upon it all your energies, all the information you have variously collected. All are not born with genius, but every one can acquire purpose; and purpose is the backbone and marrow of genius—may I can scarcely distinguish one from the other. For what is genius? Is it not an impassioned predilection from some definite art or study to which the mind converges all its energies, each thought or image that is suggested by nature or learning, solitude or converse, being added? That is genius, and this is purpose—the one makes the great artist or poet, the other the great actor. And with purpose comes the grand secret of worldly success, which some call earnestness. If I were asked from my experience in life, to say what attribute most impressed the minds of others or most commanded fortune, I should say "earnestness."

Earnestness and truth go together. Never affect to be other than what you are—neither richer nor wiser. Never be ashamed to say "I do not know." Most will then believe you when you say "I do know." Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it." I cannot afford to waste an hour in idleness to which you invite me—I cannot afford the money you ask me to throw away."

Once establish yourself and your mode of life as to what they really are, and your foot is on a solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward, or for the sudden spring over the precipice. From these maxims let me deduce another—learn to say "No," with decision, whenever it resists temptation. Yes with caution whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolable.

## A Beautiful Picture.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land he tills, is by the constitution of our nature, under wholesome influences, not easily misled from any other source. To feel—other things being equal—more strongly the character of a man as head of an untraded world. Of his grand and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part of his life from the centre to the sky. It is the space upon which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home, but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some domestic tradition is connected with every inch of the ground. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported its boyhood beside the brook which winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window, the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest; and when his time has come, he shall be laid down by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them, gold cannot buy them, they flow out of the deepest fountain of the heart; they are the life springs of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character. — Everett.

## Henry Clay and John Randolph.

I became acquainted with Mr. Clay in the session of 1823, when he filled the chair of Speaker of the House of Representatives. Although at that time a young member, yet through his kindness and partiality, I was placed at the head of one of its influential committees. Our acquaintance ripened into the strongest social intimacy, which continued without abatement, until the formation of that great party, which was constituted to effect the election of Gen. Jackson to the Presidency of the United States. It is known to you we took different sides. I felt myself in the angry contest which marked that public convulsion, gradually separated from him. Although I never indulged in the smallest personal abuse and denunciation of this gentleman—which would have been so utterly inconsistent with our former relations—yet, after the election of Mr. Adams to the Presidency, I was in the habit of passing Mr. Clay, in the streets of Washington, without even a distant recognition. For I had then the folly to regard an opponent of General Jackson almost as a public enemy of the country. Such is the madness of party. These relations continued until I was summoned by Mr. Randolph to attend him to the field, under Mr. Clay's challenge, in consequence of the flagrant insult which he had offered him in the Senate of the United States, in conjunction with your lamented and gallant fellow countryman, Col. Tattal, at that time a member of the House of Representatives from Georgia.

There are some circumstances connected with this duel which have never been made public, which, as they are honorable both to the living and the dead, I hope I may be pardoned in relating. I do not think they will render Mr. Clay's reception less cordial and enthusiastic, among a people who of them cherish romantic, and as they are called, false notions of honor, are at the same time alive to the testimonies of a gallant, generous, and feeling spirit.

The night before the duel, Mr. Randolph sent for me in the evening. I found him calm but in a singularly kind and confiding mood. He told me that he had something on his mind to tell me. He then remarked, "Hessington, I have determined to receive, without returning Clay's fire; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head; I will not make his wife a widow, or his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave, but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not in this wide world, one individual to pay tribute to mine." His eyes filled, and resting his head upon his hand, we remained some moments silent.

I replied, "my dear friend," (for ours was a sort of posthumous friendship, bequeathed by our mothers,) "I deeply regret that you have mentioned this subject to me, for you call upon me to go to the field and to see you shot down, or to assume the responsibility in regard to your own life, in sustaining your determination to throw it away." But on this subject a man's own conscience and his own honor are his best monitors. I will not advise, but under the enormous and unprovoked personal insult you have offered Mr. Clay, I cannot dissuade. I feel bound, however, to communicate to Colonel Tattal your decision." He begged me not to do so, and said, "he was very much afraid that Tattal would take the studs and refuse to go out with him." I however sought Col. Tattal, and we repaired, about midnight, to Mr. Randolph's lodging, whom we found reading Milton's great poem. For some moments he did not permit us to say one word in relation to the approaching duel; and he at once commenced one of those criticisms, on a passage of this poet, in which he was so enthusiastically indulgent.

After a pause, Col. Tattal remarked, "Mr. Randolph, I am told that you have determined not to return Mr. Clay's fire. I must say to you, my dear sir, if I am only to go out and see you shot down, you must find some other friend." Mr. Randolph remarked that it was his determination. After much conversation on the subject, I induced Col. Tattal to allow Mr. Randolph to take his own course, as his withdrawal as one of his friends might lead to very injurious misconstructions. At last Mr. Randolph, smiling, said "Well, Tattal, I promise you one thing; if I see the devil in Clay's eye, and that, with malice prepense he means to take my life, I may change my mind." A remark I knew he merely made to prolixitate the anxieties of his friend.

Mr. Clay and himself met at 4 o'clock the succeeding evening on the banks of the Potomac. But he saw "no devil in Clay's eye," but a man fearless, and expressing the mingled sensibility and firmness which belonged to the occasion.

I shall never forget this scene as long as I live. It has been my misfortune to witness several duels, but I never saw one, at least in its sequel, so deeply affecting.

The sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph's own Virginia. Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country, in its prodigality, had produced, about to meet in mortal combat. Whilst Tattal was loading Randolph's pistol I approached my friend, I believed for the last time; I took his hand; there was not in its touch the quivering of one pulsation. He turned to me and said "Clay is vain, but

## Not vindictive. I hold my purpose.

Hamilton, in any event; remember this." On handing him his pistol, Col. Tattal sprang the hair trigger. Mr. Randolph said, "Tattal, although I am one of the best shots in Virginia with either pistol or gun, yet I never fire with a hair trigger; besides, I have a thick buckskin glove on, which will destroy the delicacy of my touch, and the trigger may fly before I know where I am." But, from his great solicitude for his friend, Tattal insisted upon hearing the trigger. On taking their position the fact turned out as Mr. Randolph anticipated; his pistol went off before the word, with the muzzle down.

The moment this event took place, Gen. Jessup, Mr. Clay's friend, called out to me who would instantly leave the ground with his friend if this occurred again. Mr. Clay at once exclaimed it was entirely an accident, and begged that the gentleman might be allowed to go. On the word being given, Mr. Clay fired without effect, Mr. Randolph discharging his pistol in the air. The moment Mr. Clay saw that Mr. Randolph had thrown away his fire, with a gush of sensibility, he instantly approached Mr. Randolph, and said, with an emotion I can never forget, "I trust in God my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds." Deeply affected by the scene, I could not refrain from grasping Mr. Clay by the hand and said, "My good sir, we have been long separated, but, after the events of today, I feel that we must be friends forever." We have been so.

"Let us all be Friends."

No sort of quarreling party. It is always more profitable to have the good will and the good opinion of any man than to count him an enemy. The humblest man has some influence, and it is better to have that on our side than against it. If we quarrel with any one who cannot himself injure us, he may have relatives or friends whose good word might one day be useful. Or, if he is such a perfect outsider, as to have neither friend, relative or influence, it seems like a small business to quarrel with so forlorn an individual. Amiability is so lovely a virtue that men naturally admire its fortunate possessor, and when he comes in contact with a cross-grained, quarrelsome individual, his own good nature shines more brightly by reason of the contrast.

We may safely promise largely increased enjoyment to him who becomes reconciled to an old foe. It is not wise to nurse a quarrel and keep it warm by brooding over real or imaginary injuries. And the road to peace is very plain and straight; if we have been hasty, unkind or unconsiderate, there is nothing so manly and honorable as a prompt acknowledgement of our fault of folly, and none but a brute will refuse proffered reconciliation. On the other hand, if we have been injured, let us remember that we also need pardon for many offences, and we also need grace to ask that pardon, and we will find it hard to withhold our forgiveness.

THE ORIGINAL MORSEON PROPHECY. —The family of Joe Smith, the first Mormon Prophet, still dwell at Nauvoo. No persecutions, it is said, can prevail on them to remove to Utah. His widow has married again, and with her husband keeps the Mansion House, the only house of entertainment the city affords. The oldest son, who bears his father's name of Joseph, is a Justice of the Peace, and a useful and much respected citizen. Great inducements have been offered him to remove to Great Salt Lake City, but he steadily resists all such importunities.

PROPOSED SALE OF THE Erie RAILROAD. —A despatch from Albany states that Comptroller Church has been applied to by the holders of the First Mortgage Bonds on the New York and Erie Railroad to advertise and sell the road for the non-payment of interest. The Comptroller has placed the matter in the hands of Attorney General Tamm, who will proceed at once under the Act of 1845, and to foreclose and sell the Road with all its appurtenances. Section 6 of the law of 1845 gives the Comptroller power to sell in certain cases upon the application of bondholders.

While the birds make every leafy arch resound with their untiring hymns of praise, shall we, whose lips have learned a loftier strain be silent? While the flowers offer their fragrant incense continually, shall we not bring and offer upon God's altar, the sacrifice of kind deeds and gentle words, the perfume of loving hearts? Then, as we watch the roses withering, or whether they surely stand—we can lift our thoughts to that fair land whose flowers are unfading, and whose pastures are ever verdant.

THE LATE POSTMASTER AT PHILADELPHIA.—A special dispatch from Washington, to the New York Tribune, says that Mr. Westcott, late Postmaster at Philadelphia, left office owing a balance of \$19,000, which he agreed to pay on the 18th inst., but did not. He claims an offset of about \$5,000 or \$6,000. A suit is intended, under the Sub-Treasury Act.

A dandy is a chap who would be a lady if he could, but, as he can't, does all in his power to show the world that he is not a man.

## A Game Dinner.

Shortly after the war with Great Britain, an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he enclosed his pride with a high tight fence.—Here he lived, like an old English gentleman, one of the oldest time—with the exception that none but the elite of the province and the officers of the neighboring garrisons were permitted to pass his gate. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort George, and the man were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap, who stuttered terribly, was very fond of blunting, and was always getting into mischief.

One day this chap took the small boat that lay moored at the foot of the walls of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore to have a hunt. He wandered over several miles in the park of Fort George without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow within the enclosure of the aristocratic Englishman he scaled the high fence, fired, and brought down his game. The Colonel witnessed the transaction, and advanced while the soldier was reloading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with a loaded gun in his hand, he gulped down his anger a moment, and merely asked him if he had killed the crow.

"I am sorry," said the Colonel, "for he was a pet. By the by, that is a very pretty gun. Will you be so kind as to let me look at it?"

The soldier complied with the request.—The Englishman took the gun and stepped back a few paces, and then leaped forth in a stride of aubus, concluding with an order to stop down and take a bit of the crow, or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized, and retreated. It was of no use. The Colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and sternly repeated the command.

There was about in the Englishman's eye; there was no help for it, and the stammering soldier stooped down and took a bite of the crow, but he would be content. Up came his breakfast, and it appeared as if he would throw up his tea-nails. The Englishman gazed over the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional groan. When he had gut through vomiting, and wiped his eyes, the Colonel handed him his gun, and the Englishman said, "Now, you see, that will teach you how to touch on a gun, if man's conclusion."

The next morning early, the commandant of Niagara was sitting in his quarters. Col. "Sir," said he, "I come to demand the punishment of one of your men who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage."

"We have three hundred men here, and it would be difficult for me to know who, it is you mean," said the officer.

The Englishman described him as a long, dangling, stoop shouldered, stammering devil.

"Ah! I know you mean," said the officer; "he is always getting into mischief. Orderly, call Tom."

In a few moments Tom entered, and stood as straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said his officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-ye-ye, sir."

"Where did you ever see him before?"

"I d-d-d-dined with him ye-ye-ye-yesterday."

"A Noble Sentiment."

Some true heart has given expression to its generous nature in the following beautiful sentiment:—Never desert a kind heart whose smiles gather around him—when darkness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless is the time to try a friend.—They who turn from a scene of distress because they are poor, and prove that interest moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated and that his love is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They deny its worth who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

"I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman.

"I have come to want already," he replied.—"I want your daughter!"

Wagner growing had one recent than man, because the appropriation of the best talents to the work.