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Select Poetry.

THE WILDERNESS OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Yes I know that this life is a wilderness dim,
Where the upst spreads many a deadly, dark
bough,
And the cold winds are sighing a sorrowful hymn
As they stir the dark leaves of the traveler's
brow;
Where the deep, endless forests so oft look like
hells,
And we meet with the trace of many a form
That sunk down for a while 'mid the torture of
fears
When that dark forest bent to the pitiless
storm.

But there's loveliness still in the wilderness dim,
For we often may meet with a soul cheering
flower,
While a sweet hymn of gladness, instead of the
hymn,
Warbles "Hope" from the depths of some rose-
breathing bower;
And when upward we struggle through mazes of
thorn,
Some brother, who also is wandering, starts
To our side, and in one blessed moment is born
A dear friendship that never shall fade from
our hearts.

Yes, we'll rally but to off at this wilderness dim,
But as much as we can, give no heed to the
boughs
Of the dark night stirred by that sorrowful hymn,
While we wait the least blossom to twine on our
brows,
Nor forever by ups and night-blades will roam;
There's a garden of myrtle and laurel in store
At the end of the forest where pathless a home
That our brothers and sisters have entered
before.

THE PRINTER-FIEND.

The night was dark—and not a star
Peeped through the gathering gloom,
And silence brooded o'er the typic
In the composing room.
The printers had to supper gone,
And vacant were their places,
When through the door a villain crept,
And stole Dick Johnson's spaces!

O, foulest wrong beneath the sun!
O, deepest of disgrace!
The darkest crime that can be done
Is that of stealing spaces!

When the foraging angel's pin
All other sins erases,
Alone, untouched, shall still remain
The sin of stealing spaces.

Dick went to "lunch," and left his case
Filled—running o'er—with letters,
And thought he would return again
When copy should get fatter.

When he came back he took his place
Again before his cases—
You should have seen his attitude
When he beheld his spaces!

It was no time for charity
Or other Christian grace;
He wildly cried—"I'll do the eyes
Of him who stole my spaces!"

The fiend still lives and walks the earth,
And so will walk forever
He cannot die—a wretch like him—
For rest and life him never!

And printers, for long years to come,
Will tremble at their cases,
Well knowing that his spirit still
Is fond of stealing spaces.

Miscellaneous.

THE MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

BY FREDERICK BENNETT.

The terrible massacre of Wyoming, which
has been recorded by historians and sung
by poets, is familiar to the general reader,
but the subjoined thrilling sketch of some of
the incidents connected therewith, from the
lips of a venerable old man who now "sleeps
with his fathers," will doubtless prove inter-
esting to all classes.

"I was a mere infant (said the aged nar-
rator) when my father sold his farm in Con-
necticut, and together with several of his
neighbors, removed to the beautiful valley
of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania. This was in
the year 1769, and at that time it was be-
lieved by our people that this valley of Wy-
oming belonged by right of charter to the
colony of Connecticut, but the settlers from
different portions of Pennsylvania contended
it was theirs by right of purchase from the
Indians, and so the two factions got into a
quarrel, by which considerable blood was
shed on both sides.

"My earliest recollections are of this
feud, and the violent animosities thus en-
gendered; and of being at times shut up in
the fort, hearing the rattle of musketry, and
seeing men, all bloody, stretched on litters
and pallets, some living and groaning, and
some dead, cold, and ghastly. These sights
and sounds of deadly contention my young
senses had in some measure become accus-
tomed to; but still I was never prepared for
the horrible scenes which followed a few
years later.

"The beginning of the war of the Revolu-
tion put an end to our civil strife in the val-

ley, and, I may say, united the two factions
against a common foe. Why contend among
ourselves for the possession of a few acres,
while a foreign enemy was laying waste the
whole country, and taking all our lands and
rights from us? Nowhere I believe, among
the colonies, did the fires of patriotism burn
brighter than in our late contentious valley,
from which went forth all the able-bodied
men that could be spared, and who proved
themselves heroes on many an ensanguined
field.

"It was while our brave soldiers were
away, that the infamous Tory commander,
Colonel John Butler, conceived the inhuman
design of marching an overwhelming force
upon the defenceless settlement, and taking
a fiend's revenge in the murder of the weak
and innocent. For this purpose he collected
four hundred British and Tories and seven
hundred Indians, descended the Susquehanna,
and captured or took possession of a couple
of forts at the head of the valley.

"Never shall I forget the terrors excited
by the appearance of this armed body of
white men and savages, for we knew our-
selves defenceless, and that we could expect
no mercy from such an enemy. Here were
several hundred women and children, a few
hoary-headed and trembling grandfathers, too
old to bear arms, a few strapping youths,
too young for the war, with a sprinkling of
men in the prime of life, the remnants of
the train bands which had gone to join the
army of Washington. Of old and young
that could bear a musket to the field, we
could scarcely raise a force of four hundred
to oppose eleven hundred, and not a single
fort of several in the valley, that could with-
stand for an hour the assaults of the
enemy. What could we expect, therefore,
but a horrible and indiscriminate butchery,
or a still more horrible captivity among brutal
and merciless savages.

"Oh! the agony that almost burst my
young heart, as my poor, dear mother, with
glaring eyes and pallid features, threw her
arms around myself and younger sister,
and strained us to her bosom! In praying
amid choking sobs, that God in His Provi-
dence would preserve us and suffer us to
escape the impending doom: She was now
our only hope, and we her only solace—for
my father was away with the army, and had
not been heard from for several months.

"There chanced at this time to be in the
valley a few experienced officers, the most
prominent of whom was Colonel Zebulon
Butler; and by unanimous desire he took
command of our devoted little band of de-
fenders, and led them forth to the sacrifice.
Young as I was, being only between nine
and ten years of age, I asked permission to
go with them and meet my fate with the
rest—but my poor mother would not permit
me out of her sight for a moment. Along
with a great many other women and chil-
dren, she had taken refuge in one of the sev-
eral stockade forts; and there, trembling,
cowering, and praying together, we all
waited the terrible result.

"The sounds of the conflict began at
twelve four and five o'clock in the afternoon;
and from that time till near dusk, when the
wild yells of our savage enemies announced
that they had gained the victory, we all
stood clinging to one another in breathless
hope and fear—the silence with us only
broken by smothered groans or short ejacu-
lations; but now, when we felt that all was
over and lost, every breath seemed to be
sent forth with the most indescribable an-
guish.

"A few minutes later a man, almost na-
ked and covered with blood, burst in thro' the
gate, and groaned out, as he fell dying to
the ground:

"All is lost! all is lost! Fly to the
mountain and save yourselves!"
"With a wild cry of terror and anguish,
my mother caught up my little sister in her
arms, seized me by the hand, and darted
forth through the rear gate, and toward
some trees that grew upon the bank of the
river.

"It was not yet dark, and in the dim
light we could see figures running in every
direction, some in flight, and some in pur-
suit.

"One man, who was only a few paces be-
fore us, was pursued by a fleet-footed savage
who soon overtook him and thrust his spear
through his back; and as we altered our
course to avoid the latter, I saw him bend-
ing over his victim for the purpose of taking
his scalp.

"A woman on our right, with an infant
in her arms, and who was evidently making
for the same point as ourselves, was caught
by a savage, and both were brained within
twenty feet of us. The monster stopped to
secure the scalps of both, which gave us
time to reach a little thicket on the bank of
the river, within which my mother secreted
herself and us, and whispered not to speak
or scarcely breathe.

"All around us now were the screams
and shrieks of women and children, the tri-
umphant and appalling yells of savages, and
the occasional reports of muskets, as here
and there the enemy shot down a fugitive in
cold blood. Shortly after, a lurid glare fell
upon us; and looking out through the bush-

es, we saw the flames bursting from a win-
dow in the nearest cabin, and a group of
dark figures collected around it.

"Oh, merciful God! is there no hope
for us?" groaned my mother, straining us
convulsively to her heaving breast.
"They will soon see us here," said I, "it
gets so dreadful light."

"My mother shook all over with maternal
anguish, as she added:
"And now it is too late to fly—for the
moment we stir from here, we shall be ex-
posed to a hundred eyes. Gracious Heaven!
she added, catching her breath convulsively,
'there is a party coming this way. Oh, God!
my poor children! oh, God! my poor children!'

"My little sister gave a long choking
sigh, and pressed her bloodless face against
my mother's bosom, as if to shut out the
sight. I looked and saw the men advancing
straight toward us. There were five of
them, the centre one seeming to be forced
forward by the others.

"I do not think they have seen us," said
I, hurriedly, "let us go down to the water;
it is better to be drowned than to fall into
their cruel hands."

"Oh, yes!" gasped my mother; any-
thing rather than that. Keep still, while I
try the water."

"The bank at this point was, providen-
tially, overhanging, and the water was not
deep; and as my mother quickly and silent-
ly lowered herself into it she announced,
with an expression of heartfelt joy which I
shall never forget, that through the blessing
of God we might yet be saved. She drew us
silently after her, and we all crouched under
a shelving bank that completely screened us
from the view of any one standing on the
ground above; and though by this position
the water came up above our waists, we
only rejoiced that it so much the more ad-
ded to our concealment and safety.

"The men we had seen approaching, came
to the bank of the river, a few paces below
our concealment, and then a coarse, gruff
voice said:

"Here it was, John Atkins, under this
very tree; you pledged your word to Margie-
ret Stanley; and I took an oath then that
you should die here."

"Mercy, William—mercy!" pleaded a
trembling voice.
"I'm a loyal heart, and you a rebel,"
replied the other, "and you needn't look for
mercy from him you call a toby. If Margie-
ret lives I'll have her; but you shall die at
any rate."

"With these words there came a report
like that of a pistol, followed by a gurgling
groan and the sullen plunge of a heavy body
into the water. I could feel a shiver run
through the frame of my delicate mother and
sister as we clung together in silent horror
at this cold-blooded murder—perpetrated,
not by a savage, but by a man who was akin
to the one he slew.

"We did not actually see any more of the
cold-blooded atrocities of that terrible night
but we heard them all around us. Cries,
screams, yells and reports of muskets still
resounded. By the light of the now burn-
ing buildings, fugitives were constantly be-
ing routed from their places of concealment
and were then shot, stabbed or tomahawked,
no quarter being given in any case, and only
here and there one making his escape.—
The whole plain and the whole stretch of
the river along the plain was a scene of at-
rocious butchery. In one case, sixteen men
were placed in a circle around one rock, and
each held by an athletic Indian, while a
savage, armed with a tomahawk and knife,
walked slowly around and stabbed or brain-
ed them one at a time. In another in-
stance nine others were served in the same
manner. Of the four hundred gallant fel-
lows who went forth to defend their homes,
only sixty escaped from the field of slaught-
er; and when to these we add the women
and children that were slain in every direc-
tion; with others who died of fright, fatigue
and starvation in the wilderness, we swell
the list till the heart of humanity fairly sick-
ens at the contemplation.

"We remained in our last place of con-
cealment, unseen and unmolested, till the
fires had burned down, and savage thirst for
blood had become far satiated as to bring
spear to the eyes of those human demons,
and then we tremblingly crawled forth and
chafed our water-numbed limbs, and stole
away among the shadows of the trees, past
here and there a ghastly corpse, and so
escaped to the mountains, where overtasked
nature forced sleep upon us just as another
day was dawning upon the world.

"It would take me hours to describe the
scenes of hardship, peril and suffering which
occurred even after our escape from the field
of massacre.

"On awaking from our brief but troubled
sleep, we were joined by a party of three
women and seven children, who had been
concealed among some rocks over night, and
had commenced their toilsome journey at
the break of day. One of these women was
a young fragile creature, carrying an infant
less than a week old. Her husband and
brother had been slain in the battle, and she
had risen from a sick bed and fled, to save

the life of her child rather than her own.—
She soon after fell from exhaustion, and died
while we were trying to revive her. We
were obliged to leave her without a burial,
and hasten on to save ourselves. My mother
took the babe and carried it several hours,
but during the day it went into convulsions
and died also.

"As we continued on we overtook parties
who had become exhausted, and had sat
down to rest, perhaps never to rise again.—
One white-haired old man we found reclining
against a rock. My mother took hold of him
gently and spoke to him kindly, thinking he
was merely dozing. She started back with
a shudder, for the old man was dead.

"The first night following our flight we
slept on a bare rock, in a wild, gloomy place
in the mountains, having had nothing to eat
since our escape. Long before morning my
little sister became feverish and delirious,
and began to call for her father. My moth-
er sat up and held her in her lap all night,
but it almost broke her heart to see her in
that condition without being able to do any-
thing for her, and hear her plaintive calls
for him who might even then be filling a
soldier's grave.

"As soon as it was light, we set forward
again—my mother, though scarcely able to
stand, carried my sister in her arms. I
pleaded to be allowed to relieve her, but she
would not consent to it. On reaching a run-
ning stream, she made a cup of leaves and
gave my sister as much water as she could
drink, and bathed her in it besides. This
acted like a charm and broke the fever,
which did not trouble her again.

"Before noon we came upon a large field
of whortleberries, of which we all ate rav-
enously; and these I think saved our lives,
for without some sustenance I am certain
we could not have held out another day.—
This day two women gave out and were left
behind; their fate I never learned.

"Another night and other day in that aw-
ful wilderness; and then, joy unspeakable!
we reached a settlement and were saved.

"A month later my father joined us, and
such a reunion I never saw. We had lost
all our worldly goods, it is true; but we
had all met again on earth, and that, under
the circumstances, was a blessing to thank
God for the rest of our lives.

"Alas! how few of the once happy hearts
in the beautiful valley of Wyoming could
join with us in our thanksgiving."

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL.—During
the American Revolution, it is said, the com-
mander of a little squad was giving orders to
those under him, relative to a log of timber
which they were endeavoring to raise up to
the top of some military works they were
repairing. The timber went up with diffi-
culty, and on this account the voice of the
little man was often heard, in regular vocif-
erations—

"Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!"

An officer, not in military costume, was
passing, and asked the commander why he
did not take hold and render a little aid.—
The latter, astonished, turning round with
all the pomp of an emperor, said,

"Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you?" replied the officer.
"I was not aware of that," and taking off
his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask
your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dis-
mounted and lifted till the sweat stood in
drops on his forehead.

When the work was finished, turning to
the commander, he said,
"Mr. Corporal, when you have another
such job, and have not men enough, send for
your commander-in-chief, and I will come
and help you a second time."

"The corporal was thunderstruck! It was
Washington who thus addressed him!"

HOW A MAN FEELS WHEN HE IS SHOT.—
We take the following from a letter written
by one of the Iowa volunteers, who fought
in the battle near Springfield, Missouri:

"I was standing, or rather kneeling, behind
a little bush, reloading my musket, just
before the rebels engaged in this close work
retreated. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in
the shoulder, and fell to the ground. Jump-
ing up, one of our boys asked me if I was
hurt? I replied that I thought not. He
drew up my musket to fire, when he said:—

"Yes, you are shot right through the shoul-
der." I think it was the remark more than
the wound, which caused the field, all at
once, to commence whirling around me in a
very strange manner. I started to leave it,
but a half-ounce musket ball in my shoul-
der, and once or twice fell down with dizzi-
ness; but in a short time recovered suf-
ficiently to be able to walk back to Spring-
field nine miles where the ball was taken
out.

An eloquent divine in the course of his
sermon was comparing the state of the un-
converted sinner to that of a man in a boat
away from land and only one oar, when he
was suddenly brought up with a severe
round turn by an old sailor, who jumped up
and asked, "couldn't the old fool sail?"

BETTER bring your mind to your condition
than to have your condition brought to your
mind.

DRAFTING.

The old law of the United States, based
upon the Conscription law of France, or
closely modelled after it, gives the President
authority to call out the volunteers, and in
the event of their failing, a draft may be
ordered. The regular State militia are first
liable; but should they fail to supply the
required number, then the able-bodied males
residing in the regimental districts, between
the ages of 18 and 45, are liable to be drawn.
The Revised Statutes of this State, section
49 of the Militia Law, prescribe

Whenever the President of the United
States or the Commander-in-Chief, shall or-
der a draft from the militia for public service,
such draft shall be made in the following
manner:

§ 1. When the draft required to be made
shall be a number equal to one or more com-
panies of each brigade, such draft shall be
made by company, to be determined by lot
to be drawn by the commanding officer of the
brigade, in the presence of the commanding
officers of the regiments composing such
brigade, from the military forces of the State
in his brigade, organized, uniformed, &c.

§ 2. In case such a draft shall require a
number equal to one regiment, (to a brig-
ade) it is to be determined in the same
manner.

§ 3. In case such draft shall require a
larger number than the whole number com-
posing the military force of such brigade,
such additional draft shall be made of an
equal number from the military roll of the
uniformed militia of each town or ward,
filed with the city, village or town, clerk &c.

When such a draft from the uniformed
is ordered, (which means the mass of the
people,) all males residing in regimental dis-
tricts are compelled to enroll themselves;
the enlistment list is then filed (in cities) in
the county clerk's office. On the day ap-
pointed, the Mayor or Supervisor of the
Ward, in presence of the Regimental Com-
mander of the District, draws by lot from
this list a number of names, in accordance
with the number called for by the draft.

On the day appointed, any male thus
drawn may provide an able-bodied man as a
substitute; who is then taken in his stead.—
No person of the required age is exempt
from this drafting, except clergymen, and
those incapacitated by reason of bodily ail-
ments.

The old militia law of the United States,
passed in 1791, exempts the Vice President,
Judicial and Executive officers, members of
Congress, custom house officials, post-offi-
cers and officials connected with the mail
service, inspectors of exports, pilots, and
marines in actual service.—*Patric & Union.*

A BROAD WOMAN.—The Princess Mary, of
Cambridge, whose betrothal to the duke of
Newcastle has been announced, is a very
comely personage, but very stout—so stout,
in fact, that she finds crinolines entirely su-
perfluous, except around the bottom of her
skirt; and it is said it has been necessary of
late, to enlarge the door of her carriage. A
marriage was proposed between her and
Victor Emanuel, and he was delighted at
the prospect of a connection with the royal
family of England, through the owner of so
charming a face as that of the portrait which
was shown to him. But when on his visit to
England, he saw the lady, *la Re galante*—
himself no slender lad—retired precipitate-
ly from the negotiation, "I cannot marry that
woman," said he; she's broad enough to sit
upon the seven hills of Rome.

UNANIMITY.—A Scotch parson, in his
prayer said:
"Lord, bless the grand council, the parlia-
ment and grant that they may hang to-
gether."
A country fellow standing, replied:
"Yes, sir, with all my heart, and the
sooner the better—and I am sure it is the
prayer of all good people."

But, friends, said the parson, "I don't
mean as that fellow does, but pray that they
may all hang together in accord and coun-
cil."

"No matter what cord," replied the oth-
er, "so 'tis but a strong one."

A proprietor of a cotton-mill, who is some-
thing of a philosopher, posted up on his fac-
tory gate the following notice:—"No cigars
or good-looking men admitted." When
asked for an explanation, he said, "The
one will set a flume a going among my cot-
tons, and the other among the gals. I
won't admit such inflammable and dangerous
things into my establishment at any risk."

TALKING OF POLITICAL CHANCES, A Vermont
Democrat remarked that he once came
"wi him one" of being elected to the high-
est office in the State. A friend inquired
what he meant by "one?" The candi-
date of the other party?" was the reply.

ANOTHER NEWSPAPER SUPPRESSOR.—MAJOR
CHURCH, Sept. 2.—Some persons entered the
Carbon Democrat office, last night, and de-
stroyed the type, and upset the cases, &c., &c.
The press was not disturbed.

COMMUTATION OF SENTENCE.—The Govern-
or of Maryland who sentenced Alexander
Gale to be hung on the 6th of September,
has commuted the sentence to imprisonment
for life.

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

Hard times—Sitting on a cold gridiron
reading the President's Message.

Love—A little world within itself, in-
timately connected with shovel and tongs.

Progress of time—A pedlar going through
the land with wooden clocks.

Politician—A fellow that tells all his in-
formation from borrowed newspapers.

Rigid justice—Jury on a murder case fast
asleep.

Friend—One who takes your money and
then turns you out of doors.

Patriot—A fellow who has neither money
nor reputation to lose.

Honesty—Obsolete term formerly used
in the case of a man who paid for his news-
paper and the coat on his back.

Independence—Crying fifty thousand dol-
lars which you never intend to pay.

Lovely women—All little manufactured
by milliners.

Who wants but little here below,
And wants that little for a show.

Dandy—A *thing* in pantaloons with a
body and two arms—a head without brain—
tight boots—a cane—a white handker-
chief—two breeches and a ring on his little
finger.

Coquette—A young lady with more beau-
ty than sense; more accomplishments than
learning; more charms of person than
graces of mind; more admirers than friends;
more fools than wise men for attendants.

Credit—A wise provision by which con-
stable gets their living.

Pneumonia—To take a dollar out of one's
pocket and put it in the other.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—Annexed is a
statement showing the amount of the na-
tional debt for each year since this organiza-
tion of the Government:

1861,	\$75,463,476	1847,	\$79,987,357
1762,	77,227,924	1828,	67,470,944
1763,	80,352,639	1829,	58,421,414
1764,	78,428,405	1830,	48,465,406
1765,	80,747,647	1831,	39,123,192
1766,	83,762,172	1832,	21,322,285
1767,	82,061,470	1833,	7,001,699
1768,	79,228,529	1834,	4,769,682
1769,	78,408,670	1835,	37,723
1800,	52,976,254	1836,	27,517
1801,	53,636,051	1837,	1,878,221
1802,	59,712,632	1838,	4,857,650
1803,	77,054,835	1839,	11,583,715
1804,	84,427,121	1840,	5,129,678
1805,	82,312,150	1841,	6,37,398
1806,	75,735,771	1842,	64,527,486
1807,	69,218,399	1843,	26,898,932
1808,	62,196,318	1844,	26,143,996
1809,	57,927,192	1845,	16,801,647
1810,	43,178,217	1846,	21,266,495
1811,	48,005,285	1847,	43,659,495
1812,	48,299,738	1848,	44,975,456
1813,	59,928,828	1849,	64,704,693
1814,	81,487,346	1850,	61,228,238
1815,	92,338,660	1851,	64,589,291
1816,	127,334,934	1852,	67,560,292
1817,	123,491,865	1853,	56,356,157
1818,	103,160,634	1854,	44,975,456
1819,	95,259,618	1855,	39,969,731
1820,	91,115,608	1856,	39,969,731
1821,	89,087,428	1857,	25,165,155
1822,	93,546,677	1858,	44,975,456
1823,	90,875,277	1859,	58,754,099
1824,	90,230,778	1860,	74,973,290
1825,	85,758,423	1861,	110,000,000
1826,	81,051,000		