

The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

HENRY HAYS, WILSON FORNEY, Editors.

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FOR PRESIDENT, HON. JAMES BUCHANAN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Subject to the decision of Democratic National Convention.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER, GEORGE SCOTT, OF COLUMBIA COUNTY.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL, JACOB REY, JR., OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL, TIMOTHY IVES, OF POTTER COUNTY.

Democratic Electoral Ticket.

CHARLES R. BUCKALEW, WILSON MCGANDY, SENATORS.

REPRESENTATIVE, DISTRICT 1st—GEORGE W. NEHRINGER, Do 2d—PIPER BULLER, Do 3d—EDWARD WARRMAN, Do 4th—WILLIAM H. WHITE, Do 5th—JOHN M. BRISTON, Do 6th—JOHN B. BRISTON, Do 7th—DAVID LAURY, Do 8th—CHARLES G. MILLER, Do 9th—JOSEPH P. HENN, Do 10th—ISAAC SLENKER, Do 11th—FRANCIS W. HUGHES, Do 12th—THOMAS G. HUGHES, Do 13th—ABRAHAM LINDSLEY, Do 14th—L. H. WILBER, Do 15th—GEORGE W. CHAFFORD, Do 16th—JAMES G. HUGHES, Do 17th—J. S. FAHLE, Do 18th—JOHN D. ROBBY, Do 19th—JAMES G. HUGHES, Do 20th—A. B. HUGHES, Do 21st—WILLIAM WILKINS, Do 22nd—JAMES H. CAMPBELL, Do 23rd—JAMES H. CAMPBELL, Do 24th—JOHN REAGAN, Do 25th—JOHN REAGAN.

Democratic State Control Committee.

City of Philadelphia—Wm. G. Murray, Thomas A. Simpson, Sixteenth District—R. W. Weaver, Dr. D. H. Troop, Eighteenth District—Asa Lathrop, William M. Platt, Nineteenth District—Julius Sherwood, H. H. Dent, Twentieth District—John Douglas, B. F. Sloan, Twenty-first District—James M. Bredin, J. M. Keaster, Samuel B. Wilson, Twenty-second District—David Lynch, M. J. Stewart, Twenty-third District—Wm. Workman, Chas. A. Black, Twenty-fourth District—George W. Bowman, J. B. Bannock, Twenty-fifth District—S. S. Jamison, Charles Lamberton, Twenty-sixth District—A. S. Wilson, Thomas Borer, J. B. Miller, Twenty-seventh District—E. J. Keenan, R. P. Flemming, Twenty-eighth District—Bernard Kelly, Thos. J. M'Ginn.

THE RETURN OF JAMES BUCHANAN.

The Steamship Arago, from Havre, says the Philadelphia Argus, arrived at New York, on the 23d inst., bringing home the Hon. James Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan returns from a faithful, judicious, and successful discharge of his duties as Minister near the Court of St. James. During his stay in London, several questions arose between the United States and Great Britain, of the utmost importance and delicacy. The relations now existing, or foreshadowed in the future, between our Union and the Island of Cuba; the policy of Great Britain in relation to Central America, and in connection therewith the construction of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; the rights and just demands of the United States respecting the Continent, the theatre of their progress and development; the entire independence of the United States, of all dictation and interference, from any European State, with regard to the Western Continent; the perfect and bona fide neutrality of the United States, respecting any European imbroglio or War; the sovereign immunity of the United States, from any attempt to violate her neutrality laws, or attract any of her inhabitants or resources into the service of foreign belligerents; the Enforcement Difficulty, as involving the complexity of British agents here, and the British Government itself; all these subjects have occupied the attention of Mr. Buchanan, at London, and have all been treated and discussed by him with invincible and signal intelligence, judgment, diplomatic skill, rariety frankness, and patriotic feeling. The extent of his knowledge upon these subjects, and indeed upon every international question, the courteous vigor and logic of all his official communications, the Democratic simplicity of his intercourse with the British Government, the high American tone with which he has spoken and acted on every occasion, have commanded the profound respect of that Government, and elicited the admiring applause of the British nation and of Europe.

He returns to the United States and to Pennsylvania, after an absence of three years, with the universal respect and confidence of the American people. His spotless and eminently worthy personal character, his very great abilities, and his vast extensive experience in public affairs, his uniform Nationality, and conservative devotion to the Constitution, his liberal and enlightened political opinions; his political calmness, justice, and prudence have raised him to an elevation higher than mere Party superiority, and spread his fame beyond mere Party associations. Pennsylvania is justly and proudly proud of her favorite son. Mr. Buchanan's character as a man, as a citizen, and as a statesman, of that quiet solidity, intelligent common sense, republican liberality, brotherly nationalism, and steadfast patriotism, which give his native State her proud and essential position in the linked sisterhood of the American Union. The American people, from Maine to Texas and California, in whose holding States and in free labor States, without regard to former partisan distinctions, unite in plaudits and expressions of affection for James Buchanan, like Clay, Webster and Calhoun of the recent past, and like Lewis Cass, of those still present, he, and his fame, belong to the whole nation. His progress from New York to Westland will be an ovation. He is to be entertained as the guest of New York City. A meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia, irrespective of party, has been held to take measures to welcome Mr. Buchanan, meet him at New York, and conduct him to this City. Our Board of Trade, at its stated meeting on Monday evening last, by unanimous vote appointed a Committee of five of our first citizens, without distinction of party, to meet Mr. Buchanan on his arrival here, and conduct him to the Philadelphia Exchange, to receive there, the greetings of his fellow-citizens. Other cities, and sections of the country, will imitate the spontaneous promptness of the first two cities of the western world. Philadelphia will receive Mr. Buchanan with all the more satisfaction, because her gifted and honored citizen, George M. Dallas, succeeds Mr. Buchanan, at London, with the utmost grace, skill, ability and patriotism.

ALL HONOR THEN TO JAMES BUCHANAN! He is welcome home! welcome to the gratitude and admiration of the American people; welcome to those rewards of faithful service which only a free people can bestow; welcome to the pleasing retrospect of a well spent life; welcome to his peaceful shades at Westland; welcome to the companionship, and warm affections, and happy society of attached friends! So we feel, so do all Democrats feel, and so feel the millions of James Buchanan's fellow-citizens.

REMARKABLE CASE.—We learn from the Rockingham (Va.) Register that Samuel Hensly, who resides about two and a half miles from Sparta, in Rockingham county, has totally abstained from food for fifty-seven days! and so may yet survive several days. For some time he had been in a rather melancholy mood, and about two months ago he refused to eat, and since that time he has not taken anything except water, and drank only a little. He is still alive, though reduced to a mere skeleton. Neither physicians or friends can induce him to take any nourishment. He declares he can swallow nothing, though he does every now and then take a drink of water, and will, doubtless, persist in this decision until he starves to death. He is a respectable farmer, about forty odd years of age.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The Hon. A. O. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following anecdote:

A poor little boy, on a cold night, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no parental or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached, at nightfall, the house of a wealthy planter, who took him in, fed him, and sent him on his way with his blessing. Those kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round. Providence led him on, and he had reached the legal profession; his host died; the comorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estate. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy long deceased, and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulant of warm and tearful gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. "He under-taken her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estate was secured to her in perpetuity; and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house—that orphan now stands before you!

THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

I love the banging hammer,
The whirling of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning-lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The burning of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
And the fan's continuous boom—
The whirling of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the saw—
The sounds of busy labor,
I love, I love them all!

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The driver's oft-repeated shout,
As he spins his stock aloft;
The whistle of the market man,
As he hies him to the town;
The hallo from the tree-top,
As the ripening fruit comes down,
The busy sound of threshers,
As they glean the ripened grain,
And the husker's joke, and mirth, and glee,
'Neath the moonlight on the plain,
The kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
The sounds of busy industry,
I love, I love them all!

For they tell my longing spirit
Of the earth's exhaustless life,
Now each of all its happiness
Comes out of toil and strife;
Not that toil and strife that fainteth,
And murmureth all the way—
Not the toil and strife that groweth
Beneath the tyrant's sway;
But the toil and strife that springeth
From a free and willing heart,
A strife that ever bringeth
To the striver all his part!

10! there is good in labor,
If we labor but aright,
That gives vigor to the day-time,
And a sweeter sleep at night,
A good that bringeth pleasure,
Even to the toiling hours;
For duty cheers the spirit,
As the dew revives the flowers.

ADVENTURE WITH A WOLF.

The Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis Republican tells the following story:

"A few days since, while riding in the rear of our train, in a small ravine, through which a stream takes its quiet way beneath its crystal covering, and which irrigation has produced tall grasses and shrubs that make a hiding place for game, I came suddenly upon a large black wolf. He was scratching at a thin place in the ice, and seemed almost famished for food. When he saw me he started on his hind legs, and tried to run upon him. He was almost exhausted, and just as I supposed he would give out, he slipped into the hollow of a cotton-wood tree. I stopped the horse through which he entered, and came back to town and got an axe and the dogs, and the assistance of Frank Mahan and William Palmer, and together we returned to cut him out. The dogs were anxious, and we were prepared with our guns to receive him. When we made a large hole, about four feet from the ground, the dogs jumped at it on the outside and the wolf on the inside, and such larking, growling, snapping and howling I never heard before. It made the whole resort for a great distance, and brought several of the neighbors to the spot. Things continued so for a while and we consulted what had best be done. We could not shoot the wolf through this opening without being at a risk of killing the dogs, for he only appeared at the inside when the dogs were at the outside. We finally concluded to stop the hole that we had made, and fill the tree by cutting a narrow gash around it. The tree came down a little sooner than we had expected. Frank Mahan had the axe lifted for another stroke, as it went over with a crash. The wolf, with bristled back, glaring eyes, and glistening teeth leaped at his throat with terrible ferocity. The descending axe met half way, clearing its scull and laying it dead at his feet. We had no time to express our sympathy and congratulations at his singular escape, before our attention was called to that which filled us with amazement if not dread. It was a human skeleton, of medium size, and of a female, hidden in the cavity of the tree. Its posture was erect, and the bones were held together by a kind of clear fatigument, that seemed to cover, like a transparent skin the entire frame. The jaw of the fallen tree severed several of the joints, and we drew them all out and placed them again in form. The proportions were perfect and the limbs straight—indicating a contour when in flesh, of perfect symmetry. Who could it have been that thus perished years ago, in this wild forest, and how came her death in this strange place, were queries that were immediately suggested. Could it have been some maiden, who, like the bride in the 'Mistake of Birth,' had concealed herself from her lover in the heart of this old tree, and become fastened there and died?"

THE EL DORADO AFFAIR.—The last steamer, it is understood, brought dispatches addressed by the Spanish Minister of Foreign Relations to our Minister at Madrid, in reply to the demands made at different times for redress in the matter of firing into and detaining the El Dorado, by the Spanish gun-boat Ferrola. Spain decidedly, but courteously, refused to comply, with the wishes of our Government, showing by a series of arguments, that according to the law of nations, the Commander of the Ferrola did nothing more than the peculiar circumstances at that time in the neighborhood of Havana justified.

THE PIRATE OUTWITTED.

Not many years ago—long enough, however, for Bangor to grow up from a little, wild, uncouth lumbering village into a beautiful city, there might have been seen, one day in September, a small, two-masted schooner lying at one of the rude, long wharves, taking in a regular assorted cargo of pine lumber, potatoes, poultry and colts. If you step aft, and look over the stern, you can read her name—Sarah Ford, Bangor. And that afternoon, after her cargo was all on board, if you could have got a peep at her manifest and bill of lading, you would have seen that she was commanded by Captain Josiah Forbes, and bound for St. Thomas.

Josh Forbes, as he was commonly called in Bangor, was born on the banks of the Penobscot, and brought up at sea; and at this particular time was just about twenty-three years old, and master and owner of the schooner Sarah Ford. Josh had named his little craft, which was nearly new, after the daughter of Col. Ford, a very rich and aristocratic merchant of Bangor. There was a perfectly safe understanding between Josh and Miss Sarah, entirely unknown to any one but themselves; for Col. Ford would soon have followed his only daughter to the grave as consented to her marrying the skipper of a down-east schooner.

Reader, have you ever been to the island of St. Thomas, in the Danish West Indies? "Yes," "Well, I am glad of it; for you will agree with me, that it is one of the loveliest of all those ocean gardens, the Virgin Islands." "No!" "Well, then, come with me; it will cost you nothing, and a short visit will amply repay you for your time and trouble."

The island of St. Thomas belongs to Denmark, and is situated just far enough within the tropics to enjoy all the advantages of a tropical climate, so liberal in its variety of fruits and flowers, and just far enough to the windward of the larger islands to insure it against the ravages of yellow fever and other prevailing distempers, which often rage with such malignity during the summer months in West India islands.

The island is about seven miles long, and five in its greatest width. The city stands at the bottom of a beautiful bay, opening from the southeast, and presents a magnificent appearance as you enter the harbor. The fish trade with the entire coast of the island, under its climate, and all the shipping during the greater part of the year. About five miles to the westward of the town, there is an old Catholic burying-ground, which is the resting place of the St. Thomasers.

One Sunday afternoon, about four weeks after we had seen the schooner Sarah Ford alongside the wharf at Bangor, you might have discovered her commander, Captain Josh, lying on his back on a black marble slab that covered a grave under a huge tamarind tree in the old Catholic burying-ground.

Captain Josh was fighting away, with a big pipe of chalk in his fingers, and the marble slab for a slate, calculating the expenses of the voyage, and the actual profits to himself, after having paid for his cargo, which he had bought in Bangor on credit.

"After a while he got through with his calculations, and drawing forth his handkerchief, he carefully wiped the chalk marks from the polished marble, and rolled off the slab into a perfect little thicket of lilies and honeysuckles, which grew up in wild luxuriance alongside of the tomb. His intention was to take a comfortable afternoon nap, but just as he was about to close his eyes, the sound of voices near by, and approaching still nearer, aroused him; and a moment after, two individuals, whom he had often seen since his arrival at the wharf, stepped on the very slab he had so recently occupied.

These two persons were—ono, his accellerator Governor Van Sholtenberg, of St. Thomas, and the other, captain of a beautiful armed schooner under the New Granadian flag, which had for a week past been lying in the harbor, without toward Prince Rupert's Rocks.

For several years past, the Governor of St. Thomas had been suspected of being connected with the slave trade, and twice he had been called home to Copenhagen to answer charges preferred against him. But he had each time been able to prove his innocence, or the government had been unable to prove his guilt, which amounted to the same thing, and the Baron Van Sholtenberg still retained the office of Governor of St. Thomas.

Captain Josh was perfectly concealed under the friendly shade of the honey-suckles and lilies, and lying very quiet, he soon learned from the conversation of the two gentlemen seated on the tomb, that his excellency was not only engaged in the African slave trade, but that he was also connected with the still freer trade, in which the cargoes were the blood of the sea.

THE GRANADIAN SCHOONER.

The Granadian schooner went to sea on the following morning, firing a salute as she got under way, which was returned by the outer fort.

Three days afterwards, Captain Josh, finding he could not get a homeward cargo in St. Thomas, got under way, with the intention of running down on the south side of Cuba, into some of the little by-ports, and purchasing his cargo of sugar and molasses; shrewdly calculating that if he went into some of the small out of the way places, he should get his cargo much cheaper than he could in any of the larger and more frequented harbors.

As soon as he made Cape Maize, the eastern extremity of Cuba, he hauled close in with the island, and running along down to the westward, he kept a bright look out for some obscure inlet, which would suit his purpose.

He passed Trinidad, and began to think that he should be obliged to run round on the north side, to Havana or Mantanzas, when one afternoon, as he was keeping close along the beach, inside of the Isle of Pines, his eye caught the entrance of a little narrow channel that looked just as if it would suit his purpose. The schooner's helm was put hard up, and off she went before the wind, and in fifteen minutes she was inside of a little harbor, that had probably never been visited by an honest American vessel before.

Captain Josh Forbes was not very often astonished at anything he saw, but he was taken all aback that afternoon; for when he got about a quarter of a mile up the narrow creek, he discovered moored alongside of the bank, half a mile further up, the New Granadian schooner he had seen at St. Thomas. In double quick time, the Sarah Ford was running alongside the bank, and tied up to the trees, which grew close down to the water's edge.

Josh Forbes, for once in his life, was in a quandary. He could not get out to sea again, for the wind was blowing square into the creek, and he knew that before the land breeze would set in at night, the gentlemen from the schooner above would pay him a visit; and then good-bye to all hopes of marrying his little schooner's name, for all he was worth in the world, and considerable more, was in the vessel. He had with him the whole proceeds of the cargo which he had sold in St. Thomas, and which he was yet to dive for at Bangor.

For five minutes the Yankee Captain was just in a deep study, when all at once a bright idea seemed to strike him, for he brightened up, and calling his little crew of five, all told, he addressed himself particularly to the young man who acted as mate of the schooner, and said:

"Warren, do you think you can take the Sarah Ford home to Bangor?" "Yes, captain, I do," replied the youngster. "But what are you going to do?" "Me? oh, I'm going home in that schooner up there!"

The other looked at him in astonishment; but all his inquiries were cut short by Captain Josh, who addressed his mate as follows:

"Warren, you jump aft there, and take the helm of that vessel by compass; and then take the compass out and bring it along, for we must put for the bushes if we want to see Yankee land again. I'll tell you my plan after we get into the woods."

In two minutes the Sarah Ford was deserted by all hands. Captain Josh took the compass from Warren, and led his little crew back from the creek about a quarter of a mile, when he shaped his course by compass, so as to keep along up, about parallel with the bank. When he judged he was about opposite the pirate, he took the advance and proceeded carefully down towards the creek. In a few minutes they came in sight of the pirate schooner, and at the same moment Josh made a grand discovery, which was that a little ahead of where the schooner lay, there was an arm of the creek, which ran off about west, and opened out into the bay, by a different channel from the one he had entered. He saw at a glance that, as the wind was, a vessel could run out by this channel with a free sheet. About the time that Forbes and his crew were in sight of the schooner, the pirate had mustered all hands and just started off down the creek to overhaul the Sarah Ford.

As soon as they were out of sight in the bushes, Forbes whispered to his men:

"Now's our chance—cut knives and off her fastenings; then jump aboard and shove off, and then put sail on her!"

ANECDOTE OF JACKSON.

The Western Christian Advocate records the following interesting anecdote of Jackson. The scene of it was in the Tennessee Annual Conference, held at Nashville, and to which he had been invited by a vote of the brethren, that they might have the pleasure of an introduction to him.

"The committee was appointed, and the General fixed the time for nine o'clock on Monday morning. The conference room being too small to accommodate the hundreds who wished to witness the introduction, one of the churches was substituted, and an hour before the time filled to overflowing. Front seats were reserved for the members of conference, which was called to order by the bishop, seated in a large chair in the altar, just before the pulpit. After prayer the committee retired; and a minute afterwards entered, conducting the man whom all delighted to honor. They led him to the bishop's chair which was made vacant for him, the bishop meanwhile occupying another place within the altar.

"The secretary was directed to call the names of the members of the conference, which he did in alphabetical order each coming forward and receiving from the bishop a personal introduction to the ex-President and immediately retired to give place to next. The ceremony had nearly been completed when the secretary read the name of Rev. James T. An elderly gentleman with a weather beaten face, clad in a suit of jeans, arose and came forward. Few seemed to know him: He had always been on a circuit, on the frontier; and though always at conference, he never troubled it with long speeches, but kept his seat, and said but little—that little, however, was always to the purpose. Mr. T. came forward and was introduced to Gen. Jackson. He turned his face toward the General, who said, 'It seems to me that we have met before.' The preacher, apparently embarrassed, said: 'I was with you through the Creek campaign—one of your body-guard at the battle of Horse Shoe—and fought under your command at New Orleans.' The General arose slowly from his seat, and throwing his long withered bony arms around the preacher's neck, exclaimed: 'Well, soon now where there's no year—where the smoke of battle never rolls up its sulphurous incense!' 'Never before, or since, have I seen so many tears shed as then flowed forth from the eyes of that brave soldier. Every eye was moist with weeping.

"Eleven years have passed away since that day. The old hero has been more than long in the silent and narrow home. The voice that cheered the drooping fight, and thundered in the rear of routed armies, is silent forever. The old preacher, who has fought his last battle, laid his armor by, and gone home to his eternal rest."

DESTINY—THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

At the present moment, when the birth of an heir to the French Empire, and the rejoicings in peace are so fully before the public, the following extract from Allison's "History of England" will be found singularly interesting.

"The idea of a destiny and his having a mission to perform was throughout a fixed idea in Louis Napoleon's mind. No disaster shook his confidence in his star or his belief in the ultimate fulfillment of his destiny. This is well known to all those who were intimate with him in this country after his return from America in 1837. Among other public houses, the hospitality of which he shared, was that of the Duke of Montrose, at Buchanan, near Lochmood, and the Duke of Hamilton, at Brodrick Castle in the Island of Arran. His manner in both was grave and taciturn; he was wrapt in the contemplation of the future, and indifferent to the present. In 1839, the present Earl of W——, then Lord B——, came to visit the author, after having been some days with Louis Napoleon, at Buchanan House. One of the first things he said was: 'Only think of that young man, Louis Napoleon. Nothing can persuade him he is not to be Emperor of France. The Stras-bourg affair has not in the least shaken him; he is thinking continually of what he is to do when on the throne.

The Duke of N—— also said to the author in 1844, 'several years ago, before the Revolution of 1848, I met Louis Napoleon often at Brodrick Castle, in Arran. We frequently went out to shoot together; neither cared much for the sport, and we soon sat down on a heathery brow of Goat-fell, and began to speak seriously. He always opened these conferences by discoursing on what he should do when he was Emperor of France. Among other things he said he would obtain a grant from the Chambers to drain the marshes of the Bries which, you know, once fully cultivated, became flooded when the inhabitants who were chiefly Protestants, left the country on the revocation of the edict of Nantes; and what is very curious, I see in the newspapers of the day that he has got grant of two millions of francs from the Chambers for the draining of those very marshes.'

All that belongs to Louis Napoleon is now public property, and these noble persons will forgive the author if he endeavors to rescue from oblivion anecdotes so illustrative of the destiny of purpose which is the most remarkable feature in his very eminent career. This idea of destiny, of a star, or a mission, which are only different words for the same thing, will be found to have been a fixed belief in most men, who attain to ultimate greatness. Whether it is that the disposition of mind which leads to such a belief works out its own accomplishment, by the energy and perseverance which it infuses into the character, and which enables its possessor to rise superior to all the storms of fate, or that Providence directly reveals to the chosen instruments of great things, the vessels of honor, to which they are entrusted—enough of the future to secure its accomplishment, will forever remain a mystery in this world.

WILLIAM DEMPSEY, who escaped from the Ohio Penitentiary on the 4th inst., was arrested at Cleveland on the 9th, and returned to his old quarters. He had served more than four years of the six for which he had been sentenced. His attempt to escape will probably prolong the time of his imprisonment.

After feeding them of about ten miles,

THE WILD MAN AGAIN.

A correspondent of the Caddo Gazette, writing under date of the 23rd ult., from Paragana, Arkansas, on Upper Red River, states that the cold during the present Winter has been in that region the severest within the memory of man. The rivers were frozen solid, the plains presented an unbroken sheet of snow. The writer relates the following story of an attempt to capture the famous wild man, who has been so often encountered on the borders of Arkansas and Northern Louisiana:

"In my travels I met a party from your country in pursuit of a wild man. They had struck his trail at a cane brake bordering on Brant Lake and the Sun-Flower Prairie. I learned from one of the party that the dogs ran him to an arm of the lake which was frozen, but not sufficiently strong to bear his weight, which consequently gave way. He had, however, crossed, and the dogs were at fault.

One of the party, mounted on a fleet horse, coming up, encouraged the dogs to pursue, but found it impossible to cross with his horse, and concluded to follow the man round until he could ascertain the direction taken by this monster of the forest. On reaching the opposite side of the bend he was surprised to see something like 'the Ibo' like a man breaking the ice, with his arms, and hasted under cover of the undergrowth, to the spot where he expected him to come out. He concealed himself near the place, when he had a full view of him, until he reached the shore, where he came out and shook himself. He represented himself as a stout, athletic man, about six feet four inches in height, completely covered with hair of long, black, and well unguished, and sea up the back with the thickness of a deer.

"He says he could have killed him with his gun, but the object of the party being to take him alive, and hearing the hoarse of his comrades and the howling of the dogs on the opposite bank of the lake, he concluded to ride up and head him, so as to bring him to bay, and then secure his prize. So soon, however, as the wild man saw the horse and rider he rushed franticly toward them, and in an instant dragged the hinder to the ground and tore him in a most dreadful manner, scratching, and tearing, and mauling the other so much that his comrades, being in the vicinity of the night, and having large pieces cut of his shoulders and other parts of his body.

"The man then tore off the saddle and bridle from the horse, and destroyed them, and holding the horse by the mane, broke a short piece of sapling, and supporting the animal, started at full speed, up the bank, leaving the horse with him. The horse, however, was still in pursuit, having been joined with a band of friendly Indians, and thought if they could not get him, they would break in the vicinity of the lake, they might overtake him in a day or two."

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A correspondent of the Caddo Gazette, writing under date of the 23rd ult., from Paragana, Arkansas, on Upper Red River, states that the cold during the present Winter has been in that region the severest within the memory of man. The rivers were frozen solid, the plains presented an unbroken sheet of snow. The writer relates the following story of an attempt to capture the famous wild man, who has been so often encountered on the borders of Arkansas and Northern Louisiana:

"In my travels I met a party from your country in pursuit of a wild man. They had struck his trail at a cane brake bordering on Brant Lake and the Sun-Flower Prairie. I learned from one of the party that the dogs ran him to an arm of the lake which was frozen, but not sufficiently strong to bear his weight, which consequently gave way. He had, however, crossed, and the dogs were at fault.

One of the party, mounted on a fleet horse, coming up, encouraged the dogs to pursue, but found it impossible to cross with his horse, and concluded to follow the man round until he could ascertain the direction taken by this monster of the forest. On reaching the opposite side of the bend he was surprised to see something like 'the Ibo' like a man breaking the ice, with his arms, and hasted under cover of the undergrowth, to the spot where he expected him to come out. He concealed himself near the place, when he had a full view of him, until he reached the shore, where he came out and shook himself. He represented himself as a stout, athletic man, about six feet four inches in height, completely covered with hair of long, black, and well unguished, and sea up the back with the thickness of a deer.

"He says he could have killed him with his gun, but the object of the party being to take him alive, and hearing the hoarse of his comrades and the howling of the dogs on the opposite bank of the lake, he concluded to ride up and head him, so as to bring him to bay, and then secure his prize. So soon, however, as the wild man saw the horse and rider he rushed franticly toward them, and in an instant dragged the hinder to the ground and tore him in a most dreadful manner, scratching, and tearing, and mauling the other so much that his comrades, being in the vicinity of the night, and having large pieces cut of his shoulders and other parts of his body.