The Democratic Watchman.

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SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—The Irish journals (says an exchange) give an account of a singular phenomenon in connexion with the extracting of a tooth in the town of Ballymena. The tooth was a grinder of large size, apparently sound, and so firmly seated that it broke in the effort for its removal.—On examining that portion of the tooth which came off with the instrument, a very extraordinary worm-shaped living animal was found adhering to the centre of it. On being carefully removed, without injury, it proved to be five-eighths of an inch long, lively as an eel, of a blood-red color, and about the thickness of a woolen thread. On viewing it through a microscope of limited power, it appeared to be ringed or jointed in its formation; no legs were visible, and it moved by erecting its body, arch like, in the centre, and projecting either end at pleasure—appearing to have a head at each extremity. One of the heads was large, flat, and broad in proportion to the creature's size, with a capacious mouth, and two black eyes, set very widely apart, and projecting from the upper part of the head. The other head was smaller, with a lengthened snout, and a mouth opening from underneath.

A CAR-LOAD OF CHILDREN.—The Cleveland *Daily Herald* of the 4th inst., in noticing an arrival of children in that city from the New York City "Home for the Friendless," says:

"Mrs. Penfield arrived in our city on Tuesday night with thirty-five children—seven babies, some as young as four months. She left New York with forty. I C. Pendleton was kindly in waiting at the depot, and in a cold, driving rain they were all comfortably housed at the Bennett House.—They left the next evening for the West, where places have already been provided for most of them."

Foster parents and guardians, of an excellent character, had been secured for these children previous to their departure from the Home.

UTAHIAN FRUIT.—This Territory is said to be one of the finest fruit-growing regions in the world. It is estimated (says an exchange) that not less than $75,000 worth of apples will be shipped to California this season, and that $30,000 worth were sold last year. The size of the apples is almost incredible—a bushel having been exhibited whose average was eighteen ounces each. It is no uncommon thing to see specimen apples weighing from one and a half to two pounds.

TELEGRAPH TO CUBA.—It is stated that parties have been for some time in correspondence with the Cuban and Spanish authorities for the privilege of laying a telegraph line between Cuba and the United States. It is proposed to lay a cable from the point of Cape Sable, the extreme southern point of Florida, to Havana, the distance being a little over seventy miles—about the same stretch as that across the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

WARMING BY GAS.—It appears that ingenious and scientific men are occupied in trying to discover the means of warming houses by gas. That this will eventually be accomplished there can be little doubt; and it will be an immense relief from dust and labor and inconvenience.

INTO SOMEBODY.—The New York *Mirror* of a late date says:—

"We cannot stoop to notice in type the scurility of an Abolitionist. We have never yet known an out and out Abolitionist who was a gentleman."

THE NEWSPAPERS OF VIRGINIA.—At present, says the South Side, (Va.) *Democrat*, there are one hundred and fifty newspapers published in the State of Virginia, the working expenses of which amount to $400,000 per annum.

RHEUMATISM CURED after 3 years standing in the short space of 3 weeks, S. Bay 37½ John St., New York, by Duvall's Galvanic oil.

JEFFERSON COLLEGE, at Cannonsburg, in this State, was destroyed by fire on Friday night.

RAILROAD MISHAPS.—The Pittsburg *Dispatch* of yesterday, says:

The train due on the Central Railroad at 2.10 on Thursday, was detained an hour and a half, by the breaking of an axle of a freight train at Slackwater. The train which left Allegheny at 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, broke a rail in the Summit cut, eight miles west of New Brighton, and three passenger cars and the baggage car went off the track and ran against the embankment. No one was hurt, and not seriously damaged. The mail train coming east was detained an hour and a half by the accident.—The train which left Allegheny at 3 o'clock on Thursday morning, broke the axle of a car west of Masillon. No damage except to the axle. A freight train ran off the track at Smithfield, on the same day, and damaged two cars—one the express car.

AN ARABIAN WIDOW.—When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her first husband, she comes in the night before her second marriage, to the grave of her husband. Here she kneels, prays to him, and entreats him not to be offended—not to be jealous. As, however, she fears, he will be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, laden with two goat skins of water. Her prayers and entreaties being done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and having well saturated him, she departs.

THE VOTE IN THE CITIES.—The following list shows the number of votes cast at the late Presidential election in twenty-one of the principal cities in the United States. They are not all official, but are substantially correct:

New York	79,666	New Orleans		8,679
Philadelphia	76,198	Cleveland		8,[illegible]
Brooklyn	28,910	Milwaukie		7,653
Baltimore	25,998	Pittsburg	6,843	10,876
Cincinnati	20,628	Allegheny	3,533	
Boston	16,444	Rochester		6,403
Chicago	11,434	Louisville		5,856
Buffalo	11,382	Detroit		5,766
St. Louis	11,071	New Haven		5,667
Albany	9,665	Providence		5,481
Newark, N. J.	9,665	Troy		5,362

THE WHEAT CROP.—The Memphis (Tennessee) *Bulletin* learns from a gentleman who has been travelling pretty extensively through that section of country, that the prospects for the coming wheat crop are unusually promising; in fact, were never better at this season of the year. It also learns from its informant that there is a much larger amount of land in cultivation in wheat, and, should the yield of the next crop be anything like what it promises to be at present, the receipts and exports from that port will be much greater next year than any season heretofore.

PRESIDENT PIERCE.—The New Bedford *Express* says, in speaking of Gen. Pierce's administration:

"Since the days of Jackson, no administration has had so violent an opposition to contend against; and as we have often said, like the administration of Jackson, posterity will do it justice—history will set it right upon the record, and the young American of coming time will proudly point to the name of Franklin Pierce as one of the patriotic Presidents of olden time, who was alike proof against the whirlwinds of fanaticism, the storms of sectionalism, the earthquakes of disunion, and the thunders from the '*three thousand New England clergy!*'"

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The London papers announce that the subscription of £350,000 required by this company has been closed, the applications considerably exceeding the specified amount. The shares are valued at £1,000 each, and a call for 20 per cent. has already been made upon them.—Eighty-eight shares were taken on American account. It is understood that application will be made to the government of the United States for an annual grant equal to four per cent. on the capital, as has been accorded by the British treasury.

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.—A correspondent, (says the *New-York Journal of Commerce.*) at Stamford, Connecticut, sends us an account of a poor mechanic who recently broke his leg while attempting to raise a Fremont flag in that town, and who remains at the "Union House" dependent on the charity of the landlord, and liable to be sent to the poor-house, although about $400 have been raised in the same place for "bleeding Kansas."

A NEW TERRITORY.—Plans are in progress to organize the new Territory of Arizona, from that portion of New Mexico comprised within the Gadsden purchase. The present number of residents is said to be about ten thousand, who have already elected a delegate to Congress, who have presented a memorial for their recognition and the establishment of a Territorial Government.

ABOLITIONISM, says the New Haven *Register*, may as well go to sleep, and take a good long dream of what may be done in the year 1860, while the "shriekers" unite in singing—

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Beecher's rifles guard thy rest;
Kansas humbugs, without number,
Gently press upon thy breast."

PATRICK MORRISSEY, an Irish laborer, on the Union Canal, was found dead in the bed of the Canal, about two miles above Reading a few days since. Supposed to have been murdered for money known to be in his possession.

THE *Worcester Herald*, published at Snow Hill, Md., raises the names of Stephen A. Douglas and James Alfred Pearce for President and Vice President in 1860.

Written for the Watchman

FAME.

BY BENJ. R. HALL.

The soldier, fired with martial dreams,
Seeks the ensanguined plain,
And to the clarion's pealing notes,
Shouts gladly back again.
His eye, beneath his laurel bays,
Notes not the loud acclaim,
He sleeps upon his gory bed—
And this, they say, is fame.

The sailor dares the ocean wave,
He tempts the raging sea;
Heals its loud thunders free.
The bright swords glitter o'er the foam
In gleams of flashing flame,
The groaning vessel sinks below—
And this, they say, is fame.

The minstrel strikes the fine spun chords
Of his soft thrilling lyre,
And whispers to unheeding ears,
His strains of soul-breathed fire.
They break—the living chords give way,
Each gushing pulse is tame,
His own heart strings have broken there—
And this, they say, is fame.

Oh! gilded phantom of a dream,
Who realizes thee?
The hardy warrior, bold and brave,
The darers of the sea?
Or the pale, withering child of song,
Who, for a deathless name,
Racing with his own life's pulse, his harp—
Who realises fame?

Millesburg, Pa.

Wild Sports in Africa.

HOW CONGO, THE CAFFIR, KILLED A LIONESS.

Congo was but a short while in getting ready. The lioness will not have long to wait for her assailant.

The equipment of the Kaffir must needs be described.

It was simple enough, though odd to a stranger's eye. It was neither more nor less than the equipment of a Zooloo warrior.

In his right hand he held a bunch of *assegais*—in all, six of them.

What is an "assegai?"

It is a straight lance or spear, though not to be used as one. It is smaller than either of these weapons, shorter and more slender in the shaft, but like them armed with an iron head of arrow shape. In battle it is not retained in the hand, but flung at the enemy, often form a considerable distance. It is, in short, a "javelin," or "dart"—such as was used in Europe before fire-arms became known, and such as at present forms the war weapon of all the savage tribes of Southern Africa, but especially those of the Kaffir nations. And well know they how to project this dangerous missile. At the distance of a hundred yards they will send it with a force as great, and an aim as unerring as either bullet or arrow! The assegai is flung by a single arm.

Of these javelins Congo carried six, spanning their slender shafts with his long, muscular fingers.

The assegais were not the oddest part of his equipment. That was a remarkable thing which he bore on his left arm. It was of oval form, full six feet in length by about three in width, concave on the side towards his body, and equally convex on the opposite. More than anything else did it resemble a small boat or canoe made of skins stretched over a framework of wood, and of such materials was it constructed. It was, in fact, a shield—a Zooloo shield—though of somewhat larger dimensions than those used in war. Notwithstanding its great size it was far from clumsy, but light, tight and firm—so much so that arrow, assegai or bullet, striking it upon the convex side, would have glanced off as from a plate of steel.

A pair of strong bands, fastened inside along the bottom, enabled the wearer to move it about at will; and placed upright, with its lower end resting upon the ground, it would have sheltered the body of the tallest man. It sheltered that of Congo, and Congo was no dwarf.

Without another word he walked out, the huge *carapace* on his left arm, five of the assegais clutched in his left hand, while one that he had chosen for the first, throw, he held in his right. This one was grasped near the middle, and carried upon the balance.

No change had taken place in the situation of affairs out upon the plain. In fact, there had not been much time for any.—Scarce five minutes had elapsed from the time the Kaffir stated his purpose, until he went forth to execute it. The lioness was still roaming about, uttering her frightful screams. The hyenas were still there. The Kaffir was seen approaching, the cowardly hyenas fled with a howl, and soon disappeared under the bosch.

Far different with the lioness. She seemed to pay no regard to the approach of the hunter. She neither turned her head, nor look in the direction he was coming. Her whole attention was absorbed by the mass of bodies upon the plain. She yelled her savage notes as she regarded them. She was no doubt lamenting the fate of her grim and swarthy partner that lay dead before her eyes. At all events, she did not seem to notice the hunter until he had got within twenty paces of the spot.

At that distance the Kaffir halted, rested his huge shield upon the ground—still holding it erect—poised the assegai a moment in his right hand, and then sent it, whizzing through the air.

It pierced the sides of the tawny brute, and and hung quivering between her ribs. Only for a moment. The fierce animal doubled round upon herself, caught the shaft in her teeth, and broke it off as if it had been a straw!

The blade of the assegai still remained in the flesh, but the lioness waited no longer. She had now perceived her enemy, and uttering a vengeful scream, she sprang towards him. With one tremendous bound she cleared three-fourths of the space that lay between them, and a second would have carried her upon the shoulders of the Kaffir; but the latter was prepared to receive her, and, as she rose to her second leap, he disappeared suddenly from the scene! As if by magic he had vanished: and had not one of the boys been watching every movement, they would have been at a loss to know what had become of him. But they know that under that oval convex form, whose edges rested upon the earth, lay Congo the Kaffir. There lay he, like a tortoise in its shell, clutching the straps with all his might, and pressing his carapace firmly against the ground!

The lioness was more astonished than the spectators. At the second leap she pitched right down upon the shield, but the drum-like noise made by her weight, and the hard, firm substance encountered by her claws, quite disconcerted her, and, springing aside, she stood gazing at the odd object with looks of alarm!

She stood but for a moment, and then, uttering a fearful burst of disappointment, turned tail upon it, and trotted off.

This growl guided Congo. The shield was raised from the ground—only on one side, and but a very little way at first—just enough to enable the hunter to see the stern of the retreating lioness.

Then the Kaffir rose quickly to his feet, and, holding the shield erect, prepared for the casting of a second assegai.

This was quickly thrown and pierced the animal in the flank, where shaft and all remained sticking in the flesh. The lioness turned with redoubled fury, once more charged upon her assailant, and, as before, was met by the hard convex surface of the shield. This time she did not immediately retreat, but stood menacing the strange object, striking it with her clawed hoofs, and endeavoring to turn it over.

Now was the moment of peril for Congo. Had the lioness succeeded in making a capaize, it would have been all up with him, poor fellow! But he knew the danger, and with one hand clutching the leathern straps, and the other bearing upon the edge of the frame, he was able to hold firm and close—closer even "than a barnacle to a ship's copper."

After venting her rage in several impotent attempts to break or overturn the carapace, the lioness at length went growling away towards her former position.

Her growls, as before, guided the actions of Congo. He was soon upon his feet, another assegai whistled through the air, and pierced through the neck of the lioness.

But, as before, the wound was not fatal, and the animal, now enraged to a frenzy, charged once more upon her assailant. So rapid was her advance, that it was with great difficulty Congo got under cover. A moment later, and his ruse would have failed, for the claws of the lioness rattled upon the shield as it descended.

He succeeded, however, in planting himself firmly, and was once more safe under the thick buffalo hide. The lioness now howled with disappointed rage; and, after spending some minutes in fruitless endeavors to upset the shield, she once more desisted. This time, however, instead of going away, the angry brute kept pacing round and round, and at length *lay down within three feet of the spot!* Congo was besieged!

The boys saw at a glance that Congo was a captive. The look of the lioness told them this. Though she was several hundred yards off they could see that she wore an air of determination, and was not likely to depart from the spot without having her revenge. There could be no question about it—the Kaffir was in "a scrape."

Should the lioness remain, how was he to get out of it? He could not escape by any means. To raise the shield would be to tempt the fierce brute upon him. Nothing could be plainer than that.

The boys shouted aloud to warn him of his danger. They feared that he might not be aware of the close proximity of his enemy.

Notwithstanding the danger, there was something ludicrous in the situation in which the Kaffir was placed; and the young hunters though anxious about the result, could scarce keep from laughter, as they looked forth upon the plain.

There lay the lioness within three feet of the shield, regarding it with fixed and glaring eyes, and at intervals uttering her savage growls. There lay the oval form, with Congo beneath, motionless and silent. A strange pair of adversaries, indeed.

Long time the lioness kept her close vigil, scarce moving her body from its crouching attitude. Her tail only vibrated from side to side, and the muscles of her jaws quivered with subdued rage. The boys shouted repeatedly to warn Congo; though no reply came from the hollow interior of the carapace. They might have spared their breath. The cunning Kaffir knew as well as they the position of his enemy. Her growls, as well as her loud breathing, kept him admonished of her whereabouts; and he well understood how to act under the circumstances.

For a full half our this singular scene continued, and as the lioness showed no signs of deserting her post, the young yagers at length determined upon an attack, or, at all events, a feint, that would draw her off.

It was close upon sunset, and should night come down, what would become of Congo? Till the darkness he might be destroyed. He might relax his watchfulness—he might go to sleep, and then his relentless enemy would have the advantage.

Something must be done to release him from his narrow prison—and at once.

They had saddled and mounted their horses, and were about to ride forth, when the sharp-eyed Hans noticed that the lioness was much farther off from the shield than when he last looked that way. And yet she had not moved—at all events no one had seen her stir—and she was still in the very same attitude! How then?

"Ha! look yonder the shield is moving!"

As Hans uttered these words, the eyes of all turned suddenly upon the carapace.

Sure enough, it was moving. Slowly and gradually it seemed to glide along the ground like a huge tortoise, though its edges remained close to the surface. Although impelled by no visible power, all understood what this motion meant—Congo was the moving power!

The yagers held their bridles firm, and sat watching with breathless interest.

In a few minutes more the shield had moved full ten paces from the crouching lioness. The latter seemed not to perceive this change in the relative position of herself and her cunning adversary. If she did, she beheld it rather with feelings of curiosity or wonder than otherwise. At all events, she kept her post until the curious object had gone a wide distance from her.

She might not have suffered it to go much further; but it was now far enough for her adversary's purpose, for the shield suddenly became erect, and the Kaffir once more sent his assegai whirring from his hand.

It was the fatal shaft. The lioness chanced to be be crouching broadside towards the hunter. His aim was true, and the barbed iron pierced through her heart.—A sharp growl, that was soon stifled—a short, despairing struggle, that soon ended, and the mighty brute lay motionless in the dust.

ORSINI'S ESCAPE.

The story of Orsini's escape from the castle of San Giorgio, in Mantua, Italy, is almost too wonderful to be believed. An account of it is contained in a recently published narrative of the prisoner's adventures. Orsini, as is well known, was arrested and imprisoned about eighteen months—we think for the fourth time since 1844—on account of his known revolutionary tendencies. Notwithstanding the castle of San Giorgio was believed to be the safest prison in Austria, he resolved to attempt an escape, and having, by studied conduct, gained the confidence of his jailors, he succeeded in procuring from the friends who visited him, a small saw. He says:

"Having thus far paved the way, I commenced sawing through one of the bars nearest to the wall. The position in which I was obliged to stand—on tip-toe, on the top of the chair—increased the difficulty of the operation, as I was obliged to make the same motion with my feet as with my hands in order to keep my balance. My saw was excellent; but after having used it a couple of hours or so it grew blunt—partly because I was not used to handling tools, and also, from the use of water, which I adopted to prevent noise. However in four days I had but through the first bar; but from having used the saw without the handle, holding it at either end, in my hand, it broke in two, and I then put my wits to work to make a handle for the other.

"I sawed away some wood from underneath the table, and dividing it into two portions, fastened one with wax either side of the saw, only sufficient of the latter to cut through the iron bar—in order to renew it with a fresh piece when the first should be worn out. Waxing it well, I bound it tightly round the two pieces of wood at the end of the saw and backwards and forwards from one to another. By these means, I manufactured an excellent handle, and the saw no longer bent or moved about. In order to reclose the part after they were cut through, I made a cement of wax and burnt bread crumbs the colour of iron.

"Nevertheless my work made but slow progress. At every moment I had to stop and clean my saw and as often listen to any noise withqut. Some days I could not work at all for fear of interruption, and often I was obliged to desist on account of the terrible fatigue, and the pain arising from the distension of the muscles. Often my feet and right arm were benumbed—I could scarcely write my own name. According to the position of the bars depended the difficulty of cutting through them—while working at the highest I so wounded my elbow by pressing it against the side, that I could hardly lean on it alone.

"At times despite the calmness and courage with which I nerved myself, my patience was nearly exhausted; so protracted was my physical strength that I sunk on my bed utterly hopeless of my design. Then it was the thought of my country, my children returned to my aid. I must behold my little ones again—must once more combat for my fatherland!—and fired with the thought I sprang to my chair and labored with redoubled zeal, saying to myself "Onward! onward! courage! (*avanti! avanti! carriagio!*) each time I felt my energy flag.

"In spite of the energy of his keepers, Orsini finished his sawing off the outer as well as the inner grating of the window, and also removed some bricks to enlarge the aperture. The window was about 100 feet from the ground. A cord was made, by stripping the sheets and towels which he lately possessed and after several abortive attempts, he made the perilous descent on the night of the 29th of March.

"When I had descended eighty-four feet, I felt my strength giving way; the tension of the muscles of the arms was too painful for endurance. I again felt about with my feet, and soon discovered a white marble cornice, which surrounded the castle; but while I strove to rest my feet upon it, and the chord slipped from between my legs, and after making several attempts to recover it, I looked below, and fancing myself not more than six feet from the ground, I stretched out my arms and let myself drop in such a way that my feet should first touch the ground, but that I should fall on all fours. This calculation was the work of a second—but what a time elapsed before I reached the ground I shudder to recall! I had fallen 20 feet! There was a quantity of mud and pieces of broken brick and cement at the bottom of the fosse, and against this I struck first my knees and then my feet. The blow was tremendous. I turned almost mechanically, and for a few moments lost all consciousness.

"On recovering from the effects of his fall, he succeeded in surmounting every obstacle with the exception of the ditch beyond the outer wall. While lying there wounded and exhausted, two peasants passed, and, recognizing his situation at a glance, helped him out by means of a cord, and assisted him to a place of concealment. It was a quarter before six when he was fairly without the fortress, and at six the turnkeys entered his cell and discovered his flight. It was too late, however for recapture, and notwithstanding the rewards offered for his capture, he escaped from the city.

TABLE POISON.

There are the buttercups, to begin with, so caustic that the hands of children gathering them are sometimes inflamed, or even blistered. The deep color of butter was ascribed to the eating of these flowers by the cows, wherefore they were called butterflowers and buttercups; but the cows know better than to eat them. The poisonous principle in buttercups is volatile, and disappears out of the herb in drying. Buttercups, therefore, are not only harmless when mixed with the grass in making hay, but even help to make the fodder nutritive by the large quantity of mucilage their stems contain.

It may be thought that we are safe among legumes, but we are not. We may eat beans and peas, but we had better avoid eating laburnum. The poisonous principle of laburnum (cytusine) is contained in some other leguminous plants. In the laburnum it kills easily. Three little girls in Hertfordshire, finding that a high wind had shaken down a great many laburnum pods, collected them in play, and ate the seeds as peas. They were children of from five to seven years old. Two died the same night in convulsions; the third recovered only after a lingering illness of some months. There is much poison also in laburnum bark. The seeds of the yellow and of the rough-podded vetchling may produce headache and sickness. The wild flower of the cucumber tribe, common in England, the bryony, is a powerful and highly irritant purgative. It is a quack herb medicine; its red berries produce very ill effects on children who may chance to eat them.

In the parsley tribe there are some familiar wild flowers, very apt to be eaten, and very far from eatable. Carrots and parsnips, celery and fennel, belong to this family, and they are good to eat, of course; but there are other plants of the kind which careless people may mistake for parsley, celery, or parsnips, and die of the blunder. Hemlock leaves have been eaten for parsley leaves, although much darker and more glossy.

Cows and goats will not eat hemlock, but sheep eat it unharmed. It kills man, when taken in a fatal dose, by its strong action on the nerves, producing insensibility and palsy of the arms and legs. As a drug, it is most dangerous, except in skillful hands. Then there is fool's parsley. A child of five years old has been poisoned by eating the somewhat the bulbous roots of this plant, by mistake for young turnips. She died within an hour. Somebody put the leaves into soup instead of parsley. Vomiting followed, with at last lockjaw; death within twenty-four hours. The roots of water hemlock or cowbane have been eaten by children for parsnips, with death as the consequence. But the most virulent of all the poisons of this sort is the water dropwort, common on the banks of the Thames.—When not in flower it resembles the celery, and the roots may be mistaken easily for parsnip-roots. Some years ago, a number of convicts were at work upon the river bank near Woolwich, and found a quantity of this plant. Seventeen of them ate it. Nine shortly afterwards went into convulsions; one died in five minutes; another in a quarter of an hour; a third in an hour; and a fourth a few minutes later. Two others died in the course of a few days. The fine leaved water-dropwort, and the common dropwort, are less poisonous, but not to be eaten without considerable danger.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

A Bible was raffled off at a coffee house in Louisville a few days ago. It was put up at $100 and was won by a Southern Kentuckian, who threw 11.

The Perils of the Plains;

OR,

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN EX-GOVERNOR.

A few days since, a personal friend of Gov. John Bigler related in our hearing many interesting facts and incidents relative to him, a portion of which we requested him to repeat while we made notes for publication.

Our informant was his traveling companion over the Plains in 1849 to California, and as early as 1820 was intimate with him as the printer boy of Pittsburg. The sketch given of his life is not connected, for the reason that our informant, from 1831 to 1846, was separated from his friend.

Gov. Bigler was born near Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, and in 1819 his father removed to Mercer county, where he resided until his death, in 1827.

After the expiration of his apprenticeship in 1827, John Bigler removed to Bellefonte, Centre County, and took charge of a Democratic paper. Here he remained during 1828, 1829, 1831 and 1832, and although but a youth in 1828, he supported the election of Gen. Jackson with great zeal and efficiency; and Centre county, which in 1824 cast a Know-Nothing majority, gave his brother William for Congress, a majority of 700, then rolled up over 1,600 majority for the hero of New Orleans and the Democratic ticket.

From 1824 to the present hour, Gov. Bigler has been a consistent supporter of Democratic men and measures. Of him it can with truth be said that he never faltered in the good cause—never for a moment was faithless to the principles of the Democratic party and its nominees.

In 1846, Gov. Bigler removed to the State of Illinois, and resided in Brown county, until April, 1849, when he emigrated to the new State of California.

On the 2d day of April, 1849, Gov. Bigler accompanied by his wife and daughter, Virginia, then but seven years old, and a small party of friends and neighbors, started for California. They all had ox teams, Gov. Bigler driving his own the greater part of the road, and walking, with the exception of about one hundred miles, the entire distance from the Missouri river to California. The wagons passed over the State of Missouri and arrived at St. Joseph's on the Missouri river about the 28th of April, 1849, and on the 9th of May commenced their tedious and perilous journey across the Plains to California.

Gov. Bigler having his family with him, had, of course, greater cares than those who had only their own safety and comfort to look after; but, notwithstanding all this, he never failed to perform his full share of guard duty, and never, in a single instance or for a single moment, shrank from danger or responsibility.

The difficulties encountered were truly great, as was also the exposure and danger.

At many places the wagons of the party had to be let down into steep ravines and the banks of streams, by means of ropes attached to the hind axles. In passing places of this kind the party would often be detained several hours. Every night a guard was detained to look after the oxen and mules, so as to prevent the Indians from driving them off or killing them. An inner guard was also stationed to watch the wagons, and those asleep in them and the tents. Mrs. Bigler and her daughter, at night, slept in the wagon during the entire journey, which occupied nearly five months, after leaving the Missouri river on the 9th May. On many occasions when her husband was very weary, Mrs. Bigler who proved herself a woman of great courage, took his gun and herself guarded the wagon while he rested.

During the journey up the Platte River they were frequently exposed to terrific storms of rain and hail. At Fort Kearney they were exposed to a terrible storm of rain, which lasted nearly the entire night, and covered the little valley with lakes of water, and rendered the travelling exceedingly difficult for several days.

At Scott's Bluffs the little party encountered a terrible hail storm, which lasted more than two hours, during which two of their oxen were killed by lightning. Immediately after the oxen fell, the men ran in front of the cattle in order to prevent a stampede, and were driven from their camping ground more than two miles before they succeeded in getting the cattle to head towards camp. The hail which fell was of sufficient size to cut their hands and faces covered with blood.

Immediately after the Governor left in pursuit of the cattle, the wind swept down his tent, and his wife and daughter were compelled to seek shelter in the wagon, which several times came near being capsized by the wind.

The next morning was clear and beautiful. Scott's Bluffs then in full view presented the appearance of the suburbs of a great city, covered with immense buildings, in which was displayed every variety of architecture. The whole appearance produced by the action of the wind and rain upon the soft rock, forming the bluffs, was the same as that in Chimney Rock and Court House Rock, both of which the parties had passed but a few days before.

In crossing Horse Creek the next day the party came near losing some of their cattle, and that night were threatened with an attack by a party of hostile Indians. The attack would certainly have taken place but for a rumor that the small-pox was in our