

# The Democratic Watchman.

"BOTH LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ARE PRECARIOUS, UNLESS THE POSSESSOR HAS SENSE AND SPIRIT ENOUGH TO DEFEND THEM."

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**The Wreck of the Central America.**  
After nearly all hope had been given up for the safety of any more of the crew and passengers of the Central America, the gratifying intelligence of the arrival of three more reaches us. They arrived at New York, on Monday, of last week, after enduring almost an incredible amount of suffering. The following narrative by Mr. John Tice, one of the assistant engineers, gives an idea of what they suffered.

**NARRATIVE OF MR. TICE.**

Within half an hour before the Central America sank it became evident to all on board that their efforts at hauling and pumping were unavailing, and Mr. Tice, with others, betook himself to the deck. Captain Herndon was then on the hurricane deck, and he saw him but a few moments before the steamer sank. Mr. Tice at once looked about him to secure some means of saving his life, after the catastrophe should take place. He found a board of an inch and a half in thickness and about ten feet long, and with it he took a stand on the hurricane deck, near the stern of the steamer. He had been there but a few moments when the stern began to sink rapidly, and as the deck sank near to the surface, he sprang with his board into the water, struck vigorously out from the sinking vessel, and when about forty feet distant, he saw the waves closing over the bow. He was sufficiently remote from the steamer when she sunk, so that he was not carried under. In a moment the boiling surface of the sea was filled with the debris of the wreck, and grasping for them were scores of human beings, still hoping that they might yet be rescued from an impending fate. Resting his chest against the center of the board, Mr. Tice swam to the leeward, and though near to others who were struggling in the waves, they were sustained only by pieces of wreck and did not attempt to share his board with him. Soon after the steamer sank, he discovered the body of a vessel in the distance, which he supposed to belong either to the bark Marino or to the schooner (the El Dorado) which they had spoken a short time before the catastrophe. They were to the leeward of him, and he continued swimming in that direction, in hopes to reach the vessel; but with the disappearance of the lights, about 9 1/2 or 10 o'clock, he ceased his efforts. An hour or two later he again discovered lights, and this time much nearer him. In a few moments he was able to distinguish the hull of a vessel bearing directly toward him. His hopes were raised, and he was confident that he would soon be discovered and rescued. But, when only a quarter of a mile distant from him, the vessel—a bark (the Norwegian bark Ellen) altered her course, and kept off, and subsequently her hull and lights disappeared while she was apparently sailing off in a fine breeze. During the remainder of the night he encountered seven persons, who like himself, were drifting about on fragments of the wreck or boards, and in some instances he hailed them. In one case, the gentleman, a passenger, told Mr. Tice his name, which he is now unable to remember. Another said that he had seen the purser of the steamer but a short time before floating on a board, and the belief was expressed that he was yet alive. A heavy sea continued to roll during the night and following day.

Tuesday morning dawned upon Mr. Tice with little to encourage him to hope. The bark became visible, but she was standing off, and by 11 o'clock had sunk below the horizon. The day, however, was fine; the sun shone brightly, but before meridian the heat became powerful. But despondency was no part of his nature. Despite the dreary prospect of his rescue, he resolved to struggle for life. Sunday night came, and for another ten hours he was buffeted by the still heavy waves amid the darkness. But his fatigue was too much for him to overcome and often during the night his head would drop on his breast while in an involuntary doze, and he would suddenly awaken with his hands instinctively grasping the plank, which alone bore his hopes for the future. But, beside his sufferings from exposure to the waves and the heat, thirst and hunger added their influence to render his situation more desperate. The gnawings of hunger were severe, but his thirst was terrible. His position was a fearful realization of the words:

"Water, water, all around,  
But not a drop to drink!"

Monday morning dawned without the prospect of anything to cheer his hopes. Occasionally fragments of the wreck, drifting in the Gulf Stream, would be lifted by the waves into view; and anon an inflated life-preserver would dance over the summit of a wave amid the white caps, and in a moment disappear. The sun set while he was yet tossing on the waves, but with a spirit unbroken—which was yet to suffer severe trials than he had yet experienced—he still clung to his plank throughout the night, little expecting that the dawn of the morrow was to him a means that would buoy him above the waves until Providence should snatch him from the very jaws of death.

About 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning, after floating with his plank for sixty-one hours, he discovered a boat at the distance of two or three miles, and without knowing certainly what it was, further than that it seemed to afford a better means of sustaining himself than his plank, changed his position, and swam in the direction of the object. The wind in the mean time had become light, and the sea smoother, and he was able to make some progress in his swimming. Between 12 and 1 o'clock he reached the object he sought—one of the wooden life-boats of the Central America, half filled with water. He grasped its side, and in a moment had raised himself over the guard. In it he found three oars, a pair and three old coats. With the pair he soon baled out the boat. One of the coats he fastened on as a signal, and placed the oar upright in the bow of the boat. He scanned the horizon, but not a sail was to be seen. His thirst, too, was increasing, but he resisted the temptation of weaker minds, to drink of the salt water, knowing its fatal consequences. As the pieces of the wreck drifted past he watched them closely to see if they would afford him any relief. For a moment his hopes faded. A few yards distant he thought he discovered a wicker flask floating on the swell. He sculled to it and secured it, only, however, to be disappointed—for the cork had become loosened, and place of anything to slake his furious thirst was a few spoonfuls of salt water. Night came upon the wanderer, and, exhausted, he fell in an unequal sleep, which continued till near morning.

With the dawn of Wednesday, Mr. Tice saw only sea and sky, and all day he had to encounter the raging of hunger and thirst, and the discomfort of a hot sun, and the night only afforded him the relief of troubled doze. But Thursday, if it afforded no relief bodily suffering, relieved his mind of the monotony of his position. About 9 o'clock he discovered something in the distance. He took an oar and sculled in that direction, and as he approached he saw it was a piece of wreck, on which were two men. When within a mile of them one jumped overboard and swam to the boat, and about 11 o'clock Mr. Tice helped him in. He proved to be Alexander Grant, one of the firemen of the steamer, who had been nearly five days floating about on a piece of the hurricane wreck. The first sight of a human being on the wreck and on board George W. Dawson, a colored man who was a passenger from California by the Sonora and Central America. They left the dead body of a passenger on the piece of deck as they departed. That day and night they were drifted along by the wind and current. After having briefly related their experience since the sinking of the vessel, they fell into silence, only occasionally broken by a suggestion which some one might make as to the prospect of their rescue.

Friday and Saturday brought with them no hopes of success. They had ceased to hunger, but their desire for water knew no bounds. One with a confident belief that they would not long remain thus, they mutually encouraged each other, and having passed a week since the steamer sank in the midst of scenes which would make any but the stoutest heart despair, they entered upon the eighth day of their experience, and thought settled upon them with a dim hope of rescue the morrow.

They found themselves on board the British brig Mary, Capt. Shearer, of Greenock, Scotland, from Cardenas to Cork. Captain Shearer had made preparations to receive the sufferers when he discovered them. After taking them into the cabin, he removed their clothing and gave them a sip of wine, and afterward gruel, gradually increasing the amount from time to time until their hunger and thirst was satisfied.

After they had been a week on the Mary, they were transferred to the Bremen bark Laura, which arrived at New York yesterday morning.

George W. Dawson, one of the three saved by the Mary, is a young colored man. He is a native of Rochester, New York, where he resided until two years since. The last year he has resided in Oroville, California, being employed as a porter in the St. Nicholas Hotel, in that place. On the 20th of August, he left San Francisco by the Sonora to return to Rochester.

**The Female Temper.**

We like to see a woman full of spirit and life; for a dull, supine, prosy woman is a poor affair indeed. And we have particular objection to seeing "the sparks fly" occasionally, when something really stirring occurs. We like to see her joyful and lively; and, if she has a little spice of waggery, we can put up with it very well—may we like it all the better. But a cross, sour temper, we have no good opinion of; for a woman who can never look pleasant, but is always fretting and scolding will make an unhappy home to all within her house. And we had as leave undertake to live in a barrel of vinegar in a thunderstorm, as to live in the house with such a woman. Solomon was right when he said "It is better to live in the corner of a house, than to dwell in a wide house with a brawling woman." Let a woman wear sunshine on her countenance, and it will drive the dark clouds from her husband's face, and joy will thrill through the hearts of her children. Let a woman's word be soothing and kind, and everything is happy around her. Her influence will be powerful. Others will catch her sweet temper, and all strive to see who can be most like her. Sweetness of temper in a woman is more valuable than gold, and more to be prized than beauty. But may Heaven keep us from an untamed shrew, whose looks are had rather that Daniel's place with the lions, than to think of living within gun-shot of such a termagant. If woman knew her power, and wished to exert it, they would always show sweetness of temper, for then they are irresistible.

**Munchausen Abroad.**

"When I lived up in Maine," said Uncle Ezra, "I helped to break up a few pieces of ground, we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we began plowing on it. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plow, we did faith, and I held that plow a week—I thought I should die. I can't most killed me, I vow. Why, one day I was holdin', and the plow hit a stump which measured just two feet and a half which—hard and sound white oak. The plow split it, and I was going straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again; so I throw my feet out, and had no sooner done so than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course I was tighed, but I held on to the plow handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons, nor cause me to let go my grip. At last, though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull about the quickest. It had monstrous long toes, too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I hadn't worn any other kind since."

The only reply made to this was, "I should have thought it would have come under your suspenders!"

"Powerful hard!"

Lorenzo Dow, the celebrated itinerant preacher, once came across a man who was deeply lamenting that he had been stolen. Dow told the man that if he would come to meeting with him he would find his ax. At the meeting, Dow had on the pulpit plain sight, a big stone. Suddenly, in the middle of his sermon, he stopped, took up the stone, and said: "An axe was stolen in this neighborhood last night, and if the man who took it don't dodge, I will hit him on the forehead with this stone!" At the same time making a violent effort to throw it. A person present was seen to dodge his head, and proved to be the guilty party.

A certain facetious acquaintance of ours, was a few days ago, "poking his fun" at the very high and steep hills which give such an air of sublimity to some parts of our County and said that he had seen cultivated fields so precipitous that he had to lie on his back to see to their top! Whereupon he was taken down by another "sharp customer" in this style: "I once was at a place (said Mr. —) where the fields were so steep that the people looked up their chimney to see whether the cows were coming home!" We left, wondering what human nature will "come to" after awhile.—Bedford Gazette.

A mad bull close behind me is suggestive of a very disagreeable passage for two horns.

**Herr Driesbach and his Lion.**

The Galena (Ill.) Courier publishes a letter from a correspondent in Potosi, Wis., who says: "Tired of his itinerant and Benedit life, about three years since, Herr took to himself one of the most intelligent and amiable of the Duckeye's daughters, and removed to this place, where he had purchased himself a beautiful farm, and where he has retired to cultivate the earth and make for himself a pleasant home."

Since then the Lion Tamer has visited Dubuque and the editor of the Express of that city, gives the following interesting recognition:

Last evening we, with our companions, walked up street with a very worthy farmer from within one mile of Potosi, Wisconsin, who talked about his "pigs, geese and ducks," and with what success he tilled his farm. As an instance of his successful tilling, he stated that he sold the product from fifty feet square of his farm, of which he kept an account, for forty-three dollars. Hence it may be seen that this farmer, Herr Driesbach, has some skill as well as pride in his farming. Our chief object in taking this walk, was that Herr Driesbach, in a meeting between himself and old Peter of the managerie, which he had not seen for more than a year, and which, of course, we were most anxious to witness. If, however, we were most anxious to witness, if we were their recollections their old master. On entering the caavass, which was before us, the audience began to collect. We desired the remaining at the door the while. This tiger from some old score, had just old a grudge against him, and in days of yore, managed to give a marked demonstration of the fact. This cage was selected for the first test of recognition. While we were stationed immediately in front, Herr came taunting along carelessly, habited in a farmer's costume, and as he neared the cage the tiger's eyes began to glister with great brilliancy as they bore directly upon him, and at the same time, a low guttural growl began to issue in his throat, which burst out into a ferocious howl as he leaped at the bars to get at him who he passed by. This experiment was tried several times with the same result, and when at length Herr spoke to him, his rage knew no bounds, leaping at the bars, and bellowing as he went.

The next place we were desired to remove to was a large cage containing a large lion, two leopards and a lioness. We mention them thus, as it is the order they stand in the cage, it being divided into apartments. As Herr approached this cage the horses caught sight of him, and her eyes beamed with pleasure, while her tail wagged a glad recognition. On his coming up to her, she appeared frantic with joy, and when he spoke to her and presented his face to the cage, she kissed him, and placed her paw in his hand with all the air of an intense affection.

Indeed, while he was in her presence, she did not know how to control herself, but would lick his hands while he attempted to pat her, roll over, reach out her paws to him, and then pass her nose between the bars as though she would like to have had a closer presence. While Herr was talking to the lioness, the old lion in the other end of the cage began to get jealous and crumbled, for he too had recognized his old friend. Herr then walked up to him, when the creature crowded against the bars to get closer to him, and he kissed his face and neck, and heked his hands with as great demonstrations of delight as the other. The leopards, too, in the same cage knew their old master, and watched him as they lay with their noses close to the bars with evident pleasure, and seemed highly pleased as he spoke to them. In all our days we do not recollect any exhibition that gave us so much satisfaction as did this meeting of old friends, and while we watched them in their congratulations, we could not make up our mind which was the most delighted. Driesbach to know that he was not forgotten by these affectionate creatures, or that they were once more in his presence. While we were watching him and his old companions the second began to gather in, and our companions and self departed highly gratified at the result.

A WOMAN'S life was curiously preserved by her husband, in Staffordshire, lately, by the process of transfusion. She lay at the point of death, when, as a last resource, a vein was opened in her arm, and one in the arm of her husband, and as the blood flowed from the latter, it was transmitted by suitable apparatus into the veins of the wife. After seven ounces had been thus injected, the pulse became perceptible, and the colorless lips reddened, the glassy eye brightened, and she thankfully said, "I am better." The case has progressed very favorably, and the woman is recovering.

The Fillibusters in the South have raised twenty recruits in Mississippi, and it is said a regiment is organizing in Texas. If Mississippi is to be taken as the extent of the fillibustering fever at the present time, it will be a long while before the Texas regiment completes its organization. The department of the State has just issued instructions to the United States Marshals and district Attorneys of the various parts to use all due diligence in stopping any such expeditions from leaving the United States.

**How to Avoid a Bad Husband.**

1. Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the things she possesses.
2. Never marry a fop, or one who struts about dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with silver cane, and rings on his fingers, who looks about and is never working. Beware! there is a trap.
3. Never marry a niggard, close-fisted, mean, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he cheat you to death.
4. Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is not known or tested. Some females jump right into the fire with their eyes wide open.
5. Never marry a mope or drone, one who draws and draggles through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their own course.
6. Never marry a man who treats a daughter or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a little mean man.
7. Never on any account marry a gambler, a profane person, or one who in the least speaks the language of profanity. A man can never make a good husband.
8. Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.
9. Shun the rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon.
10. Finally, never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it you are better off alone, than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

In the choice of a wife, take the obedient daughter of a good mother.

**What Foreigners Do.**

The following from the Springfield Republican, is worthy of perusal and needs no further comment from us.

Strike out what the Irishman has done for America, and the country would be set back fifty years in the path of progress. Corn would grow where the Erie canal bears the freight of millions of fertile acres; the lumbering coach would take the place of flying trains on ten thousand miles of railroad; a million soldiers would be employed in the cotton mills and engaged in more profitable employment, would still be confined. Hundreds of millions of dollars could be purchased from the American people the property and advantages that have absolutely been bestowed upon them by Irish labor; and they can hardly get a meal of victuals without it to-day. Irish labor is in the corn field and cotton mill. It digs all our cellars, and carries all our bricks. It mans our armies. It mows our road yards and digs our gardens. In other words, it is an essential element in American thrift and progress; and we could not lose it for a month without reference to chaos. If the Americans carry the brains of enterprise, the Irishmen haul the hands.

**Some of the Beauties of Banking.**

The following rich revelations are furnished by a correspondent of the St. Louis Republican.

In conclusion, I will depict for you an Illinois bank. A frame house, a counter so high that you can barely lay your wrists on the sharp edges of it, and so narrow that a man can approach at a time. The specie soap hangs high up, like the laws of Nero, but, unlike them, covered with cobwebs. Your check is cancelled in deadly silence. You hear some fumbling behind a green screen. A package of shillpennies, as thick as a bull's horn, and twenty-five cents in silver, is handed you for your considerable check. The bundle is tightly laced, the notes are inside, so that, with the other inconveniences, you can hardly count them. You open the bundle and sit out the tinklings, among trees, and Wisconsin, and you are perpetually told, "No use in asserting; that is all that you can get." You say: "Please, then, return my check." Answer: "Your check is already cancelled." This is the return made you by the best of them for gold advanced on grain. Had the grain gone down, you would have had it, but, having gone up, they return you such shillpennies for your advances in gold, or stand still."

**A KEG FOUND CONTAINING SIXTEEN HUNDRED FRENCH COINS!**—An extraordinary story reaches us which we give as we received it. The report is that two men named Ward and Hall, were at work down the lake shore, some miles from this city, getting out hoop-stuff, when they discovered a small keg buried in the sand. If they dug out, and opening it, found it contained 1,600 silver pieces. The coins were of an ancient French cast, and of the denomination of seven franc pieces, valued at \$1.09 each. The two men with their treasure have left Philadelphia, where they intend to exchange their coin at the mint. It is probable that the money was secreted in the place where it was discovered, by some French officer during the old French war, and afterwards the officer may have been killed, leaving no trace where the treasure was concealed. Thus it has fallen, at last, into the hands of a couple of Yankees.—*Osage Daily Times.*

Always doubt the sincerity of a girl's love for you when you see her wipe her mouth after you have kissed her.

**An Escape from Salt Lake.**

The following narrative is from the pen of John Davis, a young Welshman, who emigrated to Salt Lake with his family about two years ago, from Maesteg, South Wales. It is taken from a private letter, dated Council Bluffs City, Iowa, June 20:

"I guess you are anxious to know the reason why I left Salt Lake. I shall try, in the first place, to inform you what a man must do to be a Mormon. He must give up the tenth of all his income—the tenth day's work—and he must keep from two to ten wives. If he don't agree to these things, he had better quit; but by doing so he is in danger of losing his life every minute, for they would rather kill him than let him be the means of letting the world know how things are in their midst. Many have been shot down in trying to escape. I have seen dozens shot down on the street; and three days before I left I saw three persons killed merely because they intended to escape—they were shot down in a place called Springfield, while they were bringing their goods to Salt Lake. This took place about 6 o'clock on a Sunday morning, within fifty yards of the gates of the city. The first was a young man called William Parish; he received seven balls in his body. The second was his father, and the third was a man, called Potter, whose body received as many as fifteen balls. The old man was pierced in the back, and his throat cut in three different places. I saw them lying down, and I could name the persons who killed them. Brigham Young has got men for this purpose. Their number is four hundred. They are called the 'Destroying Angels.' Their Captain's name is William Hickman, and the second in command is Porter Rockwell.

The walls around the city are 15 feet high, and they are surrounded by a deep ditch and wide moat. The city is entered by four gates, which are watched in the night. The gates are so narrow that only one vehicle can pass through at once. The 'Destroying Angels' go out on the plains in the spring in order to intercept those who may escape from the city. Many left on foot last January. They sleep by day and travel by night. I know of men and women who came across some who were very short of food; the little they had they gave to the women, and the men were principally sustained by the women's milk!

I left Salt Lake City on the 17th of April, in company with two Welshmen and an African. The few Mormons who knew of our intentions said that we would never reach the States alive, but I told them I was determined to try, whatever would occur. On Saturday, (the day after we left,) we had traveled thirty miles from the city when we saw three men following us. They were sent by the authorities of the city to catch us. The name of one was Patrick Lynch, an Irishman by birth and Secretary to Brigham Young. This man fired his revolver at me, but the ball went without hurting me. They then came near us on their horses, and inquired our names, and when we refused to tell them, they swore that they would blow "our damned brains out!" With that, one of them raised his revolver as if he was going to use it—he had one on each side of the saddle. I then took out my revolver and told him to fire if he liked. I had six revolvers with me, and a rifle, containing in all thirty-seven balls. Another ball was then fired at me, which whistled by my left cheek. I then fired at him, and one ball hit him on the leg and another on the shoulder. (My friends by this time had run in the woods, and I was left to fight it out myself.) I then lost my footing, and one of the men ran at me with a knife and cut my belt and took four of my revolvers. I had the other two hid in my boots. I got hold of one of them and fired, and succeeded in keeping them off for some time, till I had a chance to run to the woods, where I got the assistance of my friends.

We continued to travel that day and the following night, and succeeded in reaching a place called Fort Bridger, which is one hundred and thirteen miles from the Valley. The number of our pursuers had now increased to twenty, and we had to put on our boots again. We traveled till night, and were so fortunate as to meet a host of friendly Indians, who gave us buffalo meat to eat. The next day we overtook a number of wagons, known as Mrs. Habbit's train, in number twenty-eight. I was hired to drive one wagon, which was drawn by six oxen. We had some trouble with a lot of Indians called the "Crow Tribe." They were well armed, and about a thousand strong. About six hundred shots came into our tents. We killed about thirty Indians, and they killed five of our men.

**A Freeman of the New York Central Railroad.** asked the Superintendent for a pass, which he declined to give, saying: "The company employ you and pay you so much for your services, and there our trade ends. If you were to work for a farmer at a dollar a day, and wanted to go to Saratoga, would you expect him to hitch up his team and take you there for nothing?"

The freeman answered: "No sir, but if he had his team hitched up, and was going directly to Saratoga, I should think he was a mean hog if he didn't let me ride."

**Mr. Wise's Balloon Ascent at Bangor.**

Mr. Wise gives an account of his ascent in the Bangor Whig. The Whig says, in eight minutes after he left a light cloud interrupted a view of the balloon for an instant, and in a few minutes after it was missing for several minutes behind a large cloud. In half an hour those who had kept him as a speck in the sky, lost sight of him. His line of direction was into an unbroken and uninhabited country. He could not perceive a single clearing, and as the balloon was making rapid strides over the wilderness, he attempted to land in a thicket of juniper log, five miles northeast of Great Works river. The grapple took good hold, and he would have made a favorable landing, after being up one hour and five minutes, if a sudden and violent squall had not ripped the grapple rope through the side of the car, and the balloon hurried the broken car over the tree-tops, tearing the clothes and endangering the life of the aeronaut. He was dragged over a mile across tree tops and swamps full of underbrush, and finally through a pond or lake, doing him several times under water, and the rope was a serious piece of dried woodland, he concluded it best to jump. He slid some fifteen or twenty feet into a log, while his balloon went off on the wings of the wind. He then traveled through the woods without coming to any halting place, and in four hours reached Bangor, whence he got conveyance to Orltown. He wore his shoes and stockings off his feet in the rough tramp, and was in a wet and torn condition, with a hole more through his hat. At Orltown he warmed and dried himself, and was re-shod. Mr. Wise says he found it very cold in his aerial trip. He reached an altitude of about two miles.—*Boston Traveller.*

**Daring Balloon Ascent at Albany.**

Professor Marion made a balloon ascension from Albany on Thursday. At the first attempt the balloon struck a tree and was badly torn. The Journal, however, says: "The rents were at once sewn up, and considerably excited, the professor determined to try it again. He cut loose the basket, tied the suspension ropes in a knot together, and seating himself on the knot, clinging with his hands to the ropes, arose, and rose with considerable rapidity, having for his support only the chords pendant from the balloon. It really was a fearful sight to see him clinging to the little network of cords which was alone interposed between him and certain destruction.—When about two hundred feet up, in attempting to change his position, he appeared to lose his hold, and pitched head downward, as though about dashing to the earth, which caused a thrill of horror to the spectators. It was at this time he lost his cap. He however recovered himself, and the ascension to quite a distance was grand, when the balloon took a southerly direction, and the last seen of it was at the hills back of Greenbush. He landed in a swamp five miles beyond Sand Lake, having traveled fifteen miles. He was almost perished with cold, and was taken to a farmer's house, where he was kindly cared for.

**CAPTAIN JOHNSON ASKS THE BARON KALKERS—A GOLD CHRONOMETER FROM THE PRESIDENT.**—Capt. J. Johnson, of the Norwegian bark Ellen, who acted as humane a part in the rescue of the passengers of the Central America, is receiving the reward of well doing in the shape of various gratifying donations from the government, as well as from individuals, who seem determined that a really noble act shall not fail its reward. By order of the Secretary of the Navy, the Ellen, which was considerably damaged in the gale which destroyed the steamer, and in the effort of her Commander to lay by her, was ordered to be put in thorough repair at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, and at the expense of the government, and she has received the repairs as required, being made as good as new, or at least in a better condition than she was before the gale in which she performed so useful a service. A valuable present has also been made to Capt. Johnson by James Buchanan, President of the United States, in the shape of a magnificent gold pocket chronometer and chain, which is said to be one of the best of the world can produce. Aside from the intrinsic value of the gift (its cost was about \$350), the circumstance under which it has been received will add greatly to its value, and will be regarded, in some sense, as a testimonial from the whole people, in the person of their Chief Executive.

**A HINDOO FUNERAL.**—When the Hindoo is dead, his body is laid on a bier; he is carried usually to the sea or river, where the funeral pile is ready prepared. His face is exposed. Over the corpse is thrown a white cloth, on which many flowers are strewn.—Before the body is taken to be burnt, it is anointed with a ghee or clarified butter.—Arrived at the side of the water, the priest relation sets fire to the pile, which is soon in a blaze. It takes three hundred pounds' weight of wood to consume the body of an adult, ceremonies are numerous, and a description of them would fill a chapter. The ashes are afterwards thrown into the river or sea, and more ceremonies go on, called "Shradhu," which consists of rice for the repose of the soul of the departed; it is strictly attended to, and often costs a great deal of money, priests receiving every hand some presents from the relations.

**THE COMPANY EMPLOY YOU AND PAY YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR SERVICES, AND THERE OUR TRADE ENDS.** If you were to work for a farmer at a dollar a day, and wanted to go to Saratoga, would you expect him to hitch up his team and take you there for nothing?"

The freeman answered: "No sir, but if he had his team hitched up, and was going directly to Saratoga, I should think he was a mean hog if he didn't let me ride."