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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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ADDRESS
Of the State Central Committee.

Fellow Citizens of Pennsylvania:

We are happy to address you at a moment when unmistakable manifestations of returning confidence and courage on the part of the Democracy are beginning to exhibit themselves in all quarters of the Commonwealth. You have already seen with what unanimity the State Convention which assembled at Harrisburg on the 16th of March last, passed resolutions affirming the principles and policy to which we hold ourselves pledged before the country, and how pronounced by acclamation, in favor of our excellent and unexceptionable candidates.—With an occasional exception, in the nature of a amicable protest or suggestion, the proceedings of the Convention have been in the high degree satisfactory to the entire Democratic party of the State. Since its adjournment there has been an almost perfect restoration of cordial good feelings among Democrats, where they had been in some instances temporarily interrupted. Unfortunate and unmeaning dissensions have entirely disappeared. In earnest of this, the State Central Committee, although composed of forty one members, representing every district in the State, and some of whom you will doubtless recognize in their long and faithful connection with the Democratic organization, have been found a unit in the resolute purpose to sustain that organization at all hazards, against open or secret hostility. The county meetings, wherever they have spoken, have shown themselves fully conscious of their responsibilities, by forming local tickets of the most unexceptionable description, and by otherwise exhibiting an earnest, and, we trust, invincible determination to crown the canvass with the success that can hardly fail to attend their zealous and efficient exertions. We are glad to state, also, that the Democratic press have dropped, with one accord, all unfriendly and unprofitable discussions on irrelevant topics and settled issues, and are properly directing their undivided and powerful energies against the common enemy. For every professing Democrat who values consistency and principle, the path of duty is now broad, plain and inviting. No one can be so ignorant as to pretend to misunderstand the present relations of parties in this State; the importance of the contest, both in its State and National aspects, upon which we have now fairly entered, and the precise import of the issues that have been formed in this pending controversy. The line which divides the two contending parties, whether drawn on the map of the State, or that of the Union, is too deep and striking to escape the eye of any one who may not wilfully choose to be blind.—On one side of this line stand the Democracy of Pennsylvania, harmonious in our deliberations, and fearless in the exposition of our views, with a platform and ticket challenging honest criticism, while on the opposite side you perceive two factions—the Black Republicans and Know-Nothings—composing the Opposition, each afraid to avow its ultimate designs, or its present distinctive characteristics: each emasculated of its original distinguishing quality, each declaring itself opposed to the other on certain vital points, yet conspiring together to secure place and spoils, by deliberately ignoring all sound principles of Government, and all enlightened inspirations of true American statesmanship.

We do not approach you, fellow citizens, in the name of a "People's Party," concocted on yesterday, composed of the shreds and patches of all opinions, and intended to serve, not the masses who may be deceived by its empty promises, but the politicians, who have invented it for their profligate purposes. We speak in the same language used by the founders of our glorious party *sixty* years ago. No candid man will deny that, from the inauguration of Mr. Jefferson to the present date, the Democratic party has been the real representative party of the genius, character, honor and interests of our free institutions. It has been so recognized by the people of the United States, who have so constantly imposed upon it the duties and burdens of government. It has happily climated the leading truths of the Constitution, embodied them in simple, though imperishable formulas of doctrine, and applied them firmly and efficiently in practical administration, until it has become the actual refix of all the great constitutional principles at the basis of our republican system. Its ancient creed is unchanged, and remains substantially at this day what it has ever been. More than half a century ago, as at this hour, one of its articles watched with faithful vigilance, over the rights of the States and the union of the States: another insisted then, as now, on civil and religious freedom for all classes and sects, discriminating for none and against none, whether Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, but permitting "every man to worship God after his own heart;" a third invoked, as it now invokes, in the shape of generous laws, a liberal hospitality towards the oppressed of all lands, as well for reasons of sound policy as from motives of humanity and a love of liberty; a fourth demanded, as it now requires, territorial expansion to meet all the exigencies, whether military or commercial—for security, defence, or national aggrandizement—arising out of the natural, inevitable and benevolent progress of American civilization, and hence it has happened, that every foot of Territory annexed to the Union has been acquired by the Democratic party; in a fifth article of our faith was and is presented the noble Jeffersonian conception of universal suffrage with universal education: in a sixth was and is proclaimed the grand principle of equal rights, before the laws, of all citizens, rich or poor—native or naturalized; in a seventh was and is announced the doctrine of a strict construction of the necessary powers of government, as being alone compatible with sound political morals, and in the unwise relaxation of which debt, extravagance, tyranny and corruption would soon find their way into the very citadel of the Constitution, to betray and destroy it. Under this head the labors of the Democracy have been invaluable. We have opposed National Banks, destroyed them and established the Independent Treasury. We have steadily and successfully resisted the imposition on the people of heavy federal taxes by excessive duties on imports, and have obtained the concurrence of a large majority of the country in the rule that taxes shall be limited to the demands of revenue alone, with incidental protection, by judicious discriminations to Home Industry. We have sedulously and effectually guarded the Public Treasury from heavy charges for internal improvements in cases admitted to be not general or National, but special and local in their character. And we have steadily refused our assent to, and resisted many cunningly devised schemes for squandering millions of the public money, and tens of millions of acres of the public domain, on objects whose usefulness and legality have been alike questionable.

We might extend the enunciation of our principles, concerning which there has been no change of sentiment whatever in the Democratic party since its earliest records were made, but we think we have already said enough to convince every intelligent citizen desirous to know the impartial truth, that we now speak as one of the constituted organs of a great and glorious party, not of an ephemeral faction, or combination of factions—that we represent on this occasion a party as venerable for its age as it is useful and honorable, in view of the extraordinary services it has so long, so honestly and so ably performed. Can it not be asserted as an unquestionable fact, that no party ever yet existed in any country on the face of the earth that can justly claim to have rendered the same amount of valuable services to that country, which the Democratic party has rendered to ours? On any issue therefore, involving honorable historical antecedents, or a consideration of general merits in the past or present, we shall appeal with confidence to the voters of Pennsylvania.

As regards the personal character and qualifications of our nominees for Auditor General and Surveyor General of the Commonwealth, Messrs. R. L. Wright and John Rowe, we earnestly desire to call the attention of our fellow citizens to their unblemished private reputation, to the ample experience they have acquired in the service of the State in various responsible offices, and to the admitted integrity and efficiency, marking their entire and official lives, as offering the strongest guarantee of their fitness, in all respects, for the positions to which they now aspire.

But there is one question comparatively new to the country, in the form in which it is presented, that has occasioned some diversity of sentiment among us, and which has not been settled authoritatively as some Democrats contend by the highest councils of the party. We refer to what is commonly known as the Territorial question. The most ingenious and labored efforts have been made to confuse the public mind on this subject, but when rescued from the incomprehensible jargon of the demagogues, it merely raises an enquiry which should be calmly and candidly met, as to the nature and extent of the Legislative power possessed by the inhabitats of a Territory of the United States, in the political relations of such Territory to the Government and States of the Union. We do not propose to discuss this question at any considerable length, or to say much more than briefly to express our views regarding it. We presume that every true Democrat will yield his ready adhesion to the principle of Popular Sovereignty, when rightly interpreted and applied. But real Popular Sovereignty is not a spurious political idea, indefinite, vagrant and accidental. It is then, properly defined, nothing more nor less than the right of self government pervading our entire system, but expressly limited in its action by the Constitution and the laws. It cannot exist legitimately outside of these. Otherwise, instead of being, as it is under our Government, the touchstone of order, justice and peace, it would become the source of multiplied disorders and constant anarchy.—Thus defined and limited, Popular Sovereignty is equally incompatible with the edicts of a tyrant. We cannot, therefore, subscribe to the illegitimate assumptions of *Squatter Sovereignty*. We are clearly of opinion that a Territory of the United States can in no respect whatever, be regarded as either a Foreign or Sovereign State. Nor can it enjoy, by possibility, any political capacity independent of, or inconsistent with, the government of the Union established by the States, by whose agency they, *the States*, through an expenditure of *their* treasure, and it may be, *their* blood, have acquired the very Territory in question, as so much public domain or '*common property*.' Where, let us ask, resides the right of eminent domain over a Territory of the United States; is it not admitted by all to be with the Federal Government? Where shall we look for the right and power to ascertain and fix all Territorial boundaries? Is it not to the Federal Government? Where shall we seek the right and power and duty to dispose of all lands embraced in the Territory? The answer is, in the Federal Government. Where in the government of a Territory is lodged the Executive authority? It is lodged in the hands of a Federal Governor.—Where is the judicial power of a Territorial Government? In the keeping of a Federal Judiciary. Where is the Legislative power?—Every one knows it did not exist, and that it could not legally exist, until called into being by the Federal Congress, in the organic act of Territorial Government. In all these demonstrations of power, and there can be none others outside of them in a Territorial Government, we behold the direct, positive and tangible evidences of the presence of the sovereignty of the Government of the United States, excluding the pretentions of Squatter or Territorial legislative sovereignty, of Popular Sovereignty when used as a convertible term with these, as being alike untenable in fact, and preposterous in logic.

But it must be borne in mind that the Federal Government cannot act in a Territory as a despot, or arbitrary ruler; *and here is the difference between our doctrine and that of the Wilmot provisoites.* It must govern in a Territory in the sense of the Constitution, from which it derives its life and its every function, and it is bound to respect, with strict impartiality, the rights and interests of all parties concerned, these parties being the States and the people of the States respectively. Now the Government of a Territory is not natural and indefensible, but derivative from the Congress; otherwise, the few thousand inhabitants of a Territory, after its acquisition by purchase, or as indemnity for war expenses perhaps, would have the right to set themselves up as a foreign State, if they so liked, and to deny the jurisdiction of the United States. But Congress, when establishing a Government in a Territory, cannot impart to it authority to do, by feeble Territorial enactments, what Congress itself cannot undertake to perform under the Constitution, and can never venture to undertake, except in flagrant usurpation of powers not delegated, but reserved to the States.

We are opposed, however, to the introduction of any provision particularly protecting slave, or any other kind of property, into an act organizing a Territorial Government. But if a Territory attempt nullification, or rebellion, in the shape of resistance to acts of Congress, or to judicial decisions in their proper logical and legal consequences, or to any other legitimate acts done in and by virtue of the constitutional authority of the United States over the same, then the Federal Government should at once interpose and put it down, not so much for the sake of slave, or any other kind of property, or even of the personal rights of citizens that may be thereby invaded, though constituting a sufficient reason for the movement, *as looking to the necessity of its own preservation.* But before the happening of any such act of nullification or rebellion, and at the time of organizing a Territorial Government, the presumptions are all in favor of a legal and peaceful course of political conduct on the part of the inhabitants of a Territory; *whereas the doctrine of Congressional intervention would assume the reverse.* In fine, we are disposed to maintain on this question, and at all times, the fundamental principle of the *equality of the States.* We are distinctly opposed to any compulsory relinquishment, in the name of squatter sovereignty, of the rights of the State of Pennsylvania, as one of the sovereign proprietors of all the public domain or Territorial property of the United States, and we still occupy, without any change of opinion, the ground held by the following resolution of the Cincinnati Convention of 1856, to wit:

"*Resolved*, That we recognize the right of the people of all the Territories, including Kansas and Nebraska, acting through the legally and fairly expressed will of a majority of actual residents, and whenever the number of their inhabitants justifies it, to form a constitution with or without domestic slavery, and be admitted into the Union on terms of perfect equality with the other States."

This resolution distinctly represents the marked difference between the revolutionary efforts of the first squatters in a new Territory to abolish negro slavery or to prevent the introduction of slave property into the Territory, by the incompetent agency of a Territorial Legislature, and the constitutional and quiet exercise of the rights of Sovereignty, by the people of a Territory in the formation of a State Constitution with or without domestic Slavery, as they may determine. In the meantime, the citizens of each and every State, being in all respects equal with each other under the Constitution, take their various kinds of property with them into the Territory, and while in a Territorial condition they and their property are all equally protected by the Constitution of the United States and the Dred Scott decision. We thus stand on the sure foundation of the Constitution and the Law, which sternly and justly deny *the arbitrary power of one set of settlers to confiscate the property of another set.* We thus avoid, too, those contests between settlers, by which the people are kept in a constant state of commotion and turbulence, with murder, rapine, burnings, and all kinds of violent acts, throughout their entire Territorial existence, and to the prejudice of their best interest, and the peace and harmony of the States of the Union.

A little more than two years ago Pennsylvania had the proud satisfaction to witness the elevation of her most distinguished Statesman to the Presidecy. This illustrious citizen, her choice and that of the country for the first office of the Republic, was elected after a doubtful and dangerous contest, as the candidate of the National Democracy of the Union, over the nominee of a sectional movement suddenly springing into its calamitous existence on a single fanatical idea, avowedly confined in its operations to one moiety of the Confederacy, and in its reckless disregard of the Constitution seeming to indicate, as its proximate design, the total ruin of the country. Having sustained himself, during the period which has elapsed since he entered on the duties of the Presidency, against the most extraordinary opposition that any chief Magistrate ever yet encountered and survived, the administration of James Buchanan stands now above the impotent reach of its enemies, strongly entrenched in the confidence and respect of the conservative masses of the nation. Inducted into his great office as the chosen representative of law, of union, and of the true principles of the Government, he has, in his official conduct, fully justified the confident expectation of a large majority of those whose votes were given for him. The foreign policy of the Administration has not been merely satisfactory; it has been so eminently successful that it is agreed, almost by common consent, the country never filled a position so enviable in the estimation of foreign States. Although opposed most earnestly and indefatigably throughout; and in many instances meanly, treacherously and vindictively by his opponents, he has consummated measures in the direction of the diplomacy of the Government that stamp his administration with the seal of imperishable honor. The Paraguay expedition, notwithstanding its failure was so confidently predicted by the clamorous organs of the opposition, was attended, nevertheless, with the fullest success. The treaty with Japan, opening new ports to our present and future trade with that crowded empire; the treaty with China, by whose careful provisions, besides covering the entire ground of commercial advantages, the light of christianity, for the first time, is permitted freely to shine among the heathen millions of the Chinese world; the consummate skill and judgment with which, in the face of never ceasing difficulties and surprising complications, the Central American questions have been managed, now just on the eve, apparently, of producing their well nigh invaluable fruits; and, above all, the final settlement of the Right of Search question with Great Britain, clearly on American principles; all make up a chapter of history which, if it should contain an account of nothing else of note, would secure for President Buchanan's Administration a prominent and glorious place in our annals.

When we turn to Mr. Buchanan's domestic Administration, so far from its affording reasonable cause of complaint, it deserves the heartiest commendation of every citizen who scorns the petty, personal, paltry politics of the hour, who admires the conceptions and practice of real statesmanship, and who detests the miserable evasions and dishonest expedients of office-seeking politicians. While the President may have offended, in some instances, the morbid sentiments of particular localities, we aver that no one who speaks seriously and truthfully, can point his finger to a single case in which he has not endeavored, according to his best convictions, to vindicate the laws he was sworn to maintain and to execute. Nor can his bitterest opponent honestly accuse him of having sought personal popularity at the expense of the Constitution; or that he has at any time deserted his rigid official obligations, by coinciding with the prejudices, or peculiar interests of any section, or State, North, South, East or West.

We speak somewhat warmly, fellow citizens, because we have been and are conscientiously indignant at the course of misrepresentation and vituberation adopted by the Opposition, *as the electioneering trick of a party*, against a great and venerable man, the purity of whose private life, or public conduct, cannot really be questioned by any honorable grounds. Besides, we wish to declare that, if to their discredit, others may forget it, we always remember that James Buchanan is a Pennsylvania born and bred; that his fame as a statesman, while serving with the highest reputation in the most responsible trusts under the Government, is inseparably a part of our State Glory; and that by force of his virtues and splendid abilities, he is the first and only Pennsylvanian to whom the nation has accorded the Chief Magistracy of the Union.

When he assumed office it is well known to us, and to all, that two important Territories of the United States were in a condition of revolt and civil war. We deed not point out the fact that both of these Territories are now at peace with themselves and obedient to the Government. It is in every one's recollection, too, how angry and perilous was the excitement prevailing both North and South on the subject of negro slavery—an excitement constantly fanned into a flame by "Kansas shrieking" inventions, and other sensation appliances of the same sort, until patriotic men began to fear the worst, and to turn pale with apprehension. It is due to the President to say that he has restrained the wild and vicious spirit of faction with a strong hand—moderate in its grasp, though strong—until, at last, *the whole Judiciary of the land, Federal and State*,—at Washington, in Ohio, in Georgia, in South Carolina and elsewhere, may be seen coming to the rescue of the Government, while in the august presence of the Courts, the storm of political violence begins everywhere to master unreason, and the victorious presence of the law begins to conquer the hydra of license and disunion.

In the year 1857, a commercial and financial revulsion, overwhelming as it was sudden, swept over the country, threatening not only private, but public solvency. No one will think of seeking to hold the President in any way responsible for this extensive and disastrous convulsion of business and credit. But we believe that we have a right to insist that all proper acknowledgments should be made for the sagacity, produce and tact characterizing the proceedings of the Administration, by means of which the Government was taken through an unexpected crisis of profound embarrasment, without any depreciation of its credit, and without any addition to the taxes, or permanent increase of the public debt.

We might say much more, and equally to the purpose, in defence of the President and his Administration from the scurrilous gossip and slanderous attacks of those who degrade themselves and the press, by resorting to such contemptible devices, so certain to be exposed—but we forbear, leaving the whole subject to the sober investigation and judgment of the people.

We had intended calling your attention, fellow-citizens, to other topics; to offer some suggestions in reply to the misrepresentations made by the Opposition of Gen. Cass's recent letter to Mr. Hofer, and to refer to and to denounce, in appropriate language, the present amendment of the Constitution of Massachusetts effected by the voters of the Opposition there, being at once as it is, a deadly insult to every naturalized citizen in the United States, and an excessive demonstration in favor of the pet Black Republican doctrine of *negro equality*, or rather shall we say of *negro superiority*. But we feel that we have already sufficiently occupied your attention, and we will reserve what we have further to say for another occasion.

ROBERT TYLER,
Chairman, in behalf of the Committee,
JOHN G. FREEZE,
JOHN HODGSON,
JACOB TURNEY,
N. P. FETTERMAN,
} *Secretarys.*

From the New York Tribune, July 5.

The Great Balloon Voyage.

FROM ST. LOUIS TO NEW YORK IN EIGHTEEN HOURS.

Thrilling Adventures—A plunge into Lake Ontario—Descent into a Tree—A huge limb carried away—Collapse in another tree—An Æronaut's Narrative.

Although it was intended to have started on this voyage on the 28d of June, we were delayed in our preparations until the 1st of July. By 6 o'clock, P. M., the air-ship Atlantic was duly inflated, and while we were putting her in trim with ballast and provisions, Mr. Brooks, lessee of the St. Louis Museum, who had kindly volunteered to escort us over the Mississippi in his balloon Comet, got ready for the occasion, and upon a signal agreed upon ascended into the ground. At 7.20 P. M. the Atlantic was ready to sail. Messrs. La Mountain and Gager, thinking some difficulty might arise at the start if they should attach the fan wheels to the shafts and wheel-gearing, determined to omit that until we should be fairly under way next morning.—Having had much experience in hard winds, and the perils of landing a balloon under them, we had constructed at St. Louis, a good wicker work car, (which, with a good and strong concentric hoop, are life preservers in these perils,) which was suspended between the boat and balloon, and about eight feet above the former and within six feet of the hoop, so that the neck of the balloon hung in the basket-car whenever the balloon was fully distended. The boat contained 600 pounds of ballast, one bucket of water, one bucket of lemonade, with an abundance of bread, wine, poultry, and sandwiches, beside delicacies too numerous to enumerate, furnished by kind friends. Mr. La Mountain took command of the boat and ballast, and took his place on one end; Mr. Gager took the other end, and took charge of the charts and compass; Mr. Hyde, local editor of the St. Louis *Republican*, took his seat in the middle, with note book and pencil as historian. Although Mr. Hyde was not in the original programme, we unanimously agreed to let him accompany us, provided it would not interfere with our ultimate design; and it was arranged that, under any circumstances, when the balloon should fail, the boat and its occupants should be disposed of, and myself or Mr. La Mountain should proceed with the voyage alone.

The basket contained 350 pounds of ballast, a barometer, wet and dry bulb, thermometer, besides a quantity of wines and provisions; and I took my place in the basket and charge of the valve rope, and, as director of the general plan of the voyage, by the unanimous consent of the party engaged in this long devised enterprise.—I must say here that Mr. La Mountain took in charge a part of the programme, that none but a cool head and a most accomplished æronaut could be trusted with; and especially the night sailing. At 7.20 p. m., we set sail from the Washington Square of St. Louis and our course at starting was north of east. When we got up and over the Mississippi and well under way, we saw Mr. Brooks land in a clear place, about sunset.

At 8.30 p. m. the shades of the evening shut from our view the noble city of St. Louis and the Father of Waters, though it continued light until after 9. Mr. La Mountain having suffered from sickness on Thursday, and being too unwell to work hard under a burning sun at the inflation, left much hard labor for me at that work. I submitted the whole thing to his charge for the night, with the understanding to have me waked whenever he wanted the valve worked and he took it with alacrity. Before I went to sleep we had mounted to a height at which the balloon had become completely distended, and where we found the current due east. Here it became chilly, and Mr. La Mountain, as well as all of us, suffered from the change of air, and with all the clothing we could put on us it was still uncomfortable, though the thermometer stood at 42, and the barometer at 28, and this was the lowest of both instruments during the whole voyage, except the crossing of Lake Ontario.

Mr. La Mountain proposed to take the lower current as long as it would take us but a few points north of east, and I told him to do as he deemed best, and report his reckoning in the morning. After bidding the party in the boat a good night and God speed I coiled myself up in blankets, and laid down as best I could, and in a few moments was sound asleep and knew of nothing but repose until 11.30 p. m.

At this time Mr. La Mountain again mounted for the upper current; being desirous of making a little more easting, he hailed me to open the valve, as the balloon had become so tense, and the gas was rushing from the neck with a noise, but finding no answer from me, he suspected that I was being smothered in the gas, and he admonished Mr. Gager to mount to my car by a rope provided for that purpose, and Mr. Gager found me breathing spasmodically, but a good shaking and the removal of the neck of the balloon from my face, with plenty of pure cold air around me soon brought me back to a knowledge of what was going on, and I resolved to sleep no more during the night.

At midnight I felt quite well, with an invigorated spirit of observation and interest in our experiment. The whole dome of heaven was lit up with a mellow phosphorescent light, the stars shone with a crystaline brilliancy, and the milky-way looked like an illuminated stratum of cumulus clouds. Whenever we crossed water the heaven-lit dome was as visible below by reflection as above. So remarkable was this phosphorescent light of the atmosphere that the balloon looked translucent, and looked like light shining through oiled paper. We could also tell prairie from forest, and by keeping the eye for a moment downward we could see the roads, fences, fields, and even houses, quite distinctly at any elevation not over a mile, and even at the greatest elevation we could discern prairie from woodland, and from water.

Whenever we halloed it was followed by a distinct echo, and even this served as a differential index to height. We always found a response in numerous bow-wow-wows, and these, too, were always indicative of the fullness and sparseness of the habitations below, as we could hear them for many miles around us. Mr. La Mountain remarked that nobody lived in that country but dogs, or else the people barked like dogs, he having got a little out of humor, because nobody would tell him in what State we were sailing, and he gave up the inquiry, with the remark that it must be over some other country than America, as we had been moving along at a rapid pace.

At 3 A. M., Saturday, we came to a general conclusion that we were somewhere over the State of Indiana or Ohio. At 4 A. M., we passed a city, but could not make it out, but at 5 A. M. we discovered Lake Erie ahead of us, and then concluded that the city we left a little south of our track must have been Fort Wayne. At 6 A. M., we passed Toledo, and about an hour afterward we lowered on the margin of the lake a little north of Sandusky. After a few moments consultation, and a review of our ballast, we determined to risk the length of Lake Erie, and to test the notion that balloons cannot be kept up long over water, because of some peculiar affinity of the two—a notion that never had any belief with me. Just as we merged upon the lake, a little steam screw that was propelling up the river or bay headed for our track, and some one aboard of her very quaintly cried aloud to us: "That is the Lake ahead of you." Mr. La Mountain cried back, "Is it Lake Erie?" and the answer was "Yes, it is, and you had better look out." Our good friend, the propeller, finding that we discarded his kindness, rounded off again, sounded us a good-bye with his steam-whistle, and went his way up the river.

Here we mounted up until the balloon got full, and the barometer fell to 23, in order to make along near the southern shore of the lake; but at Mr. La Mountain's suggestion, that we could make the city of Buffalo by sailing but a few hundred feet above the surface of the water, I opened the valve until we gradually sank to within 500 feet of the water. Here we found a gentle breeze of about a speed of a mile per minute, and we resolved to float on it until we should heave in sight of Buffalo, and then rise and sail over it. This was a most interesting part of our voyage. We overtook seven steamboats, passed mutual salutations, and would soon leave them flitting on the horizon in our rear. One of these lonely travellers remarked, as we passed him, "You are going it like thunder." At 10.20 A. M. we were skirting along the Canada shore, and passed near the mouth of the Welland Canal, and soon began to mount for our track, but we circled up into it between Buffalo and Niagara Falls, crossing Grand Island, leaving Buffalo to the right and Lockport to the left of us in our onward course. Finding ourselves in the State of New York, but too far north to make the city of New York, it was agreed that we would make a landing near Rochester, detach the boat, leave out Mr. Gager and Mr. Hyde, and Mr. La Mountain and myself pursue the voyage to a point at Boston or Portland. Accordingly we descended gradually, but before we got within a thousand feet of the earth, we found a most terrific gale sweeping along below. The woods roared like a host of Niagaras, the surface of the earth was filled with clouds of dust, and I told my friends certain destruction awaited us if we should touch the earth in that tornado. The huge "Atlantic" was making a terrific sweep earthward; already were we near the tops of the trees of a tall forest, and I cried out, somewhat excitedly, "For God's sake, heave overboard anything you can lay your hands on, La Mountain," and in another moment he responded, "All right," standing on the side of the boat, with a shaft and wheels intended for the working of the fan wheels, and ready to heave it over should it become necessary.

Mr. Hyde looked up to my car and very solemnly said, "This is an exciting time, Professor. What shall we do?" "Trust to Providence and all our energies," said I. We were fast running on to Lake Ontario, and O! how terribly it was foaming and howling. I said: "La Mountain, I have 150 pounds of ballast in my car yet, and a heavy valice, an Express bag, (seat to the United States Express Company's Office, in Broadway, New York,) and a lot of provisions."

"Well, if that wont do, I will cut up the boat for ballast, and we can keep above water until we reach the opposite shore," which was near a hundred miles off in the direction we were then going.

Here I handed my ballast down to La Mountain, as we were rapidly mounting above the terrific gale, believing that by that course we should at least get out of its main track.

Everything now indicated that we should perish in the water or on the land; and our only salvation was to keep afloat until we got out of the gale, if we could. I said "You must all get into the basket, if you want to be saved, should we ever reach the land. And I truly tell you that the perils of the land are even more terrible than those of the water, with our machines, and it would be easier to meet death by drowning than to have our bodies mangled by dashing against rocks and trees." By this time, Mr. Gager and Mr. Hyde had clambered into the basket with me. Mr. Hyde said, very coolly, "I am prepared to die, but I would rather die on land than in the water." I said, "What do you say, Mr. Gager?" He replied, "I would rather meet it on land; but do as you think best." Mr. La Mountain was busily engaged in collecting what he could for ballast. Everything was now valuable to us that had weight. Our carpet-bags, our instruments, the express bag, and our provisions were all ready to go, and go they did, one after another, until we were reduced to the express-bag—that went overboard last.

We now described the shore, some forty miles ahead, peering between a sombre bank of clouds and the water horizon, but we were swooping at a fearful rate upon the turbulent water, and, in another moment, crash went the boat upon the water sideways, staving in two of the planks, and giving our whole craft two fearful jerks by two succeeding waves. La Mountain stuck to the boat like a hero, but he lost his hat and got a dash of the waves, but soon recovered and threw over the express bag, and the last remaining ballast, and cried out, "Be easy, gentlemen, I'll have her afloat once more." In another moment we were up a few hundred feet again, and the steam propeller Young America was tacking across our track. I now proposed to swamp the boat and the balloon in the lake, and trust to being picked up by the Young America, but the desire was that we should make the shore and try the land, and as we crossed the bow of the steamer they gave us a hearty hurrah. La Mountain had now cut out of the boat all he could, and we were within fifteen miles of the shore, the gale still raging below. La Mountain might have remained in the boat below, and jumped out at the first touching the earth, and I see no impropriety in that, as then we might have had another hour or two to wait the lulling of the gale: but he said he would share our fate, and he also clambered into the basket, just as we were reaching the land.

I saw by the swaying to and fro of the lofty trees into which we must inevitably dash, that our worst perils were at hand, but I still had a blind hope that we would be saved. I ordered two men upon the valve rope, and we struck within a hundred yards of the water, among some scattered trees, our hook, which was of an inch and a quarter iron, breaking like a pipe-stem at the first catch of it in a tree, and we were hurling through the tree top at a fearful rate. After dashing along this way for nearly a mile, crashing and breaking down trees, we were dashed most fearfully into the boughs of a tall elm, so that the basket swung under and up through the crotch of the limb, and while the boat had caught in some of the other branches, and this brought us to a little, but in another moment the "Atlantic" puffed up her huge proportions, and at one swoop, away went the limb, basket, and boat into the air a hundred feet, and I was afraid some of the crew were impaled upon the scrags. This limb, about eight inches thick at the butt, and full of branches, not weighing less than six or eight hundred pounds, proved too much for the "Atlantic," and it brought her suddenly down upon the top of a very tall tree, and collapsed her.—It was a fearful plunge, but it left us dangling between heaven and earth, in the most sorrowful-looking plight of machinery that can be imagined.

None of us were seriously injured, the many cords, the strong hoop made of wood and iron, and the close wicker work basket saving us from harm, as long as the machinery hung together, and that could not have lasted two minutes longer.

We came to the land, or rather tree, of Mr. T. O. Whitney, town of Henderson, Jefferson county, New York.

We will soon have the "Atlantic" rebuilt, for what, I hope, may prove a more successful demonstration of what we proposed to do on this interesting occasion. JOHN WISE.

STANWIX HALL, Albany, July 8, 1859.

ORDER AMONG FARMERS.

In all classes of mankind it is easy to observe two extremes; and we almost invariably see that by far the larger portion are on one side or the other of the "golden mean." More especially, however, is this noticeable, at least so far as order is concerned, among professional farmers. Start not, reader, at the word *professional*, as used in this connection, for though we intended thereby to ignore the existence of those genteel amateurs (in kid gloves and patent leather boots, immaculate shirt-bosoms and broadcloth pants, turned up just enough to show the holy horror with which their wearers recoil from anything like working contact with the generous "mother," from whom they derive subsistence through the hard labor of their fellows—God forgive their laziness) who usually sport some other title, such as "retired ——," whatever you please, and wear "farmer" as a sort of *nom de guerre*; though we *intended* to pass these unnoticed, (which, you see, we have not done,) yet, we by no means thought of addressing *only* those who have received an education thoroughly fitting them for the noble calling of a "tiller of the ground." By *professional* farmers we mean the great mass of toiling human (and woman) ity, who

"——scatter the seed for the harvest
That yields to the nations their bread,"

and butter, and beef, and pork, and potatoes!

We have said that the most of us are on one extreme or the other; and from whom but farmers would the confession come with a good grace, that the disorderly extreme is the rule, and all other cases the exception? To be sure there is such a thing as becoming "more nice than wise," even among farmers, and we will confess to having seen, in the course of our lives, one or two (not more) specimens of this sort; but we are strong in the belief that words of advice would be thrown away upon them—old maidism can't be cured—and therefore we would turn to those who are as far, or farther, from the right track, in an opposite direction.

Poor Richard says, "Industry is the mother of Good Luck," and we take the liberty of adding, *Order is the father!* [It is but fair to presume that the "laws of parentage" are so well understood, now a days, no one will be shocked at our having merely mentioned the "male progenitor" of the little fellow, who is generally supposed to have his "dish always right side up when it rains porridge!"

"John," said a woman of forty, as she came to the kitchen door to empty some dish-water, just where it would be "tracked" in by the first person who should pass into the house, "John," she repeated in a louder tone, to a boy of twelve, "go to weeding that onion-bed *this minute.*"

"Yes, mother, but—"

"I don't want to hear another word from you till noon, so just do as I bid you, or *you'll catch it now, I tell you!*" with increased emphasis.

The boy dropped his hammer, "pitched the piece of board, which he had held under his arm, "end over end" towards the pile from whence he had taken it, and walked doggedly to the garden, which was some distance back of the house. Here was *industry* certainly; but the consequence was, (I'm no story-teller, you see,) the pigs came out of their sty and round into the front yard where they nearly demolished several ornamental mounds containing a number of varieties of very pretty, though common, flowers, of which Mrs. Worke was very fond, before she heard the peculiar "wugh" of the six juvenile porkers. When at last she did hear it, she rushed from the house screaming "Whee! whee! and S'boy!" at the top of her voice!

John was too busy weeding onions to hear, or at least to heed his mother's outcry. He only whispered "S'k'm" to Dash, who was just then picking up his shaggy ears and kept closely at his work, while the dog started off at full speed to the assistance (?) of the nearly distracted Mrs. Worke. Nor till both dog and pigs had run over and trampled upon every piece of the washing she had "done out" that morning, did the tardy John make his appearance, call off the dog, and coax the pigs back to their nest.

"Guess she'll let me fix the pig-pen, now," said John, as he went after the hammer and piece of board he had been compelled to drop so unceremoniously an hour and a half before.

One of Aunt Patience's stories, reader, and we leave you to moralize at your own convenience: "An old toper remarked that there was only a slight shade of difference between order and drunkenness. Being asked to explain himself, he said the former was "the *eternal fitness* of things," the latter was "the *infernal tightness* of things." Whether his was a *sound* conclusion or not, we are bound to believe that "tightness" is, at least in one sense, a constituent part of good order; and, from a nine years residence in Illinois, we are prepared to express it as our candid opinion, that more damage is done to farming implements of all kinds by exposure to the weather, than by natural wear and tear while they are in use. If this is not true, will some brother farmer or farmers correct us? And if it is true, will not our brothers and sisters in the profession, both East and West, see to it that they mend matters as fast as possible? Especially do the present "hard times" call upon all to take care of their implements as well as anything else. "Let all things be done decently and *in order.*"

E. L. COLBY & CO.

☞ To be proud of one's bearing is the greatest of ignorance.

[From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

The Swing as a Cure of Consumption.

I wish to say a few words to "whom it may concern," on the use of the swing—one of the gymnastic exercises—as a preventive and cure of pulmonary disease. I mean the suspending of the body by the hands by means of a strong rope or chain fastened to a beam at one end, and at the other a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick, with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first—perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak—and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be freely used from three to five times daily. The connexion of the arms with the body (with the exception of the clavicle with the sternum or breast bone) being a muscular attachment of the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest; and, as nature allows no vacuum, the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air—the natural purifier of the blood—and preventing congestion or the deposit of tuberculous matter. I have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs and threatened consumption for thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and always with good results. But especially as a preventive I would recommend this exercise. Let those who love life cultivate a well formed, capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, and I am morally certain, if this were to be practised by the rising generation, in a dress allowing a free and full developement of the body, thousands would be saved from the ravages of that *opprobrium medicorum*, consumption.

LAWSON LONG, M. D.

Holyoke, June 8, 1859.

Sanitary Precautions.

In the hight of summer all persons are especially called upon to look around their dwellings and consider whether there is not something unfriendly to health that might and ought to be removed without delay. Constant attention is requisite that nothing offensive be suffered to remain within doors. Liquor in which vegetables have been boiled, soap-suds, dirty water of every kind should be immediately thrown away; also cabbage stocks, potato-peelings, and offal of every kind. The liquor in which greens have been boiled, if suffered to remain even a few minutes, or thrown down a scullery drain, emits a most unpleasant and unwholesome smell, which pervades the whole house. Many very cleanly people are not attentive to this particular. Among other things that require attention, fallen leaves should be frequently swept up and properly disposed of. In-doors every room should be swept and dusted daily, care being taken not merely to make a decent surface but thoroughly to cleanse under the beds, drawers, tables, and other furniture, and to clean out all closets and lumber holes.

SABBATH BELLS.—Said Daniel Webster: "I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial, I asked him what could induce him to stain his hands in the blood of a human being. Turning his bloodshot eyes full upon me, he replied, in a voice of despair, 'Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise.' Could we go back to the early years of all hardened criminals, I believe, firmly believe, that their first departure from the path of morality, was