The Daily Post.

SATURDAY MORNING:::::::::OCT. 8.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, of Philadelphia.
SURVEYOR GENERAL,
JOHN ROWE, of Franklin County.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

ASSISTANT JUDGE OF THE COURT OF COMMON PLEASE:
GEORGE F. GILLMORE.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY:
JOHN N. McCLOWRY.
STATE SENATOR:
SAMUEL M'KEE.
ASSEMBLY:
JOSEPH H. DAVIS;
SAMUEL W. MEANS;
PHILIP H. STEVENSON;
JACOB STUCKRATH;
ANDREW JACKSON BEAUMONT.
COUNTY COMMISSIONER:
EDWARD CAMPBELL, JR.
COUNTY TREASURER:
JAMES BLACKMORE.
COUNTY AUDITOR:
JOHN T. SYMMES.
COUNTY SURVEYOR:
JOEL KETCHUM.
DIRECTOR OF THE POOR:
COL THOMAS NEEL.

☞ DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE OF CORRESPONDENCE.—The Democratic County Committee of Correspondence will meet at the ST. CHARLES Hotel, on SATURDAY NEXT, October 8th at 11 o'clock, A. M. By order of

J. B. PHILLIPS, Secretary. D. D. BRUCE, Chairman.

DEMOCRATIC TICKETS.

The Democratic State and County tickets for the approaching election are now printed and ready for delivery. The County Committee have prepared a list of Districts which is left at the office of the MORNING POST, where the tickets will be furnished for each district. The Democracy will attend to sending for their tickets and seeing that they are properly distributed, so that on election day no one may be without a ticket.

WE have devoted a large space of to-day's paper to an account of the recent balloon excursion of Mr. La Mountain and his friend. It is the most graphic and thrilling discription we have read for years, and will be read by every one with deep interest.

THE DEMOCRATIC ASSEMBLY TICKET.

We received a letter the other day from a Democratic friend at Sewickley, informing us that D. N. White, Esq., formerly the editor of the *Gazette*, and a leading Republican politician, had expressed it, as his honest opinion, that the ticket nominated by the Republican party this fall was "a most miserable one." If Mr. White said this, he certainly gave a correct idea of the Republican ticket. It is, indeed, a "most miserable one," and he is only one of thousands of the people of the county who think so. The comparison between the Democratic nominations for Senate and Assembly and those of our opponents, is most largely in favor of the former.

Samuel M'Kee, Esq., our candidate for the Senate, is a well known manufacturer, an old citizen of the county, and a solid, substantial man. He knows the interests of the people, and in the Senate of the State will carefully watch over and guard them. The candidate of our opponents, Mr. Irish, may perhaps be more ornamental, but he can never be so useful a man as Mr. M'Kee.

Our Assembly ticket is composed of gentlemen, one and all, eminently qualified for legislative duties.

Jacob Stuckrath, Esq., who was last year Mayor of Allegheny City, is a gentleman of sound, solid common sense, well informed upon all the public affairs of the county, possessed of great personal influence, and a wide-spread personal popularity. He is a German, and has the entire confidence both of our adopted and native citizens. His integrity is beyond all reproach, and so fearful are the opposition of his popularity that a few days ago they started a false report of his death, in order, if possible, to deprive him of a few votes. We are happy to inform his friends that Mr Stuckrath is not only a live man, enjoying his usual health, but a real, live Democrat, able and willing to make heavy inroads into the ranks of the opposition on Tuesday next.

Philip H. Stevenson, of Moon township, is one of those substantial, intelligent country gentlemen whom the people of every party would be willing to entrust with their most important interests. His capacity for the legislative position is equal to that of any man in the county. Ripe experience, sound judgment and sterling honesty are his most prominent characteristics.

A. J. Beaumont, Esq., is a young and ardent Democrat, well educated, urbane, sound in his love for Democratic principles, and, in all respects, well qualified to serve the people of the county at Harrisburg. He is a capital business man, and nothing entrusted to his charge would ever be neglected. His name adds strength to the ticket. Like his namesake, Andrew Jackson, he is fearless, determined, and honest in his devotion to the people's rights.

Samuel W. Means is a fine specimen of the self-made man. He came to the county dependent upon the labor of his hands, and is now a thriving and successful farmer. He is well educated—able to draw an act of Assembly, and to make a good speech if required. He is a working Democrat, and deserves well at the hands of the people. He understands fully the affairs of the county, and will make a most useful legislator.

Joseph H. Davis is one of those popular, intelligent and energetic young Democrats who add vigor to the party, and are ever ready to devote their time and attention to its interests. The blood which runs in his veins was never disgraced by a disreputable or a mean act. He has been educated in a sound school, and the people may safely rely upon his honesty and capacity to serve them.

Such is the Democratic ticket for Senate and Assembly. What a contrast it presents with the "miserable" one of the Republicans! Our nominees are gentlemen of enlarged liberality. They are willing to grant to all classes of their fellow citizens, native or adopted, the rights of personal liberty and of conscience, which can be enjoyed without infringement upon the rights and enjoyments of others. They favor a reasonable modification—*not* a repeal—of the present restrictive Sunday law. They advocate the rights of the people against purse-proud aristocrats and narrow-minded bigots. The people cannot hesitate in their choice between the two tickets. The Democratic ticket is for the people; the Republican ticket is every man for himself, without regard to the people.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

This is, to the people of the county, the most [illegible] they will cast their [illegible] control of the [illegible] is entrusted [illegible] is required [illegible] le to the [illegible] al point [illegible] t men [illegible] atters, [illegible] ed in [illegible] tax [illegible] r.

count of the county—has been studiously withheld from the knowledge of the people. There is a Republican majority in the Board of Commissioners; the Board of Auditors is Republican; and if there is nothing to conceal in the condition of the financial affairs of the county for the past year, why is not the Annual Report published, as in former years? This studied disposition to conceal implies that there is something which the Republican county officers are ashamed or afraid to let the public know. We may find out what it is after the election; but, as sensible men, it is the duty of the tax payers to provide in advance against the appearance of evil in the future conduct of county affairs. If you wish the present miserable management to continue, and are willing to pay the cost of all the blunders committed, then you will vote for the Republican candidates. If you wish the political pets of a few men, styled the Court House clique, to be appointed tax collectors over the heads of good and responsible citizens in your districts, then vote the Republican ticket. We have been informed, on reliable authority, that, in order to obtain the nomination, Jonathan Brauff, in the Convention, pledged himself to vote for John Barton as County Solicitor. If you wish John Barton to continue as the Solicitor of the county, then vote for Jonathan Brauff.

But if you wish the affairs of the County Commissioners office to be placed in the hands of a man perfectly competent,—one who fully knows your interests—one who has watched the harpies who are feeding upon the public treasury, and knows where and how to stop the leaks therein, you will vote for Edward Campbell, jr. It is necessary for the safe administration of the county affairs in future that a change should take place in the administering affairs in the Commissioners office. The men who have been entrusted with their management may have been well intentioned and honest, but they have, beyond dispute, lacked that knowledge of public business which the office so eminently requires. Mr Campbell is the man to originate and carry out a new order of things. If you elect Mr. Brauff, you endure the loose, unsafe, and slip-shod system of management in the Commissioners' office, from which the public have already suffered so greatly. The extent to which the public interest has been disregarded, you will not be able to ascertain until after the election, for the Auditors report is sunk, until then.

THE PERILS OF BALLOONING.

Thrilling Narrative of the Adventures of Messrs. La Mountain and Haddock.

THE RAPID FLIGHT OF THE BALLOON ATLANTIC

The Descent and Abandonment of the Aerial Ship

The Sufferings of the Æronauts in the Great Canada Wilderness.

Their Providential Rescue from Starvation.

&c., &c., &c.

[From the Watertown Reformer, Extra.]

Nearly every one in this locality is aware that the second ascension of the Atlantic was advertised for the 20th of September. The storm of that and the following day obliged the postponement of the session until the 22d, Thursday. Every arrangement had been made for a successful inflation, and at twenty-seven minutes before six P. M. the glad word "all aboard" were heard from Mr. La Mountain, and myself and that distinguished gentleman stepped into the car. Many were the friendly hands we shook—many a fervent "God bless you" and "happy voyage" were uttered—and many handkerchiefs waved their mute adieu. Just as I stepped in to my good friend Fayel (who stripped off his overcoat and presented it upon my leaving that, as Mr La Mountain had no outer garment, we would need more than we had. I took it, and it did me good service, but I was never able to return it. Mr Burnett, of the American, in the kindest manner supplied us with comfortables and drinkables. Let go all, and away we sped—the horses on the square regared and pitched in a good deal at the novel sight, but in an instant all minor sounds had ceased, and we were lifted into a silent sphere whose silence were without a echo, their silence equaled only by that of the grave. Not the least feeling of trepidation was experienced—an extraordinary elation took possession of my soul, and fear was as far removed as though I had been sitting in my own room at home.

Two or three times, we struck one in sinking down from an altitude of half a mile. The small appearance of our village from such a height, and the beautiful mechanical look which the straight fences and oblong square fields of the farmers present. The buildings in the village do not from such a height appear to cover a tenth part of the ground. The poor old Court House looked like a pepper box standing on a ten acre lot, and the first church spire barely equalled in size a respectable May pole.

As we rose into the light fleecy clouds they looked between us and the earth like patches of snow we see lying upon the land capes in spring time; but when we rose a little higher the clouds completely shut out the earth, and the cold white masses below as had precisely the same look that a mountainous snow covered country does as you look down upon it from a higher mountain. Those who have crossed the Alps by the Simplon Pass, or have stood upon one of the lofty summits of the Sierra Nevada, and gazed down upon the eternal snows below and around them, will be able to catch the idea I am trying to convey. In six minutes we were far above all the clouds, and the sun and we were face to face. We saw the time after that when his face looked very fair to us. In eight minutes after leaving the earth the thermometer kindly loaned us by T. H. Camp & Co., showed a fall of 21 degrees. It stood at 84 when we left. The balloon rotated a good deal, showing that she was ascending with great rapidity. At 5:48 thermometer stood at 42, and falling very fast. At 5:50 we were at least two miles high; thermometer 34. At this point a suggestion made just before starting by Judge Clark, of Plessis, was found to be a very good one. He had advised the taking along of some cotton, with which to fill the ears when at great heights, and my father had procured me some. The unpleasant ringing sensation had now become painful, and I filled both ears with cotton. This made my head feel a good deal as a very large pumpkin may be supposed to, with a humming bird buzzing upon its surface—a comparison with which doubtless many who read this account will hardly quarrel. At 5:52 we put on our gloves and shawls, an extra pair for La Mountain being found in friend Fayel's overcoat; thermometer 32. The wet sand bags now became stiff with cold—they were frozen. Ascending very rapidly. At 5:54 thermometer 28, and falling. Here we caught our last sight of the earth by daylight. I recognized the St. Lawrence to the southwest of us, which showed that we were drifting nearly north. At six o'clock we thought we were descending a little, and Mr. La Mountain directed me to throw out about twenty pounds of ballast. This shot us up again: thermometer 26, and falling very slowly. At 6:05 thermometer 32; my feet were very cold. The Atlantic was now full, and presented a most beautiful sight. The gas began to discharge itself at the mouth, and its abominable smell as it came down upon us, made me sick. I had been trying some of friend Burnett's "sinews of war," but everything that would come up left my poor stomach in a flood. A moment's vomiting made me feel all right again. La Mountain was suffering a good deal with cold. I passed my thick shawl around his shoulders, and put the blanket over our knees and feet. At 6:10 thermometer 18. We drifted along until the sun left us, and in a short time thereafter the balloon began to descend. At 6:30 thermometer 22—rising. Threw over about five pounds ballast. We must have been, before we began to descend from this height, three and a half miles high. At 6:32 thermometer 23—rising. We were now about stationary, and thought we were sailing north of east. We could, we thought, distinguish water below us, but were unable to recognize it. At 6:38 we threw over a bag of sand—making eighty pounds of ballast discharged—leaving about one hundred and twenty pounds on hand. We distinctly heard a dog bark. Thermometer 28—rising rapidly. Thermometer 33.

At 6:50 it was dark, and I could make no more memoranda. I put up my note book, pencil and watch, and settled down into the basket, as much at home as though in the *Reformer* office. From this point until the next morning I can only give my experiences from memory. The figures in the preceding narrative were all made at the time, and the variations of the thermometer can be depended upon as accurate.

We heard, soon after dark, a locomotive whistle, and occasionally could hear wagons rumbling along the ground or over a bridge, while the dogs kept up an almost ceaseless serenade, as if conscious there was something in the sky monstrous and unusual. We sailed along, contented and chatty, until about half-past seven when we distinctly saw lights, and heard the roaring of a mighty waterfall. We descended into a valley near a very high mountain, but as the place appeared rather forbidding, we concluded to go up again.—Over with 30 lbs. of ballast, and skyward we sailed. In about 20 minutes we again descended, but no friendly light, or "deep-mouthed watch dogs' heavy bay" greeted us. We were over a dense wilderness, and settled down over a small lake. We had our life-preservers ready for use, but got up again by throwing over all our ballast except about eighteen pounds. Mr. La Mountain now said it was folly and madness to stay up any longer; that we were over a great wilderness and the sooner we descended the better. We concluded to settle down by the side of a tree, tie up, and wait until morning. In a moment we were near the earth, and as we fell, I grasped the extreme top of a tall spruce, which stopped her descent, and we were soon fastened to it by the large drag rope. The touch of that spruce sent a thrill of discomfort to my heart, for I knew that its kind did not grow in any well settled nor any warm country.

Mr. La Mountain said, after he looked around and made as much of an examination of the scenery as we could (for the darkness and rain (for it had rained the past hour,) that the "Atlantic was played out—we were far into the woods, and if we got out alive we ought to be thankful."

We rolled ourselves up in our blankets and patiently waited until morning. The rain dropped down upon us in rivulets from the great balloon, and it was not long before we were as wet as men could be. After a night passed in great discomfort we were glad to see the first faint ray of daylight. Cold, and wet, and rainy, the morning broke, the typical precursor, we were to learn, of many other mornings to be spent in these uninhabited wilds. We waited until six o'clock in hopes the rain would cease, and that the rays of the sun, by warming the gas in the balloon, would give us ascending power sufficient to get up again, for the purpose, if no other, of obtaining a view of the country into which we had descended. The rain did not cease, and we concluded to throw over all we had in the balloon except a coat apiece, the life preservers, the anchor and the compass. Overboard, then, they went—good shawls and blankets, Mr. Fayel's overcoat, bottles of ale and a flask of cordial, ropes and traps of all kinds. The Atlantic, relieved of her wet load, rose majestically with us, and we were able to behold the country below. It was an unbroken wilderness of lakes and spruce, and we felt sure that we had gone too far, through a miscalculation of the velocity of the balloon. As the current was driving us still to the north, we dare not stay up, as we were drifting farther and still farther, to that frozen hell, from which we know there could be no escape. Mr La M. seized the valve cord and discharged gas, and we descended in safety by the side of a large spruce. We made the Atlantic fast by her anchor, and for a moment talked over what we should do. We had not a mouthful to eat. No protection at night from the damp ground, were distant we knew not how far from habitation, were lazy by reason of cold, with no earthly hope of raising a fire, and no distinct idea as to where we were. We concluded to trust to the compass kindly loaned by H. K. Newcomb, Esq., and take a course which would bring us out of any wilderness we might be in. We settled in our own minds that we were either in John Brown's tract, or in the great Canada wilderness—to the south, we imagined, of the Ottawa, and knew that a course south by east would take us out if we had strength enough to carry us the distance. La M. stepped up to the balloon and gave the edge of the basket a parting shake, saying, "Good bye, old Atlantic," and I fancied I could see a tear in his honest eye when he said it. He seemed greatly to regret his inability to perform his engagement at the Kingston and New York State Fairs, at both of which he was advertised to make ascensions.

TRAMPING IN THE WOODS.

In the southeast then, we started. After traveling about a mile and a half we came to the bank of a small creek, flowing down from the westward. At this point we were agreeably surprised to find that some human being had been there before us, for we found several small trees cut down, the coals from an old fire, and a half barrel which had contained pork. I eagerly examined the stamp. It read "Mess Pork, P. M. Montreal." This settled the question that we were in Canada—for I very well know that no Montreal inspection of pork ever found its way into the interior of New York State. We traveled all day Friday up the unknown creek, which kept its general course to the south of west, crossing it about twenty times, and striking on the southern bank a "blazed" track, which led us up to a deserted timber road, lying on the opposite side from a large lumbering shanty. We hoped one of the lumber roads might take us out to a settlement, but after traveling up them till until they terminated in a wilderness, we concluded to cross the creek to the shanty, and stay in it all night. La Mountain got across safely, but my weight was greater than his, and the raft let me into the stream. I sank in all over, and swam out, though it required all my strength to do so, and on reaching the bank I found myself so chilled as scarcely to be able to stand. I took off my clothes, wrung them, and we proceeded to the shanty, where we found plenty of refuse straw, but it was dry, and under a pile of it we crawled, pulling it over our heads and faces in the hope that our breath might aid in warming our chilled bodies. I think the most revengeful, stony heart would have pitied our condition then. The weary hours of night at last wore away, and held a new council. It was evident, we reasoned, that the creek we were upon was used for "driving" logs in the spring season. If, then, we followed it to its confluence with the Ottawa or some stream which emptied into the Ottawa, we could in time get out the same way the timber went out. The roof of the shanty was covered with the halves of logs, scooped out in a manner familiar to all woodmen. These were light and dry, and would form an excellent raft. Why not, then, take four of these, tie them to cross pieces by wythes and such old things as we could find around the shanty, and pole the structure down to that civilization which a saw log ought to be able to reach. Such was the course we adopted. We dragged the logs down to the creek, and La Mountain tied them together, as he was evidently more of a sailor than myself. We got under way, and as we pushed off a crow set up a dismal cawing—an inauspicious sign, and ominous of the great trials and sufferings in store for us. We polled down stream about ten miles, and came abruptly upon an immense pine tree which had fallen across the stream, completely blocking the passage of the raft. No other alternative was left but to untie the pieces, and attempt to push them through under the log. This was at last did; tied the raft together again, and polled her down stream. To-day we eat each a raw frog, all we could find, and began to feel that we were hungry. But there was no complaining—our talk was of the hopeful future, and the civilization we hoped yet to reach. Down the creek we went into a lake some two miles long, and into which we of course supposed the stream passed, having its outlet at the lower end. We followed down the northern bank, keeping always in shallow spots, so that our poles could touch the bottom, until we arrived at the bottom of the lake, where we found no outlet, and turned back upon the southern bank in quest of it. On reaching the head of the lake we found that the current of the creek turned abruptly to the right, which was the reason of our losing it.

We felt happy to have found it again, and plied our poles like heroes. We passed, during the day, the spot where we had first struck the creek, and where we had made a slightly land mark which might afterwards aid us in finding the Atlantic, should we ever wish to do so in order to get her out. At night we did not stop, but kept the raft going down through the shades of awful forests, whose solemn stillness seemed to hold the unrevealed mystery of our darkening future. About ten o'clock it began to rain again. We stopped the "vessel" and crawled in under some "tag" alders on the bank, where our extreme weariness enabled us to get, perhaps, half an hour's sleep. Rising again, (for it was easier to pole at night in the rain down an unknown stream, than to lie on the ground and freeze), we pressed on for a couple of hours, until about three o'clock, when pure exhaustion induced us to stop again. This time we found a spot where the clayey bank lacked a little of coming down to the water. On the mud we threw our little bundle of straw, and sat down with our feet drawn up under us, so that our bent bodies presented as little surface as possible for the rain to beat upon. But we could not stand such an uncomfortable position long, and as the daylight of the Sabbath broke upon us, we were poling down the stream with a drizzling rain. At eight o'clock we came to a place where the stream canoned—rushing over a stony bed, down a steep descent between high rocks on either bank. To get our raft down the place we regarded as hopeless. We tied up and examined the shore. Here, again, we found unmistakable evidence of lumbermen, as they had evidently camped at this point, to be handy by in the attempts they were doubtless obliged to make to get the timber down the canon. The rapids were about a third of a mile long, and in all the rapids of Black river there is nothing so wild and romantic as these. We descended the bank, and thought it best to try our luck on foot. After traveling about a mile we found the bank so tangled and rugged, and ourselves so much exhausted, that locomotion was impossible; so we concluded to go back, and if we could get the raft down a piece at a time, we would go on with her—if not, we would build as good a place as possible to crawl into, and prepare for death.

We went back, and after examining the stream attentively, concluded to try to get the raft down. We at once commenced, and I freely confess this the most trying and laborious work of a life of labor. The pieces would not float more than a rod at a time before they would stick on some stone which the low water left above the surface, and then you must pry it over in some way and pass it along to the next obstruction. We were obliged to get into the stream, often up to the middle, and there I several times fell headlong, completely using up our compass, which now frantically pointed in any direction its addled head thought desirable. The water had unglued the case, and it was ruined. After long hours of such labor, we got the raft down, and La Mountain again tied it together. Passing on in about an hour we came to a large lake—ten miles long and six miles broad. Around it we must, of course, pass until we should find the outlet. So we turned up to the right, and pressed on with as much resolution as could be expected. To-day we found one clam, which I insisted La Mountain should eat, as he was weaker than myself, and had eat little or nothing on the day we went up. Around we went into all the indentations of the shore, keeping always in shallow water. At last we stopped at a place we thought least exposed to the wind. We laid down upon the cold ground, having lifted up the end of our raft so that wind might not drift it away in the night. We were cold when we laid down, and both of us trembled by the hour, like men suffering from a severe attack of the ague. The wind had died just at night, and the dismal surging of the waves upon the shore formed, I thought, a fitting lullaby to slumber so disturbed and dismal as ours. By this time our clothes were nearly torn off. My pantaloons were slit up both legs, and the waistbands nearly torn off. My boots both leaked, and our mighty wrestlings in the canon had torn the skin from ankles and hands. La Mountain's hat was gone the first day out; he had thrown away his woollen drawers and stockings the first day of our tapping, as they dragged him down by the weight of water they absorbed. We slept but little. It really seemed as though, during that night, we passed through the horrors of a dozen deaths. At daylight we got up by degrees, first on one knee and then on the other, so stiff and weak that we could hardly stand.

Again upon the almost endless lake we went—following round its shore for an outlet. About ten o'clock we found a broad northern stream which we thought was the outlet we were seeking, and we entered it with great joy, believing it would take us to our long sought Ottawa. Shortly after entering the stream it widened out and assumed the form of a lake. We poled up the westerly shore for about seven miles, but found we were again deceived. On our way up Mr La Mountain sang these pretty lines:

"Cheer up your hearts, my dear,
Let nothing fright you,
Be of a gallant mind—
Let that delight you."

His voice was hardly above a whisper, but the song was a source of comfort to me. His, indeed, was a "gallant mind," which the extraordinary hardships and dangers of our position had not daunted. But when we found that all the weary miles of our morning travel had been in vain and had to be retraced, my resolution certainly failed me for a moment, and I sat down on my end of the raft and felt like shedding one tear of genuine regret. Yet we felt that our duty as Christian men was to press on as long as we could stand, and leave the issue with God.

It had now been four full days, since we ate a meal. All we had ate in the meantime was a frog spiece, four clams and a few wild berries, whose acid properties and bitter taste had probably done us more harm than good. Our strength was beginning to fail very fast, and our systems were evidently about to undergo an extraordinary change. I did not permit myself to think of food—the thought of a well covered table would have been too much. I thought over all of poor Strain's sufferings on the Isthmus of Darien, where he, after vainly poling a raft down an unknown stream, but never believed we could stand half the amount of suffering he did. Besides, he had means to make a fire—we had none.

We was upon a stream which he knew would lead to the sea and safety—we were upon waters whose flow we knew really nothing of, and were as much lost as though in the mountains of the moon. But we could not give it up, and took fresh courage as troubles appeared to thicken.

Well, we turned the raft around, and poled her back toward the place where we had entered this last lake. We had gone about a mile, when we heard the sound of a gun, quickly followed by a second report. No sound was ever so sweet to me as that. We hailed as loud as we could a good many times, but could get no response. We kept our poles going, and had gone about half a mile, when I called La Mountain's attention to what I thought was a smoke curling up among the trees on the side of a hill. My own eyesight had begun to fail to an extent that I could not depend upon it when a long, steady gaze was necessary. He said it was smoke, and that he thought just below it, on the bank, was a bark canoe. In a few moments the blue smoke rolled gently but unmistakeably above the tree tops, and we felt that we were saved. Such a revulsion of feeling was almost too much for us. We could hardly believe our senses, and credit anything favorable to our condition with the utmost caution. Our bitter disappointments had taught us that lesson.

We paddled the raft with the ends of our poles directly across the lake, near perhaps three-fourths of a mile wide, and made for the canoe. It proved to be a large one—evidently an Indian's. Up the bank I pressed, leaving La Mountain at the canoe to cut off a retreat by the Indian in case he was timid and wished to avoid us. I came at once upon the shanties of a lumbering wood, and from the chimney of the farthest building a broad volume of smoke was rising. I hallooed—a noise was heard inside, and a noble looking Indian came to the door. "*Vous parley Francais?*" was my eager inquiry as I grasped his outstretched hand. "Yes, sir—and English, too." He threw me into the cabin, and there was the head of the party, a noble-hearted Scotchman, named Angus Cameron. I immediately told my story—that we came in with a balloon, were lost, and had been four days without food—asking where we were. Imagine my surprise when he said we were one hundred and fifty miles due north of Ottawa—in the dense, uninhabited forest, whose only limit was the Arctic circle. In a word, we were nearly 300 miles due north course from Watertown, in latitude 47.

Dinner was all ready. The party consisted of four persons—Mr. Cameron and his assistant, who was also named Cameron, LaMab MacDougall, a half-breed, and his son Beauceil. I dispatched the young Indian after La Mountain, who came in after a moment, the absolute picture of wretchedness. All that the cabin contained was freely tendered us, and we began to eat. Language is inadequate to express our sensations while doing so. The clouds had all lifted from our sombre future, and the "silver lining" shone all the brighter for the deep darkness through which we had passed.

Here let me state that the stream we came down so far with our craft is Filliman's Creek—the large lake we sailed around, is called Bosketong Lake, and drains into Bosketong River—which flows into the Gatineau. The Gatineau joins the Ottawa, opposite Ottawa City. Mr. Cameron assured us that these streams are so tortorous, and in many places so rapid that no set of men could get a raft down, no matter how well they knew the country, nor how much provision they might have. He regarded our deliverance as purely providential, and many times remarked that we would have perished but for seeing his smoke.

Mr. Cameron was hunting timber for his employers—Gilmour & Co., of Ottawa—and was to start in two days for down the Gatineau, to his head quarters at Desert. If we would stay until he started, we were welcome, he said, to food and accommodations, and he would take us down to Desert in his canoe, and at that point he would get Indians to take us further on. He also said that he had intended to look for timber on Fillimen's Creek, near where the balloon would be found, as near as we could describe the locality to him, and would try to look it up and make an attempt to get it to Ottawa. This would be a long and tedious operation, as the portages are very numerous between the creek and Desert—something over twenty—one of them three miles long. Over these portages of course the silk must be carried on the backs of Indians.

After finishing up his business in the vicinity where we found him, on Friday morning Mr. Cameron started on his return. We stopped, on our way up the creek, at the place where we had erected our signal by which to find the balloon. We struck back for the place, and in about twenty minutes found her impaled on the tops of four smallish spruce trees, torn very much. La Mountain concluded to abandon her. He took the valve as a momento, and I cut out the letters "TIC," which had formed part of her name, and brought it home with me. We reached what is known as the "New Farm" Friday night, and there ended our sleeping on the ground—an operation always unpleasant, but particularly so in the fall of the year. Saturday we reached Desert through a drenching rain from which there was no protection.

At Desert we were a good deal troubled to obtain Indians to take us out. At last we appealed to Mr. John Backus, a kind-hearted American trader, who agreed to procure us a complement of red skins sufficient to take us to Beau's place (sixty miles), where it was thought we might obtain horses. Sunday morning we started from Desert, and reached Alexis l'Beau's about six P. M. The scenery upon this part of our route was sublime and imposing. The primeval forest stood as grand and silent as when created. The Indians we had in our employ surpassed anything I ever beheld in physical vigor and endurance. There were fifteen portages to be made during the day's run of sixty miles. They would seize the canoe, jerk it upon their shoulders with a swing, and start upon a dog trot as unconcernedly as though bearing no burthen. Arriving at the bottom of the fall, they would toss the canoe into the stream, cry out "*Arretez la!*" and away we would go again, gliding down the stream like an arrow. We traveled fifteen miles and made seven portages in one hour and forty minutes.

At Alexis l'Beau's we first beheld a horse and vehicle, which they called a "buckboard"—simply a couple of boards reaching from one bolster to the other upon which the seats were placed. Starting at seven in the evening we traveled nearly all night through the forests, over one of the worst roads that ever was left unfinished, and reached Brooks' farm, a sort of frontier tavern, in the early morning, where we slept a couple of hours, and after breakfast, passed on by stage to Ottawa, which we reached at 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon. Our first rush was to the telegraph office, whence the trembling wires sped the glad news of our safety to "loved ones at home." At Ottawa we were most hospitably entertained. To Robt. Bell, Esq., editor of the *Citizen* and President of the Ottawa and Prescott Railroad, as well as to Jos. Aumond, Esq., we are under special obligations by acts of kindness which will not soon be forgotten. Indeed, from the time we left the Bosketong until we reached home we met with nothing but continual stream of congratulation and proffered kindnesses.

At Ogdensburg, and all along the line of the Potsdam and Waterton Railroad we found crowds awaiting our arrival, which gave unmistakable evidence of the deep sympathy felt in our fate.

Several general conclusions and remarks shall terminate this narrative, already too long. Why did you permit yourselves to go so far will naturally be asked. To which we can only reply that the wind was exceedingly light when we ascended; that we were very soon among the clouds, and consequently unable to take cognizance of our course, or to judge how fast we were traveling. Perhaps it is well here to remark that, when you are sailing in a balloon you are utterly unconscious of motion, unless you can see the earth. Not can you tell by a compass in which way you are traveling, unless you are sufficient of an astronomer to judge from the shifting angles formed by certain stars. In a word, if you cannot see the earth you are in danger of not knowing in which direction you move. This with perhaps, explain why we unconsciously drifted off to latitudes so remote. When we rose above the thick masses of clouds, before sundown, we undoubtedly struck a rapid current which carried us northward. It is my opinion that after we had traveled in this current about one hour we struck another current, from a variation of our altitude, which bore us off to the northwest. When we descended near the earth for the first time, we ought to have come down. We were unwilling to land at night in a deep wood, even though we knew we were not far from habitations, and we thought it best to pick out a better place. This was our error, and it came very near being a fatal one to us; it certainly was so to the Atlantic. In trying to find our better place to land, we were unconsciously up longer than we supposed and as we were traveling in a current which swept us off to the northward at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, we soon reached a country not pleasant for a stay, much less to land a balloon in.

The loss to Mr. La Mountain by the calamity which has overtaken him does not stop with the loss of his balloon. He had several profitable engagements to fill, which must, of course, all go over, entailing disappointment upon the public and a loss upon himself. In his present position, in poor health, and not overly rich, I cannot but hope some capitalist will furnish him with sufficient means to carry on his undertakings. Of course, the present mishap has not changed his views relative to ballooning, nor has it mine. Mr. La Mountain is a brave man; he probably does not know what personal fear is. Such traits will always command the respect of those who know that the fine temper of steel is only imparted after exposure to severe tests, before whose intensity meaner metals perish, or sink into blackened and worthless dross.

JOHN A. HADDOCK.

WATERTOWN, Oct. 5, 1859.

Indiana County.

The Democracy of this county, at their convention, held on the 27th ult., nominated a county ticket, and elected Clark Wilson Senatorial Delegate, and Joseph M Thompson Representative Delegate, to the State Convention.

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Persons doubting the authenticity of this certificate, are requested to call upon or communicate with the proprietors. They will take pleasure not only in referring them to the author, but to many others who have used the Holland Bitters for the same affection, with equal success.

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The proprietor claims a fair trial as only necessary to the adoption of this valuable discovery.

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Persons desirous of purchasing, may find me at the MANSION HOUSE, Liberty street, from 9. A. M. to 3. P M., every day

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HAVING NOW IN STORE A LARGE and carefully selected stock of everything in this line, either manufactured by himself or purchased direct from manufacturers, FOR CASH, is prepared to supply customers and the country trade with goods in his line,

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CHURNS—Fine Staff, 8 sizes; Oak Staff, 4 sizes; Cedar Staff, 3 sizes; Oval Crank, Cedar, Oak or Pine, 3 sizes; Cedar Barrel, 4 sizes; Spane's Patent, 3 sizes; Thermometer, 3 sizes—a large stock.
BUCKETS—Common red, blue and green, fancy and varnished, half, quarter and toy pails; cedar brass and iron bound, 2 and 3 hoop, Piggins, cedar, brass and iron bound, 2 hoop; Horse Buckets, heavy iron bale; Kitchen Buckets, iron bale; Oak Well Buckets, well frozed; Flour Buckets, nested.
TUBS—Painted, 2 and 3 hoop; white pine and cedar, hand made, all sizes, nested or by the dozen.
KEELERS—Painted and varnished, 3 sizes, dozen or nest; cedar Keelers, brass or iron bound.
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CLOTHES PINS—Plain and head, in five gross boxes; Smith's Patent, in gross boxes, and Brass Spring, in gross boxes.
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BROOMS, WHISKS, BRUSHES, &c., in great variety.
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