

# THE WOODVILLE REPUBLICAN,

## AND WILKINSON ADVERTISER.

H. S. VAN EATON, Editor.

"THE UNION OF THE DEMOCRACY FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION"

OWEN S. KELLY, Publisher.

Volume 30.

WOODVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 20 1853.

Number 51

### THE REPUBLICAN

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING.

BY OWEN S. KELLY:

Office—next door to Messrs. Wright & Elder's Drug Store.

### TERMS:

THE WOODVILLE REPUBLICAN is issued weekly for three dollars a year, if paid in advance, or four dollars, if payment be delayed until the expiration of six months.

ADVERTISEMENTS, inserted at \$1 00 per square (which is ten lines) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. The usual discount made to yearly advertisers. Where the number of insertions are not marked, they will be continued during the pleasure of the publisher, and charged accordingly.

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### THE SABBATH.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,  
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;  
The whirring wheel the rushing sail,  
How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,  
Thy strength the slave of Want may be;  
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—  
A God hath made thee free.

Ah, tender was the law that gave  
This holy respite to the breast;  
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,  
And know—the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide  
What image charms, to lift thine eyes?  
The spire reflected on the tide  
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth  
This rest from mortal toil is given.  
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,  
And pass—a guest to heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,  
Of Power from old dominion hurled,  
When rich and poor, with juster rule,  
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since Time 'twixt began,  
That fable hath but fooled the hour,  
Each age that ripens Power in Man,  
But subjects Man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,  
One bright republic shall be known;  
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,  
When God proclaims his own.

Six days may rank divide the poor,  
O Dives, from thy banquet hall!  
The seventh, the Father opens the door,  
And hold His feast for all!

### The Box Tunnel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE."

The 10. 15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, singularly enough, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good-sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth, her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grey dress, buttoned to the throat, with lozenge-shaped buttons, a Scotch shawl that agreeably evaded the responsibility of color. She was like a duck, so tight her plain feathers fitted her; and there she sat, smooth, snug, and delicious, with a book in her hand and a *sonnet* of her snowy wrist just visible as she held it. Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation, that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young man. He was a cavalry officer aged twenty-five. He had a moustache, but not a very repulsive one; it was far from being one of those subnasal pig-tails, on which soup is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick, and black as coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the color of tobacco juice, his clothes did not stick to nor hang on him, they sat on him; he had an engaging smile, and what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place, his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other people's, who have done—in a word, he was what one of these ears of wheat meets—a young gentleman. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion; a fellow officer—they were talking about, what it is far better not to do, women. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard, for he cast, ever and anon, a furtive glance at his fair *vis-à-vis* and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper, and in that whisper (the truth must be told) the one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, bet ten pounds to three, that he who was going down with us to Bath and immediately, would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road. "Done!" "Done!" Now I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised, should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation, but "nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five-and-twenty, and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation—ten to three. After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twyford one lady dropped her hand-

kerchief, Captain Dolignon fell on it like a tiger and returned it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on that occasion. At Reading, the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of the day, he bought a "Times" and a "Punch"; the latter was full of steel-pen thrusts and wood-cuts. Valor and beauty dignified to laugh at some inflated bludge or other punctured by Punch. Now laughing together thaws our human ice; long before Swindon it was a talking match—at Swindon, who so devoted as Captain Dolignon—he handled them out—he souped them—he toughed-chickened them—he brandied and cochinealed one, and brandied and burnt-sugared the other; on their return to the carriage, one passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have been the deserter, the average one would have stayed with us, till all was blue, ourselves included; not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downwards on the carpet. But this was a bit of a fop, Adonis, dragon—so Venus remained in tete-à-tete with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species; how handsome, how impressive, how expressive he becomes: such was Dolignon after Swindon, and to do the dog justice, he got handsomer and handsomer; and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream, such was Miss Haythorn, she became demurer and demurer; presently our Captain looked out of window and laughed, this elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn. "We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel."—"Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?" said the lady.

"Invariably."  
"What for?"  
"What! hem! it is a gentleman's joke."  
"Oh! I don't mind it's being silly if it makes me laugh." Captain Dolignon thus encouraged, recounted to Miss Haythorn the following: "A lady and her husband sat together going through the Box Tunnel—there was one gentleman opposite, it was pitch dark; after the tunnel, the lady said, 'George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel.' 'I did no such thing.' 'You didn't?' 'No! why?' 'Why, because somehow I thought you did?' Here Captain Dolignon laughed and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done. The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn—"Ah!"  
Dolignon—"What is the matter?"  
Miss H—"I am frightened."  
Dolig.—(moving to her side.) "Pray do not be alarmed, I am near you."  
Miss H—"You are near me, very near me indeed, Captain Dolignon."

Dolig.—"You know my name?"  
Miss H—"I heard your friend mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place."  
Dolig.—"I could be content to spend hours here, re-assuring you, sweet lady."

Miss H—"Nonsense!"  
Dolig.—"Pweep!" (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the cheek of the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means.)

Miss H—"Eh!"  
Fricad—"What is the matter?"  
Miss H—"Open the door! open the door!"

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer, with all the insolence I can command at present, "Hit boys as big as yourself," bigger perhaps, such as Scaphoid, Euripides, and Aristophanes; they began it, and I learned it of them, sore against my will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost a part of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand and murders at the same moment; and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door—his late friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his foot a look of gentle blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Dolignon that he had the grace to be friends with Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard balls and cigars; he had seen cannon balls and linstocks; he had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, but with it some sort of moral poker, which make it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentleman-like word or action, as to brush his own trousers below the knee.

Captain Dolignon told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man lose his life for the same thing; "That is nothing," continued the Major, "but unfortunately he deserved to lose it."

At this the blood mounted to the younger man's temples, and his senior added, "I mean to say he was thirty-five, you, I presume are twenty-one?"

"Twenty-five."  
"That is much the same thing; will you be advised by me?"  
"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this, and send White the £5 that he may think you have lost the bet."  
"That is hard when I won it!"  
"Do it for all that, sir."

Let the discoverer in human perfectibility know that this dragon capable of a bluish did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance, and this was his first damper. A week after these events, he was at a ball, not the first since his return, *bien entendu*. He was in that state of factitious discontent which belong to us amiable English. He was looking, in vain, for a lady, equal in personal attractions, to the idea he had formed of George Dolignon as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look: "It can't be!"—"Yes, it is!" Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her name!) but what an apothosis!

The duck had become a peahen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely she made him ill—and he, alone, must not dance with her, speak with her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended in kissing, but having begun with kissing, it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her all around, but him—she did not see him; it was clear she never would see him—one gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Dolignon was surprised at his success, his ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignon at last felt himself injured; "Who was this man?" "and what right had he to go on so?" "He had never kissed her, I suppose," said Dolly. Dolignon could not prove it, but he felt that somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight, trying to find out who this beauty was—he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her, in this way; a lawyer's clerk paid him a little visit and commenced a little action against him, in the name of Miss Haythorn for insulting her in a Railway car.

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that mechanic did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady's name, however, was at least revealed by this untoward incident; from her name to her address, was but a short step; and the same day, our crest fallen hero lay in wait at her door—and many a succeeding day without effect. But one fine afternoon, she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the nearest Parade. Dolignon did the same, he met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look, nor recognition, nor any other sentiment; for all this she walked and walked till the other promenaders were tired and gone—then her culprit summoned resolution, and taking off his hat, with a voice tremulous for the first time, besought permission to address her. She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he was punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was; and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man, who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation; he told her the action had been commenced in her name; she gently shrugged her shoulders, and said, "How stupid they are." Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness—his crime!

"She did not know—"  
"She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the evening, where everybody was to be. They parted, and Dolignon determined to beat the ball, where every body was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening.—That night, for the first time, Dolignon, was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident, when she rode. His devotion followed her even to church, where our dragon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last with joy, that her eye loved to dwell upon him, when she thought he did not observe her.

It was three months after the Box Tunnel, that Capt. Dolignon called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by violently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and in the usual way asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing Quar Deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that "It was all right, and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose." My reader has divined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignon saw his divinity glide into the drawing room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness which encouraged him; that consciousness

deepened into confusion—she tried to laugh, she cried instead, and then she smiled again; again; and when he kissed her hand at the door it was "George" and "Marian," instead of Captain this and Miss the other. A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful and skips formalities and torturing delays) these two were very happy—they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honey-moon all by themselves. Marian Dolignon was dressed just as before—ducklike, and delicious; all bright, except her clothes; but George sat beside this time instead of opposite; and she drank him in gently, from under her long eye-lashes. "Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you—no—" "Yes? yes?"

"Well then! you remember the Box Tunnel," (this was the first allusion he had ventured to it)—"I am ashamed to say—I had bet £3 to £10 with White, I would kiss one of you two ladies," and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within.

"I know that, George: I overheard you," was the demure reply.

"Oh! you overheard me? Impossible."  
"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet, how singular! What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."  
"Yes, I know, but what about it?"  
"That if you did you should be my husband, dear-est."

"Oh!—but stay—then you could not have been so very angry with me, love;—why, dearest, then who brought that action against me?"

Mrs. Dolignon looked down.  
"I was afraid you were forgetting me—George, you will never forgive me."  
"Sweet angel—why here is the Box Tunnel!"

Now reader—fle!—no! no such thing! You can't expect to be indulged in this way, every time we come to a dark place—besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people—no such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time!

### Extraordinary Ascension in a Balloon.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO HERALD OF AUG. 20

*Daring and Probable Fatal Ascent of a Youth.*—Yesterday was a delightful day, and hundreds of persons repaired to Oakland, on the opposite side of the Bay, attracted by the announcement of a grand balloon ascension, as well as by the desire to enjoy the country air. Three steamers plied between the city and that place, carrying over a full complement of passengers at every trip. During the early part of the day the visitors amused themselves in strolling through the pleasant groves of Oakland, whilst the process of inflating the balloon slowly progressed, under the management of Mr. Kelley, who was to have made the ascent. The balloon, with the necessary apparatus, was confined in a small yard on Third street, near Broadway, and was open to the inspection of all. It was a fine silk one, of large dimensions, not less than forty feet in circumference. The process of inflation was very tedious and uninteresting, and the spectators, after waiting some hours, came to the conclusion the ascension would be a failure. To relieve the monotony, small pioneer balloons were sent off at intervals, and a voluntary collection was taken up for the benefit of Mr. Kelley.

At half-past three o'clock the balloon was a little more than half filled with gas, and it was announced that Mr. Kelley was about to undertake the voyage. A dense crowd collected around the balloon, and the aerial voyager took his seat in the car, which was released from its confinement, and away went the balloon, not into the upper air but along the street in a southeasterly direction, banging Mr. Kelley against the ground in anything but an agreeable manner, and knocking up quite a dust until it was captured, Mr. Kelley retaining his position in the car. A man of lighter weight then took his seat, and another attempt was made, but with no better success. In its progress along the ground the balloon came in contact with the limbs of a tree, but escaped uninjured. In order to lessen the weight as is presumed, the car was taken off the hoop, and a small board was placed across from one side of the hoop to the other, and tied fast. Upon this a man of still less weight took his seat, and was carried a few feet from the ground, a distance of some fifteen or twenty yards. By this time the excursion was looked upon as a good face, and of course a total failure. Several persons appreciating the fun, asked to be permitted to take a ride, supposing as a matter of course, it would be only for a few yards. Among them was a youth of sixteen years of age, named Joseph Gates, known by the familiar appellation of "Ready." He had gone to Oakland to sell oranges—his avocation—and was in for all kinds of sport. Without reflection, he was told to jump in. Turning to his companion he handed his basket of oranges to him, and asking him to hold them, immediately straddled the board which had been fastened to the hoop of the balloon. Those who had hold of it then let it go, and it moved slowly upward, the weight of the boy depressing the hoop on one side, and throwing his back against the ropes which attached the hoop to the balloon, his legs hanging suspended in the air. As he was about rising Mr. Kelley called out to him to pull the valve-rope when he wanted to come down. He took hold of it and appeared to be either making it fast or pulling at it with a view to descend, when some of the boys cried out for him to go on. He then

let it go and gradually rose, moving rapidly along in a southeasterly direction. With the exception of this information as to the use of the valve-rope, he was entirely ignorant of the manner of managing a balloon. Having ascended some thirty or forty feet, the balloon was carried along by a gentle breeze, in a southeasterly course across an arm of the bay south of Oakland, and rising as it proceeded to a greater height, until it was concealed from view by some light clouds. It was then met by a counter-current of air, and moved along, gradually ascending, in a northeasterly direction, to appearances immediately over the crest of the mountains. In the course of an hour it had attained a greater altitude, and still its course was onward and upward, until a few minutes past 5 o'clock it was lost to the view in the distance. It was about fifteen minutes before 6 o'clock when the boy took his seat on the board.

Although the result of this aerial voyage must remain in doubt for some time, scarcely a hope of the safety of the daring youth can be entertained. Had he known how to control the balloon he would unquestionably have opened the safety-valve, after proceeding a mile or two, and have effected a descent. It is to be presumed he was either ignorant of the manner in which the valve is used, or that the rope by which it is opened, and the gas permitted to escape; had broken or become entangled. Be this as it may, his course was onward and upward to what would seem to be inevitable destruction. When last seen the balloon was at such a height as to preclude the hope that he could be alive.

The danger of his falling off the board was of course imminent, and as he ascended in the higher regions he must necessarily have become benumbed by cold, and may have fallen to the ground and crushed to atoms. In the event of his escaping this death, however, another equally terrible awaited him—that produced by the rarefaction of the air. The youth has, we understand, a father and brother living in this city. We await with some anxiety, the result of this most extraordinary affair.

A few moments after the balloon had parted company with the earth, and when at the distance of half a mile, one of young Gates' companions shouted to him to know if he "would not have an overcoat!" The crowd around enjoyed the joke heartily, little thinking that the brave boy would, in less than half an hour be shivering with intense cold. We may remark that he was very lightly clad. As he ascended, and before the outlines of his figure was lost to view in the distance, his back was turned to the crowd, and we did not observe him to make any attempt to look back on the world he was leaving, we trust, but temporarily. His department was, however, entirely composed, although his seat was a most uncomfortable one. Two or three ropes against which he leaned his back, and a frail board which he straddled as a child does a hobby horse, were all that separated him from destruction when last seen. Upon this fragile support he swung to and fro without falling, although we were prepared at any moment to see him drop to the ground. When the balloon had attained a considerable elevation its movements became very regular. There were no gusts or puffs of wind, and the movement was so gentle that the progress of the aeronaut could only be marked by observing its relative position with other objects. The direction first taken was a little to the eastward of San Antonio. At this point it was that it encountered the counter-current of air, and made the curve which carried it to the northeast. After having struck the counter current the distance was so great that the figure of the boy could no longer be distinguished. The boy and the balloon presented a single dark object to the view; and from this time until it entirely disappeared the diminution in its size was very gradual. It was, however, throughout the whole time seen with the greatest distinctness. The atmosphere was unusually pure, and after the balloon had floated past the low clouds behind which it was concealed within the first ten minutes, it was not again hid from view until it had passed beyond the range of unaided human vision. Even when it disappeared it did not seem to have been concealed by the light fleecy clouds in the background, but gradually dwindled to a speck so small that it could no longer be discovered.

At first the spectators seemed to have been invisible of the danger attendant upon the voyage. They regarded it as merely a good joke and a pretty spectacle—so beautiful did the balloon rise, and so gracefully did it float along high above the tops of the mountains. It was only when it became scarcely perceptible, rising higher and higher above successive belts of clouds, they began to inquire into the circumstances of the daring boy, as well as to who might be to blame for permitting or countenancing the rash act. Much anxiety was entertained to know whether he had fallen on from the board. A glass was obtained and it was ascertained that a heavy substance was still attached to the balloon. This must have been either the boy or the board—scarcely the latter. Kelley started on horseback in the direction the balloon had taken, but there is no probability he could have kept it in sight, for when last seen it must have been beyond the mountains, and this was but a short time before sundown.

When the balloon first attained a position above the line of the mountain it seemed to be about five times the height of the mountain, when last seen about eight times. It then appeared to be at an angle of about eight degrees with the base line of the earth. The distance from the place of departure and the height above the earth must of course remain a place of conjecture. The direction in which

the balloon was going when last seen was that of Sacramento. The balloon was distinctly seen throughout its progress by the citizens of San Francisco, and the additional distance added by the bay appears to have varied the appearance of the object but slightly.

FROM THE SAME PAPER OF AUG. 30.

*SAFETY OF THE YOUTHFUL AERONAUT.*—It is with great pleasure that we announce the safety of Joseph Gates, the youthful aeronaut, whose fate has excited so much interest in the community within the last twenty-four hours. He came down in Benicia, in excellent condition and fine spirits. He states that for two or three minutes after he shot up, his head grew dizzy, and he had to cling convulsively to the cords and shut his eyes to avoid falling. This soon wore off, and he proceeded to look around him perfectly self-possessed. He enjoyed his ride wonderfully—somehow cramped from straddling the narrow board. The scene presented from his lofty perch he represents as magnificent. The mountains, bay, ocean, and plains, all extended in one panorama before him. Several times the plank, which was but loosely resting upon the hoop, seemed disposed to tilt, while at others the balloon, propelled by a gust of wind, would swing to and fro, rendering it somewhat difficult to keep his seat. He preserved his presence of mind, however, and managed to keep things in position. He sailed along for some miles before a gentle breeze, until he struck the counter-current of air, when the course of the balloon was changed to the northwest, and he was swept along at a much more rapid pace. As he moved with the wind, he was only conscious of his progress by the rapidity of which he passed over objects upon the earth below. As he continued to ascend, he began to experience a chilly sensation, although at no time did he suffer severely from the cold. To use his own expression, "he enjoyed himself first-rate," and his only fear was that he might land in some remote place in the mountains, away from the settlements and exposed to the attacks of the "grizzlies."

When he had gone as far as he thought agreeable, he took hold of the valve-rope to let out the gas, in order to descend. He pulled with all his force, but it would not work; it appeared to have got entangled in the cords extending from the globe of the balloon to the hoop upon which his seat was resting. This somewhat alarmed him. He tugged and jerked at the rope, and it broke! Imagine now the condition of the gallant boy, floating miles above the earth upon a frail unsteady plank, in a balloon over which he had lost all control. The fate of the ship in the vortex of the maelstrom could not have seemed more hopeless; when this last stay parted with the rope, he clung for a few minutes to his seat, and collected his thoughts. Was he to float forever in the air, a wonder to birds and a spectacle to men, or was he to be precipitated from that fearful height upon the mountains beneath? Finally, the conviction forced itself upon him that he must puncture the body of the balloon in some manner, if he would ever descend in safety. He therefore determined to climb up the ropes which extended from the hoop to the balloon, and cut it—and this he actually did! He took his knife out of his pocket, opened it and held it in his teeth; then cautiously raised himself in a standing position upon his unsteady seat, firmly clasped the ropes, and, to use his own expression, commenced to "sift it" up to the balloon. His weight thrown on one side caused it to tilt slightly, but he managed to make his way up eight or ten feet, unclasped one hand, took his knife, and ripped a large hole in the silk. The gas immediately gushed out, and the balloon commenced to descend very rapidly. He succeeded in reaching his seat again in safety. It was now about six o'clock in the evening. The balloon rapidly approached the earth. He prepared himself, and just as it was about to strike he jumped off, and was once more on "terra firma!" In the leap, however, he sprained his ankle. The place where he landed proved to be in Suisun Plains, about fifteen miles from Benicia and five miles from the nearest house. No sooner had he leaped off, than the balloon, lightened of his weight, shot up again like a rocket, into the air, darted off, and was lost. Young Gates walked to a house about five miles off, where he was kindly received, supplied with a good supper, and a bed, slept soundly, and awoke next morning greatly refreshed. He started off and walked to Benicia, where he remained until the Antelope came by last night. Altogether it is the most extraordinary balloon ascension on record. The escape of the boy is, under the circumstances, almost miraculous. He is a hero. The above statement embodies the facts gathered from several gentlemen who came down on the boat last night and conversed with him. He is now at his father's house in the neighborhood of the Hospital and was too indisposed last night to give any further account of his adventures.

A GEM.—One of the sweetest gems of poetry ever written, is the following from the pen of Frances Ann Butler:

"Better trust and be deceived!  
And weep that trust and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one's heart, and that if believed,  
Had blessed one's life with true believing."

Oh, this mocking world too fast  
The doubting band o'ertakes our youth!  
Better be cheated to the last,  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth."

Never deal with a pettifogger. If he saves you from a rogue, it is only that he may have the pleasure of skinning you himself.