EASTON GAZETTE.

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PERILOUS BALLOON ADVENTURE.

The following account is given by Mr. Wise, the æronaut, of the fearful position in which he was placed during a balloon ascent which he made from Carlisle, Pa., on Saturday last. The letter is addressed to the editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer:

CARLISLE June 19, 1843.

Mr. Editor: According to anouncement on Saturday last, I set out on my forty first ærial excursion, from the Borough of Carlisle, at 15 minutes past 2 o'clock — A slight breeze from the West wafted me a short distance, when the ascent became more perpendicular. The first thing that drew my attention, was the immense ocean of heads that presented itself in the square; there appeared to be infinitely more people on the immediate ground, than I have witnessed for some time, at a balloon ascension; and the whole affair appeared more animated from the fine appearance of the military, together with their repeated firing after the departure of the "Comet."

When I had reached a point about two miles east of the town the balloon commenced a rapid and perpendicular ascent, which soon brought me to the base of a huge black cloud; and as it has always created a deep interest to spectators to see a balloon passing through clouds I did not hesitate on this occasion to give my numerous audience an exhibition of this kind, although I might have avoided it, and kept beneath the clouds, where the current would have taken me to Harisburg which place was already distinctly in my view. This part of my adventure, I had reason soon after to regret, although at the present time it gives me more gratification to contemplate its reality, than any thing that has lately transpired in my ærial adventures. The details that I shall here give of this terrible scene may be relied on as I kept myself sufficiently composed to appreciate its grandeur and observe its physical operations. The cloud, to the best of my judgement, covered an area of from four to six miles in drameter. It appeared of a circular form, and considerably depressed in its lower s rface—or I might say, it presented a great concavity towards the earth, with its outer edges very ragged. It was also of a dark smoky color.

I not ced at some distance from where I entered the cloud the appearance of a heavy shower of rain. The first sensations I experienced when entering the cloud were extremely unpleasant. A difficulty of respiration al nost to suffocation followed by sickness of the stomach. This, however, somewhat abated for a short time—the cold in the mean time becoming intense, and every thing of a fibrous nature thickly covered with hoar frost. The cloud at this point, which appeared to be in the midst of it, had not the black appearance it presented underneath, but was of a light milky color, & yet so dense, that I could only faintly see the balloon above me—a distance of sixteen feet. From the intensity of the cold in this cloud I concluded that the gas would condense itself, and the balloon would consequently soon descend beneath it again, where the atmosphere was much warmer. In this however I found myself mistaken; for in a few minutes after entering the cloud, I was whirling upwards with fearful rapidity, the balloon gyrating and the car describing a large circle in the cloud: a noise resembling the rushing of a thousand mill dams, with a dismal moaning noise of wind, surrounded me in this terrible fight.

Whether this rushing noise was occasioned by the hail and snow, which at the time was mercilessly pelting around the balloon, I am unable to tell. I was in hopes that I should soon be tossed out of the top of the cloud, and there enjoy the congenial sunshine—so pleasent above the clouds But in this I was disappointed, for after being hurled up, as I think, many hundred feet, the balloon appeared to be suddenly released, and would fall again with a fearful rapidity, the lower part hurled to and fro, and then again driven up into the cavity of the upper part, all the time discharging gas copiously from the neck, and breakages caused by the ice. This hurling up and down was repeated eight or ten times. Every thing that was not of a fibrous nature, such as the anchor, car, and balloon, became coated with smooth ice. All the time that I remained in this cloud, which was twenty minutes, the storm raged with unabated fury, and it was only by the immense loss of gas that I became released from its terrors. I felt an intense drowsiness all the while, which I think was only overcome by the sickness of the stomach, followed by a powerful fit of vomiting.

After this, I felt some what easier, both in mind and in body, (for it is of no use to say that I was not considerably alarmed) and I grasped a firmer hold of the sides of the car, determined to abide the result with as much composure and observation, as the nature of the case would admi; as it appeared evident that the common discharge of gas or ballast, would neither let me down or up, through this huge tenant of the air. After being tossed up and down, as before stated, I was finally released from its caverns of hail, snow and icicles, and found myself between it and the earth, receiving the benefits of a heavy and cold shower of rain, coming down on the spontaneous parachute principle, with a portion of gas remaining in the balloon, sufficient to raise about fifty pounds weight from the earth. I made a final descent on Mr. Goodyear's farm, five miles from Carlisle.

I must remark, that the density of this cloud did not appear alike all through it, as I could at times distinctly see the balloon and pieces of paper, of which a large quantity was whirled out of the car in the beginning of the scene. I also noticed that a violent convultionary action was going on, like fomentation, and the direction of the passage of the hail and snow was promiscuous. Such is the history of this short, but awful and magnificent trip, and I can assure my readers, that when I again meet clouds of this character, as I have frequently, I shall part company at the earliest opportunity, by ascending sufficiently to pass over them, or keep sufficiently low to pass beneath them.

Very respectully, your obedient friend,
JOHN WISE.

Carlisle, June 19, 1843.

TOO NEAR TO BE PLEASANT.

The Bundlecunds may be justly styled the wilderness of India. No human hand has ever endeavored to recover the jungle covered land from its primative wilderness, overgrown with closely tangled brushwood. Its swampy soil is reckoned so unhealthy, that few wretches, however poor, have as yet been found hardy enough to settle here. Through this dismal [illegible] sometimes compelled to pass to arrive at the head quarters of his regiment. Such was the fate of Arthur Mactavish, who related to me the following adventure, which there befel him.

Mac, having grown dreadfully weary of his long confinement on board the little boat in which he was slowly voyaging through the Bundlecunds, determined on finding near the first spot which should present to his eye the agreeable view of a human habitation. Aware that the whole country around him was swarming with ferocious wild animals, he wisely refrained from going on shore on many of the beautiful but solitary spots which he passed. At length he came to a little knot of Indian hovels, which stood some half a mile from the banks. Arthur here desired his head *dandy* (boatman) to *lagow* (the act of listening the boat to the shore) and instantly shouldering his Manton, started for the native village. On his approach being perceived, a couple of Indians, divested of every strip of clothes except their small *langoutis* (the very smallest rag which decency requires) hastened to meet him, and warn him of the many pitfalls around him. From these men he learnt that there only occupation was digging holes, resembling human graves about eight feet deep, which they covered with small branches of trees and brushwood. By these means they ensnared the wild animals who, unconscious of the trap thus artfully set, would often tread on the seeming ground, and in the next instant find themselves prisoners at the mercy of their captors, who instantly despatched them, selling the skins of some, and claiming from the authorities the price set upon every tiger's head. Of these animals they had captured twenty during the preceeding twelve months. Two of their party, it is true, had been destroyed by these ferocious beasts; but as the natives considered that it must have been their *nusseb* (pre-ordained fate) they appeared little affected by the circumstance. It was now late in the day; so, desiring them to go and fetch his sleeping mats, he determined on remaining in one of these huts for the night as they promised him, in this case, that at break of day they would point out some splendid sport for him. To obtain what they described, he would willingly have gone half round the world, so he unhesitatingly accepted there offer, and determined on passing the night there.

After partaking of some rice and ghee, having cleaned his gun, (one barrel of which he always charged with ball and the other with shot,) and arranged his ammunition and shooting apparatus for the following morning, (in places where we have few companions to divert us, this is half the sport) he laid himself down to rest, taking care however, to bar the door as well as he could, for he rather disliked the manner of one of the villagers, and already began to repent that he had thus left himself so completely in their power. His servants, whom he now regretted not having brought with him, were full half a mile off. The few natives around him were strong athletic men, accustomed to struggle with wild beasts, and almost as ferocious in their natures as the animals they were in the habit of hunting. At liberty to change from spot to spot, enabled in the fastenesses of the Bundlecunds to elude the most diligent search, proverbially avaricious, thinking little of the sacrafice of life, why should not these men fall on him and murder him! He had foolishly displayed his purse to them, filled with rupees; and had vaunted the goodness of his gun, an object to them more precious than gold itself.—What, then, was to prevent their making themselves masters of these?—Nothing. He felt this, and revolving it in his mind, fell into a light, uneasy slumber.

It must have been about 1 o'clock in the morning, when he was awakened by hearing several voices conversing in suppressed tones close to the little window of the hut, which was ill blocked up by a *cuskoc tattie* (a blind or shutter made of dried grass.) Mactavish stealthily crept towards it, and to his utter consternation, heard them thus explain their bloodthirsty intentions.

"How long," demanded a strange voice, "is it since you got him in?"

'Just before nightfall."

"Have you since listened, to ascertain if he is stirring?'

"I have and suspect he is fast asleep."

'Then this is the best time to fall on him. But as you say he is powerful, we had better go prudently to work. How do you propose to attack him.'

'I think,' replied one of his entertainers, 'the best thing will be to fire at him through the crevices with poisoned arrows.'

'But, suppose he bursts forth?'

'Oh! then we'll despatch him with our knives.'

'Have you got them with you?;

'Not yet.'

'Well, then, be quick,' said the apparent leader; 'be off and fetch them, and we'll get the job over as soon as possible. I'll return in five minutes.' And Mactavish heard them go off in different directions.

With a panting heart Mac. listened as their foot steps died away; and then, seizing his gun, he determined to endeavor [illegible] as dearly as possible in the open air, whence the report of his fowling piece might be heared by those on board his budgerow. In another instant he was out of the door, and with the speed of light, ning he started off in the direction (at least so he supposed) of the place of anchorage, where his boat was lying.

The moon was brightly shining as poor Arthur rushed along, heedless of any danger but that of being followed by the inhospitable murderers amongst whom he had thus unluckily fallen.

The cries of the jackall and the fayo, the roar of the larger animals, and the scream of wild birds, suddenly disturbed from their roosting-places, lent additional horrors to the scene as Arthur flew madly along. Presently a sudden bound was perceptibly amongst the jungle. The crackling under-wood was heard to yield beneath the pressure of some weighty beast of prey. A savage growl, accompanied with a peculiar cat-like hissing noise, a pair of flashing eyes, gleaming brightly even through the darkness, at once told the unfortunate fugitive that a tiger was springing after him. Poor Mactavish gave himself up as lost. For about twenty yards he kept ahead of his fearful pursuer. Another bound, however, would place him in his power; he had no time even to offer up a prayer. He give one spring in despairing energy, and as he did so, he felt a violent shock; bright sparks of fire appeared to flash from his eyes; every joint seemed dislocated.—Arthur had fallen into one of the pit falls, over which, as he fell, the tiger leaped safely.

Relieved for the moment from his fears, Mac now ventured to look up—By the light of the moon, which shone brightly, he perceived the tiger crouching down at the edge of the pit, watching with savage wakefulness the wretched being, he evidently seemed to think now within his power. His glaring eyes were steadily fixed on his victim, who crouched down as low as possible, to be out of the reach of the monster's destructive paw.

As Mactavish's eyesight began to get accustomed to the place, he perceived to his horror, a long black snake attempting to crawl up the sides. Foiled in this, the serpent seemed to hesitate whether he would renew his endeavors to escape, or turn upon the intruder who now sat trembling before him. At last it seemed to determine on the latter; for it suddenly began to rear itself, and fixing its eyes, which seemed to be of fire, upon poor Mac, prepared to spring. Arthur started up. As he did so, he suddenly felt the flesh torn from his shoulder, which he had unthinkingly exposed to the claws of the tiger by raising himself within reach of his outstretched limb. The animal in making the movement, had disturbed the branches at the edge of the trap. The gun had droped through, and now fell into the pit at the feet of Mactavish, who bleeding and in agony, had yet sufficient presence of mind to catch it up, and instantly discharging it, destroyed the serpent as it kept moving about, preparatory to its final dart. The report seemed to render the tiger more furious, who now even attempted to creep down into the trap. Poor Arthur began seriously to consider whether it were not better to yield to the jaws of the animal, than to remain to die a lingering death by starvation in this living grave. Desperation seemed almost about to drive him to madness. Well he knew that the snake's mate would probably ere long return to its consort. Already the earth began to crumble down under the scraping paws of the impatient tiger. Human nature could last out little longer, when suddenly a dying roar is heard! the savage animal turns over in agonies of death, transfixed by several poisoned arrows! In another minute Mactavish's late host and his friends appear, and lift him out of the pit. They shout with joy at seeing him safe. What, then, could their previous conduct mean? The mystery was soon cleared up; as they conducted him back to his budgerow they explained to him that they had been engaged in destroying a leopard which had fallen into one of their pit falls, and about which they were conversing when he overheard them. They were returning from this expedition when they heard the report of his gun, and rusting to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, had happily succeeded, as I have related, in saving him, and restoring him to the service, in which he has since risen to high rank and honors.

THE FIELD OF TIPPECANOE.

—Our windings, however, brought us to a sight mournful and solemn—a coffin in which rested an Indian babe! This rude coffin was supported in the crotch of a large tree, and secured from being displaced by the wind, being only a rough trough dug out with a tomahawk, and in which was deposited the little one, and having another similar trough bound down over the body with strips of papaw.

Sad seemed the dreamless sleep of the poor innocent so separate from the graves of its fathers and the children of its people! Mournful the voice of leaves whispering over the dead in that sacred tree! The rattling of naked branches there in the hoarse winds of winter!—how desolate! And yet if one after death *could* lie amid thick and [illegible] near the dear friends left—instead of being [illegible] in the damp vault, to be den like clay in the deep, deep grave!

But would that be rebellion against the sentence 'dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return?'—then let our bodies lie and in the dark till the morning and the life! See! what woodland is that yonder? That advanced like apex of a triangle; and yet as we approach nearer and nearer, is rising up and has become an elevated plain? That is Tippecanoe!

Yes this is Tippecanoe, as it stood some twelve years after the battle!—Tippecanoe in its primitive and sacred wildness! unscathed by the axe, unshorn by the scythe, unmarked by roads, unfenced! We are standing and walking among the slain warriors! Can it be that I am he, who but yesterday was roused from sleep to aid in 'setting up the declaration of war against Great Britain,' to appear as an extra sheet? and who, each subsequent week thrilled as I 'composed' in the 'iron stick' accounts of battles by land and fights at sea?—in the days of Maxwell rollers and Rammage presses!—and hardy pressmen in paper aprons and cloth trousers!—long before the invasion of petticoats and check aprons!

Oh! ye men and boys of ink and long primer!—how our spirits were stirred to phrensy and swelled with burnings and longings after fame!—while like trumpeters calling to battle, we scattered forth our papers that woke up the souls of men! Then I heard of Harrison and Tippecanoe; and dreamed even by day of a majestic soldier seated on his charger, and his drawn sword flashing its lightnings, and his voice swelling over the din of battle like the blast of the clarion!—and of painted warriors, like demons, rushing with the knife and tomahawk upon the white tents away, away off somewhere in the wilds,—of shout, and groan and sabre stroke, and deathshots falling thick and fast as lightning from the mountain cloud!—And do I stand, and without a dream look on Tippecanoe?

Even so! for see, here mouldering are trunks of trees that formed the hasty rampart! here the scars and seams in the trees torn by balls!—ay! here in this narrow circle are skeletons of, let me count again, yes, of fourteen war horses! But where the riders? Here under this beech—see the record in the bark! we stand on the earth over the dead—'rider and horse friend, foe—in one red burial blent!'

What is this? The iron band of a musket! See I have found a rusty bayonet! Was it ever wet with blood? Perhaps it belonged to the brave soul about whom the squatter gave us the following anecdote:

'A party of United States regulars were standing there, and with strict order for none to leave ranks. An Indian crawled behind this large log—it is pretty rotten now you see—and here loading and firing he killing four or five of us; while we daresn't quit ranks and kill him. But one of our chaps said to the nearest officer—'Leftenint for Heavens sake gimme leaf to kill that red devil ahind the log; I'll be in the ranks again in a minute! 'My brave fellow,' said the officer, daren't give you leave; I must see you go.' And with that he walked off skeeping' his back towards us' and when he turned and got baek our soldier was in the ranks; but gentlemen, his bagnit was bloody a deep groan from behind this here old log told the officer that the bagnit had silenced the rifle and avenged the fall of our messmates and comrades.'

If the reader imagine a strip of woodland, triangular in form, its point of apex jutting a kind of promontory into the prairie whose long grass undulates like the waving of a island sea; if on one side of this woody isle he imagines a streamlet about fifteen feet below and stealing along through the grass; and on the other side, here a mile and there two miles across the prairie, other woodlands hiding in their darkness the Wabash; and if he imagines that river at intervals gleaming in the meadow like illuminated parts merely of the grass lake, he may picture for himself something like Tippecanoe in the simplicity of 'uncurled' nature and before it was marred and desecrated by man's transformations.

The first intimation of the coming battle, as our squatter, who was in it, said, was from the waving grass. A sentinel hid that night in the darkness of the woods, was gazing in a kind of dreamy watchfulness over the prairie, admiring as many times before, the beauteous waving of its hazy bosom. But never had it seemed so strangely agitated; a narrow and strong current was setting rapidly toward his post; and yet no violent wind to give the stream that direction. He became, first curious, soon, suspicious.—Still nothing like danger appeared—no voice, no sound of footsteps, no whisper. Yet rapidly and steadily onward sets the current; its first ripples are breaking at his feet! He awakes all his senses—but discovers nothing; he strains his eyes over the top of the bending grass; and then—happy thought!—he kneels on the earth and looks intently below the grass Then indeed, he saw, not a wind moved current, but Indian warriors in a stooping posture and stealing noiseless towards his post—a fatal and treacherous under current in that waving grass!

The sentinel, springing to his feet, [illegible] "Who comes there?"

"Pottawatamie?" the answer [illegible] almost in contact with the soldier, and then fell back with a death scream as the ball of the sentinel's piece entered the warrior's heart, and gave thus the signal for combat!

Our men may have slumbered; for it was a time of treaty and truce—but it was in armour they lay, and with ready weapons in their hands; and it was to this precaution of their General, we owe the speedy defeat of the Indians; although not before they had killed about seventy of our little army No one can probably describe the horrors of that night attack—at least I shall not attempt it. It required the coolness and the deliberation, and at the same time, the almost reckless daring and chivalric behavior of the commander and his noble officers and associates, to foil such a foe, and at such a time; even with the loss of so many brave men of their small number.

That the foe was defeated and driven off is proof enough to Western men—(if not to Eastern politicians who do battles on paper plains)—that all was anticipated and done by Harrison that was necessary. It would not become a work like this, which inexperienced folks may not think is quite as true as other histories, to meddle with the history of an honest President; but the writer knows, and on the best authority, that General Harrison did that night all that a wise, brave and benevolent soldier ought to do or could do, and among other things, that his person was exposed in the fiercest and bloodiest fights where balls repeatedly passed through his clothes and his cap.

We lingered at Tippecanoe till the latest possible moment!—there was, in the wildness of the battle field—in my intimate acquaintance with some of its actors—in the living trees, scarred and hacked with bullet and hatchet, and marked with names of the dead—in the wind so sad and melancholy—something so like embodied trances, that I wandered the field all over, here standing on a grave, there resting on a decayed bulwark; now counting the scars of trees, now the skeleton heads of horses; finding in one spot a remnant of some iron weapon, in another, the bones of a slain soldier, dragged perhaps, by wild beasts from his shallow grave!—till my young comrades insisted on our return if we expected to reach our friend's house before the darkness of the night.—[Carlton's Seven Years in the Far West.

AARON BURR'S PAPERS.

The New York Courier states that such of those papers as lately found their way to Hartford, (Connecticut) are of no consequence whatever. They consist merely of copies of old law papers, which having been carefully culled over, were given to a poor man to sell as waste paper. All the letters, deeds, documents, &c. which were deemed to be of the least importance, are said to have been carefully preserved and are under the control of Col. Burr's executors.

The found papers, however, cannot be destitute of interest, nor wholly barren of fruit, if they contain many such passages as the following, which is a copy of a note to a written opinion in the celebrated Livingston steamboat case:

"P. S. I have endeavored to render these remarks intelligible by avoiding technical expressions, and think I have succeeded, except where it became necessary to speak of special pleading, which defies equally common sense and common language. The jargon of this science (as it is termed) is like the slang of highwaymen, invented for similar purposes, intelligible only to those of the profession. A. B,"

DEDICATION.—Among the number of beautiful houses of public worship which now adorn our city, we notice a handsome and neat little chapel called St Mary's, lately erected in Beuren street, which was dedicated to the service of the Most High, on Saturday morning last, by the Right Rev. Archbishop Eccleston. The edifice is exceedingly neat and chaste, is built of brick and surmounted by a handsome steeple, from which is suspended a fine clear toned bell. The interior of the building is appropriately decorated, especialy the altar upon which is an image of the Virgin Mary, on either side of which is a cherubim, supporting and crowning her with wreaths and garlands, and suspended from the wall, in the rear of the alter, are two handsome paintings, one representing Pope Pius the 5th, and, the other St. Elosius, at their devotions. In another part of the edifice hangs a painting of Mary Magdalene.—Altogether it is a neat building, and we learn, owes its erection alone to the munificence and liberality of our worthy fellow-citizen, Frederick Crey, Esq. [*Balt. Clip.*

IMPORTANT DECISION.—United States vs. William P. Zantzinger, and others.—These were suits on a Purser's bond, which occupied the Circuit Court for a fortnight, and were decided yesterday.—The Government claimed $8,881 72, and an account of off sets was pleaded in bar amounting to $16 879 19. The verdict of the Jury was for the Government in the sum of $8 253 32, with interest from May 31, 1843.

Several important questions was decided by the Court during the trial o—

1st. That a Purser in office and under bond, when the act of Congress of March 1, 1817 was passed, failing to give the new bond required by that law, is put out of office by force of the law, without any express removal by the President.

2d. That a Purser is not entitled to commissions on the disbursements of public money, made in the discharge of the ordinary and appropriate duties of his office.

Exceptions were taken in order to carry the case to the Supreme Court.

For the United States, the District Attorney.

For the defendants, Messrs. Bradley and Hoban.—Madisonian.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR. We learn from the N. York True Sun, that three buildings in that city, owned by this opulent gentleman, may be valued at $1.000,000. They are, the Astor House, valued at $700 000; the City Hotel $200 000, and the Park Theatre at $100,000. It is supposed that these edifices and lots would not now sell for these sums; but they have, in prosperous times, yielded, in rents, sums which paid a fair interest on the amount. The yearly income of Mr. Astor is estimated at $1,000,000 and the aggregate amount of his property of every discription, at $25 000 000

AN OLD NEGRO.—*Harry*, an African negro, imported into this county twenty five years before the Revolution, has lived on the Poplar Grove estate (belonging to the late Gen. Emory) from that time until the fourth of February last, at which time he died—making his age *one hundred and sixteen years and seven months* For the last 30 years he was supported by the Estate. Harry retained his health and erection of carriage until his death.—His honesty and probity were never questioned. A year since he was a witness in court and gave his testimony without any equivocation whatever.

Who will dare to say now that the Eastern Shore ain't as healthy as any place in the world.

The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer writes—

Most of those who went on to attend the Boston celebration have come back with the epidemic influenza, and indeed, few have escaped it of those who remained in New York. It has attacked horses and cows, I understand, as well as tenderer humanity, and with very much the same symptoms. Of some hundreds of emigrants who arrived lately, not one escaped it while lying in quarantine. So no blame to the Croton water, as has been attributed.

Cows yield a flood of milk now, provided you demand it of them at regular hours and take away every drop they have to spare. But if you leave part in the udder and seem careless about saving the whole, you cannot expect the cow to make extra efforts in your favour. She must be milked clean, and the milk must be taken from her as rapidly as possible after it begins to flow. Children must not be allowed to learn the art of milking on cows that you do not mean to dry off soon.—[Mass. Ploughman.

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