ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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The subscriber has just opened a fresh lot of
MILLINERY
AND
Fancy Goods,
cluding all the latest styles from New York and Boston; such as, Neopolitan, Straw, Chip Cactus, Sundowns and Linen hats, Bonnets of every style, Flowers, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings, Silks, Collars and a variety of Fancy Goods. Millinery and
DRESS MAKING
done at our rooms by
EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.
Have made arrangements to receive goods from New York and Boston
EVERY WEEK
and can give our customers
THE LATEST STYLES
AND
LOWEST MARKET PRICES.
Thanking the public for their past favors, I hope to receive my share of your future patronage.
MRS. N. M. JEWELL.
Barton, Vt., May 6th, 1872. 18

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Do Not be Humbugged
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Terms of payment made easy.—Inquire of JAMES BUSWELL, next door north of Hotel, Barton village, Vermont. 35-48

FOR SALE
IN BARTON VILLAGE,
the building now occupied by Geo. C. Davis, for
DWELLING HOUSE & GROCERY,
between Hall's and McDougall's stores; one of the
BEST LOCATIONS IN THE VILLAGE.
Building nearly new and in good repair. Inquire of
ROSWELL H. COREY.
Barton, Vt., April 29, 1873. 17tf

The King and the Cottager.

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

Pray list unto a legend
The ancient poets tell;
'Tis of a mighty monarch
In Persia once did dwell;
A mighty queer old monarch
Who ruled his kingdom well.

'I must build another palace,'
Observed this mighty King;
'For this is getting shabby
Along the southern wing;
And, really, for a monarch,
It isn't quite the thing.

'So I will have a new one,
Although I greatly fear,
To build it just to suit me,
Will cost me rather dear;
And I'll choose, God wot, another spot,
Much finer than this here.'

So he traveled o'er his kingdom
A proper sight to find,
Where he might build a palace
Exactly to his mind,
All with a pleasant prospect
Before it, and behind.

Not long with this endeavor
The King had traveled round,
Ere, to his royal pleasure,
A charming spot he found;
But an ancient widow's cabin
Was standing on the ground.

'Ah, here,' exclaimed the monarch,
'Is just the proper spot,
If this woman would allow me
To remove her little cot."
But the beldam answerel plainly,
She had rather he would not!

'Within this lonely cottage,
Great Monarch, I was born;
And only from this cottage
By Death will I be torn:
So spare it, in your justice,
Or spoil it in your scorn!'

Then all the courtiers mocked her,
With cruel words and jeers:—
'Tis plain her royal master
She neither loves nor fears;
We would knock her ugly hovel
About her ugly ears!

'When ever was a subject
Who might the King withstand?
Or deem his spoken pleasure
As less than his command?
Of course he'll rout the beldam,
And confiscate her land!'

But, to their deep amazement,
His Majesty replied:
'Good woman, never heed them,
The *King* is on your side:
Your cottage is your castle,
And here you shall abide.

'To raze it in a moment,
The power is mine, I grant;
My absolute dominion
A hundred poets chant;
For being *Khan* of Persia,
There's nothing that I *can't!*'

("I was in this pleasant fashion
The mighty monarch spoke;
For kings have merry fancies
Like other mortal folk:
And none so high and mighty
But loves his little joke.)

'But power is scarcely worthy
Of honor or applause,
That in its domination
Contemns the widow's cause,
Or perpetrates injustice
By trampling on the laws.

'That I have wronged the meanest
No honest tongue may say:
So bide you in your cottage,
Good woman while you may;
What's yours by deed and purchase
No man may take away.

'And I will build beside it.
For though your cot may be
In such a lordly presence
No fitting thing to see,
If it honor not my castle,
It will surely honor me!

'For so my loyal people,
Who gaze upon the sight,
Shall know that in oppression
I do not take delight;
Nor hold a king's convenience
Before a subject's right!"

Now from his spoken purpose
The King departed not;
He built the royal dwelling
Upon the chosen spot,
And there they stood together,
The palace and the cot!

Sure such unseemly neighbors
Were never seen before;
'His Majesty is doting,'
His silly courtiers swore;
But all true loyal subjects,
They loved their king the more.

Long, Long he ruled his kingdom
In honor and renown;
But danger ever threatens
The head that wears a crown,
And Fortune, tired of smiling,
For once put on a frown.

For ever secret Envy
Attends a high estate;
And ever lurking Malice
Pursues the good and great;
And ever base Ambition
Will end in deadly Hate!

And so two wicked courtiers,
Who long had strove in vain,
By craft and evil counsels,
To mar the monarch's reign,
Contrived a scheme infernal
Whereby he should be slain!

But as all deeds of darkness
Are wont to leave a clew
Before the glaring sunlight
To bring the knaves to view,
That sin may be rewarded,
And Satan get his due,—

To plan their wicked treason,
They sought a lonely spot
Behind the royal palace,
Hard by the widow's cot,
Who heard their machinations,
And straight revealed the plot!

'I see,'—exclaimed the Persian,—
'The just are wise alone;
Who spares the rights of others
May chance to guard his own:
The widow's humble cottage
Has propped a monarch's throne.'

Don't be proud and 'turn up your nose'
At poorer people in plainer clo'es.

Thrilling Balloon Voyage.

Flying over the White Mountains at the rate of 50 Miles an Hour—A Night Ride over the wilds of Maine and Canada—Out at Sea in the Darkness and Fog—Landing in the Tree Tops.

The balloon voyage made by Mr. Samuel A. King and the writer, Sept. 26 and 27, which had Plymouth, N. H., for its place of beginning, and the little, obscure settlement of Sayabec, in the Province of Quebec, on the line of the new Intercolonial Railway, for its terminal point, must certainly be regarded as one of the most thrilling and remarkable aerial journeys which has ever taken place in America. In fact, few of the balloon voyages made in France or England, of which record has been made, equal it either in extent of duration or distance. The wildest and most desolate regions of New Hampshire, Maine and the extreme lower portion of the Province of Quebec were traversed, to the very shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the voyage even extending out over that vast desert of waters, a contrary current of air fortunately bringing the balloon to land again. The whole distance traveled must surely have been considerably in excess of five hundred miles, inasmuch as the distance in an air line from Plymouth to our final landing place is found to be about four hundred and fifty miles. Our general course probably varied very little from a direct line until the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence were reached, when we descended into a contrary current which was blowing inland. Had we continued on over the Gulf in our original course, we should have reached in a few hours either the Island of Anticosti or the northern coast of the Gulf contiguous to the boundary line between the Province of Quebec and Labrador, five or six hundred miles below Quebec, a region sparsely populated by Indians and a few French. Nearly the whole journey—in fact every inch of it after the White Mountains were passed—was traveled in the darkness of a stormy night, and most of it over a trackless wilderness. The balloon passed over not only nearly all the highest peaks of the White Mountains, and within almost a stone's throw of the summit or Mount Washington itself, but over scores upon scores of other mountains, in Maine and Conada, besides lakes and rivers innumerable. The time occupied in the voyage was from eighteen minutes past four o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 26th, until five o'clock on the morning of the 27th—twelve hours and forty two minutes—and two additional hours were spent in securing the balloon to the tree tops and in making our way safely to terra firma, as our descent was made in a dense forest. An account of our adventure cannot fail to be of interest.

THE DEPARTURE FROM PLYMOUTH.

The ascension was made in connection with the Grafton County (N. H.) Fair, and was the main feature of the closing day's proceedings. The balloon used on the occasion had a capacity of twenty thousand cubic feet, and was inflated with pure hydrogen gas, manufactured on the grounds, to the extent of sixteen or seventeen thousand cubic feet. The weather had been lowering, with showers of rain, through the day, but at the time we left there were slight indications of clearing weather, which, however, were not realized. A short time before our departure there was quite a severe fall of rain. A year previous the same balloon had ascended from the same spot with three passengers, and taking an E. N. E. current of air, landed at Bridgton, Me., and in the course of the recent summer and the month of September it had ascended from Boston (July 13, when it descended in the water off Marshfield, Mass.,) Rochester, N. Y., and Schenectady, N. Y., the Rochester ascension having been made by Mr. King for the purpose of affording Mr. Schaeffer of the United States signal office at Washington an opportunity to make a series of scientific observations. The writer had accompanied Mr. King on his voyage from the Plymouth Fair Grounds the year previous and also on the Boston trip. This was to be his twentieth excursion among the clouds, while Mr. King was to make his one hundred and sixty sixth voyage to the upper regions. The day previous, a son of Mr. King, Walter S. King, had made his first balloon ascension, starting from the Fair Grounds at Fitchburg, Mass., and landing at Brookline, N. H. A telegram announcing his safe landing at the last named place was received by his father in Plymouth, a short time before our departure. The young man's first aerial trip, it is worthy of record, was made on the twenty first anniversary of his father's first attempt in the same line—The news of his son's safety was naturally a source of intense satisfaction to both of us, and it came like the presage of good fortune to ourselves.

After the balloon had been filled with the requisite amount of gas, the preparations for our departure were soon effected, although they were slightly delayed by the rain. We provided ourselves, as a matter of course, with warm overcoats, for the balloon was quite sure to reach a chilly region amid the clouds. The remainder of our outfit may be quickly enumerated: First in importance was a small basket of provisions, kindly furnished by Mr. Morse, landlord of the Pemigewasset House. The supply was ample for our supper in case we were unable to reach a habitation the same night, but it would have been made much larger had Mr. Morse or ourselves entertained even the most distant idea that we were to take a night ride over the interminable wilds of Maine and Canada, with a chance of dropping into their innermost and most inaccessible recesses. Our next important item of personal baggage was a gallon can filled with water. An Aneroid barometer, dry and wet bulb thermometers (manufactured by Huddlestone of Boston) Colton's Railroad, Township and Distance Map of New England, a relief map of the White Mountains, two pocket compasses, two pairs of opera glasses, note book, a small flask of brandy and an umbrella made up the rest. The people who had gathered to see us off doubtless marveled at our selection of the latter article, but they would have deemed our choice a wise one could they have seen what good service it rendered a few hours later. All the rain which fell upon the top of the balloon soon found its way down the sides of the globe into the basket, and the umbrella spread in the hoop above our heads gave us shelter, at least to some extent.

We were enabled to take three bags of sand ballast, which, in its moist condition, probably weighed about two hundred and twenty five pounds. Strange as it may seem, fully one half this amount was left in the bags when we descended, showing that the balloon had expended considerably less of its buoyancy than two thousand feet of hydrogen gas would furnish, notwithstanding the lapse of nearly thirteen hours, while the actual weight the balloon had to carry was from time to time increased by the rain. A thousand cubic feet of pure hydrogen is supposed to be capable of lifting sixty pounds, and this estimate would give the whole machine a lifting power of from 960 to to 1020 pounds. Allowing three hundred pounds for the weight of the balloon itself (gas envelope, netting and basket) and two hundred and twenty five pounds for the ballast, the remaining weight was divided about as follows: Passengers, three hundred and twenty five pounds; anchor, thirty five pounds; anchor rope and guide rope, fifty pounds; barometer, &c., twenty five pounds.

At eighteen minutes past four o'clock we bade Plymouth adieu and ascended, not swiftly but moderately, toward the murky looking clouds. The surface current was apparently from the north, or northwest, but some of the clouds had been drifting northeasterly in the direction of the mountains. Precisely what direction we should take in the upper currents, it was difficult to determine at the time of our departure, since the lower stratum of clouds were drifting with the light surface wind. As we rose from the earth a shout went up from the great crowd of people who had braved the rain to witness the spectacle, while the band played the highly appropriate air, "Up in a balloon," which they afterwards changed to the cheering notes of "Yankee Doodle." We acknowledged the cheers of our friends below as best we might, and meanwhile passed a little south or southeast of our starting point, soon, however, gaining a northeasterly course as we rose into the clouds at the hight of about a thousand feet. Plymouth and the surrounding country with the winding streams—the Pemigewasset and Baker's Rivers—were beneath our feet. The track upon the Fair Grounds appeared like an elongated circus ring, and Floral Hall, the sheds, cattle pens and band stand were reduced to mere blocks or curiously fashioned toys—The white houses and the great hotel in the village seemed smaller still, or mere dots in the great field of dark green.—The people below appeared like a swarm of flies upon a green carpet. There was no sunlight to brighten the scene and the valleys looked sombre and forbidding.—The mountains seemed piled up to the north and northeast like the dark waves of a tempestuous sea, but no sooner had we turned our eyes in those directions than we began to enter the clouds and the mountains were obscured from view.

AMID THE CLOUDS.

The balloon probably remained in sight of the people upon the Fair Grounds fifteen or twenty minutes, or at least we thought they might catch occasional glimpses of us through the interstices of the clouds for that length of time, since Plymouth itself was plainly in our sight for the most part until after half past four o'clock. The lower stratum of clouds was made up of fleecy masses which obscured the earth only in spots, and some of the vapor we could see thro', though dimly. Campton was thus in sight when we passed across the Pemigewasset river and along the ridge north of the Mad river, of which Waterville Mountain, Cone Mountain and Mad River Peak form a part. The roar of Livermore Falls had been the first noise to attract our attention after the joyous shouts of our friends below had died away, and as we approached the mountains our ears were saluted by a grand chorus of falling waters, the sound of which ascends with more distinctness than any other noise. As we ascended through the lower stratum of clouds and through the open space above it, we noted by the compass that we were taking a northeast course, but as we became enveloped in the murky mass of the second stratum, which was about a thousand feet thick and began at an altitude of about a mile, we were wholly at a loss to determine the direction in which we were traveling. From below and again from above, these clouds appeared dark, though while we were within their folds they had a dim, whitish appearance.—Strain our eyes as we would we could not pierce the misty curtain. The thermometer, which had shown a temperature of 68 degrees upon the ground, had gradually fallen to 47 degrees just below the second stratum of clouds, and to 44 degrees amid the clouds. When we rose into the open space above the second stratum, we found still another layer of leaden colored clouds at no great distance above our heads. Between the two strata, in the west, the whitish light of the sun, now approaching the horizon, was discerned, but it was soon lost to view as we ascended into the mystic regions of the cloud layer above. A mountain ridge rose through the second stratum of clouds in front of us, but it was soon obscured by the floating masses of vapor which were constantly changing shape, so that we could not define them. Neither had we reduced our barometrical observations by computation so as to be able to determine our exact altitude; else we might have known that it was the White Mountain range proper, of which Mount Washington is the head centre. Over the mountains the cloud strata were less defined, and we seemed to be among dense masses of rolling vapor which were constantly changing in form.

AMONG THE HIGH MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

We had been sailing through the clouds at a varying hight of from a mile and a quarter to a mile and a half and two miles, entirely unconscious of our course or the velocity with which we were traveling—for even the compass could only indicate the different points while we seemed to be moving not at all—when we emerged from the clouds and found ourselves in close proximity to a bare mountain peak. We were not more than three or four hundred feet above it, and as we continued to descend slowly we soon found one or two neighboring peaks towering above our heads. Near us was a deep black chasm, in the recesses of which we could hear the gentle music of a cascade. The bleak mountain tops, overspread by a black, inky pall, towered up in awful grandeur. It was only quarter past five o'clock, but the dense and murky clouds threw an almost midnight blackness over the scene. A few handfulls of sand were thrown out—the first that had been expended—and the balloon turned and rose again above the peaks. Our progress at this time was very rapid, and we had passed over several of the summits in a briefer space of time than it takes to record the fact.—The strange and unfamiliar appearance of the several peaks when viewed from above, coupled with the fact that both our course and speed had been wholly hidden from us, misled us as to our true position. Although we had left Plymouth only fifty seven minutes before we were already sailing over Mounts Clay, Jefferson and Adams, forty miles distant from Plymouth in an air line. While in the clouds we had sailed over Pemigewasset Mountain, just west of Mt. Carrigain, Willey Mountain, and thence across the White Mountain Notch not far above the Willey House and over Mts. Webster, Jackson, Pleasant, Franklin, Clay, Jefferson and Adams. Mts. Monroe, Washington and Madison were left a little distance to the east, and with those three exceptions we had passed over every peak of the White Mountain range proper. Although I had been upon the summit of every peak east of the White Mountain Notch save Mts. Webster and Madison, I failed to recognize any of those we saw, until subsequent developments showed our course to have been as above, a circumstance well enough accounted for in the changes and unfamiliar appearance of everything when seen from above. Mt. Washington was veiled in clouds as we descended from a much higher altitude but a short distance northwest of it, and sailed on over Clay, Jefferson and Adams, and from the latter we looked across the great gulf just in time to see its cone dimly appearing among the mists which were for the moment partially dispelled. None of the buildings, however, were to be discerned, and it was not until after we had crossed the valley of the Androscoggin and approached Lake Umbagog, far beyond, that the real truth of our position dawned upon us.

ACROSS THE ANDROSCOGGIN VALLEY.

Soon after passing over the mountains the noise of a steam whistle and a moving railway train arrested our attention, and passing through a few thin clouds we found ourselves directly above a settled valley, along which for many miles we could see a river. Having fixed already upon the mountain peaks over which we had just passed as Mt. Carrigain and some of its neighbors, I supposed we were now approaching the Saco Valley, and the railway train to be upon the North Conway road. The compass, to be sure, would indicate the course we were traveling while the earth was in sight, but the mistake as to our position was natural enough in our ignorance of the astounding fact that we were moving along at the rapid rate of nearly fifty miles an hour. Had it been the Saco valley instead of the Androscoggin we should have had the satisfaction of reaching a settled portion of Maine, in the neighborhood of Lovell, Stoneham, Mason or Bethel. As it proved, we crossed the Androscoggin river and the Grand Trunk Railway between Gorham and Berlin Falls, and then passed out over the wilderness. We had heard the train stop at a station and then move on, and we also heard persons shouting as we sailed over them. The balloon was doubtless seen both from Berlin Falls and Gorham. At this time we were about a mile from the earth, and so rapidly were we traveling and so suddenly was the valley brought into view, that Mr. King would have been unable to bring up within so narrow a space. In eleven minutes after passing over Mount Adams, we had reached the northeastern side of the Androscoggin valley and were traveling swiftly on toward Lake Umbagog. We continued almost from the moment we ascended from Plymouth to hear the noise of the cascades among the mountains and the falls upon the larger rivers. The roar of Berlin Falls I had mistaken for that of Jackson Falls or Goodrich Falls, or possibly Glen Ellis.

A BEAUTIFUL SPECTACLE.

We still supposed ourselves to be journeying toward a settled portion of Maine, and as we entered the clouds at about half past five o'clock, or rather as the rain clouds enveloped us, we were in the mood to enjoy a gorgeous spectacle which soon presented itself. Had we known that a trackless waste, hundreds of miles in extent, laid in front of us, we should not have been so well contented. The rain pattered down upon the roof of the balloon, but with nothing like the fierceness subsequently met with. Here as well as over the high mountains, there seemed little to distinguish between the different layers of clouds. Occasionally we found ourselves floating in a cloudy dell, as it were in an open space with clouds above and below us and vapory walls nearly if not wholly enclosing us. We were thus surrounded when the pavement of our misty prison was suddenly tinged with a roseate glow. There was no apparent cause for the strange and beautiful spectacle, and Mr. King was vividly reminded of a trip he had once made through the clouds while a conflagration was raging beneath. The balloon was slowly sinking, and as we passed down through the vapor we discovered the cause of the mystic illumination to be the fast setting sun, which seen through the thin mists appeared like a ball of red fire whose gleaming light shed a new glory upon all around.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

We had continued in the belief that we were approaching the settled portion of Oxford county, Maine, long after we had in reality crossed the valley of the Androscoggin, and not until we were approaching Lake Umbagog and the range of Lakes beyond did we realize the true state of the case. It was a few minutes past six o'clock when we approached Lake Umbagog, and the dense clouds made it so dark that I had difficulty in reading the barometer and thermometers. In fact our last readings were taken at six minutes past six o'clock. While passing over a considerable elevation some fifteen minutes before, probably in the upper part of the township of Success, N. H., or Cambridge, we heard the blows of a wood-cutter's ax, but no other sound made by human power reached our ears through the long night. All our attempts to make the man hear us were fruitless, and we quickly passed away from the cheerful sound as it mingled itself with the never ceasing sound of the mountain streams. The man was doubtless some hunter or lumberman cutting wood for the evening camp fire, for it was not likely that he was pursuing his daily toil at so late an hour in the storm. Lake Umbagog was readily recognized on account of its shape, and we began to realize that we were approaching the great unbroken wilderness of Northern Maine, with no prospects of a single human habitation short of the line of settlements on the south-eastern shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, two or three hundred miles below Quebec, or possibly the straggling Madawaska settlements along the borders of Maine and Northern New Brunswick, in the event of the balloon taking a course a little more eastward.

"THERE'S A LIGHT."

We were nearly across Lake Umbagog which we passed over diagonally from the south-west to the north-east, two or three miles from the southern extremity, when we espied a light on the shore. We were nearly over it, in fact, before we distinguished it, probably on account of its hidden position among the trees. We hallooed as loudly as we could, but all to no purpose, for no sound came up to our ears in return. All was of a death-like stillness, save the notes of falling water, and the solitary cry of a loon, which we heard out upon the lake.

"AND ANOTHER."

We had passed by the first light a little distance when we discovered another near the water's edge (or upon the water—we were unable to tell which—) a quarter of a mile, possibly, north of the first one. It appeared to be moving about, but whether in search of the loon or of benighted wanderers upon the lake, as they might possibly have thought us in case they heard our cries, we had no means of telling. The latter supposition was hardly plausible, for we should have heard their shouts in reply. That they would see the balloon was yet more improbable for the reason that it was quite dark and we were floating just below and sometimes in masses of clouds. A third light sprung up somewhere east of the stream leading into Umbagog from the east, but all our shouting had no effect and we floated onward toward the wilderness. It would have been a difficult matter to have landed anywhere in the region, for the lakes are surrounded by dense forests, and we should surely have had trouble in the tree-tops or in the water. Mr. King thought if occasion offered he might come down in the water and float to the shore, but this course was now wholly impracticable, for lakes and rivers were being placed between us and the remotest trace of civilization, and we might be compelled to wander for days and days before we should be able to reach the opposite side or encounter a logging camp or a hunting party. Nevertheless we took the precaution to note the position of the lights in connection with our course, to serve our purpose in case of a descent within a reasonable distance of them.

TAKING AN ACCOUNT OF STOCK.

We were inevitably drifting toward the heart of the wilderness with the prospect that the buoyant resources of the balloon would become exhausted long before the region was passed. That we should be compelled to come down in these wilds seemed almost certain. Under these circumstances we proceeded to examine our own resources to ascertain what we had at our command to aid us in a prolonged sojourn in the woods and to plan toward economizing them as far as possible. In the first place our provisions were limited, and we decided to go without our supper in order to make them last the longer. We were going into a section abounding in fish and game, but a single fish-line and two pocket knives comprised all our implements of offence and defence. Firearms we had none, and yet the forests of upper Maine and Canada are traversed by bears and other wild animals. We mustered four matches, and these were all the means we had of creating fire. The prospect was anything but a cheerful one, but we were determined to make the best of it. Mr. King had the intention of letting the balloon descend to the earth, and of retaining it there without further loss of gas until a favorable wind might arise to waft us backward on our course or in a southerly or westerly direction. All this could be effected only in the event of our finding a convenient landing place, and an absence of wind at the surface. A forced descent among the tree-tops or a rapid movement of the balloon in our approach to them might be productive of extreme danger. We had one attachment to the balloon—the guide rope—which proved of incalculable advantage to us on several occasions when we approached the surface, its gathering weight upon the tree-tops or the earth serving to check the downward course of the balloon.

A LONG AND WEARY NIGHT.

Night had now fully set in, and a dark, dreary, dismal night it was—a night beset with hopes and fears, and of incidents of a most thrilling character. It was perhaps half past nine or ten o'clock when the range of lakes and Mount Carmel faded away from our vision. The darkness prevented us from ascertaining the hour by means of our watches. The storm clouds appeared to settle lower, and we were frequently in the midst of the rainfall which gradually wet us through and through in spite of the partial protection afforded by the umbrella, which we spread within the hoop over our heads. Without this protection we should have been thoroughly drenched within half an hour after leaving Plymouth. The greater part of the time we were in the clouds, sometines at a very considerable hight—two miles or more. The temperature was mild near the surface, probably in the fifties, but we were often in a cold atmosphere which chilled us to the very marrow of our bones, wet as we were. Besides the cold temperature, there were the other certain indications of great elevation—difficulty of respiration and ringing in the ears. In the early part of the night Mr. King had endeavored to discover a place where he might with safety detain the balloon until daylight, and he still entertained the same design. Nevertheless, he deemed it best to let his craft take its own upward and downward course, being prepared to check its downward passage if it approached too near the trees. By these means he avoided the loss of either gas or ballast, and secured the use of the balloon in journeying out of the wilderness for a longer period. It has repeatedly been demonstrated in Mr. King's experience, but never more fully than on this voyage, that a balloon travels with greater uniformity and consequently with less loss of power in the night than in the day, when the sun's heat, clouds, and other extraneous influences cause continual and sudden changes in the degree of rarefaction of the gas, inducing at first a high ascent with an overflow and then an expenditure of ballast to equalize the buoyant power and secure for the time, or until further waste takes place, the equilibrium of the aerial machine. For at least six hours after passing over the White Mountains the balloon traveled through the air, without the loss of a single ounce of ballast, and for the most part at nearly the same elevation. The quality of the gas, the wet condition of the balloon before starting, which called for a certain added amount of buoyant power at the outset of the voyage, and the rapid rate at which we were traveling, all contributed doubtless to this result, but the main cause was the uniform temperature encountered at a given plane of elevation. The balloon would occasionally rise to an unusual hight, but the overflow of gas would check its flight, and in no instance was the escape so exhaustive as to bring us fully down to the earth. Once, toward morning, we mounted above the clouds into the clear atmosphere, and again we saw the moon, which rose late, shining faintly between two strata of clouds, but for nearly the whole night we were in, or a short distance below, dense clouds, and much of the time within the influence of the rain clouds.

It was a strange sensation, and by no means a pleasurable one, to be thus journeying through the air, over a wild and densely wooded region of which we knew nothing—for even our own course was hidden from us—with a strong probability that we would ultimately be compelled to descend, perhaps in the very heart of the wilderness, and work our way out as best we might, without the most remote iudication of which direction we had best take to reach the nearest settlement, and that, a hundred miles or more away. If we had continued in the same direction in which we had traveled in the early stage of our voyage, we were somewhere over the northern wilds of Maine, but even had we been sure regarding our actual course, we might err vastly in our estimates of the progress we had made, for it was an utter impossibility for us to establish the merest reliable fact relative to our rate of speed since the lakes and mountains of Western Maine were passed.—We might starve to death in the forests in our vain endeavors to extricate ourselves. While these and kindred thoughts with the faces of loved ones at home who might never know our fate, continually haunted our minds, neither courage nor calmness once forsook us, and we coolly and manfully discussed our chances, and determinedly laid our plans of action in case we encountered the worst.

CAMP FIRES IN THE WILDERNESS.

Whenever we came beneath the clouds, and for a considerable space of time we were floating above fleecy masses which obscured the surface only in patches, while the denser clouds hung about us like a pall, we strained our eyes in search of habitations or camp fires. We saw several of the latter at different times—perhaps a dozen in all—but in every case they were too far away to risk a descent among high trees in order to reach them, and our most lusty attempts to attract the attention of the campers utterly failed. Twice or more the woodsmen were known to be stirring their fires, for the joyous gleam danced high in the air, as if in mockery of our helplessness. At one place, probably on the extreme upper Penobscot or some one of its tributaries, we saw three campfires at no very great distance apart.—They were doubtless in some logging district. None of these illuminations appeared later than eleven or twelve o' clock, and we judged, and rightly too, that we had reached the solitudes of the inner and unbroken wilds.

ON THE LOOKOUT FOR BREAKERS AHEAD.

When the clouds were running low and the balloon itself chanced to be coursing at a comparatively slight altitude among them, we found it advisable to keep a close watch ahead for mountain peaks, in very much the same manner sailors maintain a lookout from the masthead for breakers when near a dangerous coast. The country seemed a succession of mountain ridges, and many of the highest peaks lifted their giant arms above the lower stratum of clouds. Many times a black mass would appear quite near us, and in several instances it was discovered to be towering to some hight above us on one side or the other of our course, but we passed safely over or between all such obstructions, and indeed, our altitude was, for the

(*See fourth page.*)