

MR. BROWN'S LAST ASCENT.

One fine summer-morning, a few years since, there was wonderful excitement in the Irish village of Ballydooley. All the idle men, women, and children in the neighbourhood—comprehending about nine-tenths of the population—were assembled on the large level common which served as a racecourse and balling-green; and all thronged towards some object in the centre, which formed the nucleus of the crowd.

'Yes, then, what's the name of it at all, at all?' demanded one ragged gossoon.

'Is it tied to the tail of it he's going to go up?' asked another.

'Ah, don't be foolish!' exclaimed an old man, the 'sense-carrier' of the district: 'don't ye see the long ropes he's going to hold on by?'

'Well, well!' groaned an old woman, taking her *duden*, or short black pipe, out of her mouth, and sticking it, lighted as it was, within the folds of her cross-barred cotton neckerchief; 'them English are mighty quare people. I'm sure, when we heard that this Mr. Brown, with his sacks of goold, was coming to Ritalm, after buying out the rale ould stock of the Deasys, we thought he'd have carriages and horses galore, and maybe a fine yacht in the harbour; but it never entered the heads of any of us, that nothing less would serve him than going cooing through the air, like a wild-goose, at the tail of a ballone, or whatsoever they call it.'

For some time past, the process of inflating the balloon had been going on; and now the great gaily-painted orb towered tremulously above the heads of the gaping spectators, and pressing against the cords by which it was held down, it seemed only to await the arrival of the bold aeronaut to dart upwards on its way.

'Here he is!' exclaimed the outward stragglers of the crowd; and presently a carriage drew up, and out stepped Mr. Brown the English millionaire, who had lately become an Irish landed proprietor. Mr. Brown, was a little dapper man, whom a very small amount of pugilistic force would have sufficed to lay level with the soil of his adoption. He was one of those unlucky individuals who meet an accident at every turn—who, entering a room, invariably slip, tumble, knock down some piece of furniture, or sit down beside their chair instead of upon it. He seldom escaped upsetting his ink-stand; sending his meat and drink the 'wrong way,' and then coughing and choking for half an hour; cutting his fingers, tearing his coat, or knocking his forehead against a door, so that he rarely appeared in society without scars, plasters, or bandages. In practising gymnastics, he had knocked out three teeth; in yachting at Cowes, he had been four times nearly drowned; in shooting on the moors in Scotland, he had left the grouse unharmed, but he had blown off two of his own fingers. A taste for pyrotechny had singed handsomely his eyebrows, hair, and whiskers; and as to railway travelling, his hairbreadth 'escapes and moving accidents, amid collisions, upsets, and explosions, would have served to fill two or three handsome orange-coloured volumes of the English Railway Library, or the French *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*.

At length, having tried the three elements of earth, water, and fire, it occurred to Mr. Brown that the remaining one of air, as a medium of locomotion, might be more agreeable, and could not be more perilous, than the others. He accordingly, the year before, when residing on his estate in Devonshire, had purchased an excellent balloon, and, strange to say, had made several ascents, and had come down again in perfect safety. On this occasion, he meditated a flight over the Green Isle, and intended to come down at Belfast; but the best informed members of the crowd asserted that he was going 'every step of the way to Amerikay.'

A London friend, who had 'come to Ireland on a fishing-excursion, had promised to join Mr. Brown in his flight; but, as it would seem, his courage failed, and he came not. In no-wise discouraged, however, Mr. Brown was just about to step into his aerial car, when a tall strongly-built man suddenly stepped forward and politely saluting the aeronaut, said: 'May I ask you a question, sir?'

'Certainly.'

'Is it true that you are going to America?'

'No; merely to Belfast, wind and weather permitting.'

'Belfast,' repeated the stranger in a musing manner—the north of Ireland. Well, that is just the direction towards which I want to go, and I hate land-travelling. Will you, sir, accept me as a companion?'

Mr. Brown hesitated for a moment; but as he really wished for some one to accompany him, he saw no serious objection to the plan, and accordingly signified his acquiescence, merely remarking to the stranger, that his costume seemed too light for the regions of cold air which they would have to traverse.

'Bah!' was the reply. 'I have passed through more changes of climate than that, and I am happily very robust.'

'Well,' said Mr. Brown, looking at the massive frame of the unknown, 'my car is large

enough. Come, in the name of Providence! So they took their places, and the word was given: 'Let go!'

The fifteen men whose hands were severely pressed by the straining cords, desired nothing better, and in a moment the freed balloon began to ascend majestically. The crowd shouted and clapped their hands.

'Ah!' cried Mr. Brown, 'this is delightful! Don't you think so?' Not receiving any answer, he turned and looked at his travelling-companion. There he was, lying almost flat on his face and hands, with his head over the side of the car: his eyes were fixed, his hair bristling.

'Are you afraid?' asked Mr. Brown.

No answer. The balloon ascended rapidly, and ere long arrived at the region of the clouds. Turning once more to his immovable companion, Mr. Brown shook him slightly by the arm, and said: 'Are you ill?' Still no reply, but a fixed and solid stare. They were now at a great elevation; clouds lay beneath their feet, above their heads a burning sun, and infinite space around them.

Suddenly the stranger stood upright, his face pallid as that of a corpse.

'Faster! faster!' he exclaimed in a tone of authority; and seizing in succession three of the bags of sand which served as ballast, he flung them out of the car, at the same time laughing in a strange wild manner. 'Ha!' he cried, 'that's the way to travel! We shall distance the swallow, we shall tower above the eagle. When I was in the Abruzzi with my rifle in my hand, watching for stray travellers, I never felt so excited as I do now. Then their lives were in danger, now it is my own.'

Very pleasant! thought the owner of the balloon. I have picked up some rascally Italian brigand.

'Better to fight with the elements than with customhouse officers!' continued his companion. The balloon ascended at a terrific rate. In his turn, Mr. Brown stood up, and laying his hand on the stranger's arm, said:

'For Heaven's sake, don't stir! Our lives are at stake. I must allow some of the gas to escape, in order to repair your imprudence.'

'How do you do it?'

'I have only to draw this string, which is connected with the valve.'

'And if you had not that resource, what would be the consequence?'

'We should continue to ascend, until everything would burst from excessive dilatation. The man continued for a few moments in deep thought; then suddenly drawing out a knife, he cut the cord as high up as he could reach.

'Faster! faster!' he reiterated. The stranger was a giant compared with Mr. Brown, who, perceiving that he could obtain nothing by force, began to try conciliation.

'Sir,' said he in a soothing tone, 'you are a Christian, I make no doubt. Well, our religion forbids homicide!'

'Faster!' shouted the giant; and seizing the remaining sacks of sand, he scattered their contents to the clouds. Mr. Brown fell on his knees.

'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'if you have no regard for your own life, at least have some pity on mine. I am young, rich, happy; I have a mother and a sister: in their name, I conjure you to stretch your hand up to the valve, and save us from a dreadful death, by allowing some gas to escape.'

Shaking his wild locks, the stranger drew off his coat, and exclaiming: 'We are not ascending!' flung it out.

'Your turn now!' he continued; and without the smallest ceremony, he despoiled the unfortunate Brown of his paletot, and threw it over.

The balloon pursued its wild career without stop or stay.

'Ha! ha!' said the stranger: 'while we're thus climbing so pleasantly towards the sky, I'll tell you a story—shall I? His unhappy companion did not stir. Already, from the extreme rarity of the air, the blood was gushing from his eyes and ears. 'Listen! Three years ago, I lived in Madrid. I was a widower, with one little daughter, a gentle bright-eyed angel: her long curling hair is waving this moment before my eyes. One day, I went out early, and did not return until late; my child, my beautiful Emma, was gone; banditti had come and stolen her from me. But, my friend, have you a cannon here?' Mr. Brown made mechanically a sign in the negative. 'What a pity!—I would have bombarded Spain! Ever since, I have searched for my child in every country of Europe, but in vain. Now I think she may be in the north of Ireland. Have you a lucifer-match here?' Mr. Brown made no reply, but shook his head. 'You have not? Ah! if I could get one, I would set the balloon on fire; and then, when reduced to ashes, it would be much lighter! When you first saw me this morning, I was examining the stupid faces of your crowd, to see if the dark foreign one of my Emma's robber might be amongst them.'

It was evident to poor Mr. Brown that his travelling-companion was a confirmed lunatic. A sudden idea struck him.

'What is your name?' he asked.

'Gerald Annesley.'

'The very same!'

'What mean you?'

'I know where the wretch lives who stole your child; we are now just above the spot. Draw the valve, Mr. Annesley, and in a short time you will embrace your Emma!'

'No, no, you are deceiving me. My Emma is not on earth; she is in heaven. Last night, she appeared to me in a dream, and told me so. That's the reason I want to ascend higher and higher. Come, my friend, help me: let us both blow as hard as we can on the balloon. As we are beneath, our breath must help it to rise. Blow! blow!' Mr. Brown, moved by terror, tried to obey.

'It does not stir! Come, mount on my shoulders, and push the balloon!' And without consulting him any further, the giant caught him up, as if he had been a feather, and held him above his head, saying: 'Now, push the balloon!'

The unlucky victim tried to obey, but the blood blinded his eyes. There was a horrible buzzing in his ears, and lights flashed before him. For a moment, he thought of throwing himself over, in order to end his torments.

'Ha!' shouted the madman, 'it does not go!'

At that moment the trembling hand of Mr. Brown touched accidentally the cord of the safety-valve. He made it play, and the collapsing orb began to descend rapidly. Through the clouds, it darted downwards, and the earth re-appeared.

'Ah!' cried Annesley, 'instead of pushing the balloon, as I told you, you drew it downwards. Push upwards!—push, I say!'

'You see that I am pushing as hard as I can. No; for here is the earth!'

'It is only that the clouds are rising towards the upper regions.'

'Well, let us do the same. Let us throw out all our ballast.'

p>'We have no more.' Gerald Annesley laid Mr. Brown gently in the bottom of the car.

'We have no more ballast, you say?' he asked, looking fixedly at him.

'No more.'

'How much do you weigh?' This question fell on poor Brown like a stunning blow. 'How much do you weigh?' repeated his companion in a louder tone.

'Ah, very little—nothing that could make the slightest difference—a mere trifle.'

'A mere trifle! Well, even that will make some difference.' The imminence of the peril gave our aeronaut presence of mind.

'My friend,' said he, 'your child is not dead. I saw her last week near Belfast. She is living with a family who love her, and treat her as their own. In a very short time, if you will allow us to descend, you will meet her.' The madman looked at him with a wild doubting gaze.

'Yes,' continued Brown eagerly, anxious to confirm the impression he had made; 'you will see her, your darling little Emma, running to meet you with outstretched arms, and her fair golden curls waving in the wind.'

'You lie! you lie! Emma's hair was as black as jet! Man! you never saw her! How much do you weigh?'

'Ah! a mere nothing—only a few pounds!'

Gerald Annesley seized Mr. Brown with both hands, and held him suspended over the side of the car. In another moment, he would have dropped him into the abyss of space.

p>'Annesley!' exclaimed the poor man, 'you want to mount higher!'

'Yes! yes!'

'Your only wish is to lighten the balloon!'

'Yes.'

'Then, how much do you weigh yourself?'

'Two hundred pounds.'

'Well, if you were to throw yourself over, the balloon, lightened of such a great weight, would dart upwards with inconceivable rapidity.' The madman reflected for a moment.

p>'True!' he said; 'you are right!' He laid Mr. Brown in the bottom of the car, and stared wildly around.

p>'My Maker!' he cried, 'I go to meet Thee; I go to embrace my child, my Emma!' And flinging himself over, he disappeared.

p>The balloon and its owner reached the earth in safety: the latter, however, lay for many weeks raving in brain-fever. When he recovered, he gave orders to have his perilous plaything sold at any sacrifice, and soon afterwards provided himself with an excellent care-taker in the shape of a pretty young wife, under whose tutelage 'the master,' as his Irish valet remarks, 'is growing a dale more handy in himself.' So this was Mr. Brown's last ascent to the clouds.

Mr. Ward, of Thorold, U. C., has invented a very destructive shell. During its trial from an eight-inch Columbian gun, some of the shells took a ricochet on the sand in front of the target, and after the ricochet, hit the target and exploded, doing serious damage, cutting several 12-inch timbers in pieces, and destroying the target. Should this invention be brought to perfection, it will probably work quite a revolution in fort and naval warfare; for instance take a gun of 10 or 12-inch calibre, working upon the deck of a naval steamer; one shot of this calibre, taking effect, at wind and water, would sink the largest ship of the line.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Wednesday, September 5, 1855.

The absence of a sea-coast on the European side of his, even then immense territory, struck the Czar Peter the Great, as a fatal obstacle to the intended grandeur of the Empire of which he was then meditating the foundation. Hence the millions expended in founding a second capital amid the morasses at the mouth of the Neva. Hence the fortifications at Cronstadt, Sweaborg &c., and the successors of Peter have ever since pursued the same line of policy, nor have they omitted a single opportunity of extending their dominions, so as to enlarge their facilities for foreign commerce. We look, therefore, upon the destruction of Sweaborg, accompanied as it has been with little or no loss of human life, as the greatest feat accomplished since the commencement of hostilities.

It is a blow in the most vital part. Who will now venture to assert that Cronstadt is impregnable? It would not in the least surprise us, to find on the arrival of the next mail that Cronstadt had surrendered. Men who put their faith in the security of fortifications are more easily appalled, when it is shown that that security is not so implicitly to be relied on as they had been led to imagine; at the same time, and in the same proportion as the faith of the defenders is beginning to be weakened, so does the confidence and ardor of the assailants continue to increase. The old saying that familiarity begets contempt is as true in war and of enemies, as in peace among acquaintances; we soon learn where to look for the weak points of each, and having found them, we are in a better condition either to defend ourselves or attack others. There is truth as well as poetry in the words of the song:—
"Britannia needs no bulwarks no towers along the deep,"

and he who first penned the line,
"Britannia's best bulwarks are her wooden walls,"

was the author of an axiom as sound and indisputable in politics as those of Euclid in mathematics. Should Sebastopol have fallen, as there is every probability, the commerce of Russia both in the Baltic and the Black Seas, may hereafter revive and increase, but her future ascendancy as a naval power is out of the question. Should either of these events—the fall of Sebastopol or that of Cronstadt—take place while the Queen is in France, what a brilliant page will be added to the history of both nations. The field of the cloth of gold will lose its lustre in the comparison. We can hardly conceive a spectacle more really grand, than the Sovereigns of the two greatest nations on the earth, for so many years rivals, now congratulating each other in the most renowned capital of Europe, on the step put to the career of that semi-barbarism that would have reduced civilization and refinement to its own level, and they may justly indulge in the pride that the nations of which they are the ostensible heads, have been selected as the means under Providence of restoring peace to the world, and enabling science and commerce to go hand in hand continuing to dispense the blessings the extension which have marked the progress of the last half century.

TO THE EDITOR OF HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Sir;

By your Paper of Saturday, 1st September, an Advertisement headed *Columbus! Columbus!* A *Chance for the three Counties*, appears declaring a Lottery to have been undertaken, set up for this celebrated Horse, to take place on 26th of September, at the Globe Hotel.

I did not suppose our Legislation on the subject of public morals was so much behind that of Nova Scotia. By the Volume of Revised Statutes of that Province published in 1851, Chap. 158, Sec. 1., p. 445, the following provision is made on the subject of Lotteries or Raffles.

"6. Whoever shall undertake or set up, or shall by writing or printing, publish the undertaking or setting up, of any lottery or raffle for money or goods, with intent to have such lottery or raffle drawn or thrown, or to induce persons to purchase tickets or to give money or other valuables for any such lottery or raffle, or shall play, throw or draw at such lottery or raffle, or shall purchase any lot or ticket for any such lottery, or shall take part in any such raffle, shall forfeit a sum not exceeding ten pounds, and in default of payment shall be committed to jail for a period not exceeding thirty days."

To Correspondents.

"A Teacher," Prince County, with name, was mislaid, it would have appeared in this issue but for its great length.

"J. H. F." will appear in its turn.

We must repeat, that no Communication will be inserted without the name of the author is made known to us as a guarantee to the correctness of his statements.

PRINCE

This enter notice, in the town Royalty. The object of aid of comp one o'clock from all directed nearly tants of Mal but numbers the distant nor's, &c., object in vie ments of the correct desc would occur within hour be asserted display of t occasion. beginning b be in right observe the ments had always zeal highest cre executed th ly. The ric —of which and to wh down, and by any thi witnessed l After tea tion on the arrange treat, the the Chair, Ladies friendly n improve admirably comfort an of life; an still furth uniting w us some v ing is to Institute o advanced the funds occasion a We are m come from prize, an different i ourselves, able, it whatever thing that excluded. We may origin, s American thereupon score. V and are no offence God.—th are not are to be and in th But th ly legitim ing is t improve vancom and all disease conduct any thi legitima example before p Patterac spoke s which h ment, w The Re appreci ing no excellen larly, a some of young experie being of whic of econ and ec youth, progres educati instrun form in The l private eloque really taken which could blage. John as usu was mislaid