

From the Watertown (N. Y.) Reformer, Extra, of October 5, 1859.

MR. HADDOCK'S ACCOUNT.

300 MILES IN FOUR HOURS!

They Land in the Great Canada Wilderness.

ATLANTIC ABANDONED.

FOUR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD!

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

NEARLY every one in this locality [WATERTOWN, N. Y.] is aware that the second ascension of the Balloon *Atlantic* was advertised for the 20th of September. The storm of that and the following day obliged the postponement of the Ascension until the 22d (Thursday). Every arrangement had been made for a successful inflation, and at 27 minutes before 6 p. m., the glad words "all aboard" were heard from LaMountain, and that distinguished aeronaut and myself stepped into the car. Many were the friendly hands we shook—many a fervent "God bless you," and "happy voyage," were uttered—and many handkerchiefs waived their mute adieus. "Let go all," and away we soared; the horses on the square "reared and pitched" a good deal at the novel sight, but in an instant all minor sounds of earth had ceased, and we were lifted into a silent sphere, whose shores were without an echo, their silence equaled only by that of the grave. Not the least feeling of trepidation was experienced; an extraordinary elation took possession of my soul, and fear was as far removed as though I had been sitting in my own room at home.

Two or three things struck me as peculiar in looking down from an altitude of half a mile: the small appearance of our village from such a height, and the beautiful mechanical look which the straight fences and oblong-square fields of the farmers present. The buildings in the village do not, from such a height, appear to cover a tenth part of the ground. Our poor old court-house looked like a pepper-box standing on a ten-acre lot, and the tallest church spire barely equaled in size a respectable May pole.

As we rose into the light fleecy clouds, they looked between us and the earth like patches of snow we see lying upon the landscape in Spring time; but when we rose a