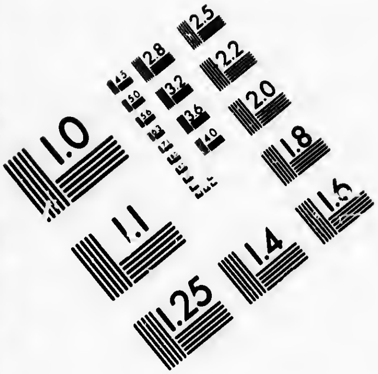

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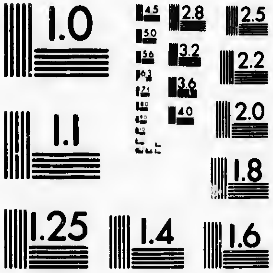

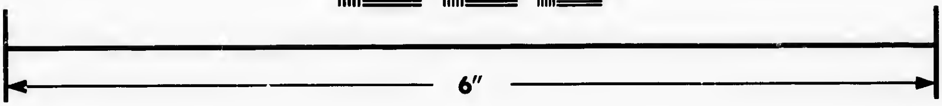

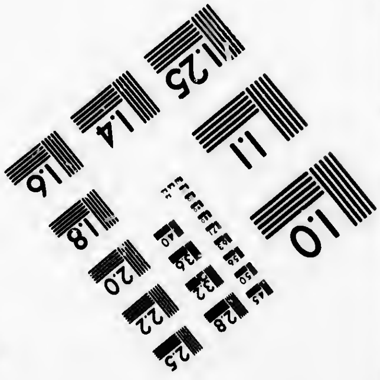

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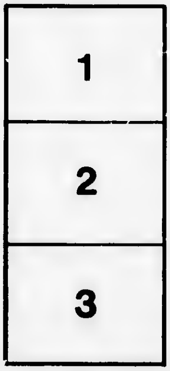

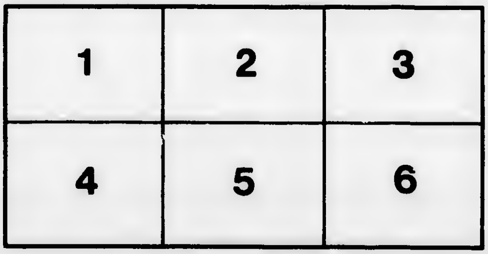

Mr. Haddock's Account

OF HIS

GREAT BALLOON VOYAGE

(See page 7.)

WITH

PROFESSOR JOHN LAMOUNTAIN.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESS OF HADDOCK & SON, FINE BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,
108 South Third Street.
1872.

MR. HADDOCK'S NARRATIVE

OF HIS

HAZARDOUS AND EXCITING

VOYAGE

IN THE

BALLOON ATLANTIC,

WITH

PROF. JNO. LaMOUNTAIN.

CAREFULLY REVISED,
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY SCATTERGOOD.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESS OF HADDOCK & SON, 108 South Third Street.
1872.

The owner and address of the original copy:

Mr. Erik Hildes-Heim,
128 Rowland Road,
FAIRFIELD, Conn.

H

EXPLANATORY.

It is now about thirteen years since the undersigned made the memorable balloon voyage with Professor Jno. LaMountain—a voyage intended to be short and pleasant, but which resulted in a long and most disastrous one, entailing the loss of the valuable balloon, and seriously endangering the lives of the travelers. Since then, LaMountain, after serving through the Great Rebellion, has made his last " voyage," and has entered upon that existence where all the secrets of the pathless skies are as well defined and understood as are the course of rivers with us here.

Within the past two or three years I have often been requested to re-publish my account of that celebrated trip, and have at last consented to do so, in order to afford my friends and the public an opportunity of perusing it, and to enable them to comprehend how a man apparently sensible as regards business affairs and every-day life, may sometimes do a foolish thing that will seriously affect his business prospects, and cause great and unnecessary distress to his friends. For now, as I look back upon the events I am about to relate, I can but regard my balloon voyage as almost impiously hazardous and foolish, and meriting censure rather than commendation.

Yet to fully understand my reasons for making the trip, some leading facts should be presented

1. There had been, as the public will remember, all through the year 1859, much excitement in the public mind upon the subject of ballooning. In August of that year I returned from Labrador, and found that the balloon Atlantic, with Wise, Hyde, Geager and LaMountain, had been driven across a part of Lake Ontario, while on their great trip from St. Louis to New York city, and had landed and been wrecked in Jefferson county, N. Y., (where I was the editor of a newspaper,) and the people of that whole section were as a

consequence, in a state of considerable excitement upon the subject of navigating the air.*

2. I had heard of other newspaper editors making trips in balloons, had read their glowing accounts, and it seemed to me like a very cunning thing. Desiring to enjoy "all that was a-going," I naturally wanted a balloon-ride, too! and therefore concluded to go, expecting not to be absent from home more than 10 or 12 hours at the longest, and to have a good time. The reader will learn, as he reads the narrative, just *how good* a time I did have, and just how much I enjoyed it. In addition, being a newspaper man, and always on the alert for news, I had a natural desire to do all in my power to add to the local interest of my journal, and for that reason felt a willingness to go through with more fatigue and hazard than men are expected to endure in ordinary business pursuits.

3. I felt safe in going, as I knew that LAMOUNTAIN was an intrepid and successful æronaut, and I thought his judgment was to be depended upon. How completely he was misled as to distance, and how little he knew, or any man can know, of air-navigation, the narrative will readily demonstrate.

With these explanations I will proceed with my original narrative, nearly as written out at the time—the sense not being materially changed, though the wording may be somewhat modified.

JOHN A. HADDOCK,
Of HADDOCK & SON, *Publishers and Job Printers*,
108 South Third St., Philada.

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* The WISE named above is the celebrated Æronaut, Professor JOHN WISE, of Lancaster, Pa.; and I may here remark that the trip made by him and his associates is by far the longest on record. Leaving St. Louis at about 4 P. M., they passed the whole night in the air, were carried across the States of Illinois, Indiana, a portion of Ohio and Michigan, over the whole north-western breadth of Pennsylvania and New York, and were at last wrecked in a huge tree-top near the shore of Lake Ontario, at about 3 P. M. the next day, escaping with severe bruises but without broken bones, after a journey of at least eleven hundred miles. These adventurers did not travel as fast, nor encounter the perils that awaited us, but they made a longer voyage. It was with this same balloon Atlantic that LAMOUNTAIN and myself made our trip; but it had been reduced one-third in size, and was in thorough repair—indeed as good as new.

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 æronaut 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 extraoadinary 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

little higher the clouds completely shut out the earth, and the cold white masses below us had precisely the same look that a mountainous snow-covered country does, as you look down upon it from a higher mountain. Those who have crossed the Alps—or have stood upon one of the lofty summits of the Sierra Nevada, and gazed down upon the eternal snows below and around them, will be able to catch the idea I am trying to convey. In six minutes we were far above all the clouds, and the sun and we were face to face. We saw the time after that when his face looked very fair to us. In eight minutes after leaving the earth, the thermometer showed a fall of 24 degrees. It stood at 84 when we left. The balloon rotated a good deal, proving that we were ascending with great rapidity. At 5:48 thermometer stood at 42, and falling very fast. At 5:50 we were at least two miles high—thermometer 34. At this point a suggestion made by a friend just before starting, was found to be a very good one. He had advised the taking along of some cotton, with which to fill the ears when at great heights, and my father had procured me some. The unpleasant ringing sensation had now become painful, and I filled both ears with cotton. This made my head feel a good deal as a very large hollow pumpkin may be supposed to, with a humming bird buzzing upon its surface—a comparison with which, doubtless, many who read this account will hardly quarrel. At 5:52 we put on our gloves and shawls—thermometer 32. The wet sand bags now became stiff with cold—they were frozen. Ascending very rapidly. At 5:54 thermometer 28, and falling. Here we caught our last sight of the earth by daylight. I recognized the St. Lawrence to the south-west of us, which showed we were drifting nearly north. At 6 o'clock we thought we were descending a little, and LaMountain directed me to throw out about 20 pounds of ballast. This shot us up again—thermometer 26, and falling very slowly. At 6:05 thermometer 22—my feet were very cold. The Atlantic was now full, and presented a most splendid sight. The gas began to discharge itself at the mouth, and its abominable smell, as it came down upon us, made me sick. A moment's vomiting made me feel all right again. LaMountain was suffering a good deal with cold. I passed my thick shawl around his shoulders, and put the blanket over our knees and feet. At 6:10 thermometer 18. We drifted along until the sun left us, and in a short time thereafter the balloon began to descend. At 6:30 thermometer 22, rising. Threw over about 5 lbs. ballast. We must have been, before we began to descend from this height, 3½ miles high. At 6:32 thermometer 23, rising. We were now about stationary, and thought we were sailing north of east. We could, we thought, distinguish water below us, but were unable to recognize it. At 6:38 we threw over a bag of sand, making 80 pounds of ballast discharged, and leaving about 120 pounds on hand. We distinctly heard a dog bark. Thermometer 28—and rising rapidly. At 6:45 the thermometer stood at 33.

At 6:50 it was dark, and I could make no more memoranda. I put up my note book, pencil and watch, and settled down into the basket, feeling quite contented. From this point until next morning I give my experiences from memory only. The figures given were made at the times indicated, and the thermometric variations can be depended upon as quite accurate.

We heard, soon after dark, a locomotive whistle, and occasionally could hear wagons rumbling over the ground or a bridge, while the farmers' dogs kept up a continued baying, as if conscious there was something monstrous and unusual in the sky. We sailed along, contented and chatty, until about half-past 8 o'clock, when we distinctly saw lights below us, and heard the roaring of a mighty water-fall. We descended into a valley near a very high mountain, but as the place appeared rather forbidding, we concluded to

go up again. Over with 30 lbs. of ballast, and skyward we sailed. In about 20 minutes we again descended, but this time no friendly lights nor "deep-mouthed watchdogs' heavy bay" greeted us. We seemed to be over a dense wilderness, and the balloon was settling down just into a small lake. We had our life-preservers ready for use, but got up again by throwing out all our ballast except perhaps 20 pounds. LaMountain now declared it was folly to stay up any longer, that we were over a great wilderness, and the sooner we descended the better. We concluded to settle down by the side of some tall tree, tie up, and wait until morning. In a moment we were near the earth, and as we gently descended I grasped the extreme top of a high spruce, which stopped the balloon's momentum, and we were soon lashed to the tree by our large drag-rope.

After peering around and making as much of an examination of our surroundings as the darkness would permit, LaMountain said he feared his balloon was played out; that we were evidently far into the woods, and if we got out ourselves we ought to be very thankful. This prediction proved to be far nearer the truth than even the Professor supposed.

We rolled ourselves up in our blankets, patiently waiting for the morning. The cold rain spouted down upon us in rivulets from the great balloon that lazily rolled from side to side above our heads, and we were soon drenched and uncomfortable as men could be. After a night passed in great apprehension and unrest, we were right glad to see the first faint rays of coming light. Cold and rainy the morning at last broke, the typical precursor, we were to learn, of other dismal mornings to be spent in those uninhabited wilds. We waited until 6 o'clock, in hopes the rain would cease, and that the rays of the sun, by warming and thereby expanding the gas in the balloon, would give us ascending power sufficient to get up again, for the purpose (if no other) of obtaining a view of the country into which we had descended. The rain did not cease, and we concluded

to throw over all we had in the balloon, except a coat for each, the life preservers, the anchor and the compass. Overboard, then, they went—good shawls and blankets, bottles of ale and a flask of cordial, ropes and traps of all kinds. The Atlantic, relieved of this wet load, rose majestically with us, and we were able to behold the country below. It was an unbroken wilderness of lakes and spruce—and I began then to fully realize that we had indeed gone too far, through a miscalculation of the velocity of the balloon. As the current was still driving us towards the north, we dare not stay up, as we were drifting still farther and farther into trouble. LaMountain seized the valve-cord and discharged gas, and we descended in safety to the solid earth. Making the Atlantic fast by her anchor, we considered what was to be done.

We had not a mouthful to eat, no protection at night from the damp ground, were distant we knew not how far from any habitation, were hungry to start with, had no possible expectation of raising a fire, and no definite or satisfactory idea as to where we were. We had not even a respectable pocket knife, not a pin to make a fish-hook of—indeed were about as well equiped for forest life as the babes in the woods were.

After a protracted discussion, in which all our ingenuity was brought to bear upon the question of our whereabouts, we settled in our minds (mainly from the character of the timber around us) that we were either in John Brown's tract*, or in that wilderness lying between Ottawa City and Prescot, Canada. If this were so, then we knew that a course south by east would take us out if we had strength enough to travel the distance.

TRAMPING IN THE WOODS.

Acting upon our conclusion we started through the woods towards the south-east. After traveling about a mile we came to the bank of a small stream flowing from the west, and were agreeably surprised to find that some human being had been there before us, for we

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*John Brown's Tract is a well-known section of the State of New York, extending along the north-eastern border, and containing over 4,000 square miles. The land is poor and cold; the timber spruce, pine and hemlock to a great extent and with many small lakes and several large rivers. The Hudson rises in John Brown's Tract.

found the stumps of several small trees and the head of a half-barrel which had contained pork. I eagerly examined the inspection stamp. It read—

"MESS PORK."
"P. M."
"MONTREAL."

This settled the question that we were in Canada, as I very well knew that no Montreal inspection of pork ever found its way into the State of New York. Although the course we had adopted was to be a south-easterly one, we yet concluded to follow this creek to the westward, and all day Friday we traveled up its banks—crossing it about noon on a floating log, and striking, on the southern shore, a "blazed" path, which led us to a deserted lumber road, and it in turn bringing us to a log shanty on the opposite bank. We had hoped this lumber road would lead us out into a clearing or a settlement, but a careful examination satisfied us that the road ended here, its objective point evidently being the shanty on the other bank. We concluded to cross the creek to the shanty, and stay there all night. Collecting some small timbers for a raft, LaMountain crossed over safely, shoving the raft back to me. But my weight was greater than my companion's, and the frail structure sank under me, precipitating me into the water. I went in all over, but swam out, though it took all my strength to do so. On reaching the bank I found myself so chilled as scarcely to be able to stand. I took off all my clothes and wrung them as dry as I could. We then proceeded to the shanty, where we found some refuse straw, but it was dry, and under a pile of it we crawled—pulling it over our heads and faces, in the hope that our breath might aid in warming our chilled bodies. I think the most revengeful, stony heart would have pitied our condition then. I will not attempt to describe our thoughts as we lay there; home, children, wife, parents, friends, with their sad and anxious faces, rose up reproachfully before us as we

tried to sleep. But the weary hours of night at last wore away, and at daylight we held a new council. It was evident, we argued, that the creek we were upon was used by the lumbermen for "driving" their logs in the Spring freshets. If, then, we followed it to its confluence with the Ottawa or some stream which emptied into the Ottawa, we would eventually get out the same way the timber went out. The roof of the shanty we were in was covered with the halves of hollow logs, scooped out in a manner familiar to all woodsmen. These were dry and light, and would make us an excellent raft. Why not, then, take four of these, tie them to cross-pieces by wythes and such old things as we could find around the shanty, and pole the craft down stream to that civilization which even a sawlog appeared able to reach. Such, then, was the plan adopted, although it involved the retracing of all the steps hitherto taken, and an apparent departure from the course we had concluded would lead us out. Although we were providentially saved at last by this new plan of travel, I have always believed that we would have been more certain to have reached a settlement, had we kept to the southward as we originally proposed, though our strength might have failed us before we could have traveled out.

Without delay, then, we dragged the hollow logs down to the creek, and LaMountain proceeded to tie them together, as he was evidently more of a sailor than myself. We at last got under way, and, as we pushed off, a miserable crow set up a dismal cawing—an inauspicious sign, ominous (we feared) of continued trials in store for us. We poled down the stream about a mile, when we came abruptly upon a large pine tree which had fallen across the current, completely blocking the passage of the raft. No other course was left us but to untie the raft, and push the pieces through under the log. This was at last accomplished, when we tied our craft together again, and poled down the stream.

To-day each of us ate a raw frog, (all we could find), and began to realize that we were HUNGRY. Yet there was no complaining—our talk was of the hopeful future, and of

the home and civilization we yet expected to reach. Down the creek we went, into a lake some 4 miles long, and into which we of course supposed the stream to pass, with its outlet at the lower end. We followed down the northern bank, keeping always near the shore and in shallow water, so that our poles could touch the bottom, until we reached the lower extremity of the lake, where we found no outlet, and so turned back upon the southern shore in quest of one. On reaching the head of the lake, and examining the stream attentively, we found that the current of the creek turned abruptly to the right, which was the reason of our losing it. We felt happy to have found our current again, and plied our poles like heroes. We passed, late in the afternoon, the spot where we had at first struck the creek, and where had stuck up some tree branches as a landmark which might aid us in case we should at a future time attempt to save the Atlantic.

When night came on we did not stop, but kept the raft going down through the shades of awful forests, whose solemn stillness seemed to hide from us the unrevealed mystery of our darkening future. During the morning the rain had ceased, but about 10 o'clock at night it commenced again. We stopped the " vessel," and crawled in under some "tag" alders on the bank, where our extreme weariness enabled us to get perhaps half an hour's sleep. Rising again, (for it was easier to pole the raft at night in the rain down an unknown stream, than to lie on the ground and freeze,) we pressed on until perhaps 3 in the morning, when pure exhaustion compelled us to stop again. This time we found a spot where the clayey bank lacked a little of coming down to the water. On the mud we threw our little bundle of straw, and sat down with our feet drawn up under us, so as to present as little surface to the rain as possible. But we could not stand such an uncomfortable position long, and as the daylight of the Sabbath broke upon us, we were poling down the stream in a drizzling rain. At 8 o'clock we reached a spot at which the stream narrowed, rushing over large boulders, and between rocky shores. This was trouble indeed. To get our raft down this place, we regarded as well-nigh hopeless. We tied up and examined the shore. Here, again, we found unmistakeable marks left by the lumbermen, they having evidently camped at this point, to be handy by in the labor of getting the timber over this bad spot in the stream. The rapids were about a third of a mile long, and in all the rapids [illegible] the Schuylkill there are none so wild and romantic as these. After a protracted survey we descended the bank, and thought it best to abandon our raft, and try our luck on foot again. After traveling about a mile, we found the bank so tangled and rugged, and ourselves so much exhausted, that satisfactory progress was impossible. So we concluded to go back, and if we could get the raft down, even one piece at a time, we would go on with her—if not, we would build as good a place as possible to shield us from the cold and wet, and there await with fortitude that death from starvation which was beginning to look too probable. This was our third day of earnest labor and distressing fatigue, and in all that time we had not ate an ounce of food, nor had dry clothing upon us.

Acting upon our resolution we at once commenced to get the raft down the rapids, and I freely confess this the most trying and laborious work of a whole life of labor. The pieces would not float over a rod at a time, before they would stick on some stone which the low water left above the surface ; and then you must pry the stick over in some way, and pass it along to the next obstruction. We were obliged to get into the stream, often up to the middle, with slippery boulders beneath our feet. Several times I fell headlong—completely using up our compass, which now frantically pointed in any direction its addled head took a fancy to. The water had unglued the case, and it was ruined. After long hours of such labor, we got the raft down, and LaMountain again tied it to-

gether. Passing on, in about an hour we came to a large lake, about 10 miles long by 6 broad. Around it we must of course pass, until we should find the desired outlet. So we turned up to the right, and pressed on with as much resolution as we could muster. To-day we found one clam, which I insisted LaMountain should eat, as he was much weaker than myself, and had ate nothing on the day we went up.

Part of this day LaMountain slept upon the raft, and I was "boss and all hands." As the poor fellow lay there, completely used up, I saw that he could not be of much more assistance in getting out. Erysipelas, from which he had previously suffered, had attacked his right eye; his face was shriveled so that he looked like an old man, and his clothes were nearly torn from his body. A few tears could not be restrained, and my prayer was for speedy deliverance or speedy death. While my companion was asleep, and I busily poling the raft along, I was forced to the conclusion, after deliberately canvassing all the chances, that we were pretty sure to perish there miserably at last. But I could not cease my efforts while God gave me strength, and so around the lake we went, into all the indentations of the shore, keeping always in shallow water. The day at last wore away, and we stopped at night at a place we thought least exposed to the wind. We dragged the end of our raft out of the water, and laid down upon the cold ground. We were cold when we laid down, and both of us trembled by the hour, like men suffering from a severe attack of the ague. The wind had risen just at night, and the dismal surging of the waves upon the shore, formed, I thought, a fitting lullaby to slumbers so disturbed and dismal as ours.

By this time our clothes were nearly torn off. My pantaloons were slit up both legs, and the waistbands nearly gone. My boots were mere wrecks, and our mighty wrestlings in the rapids had torn the skin from ankles and hands. LaMountain's hat had disappeared; the first day out he had thrown away his woolen drawers and stockings, as they dragged him down by the weight of water they absorbed. And so we could sleep but little; it really seemed as though, during this night, we passed through the horrors of death. But at daylight we got up by degrees, first on one knee and then on the other, so stiff and weak that we could hardly stand. Again upon the silent, monotonous lake we went—following round its shore for an outlet. About 10 o'clock we came to quite a broad northern stream, which we thought was the outlet we were seeking, and we entered it with joy, believing it would take us to our long-sought Ottawa. Shortly after entering this stream it widened out, and began to appear like a mere lake. We poled up the westerly shore for about 7 miles, but found ourselves again deceived as to the outlet—the water we were upon proving to be another lake or bayou. We had gone into this lake with the highest hopes, but when we found that all the weary miles of our morning travel had been in vain, and had to be retraced, my resolution certainly failed me for a moment, and I felt like shedding one tear of genuine regret. Yet we felt that our duty, as Christian men, was to press forward as long as we could stand, and leave the issue with a higher Power.

It had now been four full days since we ate a meal. All we had ate in the meantime was a frog apiece, four clams and a few wild berries, whose acid properties and bitter taste had probably done us more harm than good. Our strength was beginning to fail very fast, and our systems were evidently undergoing an extraordinary change. I did not permit myself to think of food—the thought of a well filled table would have been too much. My mind continually dwelt upon poor Strain's sufferings on the Isthmus of Darien, (then lately published in Harper's Magazine.) He, too, was paddling a raft down an unknown stream, half starved, and filled with dreadful forebodings. But I did not believe we could hold out half as long as he had. Besides, he was lost in a tropical country, where all nature is kind to man; he had fire arms and other weapons with which to kill game. We were in a cold, inhospitable land, without arms, and utterly unable to build a fire. Strain was upon a stream which he knew would eventually bear him to the sea and to safety; while we were upon waters whose flow we positively knew nothing about, and were as much lost as though in the mountains of the moon. Yet we could not give it up so, and tried to summon up fresh courage as troubles appeared to thicken around us. So we turned the raft around, and poled in silence back towards the place where we had entered this last lake. We had gone about a mile when we heard the sound of a gun, quickly followed by a second report. No sound was ever so sweet to me as that. We halloed as loud as we could, a good many times, but could get no response. We kept our poles going quite lively, and had gone about half a mile, when

I called LaMountain's attention to what I thought was smoke curling up among the trees by the side of a hill. My own eyesight had begun to fail very much, and I felt afraid to trust my dulled senses in a matter so vitally important. LaMountain scrutinized the shore very closely, and said he thought it was smoke, and that he believed there was also a birch canoe on the shore below. In a few moments the blue smoke rolled unmistakably above the tree tops, and we felt that

WE WERE SAVED!

Such a revulsion of feeling was almost too much for us. We could hardly credit our good fortune, for our many bitter disappointments had taught us not to be very sanguine. With the ends of our poles we paddled the raft across the arm of the lake, here perhaps three-fourths of a mile wide, steering for the canoe. It proved to be a large one, evidently an Indian's. Leaving LaMountain to guard and retain the canoe in case the Indian proved timid and desired to escape from us, I pressed hurriedly up the bank, following the footsteps I saw in the damp soil, and soon came upon the temporary shanty of a lumbering wood, from the rude chimney of which a broad volume of smoke was rising. I halloed—a noise was heard inside, and noble looking Indian came to the door. I eagerly asked him if he could speak French, as I grasped his outstretched hand. "Yes," he replied, "and English, too!" He drew me into the cabin, and there I saw the head of the party, a noble hearted Scotchman, named Angus Cameron. I immediately told my story; that we had come in there with a balloon, were lost, and had been over four days without food—eagerly demanding to know where we were. Imagine my surprise when he said we were ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES DUE NORTH OF OTTAWA, near 300 miles from Watertown, to reach which would require more than 400 miles of travel, following the streams and roads. We were in a wilderness as large as three States like Pennsylvania, extending from Lake Superior on the west to the St. Lawrence on the east, and from Ottawa on the south, to the Arctic circle.

The party consisted of four persons—Cameron and his assistant, and a half-breed Indian (LaMab McDougal) and his son. Their savory dinner was ready. I immediately dispatched the young Indian for LaMountain, who soon came in, the absolute picture of wretchedness. All that the cabin contained was freely offered us, and WE BEGAN TO EAT. Language is inadequate to express our feelings. Within one little hour all the clouds had lifted from our sombre future, and we felt ourselves to be men once more—no longer houseless wanderers amid primeval forests, driven by chance from side to side, but inspired by the near certainty of seeing home again and mingling with our fellows in the busy scenes of life.

We soon learned from Cameron that the stream we had traversed with our raft is called Filliman's creek—the large lake we were then near was called the Bos-ke-tong, and drains into the Bosketong river, which in turn drains into the Gat-i-neau. The Gatineau joins the Ottawa opposite the city of that name, now the seat of government of Canada. Cameron assured us that the Bosketong and Gatineau were so rapid and broken that no set of men could get a raft down, no matter how well they knew the country, nor how many provisions they might have. He regarded our deliverance as purely providential, and many times remarked that we would certainly have perished but for seeing the smoke from his fire. He was hunting timber for his employers, Gilmour & Co., of Ottawa, and was to start in two days down the Gatineau for his headquarters at Desert. If we would stay there until he started, we were welcome, he said, to food and accommodations, and he would take us down to Desert in his canoe, and at that point we could get Indians to take us farther on. He also said that he had intended to look for timber on Filliman's creek, near where the balloon would be found, as near as we could describe the locality to him, and would try to look it up and make the attempt to get it to Ottawa. This would be a long and tedious operation, as the portages are very numerous between the creek and Desert—something over 20—one of them three miles long. Over these portages of course the silk must be carried on the backs of Indians.

After eating all I dared to, and duly cautioning LaMountain not to hurt himself by over-indulgence, I laid down to sleep. Before doing so, I had one of the men remove my boots, and, when they came off, nearly the whole outer skin peeled off with the stockings. My feet had become parboiled by the continual soakings of four days and nights, and it was fully three months before they were cured.

After finishing up his business in the vicinity where we found him, on Friday morning (our ninth day from home) Cameron started on his return. We stopped, on our way up the creek, at the spot where we had erected our landmark by which to find the balloon. We struck back for the place, and in about 20 minutes found her, impaled on the tops of four smallish spruce trees, and very much torn. LaMountain concluded to abandon her. He took the valve as a memento, and I cut out the letters "TIC," which had formed part of her name, and brought it home with me. We reached what is known as the "New Farm" on Friday night, and there ended our sleeping on the ground. Up by early dawn, and on again, through the drenching rain, reaching Desert on Saturday evening.

At Desert we were a good deal troubled to obtain Indians to take us further on. La-Mab McDougal had told his wife about the balloon, and she being superstitious and ignorant, had gossipped with the other squaws, and told them the balloon was a "flying devil." As we had traveled in this flying devil, it did not require much of a stretch of Indian credulity to believe that if we were not the Devil's children, we must at least be closely related. In this extremity we appealed to Mr. John Backus*, a kind-hearted American trader, who agreed to procure us a complement of red skins, who would take us to Alexis le Beau's place, (60 miles down the river,) where it was thought we could obtain horses. Sunday morning (our eleventh day from home) we started from Desert, and reached Alexis le Beau's just at night. The scenery upon this part of our route was sublime and imposing. The primeval forest stood as grand and silent as when created. Our Indians, too, surpassed anything I ever beheld in physical vigor and endurance. In the day's run of 60 miles there were 16 portages to be made. On reaching one of these places, they would seize the canoe as quick as we stepped out of it, jerk it out of the water and on to their shoulders in half a minute, and start upon a dog trot as unconcernedly as though bearing no burthen. Arriving at the foot of the portage, they would toss the canoe into the stream, steady it until we were seated, then spring in and paddle away, gliding down the stream like an arrow. In the morning we traveled 15 miles and made 7 portages in 1 hour and 40 minutes.

At Alexis le Beau's we first beheld a vehicle denominated a "buckboard"—a wide, thick plank reaching from one bolster of the wagon to the other, and upon the middle of which plank the seat was placed. This sort of conveyance is often used in new countries, being very cheap, and within the reach of ordinary mechanical skill. Starting off as soon as we could get something to eat, we traveled all night through the forest, over one of the worst roads ever left unfinished, and reached Brooks' farm, a sort of frontier tavern, in the early morning, where we slept a couple of hours, and after breakfast pressed on by the rough frontier stage towards Ottawa.

While the stage was stopping to-day to change horses, I picked up a newspaper at Her Britannic Majesty's colonial frontier post-office, and in it read an account of our ascension and positive loss, with a rather flattering obituary notice of myself. And then, for the first time, I began to comprehend the degree of concern our protracted absence had aroused in the public mind. And if the public felt this concern, what would be the degree of pain experienced by wife, children, parents, friends? These reflections spurred us forward—or, rather, our money induced the drivers to hurry up their horses—and at last, on the twelfth day of our absence, at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, we jumped off the stage in front of the telegraph office in the good city of Ottawa, whence, in less than five minutes, the swift lightning was speeding a message to wife and friends. Ah, that was a happy moment—the happiest of all my life—when I knew that within 30 minutes my family would know of my safety.

I do not know how the people of Ottawa so soon found out who we were—but suppose the telegraph operator perhaps told some one; that "some one" must have told the whole town, for in less than half an hour there was a tearing, excited, happy, inquisitive mass of people in front of the grand hotel there—the clerk of which, when he looked

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*Something quite curious grew out of my naming Mr. John Backus as having assisted us at the mouth of the Desert river. My account was generally published throughout the country, and some ten days after our return I received a letter from a lady in Vermont asking me to describe to her the man Backus, as that was the name of her long-absent son, who, twenty years before, had disappeared from home, and never afterwards been heard from. I answered the letter immediately, and soon after learned that the man proved to be her son, and that he had promised to come home on a visit. What had driven him away from civilization to live among the Indians, was best known to himself. But a man of his generous impulses might have been an ornament to society, and a blessing to his friends.

at our ragged clothes and bearded faces, at first thought he "hadn't a single room left," but who, when he found out that we were the lost balloon men, wanted us to have the whole hotel, free and above-board; and had tea, and supper, and lunch, and "just a little private supper, you know!" following each other in rapid yet most acceptable succession. The happy crowd in the hotel and upon the street were determined to shake hands with us every one, and nearly all wanted to give or loan us money. Pretty soon the newspaper men and some personal acquaintances began to press through the crowd, and some cried while others laughed and huzzaed. Indeed every one acted as if they had just "found something!" And such is human nature always, when its noble sympathies are aroused for the suffering or distressed.

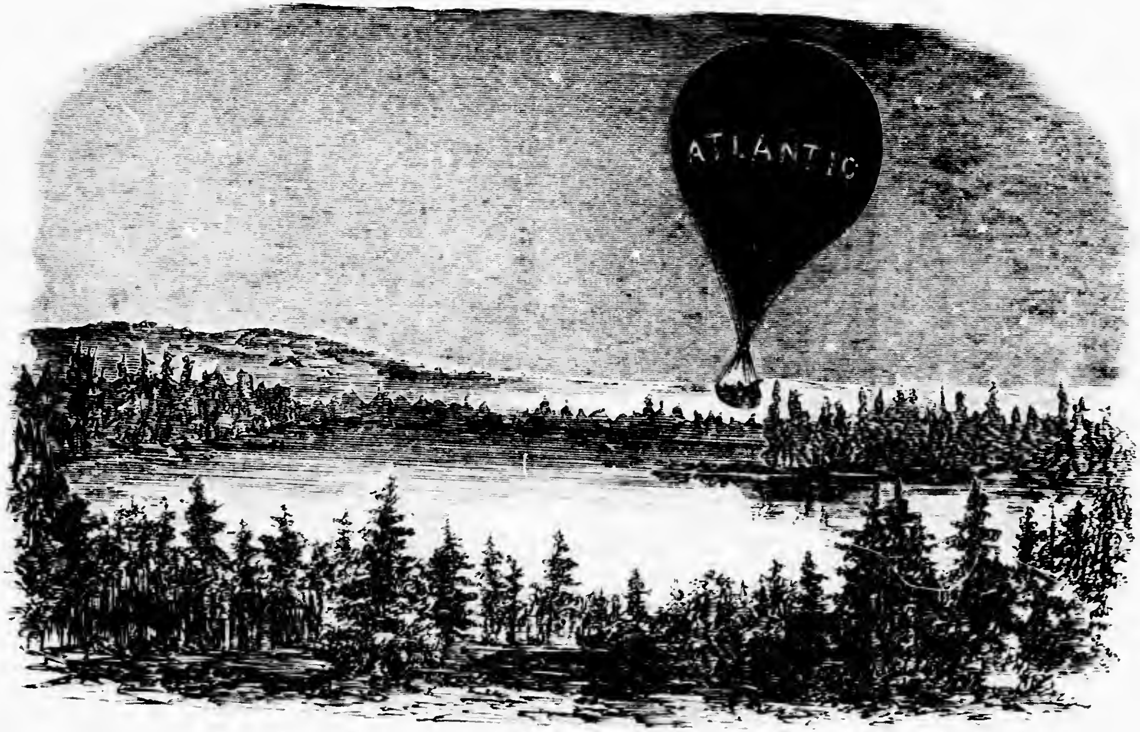
Although the president of the Ottawa and Prescot Railroad, (Robert Bell, Esq.,) volunteered to send us on by a special engine that night, we thought it best (inasmuch as our friends had been informed of our safety), to stay at Ottawa until morning. It did seem as though the generous people of that city could not do enough for us, and their kind attention and disinterested enthusiasm will never be forgotten.

Well, the next morning we left Ottawa, and were quickly carried to Prescot; thence across the St. Lawrence river to Ogdensburgh. Here a repetition of the same friendly greetings took place, and at last, after a hearty dinner, we left for home, now distant only 75 miles by rail. All along the line of the road we found enthusiastic crowds awaiting our coming, and all seemed to exhibit unmistakable evidence of the deep interest felt in our fate. At Watertown, which had been my home from boyhood, the enthusiasm had reached fever heat, and the whole town were out to greet the returning æronauts. They had out the old cannon on the public square, and it belched forth the loudest kind of a welcome. My family had of course suffered deeply by my absence. Every body had given us up for dead except my wife. I felt very cheap about the whole thing, and was quite certain that I had done a very foolish act. Not so the people—they thought it a big thing to have gone through with so much, and yet come out alive.

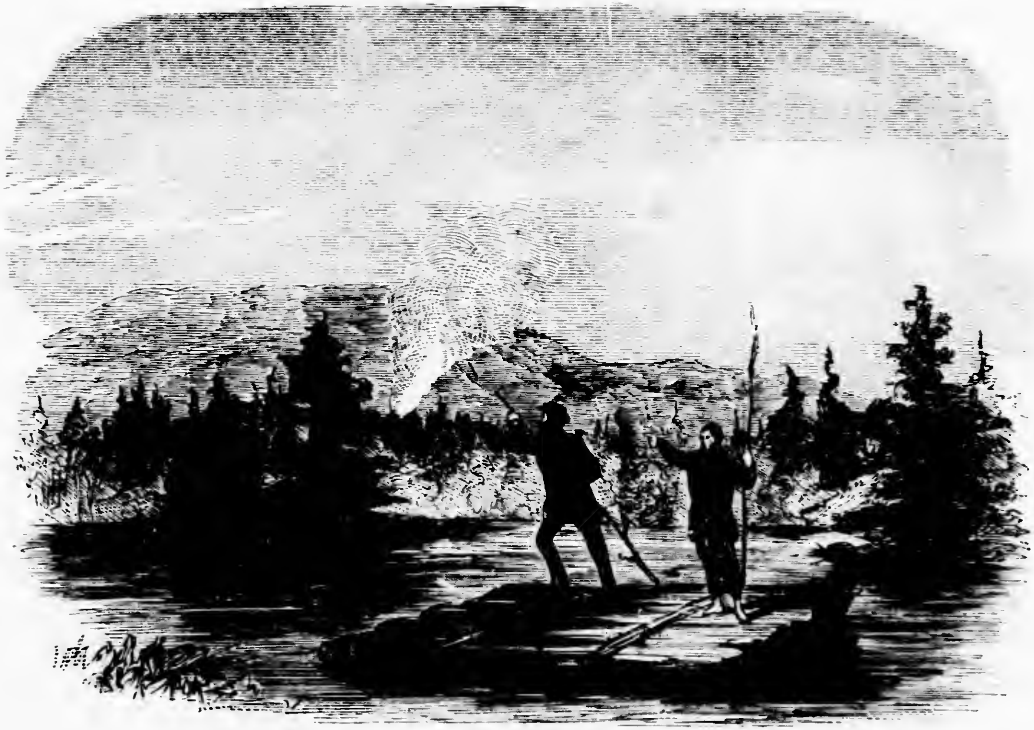
Several general conclusions and remarks shall terminate this narrative, already too long. "Why did you permit yourselves to go so far?" will naturally be asked. To this inquiry I reply: that the wind was exceedingly light when we ascended; that we were very soon among the clouds, and consequently unable to take cognizance of our course, or to judge how fast we were traveling. It should be distinctly understood that when you are sailing in a balloon, you are unconscious of motion and progress, unless you can see the earth. Even when you first leave the earth, you seem to be stationary, while the earth appears to drop away from you. Nor can you, when out of sight of the earth, although you may have a compass, judge of the direction you are traveling, if traveling at all. In few words, *unless you can see the earth, you cannot tell how fast nor in what direction you are traveling.* This, perhaps, better than anything else, will explain why we unconsciously drifted off to latitudes so remote. When we rose above the thick mass of clouds, before sundown, we undoubtedly struck a rapid current that carried us northeast, and after we had traveled in this current about an hour, we probably struck another current, from the variation of our altitude, which bore us off to the northwest, for the place where we landed is about 30 miles west of due north from where went up.

When we first descended to near the earth, and saw lights and heard dogs barking, (p. 6,) we should have landed. But we were unwilling to land at night in a deep wood, even though we knew that inhabitants were near by, and we thought it best to pick out a better place. This was our error; and it came near being a fatal one to us—it was certainly so to the balloon. In trying to find our "better place" to land, we were up longer than we supposed, and as we were traveling in a current that bore us off to the northward at the rate of 100 miles an hour, we soon reached a point beyond the confines of civilization.

JNO. A. HADDOCK.

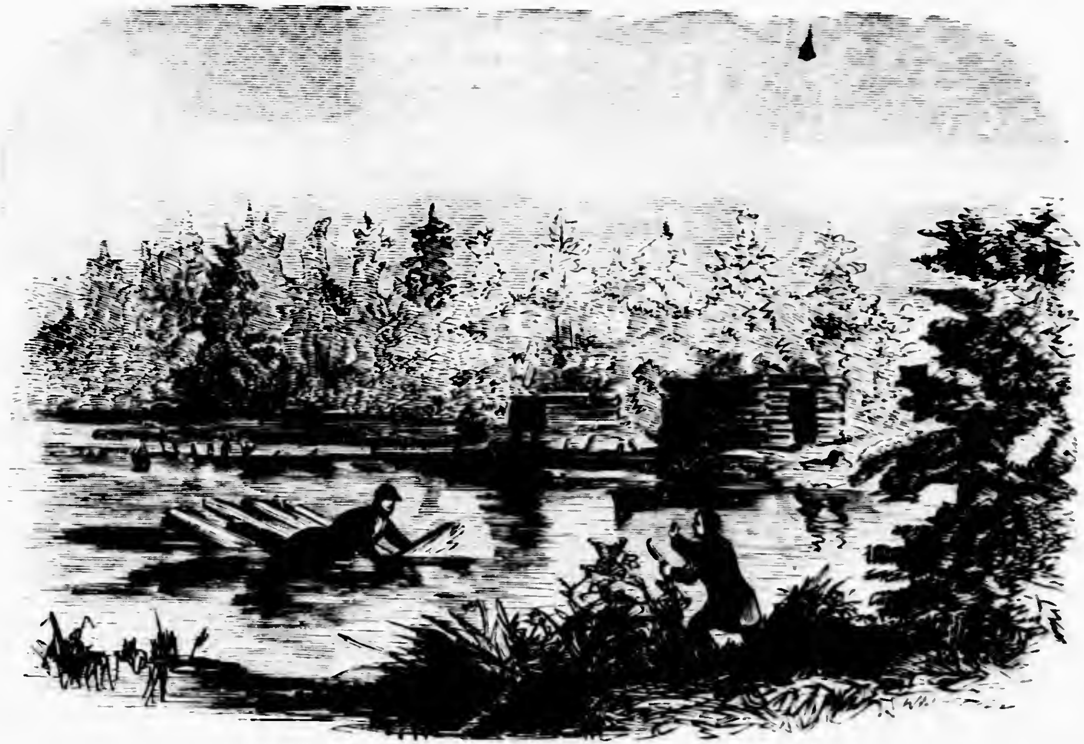


NIGHT SCENE.—"The Balloon was settling down into a small lake."—*See page 7*



SAVED!—*See page* 13.

HADDOCK RELATING THEIR ADVENTURES TO CAMERON.—*See page* 13.



"The frail structure sank under me."—*See page* 9.

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