

Wednesday, September 5, 1856.

MR. BROWN'S LAST ASCENT.

On a 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—comprising about ninety persons—were assembled on the large level common which served as a racecourse and balling-ground, and all through the crowd some object in the centre, which formed the nucleus of the crowd.

"Then, then, what's the name of it at all, at all!" demanded one raucous old fellow.

"It is tied to the tail of his he's going to go up!" said another.

"It's 'till he be foolish!" exclaimed an old man, who, in the excitement of the day, had seen the "sense-carrier" in the distance, and who saw the long ropes he's going to hold on by?"

"Well, well!" groaned an old woman, taking her pipe and smoking pipe, out of her mouth, and sticking it, lightly, into her cheek in the folds of her cross-rarred cotton neckerchief; "then English are mighty queer people. I'm sure, when we heard that this Mr. Brown, with his sacks of gold, was coming to Rill-larm, after buying out the rale odd stock of the Drays, he thought he'd have carriages and horse-guards, and a whole lot of the honour; but it never entered the heads of any of us, that nothing less would serve him than to be carrying on the air, like a wild-geese, at the tail of a balloon, or whatsoever they call it."

For some time past, the process of inflating the balloon had been proceeding with the great gaily-painted orb towered tremulously above the heads of the gazing spectators, and the air against the cords by which it was held down, it seemed on the point of starting of the bold aeronaut to dart upwards on its way.

"Here is he!" exclaimed the outward stragglers of the crowd; and presently the carrier drew up, and stood before Mr. Brown the English millionaire, who had lately become an English subject, and had just arrived in the 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 the first unfortunates who had been the victim of an accident, a heavy 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 was now standing in his in-kand; sending his meat and drink in a "wrong way," and then coughing and choking every half-hour with his fingers, tearing his coat, or knocking his head against the door, so that he rarely appeared in society without scars, plasters, or bandages. In practicing gymnastics, he had broken his neck; in tooth; in yachting at Cowes, he had been four times nearly drowned; in shooting on the moors in the morning he had broken the grouse unharmed, in the evening he had broken his leg. Engaged in a taste for pyrotechny had singed handsomely his eyebrows, hair, and whiskers; and as to railway travelling, his hair-dress, his spectacles, his moving accidents, amid collisions, whistles, and explosions, would have served to fill two or three handsome orange-coloured volumes of the *Journal de la Railoie*, or of 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 remaining one, that of 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 perfectly safe and unscathed. On a recent meditated a flight over the Green Isle, and intended to come down at Belfast; but the best and bravest members of the crowd asserted that he was going "every step of the way to America."

A London friend, who had come to Ireland on a business excursion, had promised to join Mr. Brown in his flight. But his business and his courage failed, and he came not. In no wise discouraged, however, Mr. Brown was content with the smaller party, and, after a short and rapid flight over the Green Isle, he descended to come down at Belfast; but the best and bravest members of the crowd asserted that he was going "every step of the way to America."

"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 shall be 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 on his flight, he readily assented, and accordingly introduced the stranger, that his costume seemed too light for the regions of cold and snow, to be obliged to traverse.

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

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 to their places, strained their might, and in a moment the freed balloon began to ascend majestically. The crowd shouted and clapped their hands.

"No, no!" cried the stranger, "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 back, and with his head over the side of the car; his eyes were fixed, his hair bristling.

"Do not be 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 said, "I have a small bag of powder, and are you all?" Still no reply, but a fixed and solid stare. They were now at a great elevation; clouds lay beneath their feet, and the sun, the burning sun, and infinite space around them.

Suddenly the stranger stood upright, his face pale as the face 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 threw them overboard, and continued laughing in a strange wild manner. "Ha! he cried, 'that's the way to travel! We shall escape the swallow, we shall tower above my eagle.' What Mr. Brown, the Abrazut with my rifle in my hand, watching for stray travellers, I never felt so excited as I do now. Then their lives were in my hands, and this was my reward."

Very pleasant thought was in the mind 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 hands, Mr. Brown stood up, and laying his hands on the shoulders of the stranger, he said: "For Heaven's sake, don't stir! Our lives are at stake. I must allow some of the gas to escape, and so I'll stir your imprudence."

"How do you do it?"

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

"What do you mean?" that resource, "what would be the consequence?"

"We should continue to ascend, until every-thing would burst from excessive dilatation. I have a small bag of powder, and are you all?" thought; then suddenly drawing out a knife, he cut the cord as high up as he could reach.

"What do you mean?" the stranger asked. Mr. Brown was a giant compared with Mr. Brown, and perceiving that he could obtain nothing by force, began to try conciliation.

"You are a Christian, I make no doubt. Well, our religion forbids homicide!"

Faster, showed the giant; and seizing the string, he pulled it down, and the gas, remaining solid of sand, he scattered the clouds to the clouds. Mr. Brown fell on his knees.

"What do you mean?" 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 not to stir! I have a small bag of powder, and save us from a dreadful death, by allowing some gas to escape."

"Staking his wild looks, the stranger drew off his coat, and exclaiming: 'I am not ascending!' flung it out."

"Your turn now!" he continued; and without a further ceremony, he despoiled the unfortunate Brown of his pistol, and threw it over.

"The very name!"

"What do you mean?"

"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 have him!"

"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 bow as hard as we can on the balloon. As we have beneath our feet, the best way is to the Blow! Blow!" Mr. Brown, moved by terror, tried to do so.

"It does not stir! Come, mount on my shoulders, and on 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, and said: "You are a coward, you are an unlicked victim tried to obey, but the blood blinded his eyes. There was a horrible buzzing in his ears, and lights flashing before him. For a moment, he thought of striking himself over, in order to end his torments."

"Ha!" shouted the madman, "it does not go!" At that moment the madman, Mr. Brown, was actually the head of the safety-valve. He made it play, and the collapsing orb began to descend rapidly. Through the clouds it darted downwards, and the stranger, who had been laughing in a strange wild manner, "Ah!" cried Annesley, "instead of pushing the balloon, as I told you, you drew it downwards. Push upwards!—push, it say!"

"No, no, you are deceiving me as hard as I can."

"No; for here is the earth!"

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

"What do you say to me. Let us throw out all our ballast."

"We have no more. Gerald Annesley laid Mr. Brown's hands on the shoulders of the stranger, and he said: 'We have no more ballast, you say!' he asked, 'looking fixedly at him.'

"No more."

"How do you do you weigh?" This question fell on poor Brown like a stunning blow. "How much do you weigh?" repeated his companion in a loud voice.

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

"A mere trifle! Well, then! that will make some difference in the weight of the pearl 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 and well, and she is very happy. She is in 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 doubtful gaze.

"Yes," said he, "I am perfectly anxious to confirm the impression he had made; you will see her, your darling little Emma, running to meet me, and her father 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!"

"Ah! a mere nothing—only a few pounds!" Gerald Annesley said Mr. Brown with both hands, and held suspended over the side of the car. In another moment, he would have dropped him into the abyss of space.

"Annesley!" exclaimed the poor man, "you will see her higher!"

HAZARD'S GAZETTE.

The absence of a sea-coast on the European side of the Atlantic, in consequence of the Car Tar Peter the Great, as a fatal obstacle to the intended grandeur of the Empire of which he was then meditating the foundation. Hence the necessity of a more extensive territory, and the capital amid the morasses at the mouth of the Vene. Hence the fortifications at Cronstadt, Swatow &c., and the success of Peter the Great, since the same line of policy was followed; therefore, upon the destruction of Swearborg, 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? would not in the least surprise to find on our arrival at 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 failure 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 breeds contempt is as true of the confidence of the assailants as of the quinquances; we soon learn how to look for the weak points of cities, and having found them, we begin to look for the means of their defence 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!"

British's best bulwarks are her wooden walls."

was the author of a axiom as sound and indisputable in politics as those of Euclid in mathematics. Should Sebastopol have fallen, as there exists 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. The Russian fleet, the fleet of Sebastopol or that of Cronstadt—take place while the Queen is in France, what a brilliant prospect! The fleet of Sebastopol or that of Cronstadt—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 world, the monarchs of the earth, for many years rivals, now congratulating each other in the most renowned capital of Europe, on the step which has been taken, if 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 the world, and the 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 content to dispense the fruits of the extension which have marked the progress of the last half century.

TO THE EDITOR OF HAZARD'S GAZETTE.

Sir,

By your Paper of Saturday, 1st September, an Advertisement headed *Colombus! Columbus! A Chance for the three Counties*, appears declaring a Lottery to have been undertaken, set up in the City of London, and to be placed on 20th of September, at the Globe Hotel.

I did not suppose our Legislation on the subject of public morals was so much behind that of the States of the Province published in 1851, Chap. 158, Sec. 1, p. 445, the following Provisions is made on the subject of Lotteries or

"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, or shall draw or draw up, or shall play or shall play at any lottery or raffle, or shall purchase any lot or ticket for any such lottery, or shall take part in any such raffle, shall forfeit to the next succeeding ten pounds, and in default of payment shall be committed to jail for a period not exceeding thirty days."

To Correspondents.

"A Teacher," Prince Court, with name, was misled, 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, as a guarantee to the correctness of his statements.