

# THE Northville Record.

Terms: \$1.50 a Year.]

Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

[Always in Advance.

VOL. VII. — NORTHLVILLE, WAYNE CO., MICH., AUGUST 28, 1875. — NO. 4.

**Selected Miscellany.****GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.**

Ran me up in my bed, wife;

There's the sound of the sea in my ear;

And it sings to my soul in a music;

That earth is Neased to hear;

Open the little window, wife;

Then come and sit by my side;

We'll take God's sweet good water;

To take me out with the tide.

I have the sailor's wife;

And my old little boat in the bay;

But you shall be able to give her;

When her master has passed away?

I know that her heart so truly?

Will answer me either hand;

As I showered mine when I knew, wife;

You're waiting for me on the strand.

Our boys are all before me wife;

Wee Jack beneath the wave;

And blue-eyed Freddie keeps wife;

In yester-yew-bowered grave,

Where the early daisies cluster;

Around his baby bed;

And the thrush sits chanting softer;

In yon tree that shades the dead.

There's a chill rust through our hearts,

The added.

When the harbor-bar death moan;

But darker grief will to your wife;

When you're left in the cot alone;

But a few more bows of the sea, wife;

Then God's sweet flood shall bring you

Again to your man's side!

The red sun is bright the wild, wife,

And the tide rolls down with the sun;

Will pass with each other in love, wife;

Give me your hand, wife;

As you sank in days of yore;

When we met on the far shore;

—Chamber's Journal.

**THE WIFE'S BEVERAGE.**

"No, strawberries! What in the world is no reason you didn't order some?" exclaimed Edward Lester, as he entered his pleasant home in the suburbs of Boston. "You know, Maria, I am very fond of them, and you are determined to punish me in some way."

"I know you, Maria, no more of poor Richard's ways. I am heartily sick of them."

"You would soon have me pay fifty cents a box for strawberries, would you?"

"Why not?"

"It is too much."

"No, it isn't."

"You can afford it."

"Yes I can. Isn't my salary fifteen hundred a year?"

"I do not think strawberries at fifty cents a box are very profitable," replied the pretty wife, with a pleasant smile.

Edward Lester did not deserve such a decent, well-tempered wife as Maria.

But in spite of his petulant manner he was really an excellent fellow, and loved the pretty little woman with all his soul, though it is true he had a very singular way of showing it. He deserved a thrashing for his hasty words, yet, as he eventually learned better, is not worth while to dwell too long upon the dark side of his character.

The first year after his marriage he had boarded out, but failing to have the comfort of home in all their purity, the young couple had decided to go to home-keeping.

Edward would have hired a large house, at a rent of \$400 a year, if his wife had not insisted that such a dwelling would soon be his own. He then left the master entirely to her, and she found a nice little cottage two miles from the city, at a rent of \$150. The husband liked it very well, and Maria painted it in a very plain, but neat style.

They were at home now, and for a time the novelty of the thing kept Edward in excellent humor. But he was a reckless fellow and had no idea whatever of the value of money. He always spent all his salary, and, sometimes, a little more.

Edward was "out of humor" because he had no strawberries, and, when he sat down to the table, the tea was too weak and the butter was strong. He snarled and growled like a Maria, and then at Bridget, till the wife was almost disengaged. But she did not yield to the impulse of the moment, and got out of temper. She kept sulking, however, cutting and scolding, came the criticism of her husband.

After tea he was a little mollified, for there seemed to be nothing more to grumble at; and, even condescended to smile.

"Edward, I want fifty dollars to-morrow," said Maria.

"This will be a remarkable sum for the careful little woman to make, for she was very prudent in regard to her private expenses."

"Certainly, Maria," replied Edward. "I hope you are going to buy a new silk."

"I am."

He handed her the money, and hoped the world dress herself a great deal better than before, for he could afford it.

"I am going to spend as much money as I can," she replied.

"That is right, Maria, do," added the reckless husband. And Edward soon had reason to repeat this advice, for Maria now seemed to spend all her spare time in asking for money. He was too reckless, too hasty, and too ready to suggest that she was exceeding the bounds of reason.

She was merciful in her drafts upon him, and to supply her demands, he had not the courage to refuse her modest requests. He was obliged to call his own expenses. On several occasions he had been compelled to borrow money to meet her requirements upon his purse, and being an honest man, had to tell of many luxuries in order to pay these loans.

"Maria, we must turn over a new leaf," he remarked. "Here I am without a dollar in the world—and never shall have another thing go in this way. I have given you \$300 this last year."

provement in the reckless woman. For him his salary was raised to \$2,000, but it was scarcely done before Maria demanded a fifty-dollar bill.

"You spend more money than you used to spend, Maria," he suggested.

"What is the use for me to preach my self, if you spend all you get?" smiled Maria, so sweetly he could not say another word.

"I want to have the good of the money while it is going as well as you."

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plaints of the reckless woman. For him his salary was raised to \$2,000, but it was scarcely done before Maria demanded a fifty-dollar bill.

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"I want to have the good of the money while it is going as well as you."

Edward replied Maria.

"I know that; but we needn't spill any more milk. I have been very economical the last year," and he proceeded to detail

the money he had saved.

"I have done very well; Edward."

"Yes, my dear, better than you have. Who would have thought I should ever reach economy to you?" he laughed.

"What was the use for me to be prudent while you scattered your money like chaff?" asked the wife, with infinite good humor.

"No use, I confess."

"I will turn over a new leaf if you will. You used to find fault with me because I wouldn't buy strawberries at sixty cents a box."

"I haven't lately."

"No, you haven't."

"And I never will again. Now, Maria, I was thinking if we could save up four or five hundred a year for three or four years we might buy a house."

"Yes, true; and we will begin now, if you like."

"With all my heart."

"You shall allow me a fair sum for my personal expenses."

"Set two hundred dollars."

"Half that sum will do."

"But you can't come down all at once from eight hundred to one hundred."

"Yes, I can," replied the pretty woman.

The bachelor planning in her radiant eyes.

"Then we can buy a house in three years."

"Suppose you buy Raymond's now?"

"But I cannot; I have not a dollar in the world for my wife to pay."

"Then I will let you have fifteen hundred dollars to pay down."

"You are facetious, Maria. What are you laughing at?"

Maria, however, continued to laugh into a violent fit of laughter.

"You shall have the money, Edward. But you must promise me not to tell anyone what an extravagant wife you have, or did you, Dr. Scott?"

And he did go and see him. The doctor was a rich man, and offered to take Edward's note, payable at any time, and which offer the latter eagerly accepted, promising to take it up in six months.

No chance for the bachelors appeared in the affairs of the young couple. Maria here asking for money, and she was greatly, if sweetly, importunate, and so gentle that Edward could never refuse.

"Let it rest then. He will never ask you for it."

"But I don't like that way of doing things. I don't like to get in debt. I will give him."

And he did go and see him. The doctor was a rich man, and offered to take Edward's note, payable at any time, and which offer the latter eagerly accepted, promising to take it up in six months.

"I will, my dear," replied she, and going to a drawer she produced two bank books and placed them in her husband's hands.

One of them indicated that she had \$1,000 in one savings bank and the other \$200 in another bank. Of course Edward was astonished—it was his first time to be so astonished to any more. But he was not a bad boy, and Edward could not be blamed for his crediting whatever his pay he was to his credit.

"How do you mean, Maria? Forgive me for that."

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SAMUEL H. LITTLE, Editor.

SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1856.

The Legislative and editorial excursionists had a good time in their Lake Superior trip, all returning to their homes in the full conviction that it is not necessary for one to spend time and money, as well as enduring the privations of a sea voyage, in a trip to Europe in order to view the beauties of nature. In conversation with Mr. Peck of the Ann Arbor Courier, and also Mr. J. M. Sterling, (member of the state board of agriculture) and daughter of Monroe, whom we

met on their way home, we learned of the great sport enjoyed by all the party, in trout fishing, two ladies alone catching the members of the family tribe in great numbers, and finding it at once a fatiguing and healthful exercise.

Notwithstanding "hard times" some of the railroads are having the best of luck. Such in fact is the case with the Ft. Wayne, Jackson & Saginaw. This road, now under the superintendence of Mr. Hastings, is prospering finely. We learn from the general passenger and ticket agent, Mr. S. K. Hooper, that present appearances would indicate that the gross earnings of the road this year will nearly equal that of last. A tremendous sum is had on excursions this season, some thirty so far having taken place or booked for so doing.

This pleasing exhibit of course is owing to good management and shows what can be done by having the proper men for railroad officials.

The story of Donaldson's fate as published in another column, is undoubtedly a hoax from beginning to end. How could it be possible that such news could reach Cincinnati and appear in the newspapers of that interestingburgh before being made public in journals nearer the stated locality of the event. Furthermore how could it have been possible for Donaldson to be found in Canada when the fact is that a portion of a wrecked balloon—known to be his—was picked up in Lake Michigan. Rather thin to say the least.

From Wayne.

Mrs. Nathan Killian—a daughter—on Wednesday, Aug. 18.

Eight pounds of sweet meat arrived at the house of Solomon S., 15th inst.

Prof. Webster, of Detroit, proposes to start a commercial school at this place, next week.

An eight year old son of James Wilds, of Canton, died of scarlet fever, on Tuesday, Aug. 17.

Comer & Hubbard have dissolved partnership, and G. S. Comer will continue the business.

G. W. Hubbard, formerly of Comer & Hubbard, has bought out the flour and feed business of C. Fischer.

The M. E. Congregation presented Mrs. L. G. York, wife of the pastor, with a purse of \$40 on Wednesday.

The Wyandotte cornet band attended the union sabbath school picnic at Inkster Thursday. It was a grand affair.

Rev. Chas. Cutler, of Talmage, O., is temporarily filling the place of Prof. Estabrook in the pulpit of the Congregational church.

Miss Jane Moore, daughter of Wm. Moore, of Rosedale, died suddenly on Wednesday from acute rheumatism, affecting the heart.

Chas. Cady fell from a wagon on Monday, and a wheel passing over his arm causes that part of his arm to be carried in a sling.

John Aldredge was thrown under the trucks of a freight car at Dearborn, on Saturday, while attempting to board the train, and received severe bruises. A close call.

H. W. Barnard got his hand badly bruised by coming in contact with a switch post at the junction on Monday. Hereafter when Mr. Barnard goes to Detroit he had better pay full fare and ride inside.

Three well dressed young men robbed the house of Henry Ballou, who lives about two miles southwest of this place, on Tuesday, obtaining a watch, and several articles of jewelry as plunder. Mr. and Mrs. Ballou were temporarily absent from the house. No trace of the thieves beyond that stated.

A. E. Ross, a graduate of Aberdeen College, has been engaged as principal of the Union School, and Miss Ella Lorchard as superintendent. Miss Mary Collins will have charge of the Intermediate department, and Mrs. Mary Jones the first primary. No teacher has as yet been engaged for the second primary department.—*C. Wyandotte Courier*, Aug. 20.

Only forty-three suits for divorce have been commenced in Kalamazoo County since Jan 1st.

## STATE NEWS:

### BUSINESS ENTREPRENEURS.

In the fire at Mount Pleasant, Aug. 5, the offices of the Isabella Enterprise was entirely destroyed, but its wise awake proprietor, while it was yet burning, was on his way to Detroit for new material, presses, etc., and on Wednesday, Aug. 16, the regular issue appeared and is announced to continue. Such enterprise is commendable and sure to win.

The Michigan Central officials staked out the location at Weston, Aug. 12, for the car shops of the Detroit & Bay City railroad and Saginaw division of their road. The shops will give employment to 300 men.

D. A. Ross & Co. of Detroit are furnishing the lumber for the re-building of the Catholic church at Holyoke, Mass., at the bursting of which so many lost their lives a few months ago.

The agricultural works at Ann Arbor manufacture and sell at wholesale annually \$160,000 worth of implements, besides retailing \$30,000 worth.

J. C. Decker, a tea dealer of Flint, has received a sample of tea from a New York importer which costs \$4.50 per lb. in Japan.

A 24 inch vein of coal has been struck at Standish 126 feet below the surface.

Fifty-one buildings have been erected in Sturgis this season.

Pentice has bought 210,000 lbs. of wool this season.

### FARMING AND FATTY INTERESTS.

The Wyandotte Courier says that Geo. Housman of Fonton is a cumberbatch that weighs three pounds nine ounces.

The Monroe Commercial says that the army worm has ceased its devastations in that country.

### RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Spiritualists of Northern Michigan will hold a five days meeting at Saranac, commencing Sept. 15.

A Protestant mission chapel is being built in East Saginaw.

The Detroit Evening News says that the Sunday school celebration at Orion was a magnificent affair, and that D. A. Waterman's address was a masterly effort, and was well received.

### CALAMITY.

A brick building in Grand Rapids, 25 feet front, 100 feet deep, and three stories high, upon which the workmen had commenced putting the roof, fell on the night of Aug. 10, awaking the citizens of that vicinity by a terrible crashing noise and a vibration like an earthquake. Cause of the accident, an insecure foundation. The owner of the building does not blame the builder, as he says that he built it according to contract. So far it has cost him \$3,300.

Two ladies at Novelle, Washtenaw county, were poisoned a short time ago by eating currants from bushes which had been sprinkled with Paris green. Restoratives were used and their lives saved.

The total loss by the recent fire at Mount Pleasant, according to the Isabella Enterprise, was \$28,000, instead of \$100,000 as was stated by some of the reporters to the daily papers.

The grocery of Brunner Brothers at Salzburg was burned Aug. 12. Loss \$4,000, insurance \$3,600. It was the work of an incendiary.

A boy named Arthur Pratt, in Allegan, broke both bones of his left arm the other day scuffling with some other boys.

Wayne county has 230 persons in her poor-house and 97 in her insane asylum.

The house of Geo. W. Johnson, Calcutta, was burned Aug. 14. Loss \$2,000.

### CEREMONIAL.

John Hoffer of Detroit, of the firm off Hoffer & Mayes, shot his wife Aug. 13. He then shot himself through the head, producing death immediately. The wife is in a critical condition but may recover.

Cause of the tragedy, domestic infidelity.

An Indian named Steve Potagon, near Paw Paw, killed his wife, his body in the whortleberry marsh, and fled. The Indians found her body in a horribly mutilated condition, and are in pursuit of the murderer.

A Kiamarto woman was seen last week stealing horse plants. She was followed on her tour and information given of her to the constable. Upon being confronted she confessed and seemed very penitent.

John Myers and John Larrier were arrested at Bay City Aug. 13 for killing and selling the meat of a sick cow.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A Lenawee county girl about to be married has had a present from a western friend of an Indian club. Comment is unnecessary.

A. A. Parsons, a real-estate dealer of East Saginaw, an old resident of the place, died Aug. 13, aged 43 years.

J. M. French of Detroit has sold a tiger to the New York park commissioners for \$8,500.

Senator Farry is at Mackinaw, where he will spend a few weeks.

The Detroit Novelty works have been sold at auction.

Clayton has a chicken with four legs.

**A. E. ROCKWELL,**  
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER  
AND  
**JEWELER,**

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Repairing and Engraving done in the best manner.

Perrin Block

Northville, Mich.

New Illustrated Historical Atlas of Wayne County, Mich.

This work will comprise

A Sectional Map of each Township colored and on a scale of two miles to the mile; showing farms, with owners names and number of acres thereon; location of houses, streams, wagon roads, railroads, mills, manufacturers, churches, cemeteries, school houses, springs, blacksmith shops, etc., etc.

Five plates of town and villages, showing each addition colored separately.

A connected map of Wayne County, colored by Township showing the location of towns, post offices, streams, wagon roads, railroads, churches, school houses, etc.

A valuable doohic-joe map of Michigan showing each county colored separately, and the name thereon.

A United States work is shown correctly and colored by States, and the Map of the World, showing the political divisions and Islands.

A History of Wayne County, with cities, villages and towns.

A historical sketch of the early settlement of each Township, with other interesting information. A table showing in each Township the population, amount of stock and grain raised; number of farms and acres under cultivation, with a general synopsis of the latest census.

Fine lithographic views from pencil drawings of a large number of the principal buildings in the county, both public and private, by special contract.

A biography of some of the early settlers of the county.

The list of individual names published in our work, giving the residence, post office address, business, nativity, and date of birth, make a valuable County Directory.

It will be about 14x17 inches, nicely bound, making a complete local and general reference for the family or office.

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—C.

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together with its Cheapness, as it costs no more than pure lead and oil which is unmixed and not ready for use, make it by far the most economical Paint ever made.

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## POPULAR SONGS.

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Once the most beautiful patriotic song ever written by any author.

Price 30 Cents.

A leading piece in the sentimental style in songs and choruses.

Sample Cards and Price List sent FREE ON APPLICATION TO

JOHN H. LITTLE,  
Northville, Mich.

—C.

## FURNITURE,

Chairs, Mattresses, and Spring-Beds, Chamber, and Dressing-Case Suites

In Ash and Walnut.

Which will be sold for Cash at Bottom prices.

Cards and Price List sent FREE ON APPLICATION TO

JOHN SANDS,  
Northville, Mich.

—C.

Latest Instrumental.

Champion Schottische

Rising Girl, by Schottische

Mag's Waltz

Price 30 Cents.

Any of the above pieces, can be played on the organ or piano and will be sent to any address upon receipt of marked price by addressing

John H. Little, Northville, Mich.

—C.

F. W. Helmick,

MUSIC DEALER and PUBLISHER,

Cincinnati Ohio

# JAMES NALL JR. & CO.,

## SPECIAL SALE!!

## REMNANTS & SHORT LENGTHS

## DRY GOODS & CARPETS

Previous to securing our Fall Stock of goods, we have marked all REMNANTS and SHORT LENGTHS of DRY GOODS and CARPETS at all.

## IMMENSE SACRIFICE

to insure their Sale. Customers will do well to make their purchases early and secure the BEST BARGAINS found in the city.

**JAS. NALL, JR., 990.**

87 WOODWARD AVE., Corner Larned Street, DETROIT.

## LIGHT-WEIGHT

## CLOTHING.

WE ARE PREPARED TO MEET THE WANTS OF THE MILLION LIGHT WEIGHT CLOTHING. EVERYTHING THAT IS NEW AND DESIRABLE IN

## SUMMER CLOTHING.

WE CAN SHOW YOU AT PRICES THAT WILL BE SATISFACTORY ALL THE NOVELTIES IN

## ULSTERS & LONG SACKS,

For Travelling. All Styles in Flannel, Alpaca and Linen Goods.

White Vests, White Vests, White Vests,

White Vests, White Vests, White Vests,

To suit everybody, superior to Custom Work. Prices from \$1 to \$6. Largest Assortment in The City.



### The Dog Question.

With the summer season and its accompanying time has returned to the bar of rural public opinion the great case often heard and never decided of "Sheep or Dog." It is both a civil and criminal case, for it involves literally hundreds of thousands of lives and millions of dollars annually. The question is one whose importance cannot be belittled, on which every class of the community is interested. To the nation at large, even from an economic point of view, it is a serious matter—this matter of our five or seven million tons of superfluous dogs, of which 80 per cent are worse than worthless. During the French revolution, when the people were sorely pinched with scarcity of food, the great dog-breeders came into prominence and out of this the suggestion of the time—and by no means the madness of them—was that to save the Republic "every citizen should hang his dog." The estimate of the statistician that it costs as much to keep a dog as it would to keep a hog will hardly, upon reflection, be rejected as excessive. The dog consumes flesh principally, and unlike his house companion of smaller size and appetite does not forage on birds and insects for his sustenance. This is a pretty heavy drain on the pockets of the community and should really be increased by adding the profits lost but which would accrue from a wise investment of the amount placed to the credit of the Profit and Loss account. Yet again, there must be reckoned in addition the heavy loss from sheep, poultry and even cattle destroyed, not to mention the smaller items of garments spoiled, people bitten and lawsuits provoked. A yellow dog of the sort worth about a penny for three, will give rise to more heartburnings and litigations between neighbors than even a boundary fence. There is no necessity to go into the figures; they are yearly published to show that in a sheep-raising country from 8 to 11 per cent of the total value of the stock is regularly destroyed by these canines. Precisely why the farmers keep so many dogs, and such dogs, it is not easy to imagine. It is of course desirable that in the country a farm-house should have its police force in the shape of a good watch-dog, who shall give warning at night of the approach of burglars or chicken-thieves, and by day serve as a body-guard to the women-folk, usually left alone in the house and exposed to insult or violence from tramps. But this sort of a dog doesn't kill sheep in the first place, and in the second place hasn't under proper regulation a chance to kill sheep. It is the other three to six dogs that louse so many farms of which people have complained. There are usually mongrels, without pluck or sense, too stupid to be trained and too cowardly to act as watch-dogs; ears with strong-articulated tails and preened ribs, and ears like leather aprons, animals which apparently were only created to dig up graminaceous, sheltered, dead, and howl at us. Our farmers, you, are pronounced against all dogs but their own. "Sheep, in exchange a terrier complained last week that from his door he could see seven farm houses at which there were thirty dogs; he added in perfect innocence and unconsciousness that he had four himself. But one's own dogs never run abroad. As aremely well-ensured dog law, placing a tax on every dog and compelling the town or county to pay for all sheep killed, with due penalties for failure to comply with the law, of course does away in a great measure with the evil. But such laws are not popular and are not easily enforced. The only effective remedy will be found to lie in the common sense of the farmers awakened by discussion and experience. When a man reflects that he is keeping a catalogue of useless carnivorous animals that cost him as much annually as a pen of fat hogs would, but yield nothing; that they are increasing his taxes and destroying the property of his neighbors, whose dogs in turn are destroying his, he will not be long in coming to a sound conclusion as to what his self-interest and his duty to his neighbor imperatively demand that he should do.—N. Y. World.

### The Intelligence of Ants.

M. Anatole Forel, a gentleman who spends his life in studying ants and their habits, and who tells some astounding tales about them, has just received the Thore prize from the Paris Academy of Sciences. In his report upon these insects M. Forel first examines the different species and their peculiarities and treats of their distinctive features as regards their capabilities for labor or war. He then treats them anatomically, and then speaks of their wonderful instincts. If all that he says is true the word instinct would be too feeble by half, and all should believe in the intelligence of ants. Among other things M. Forel says: "They render each other mutual services; when an ant has got besieged with mud its companions set about clearing it most methodically. M. Forel had, by way of experiment, dug and deformed some of the silken cocoons that contain the ant's nymphs; on the following day he found them all perfectly clean, dressed, and brought in shape again. What has been said by Huber as to the precision with which an expeditionary column of Amazonas (*Myrmecos rufiventris*) proceeds on its march is only partially true, for when the insects are laden with heavy cocoons they cannot mind any order, but go on as they can. Under such circumstances, many take their way, but when they get into the right track again they evince the greatest self-confidence by their steady step; they consequently are endowed with memory. The bodies of ants have been often described, but even here M. Forel has something new to say. Some species are timid and cowardly, and always seek safety in flight; others are exceedingly brave and seem to enjoy a fight above all things. But then there are others whose courage requires exciting; they hesitate at first, but gradually become bolder, and ultimately display foolhardiness—in a paroxysm of rage they will let themselves be uselessly killed. When an ant thus loses its self-command its companions will try to re-assume it back to its feet until it has returned to its senses. The architecture of the nests has received much attention from the author, and he shows that the same species will build in different ways. The locality, the season, the extent of the population—all these circumstances regulate the ant's economy. The ants will quarrel among each other about constructions that are not equally convenient to all. When ants find a habitation usurped, or have driven the inmates from it, they will retain the old arrangements, making only slight improvements in them."

He told the girls that he had a rare specimen of the *Dolichos orientalis* which he wished to show them, and they nearly fainted when he let loose a gigantic cockroach.

The State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, N.Y., contains 744 inmates.

### One of the Longest Balloon Voyages on Record.

It will be remembered, says the New York Graphic, that one of the postal balloons which was sent out from Paris during the siege of 1870 actually traveled from the beleaguered city to Norway, a distance of 1,900 miles. The following is a translation of the account which Robert, one of the aeronauts, who performed the wonderful journey, gave of his adventure:

"Our departure was effected from the Northern Railway station on the 24th of November, 1870, at forty minutes past eleven o'clock at night, in the balloon Ville d'Orléans, of a capacity of 2,300 cubic meters (about 15,000 cubic feet). I was accompanied by M. Paul Rölier, aeronaut. We carried enough provisions to last twenty-four hours, and a quantity of Government dispatches. We had also a cage containing six pigeons, a bag of 65 pounds of private dispatches and ten bags of ballast.

Midnight—We set out with a moderate breeze from the south-southwest, and consequently we sped in the direction of the north-northeast, that is nearly in the direction of Saint Valery-sur-Somme. The balloon, which rose to a height of 800 meters (about 2,600 feet), began to descend, and we were obliged to sacrifice two and a half bags of sand in order to attain a height of 3,700 to 4,000 feet, at which we were safe from the shot of the Prussians. They fired at us, but without effect.

Half-past Twelve—We reached a height of 4,600 feet. Everything is quiet; the night is extremely serviceable.

One o'clock in the Morning—We are at a height of 8,800 feet. We maintain this elevation till day.

Half-past Two—Everywhere below us extends a thick fog, which entirely conceals the earth from us. A noise, which

I can only compare to that of a railway train in motion, leads us to believe that we are in the proximity of a railroad, but as the noise continues till day we are exceedingly curious about it.

Quarter-past Six—Day begins to break. The balloon has redescended again to a height of about 4,600 feet. Nowhere on the horizon can we perceive land; and beneath, in every direction, stretches the ocean! the ocean! for death! The noise which we believed to be that of a train was nothing but the waves.

Half-past Six—Lost in immensity, possessing no instrument which would help us to make out our bearings or discover whether we are drifting, with the wind constantly impelling toward the north, we prepare a dispatch for France to this effect: "Half-past six o'clock in the morning—Over the ocean; no land in sight. God help us!" This was added we affixed to one of our poor little messengers, but as the fog was getting thicker and thicker every minute we renounced the project, and put back the bird into his cage.

Half-past Eight—We maintain the same elevation. Many ships pass beneath us, but all our cries and signals are useless. Either they do not hear us or the prodigious rapidity of our flight will not permit the mariners to come to our rescue. This last hypothesis is the most probable one. We now begin to descend again and the aeronaut conceives the notion of letting out the whole of the guiderope, 1,200 meters (4,000 feet), in the hope (insert) that a ship, passing below us could seize it and stop the balloon. This chance, however, never occurred, and we were compelled painfully to pull the rope back again.

Half-past Eleven—We maintain the same elevation. Many ships pass beneath us, but all our cries and signals are useless. Either they do not hear us or the prodigious rapidity of our flight will not permit the mariners to come to our rescue. This last hypothesis is the most probable one. We now begin to descend again and the aeronaut conceives the notion of letting out the whole of the guiderope, 1,200 meters (4,000 feet), in the hope (insert) that a ship, passing below us could seize it and stop the balloon. This chance, however, never occurred, and we were compelled painfully to pull the rope back again.

Quarter to Twelve—A large ship in the east perceives us and fires a signal of distress.

Fifteen Minutes to Twelve—A schooner, the last we see on our journey, signals us.

The sailors are on the poop making signals and they are evidently maneuvering to give us help. M. Rölier pulls the valve rope and we descend rapidly to within a few feet of the surface of the sea. But in the three minutes that have been occupied in descending the balloon has been carried five miles from the schooner. We now perceive the impossibility of getting saved by any vessel; we accordingly decide upon descending, and as there now remains to us but two bags and a half of sand, which ought to be saved as our last resource, we determine to throw a bag of private dispatches weighing about 130 pounds. The balloon therewith descends to an elevation of rather over two miles. (The bag of dispatches was recovered by the Norwegian schooner.)

Twenty Minutes past Twelve—A thick fog envelops us. We can hardly see our balloon. The lowering of the temperature is excessive, and we suffer from the cold. Our hair, our mustaches, and even our eyelashes are filled with ice. The fine falls continually upon us. I am obliged to take my covering to protect my poor pigeons. M. Rölier raises himself on my shoulders for the purpose of sealing the neck of the balloon, as the gas is congealed into a shower of fine snow, which falls unceasingly upon our heads. He succeeds in doing this, but the gas begins to expand, and so distorts the upper part of the balloon that we fear an explosion, and accordingly open the valve a little.

One o'clock—The fog constantly thickens, and unfortunately for us the cold becomes more intense every minute. As we believe ourselves to be absolutely lost we make the resolution to jump from the balloon. I do not pretend to justify this act of despair—that is to say, of folly; but I am bound to give a sincere recital, and we did not want to suffer any longer. I gave a last thought to my country, my wife and my three little children. The aeronaut tried to light a match, but our clothes, the soles of our shoes, and every object that he struck was so damp that no match could be fired. Somehow a little confidence entered my heart, and we said to each other: "God will not abandon us."

Twenty Minutes past Two—The balloon began to descend with great rapidity. When it was about 100 feet from the surface, the fog still surrounding us, we perceived the top of a fir-tree which grew out from a bank of snow. The cat almost immediately afterward touched the ground, and without wasting a minute the aeronaut sprang out. I was willing to do the same, but my foot caught in the coils of the anchor or guide ropes, and I found myself hanging head downward outside the car, and the balloon, deflated, fell to the ground with extreme rapidity. Fortunately for me, M. Rölier was able to seize the guide rope and thus prevent the asocial movement of the balloon. I profit by the stoppage to release my foot and throw myself from the balloon, a distance of about seventy-five feet, upon a bank of fresh soft snow. We were, indeed, saved, but we had lost our balloon and our poor pigeons.

It was twenty-five minutes past two of the afternoon of Friday, the 25th of November, 1870, that we landed. The place where we effected a descent is Mount Lid, in the north of Norway, and is situated in sixty-three degrees and a few minutes latitude north.

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