

## Literature, &amp;c.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
BALLOON ADVENTURE AT  
NIGHT.

Mr. HOLLAND, a gentleman of scientific habits, projected the enterprise which has strikingly signalized acrobatic of our day. On Monday, Nov. 7, 1836—at half past one in the afternoon, the balloon rose from Vauxhall Gardens (London) with a moderate breeze from the south-east. It passed over Kent. At five minutes past four, they saw the sea. After passing Canterbury, the course altered towards the north, which would have carried them into the German Ocean. The point was now to change the course in the direction of Paris. Ballast was now thrown out, the balloon rose in an upper current, recovered her direction to the south-east, and crossed the straits of Dover in exactly an hour, about 3000 feet above the level of the sea.

It was fifty minutes past five, consequently the balloon rapidly plunged into the night.—The aspect of the world beneath now became curious in the extreme. The whole plane of the earth's surface for leagues round, as far and farther than the eye could distinctly embrace, seemed absolutely teeming with the scattered fires of the population and exhibited a starry spectacle below, that almost rivalled the lustre of the firmament above. Incessantly, during the early portion of the night, before the inhabitants had retired to rest, large sources of light, exhibiting the presence of some more exclusive community, would appear just looming above the horizon in the direction in which they were advancing, bearing at first no faint resemblance of some vast conflagration. By degrees as they grew higher, this confused mass of illumination would appear to increase in intensity, extending over a large portion of the view, and assuming a more distinct appearance until at length as the balloon passed directly over the spot, it suddenly resolved itself into streets and squares, exhibiting the perfect model of a town, but diminished into curious minuteness by the height from which it was seen. In this manner the aeronauts rapidly traversed a large space of the continent, embracing a vast succession of towns and villages solely distinguished by their nightly illumination. One of those views singularly captivated their attention. They approached a district which seemed actually to blaze with innumerable fires, studing the whole horizon. As they swept along, they saw a central city in the midst of this circle of flame, with every line of its street marked out by its particular range of illumination. The theatres and other public buildings, the squares, and all the more prominent features of the city, were indicated by the larger accumulations of light.—They could even hear the busy murmur of the population—the whole forming an earthly picture of the most striking contrast to the darkness, the security, and the silence of the vast region above in which they were moving.—This was the city of Liege, whose surrounding iron foundries formed the horizon of flame. This was the last spectacle of the kind that met their eyes. Thenceforth it was all midnight; every sound was hushed, every light died, and all was solemn and awful obscurity. Withdrawn from the earth, which was buried in the profoundest stillness, they looked to the heavens. There was no moon. The hue of the sky was intensely black, but the stars, redoubled in their lustre, shone like sparks of the whitest silver. Occasionally flashes of lightning in the north.

In a situation, which it was never in the power of man to describe before, the sketch of night given by Mr Mason, has all the interest of a new source of ideas. 'Nothing,' says this clever describer, 'could exceed the density of night, which prevailed during this part of the voyage. Not a single terrestrial object could any where be distinguished. An unfathomable abyss of darkness visible seemed to encompass us on every side. And as we looked forward into its black obscurity in the direction in which we were proceeding, we could scarcely resist the impression that we were cleaving our way through an interminable mass of black marble, in which we were imbedded, and which, solid a few inches before us, seemed to soften as we approached, in order to admit us further within the precincts of its cold and dusky inclosure. Even the lights, which at times were lowered from the car, instead of dispelling, seemed only to augment the intensity of the surrounding darkness, and as they descended deeper into its frozen bosom, absolutely to meet their way

downwards.' The cold was at the point of congelation. The oil, the water, and the coffee were completely frozen. Vast sufferings of the aeronauts were not severe, in consequence of their being entirely exempt from the action of the wind.

While they were thus rushing on with almost whirlwind rapidity through the ocean of darkness, yet almost unconscious of motion, an incident occurred calculated to alarm them in an extraordinary degree. By the discharge of ballast the balloon had suddenly risen to an elevation of about 10,000 feet (about two miles.) In a few moments after they heard a violent burst from the top of the balloon, followed by a loud rustling of silk, and all the signs of its having been torn suddenly open.—Immediately the car began to toss, as if severed from the ropes, and appeared to be sinking to the earth. A second and a third explosion followed rapidly, evidently giving the voyagers the impression, that they were upon the point of being dashed to pieces.

But the alarm was brief. The great machine suddenly recovered its stillness, and all was calm again. The concussions were subsequently accounted for by the stretching of the network on the surface of the balloon, which had become frozen during the night. When the machine suddenly shot up into the higher atmosphere, it swelled, and it was the resistance of the frozen network to this swelling, which produced these successive explosions.—The sinking of the car was an illusion, occasioned by the surprise and suddenness of the action. When the network had been relieved, the balloon was thus suffered to take its proper shape, all was calm and regular once more.

During the darkness they were sometimes perplexed with sounds from either earth or air so strongly resembling the heaving of waters against some vast line of shore, that they were tempted to think themselves speeding along the shores of the German Ocean, or hovering over the Baltic. From this apprehension, however, they were relieved by their recollection that their course was unchanged. At length they saw the day, but saw it under the most novel and interesting circumstances. About 6 o'clock, after crossing the Rhine, the balloon arose to a considerable elevation, and showed them a gladdening glimpse of the sun. The view was now magnificent; the balloon occupying the centre of a horizon of three thousand miles in diameter and comprising in a single vast view scarcely less than eighty thousand square miles. The country that spread below was a rich, undulating, boundless landscape, with the Rhine dividing it, and losing itself among the vapors that still clung to the hills, or entered the valleys. The ascents and descents of the balloon still more varied the prospect. A rapid descent first hid the sun from their view, and they were wrapped in the night which still shadowed the lower regions of the air. Again they rose within sight of this splendid display; again lost it—And it was not until after they had made the sun rise three times, and set twice, that they could regard day-light as complete on the mighty expanse below. They now thought of making their final descent. But the question arose—'where were they?' They saw below them ranges of forest, wide plains, and large spaces covered with snow, giving the rather startling impression that they had passed the bounds of civilized Europe, and were hovering over the deserts of Poland, or the Steppes of Russia. However, they now resolved upon descending, and after two attempts, baffled by the failure of the wind, and the nature of the ground alighted in safety, at half past six in the morning, in the Grand Duchy of Nassau, and about two leagues from Wellburg.—The voyage occupied about eighteen hours and was in extent about five hundred British miles.

From the Birmingham Repository.

## THE HOUSE OF THE LIVING.

The Jews are now so fully persuaded of the resurrection, that they name their burial place, 'The House of the Living,' thereby implying that it is only the departed who can be truly said to live.

O, sorrowful pilgrim,  
In life's troubled way,  
Why mourn'st thou in anguish  
O'er nature's decay?  
Why weep that the spirit,  
Unfettered and free,  
From its high place of glory,  
Looks down upon thee?

While the loved one here rests  
In her dreamless repose,  
Unmoved by life's tempest,  
So wildly that blows;  
Why here dost thou linger,

With sorrowful tread,  
Why all this lone dwelling  
The House of the Dead?

'Tis the mouldering robe  
Of the spirit lies here,  
But in glory and brightness  
Again to appear.  
Mourn not that she fled  
In the prime of her years,  
From this region of agony,  
Sorrow and tears!

How sweet were the tones  
Of her vanishing breath,  
As she passed through the valley  
And shadow of death;  
When to God, her Redeemer,  
Her hope and her stay,  
Her glorified spirit  
Passed swiftly away.

More cheerfully pass, then,  
Through life's weary way,  
Nor mourn thou in anguish  
O'er nature's decay;  
Nor grieve that the spirit,  
Unfettered and free,  
From its high place of glory  
Looks down upon thee?

From "Chronicles of Life," by Mrs.  
C. B. Wilson.

## THE TRUANT HUSBAND.

It was past midnight, and she sat leaning her pale cheek on her hand, counting the dull ticking of the French clock that stood on the marble chimney-piece, and ever and anon lifting her weary eye to its dial to mark the lapse of another hour. It was past midnight, and yet he returned not! She arose, and taking up the lamp, whose pale rays alone illumed the solitary chamber, proceeded with noiseless step to a small inner apartment. The curtains of his little bed were drawn aside, and the young mother gazed on her sleeping child! What a vivid contrast did that glowing cheek and smiling brow present, as he lay in rosy slumber, to the faded, yet beautiful face that hung over him in tears! 'Will he resemble his father?' was the thought that passed for a moment through her devoted heart, and a sigh was the only answer!

'Tis his well known knock—and the steps of the drowsy porter echoed through the lofty hall, as with a marmur on his lip, he drew the massy bolts and admitted his thoughtless master. 'Four o'clock, Willis, is it not?' and he sprang up the staircase—another moment he is in her chamber—in her arms!

No reproaches met the truant husband, none—save those she could not spare him, in her heavy eye, and faded cheek—yet these spoke to his heart.

'Julia, I have been a wandering husband.'

'But you are come now, Charles, and all is well.'

And all was well, for, from that hour, Charles Danvers became an altered man. Had his wife met him with frowns and sullen tears, he had become a hardened libertine; but her affectionate caresses, the joy that danced in her sunken eye, the hectic flush that lit up her pallid cheek at his approach, were arguments he could not withstand. Married in early life, while he felt all the ardor, but not the esteem of love; possessed of a splendid fortune, and having hitherto had the entire command of his own pleasures, Danvers fell into that common error, of newly married men—the dread of being controlled. In vain did his parents, who beheld with sorrow the reproaches and misery he was heaping up for himself in after life, remonstrate; Charles Danvers turned a deaf ear to advice, and pursued, with companions every way unworthy of his society, the path of folly if not absolute guilt. The tavern, the club-room, the race-course, too often left his wife a solitary mourner, or a midnight watcher.

Thus the first three years of their wedded life had passed—to him in fevered and restless pleasure, to her in blighted hope or un murmuring regret. But this night crowned the patient forbearance of the neglected Julia with its just reward, and gave the death blow to folly in the bosom of Danvers. Returning with disgust, from the losses of the hazard table, her meekness and long-suffering touched him to the soul; the film fell from his eyes, and Vice, in her own hideous deformity, stood unmasked before him.

Ten years have passed since that solitary midnight, when the young matron bent in tears over her sleeping boy. Behold her now! still in the pride of womanhood, surrounded by their cherub faces, who are listening ere they go to rest to her sweet voice, as it pours forth to the accompaniment of her harp an evening song of joy and melody; while a manly form is bending over the music-page to hide the tear of happiness and

triumph that springs from a swelling bosom, as he contemplates the interesting group. Youthful matrons! ye who watch over a wandering, perhaps an erring heart—when a reproach trembles on your lips towards a truant husband, imitate Julia Danvers, and remember, though hymen has chains, like the sword of Harmodius, they may be covered with flowers; that unkindness and irritability do but harden, if not wholly estrange the heart—while on the contrary patience and gentleness of manner (as water dropping on the flinty rock will in time wear in into softness) seldom fail to reclaim to happiness and virtue the Truant Husband.

From the Inverness Courier.

## A HIGHLAND OUTLAW.

ABOUT the centre of Loch Quoich, under the shadow of the mountain terraces, streaked with snow, is a small island, scarcely more than half an acre in extent, on which are seen a few birch trees. It is about a quarter of a mile from the nearest mountain, and is as solitary as the heart of hermit or recluse could desire. On this spot resides a Highlander, now old and stern, who bids defiance to all the civil powers, and lives a free denizen of nature. Some forty years ago, Ewen M'Phee, a fine sprightly, athletic Highland lad, enlisted in a regiment of which his proprietor was an officer. He was promised, or was led to believe, that he would soon be preferred in the army. He went through his exercises with correctness and regularity; but preferment came not, and Ewen deliberately one day marched out of the ranks, and betook himself to the hills. His retreat was discovered, and two files of soldiers were sent to apprehend him. With the concurrence of the late Glengarry, Ewen was seized, handcuffed, and carried off a prisoner. As the party proceeded through Stratherrick, the dauntless Highlander watched a favourable opportunity, made a tremendous leap over a precipice, and bounded off from his escort. The party discharged their muskets after him, but without effect, and, breaking off his hand-cuffs, by dashing them against the rock, Ewen was again a free man among the wilds. He established himself on Lochil's property in Corouybine, an out-of-the-world retreat, where he lived unmolested for many years, hunting, fishing, and rearing goats, without any man daring to make him afraid, or presuming to speak of rent. As a companion was wanting to soften or enliven his solitude, Ewen wooed, won, and ran off with a damsel of fourteen, now his wife, and the mother of five children. At length, however, the law prevailed for a time, and the adventurer was ejected from Corrybuie. He submitted quietly, and took refuge in this little island in Loch Quoich, where he deems himself safe and impregnable. With turf and birch trees he raised a hut and found or made a boat to enable him to communicate with the mainland. He has about fifty goats, which he quarters on neighbouring hills, and his gun and rod, we suppose, supply with him fish and game. In winter the situation of this lonely family must be awful. Ewen's strong, muscular, and handsome frame is still clad in the Highland costume, and he never ventures abroad without his dirk by his side. Some of the tenants fear him from his daring character, and others reverence him for his supposed witchcraft or supernatural power, which is firmly believed in the glen. In this way, a boll of meal now and then, and perhaps a sum of money, finds its way to the lonely island and the home of the outcast is made glad in winter. He believes himself that he is possessed of a charmed life, but a loaded gun is constantly at his bed-side during night, and his dirk is ever ready by day, to supply mortal means of defence. When Mr. Edward Ellice visited Glenqueich, after purchasing the property, Ewen called upon him, like a dutiful vassal in the old feudal time doing homage to his liege lord, and presented some goats' milk as a peace-offering. His terms were simple but decisive. He told Mr. Ellice—not that he would pay rent for his island—but that he would not molest the new Laird if the New Laird did not disturb him in his possession! The grizzled aspect, interpid bearing, and free speech of the bold outlaw struck the Englishman with surprise, and Ewen instantly became a sort of favourite. It is probably he will not again be disturbed; for the island is not worth a shilling, to any person but Ewen M'Phee, and it would be cruel to dispossess even this daring and desperate man, now upwards of sixty years of age. The situation of his family, growing up in wild neglect and barbarism, is the painful circumstance in Ewen's singular story. His wife is still comparatively a young and agreeable-looking person, and as she had some education, it is probably