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## **John and Charles Wise Ballooning Collection - Scrapbook 2**

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BALLOONING.

Prof. Donaldson and a Mr. Grimwood left Barnum's Circus, at Chicago, on Thursday of last week in a balloon. The following dispatch was received on Monday.

PROF. DONALDSON SAFE.

DETROIT, July 19. - A special to The Free Press says that the employees on the Kalamazoo and South Haven Railroad report that Prof. Donaldson alighted between South Haven and Naugatuck, Sunday, in an exhausted condition, and that medical aid had been sent to him from South Haven.

The Chicago Tribune has the party drowned. Hear what that paper of Sunday says:

What Became of Them.

All that can be hazarded in regard to them must be a mere hypothesis, but it can be a hypothesis so accurately established on mathematical calculation that, unless there shall arrive a speedy and convincing denial, it can be taken as the story of their doom.

Mr. Elias Colbert, whose patient and successful investigations in meteorology entitle him to perfect credit, warrants, with his ripe experience, the following theory:

When the balloon left the circus grounds at five o'clock, it rose to an altitude of 5,000 feet the current of the wind blowing steadily to the northeast. Before the impulse of that continuous breeze it ran about fifteen miles an hour on a course which had for its starting point Chicago, and for its conclusion the neighborhood of Grand Haven, in Michigan. There were about 120 miles of water to be traversed, so that the voyage, under favorable auspices, and at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, would terminate in eight hours. Land should have been reached about one o'clock A. M.

At 7 o'clock the "Little Guide" standing out some thirty miles from the Illinois shore, off Goose Point, and about twelve miles north of Chicago, sighted the balloon still on its course, and exactly where our calculations would place it, to-wit, about thirty miles from its starting point, with ninety miles yet to traverse before it could arrive at its destination.

From causes easily understood upon reference to an interview with Professor Steiner, printed below, the balloon had lost a great deal of carrying ability even at this early stage. It already hovered on the very surface of the lake, and dragged its car over the crests of the waves. What it was that Donaldson threw overboard to lighten his craft, we, perhaps, will never know. It is not impossible that his unfortunate companion relinquishing his hold, and, bewildered by the fury of the race across the hungry plain of waters, fell out of the car and so perished. Meanwhile, a terrible hurricane was gathering at a point parallel with the northern extremity of Lake Michigan. This storm-center, as meteorological writers term it, was spinning round and round on its eastern course, twenty times faster than the dragged balloons was



plunging before the northeast breeze.

Of course, when the car dipped into the lake, it immediately retarded the flight of the balloon, acting upon it like a brake. With this impediment, the machine, probably, could travel no more than eight to twelve miles an hour.

[[middle column]]

The reader can, just here, realize the situation of Donaldson and his companion.

Running northeast, they knew nothing of the tornado whirling temptuously to the northern end of the lake, big with their destruction.

The moon shone fitfully, clouds thickened behind them, and chased each other in constant procession across its face. Perhaps they descried the lamps of the little schooner twinkling two miles off. The lake was ruffled [[ruffled]] by the steady blow and as they were torn through it by the unwieldy monster, over which they had too little control, its waves must have broken over them, and angrily tested their grasp of the car.

The tempest, on the other hand, gathering violence and fury in the north, spun round on its center, and swept in frenzy over the face of the lake.

When the balloon had achieved, probably, two-thirds of its disastrous voyage, and only forty miles has to be traversed to complete it, the storm burst in all its terror on the laboring sphere.

The path of the hurricane and the course of the balloon intersected just about forty miles from Grand Haven, and it was at the point of that intersection that the gale struck the balloon.

Every buffet the flapless globe received must have driven it nearer to the seething water. The situation of the adventurers by this time must indeed have been deplorable. The sky was inky black, except for the constant flashed of lightning.

The wind roared and screamed through the meshes of the network. The struggling balloon, wrenched and twisted by the gale, now frantically endeavored to rise, now flung itself in gigantic despair into the murderous embrace of the lake. As the storm wind poured its fury about the doomed machine, it spun round and round like a top, with the poor wretched in its car, dragged headlong through the waves in their cage, which whirled them from side to side giddy with hopelessness and dismay.

At last, if Grimwood had not been dashed out of the car before this supreme hour, his inexperienced hands must have loosened their death-grip. Donaldson, an experienced gymnast, probably hung on with a stronger and more skillful hand.

But even if the older of the two lost men survived his comrade, there could not have been many minutes between their drownings. Once fairly sprawling upon the surface of the water, the balloon could not escape from its adversary by flying before it. It took only the violent concussion, and then, rent in twain like the vail Temple by its death-blow, the huge, yet unsubstantial creature burst and sank.

How the two men met their fate we shall probably never know. A tragic chorus sung their requiem in the roar of the thunder and the wail of the wind. Had there been a fitting inspiration for such an ending their death would have been heroic. But, wild as their enterprise was, nobody can think without a thrill of the two souls which, seizing the wings of the storm, passed out of the crash and the ruin of that tempestuous midnight into the haven of a perpetual Good Morning.

The Latest. - The above despatch [[dispatch]] seems to be without foundation, and the general supposition is that Donaldson and his companion have found a watery grave.

[[/middle column]]

[[right column]]

#### THE BALLOON ASCENSION.

MRS. IHLING'S NARRATIVE - A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE DARING LADY'S OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES IN MID AIR

We have received from Mrs. Lizzie Ihling the following interesting description of her ascension from the fair grounds on Tuesday:

MR. EDITOR: I made my second lone ascension on the 14th day of September, 1875, from Mr. Sulouff's fair ground near Harrisburg. It was a fine day, and I felt like making a good scientific air-voyage. My preceptor, Prof. John Wise, has admonished me that if I was determined to go into the balloon business, by all means to do it in the interest of meteorology, and thus make it a credit to myself and all those concerned in it, under the motto of "Pro scientia cum amenetate." I took with me a trail rope, aneroid barometer, thermometer and note book.

My notes made at starting and while aloft are as follows:

Started at 3:15 p.m. from the park.

3:20-barometer marked 3,000 feet, thermometer 79 degrees.

3:30-barometer 4,000 feet, thermometer 76 degrees. (Heavy fog.)

3:50-barometer 5,500 feet, thermometer 71 degrees. (Above the mountain. Balloon standing still.)

4 o'clock-barometer 6,000 feet, thermometer 70 degrees.

4:10-barometer 6,500 feet, thermometer 69 degrees. (Above mountain.)

4:20-barometer 7,000 feet, thermometer 65 degrees.

4:30-standing still.

4:35-barometer 7,500 feet, thermometer 63 degrees.

4:55-barometer 3,200 feet. (Came down pretty fast. heard the people shouting, "Come down, come down." I kept about this height and sailed along looking out for a little clear spot to pounce down on.)

5:20-barometer 3,000 feet. Sailing along slowly.

5:30-barometer 3,500. I now watched for a spot, and at 5:50 found it on the farm of Henry Buffington in Powell's valley, Jefferson township, Dauphin county, one mile west from Round Top. The people flocked to see me and all showed the greatest remarks of kindness - men, women and children, about 125 by count - all apparently rejoiced beyond measure. Mr. S.S. Horning took me to his house, where Mrs. Horning gave me a good supper, and I relished it, for I had a vigorous appetite.

I may now say a few words as to my feelings: I had intended to come down near the park ground, the air being calm, but before I started I heard the remark "She won't venture out of the Park." That made me think it would even be so and hence I said to myself, mountains must have valleys and I will trust to my good supply of ballast to pick out a nice little valley for a landing place. I am glad the remark was made.

The scenery below and around me was grand and varied. The beautiful Susquehanna made the Jordan for my Jerusalem and the blue peaks of Dauphin were my mountains of Lebanon. Such were my thoughts as I viewed and reviewed the glorious panorama. Long after I left, when high above the mountain tops I could see the figure of 8, that forms the race course in the driving park. I felt such a gratification in the scenes around me that I had no desire to come down until the circumstances attendant to balloon voyages rendered it imperative, having sailed to the last pound of my ballast.

To all my friends, at starting and landing, I am gratefully indebted for their uniform courtesy and kindness. I felt no fear when aloft, only when I had to come down I felt a little excitement, as I had to come down very fast to make my station clear, and the rush of air up against the balloon made it flap and rustle like the wings of a mighty bird struggling to reach the earth.

LIZZIE IHLING.

[[/right column]]

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