

# The Maritime Sentinel

AND NORTH SHORE ADVOCATE.

J. H. WOODLAND, Editor

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#### BAPTIST.

Rev. D. A. STEELE, A. M. Pastor.  
Service at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. every Sabbath; Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. every Sabbath; Prayer Meeting at 2.30 P. M. every Thursday evening; Conference at 2.30 P. M. first Saturday in each month; Women's Missionary Aid Society at 2 P. M. first Thursday in every month; Female Bible Class every Wednesday afternoon at 4.30 P. M. at the Parsonage.

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#### CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Rev. Canon TOWNSEND, A. M., Rural Dean.  
Service every Sabbath at 11 A. M. 7 P. M. and every Wednesday and Friday evening at 7 P. M. Sabbath School, 3 P. M.

#### PRESBYTERIAN.

(The regular appointments of this Church will be announced as soon as a Minister is settled in place of Dr. Clark deceased.)

#### R. CATHOLIC.

Rev. P. BROWN, P. P.  
Service at 11 A. M., first and third Sabbath of each month.

#### Y. M. C. A.

Prayer Meeting every Sabbath at 4 P. M. Mason Hall; Public meeting first Sabbath in each month at 3.30 P. M.

#### MANONIC.

Acacia Lodge No. 8, F. & A. M., meets at Masonic Hall, first Thursday in every month, at 1.30 P. M.

#### BRITISH TEMPLARS.

Monitor Lodge, No. 55, B. T., meets every Friday evening at 7.30 P. M., Mason Hall.

#### I. O. G. T.

Lafayette Temple No. 5, meets every Monday evening at Mason Hall, at 7.30 P. M.

#### VALENTINE WOOD, H. B. PARKER.

With reference to the above, the subscriber begs to state that he will continue the business of

### FLOUR DEALING

And general business, on his own account, at his present place of business.

#### H. T. PARKER.

### NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN DICKSON, late of Claremont, in the County of Cumberland, are requested to present the same duly stated within one year from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

WM. J. DICKSON, Administrator of THOS. DICKSON, 903

### CAUTION

Whoever wishes to obtain the Public Trustee, or negotiating a Note under the name of Robert Stewart for the sum of \$1000, will please direct their application to

WILLARD PIPES, June 25th, 1874.

BLANKS for sale at

### SELECTIONS.

#### "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

It is said of the late John Quincy Adams that he never went to bed without repeating this little prayer, the first taught him by his mother whose memory was so dear to him to the last.

There are two little poems, descriptive of a "child saying this prayer, and we give them both. The first is from Putnam's Magazine—now merged into Scribner's Monthly—

Golden head so lowly bending,  
Little feet so white and bare,  
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,  
Lipsing out her evening prayer.

Will she know when she is saying,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
Tie to God that she is praying,  
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep and murmuring faintly,  
"If I should die before I wake"—  
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—  
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Oh the rapture, sweet unspoken,  
Of the soul that waits that prayer!  
Children's myriads voices floating  
Up to Heaven, record it there

If, of all that has been written,  
It should chose what might be done,  
It should be the child's petition,  
Rising to the throne divine.

[Where the other originally appeared we do not know. It is called "The Unfinished Prayer," and is equally tender and beautiful.]

"Now I lay"—repeat it darling—  
"Lay me," I beseech the tiny lips  
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,  
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmurs,  
And the curly head bent low:  
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,  
"You can say it all I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly,  
Fainter still—"My soul to keep."  
Then the first head fairly nodded,  
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,  
When I clasped her to my breast,  
And the dear voice softly whispered,  
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

—Lathams Home Monthly.

#### Extraordinary Aerial Trip.

##### Six Ladies in the Basket.—Aronatic Pleasures.

Philadelphia, Sept. 8, 1874.

When Mr. S. H. Hurd, manager of the Roman Hippodrome, on last Saturday afternoon invited your representative to step into the basket and to accompany Professor W. H. Donaldson and six ladies upon a grand trip to the clouds, I little thought that I was to take part in one of the most remarkable aerial voyages upon record. Not that the distance was to be greater, but that we were to remain more hours in the air and reach a higher elevation than is usually arrived at, even by the boldest acrobats.

The cheerful looks of the ladies and the ever smiling countenance of the Professor would have dispelled any uneasiness, had I felt it. I was to participate in the first thoroughly organized balloon ascension by young ladies upon record. Fully 20,000 people witnessed our departure, and the scene gave me my first realization of the true meaning of the stereotyped expression "a sea of upturned faces."

When the balloon was let loose the earth dropped from under us as usual, and the cheers of the multitude suddenly seemed to become a faint buzzing. At the height of 5,300 feet the ladies threw over hastily written missives, telling the people below of their feelings (to most of them) their first aerial flight.

#### DONALDSON IN HIS PERCH ABOVE

felt the great responsibility he had assumed, and watched his valves and ropes and ballast closely. With such a cargo, questions naturally rained in upon him profusely, all of which he answered courteously but plainly. His mind was upon his business. When he had sailed to a height of about 5,000 feet Donaldson made the unwelcome suggestion that we should return to the earth. This was received with unanimous disapproval, and an energetic but polite request from the ladies that he should attend to his own affairs. Professor Donaldson gracefully gave way to the ladies, and, at his direction, your representative untied and emptied a bag of sand, when we shot up with a rapidity which sent a noise ringing through our ears. The barometer now showed an elevation of 10,050 feet, or nearly two miles. Thick, impenetrable clouds were above, below and upon every side, and the very stillness was oppressive. The ladies, who at no time showed signs of fear, now showed a less demonstrative demeanor and seemed lost in the grandeur of the surroundings. At this moment Donaldson again proposed to return to the earth, but the ladies met the suggestion with refusal. They held an impromptu meeting and

#### VOTED "NO" TO A MAN.

An "incident of travel" occurred now which might have proved serious but for the prompt action of the aeronaut. One of the ladies, with more enthusiasm than prudence, secretly cut loose a bag of ballast, weighting sixty pounds. To these acquainted with aerial navigation the result needs no explanation. Imperceptibly and without the slightest evidence of rapid movement—except the peculiar buzzing sensation in the ears—the balloon went up until the barometer showed an ascent of 3,000 feet in three minutes, making the total elevation 13,050 feet, and about 950 feet less than the total elevation the instrument was made to register. Donaldson, ever on the alert, discovered the situation even before consulting the barometer, and for the first time during the trip pulled the valve cord. The gas rushed out with a noise which, at this elevation, sounded like steam, and we descended rapidly.

At 1,000 feet from the earth we sailed to the westward, having beneath us a panorama of unsurpassed beauty. Night was coming on, so the Professor determined to land. And amid protests and pleadings and promises of pin cushions and worked slippers without stint, we descended in *Humboldt*, and the Misses Aliza Costineyara, Ella Grady, Maggie Taylor, Mary Walsh and Georgiana Millson stepped from the basket, their countenances suggesting that they had been to a funeral. And at this landing we found collected 500 of the meanest human beings it has ever been my misfortune to meet. They climbed into the basket and made vain efforts to reach the concentrating ring above. One urchin was discovered crawling up the netting like a big spider. Others insisted upon a ride, and one scoundrel whom it would have been a pleasure to taken have up and thrown over, actually

#### CUT THE ANCHOR ROPE.

We got off at last, having in the basket Mr. Manly Gilman, city editor of the Boston "Post," and Mr. J. J. Hutchinson, of the Hippodrome, two gentlemen whose mysterious appearance suggested their having dropped from the clouds. Miss Clara Wimley, niece of Professor Wise, also continued with us. When we thought ourselves clear of the rabble, they seized the end of the drag rope and taking a pistol from his valise he sent a ball near enough to convince them of his skill as a marksman. Never did an unruly crowd let go a two inch rope with more alacrity. Clear of the crowd we ascended rapidly, and prepared for a night voyage.

The drag rope just touched the ground, and rattled joyously over trees, tree tops and houses. About eleven o'clock our brave lady passenger became sleepy, and Donaldson, with characteristic gallantry, volunteered to stop for the night at the first town. Clouds had now obscured the earth and sky, and in the darkness we were undecided as to our correct elevation. Deciding to solve the question we opened the valve, and descended rapidly. All leaned over the basket to get the first glimpse of the earth. It was discovered, but too late. One shout from Donaldson, "Hold on all and don't jump," and then we struck with a thud which threw us all into a confused heap. A sudden rebound and we were again hundreds of feet in the air with Egyptian darkness on all sides.

"CONFOUND THE SLEEPY BRUTES, why don't they come out and pull us down?" said Donaldson, but loath to risk another descent in the darkness. The next instant and we were gracefully roosting in the top of an apple tree, where we remained until assist-

ance arrived. Thirty minutes later the balloon was securely anchored, and we were seated in a butcher's cart en route for Reading, two miles distant.

The next morning (Monday) we re-embarked (without our lady passenger), and I were soon floating over the fine farming districts of the valley. The breeze was light, and the "time" not up to the average young American's ideas of speed. Donaldson proposed to do a little

#### IN THE FRUIT-STEALING LINE,

and it was during this aerial pillaging that he proved his perfect command of his ship.—Swooping down like a huge bird the basket would cleave through the tops of the trees, when he would be on the alert for apples.— By sprinkling a little sand at the fully ascend toward the heavens. In this manner we could descend within six feet of the ground and lay in corn by the quantity. Our variety of apples, pears and rustling ears would have made a carabonista hockster wealthy.

At ten a. m. we found ourselves near Exeter, in Lehigh county, Pa. A church was seen far below us, and the Professor proposed that we attend a practice communion with him through life. After being safely enshrouded we took our seats in the modest little chapel, and if there was any lack of attention to the sermon the indifference could not be charged to the strangers. At the close of the service we again ascended, with shouts of "God bless you," until the voices became whispers and the whispers died away in the distance.

Later in the day we drifted over a dismal and sparsely inhabited country where it looked as if the few residents might still be voting for Jackson.

Sailing westerly and northerly we passed over that portion of the States populated by Germans. The farmers could be seen for miles galloping towards us, and when the rope would touch the ground they would seize it and call to us, but their speech being Low Dutch we could not understand it. The aggregate knowledge of German which our party possessed could be summed up in two words,

#### "LAST GEHEN."

(let go) and it was necessary to give this in one uninterrupted flow to prevent their pulling us down.

When three miles from Allentown, the old stamping ground of Donaldson, the citizens came out by hundreds, and as the wind had died out we accepted their offer to tow us into town. Seizing the rope they marched triumphantly through the city, while we remained seated in the basket 300 feet above. Donaldson was every-where hailed as the hero of the hour, while his companions received ovations due lesser lions. We had been eighteen hours among the clouds, during which we had reached to very high altitudes. We had taken more persons than ever before attempted a balloon voyage, and, too, composed of ladies.

#### A Steam Jackass.

The *St. Louis Globe* has struck a new line in the way of invention in the following—

"A man living near Nashville, Washington County, Illinois, has recently invented an apparatus to take the place of whistles for railroad signals, steamboats, fire-alarms, factory bells, and the like. He calls it the 'Telephone,' but the popular name is the 'steam jackass.' The inventor is a stock farmer, and has devoted much of his time to raising mules, whose habits and anatomy he appears to have studied carefully. On his farm there was a mule of more than ordinary vocal powers, whose voice could be heard at a distance of four miles in every direction, when he once got warmed up to his work. The owner computed that, if he could put in motion all the air in a circle of eight miles in diameter, or twenty-five miles in circumference, or an area of fifty square miles, or 12,000 acres, a hundred horse-power jackass could, all other things being equal, make any noise yet discovered. He established the fact that the power of an ordinary ass is about one-twelfth of an indicated steam power." A steam engine of one thousand horse-

power would, therefore, be equal to the power of 12,000 asses. Wherefore, if one ass can fill a circle eight miles in diameter, 12,000 jackasses, or one 1,000 horse-power jackass, would fill a circle of 85,000 miles in diameter.

"The inventor thought all this over carefully, arriving at the deduction that, if he could take Nature's vocal apparatus and apply to it a greater power he could produce a larger and more satisfactory volume of sound. Filled with this idea, he put the mule to death, and carefully severed the head from the body. He then injected solutions of chloride of lime and arsenic into the veins and arteries of the head and neck, to prevent the decay of the flesh. India rubber was dissolved in sulphuric ether, and the solution forced through the trachea or windpipe and through the larynx or throat. The ether evaporated, leaving a film on the membranes; and the injection and evaporation were continued until the rubber film was of sufficient thickness. These organs were then subjected to a vapour of sulphur, which process the rubber was vulcanized, its elasticity increased, and the membranes rendered impervious to steam. These preparations completed, a short piece of rubber hose was attached to the windpipe and connected with a steam boiler.

"It was a moment of agony to the inventor as he placed the ass-head in the hands of an assistant and slowly pulled the valve open—a moment of thrilling interest. As the steam was turned on, it passed on the wind-pipe, expelling the air and producing a sigh, followed by a groan, a snort, a chuckle, and then a violent coughing and sneezing. As a full head of steam was turned on, the most fearful noise, the most frightful guffaw, the most vociferous bray that ever assailed mortal ears was produced.

The lips contracted, disclosing a terrible array of teeth; the features developed a satanic grin; the jaws rose and fell as the steam crowded the passages; and the ears participate in the general movement, giving to the head of the ass an animated and excited appearance. The man who was holding the head gazed upon it a moment, with dilated eyes, colorless cheeks, knocking knees, and protruding tongue; then suddenly losing all interest in the performance, he emigrated. As for the inventor, his success exceeded his most sanguine anticipations. For an instant he contemplated the head, his countenance working with every manifestation of intense delight, then he, too, started to learn the greatest distance to which the voice would penetrate, leaving it still in operation, with all steam on. The head had now got fully warmed up to his work and that bray went hurrying through the universe. It was an acoustic earthquake; a sky shake; it was a storm, a hurricane of storm, a tornado, a cyclone of noise; it was a donkey carnival, a jackass Fourth of July. It was the greatest success the world has ever known."

calculated by Dr. Dowler to have an antiquity of 5,000 years. But all these estimates pale before those which Kent's cavern at Torquay legitimates. Here the drip of the stalagmite is the chief factor of which divides the relics of the last two thousand years from a deposit fall of the bones of extinct mammalia and glutton and indicating an arctic climate.

Names cut in the stalagmite more than 2000 years ago are legible; in other words where the stalagmite is twelve inches thick and the drip still very copious not more than the hundredth of a foot has been deposited in two centuries—a rate of five feet in 10,000 years. Below this, however, we have a thick, much older and crystalline (i. e., more slowly formed) stalagmite, beneath which again, in a solid breccia very different from the cave-earth, undoubtedly work of art has been found. Mr. Wallace assumes only 100,000 years for the upper floor, and 250,000 for the lower, and adds 150,000 for the immediate cave-earth by which he arrives at the "sum of half a million years that have probably elapsed since human workmanship were buried in depths of Kent's Cavern.

#### A Smart Young Man.

(Correspondence of the Chicago Post and Mail)

Not long ago the papers of the country were filled with accounts of the steamer *Furley* and the new cable she was landing on the coast of New Hampshire. This calls to mind the history of a young reporter of this city, and I repeat it as of interest. The young man referred to came here soon after the close of the war to correspond for the *Chicago Post and Journal*. He was very young and inexperienced, but a good telegraph operator.—Falling to see the news he was the most clever and enterprising newsgatherers at the capital, and all without any labour on his part. He would rise late, stroll down to the capital about noon (just when the other correspondents were sending off their despatches) wander into the telegraph office, listen to the click of the wires, and then write and send a telegram containing all the important items the other men had gathered. It was easily done and eminently successful. Complaint was made on him, but it was unavailing. He over-reached however and fell. The Washington Treaty was being considered in exclusive sessions of the Senate. The doors and windows were closed, but nothing could hinder our hero. He climbed to the top of the building, crept over the Senate chamber, and lying on his face, shorthanded every word of the Treaty as it came from the lip of the clerk and arose to the ceiling. He sold it to the *New York Tribune*. The *New York Times* correspondent was angry and exposed him, and his paper dismissed him.

Unwilling to lie idle, he set his active brains at work inventing telegraph instruments. When the French cable had been laid he had been commissioned to report the event. He boarded the cable ship and watched the operations of the telegraphers. The method was this: A needle like that of a compass swung on a pivot. The current of electricity coming over the wire moved it to the right or left. A deviation to the right meant a dot, to the left a dash. Thus the Morse alphabet was used. The movements of the needle were so slight that a mirror of great magnifying power was necessary for its profitable reading. Even then but fifteen words could be communicated in a minute. Our hero thought he could do better. So, as I said, he set his wits to work, and after two years hard labor, had just produced his machine. By it he can take fifty words a minute, or more than three times the number that could be received by the old process, and our hero is a prospective millionaire, and but 25 years old.

#### Capital Invested in Boot and Shoe Factories.

It will interest those of our manufacturers who are apprehensive of the effect of the proposed Treaty on our young shoe factories, to learn something of the enormous United States capital they will have to contend against. The *Boston Traveller*, in a recent issue, says:—

"Very few people have any idea of either the capital or the labor employed in the manufacture of boots and shoes. It is the greatest manufacturing industry of the country. The manufacture of cotton and woolen goods is aggregated in localities like Lowell, Lawrence, Fall River, Providence, etc., and is represented by large and costly buildings. One looking at the Pacific mills in Lawrence, the largest single manufacturing establishment in the world, would hardly think of comparing the boot and shoe manufacture with the dry goods. The shoe manufacturers are scattered all over New England, and with the exception of some establishments in Brookfield, Natick, Haverhill and Lynn, they are comparatively insignificant; but look at the pay rolls! One concern in Boston has a monthly pay roll of seventy-five thousand dollars, and others of fifty, and there are over thirty firms whose pay rolls run up from ten thousand to thirty thousand dollars per month."

#### NICKNAMES OF AMERICAN CITIES.

The principal cities in the American Union have from time to time received various nicknames. For example, New York is called Gotham; Boston, the Modern Athens, also the Hub; Brooklyn, the City of Churches; Philadelphia, the Quaker City; Baltimore, the Monumental City; Cincinnati, the Queen City; New Orleans, the Crescent City; San Francisco, the Golden City; Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances; Chicago, the Garden City; Detroit, the City of Straits; Cleveland, the Forest City; Pittsburgh, the Iron City; New Haven, the City of Elm; Indianapolis, the Railroad City; St. Louis, the City of Mounds; Knoxville, the Gate City; Louisville, the Falls City; Nashville, the City of Rocks; Quincy, the Model City; Hannibal, the Bluff City; Alexandria, the Delta City; Newburyport, the Garden of Eden; Salem, the City of Peace.

The other day as a Detroitier was riding on the Pontiac road, he came across an old lady seated in a buggy, which had been halted within a few yards of the Great Trunk Railroad track. She seemed to be uneasy about something, and as he drove up she asked "Say mister, ain't that engine going to come along pretty soon?" He asked her to explain, and she pointed to the sign, "Look out for the engine!" and added, "I have waited more'n two hours for the ole engine to go by; but I'm getting tired and if it don't come pretty soon I'll drive right over the track and go home."

#### A Long Island tax payer made the following speech in a discussion upon the manner in which the educational affairs were conducted:—"Mr. Chairman, I arise to stand up, and I am not backward to come forward to support the grand question of education; for, Mr. Chairman, without education I would be as ignorant as you are yourself, Mr. Chairman."

The largest and heaviest hawser ever manufactured in Canada has just been completed at the Dartmouth Rope Works. It is 159 fathoms in length, 14 inches in circumference, and weighs 1400 lbs. It is to be used in pulling off a vessel that is ashore at Yarmouth.—*Standard*.

It is less than fifty years ago since the world began to build itself railways, and now it has 32,000 geographical miles of them, equal to a construction of two miles a day since the beginning.

In London there are, according to a recent official report, 890 cab-drivers who are total abstainers from intoxicating drinks.