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## Poetry.

### New Dominion Lyrics.

BY MISS M. A. SEWELL.

God save our New Dominion—the beautiful the  
free,  
With its broad acres sweeping across from sea  
to sea.  
God is her strong munition; 'neath his pro-  
tecting hand  
She hurds defiance to her foes, and scorns the  
despot's hand.

Chorus—There Liberty, bright goddess,  
waves her sceptre glad,  
and smiles,  
While the beautiful Saint Law-  
rence sweeps around his thou-  
sand isles.

God save our New Dominion—her mountains  
grand and high,  
Rising their woody summits against the as-  
phire sky,  
Her hill-sides green and golden, where happy  
homesteads stand,  
Where peace and teeming plenty abide  
throughout the land.

Chorus, etc.  
Her sunny skies, her grand old woods, her  
singing of bird or bee;  
Her wild winds, sweeping Nature's harp,  
make sweetest minstrelsy;  
Magnificent Niagara, with foam like ermine  
drest,  
Girdled with rainbows, sits enthroned, Queen  
of the beautiful west.

Chorus, etc.  
My happy home—my birthright blest!—this  
Canada of ours!  
I would not change my rigid climate for pomp of  
Eastern bowers,  
Thy hyperborean blast, that like desert courses  
flies,  
When bright auroral splendours flash athwart  
the midnight sky.

Chorus, etc.  
Old England's chalky cliffs are bright, her  
heathery hills are fair,  
Where rise the purple Cheviots amid the island  
air,  
Grand Loch-nagar and Ben-nevis guard  
Scotland's noble strand,—  
Give me United Canada, my own dear native  
land.

Chorus, etc.  
England, dear mother England, a graft we are  
of thine;  
The blood of noble warriors congeals not in  
this clime,  
The nerve that dared at Agincourt—at Crecy  
won the day—  
Leaps in our veins, lives in our lives, and ani-  
mates our clay.

Chorus, etc.  
Our New Dominion's gallant sons that battle  
rage will throw.  
To native guile, to treason, or to haughty  
foreign foe.  
God ever guard our happy homes; may Right  
triumphant reign.  
And angel Peace her white wings spread from  
distant main.

Chorus—There Liberty, bright goddess,  
waves her sceptre glad,  
and smiles,  
While the beautiful Saint Law-  
rence sweeps around his thou-  
sand isles.

### LOST IN THE FOG.

An Old Whaler's Reminiscence.

When I was third mate of the "Rajah" of  
New Bedford, our first season in the Arctic  
seemed likely to prove a failure. We had met  
with no success so late as the first of August,  
and the captain got discouraged, saying he had  
waited long enough for the polar whales to  
"strike on," and we must up kites and go to  
the southward, for we could do better to finish  
our season among the right whales in Bris-  
tol Bay. We made a mistake, as it proved;  
for the ships that stayed until September in  
Behring's Straits all got good cuts of oil. How-  
ever, that's not to the purpose of my story.

We came down into Bristol Bay and fell  
among a good many right whales near the  
Aleutian Islands; we usually call them the Fox  
Islands. We took three or four large whales  
during August, which gave us a good lift to help  
out our wages. There were but few ships on  
the ground, and we might have done better but  
for the frequent spells of fog, which is one of  
the most difficult of the northwest whaler's

has to contend with. Many is the good whale  
that is lost because it is running too great a  
risk to hold out long after the ship is lost sight  
of; for no one knows when fog shut down how  
long it will continue. It may lift again in half  
an hour, or it may be so thick for two or three  
days that you can't see the flying jil-boom end.  
One day I got separated some distance from  
the other boats, and struck a cow right whale  
to windward of the ship. She ran me still  
further up in the wind's eye before I got a good  
chance at her with my lance; but in the ex-  
citement of the hour, I took little heed of time  
or distance. I hung on even after I had warn-  
ed of the fog which was sweeping down upon  
me, for I was especially anxious to save my  
whale, both for my reputation's sake and for  
my pocket. With no senior officer near enough  
to use my own discretion, and I confess I did  
not look for any signals from the ship. You  
know that young officers, especially, are apt to  
err on the side of rashness, rather than to in-  
cur the least suspicion of timidity or over-  
cautiousness.

At last I got what I considered a good lance  
at the whale, and felt sure I had given her the  
death-wound, though she did not spout blood  
freely, the blast being yet strong and but  
slightly tinged. As the whale still continued  
lively, and worked to windward at a smart  
pace, my boatsteerer and indeed all my boat's  
crew began to remonstrate against the policy  
of holding on longer. I took a look around the  
horizon, the fog was impervious in every direc-  
tion. I reflected that the lives of other men  
were entrusted to my care, and we were  
truly running greater risk than was prudent.  
With a sigh of disappointment, I drew the  
boat-knife from its sheath in the bow of the  
boat. A single blow on the line and our cor-  
sion with the rich prize I had hoped to se-  
cure was severed.

"Lay her head round, Joe," said I to the  
boatsteerer. "Give me the sail, and get your  
compass out. Take your oars, the rest of you."  
I stepped to the mast and set the sail with a  
flying sheet, and then went to my post at the  
steering oar. Joe had set the bearings of the  
ship as well as he could, a few minutes before  
the fog had hidden her from view. She was  
then, we judged, some six or seven miles dead  
under our lee, and her lower yards could be  
distinguished, even from our low position near  
the surface of the sea.

The wind was light, but with the pull of the  
sail and five oars jogging, we made good head-  
way; but it was getting late in the day, and we  
should soon have darkness as well as fog to  
contend with. And every one who has met  
with similar experiences knows how unsafe a  
guide is a light compass standing at one's feet  
in the sternsheets of a whaleboat. However,  
all I could expect to do was to get the general  
course correct, and make all the progress pos-  
sible. From time to time I raised the fog-horn  
to my lips and blew a blast, even though I  
knew we could not yet be near enough to the  
ship for the sound to reach her; but in my un-  
easy state of mind I wanted to be doing some-  
thing. We had noticed no ship in sight but  
our own, and did not think there was any other  
within many miles.

On, on we sped, before the wind, the shades  
of night closing down, giving us a foretaste  
of the darkness that was to come—a darkness  
that could almost be felt. A ship on the ocean  
is but a small object to steer for; a slight de-  
viation from the true course, and a boat may  
pass on beyond her, and this at such a distance  
as to see and hear nothing in passing. I kept  
nervously looking at my compass, which seem-  
ed to fly from five or six points each way as it  
never did before, and with a sinking at the  
heart, wondering whether we were not going  
all wrong.

I got out the "lantern-peg," which every  
whaleboat carries on active service, knicked it  
open and struck a light. I elevated the lan-  
tern upon a stout walpole, stuck in the top of  
the log-roller, and I could just see my compas-  
sion by its dim light. Having done this I  
could do no more than steer on in the same  
general direction, straining my ears to catch  
some sound, as I knew the ship must soon be-  
gin to make signals.

Blacker and blacker the darkness settled  
down upon the sea, until it seemed as if we  
were forcing our way through a wall. To be  
lost in a fog is one of the most fearful of the  
cries to which whalers are exposed. There is  
the chance of losing the ship entirely, and be-  
ing left upon the broad ocean alone to experi-  
ence the horrors of starvation and thirst. There  
is the chance of a heavy gale arising, in which  
the frail boat may founder, carrying down all  
on board. The nearest land to us was some  
two hundred miles distant—and this the rocky,  
inhospitable shores of the Fox Islands,

difficult of access, and furnishing a more suit-  
able home for seals and wild birds than for  
human beings.

"I think we have pulled far enough, sir,"  
said Joe the boatsteerer. "We don't want to  
get to leeward of the ship, anyhow."  
"No," said I, "that's true. I hardly think  
we are down ahead of her yet; but as you  
say, it's best to keep the weather-gage. I leave  
up now, and peak your oars. Keep your eyes  
open, all of you."

I let the boat come up on the wind, and lay  
to, hoping to catch some sound for a guide.  
"The other boat's may have struck a whale  
to leeward, and the ship run off towards them,"  
said I. "But I should not have supposed the  
skipper would do that, if he knew that we  
were—"

A gun! The sound seemed to have a dull  
thud to it, as if smothered by an intervening  
wall. It was evidently three or four miles from  
us, but no two of us agreed as to its direction.  
We took the voice of the majority, and made  
sail on a wind, but feeling none too much con-  
fidence that we were right. The minority pro-  
testing that we were all wrong.

About a quarter of an hour may have passed  
when the second gun was audible, quite as  
distant apparently as the first, and the sound  
now seemed to come from astern of us. So  
round we went on the other tack. And thus  
we kept hearing signals at intervals, and chang-  
ing our course; but we did not appear to gain  
any towards the sounds, and finally gave up  
the chase and lay to, in a state of complete be-  
wilderness. Thick and impenetrable as ever  
the fog closed about us, while we had yet many  
hours of darkness ahead of us to be worried  
over. We divided ourselves into watches, and  
Joe the boatsteerer and two others lay down  
under the thwart of the boat to sleep—if they  
could. But the air was raw and chill, and we  
were not heavily clothed. I felt no desire to  
sleep, but sat up on the sternsheets, calculat-  
ing chance, and wondering how long the fog  
was likely to last. This inaction was terrible;  
but to go ahead at in our present state of un-  
certainty as to direction, was as likely to be  
fatal as otherwise, for we might be going further  
away from the ship all the time.

We heard no more guns now, and knew that  
she had either ceased firing, or had passed en-  
tirely out of hearing. There was nothing to  
do but lie still until the fog should lift and  
then, if no ship was in sight, we must shape  
our course for the Fox Islands. The small  
stock of hard tack in the tarpaulin bag must be  
carefully economized, as also the little fresh  
water in the boat keg; so we took no nourish-  
ment then.

Slowly, wearily the hours dragged away, un-  
till I judged it might be two o'clock in the  
morning. I roused Joe, and thought I would  
try and get a nap myself. All has been quiet  
during my past night; the wind still con-  
tinued light, and the slight rippling or tapping  
of the water under the boat's bottom, was the  
only sound that disturbed the silence of the  
night.

"Hearing is the only sense that seems likely  
to be of any use to-night," said Joe, "but I be-  
lieve I smell something, don't you? I sniffed  
the air hard and thought I could, too."  
"Trying out?" said I, inquiringly.  
"That's it, exactly," Joe seemed delighted  
to find his own opinion confirmed; and the  
other men, when appealed to, thought they  
could perceive the odor. Yes, all could smell  
it, now. The fat crisp smell of boiling blubber  
is peculiar; it can hardly be mistaken, for  
it is like nothing else.

"If there's a ship boiling in the neighbor-  
hood, it can't be the Rajah. We had no blub-  
ber aboard, and if the other boats had got a  
whale, of course she has not cut him in yet."  
"But they might be burning old scraps on  
the try-works, as a signal-light," said I. "It's  
true we could not see it far through this fog;  
but they would be likely to do it."

"So they would," assented Joe. "The smell  
is growing a little stronger. The ship is, of  
course, to windward of us; but why don't they  
make some noise?"

Joe seized the fog-horn, and distending his  
broad chest to its utmost capacity, sounded a  
blast such as might have brought down the  
walls of Jericho. We listened intently, then  
looked at each other.

"Yes," said I, "I heard it."  
By the faint light of the boat-lantern, each  
could see the other's face light up with hope.

"There it is again!"  
We knew it. Well what the sound was  
A rapid succession of blows struck up  
the head of an empty cask. A very con-  
venient abbreviation of it, is always  
non-expedient to call out to the ship;  
foggy weather, when within the distance  
of a mile or two, and one which answers  
the purpose admirably. This species of  
alarm drum can be heard not as far as  
a great gun, but much further than the

ship's bell.  
There was no more napping under the  
thwarts, now; every one was up and on the  
qui vive. The sound was approaching  
us, growing louder at each successive re-  
petition. We might as well for the present  
lie still where we were. The smell of  
burning scraps also grew stronger and per-  
vaded the foggy air with a perfume, which  
though not exactly of Arabic Felix, was  
and by another fog-horn was heard to blow  
that the mate and second mate must have  
got on board before the fog shut down, but  
we had no means of knowing this, and they  
might still be adrift, like ourselves.

We did not move from our position, but  
waited the progress of events. The drum-  
ming grew louder and louder as it ap-  
proached, coming directly at us; and the  
odor, with the flavor of greasy smoke, be-  
came nearly overpowering. Fog-horn  
blows at intervals—not far off now. I  
thought I could even hear the swash of the  
sea under a ship's bows, as she pushed her  
way before the light breeze.

"Stand by your oars. He may run us  
down before we can get out of his way.—  
Blow your horn, Joe, and keep it going."  
"Here she is! Looming high above us,  
and voices are heard of men on the bow,  
who have caught a glimpse of our light."  
And now we can make out the glare from  
the try-fires, but as a ship is off running  
fast, there is no draft, and the fires very  
dim. If she bores in, it is not the Rajah,  
but any port in a storm.

Our warp is thrown, and dexterously  
caught, and we swing along in the strange  
ship. All the talk we hear in a foreign  
lingo.—French.  
The Frenchmen were even more aston-  
ished at welcoming strangers, for they  
were looking for their own boat. She  
arrived soon after we did, for it was her horn  
that we had heard blown. The ship then  
luffed to, and stirred up her fires to con-  
tinue boiling the whale which she had taken  
two days before. Our boat was veered  
astern, and we were made comfortable on  
board the good ship Telemague of Havre.

They had seen nothing of our ship the  
previous day, and could give no idea of her  
whereabouts. Captain Chaudleur thought  
it probable the fog would last eight-and-  
forty hours, at least, and made us kindly  
welcome with true sailor's hospitality.

Daylight brought no change in the den-  
sity of the mist, which continued to veil  
us in every direction; but in the afternoon  
there was a breaking away in one particu-  
lar quarter. A section of the horizon off  
the weather beam was opened to view, and  
a man sent to the masthead reported see-  
ing, right there in the clear spot, what ap-  
peared to be a dead whale floating. It was  
not more than two miles distant, and the  
spyglass soon placed the matter beyond all  
doubt.

The French mate immediately ordered  
his boat cleared away, for here was a rich  
prize for the Telemague. But I felt cer-  
tain that the dead whale was mine, from  
which I had cut the day before, and I at  
once ordered my crew to haul up our boat  
which was veered astern. They entered  
fully into the spirit of the thing, and never  
was a boat manned more quickly. We got  
the start of the French boat, and with vi-  
gorous and lusty strokes, were soon shoot-  
ing up to windward to get the first sight  
at the prize.

It was indeed my whale, but unluckily  
circumstances were such that I could not  
easily prove it. She floated buoyantly  
with her breast and both fins plain in view;  
but my iron, by which alone I could es-  
tablish ownership, was in the whale's back,  
deep down under water. Monsieur Be-  
gnaud, with his boat, soon arrived, and  
could see no sense in my attempting to  
take charge of a whale which I had no  
means of securing. But I knew not at  
what moment the weather might clear,  
and the Rajah leave in sight, and I meant  
at least, to make all possible objection and  
delay.

The general rule is that marked craft  
claims the fish, so long as he is in the wa-  
ter, dead or alive. The ship's name, or a  
convenient abbreviation of it, is always  
marked with a small chisel on the flat of  
the shank of each harpoon, and this is  
sufficient to establish ownership, provided  
no other ship has succeeded in cutting him  
up. But after the blubber has been peeled  
no claim can be made. If the owner  
arrives on the stage during the process of  
cutting, and proves his right by marked  
craft, he may cut the blubber off square  
with pinks; else, he takes all that is below  
Such is whaler's law, as well as un-  
derstand by them all, and settled by long  
established usage; and perhaps nothing  
more just than this could possibly be de-  
vised.

This whale therefore belonged to the  
Telemague, if she could cut him in. I cer-  
tainly could do nothing, for I

sent, no ship. I might insist on lying in  
the whale, and taking my chance, but I  
had really no right to do so unless I could  
first prove ownership. I succeeded after  
much trouble, in looking up the light of  
the line, and under-running it; but to roll  
such a ponderous mass over was simply  
impossible. The line itself was not suffi-  
cient to identify my property; we must get  
at the harpoon, or give up the prize as just-  
ly belonging to the Telemague. If the  
Frenchman took the whale alongside, he  
would of course cut her in just as quickly  
as possible. When the first piece was  
raised, and the whale should be rolled back  
upward, I would find my iron, and might  
then protest, and ask, as a representative  
of the Rajah, for a stay of proceedings;  
but such demand would probably be laugh-  
ed at under the circumstances. I could  
see nothing to be done but submit, and al-  
low the whale to be taken in tow by Mon-  
sieur Begnaud the French mate.

But it was necessary for the ship to  
make a tack to fetch well up to windward,  
before taking the whale alongside. This  
occupied some time, and meanwhile the  
fog was breaking up. Our eyes were  
strained to catch the first glimpse of a sail  
while the Frenchman was now praying  
that thick weather might continue at least  
until he could secure the blubber from my  
whale.

"Sail O!" cried my midship-oarsman,  
as the clear space in the weather-board  
widened a little, and the mist, rolling  
back, disclosed the black hull, and then  
the black hull, and then the tall spars of  
the Rajah, within a mile of us? No time  
was to be lost, and at the word my crew  
laid back upon their oars until they buck-  
led with the strain.

My story was quickly told, and the state  
of affairs fully explained. Our captain  
jumped into the boat with me, and we shot  
alongside the Telemague just as her crew  
had streamed the line into the chocks, and  
with a lively song began hauling the whale  
down to the ship.

Captain Chaudleur received us courte-  
ously, though he well understood what the  
result of the post-mortem examination  
might be. He would allow the whale until  
the iron could be cut out, and if we proved  
property, of course there was no more to be  
said.

"Now we must watch 'em sharp," said  
my superior to me, "or they may contrive  
to accidentally cut the iron out and lose it."  
And indeed I detected the French boat-  
steerer, who went over to hook on, attempt-  
ing a game of this kind; but we were too  
vigilant to be thus caught. I went over  
myself and bent a short warp to the iron  
as soon as it was possible to reach it; and  
when it was at the surface of the water I  
cut it out myself. It was hauled in on  
deck, and there, plainly legible on the  
shank, was the name "Rajah."

There were some muttered accusations  
on the part of the French crew, but the cap-  
tain was perfectly honorable, and as a  
matter of honor and justice, could not un-  
dertake to act in defiance of a law so  
generally recognized. The boarding knife  
was passed through the blanket-piece on a  
line with the plank-shear, Captain Chan-  
dleur taking as toll for his trouble the piece  
already raised above this division line, and  
we bore away the remainder in triumph  
on our own ship. A hundred and fifty barrels  
of oil rewarded us for the peril and anxiety  
which we had undergone since we left the  
ship twenty-four hours previous; but I  
have no desire to repeat the experience of  
that night when lost in the fog.

A Texas Judge is credited with the fol-  
lowing decision: "The fact is, Jones, the  
jail is an old, rickety affair, as cold as an  
iron wedge. You applied to this Court for  
a release on bail, giving it as your opinion  
that you would freeze to death there. The  
weather has not moderated, and to keep  
you from freezing, I will direct the Sheriff  
to hang you at four o'clock this afternoon."

The story is told of a New Bedford  
clergyman, now dead, who was asked by  
an Irishman to marry him. "Why, Pat,"  
said the clergyman, "what have you come  
to me for? Why didn't you go to the  
Catholic priest?" "I've been to him, yer  
honor," said Pat, "and he told me to go to  
the devil and I've come."

Gathering autumn leaves was formerly  
a fashionable amusement, but since the in-  
vention of the pinhook dress the gather-  
ing has been confined to boys.

"There's a letter in the candle," is the  
title of a new song. It's a pretty produc-  
tion, but yet we can't help thinking that  
the letter stays there long it's going to be  
scorched so that no one can read it.

To do business a man must have dollars.