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Vol 42

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 hurls 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
glory 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,
desolate 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-
til 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 Arabian 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 booms, 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 ar-
rived 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 Chaudier 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 esta-
blish 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 be 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
the line.

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 up. 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 undermanning 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 Chaudier 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-
dier 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 pinhead 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.

Telegraphic News.

London, Nov. 15.
A violent storm raged along the British and French coast yesterday. Thousands of acres were submerged in Somersetshire and other places.

Disastrous floods are reported throughout England, and the river Folke, near Dublin, burst its banks, submerging thousands of acres.

The house of Russell, Sturgis & Co., is reported failed. A large number of minor houses are reported suspended and failed.

The tide in the Thames this morning was the highest on record. Greenwich and the Lowlands along the river were partially inundated.

The weather round the coast continues very heavy, and wrecks are numerous.

Lloyds today publishes reports of wrecks that occurred last night off Bredlington, Cardigan, Clovelly, Berwick, Sunderland, Brede and elsewhere.

A special to the Times from Perak, dated Nov. 12, states that the troops are encamping the British Residency, and await reinforcements before attacking the Malay stockade, which is seven miles distant. It is expected that an attack will be made in about a week.

Eight Turkish battalions are surrounded by three thousand Herzegovinians, and a battle is in progress.

The prevalence of cholera is interfering with the movements of the Prince of Wales in British India.

New York, Nov. 15.
There was a heavy fall of snow yesterday in many Northern States.

Fifteen persons were seriously and twenty more badly poisoned by eating cheese purchased at a store attached to Bloodgood's mill, near Rahway, Saturday night.

Gold 114½ @ 114½.

Power of Gunpowder.

M. De Saint Robert, in an article from his pen in *La Revue Scientifique*, gives the following calculation of the efficiency of a rifled cannon, the diameter of the bore of which is 3 inches, the shell of which weighs about 8.2 lbs., and the firing charge of which is 1½ lbs. It may thus be estimated: Experiment has shown that the velocity of the shell when it leaves the mouth of the cannon is about 1,300 feet per second. The height from which the projectile would have to fall to acquire this velocity is 26,800 feet. Consequently the work actually done by the powder is equal to 219,000 foot pounds. On the other hand, Bunson and Schischoff have found by direct experiment that the heat evolved by the combustion of 22 lbs. of gunpowder is equal to 619.5 calories. Hence the heat evolved by the above charge of 1½ lbs. of powder is equal to 340.7 calories. The mechanical work corresponding to this amount of heat is 1,050,000 foot pounds. Comparing this, which is the possible mechanical work, with the actual work done on the projectile as given above, the ratio is 0.108 for the effectiveness of the cannon, that is to say, about 21 per cent.

A CAPTIVE GORILLA.—The rather curious discovery has been made of a living gorilla among the apes in the Zoological Gardens of Dresden. The animal was purchased while quite young as a chimpanzee and an unhealthy one at that. As it became older, its development attracted general attention, and finally Dr. Schweinfurth, the African traveller, after examination, pronounced it a genuine gorilla. It is the first of the species that has been kept alive in captivity; and as it now appears to be doing well, there is a probability that it will reach maturity, and thus enable zoologists to make important studies regarding its now little known habits and characteristics.

Poisoning by Arsenical Wall Paper.

Cases of arsenical poisoning occasioned by living in rooms, the walls of which are covered with paper colored green by arsenite of copper, have frequently been recorded. Lately, a case of arsenical poisoning has come under my notice," writes Professor Cameron, "caused by inhaling the dust from paper not colored green. The family of a gentleman, Mr. Jones, residing at New Ross, suffered so severely from symptoms usually produced by arsenic that he was induced to get the wall paper of his house examined. Out of seven kinds of paper six were found to contain arsenic. No. 1, an olive green paper, with deep green flowers and gold-like lines, containing an immense amount of arsenic in the two green colors and the gold. No. 2, a faint lavender watered paper, contained arsenic in large amount. No. 3, a white paper with gray flowers, contained a very large amount of arsenic. No. 4, a paper with red and green flowers on a gray ground, was highly arsenical. No. 5, a dark olive colored paper, with gilding, did not contain much arsenic. No. 6, a pale green and white paper, also contained only a small amount of arsenic, much less than was put on the lavender paper. Mr. Jones's family had not suffered from the symptoms of arsenical poisoning until shortly after the house was papered with the above, and the symptoms disappeared shortly after they left the house preparatory to the removal of the paper."—*Medical Press and Circular*.

CALIFORNIA COTTON.—Within the past few years it has been discovered that cotton can be successfully cultivated in California. Some farmers in San Joaquin valley have raised from quarter to four bales per acre, five hundred pounds to the bale,

and this was on land which was not irrigated. The Chinese will pick cotton at one cent per pound with board, or one and one-half cents without their board. The cost of planting is from five to seven cents, but the freight on cotton to San Francisco is high from the cotton-producing districts that there is no money in it.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, NOV. 17, 1875.

Publisher's Notice.

Persons indebted to the STANDARD OFFICE for the paper, advertising, &c., will please pay our collector, and those at a distance can remit by mail. Many owe us for a year and upwards, and we trust that they will liquidate their accounts without delay.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS have been for some time very discouraging, and the provision which is being made in the cities for the unemployed poor during the approaching winter, is a strong indication of the dull times. We are happy, however, to notice money matters in England and the United States are improving. The rate of Bank interest having been raised is a good omen, as it shows an increasing demand for money for business purposes. It is but a few weeks since the Bank rate of discount in England was very low—two per cent, and no demand; in fact there was an abundance of money, but there was no security which could be offered by business men to warrant the banks in giving loans. It is pleasing however to notice that there is a gradual improvement in trade in the States and the Dominion. The long winter months will try severely, those who have made no provision, either through lack of employment or indifference; and many industrious and honest people will find it no easy matter to eke out a living for their families for the next three or four months. Let us hope that the lesson will not be lost, but that rigid economy will be practised.

Communication with the Moon.

Ridiculous as the problem may appear at first sight, that communication could be established with the inhabitants of the moon (if it has any), nevertheless on examination, there is really nothing so very improbable in the supposition, granting those dwelling on the satellite possess alike with ourselves the sense of sight and optical instruments of high power. Years ago some philosopher projected a plan for attracting the attention of the "man in the Moon," as follows: He proposed selecting the most elevated portion of the earth's surface, and on it constructing a lofty tower, to which and from which signals could be made. This, considering that our larger telescopes readily distinguish an object on the moon's surface of from fifty to a hundred feet in diameter, allowing the inhabitants of the moon possessed instruments of like power,—was not in reality so extremely chimerical. This scheme, however, was abandoned, from the fact that science clearly demonstrated the impossibility of that portion of the moon turned towards us being inhabited, at least by organisms requiring the presence of atmospheric air. At Pamlataska, one of the highest peaks of the Himalaya range, the Russian Government has for many years maintained an astronomical observatory from which a remarkable discovery has been made, realising to a certain extent the dream of the old philosopher, we quote as follows:

For several months a peculiar bright spot had been discovered, shining from the extreme edge of the moon's disk at a point where no mountains break the continuity of its perimeter. This light suddenly disappeared and remained invisible for nearly twelve months. It has lately reappeared in greater brilliancy than ever, and the immense power of the telescope attached to the above observatory, so well known in the scientific world, has developed the fact that the light proceeds from some huge burnished substance, acting as a mirror, which must be at least 100 feet in diameter. The most astonishing thing in the matter is the almost complete proof that this is actually a mirror of artificial construction, and the theory of the savants at Pamlataska is, that is erected for observations of a scientific character, principally to observe the phases of the earth's surface.

It is well known that the immense height of that portion of the moon which is turned toward the earth, not only through the well known laws of gravitation, keeps that portion of her surface presented towards us, but also renders it uninhabitable. It is supposed that the side turned from us may have an atmosphere suitable for an animal life, and that intelligent beings, observing the halo of light shed around its horizon by reflections from the earth, may have taken this means to ascertain the cause. Some ingenious device to place the mirror at a height where animal life could be sustained was the result. It is to be hoped that this discovery may lead to others in regard to our interesting satellite.

Mr. Hicks's store, Market Wharf, was entered one night last week by burglars, and a barrel of flour and other articles stolen. Mr. Hicks sleeps immediately over the store, but did not hear any noise during the night. People this winter, will have to look well to their bars, bolts and locks.

THE PRINCE OF WALES EASTINDIAN TOUR.

The progress of the Prince of Wales tour through India engages the attention of the British Press. As a matter of history, and of interest to our readers, we propose giving brief sketches of the principal localities he will visit while sojourning in that interesting country, known as "the brightest jewel in the British Crown."

BOMBAY, the first landing place of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales in India, is an island, and was obtained by King Charles 2nd, in 1662, by his marriage with the Infanta Catharine of Portugal, as part of dowry. The King of England claimed Salsette as a dependency of Bombay, but the King of Portugal refused to allow the claim. In 1668 Charles added Bombay to the East India Company, and they soon removed their chief agency on the Western Coast of India from Surat to Bombay. The island was easily defended, and its excellent harbour made it important as a naval station. It was once besieged by the Admiral of the Mogul fleet, but the island has never been taken by any hostile power since it first became an English possession. Salsette and Bassein continued in possession of the Portuguese until 1739. They were taken by the Maharrattas, who had possession of the coast opposite Bombay for several hundred miles. This native power first became prominent in the history of India in the reign of Aurangzeib. When the Mogul empire fell into a state of anarchy on the death of this Emperor, the Maharrattas, who for some years had been struggling for independence, commenced an aggressive warfare on all sides, and soon became the most formidable native power in India. For half a century they were united in one government under Sevajee, their first prince and his descendants. They then separated under different chiefs, who divided the original and acquired territories among them. Each of these chiefs were independent in the affairs of his own territory, and declared war or peace with those around him as he pleased. But they still continued united under one nominal head, and though often at war among themselves, yet like the Greek Republics of old, they were ready to join their forces as often as there was any occasion for doing so against a common enemy. One of these Maharratta Chiefs, Conjee Angria, had possession of the Concan, the territory between the Ghats and sea, South from Bombay, and had nominally the rank of Admiral. As his situation was unfavorable for carrying on any aggressive warfare on land, he commenced plundering such ships as he could seize. He had a fleet of ships built for this purpose, and the plundered vessels of all nations without distinction. These ships, if attacked by any force too powerful for him, would run to the creeks or harbors on the coast, where they were protected by his forts. He took several vessels with rich cargoes, and became so powerful that in 1734 he took and plundered a squadron of three Dutch ships, one of 30 guns, one of 36 guns, and one of 18 guns. Such depredations could no longer be endured, and the government of Bombay resolved to put a stop to them. Conjee Angria was at this time at variance with the other Maharratta powers, so Conjee Angria proceeded to blockade his forts by sea, a Maharratta force proceeded by land from the Deccan to besiege him also, and in this way two or three of his forts were reduced. The next year Admiral Watson and Commodore Clive, afterwards Lord Clive, having arrived at Bombay, a more powerful expedition proceeded against Conjee Angria. Admiral Watson took command of the ships, and Colonel Clive of the land forces. They succeeded in taking their forts, his principle fort, with a large amount of naval and military stores, and other property of various kinds. This property, which was of great value, became prize money and was divided among the captors.

The aggressive warfare carried by the different Maharratta chiefs upon all the native powers not belonging to their Confederacy, greatly enlarged their dominions. In 1760 the revenue paid by the people, was estimated at the vast sum of \$45,000,000, though it was supposed that more than \$55,000,000, entered the treasury so as to be available for any of the purposes of the Government. Their army, collected at the great and disastrous battle of Paniput, consisting of 55,000 cavalry in regular pay, and 15,000 irregular horse, 15,000 infantry, and an efficient body of artillery with 200 guns. Their revenue, their army, and military character, made them the first native power in India.

In 1773 Mahd Rao, the Persian and nominal head of the Maharratta empire, died without leaving issue, and was succeeded by Narayan Rao, a younger brother, who was soon after assassinated. After his death two parties contended for the succession. Ragoba, who was uncle to the late Peishwa, and one of the claimants to be the acknowledged head of the Maharratta empire, made application to Bombay for assistance. The Court of Directors had long been anxious to obtain the islands of Salsette and Bassein, and had instructed their Governor in Bombay to obtain them in any lawful or proper way. The government of Bombay now made a treaty with Ragoba, who ceded Salsette, Bassein, and some possessions of the Maharrattas in Gujarat to the English, in consideration of receiving certain assistance to enable him to obtain the office of Peishwa. And having heard that the Portuguese Government in Goa was preparing to make an effort for recovering these islands, the government of Bombay at once took possession of them. The Governor General and Supreme Council in Bengal now interfered and expressing their strong disapprobation of the proceedings of the government of Bombay, sent an embassy from Calcutta to Poona. And soon after this, despatches from the Court of Directors were received by the Bombay Government, in which they approved of the treaty made with Ragoba. It was finally compromised that the English should retain Salsette, and the Maharrattas should have Bassein.

Such is a short sketch of how the British got possession of Bombay and its neighbouring islands. These are the days of pastoral changes; new ministers are being engaged in the cities all towns of the United States and Dominion. Calais has no less than four.

We learn that "a little trick" to evade the Customs regulations was recently discovered by our officer of the Customs here, and a stop put to the "accommodation," and violation of the navigation laws. Cargo books have their evils as well as benefits. Officers sworn to perform their duties, have no alternative but to obey instructions. As the matter may come up in a more prominent form it is not necessary to give particulars.

Dr. Tupper and Sir John A. Macdonald's speeches at West Toronto, on the election of Mr. Robinson, deal sledge hammer blows at the Ottawa Cabinet. We have not yet seen replies; it is probable however, that such "damaging" statements will require a rejoinder from some of the leaders of the Government.

The new school houses in Calais, are patterns of neatness, comfort and convenience. Proper attention has been paid to ventilation and light, and the surroundings are such as to create a feeling of pleasure to the pupils. The School Committee employ the best teachers, and the record of the schools should be satisfactory to the parents.

The American-Canadian is the title of a new candidate for public favor. It is published in Boston, the object appears to be the transmission of views and opinions between the Dominion and the United States. The subscription is \$2.50 per annum.

The Most Popular Entertainment of the Day.

Mr. PICKARD will give one of his Popular Entertainments in Stevenson Hall, on Saturday evening, Nov. 20. The Calais Times thus notices these entertainments:—

"We were present last evening at an Art Entertainment given by Mr. Foster Pickard at the request of friends, and have seldom passed a more enjoyable evening. The close attention of the company present was gained from the opening of the exhibition, and for two and a half hours in rapid alternation they were interested, instructed, amused and astonished. Among the striking effects were the masterpieces of statuary, the charming tableaux, the laughable comic sketches, the beautiful colored lights and the surprising changes. It is truly, as its name signifies, a fine 'art entertainment.' We earnestly advise our readers, who may have opportunity, by no means to fail to visit this superior exhibition. We assure them that they will be more than satisfied."

A fire in King street, St. John, on Wednesday night did considerable damage. The fire companies succeeded in throwing a large quantity of water into the buildings, putting out the fire, but injuring stock, which, however, was covered by insurance.

The "unwelcome" snow—first of the season, fell last night, and covered the ground about an inch. "Now is the winter of our discontent," said the Bard of Avon. The snow is fast melting, leaving slushy streets.

Grimon's funeral was to take place yesterday. A large military force was to accompany the remains. It was hoped there would be no trouble.

By Telegrams received this morning, we learn that the funeral took place without any interruption.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received the New and Popular Song entitled, "Silver Gray," published by S. Turney, Brockville, Ont. Price 20cts. Sample copy sent to any address on receipt of 10 cts. by the publisher.

AT LAST.—Arthur M. Hill, of St. Stephen, to be a surveyor and ganger of Customs, has been gazetted. When will the new Postmaster of St. Stephen, and the Lighthouse Keeper at St. Andrews be gazetted? Such tardiness in making appointments are injurious to the government, and lacks independence. Make the appointments and assume the responsibility.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH TUNNEL.

The sounding for the submarine tunnel between England and France are being carried on actively. They are at this moment directed to the part of the straits near the English coast, at a few miles from the shore. Each evening the vessel which carries the commissioner returns to Dover, Calais, or Boulogne, and work is recommenced next day. The engineers charged with the important labor are perfectly satisfied with the results obtained. So far nothing has occurred to destroy their assumptions relative to the depths.

It would appear that the United States is constantly adding to the list of its manufacturers, which are finding market in Great Britain. Among the most recent additions is that of leather belting, the first invoice of which was shipped recently by a New York firm, that use over 10,000 hides per annum in their Brooklyn works. This shipment was upon the order of Sir William Armstrong, the great gun manufacturer of England. In this order were included two belts of unusual dimensions, one being 2½ in. wide and 94 ft. long, and the other 18 in. wide and 125 ft. long, and of double thickness.

SILVER MINE.—The United States collector at the port of Sitka recently communicated to the Treasury Department the discovery of a silver mine in Alaska by a practical miner. The collector has since reported that a party of Canadians, hearing of the existence of the mine, have located a colony in its vicinity, who claim that it is upon British territory, and have applied to the Dominion authorities for an act of incorporation to enter upon its development. The collector is positive that the mine, which is reported to be immensely valuable, is beyond the western boundary of British America, and clearly within the territory of the United States. The matter is under investigation. The Canadians are not without experience in the conveying of silver mines. But we very much doubt if they will ever be avenged for Silver Lake, however discreet, watchful, or enterprising they may become.

LONG RAILS.—During the recent celebration at Darlington of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the first passenger railway, the Britannia Iron Works Company, at their works at the neighboring town of Middlesborough, rolled for the inspection of visitors some rails of unprecedented length, and it is proposed to place one of them, 130 feet long, near the first locomotive engine, opposite the Darlington station, as a memorial of the jubilee. During the same week this company rolled in one mill, 1,320 tons of rails—40 lbs. per yard, a quantity which it is believed has never been even approached in any other mill in the same space of time. The rails were for the New Zealand Government Railways.

INSTANTANEOUS BLEACHING FLUID.—In 5½ pints of water, heated to 190 or 212° are introduced successively: Mother of pearl 3½ ozs.; indigo, 0.75 grain; cochineal, 0.75 grain; chloride of lime, 150 grains. Boil for half an hour, and the preparation is ready for use. The inventor, M. Boisselier, says: "The mother of pearl gives softness, luster, suppleness, etc., and gives to hemp the feel of cashmere; the indigo gives a light azure tint, the cochineal adds brightness, the chloride effects the bleaching, the soda washes and brushes, and the potash removes all grease."

A fine specimen of gold bearing quartz has been taken from the British Gold Mining Company's mines at Waverley (Nova Scotia) which is to be sent to the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. It is a rough chip of quartz just as cut from the solid rock. It measures ten by sixteen inches, is about three inches thick at the thickest part, and weighs about seventeen pounds. The face of it is streaked with veins of gold which doubtless extend through the rock from which it was taken.

The Centennial Exhibition will be opened on May 18th, 1876, and remains open every day, except on Sunday, until November 10th.

Messrs. J. T. Fraser & Co. of Halifax, are reported failed; but their assets are said to be sufficient to cover all demands, in addition to which the property of the partners is considered ample to save the creditors from loss.

Captain Perry, of the ship "Peter Young," whose murder at Pabellon de Pira has already been reported, was stabbed by his steward near the gally door, and lived two days.

The North Shore Mills, have all shut down.

DEED

At San Francisco, California, 3rd inst., Capt. Thomas Henry Hunt, beloved son of Thomas and Sarah Hunt, of St. Andrews, aged 52 years; he leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

Ship News

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

ARRIVED.

Nov. 11, Stmr. Stroud, Boyd, St. Stephen; sundries.

12, Matilda, Stinson, St. Stephen gen cargo.

Stmr. Stroud, Boyd, St. Stephen, sundries.

CLEARED.

Nov. 12, Daisy, Hooper, Eastport, wood.

16, Harrie, McQuoid, Eastport, wood.

Princess Augusta, Tarnay, St. John, 450 bus. turnips, T. McCulloch.

MISS NEILL,

TEACHER OF THE

PIANO & ORGAN.

Will give instruction to a limited number of pupils on these instruments. Having received, through knowledge of music, and had experience in teaching, she solicits a share of patronage. Terms made known on application at her residence, MEXICAN HOTEL, St. Andrews, Nov. 10, 1875.

CAUTION.

All persons are forbid receiving or negotiating a Note of Hand for \$40, purporting to be drawn by me in favor of John Dawson, and payable on the 30th. November, instant, as no such note was signed by me.

St. Andrews, Nov. 9, 1875.

Witness John Bellingham James K. McBride

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