

The Frozen Ship.

A LEGEND OF THE POLAR SEAS.

One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Captain Warren, the master of the Greenland, a whale ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about 46 degrees north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel, these were of an immense height and closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-covered peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that direction, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Captain Warren did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation, but there being no wind he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe so long as the icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by a thick shower of snow, while a succession of thundering, grinding and crashing noises gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment; for the haziness of the atmosphere, prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger presented itself, and in the morning Captain Warren found to his great joy, that the ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise that the accumulated icebergs, which had on the previous evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and in one place a canal or open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance to this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Captain Warren from distinctly seeing anything but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of the yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding on the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Captain Warren's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed toward her. On approaching he observed that her hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck which was covered to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on the table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they went down into the cabin.

They first came to the apartment which Captain Warren viewed through the porthole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green deep mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eyeballs. He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay on the table before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus:

"Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been ever since trying to kindle it again without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief—"

Captain Warren and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provision nor fuel could be discovered anywhere; but Captain Warren was prevented, by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log book, already mentioned, and went back to his own ship and immediately steered southward, deeply impressed with the awful example he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the polar seas in the high northern latitudes.

On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the results of those with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.

Nothing can be a real pleasure or cure to the human soul, but that which is made solely by its own approbation.

The New Ocean Cable.

The completion of the "Direct Ocean Cable," as it is technically called, gives North America telegraphic communication with Europe through five different cables. The new cable is much longer than most of the others, as the following table, showing their points of termination, the dates of their completion, and their length, shows:—

Table with 3 columns: Year, From, Length. Rows include 1866-Ireland to Newfoundland (1,806 miles), 1869-Brest to Duxbury, Mass., via St. Pierre (3,220 miles), 1873-Valencia to Newfoundland (1,900 miles), 1874-Direct Cable (3,069 miles).

The new cable is laid from Ireland to Nova Scotia, and thence to Rye Beach, New Hampshire. It was expected that it would be completed last year, and it was then laid from Ireland to within two hundred miles of Nova Scotia. Unfavorable weather and the misfortune of the ship Faraday, which had it on board, springing a leak, made it necessary to cut and buoy the cable at the last named point, from which it has just been completed. Not the least wonderful part of the achievement is the rescue of such a comparatively tiny strand from the ocean depths after it had lain there for months.

The new cable has been made with every view to its utmost efficiency, but its length will not permit so rapid service as that secured by its predecessors. The estimate has been that it will transmit about nine words per minute, which is about half the capacity of the old ones. The deep-sea part of the new cable is composed of a case of thick copper wire, surrounded by eleven fine copper wires, the whole being coated with three-eighths of an inch of gutta percha. Over this is wound Manila hemp until a diameter of three-quarters of an inch is obtained. Ten iron wires, closely wound with hemp and coated with a compound of pitch, are twisted around the central part, and the whole is then wound with hemp. The shore ends are from two and a-half to seven-eighths of an inch in diameter.

From an interesting article by Mr. George B. Prescott in the Journal of the Telegraph, we condense the following table of statistics in regard to ocean cables now in working order, other than those mentioned above, which exceeded five hundred miles in length. There are also seventy-one cables in operation which are less than one hundred miles long, and forty whose length is between one hundred and five hundred miles.

Table with 3 columns: Date, From, Length in miles. Rows include 1867-Malta to Alexandria, Egypt (925 miles), 1869-Bombay, Persia, to Jeddah, Betschistan (595 miles), 1870-Suez to Aden, Arabia (1,490 miles), 1871-Singapore to Cebu, China (1,320 miles), 1872-Singapore to Penang (1,408 miles), 1873-Singapore to Hong Kong (1,100 miles), 1874-Singapore to Java (1,200 miles), 1875-Singapore to Batavia (1,200 miles), 1876-Singapore to Penang (1,408 miles), 1877-Singapore to Penang (1,408 miles), 1878-Singapore to Penang (1,408 miles), 1879-Singapore to Penang (1,408 miles).

The same authority gives the following list of the capital of the principal submarine telegraph companies:— Anglo-American Telegraph Company—Ireland to Newfoundland, two cables; Newfoundland to Cape Breton; Brest to St. Pierre; St. Pierre to Duxbury, United States, five cables—\$35,000,000. Brazilian Submarine Telegraph Company—Portugal to Brazil—\$6,500,000.

Cuba Submarine Telegraph Company—Santiago to Havana—\$800,000. Direct Spanish Submarine Telegraph Company—England to Bilbao, Spain—\$650,000.

Direct United States Submarine Telegraph Company—Ireland to Nova Scotia; Nova Scotia to the United States—\$6,500,000.

Eastern Submarine Telegraph Company—England to Bombay by way of Mediterranean and Red Sea—\$15,000,000.

Eastern Extension, Australian and China Submarine Telegraph Company—Madras to China and Japan; Java to Australia—\$8,315,500.

Great Northern of Copenhagen Telegraph Company—England to Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia—\$2,000,000.

Great Northern China and Japan Extension—Siberia to Hong Kong and Japan—\$3,000,000.

International Ocean Telegraph Company—Florida to Havana—\$1,500,000. Mediterranean Extension Telegraph Company—Sicily to Malta and Corfu—\$760,000.

Montevideo and Brazilian Telegraph Company—Montevideo to Brazilian Frontier—\$675,000.

Platino Brazilian Telegraph Company—Rio Janeiro to Uruguay—\$2,000,000.

Submarine Telegraph Company—England to France, to Belgium, and to Holland—\$2,093,200.

Western and Brazilian Telegraph Company—Coast of Brazil—\$6,750,000. West India and Panama Telegraph Company—Cuba to West India Islands and South America—\$9,500,000.

Few indeed are the places which can be called far off any longer, and short will be the time before the girding of the earth with wires will be complete.

Rev. Sydney Smith says there should be "a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long"—the shyness, not the kiss—and when the fair one gives it let there be soul in it. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs its bill into a honeysuckle—deep, but delicate." Just so. And if any of our fair readers desire to master the osculatory process according to Smith, in forty-two easy lessons, we can give them the address of a subject to practice on—a young man who is willing to make great sacrifices in the interest of social science. And his terms are ridiculously low, too.

Miscellaneous Items.

"Why, Jennie, you look good enough to eat," said a loving husband to his wife one morning at breakfast. "Well, I'm eating as fast as I can, ain't I?"

"I don't think you were born to reform the world," said a married Boston lady to the new pastor, who was inclined to praise her beauty rather too warmly.

"Well, I always make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens." "Oh, my dear fellow, that's nothing," replied his friend; "I tell my wife lots of things that never happen at all."

The newspaper is to the individual what hearing is to the deaf, or seeing to the blind. It teaches him what is going on around him, and puts him in communication with people and things, which would otherwise be lost.

"Now, my son," said a Brooklyn father, "take this castor oil, or you go through the window." "Boo-hoo-hoo," said the little man, after applying the point of the spoon to his lips. "Me can't take it, papa. Fo me out de winner!"

You couldn't get one man out of ten to carry a bath brick along the street unless it were wrapped up in paper, but you may have observed that the man who pays six shillings for a box of strawberries takes them on his hand and walks along as proudly as the King of Borneo.

How sweet is a perfect understanding between man and wife. He was to smoke cigars when he wanted them, but he was to give her ten cents every time he indulged in one. He kept his word, and every time she got 50 cents ahead, he'd borrow it and buy cigars. And so they were happy.

When a householder, struggling to get a panel bedstead down stairs, loses his grip on the railing and brings up against the hall door, and the bedstead brings up against him, nine wives out of ten will open the sitting-room door and mildly inquire: "Richard, didn't I hear something fall?"

There is a story of two families in Stewart county, Georgia, whose lives were saved by a presentiment. The father had a foreboding that a storm would visit that section and that his house would be in its path. He dug a hole near the house and had no sooner finished it than the storm came, and barely had he and his family sought refuge when the tornado tore his house to pieces. All in the hole in the ground escaped.

Twenty years ago, says the Brooklyn Argus, a poor boy, after attentively perusing the life of Lord Nelson, secretly left his parents' roof with a pocket-knife, a sandwich and a bunch of twine as his sole capital, resolving to go to sea and become an Admiral. Five miles away from home this brave, ambitious lad was kicked into a duck-pond by an exasperated mule, and he is now one of the wealthiest and most devoted agriculturists in the State of New York.

It was only a line or two in the daily paper, says the Detroit Free Press—a few words to the effect that Central Station had been newly whitewashed. Goodheart of Sixth street came home after a night's absence with whitewash on his back, and as he met his wife he said: "Hang my luck! Got carried off on a Lake Shore train." She picked up the paper, placed her thumb on the word whitewash, and there were icicles in her voice as she replied: "Don't let that happen again, William Goodheart."

Veni, Vidi, Vici, are memorable words equally applicable to the now justly celebrated "Wanzer F" sewing machine, upon being thoroughly examined by any practical and competent judge, as he is at once struck with its extreme simplicity, utility, and practicability, equally serviceable in the workshop as in the family, and possessing so many valuable points that it is now being eagerly sought after in preference to the older American systems offered for sale in Canada. Apply to the manufacturers, Messrs. R. M. Wanzer & Co., Hamilton, Ont., for a prospectus.

A fearful suicide occurred in Paris the other day. Gerard Antoine called his little boy, aged six, to him and said: "Little one, you have often wished to play with this pistol," showing the child an old pistol. "Oh, yes, papa." "Well, we will play with it now," and loading the weapon the father handed it to the boy. "Now, look," he said, "I will get down on my knees before you; you will point at me right between the eyes and pull the trigger; you'll see how funny it is!" and he knelt down. "Aim well, in the head, between the eyes," he said again; "but first embrace me." The poor child embraced his father, then pointed the pistol at his forehead. Gerard fell back dead, and the boy seeing the terrible result, ran out of the room sobbing.

A Parisian, more noted for his avarice than for fidelity to his wife, was driving the other day with an actress to whom he is particularly devoted, when in order to put on her gloves she was obliged to take off four rings, worth at least \$4,000. As she had no pocket in her dress she entrusted the rings to her escort, who put them carelessly in his pockets. After the performance at the theatre was over our friend returned home, and entering his wife's room, without thinking, emptied his pockets, placing their contents on the marble mantle. The glittering jewels immediately caught the conjugal eye and trouble was imminent, when the gentleman said: "My dear, business has prospered to-day. These four rings are a present for you." Distrust vanished, and joy took its place. At day-break a messenger came from the actress to reclaim the rings. He was immediately sent away, and at noon the avaricious victim explained to the actress, and was obliged to pay her \$4,000 in bank notes for the jewels. As for his wife, she now never wears of eulogizing her husband, and while showing the rings to her friends, exclaims: "They say that he is avaricious, it is a calumny, for look at those."

A cow in Iowa by the name of Maud brought \$7,200.—Courier-Journal. The animal probably acquired her name from a tendency to "Come into the garden" whenever the front gate was left open.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Charles Warren Stoddard writes to the San Francisco Chronicle of the Leaning Tower, and says:—The tower has such a strange effect on you. You begin well enough; you see that the stairs are very steep in some places, and that the inner wall crowds down upon you in an unpleasant way. The effect is a little like being in the cabin of a ship at sea: you realize a kind of undulating motion without having the visible cause of it before your eyes. We stopped to rest; a small window was at hand and we looked down into the interior of the tower. It was like a deep shaft that had been sunk slantwise; there was just enough slant to it to be unpleasant. The tower was beginning to move a little; we both saw it and felt it. The walls sagged very much; it was with some difficulty that we kept from slipping out of the door level with the stairs when the tower reeled over on our side. I wonder that we had the courage to complete the ascent. Towers have fallen before now; leaning towers are not expected to stand any longer than they choose to. The earth has sunk about the tower of Pisa, so that you go down several steps to get to the door on the ground floor. We were near the top; the roofs of the city lay far below us; we caught giddy glimpses of the world from the opening in the wall—the tempting doors that invited us to step into eternity without waiting our turn. By this the tower looked like a monstrous funnel. We were stumbling over the stone stairs in an unpleasant manner, when we came to the chamber where the great bells hang. We breathed more freely here. The big bell, weighing six tons, hangs on the upper side of the tower; the smaller bells take their chances on the down grade. This little fact relieved us, for we were still affected by the unsteadiness of the long, spiral stairs. While we were looking upon the country from the turrets above the bell-chamber, all the bells began ringing right under our feet. The sensation was as if the tower were about to be shaken to pieces; every stone trembled perceptibly, the air whistled about our ears, and one man did it all. He sprang on to one of the bells and set it swinging, then leaped gayly on to another, and at last caught the big bell to windward and got its thick, black tongue in motion, so he skipped lightly from one to the other, dodging the roaring monsters as they heaved about him. Escape was impossible while this concert was in progress. We had only to wait and stop our ears, meanwhile trying to get interested in the landscape. The green hills were about us on the inland side; the country was as flat as a floor from Pisa to the sea. Away off in a corner by the shore lay Leghorn. Should we not go to Leghorn when it lies but an hour hence by rail? We thought it best, and as soon as the bells were quiet we went down that corkscrew stairway and came to the outer door in capital order. I had thought to receive the finishing touch on the way down, but on the contrary, having become somewhat tangled during the ascent, I had only to descend to unravel it all, and come out precisely as I entered.

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Fireworks of every description for Theatrical and Stage effect. Paper Balloons from \$1.00 each. Illuminations with Variegated Lanterns, Transparencies, &c. Stockholders and Retail Dealers to whom a liberal profit is allowed supplied with every description of Fireworks, from the smallest to the largest article. Brass and Quadrille Bands supplied for Garden Parties, Picnics, &c. All orders carefully and expeditiously sent to all parts of the country. Terms, Cash. Price list on application. Manufactory—Head St., adjoining the Crystal Palace. 355-5m.

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NOTICE

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JAMES GROVES, Sexton, Parish Church of Notre Dame, Montreal, N.Y.

Proof After Proof. (From the Maritime States). Anthers, Nova Scotia, Jan. 28, 1874.

We would call the attention of our readers to the Diamond Rheumatic Cure, advertised in another column. We do this having some experience in the matter. Being slightly seized by it, the results produced, we procured a bottle of the Cure for a friend of ours, who was much troubled in the shoulders and hands. Hardly three months elapsed after using a single bottle, and she has not had a recurrence of rheumatic attacks, although previously she suffered with it almost constantly.

We scarcely could hope her to be cured from using only one bottle, but it has convinced us that it is a sovereign remedy. We believe a single more would effect a permanent cure, and would urge our readers to give it a trial. J. R. WOODLAND, Editor.

HUNDREDS DAILY BEAR EVIDENCE. STONEY, CARBONATE, January 20, 1875. Messrs. FOSTER & Co., Halifax:

Please send, on receipt of this, two bottles Diamond Rheumatic Cure. I have since I commenced taking it, and very much relieved. Enclosed find Two Dollars for the above.

Yours respectfully, CHAPMAN SWAINE.

RHEUMATISM. A disease of the blood, and no substantial relief can be afforded without cleansing the blood from the fibrin substances which obstruct circulation, causing inflammation and pain.

The great success of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE in curing this disease, is owing to its power of converting the blood from its diseased condition to a healthy circulation. It also regulates the bowels, which is very essential to the cure. It will send the following statement, from a well-known Dartmouth gentleman, with more interest and pleasure than those physicians who have a real desire to benefit their suffering patients:

DARTMOUTH, N. S. Sept. 14, 1874. FOSTER & Co. Halifax. Gentlemen—For the past two years I have been severely troubled with Rheumatism. I have suffered the most acute pain, and at times have been perfectly helpless—being unable to rise from my bed, or even sit up. I have tried many physicians, and used numerous patent medicines but I still continued to grow worse. It is now about four months since I commenced using the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE, and the pain has all left me, and the use of my limbs is rapidly returning. I bless the day that the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE was called to my attention.

Gratefully Yours, WM. BRODIE.

It is from such results and every day proofs like these that physicians are now prescribing the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE as an infallible specific for removing the cause of the Gout, Chronic, Acute or Muscular Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Migraine, Stomach and Kidney, the Dolentness, nervousness, aching pains, twisted joints, swollen joints, pains in the back and limbs, weakness of the kidneys, tired feeling, languid prostration, and all nervous and chronic diseases.

This medicine is for sale by all Druggists throughout the Dominion. If it happens that your Druggist has not got it in stock, ask him to send for it to

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We, the undersigned, have been cured by Dr. A. Davis, Toronto, Ont.—J. H. Williamson, P. H. Mulgrave, J. D. Brown, Anthony Kessell, Henry Thomas, L. Britton, Pat. Carr, Chas. G. Otis, Jas. H. Pismarus and six hundred others have been cured.

DR. A. DAVIS, Medical Office, 30 COLBURN ST., TORONTO—UP STAIRS. Entrance on Exchange Lane.