MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 14, 1878.

ROUND THE MOON.

CHAPTER XII.

And now Nicholl sighted a point like a brilliant watch-fire. This point could not be confounded with a star. It was a reddish incandescence which the invisible disc? increased by degrees, a decided proof it and not falling normally on the surface of the moon.

"A volcano! it is a volcano in action !" cried Nicholl ; "a disemboweling of the interior fires of the moon ! That world is not quite extinguished."

cane, who was carefully studying the penetrable night. phenomenon through his night-glass. "What should it be, if not a volcano ?"

"But, then," said Michel Ardan, "in order to maintain that combustion, there must be air. So an atmosphere does surround that part of the moon."

"Perhaps so," replied Barbicane, "but not necessarily. The volcano, by the decomposition of certain substances can provide its own oxygen, and thus throw flames into space.

The fiery mountain must have been situated abont the 45° south latitude on the invisible part of the disc ; but, to Barbicane's great displeasure, the curve unravel. which the projectile was describing was taking it far from the point indicated taking an instant's repose. Each one by the eruption. Thus he could not watched for an unexpected fact, which determine its nature exactly. Half an might throw some new light on their hour after being sighted, this luminous uranographic studies. About five o'point had disappeared behind the dark clock, Michel Ardan distributed, under horizon; but the verification of this the name of dinner, some pieces of phenomenon was of considerable consebread and cold meat, which were quickquence in their selenographic studies. ly swallowed without either of them It proved that all heat had not yet disabandoning their scuttle, the glass of appeared from the bowels of this globe; which was incessantly encrusted by the and where heat exists, who can affirm condensation of vapor. that the vegetable kingdom, nay, even the animal kingdom itself, has not up to this time resisted all destructive inglass, sighted towards the southern fluences? The existence of this volcano

Was it an illusion, a mistake, an Asiatic Caucasus. Michel Ardan, with optical illusion? Could they give a his accustomed ardor, maintained "the scientfic assent to an observation so evidences" of his fortress. Beneath superficially obtained? Dared they it he discerned the dismantled ramparts pronounce upon the question of its of a town; here the still intact arch of

habitability after so slight a glimpse of a portico, there two or three columns lying under their base : farther on, But the lightnings in space subsided succession of arches which must have that the projectile was shifting towards by degrees; its accidental brilliancy supported the conduit of an aqueduct; died away; the asteroids dispersed in in another part the sunken pillars of different directions and were extinguish- a gigantic bridge, run into the thickest ed in the distance. The ether returned parts of the rift. He distinguished all to its accustomed darkness ; the stars, this, but with so much imagination in

eclipsed for a moment, again twinkled his glance, and through glasses so fanin the firmament, and the disc, so hasti- | tastical, that we must mistrust his ob-"Yes, an eruption," replied Barbi- ly discerned, was again buried in im- servation. But who would dare to say, that the amiable fellow did not really The projectile had just escaped a ter- see that which his two companions rible danger, and a very unforseen one.

would not see? It was then half past three in the Moments were too precious to be afternoon. The projectile was follow- sacrificed in idle discussion. The Seleing its curvilinear direction round the | nite city, whether imaginary or not, had moon. Whatever had been its speed already disappeared afar off. The dis-(and it could not have been insignifi- tance of the projectile from the lunar cant) its period of occultation continued. disc was on the increase, and the details That was evident, but perhaps that of the soil were being lost in a confused would not have been the case in a sup- jumble. The reliefs, the circles, the posed rigidly parabolical trajectory,- | craters and plains alone remained, and a new problem which tormented Barbi- still showed their boundary lines discane's brain, imprisoned as he was in a tinctly. At this moment, to the left, circle of unknowns which he could not lay extended one of the finest circles of lunar orography, one of the curiosities

Neither of the travelers thought of of this continent. It was Newton which Barbicane recognized without trouble, by referring to the Mappa Selenographica.

> Newton is situated in exactly 77 south lat., and 16° east long. It forms an annular crater, the ramparts of which, rising to a height of 21,300 feet, seemed to be impassable.

Barbicane made his companions observe that the height of this mountain above the surrounding plain was far About forty-five minutes past five in from equaling the depth of its crater. the evening, Nicholl, armed with his This enormous hole was beyond all measurement, and formed a gloomy border of the moon, and in the direc- abyss, the bottom of which the sun's in eruption, unmistakably seen by these tion followed by the projectile, some rays could never reach. There, accordearthly savants, would doubtless give bright points cut upon the dark shield ing to Humboldt, reigns utter darkness, which the light of the sun and the earth



rise to many theories favorable to the of the sky. They looked like a succesgrave question of the habitability of the sion of sharp points lengthened into a cannot break. Mythologists could well moon. tremulous line. They were very bright. have made it the mouth of hell.

and Michel Ardan.

that

Suddenly, in the midst of the ether, in the profound darkness, an enormous mass appeared. It was like a moon, but an incandescent moon, whose brilliancy was all the more intolerable as it cut sharpely on the frightful darkness Nor was it a volcano in eruption. And of space. This mass, of a circular form, threw a light which filled the projectile. upon it. The forms of Barbicane, Nicholl, and Michel Ardan, bathed in its, white sheets assumed that livid spectral appearance which physicians produce with the fictitious light of alcohol impregnated with salt.

"By Jove !" cried Michel Arden, "we are hideous. What is that ill-conditioned moon ?"

"A meteor," replied Barbicane. "A meteor burning in space ?" "Yes."

This shooting globe suddenly appearing in shadow at a distance of at most 200 miles, ought, according to Barbicane, to have a diameter of 2000 yards. It advanced at a speed of about one mile and a half per second. It cut the projectile's path, and must reach it in some minutes. As it approached it grew to an enormous proportions.

Imagine if possible, the situation of the travelers ! It is impossible to describe it. In spite of their courage, their sang-froid, their carelessness of danger, they were mute, motionless with stiffened limbs, a prey to frightful terror. Their projectile, the course of which they could not altar, was rushing straight on this ignited mass, more inthat.' tense than the open mouth of an oven. It seemed as though they were being precipitated towards an abyss of fire.

Barbicane had seized the hands of his two companions, and all three looked through their half-open eye-lids upon that asteroid heated to a white heat. If thought was not destroyed within them, if their brains still worked amidst all this awe, they must have given themselves up for lost.

Two minutes after the sudden appearance of the meteor (to them two centuries of anguish) the projectile seemed almost about to strike it, when the heat, which soon pierced the metal where sound, which is but the agitation

Such appeared the terminal line of the The projectile was still advancing, moon when in one of her octants. and this movement did not subside. They could not be mistaken. It was Circles, craters, and uprooted mounno longer a simple meteor. This lumintains succeeded each other incessantly. ous ridge had neither color nor motion. No more plains; no more seas. A never ending Switzerland and Norway. And Barbicane did not hesitate to pronounce lastly, in the centre of this region of crevasses, the most splendid mountain "The sun !" he exclaimed.

on the lunar disc, the dazzling Tycho, "What ! the sun ?" answered Nicholl in which posterity will ever preserve the name of the illustrious Danish "Yes, my friends, it is the radiant astronomer.

orb itself lighting up the summit of the mountains situated on the southern borders of the moon. We are evidently nearing the south pole."

"After having passed the north pole," replied Michel. "We have made the circuit of our satellite, then ? "Yes, my good Michel."

"Then, no more hyperbolas, no more parabolas, no more open curves to fear ?"

"No, but closed curve" "Which is called ----?"

"An ellipse. Instead of losing itself and crushed against the face of the n interplanetary space, it is probable moon ! Tycho forms such a concentrathat the projectile will describe an tion of light that the inhabitants of the elliptical orbit around the moon." earth can see it without glasses, though

" Indeed !" "And that it will become her satel-

"Moon of the moon !" cried Michel Ardan.

"Only, I would have you observe, my worthy friend," replied Barbicane, we are none the less lost for

> CHAPTER XIII. TYCHO

At six in the evening the projectile feelings, all their impressions, were passed the south pole at less than forty concentrated in that look, as under any miles off, a distance equal to that alviolent emotion all life is concentrated ready reached at the north pole. The at the heart. elliptical curve was being rigidly carried What this incomparable mountain

really is, with all the projections con-At this moment the travelers once verging towards it, and the interior exmore entered the blessed rays of the crescences of its crater, photography it-

sun. They saw once more those stars self could never represent. which move slowly from east to west. "Ah !" exclaimed Michel Ardan, The radient orb was saluted by a triple enthusiastic at the sight; "what a hurrah. With its light it also sent grand town might be constructed within that ring of mountains ! A quiet globe of fire burst like a bomb, but walls. The glass resumed its accustom- city, a peaceful refuge, beyond all huwithout making any noise in that void ed appearance. The layers of ice melt- man misery. How calm and isolated

large bottles, with the name blown in the Gla and retails at \$1.00 per bottle, or Six Bottles for Five Dollars. Sold by Druggists generally, and most Country Stores. Be sure, and ask for Dr Channing's Sarsaparilla , and take no other. If not readily obtained in your locality, address the Gener-

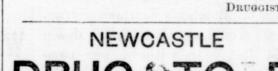
Consumption Cured! The undersigned an old retired physician having been permanently cured of the much dreaded disease Consumption by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used. free of charge, with direc-In observing the full moon in a cloud-

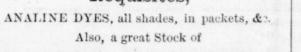
less sky no one has failed to remark this brilliant point of the southern hemisphere. Michel Ardan used every metaphor that his imagination could supply to designate it by. To him this Tycho was a focus of light, a centre of irradiation, a crater vomiting rays. It was the tire of a brilliant wheel, an asteria enclosing the disc with its silver tentacles, an enormous eye filled with flames, a glory carved for Pluto's head, a star launched by the Creator's hand,

PALLEN'S DRUGSTORE, at a distance of 250,000 miles ! Imagine,

then, its intensity to the eye of ob-HELLEBORE, a certain destroyer of Grubs ; Canary ed, Cuttle Fish and Saffron, Tapioca, Macaroni ermicelli, Sago, Broma, Royal Food, Ridges' Food servers placed at a distance of only fifty rowroot, Mushroom Ketchup, Yorkshire Sauce miles ! Seen through this pure ether, White Wine Vinegar, Gelatine, Irish Moss, Iceland Moss, Isinglass, White Glue, Quinine Wine, Ext its brilliancy was so intolerable that Beef, Iron and Wine, Peruvian Syrup, Fellow's Com-Barbicane and his friends were obliged ind Syrup, Robinson's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, Sanford's Catarrh Cure, Shoshonees Remedy, Gray's Specific Medicine, Hair Vigor, Soaps, Brush-es, and other toilet articles, Oil of Lemon, Oil of to blacken their glasses with the gas smoke before they could bear the Cloves, Oil of Peppermint.

splendor. Then silent, scarcely utter-COOL SODA WATER AND CHOICE CIGARS. Physicians' and other prescriptions carefully and ing an interjection of admiration, they gazed, they contemplated. All their curately compounde





of the layers of air, could not be generated.

Nicholl uttered a cry, and he and his consuming its usual quantity. companions rushed to the scuttle. "Ah !" said Nicholl, " These rays of What a sight ! What pen can describe heat are good. With what impatience it? What palette is rich enough in must the Selenites wait the reappearcolors to reproduce so magnificent a ance of the orb of day." spectacle ?

It was like the opening of a crater, bibing as it were the brilliant ether, like the scattering of an immense con- light and heat, all life is contained in flagration. Thousands of luminous them." fragments lit up and irradiated space with their fires. Every size, every color, was there intermingled. There red, green, grey-a crown of fireworks point, had the earth been at the full, of all colors. Of the enormous and Barbicane and his companions could much-dreaded globe there remained nothing but these fragments carried in all directions, now become asteroids in and others leaving behind them trains of brilliant cosmical dust.

These incandescent blocks crossed fantastical continent. and struck each other, scattering still smaller fragments, some of which struck two separate groups very near the south the projectile. Its left scuttle was even pole. The first groupe extended from ly." cracked by a violent shock. It seemed the pole to the eighty-fourth parallel, to be floating amidst a hail of howitzer on the eastern part of the orb; the Michel. shells, the smallest of which might des- | second occupied the eastern border, ex-

troy it instantly. The light which saturated the ether pole. was so wonderfully intense, that Michel, drawing Barbicane and Nicholl to his window, exclaimed, "The invisible moon, at last !"

And through a luminous emanation, Barbicane was enabled to recognize able. which lasted some seconds, the whole their nature. three caught a glimpse of that mysterious disc which the eye of man now saw landscape, and the projections disappearfor the first time. What could they ed in the intense brilliancy of the disc. distinguish at a distance which they And to the eyes of the travelers there could not estimate? Some lengthened reappeared that original aspect of the bands along the disc, real clouds form- lunar landscapes, raw in tone, without ed in the midst of a very confined gradation of colors, and without degrees after having founded their argument on atmosphere, from which emerged not of shadow, roughly black and white, facts recently observed, decide unanionly all the mountains, but also projec- from the want of diffusion of light. tions of less importance ; its circles, its Michel Ardan, however, thought he yawning craters, as capriciously placed recognized a heap of ruins, to which he as on the visible surface. Then im- drew Barbicane's attention. It was mense spaces, no longer arid plains, but about the 80th parallel, in 30° longitude. real seas, oceans, widely distributed, This heap of stones, rather regularly reflecting on their liquid surface all the placed, represented a vast fortress, dazzling magic of the fires of space; overlooking a long rift, which in former and, lastly, on the surface of the con- days had served as a bed to the rivers tinents, large dark masses, looking like of prehistorical times. Not far from immense forests under the rapid illumi- that, rose to a height of 17,400 feet the

ed as if by enchantment; and im- those misanthropes, those haters of humediately, for economy's sake, the gas | manity might live there, and all who was put out, the air apparatus alone have a distate for social life !"

"All! It would be too small for them," replied Barbicane simply. Long did the travelers, whom such a sight could never weary, admire the splendors of Tycho. There projectile,

"Yes," replied Michel Ardan, "imsaturated with luminous gleams in the double irradiation of sun and moon, must have appeared like an incandescent

globe. They had passed suddenly from A this moment the bottem of the proexcessive cold to intense heat. Nature jectile deviated somewhat from the lunar was thus preparing them to become surface, in order to follow the slightly Selenites. Become Selenites! That were rays of yellow and pale yellow, lengthened elliptical orbit. From this idea brought up once more the question what they had seen, could the travelers have seen it, but immersed in the sun's solve it? Would they decide for or irradiation she was quite invisible. Anagainst it? Michel Ardan persuaded other spectacle attracted their attention, his two friends to form an opinion, and their turn, some flaming like a torch, that of the southern part of the moon, asked them directly if they thought some surrounded by a whitish cloud, brought by the glasses to within 450 that men and animals were represented yards. They did not again leave the in the lunar world. scuttles, and noted every detail of this

"I think that we can answer," said Barbicane; "but according to my Mount Doerfel and Leibnitz formed idea the queston ought not to be put in that form. I ask it to be put different-

"Put it your own way," replied

"Here it is," continued Barbicane. tending from the 65° of latitude to the "The problem is a double one, and requires a double solution. Is the moon On their capriciously formed ridge aphabitable ? Has the moon ever been peared dazzling sheets, as mentioned inhabited ?

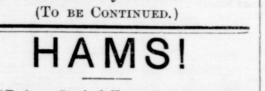
by Pere Secchi. With more certainty "Good !" replied Nicholl. "First than the illustrious Roman astronomer, let us see whether the moon is habit-

"To tell the truth, I know nothing The projectile was high above all this about it," answered Michel.

"And I answer in the negative," continued Barbicane.

"Very well," continued Michel Ardan' "the scientific Commission assembled in the projectile of the Gun Club, mously upon the question of the habitability of the moon-' No ! the moon is not habitable.""

This decision was consigned by President Barbicane to his note-book, where the process of the sitting of the 6th of December may be seen.



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