

Nova Scotia proper. The mast of one of these towers attains a height of 350 feet above the sea level.

The improved appliances of modern skill and science, however, appear destined soon to supersede the primitive contrivances for this object, and cables prepared with Gutta Percha are now so economically produced as to demand universal application, for submarine or subfluvial purposes. As one result of the facility of production of this rope covered wire, we learn that it is already determined to lay down a submarine cable to connect the south-west coast of Ireland with the north-east point of Cape Breton, and that the scheme has already found such favor that at the instigation of an enterprising Nova Scotian, a chartered Company has been formed for carrying it out. We have therefore the prospect, by means of this powerful electric tie, of a direct and speedy union of Old Europe with Young America.

MY FIRST VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

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Thus, we were fairly in for it—as with him who puts his hand to the plough there was no looking back. Settling myself in my new home, and seeing to the security of things around me, occupied my attention till night, and served to mitigate those painful feelings embodied in that sad word “farewell.”

At six, we passed the dark ledges of Jedore, against which a tremendous sea was beating, and covering the ocean with the white foam of its breakers, extending a long way off—they brought to mind the dismal wreck of a noble ship, the Archduke Charles—a transport conveying a regiment from Quebec to Halifax, numbers of whom perished on the night she struck.

Soon after a heavy gale came on, the sea rose higher, and one of our wretched crew gave out, refusing to go aloft and hand the topsail. This threw his duty on the remainder, for which he suffered all but martyrdom during the rest of the voyage. The sail was, however, reduced by the remainder of the crew, but we passed a dismal night; so deeply laden was the vessel, that she shewed but fifteen inches out of water from sea to gunwale. The main deck was usually two feet deep in water; and as she rolled from side to side, Jack likened her, to a half tide rock, and anticipated little trouble from his corns during that voyage. This gale continued till morning, affording a slight foretaste of what was still in store for us. Daylight brought milder weather; ten o'clock bright and pleasant sunshine, while a gentle breeze sped us on our course, along the northern shore of Sable Island. Seldom has this fatal spot, the last home of many a gallant seaman, assumed a more attractive appearance than on this occasion.