

THE RESCUE OF THE "XANTHUS."

On the 5th ult. there was a tremendous gale in the harbour of St. John, N.B., and our special correspondent has made it the subject of a sketch which is elsewhere reproduced. The following particulars concerning the incident are copied from the *St. John Telegraph*:—The barque "Harmony" was in distress, and shortly after 3 o'clock p.m., the tug "Xanthus," belonging to Messrs. Scammell Bros., ran out beyond the Ballast wharf, and the life-boat put off and was taken in tow. The "Xanthus" then steamed up the harbour to the North Market wharf, where she took on board a large coil of one-inch manilla rope, and left about 4 p.m., for the rescue, having on board, besides her captain, Mr. Ellis, and his crew, about half-a-dozen others, and Pilot George Mulherrin. The life-boat was in tow.

The sea was found to be very heavy outside the range of the Beacon, and it was with great difficulty that the life-boat conveyed one end of the manilla rope to the barque. The feat was accomplished, however, and by the time a new ten-inch warp was hauled from the "Harmony" to the tug and was made fast, the latter had got down abaft the starboard beam of the other. The engine was set going, and as the tug, in turning, worked away from the barque, the warp was brought across her stern and in contact with the propeller, in which it became entangled.

In vain the engineer and others endeavoured to work the warp clear. First the engine got the shaft crank over the centre, and it was only after some minutes of hard labour that the machinery was again set revolving. The propeller took only one or two turns more, when it again stopped, and a subsequent effort only resulted in a similar manner, and the engine could not be moved after. The tug held for a time by the stern to the barque, but was soon let go. Pilot Mulherrin had, meantime, summoned the life-boat, and the tug went drifting on the breakers of Courtenay Bay. The only anchor on board was let go, and fortunately held her. The tugs "Hiram Perry, jr.," and "Relief" had appeared on the scene soon after the accident to the "Xanthus," the "Hiram" being quite close at one time. Those on board signalled to those boats for aid by beckoning and blowing the steam whistle. Efforts were also made to get the life-boat down to the unfortunate tug, but without avail, and those who were waiting so anxiously on board the tug were surprised to see her rowed away for the city as if nothing whatever had happened to the steamer which had towed her out.

To the credit of those on board the "Hiram Perry," that tug responded to the call of distress from the disabled steamer, and, running a short distance to windward of the "Xanthus," she headed out of the Bay and was allowed to drift down the rest of the distance. When the "Perry" thus approached the "Xanthus" it was at a great risk, for a collision, in such a wind and sea, must have destroyed both. Even when only a few fathoms apart, nearly every mountain wave hid them from each other, and dozens of the waves shot up to crests, as if about to break, as they passed under the two tugs. The "Xanthus" was dragging very slowly, and, as the tide was now ebbing, the outside line of breakers off Courtenay Bay was creeping out slowly to meet her. There were but two men on the deck of the "Perry," Captain Harry Hawkins and his mate, Eugene Divoort, but they did the work of six men in their brave endeavours to rescue their fellows from a truly perilous situation. Mr. Divoort succeeded in throwing a line to the "Xanthus," and he and Capt. Hawkins hauled a warp on board their vessel and made it fast. A new difficulty now presented itself on board the "Xanthus." It was found impossible to get the chain clear from the locker below in which it was fastened, and as one of the men on deck was endeavouring to break a link with a sledge hammer, the warp parted, and the unlucky tug fell back and held by her anchor. Would the "Perry" return? was now the question, and after a time she was seen again surging down on the great waves toward the "Xanthus." The breakers were now approaching nearer with the ebbing tide. The chain had been got clear of the fastening in the lower locker, and, after two or three dangerous runs around the anchored but apparently doomed tug, a second line, thrown by Mr. Divoort, was caught on board the latter vessel, and the warp which had before broken was hauled on board the "Perry" as before. The question amongst the dozen men on the "Xanthus" now was, whether they should slip the chain and run the risk of the warp breaking again. If the warp would break again and it were possible for the tug to hold on an hour or two longer, she then must be torn from her anchorage by the breakers, and soon overturn with all on board. In such a case the probabilities were that those on board would never reach the shore alive. There did not seem to be any hope from the life-boat, and it was quickly decided to slip the chain and trust to the "Hiram Perry" and the warp, for it was thought that the chances for saving the lives of those on board would be better in the breakers at high water than low. To the great relief of all the warp held as the "Perry" moved off, at first easy and then increasing her propeller's revolutions. As the "Xanthus" passed the "Harmony" another severe wind and snow squall came spitefully down, and a voice from the barque shouted, "When are you coming again to help us?"

The reply went first from a brutal young fellow on the "Xanthus," who had just been taken from almost certain death himself—

"Go to h—l and find out."

Enquiry as to who the brute was resulted only in our ascertaining that no one on board knew him, and that he had got on board at the wharf without leave just as the tug was going out to the barque.

Captain Ellis, of the "Xanthus," assured those on board the barque that the tugs would be sent to his rescue as soon as possible, and then the "Harmony" was left to the fierce wind, the snow squalls and darkness, holding by one chain which we trust has saved her and those on board until the morning. As the two tugs passed up towards the harbour they were met by the life-boat, which had been despatched by the Messrs. Scammell to bring those on board the "Xanthus" ashore, if possible, but fortunately the crew of the life-boat were saved the trouble of doing so.

The "Hiram Perry, jr.," and her officers and men deserve honourable mention, and a more tangible recognition of their services than is usually accorded, in our port, to those who risk their own lives and property in making humane efforts to save those of others. The "Perry" is owned by Mr. W. T. Pratt. She is manned as follows:—Harry Hawkins, captain; Eugene Divoort, mate; Wm. Pratt (son of the owner), engineer; and Bernard McQuillan, fireman. These four men

have laid a dozen others whom they rescued in the "Xanthus" under a debt of gratitude which, it is to be hoped, the latter will take steps to suitably acknowledge.

OLD TANNERIES AT GENEVA.

The city of Geneva, which was visited not many days ago by a conflagration destroying several of the best hotels and modern buildings on the quay, owes more of its attraction for travellers to the scenery of the Lake and of the Rhone, in its immediate neighbourhood, than to any fine architectural structures. The shores of the Lake, not flat, but gently rising from the water's edge, are studded with elegant villas in gardens, which have quite an English aspect. They are overlooked by Mont Salève, a grand range of limestone precipices, having some resemblance in form to the Salisbury Crags of Edinburgh, but four or five miles distant from the town. Far-off views of the Jura, and even of Mont Blanc, and other Alps of Savoy, may be got in clear weather from some convenient places. The promenades on the ramparts, and on the right bank of the river, in the Quartier des Bergues, united with the other parts of the city by two handsome bridges, communicating with the small island where Julius Cæsar built a Roman fort, are very pleasant. But the most beautiful sight in Geneva is the wondrously blue water of the Rhone as it issues from the Lake, in whose depths it has left every particle of earthly soil. A pure white swan floating on those billows of transparent azure, under a clear sunny sky, is a thing never to be forgotten by whoever has once beheld it. The Rhone does not, of course, after passing through the town, retain this exquisite purity, but its blue colour is preserved till it joins the Arve, a mile and a half below. Like most other Alpine rivers not filtered through lakes, the Arve, rushing down from the glaciers of Mont Blanc, a course of sixty miles, is full of mould and gravel. It is so dirty, and behaves so rudely in its furious advance, that the noble Rhone will not mix with it at their first meeting. The blue stream of one river runs side by side with the turbid tawny current of the other, in the same channel, as the Missouri and Mississippi do at their point of junction. At length the Arve gains the apparent mastery, and the Rhone is thenceforth discoloured in its lower course through France to the Mediterranean Sea. There are some picturesque old-fashioned buildings still left on the banks of the river at Geneva. The tanneries, a sketch of which appears in our Engraving, are such a relic of antiquity; but the improvements of late have caused many features of the historic Geneva, associated with Calvin and Knox, with Voltaire and Rousseau, and with other illustrious scholars, exiled patriots, and philosophers, to vanish from the eyes of inquiring tourists. There is comparatively little here to remind us of the past.—*Illustrated London News.*

ESQUIMALT HARBOUR, V. I., BRITISH COLUMBIA.

As the great project of inter-oceanic railway communication upon Canadian territory has become a necessity through the admission of British Columbia to the Canadian Union, we give in this number a view of Esquimalt Harbour, Vancouver Island, B. C., the western terminus of the Canada Pacific Railway, as proposed by Mr. Alfred Waddington, the well-known projector of this great national enterprise; and we doubt not that our readers will examine it with interest at the present moment. The view is taken from a little promontory on the south side of the harbour near the wharf and small town of Esquimalt, which latter lies behind the spectator. The wharf, which looks so quiet, is the landing station of the steamers from San Francisco and the outer world; and on steamer days, Esquimalt assumes an appearance of life and busy animation, which contrasts singularly with its usual tranquillity, as shown in the sketch (all the coasting trade being carried on at Victoria, for which purpose the harbour there is deep enough, though not sufficiently so for ocean vessels.) Still further back, and a little to the left, is the entrance to the harbour, which can be made at all times and in all weathers; an immense advantage over the other harbours on the western coast of the island, the entrances to which are exposed to the frequent storms of the Pacific in these northern latitudes. Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is three miles distant, and lies in the hollow beyond the trees on the right-hand side of the sketch, just over the "Charybois." A beautiful gravel road connects it with Esquimalt. The harbour itself stretches to the left and in a northerly direction for several miles, and is more than twice the size of what is represented in the sketch. It is one of the finest in the world; and the only one on the iron bound coast of the Pacific for 800 miles north of San Francisco. It is perfectly land locked, safe and commodious, averaging some sixty feet deep, and could contain the largest fleet. The vessels seen in the sketch, with their names underneath, formed part of H. M. flying squadron on the Pacific, when lying there last summer. Our illustration is copied from a lithographic view in an almanac, issued by Messrs. Turner, Beeton & Tunstall, of Victoria, V. I., and is pronounced remarkably correct by those who are personally familiar with the locality.

"ON THE ROAD" IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Minister of Public Works, the Hon. H. L. Langevin, C. B., had occasion, during last summer, to visit British Columbia, the latest addition to the Canadian Confederacy, on matters connected with public business. He left Ottawa on the 27th of July, accompanied by his Private Secretary, and was joined by Auguste Achintre, Esq., formerly editor of *Le Pays*, who went for the purpose of seeing the country and gathering materials for a work on the newest Province of the Dominion. M. Achintre purposes doing full justice to the subject, and having collected ample material both by personal observation and official and other records, will no doubt produce a book of very great interest, especially to the inhabitants of the middle and Eastern Provinces. How that phrase does flatter our young country! "Middle and Eastern Provinces!" Yes, and Western Provinces, too, we have; and, by-and-bye, we shall have Northern Provinces lining the McKenzie River and fronting on James Bay. This, however, in future. At present our purpose is to give a few words explanatory of the illustration "On the Road in British Columbia." Hon. Mr. Langevin and party proceeded by rail, *via* Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Omaha, &c., over the Pacific line to San Francisco, a trip of six days. About the middle of August they left San Francisco by steamer and reached Victoria, V. I., in four days. Thence, after a necessary delay in the transac-

tion of official business, they started for New Westminster, on the mainland of British Columbia, which they reached after a day's sail towards the end of the month. On or about the 28th they left New Westminster on the long island journey to Bakerville, Cariboo. Bakerville is a small village in the Cariboo district, situated on the border of Williams' Creek, and contains some three or four hundred inhabitants. It was here that the photographer "did" the party as they were on their return towards Victoria to embark for home. The photograph, which is very creditable to the artist in such a remote region, was taken by a Swiss who has settled in Bakerville, and drives a thriving business among the "gulch" and other miners in the neighbourhood. Williams' Creek may be readily recognized in the picture. On the right side of it are the mines, many of them worked by hydraulic power, and involving a great deal of tunnelling, for which the forest, shewn on the left, furnishes an ample supply of timber. A couple of Bakervillians are seeing the travellers off. The driver (Mr. Tingley) is a noted "whip," and indeed upon such roads his control of the reins cannot be too complete. Near the driver, and the first figure to the right, is Hon. M. Langevin, to whose compact and regular features the photograph has done but scant justice. On M. Langevin's right is Mr. Barnard, an ex-Member of the B. C. Legislature and now manager of the mail express. Behind the driver may readily be recognized the full rotundity of M. Achintre's pleasant face; and to his right is the figure of Theodore Desliertiers, of the Public Works Department, who also accompanied M. Langevin. The party were just starting on the homeward trip when the photograph was taken, and reached their destination without mishap.

"THE INDIAN DESERT."

This picture, by the eminent French master Decamps, whose place has rarely been filled in the French school since his death, about ten years back, belongs to the early part of the artist's career, when he distinguished himself as a painter of Oriental subjects. It is a strange scene which the artist places before us—strange, it may seem, as a glimpse of the antediluvian or pre-Adamite earth, or even, almost, of those still remoter periods in the geologist's chronology when the world was a "desert," when gigantic saurians flourished in the primeval mud, when the mammoth roamed the universal wilderness, and behemoth and the dragons had their living prototypes. It is late evening or early morning when the denizens of the Indian desert seek the cool water-course to slake their burning thirst. Now slink forth the leopard and the tiger from the tangled covert of the jungle, and the cumbrous elephant frisks over the plain from the shades of the forest. Two of the wild creatures meet at the stream that is equally coveted by both. Neither will give way, but each distrusts the other. The elephant has wandered a little from his herd, the leopard prowls alone, like the beast of prey that he is. But we must leave it to naturalists to decide if the characters of the animals and their rencontre are correctly represented. If Decamps has not, like some of the old masters, made the joints of the elephant's hind legs bend the wrong way, and if he has made him prick his ears after an authentic fashion, he has, we suspect, somewhat exaggerated the size of his eyes. In imaginative treatment, however, the picture is above all cavil. How terrifically the great, black, towering mass of the elephant looms against the faint light of the horizon! How extreme is the contrast between the two creatures in every particular! The one comparatively small, but of strength all compact, and armed at all points; lithe, swift, and ferocious, he may in a moment, with a dash and spring, gain the mastery. The other, an erect Colossus, slow but sagacious, unwieldy, but possessed of a ponderous, irresistible force, one blow from whose tusks, or trunk, or feet would be instant death. Those who are best acquainted with Decamps' skill in technicalities will best understand how much this subject must gain with the colouring, the variety of textures, and subtle truth of effect of the original picture.—*Ill. London News.*

NORTH BANK, NEAR ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

This pleasant summer retreat, situated on Upper Long Pond, within two miles of St. John's, was built some years ago by the Hon. Joseph Noad, then Surveyor-General of Newfoundland, and Member of the Executive and Legislative Councils. Since the property has come into Mr. Rendell's possession, the house and grounds have been greatly improved, and the farm enlarged by the purchase of the lands visible on the left side of the illustration.

QUIDI VIDI LAKE, NEAR ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

This small but beautiful sheet of water is about a mile east of St. John's. At its eastern end is the small village of the same name, where the codfishery is carried on during the summer months. On the extreme left, in the middle distance, is the residence of Judge Hayward; to the right of it is the property of the late Patrick Keogh, Esq. In the distance, on the right bank of the lake, is the property of the Hon. C. F. Bennett, our present Premier. The cottage in the foreground is the residence of Richard Holden, Esq., for many years Assistant Clerk to the House of Assembly.

The Grand Duke Alexis is exhibiting his benevolence in a tangible form. He has given \$5,000 to the poor of New York, \$2,000 to the poor of Boston, \$1,000 to the poor of Montreal, and contributed \$5,000 to the Chicago relief fund.

As a warning to those who are seeking the place of Admiral Gueyon, of the French navy, that marine hero, at a dinner recently given in Paris, said: "Do not be anxious, gentlemen, to succeed me, for I bequeath only misfortune to my successors. At the outset of my maritime career I commanded a small brig. I gave up that command upon being promoted, and the next year my successor was lost in the vessel which I had commanded. Afterwards I commanded the brig "Genie," and in that vessel my successor came into collision with another, which nearly cost him his life. Subsequently I was appointed Governor of Martinique, and my successor in that post died there insane. I was then appointed Major-General at Brest, and my successor there was found dead in his bed. I am now Governor-General of Algeria, and I really tremble for my successor; and for his sake, rather than my own, I hope to retain my post for a long time to come.