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# THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, JULY, 1852.

## THE ELECTRICAL TELEGRAPH.

It has been said by a modern writer that "science fulfils her holiest mission when ministering to the wants of mankind. Every discovery, every new truth, and every new application of an old truth, has a direct relation to the well being of man. The ultimate end of all scientific investigation, is to increase the comforts and to aid in all that pertains to man's physical well being, and moral and intellectual progress." The force of these remarks has been evidenced in a peculiarly striking point of view by the Electrical or Magnetic Telegraph—and daily experience is shewing to the world its almost inestimable value, and giving evidence that it is an agency of such social and commercial merit that its importance can scarcely be overrated. To shew that its practical value is even now extensively appreciated by the public in America as well as in Europe, we may refer to an authentic statistical authority as regards a single telegraphic circuit. The extent, says Appleton's Mechanics Magazine, to which telegraphic operations are already carried on, is evidenced by a statement of the business done on the lines between Philadelphia and Boston, which in a single day have amounted to 500 and 700, and upon the line from Pittsburg to Cincinnati in the year 1850 there were transmitted a total of 364,559 despatches, and the amount paid for them to the Operators was \$73,278. We are not furnished with the like statistics of telegraphic operations since the opening of our Provincial lines, now in a state of successful working, but have no doubt that all experience will demonstrate the great and increasing appreciation of this most rapid of all modes of friendly, commercial and scientific communication. The extension of Telegraphic lines is continuously proceeding throughout this North American Continent, and it is stated that further south a line is about to be opened the present season between Puebla and Orizaba in Mexico. It may thus be reasonably anticipated that within a brief period the chief cities and towns of this whole Continent throughout its vast extent will be brought within hail of each other. The greater facilities for the attainment of this grand result, as compared with Europe, tend to command for the subject peculiar interest and attention. On the score of economy the advantage is

much in favor of America. In Great Britain for example the cost of laying down lines of telegraph is stated to be from £150 to £200 per mile—the lines from Dublin to Cork and Dublin to Galway being under contract for completion at the larger price, while in America we believe the average cost will not much if at all exceed £20 sterling per mile. As a consequence the tariff of charges in this country is on a scale far more favorable to the public than in Europe, and while the time occupied by the transmission of a message of any given length is but half that required by the European mode, its cheapness will no doubt be found greatly conducive to its beneficial use by the public.

Some of the principal features in telegraphic operations have been noticed in previous numbers of the Provincial but the papers of the day are continually furnishing additional matter of interest. 'Every day,' says a Buffalo journal, 'brings some new wonder wrought by the telegraph. The following comes very near to the Arabian Night tales of the annihilation of time and space, but we suppose it is all true:—

"A beautiful experiment we saw tried successfully, in the office of the Telegraph line in this city yesterday. The ticking of the Clock in the office at New York was *heard and seen* distinctly here. The regular vibrations of the pendulum in New York, were registered on the paper, at precise intervals and heard by the striking of the pen-lever at the same instant. One of the wires is connected by a very fine wire to the pendulum of the clock, partaking of its motion. The other is fastened to the side of the clock, the pendulum striking it when swinging. The two wires being brought together, a circuit is formed, the stroke of the pendulum making a dot upon the paper, whenever it strikes the wire at the side of the clock, and the ticking of the clock in New York is heard more distinctly here than where it is in motion. Last evening the experiment was tried successfully between Bangor, Maine, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, by connecting the wires of Morse's and Speed's lines at this point and proceeding as above mentioned. The distance is between 2000 and 3000 miles."

We learn too from an English journal that for the purpose of establishing correct Greenwich or uniform time throughout England, the Electric Telegraph Company are introducing a novel and beautiful system. 'Wires are carried from the observatory at the instance of the Astronomer Royal to the Telegraph office Strand, London, on the dome of which facing Charing Cross an elevated pole is to be conspicuous, from which every day at noon a large black ball, will, by electro-motive power, be dropped simultaneously to a second with that at Greenwich, and by falling on a contrivance at the base of the pole, communicating standard time through the wires, by an electrical *coup* throughout the country.

The English papers also announce the construction, by Mr. Reid, of new miniature batteries and needle instruments, which are represented as being in strong contrast to the battery now in use—the length being only four inches by one and a half inches deep. An experiment was made on the line connecting Dover with Calais, and the commercial messages, prices of stocks, funds, &c.

were successfully transmitted without exhaustion of the miniature battery, which on the contrary seemed perfectly to maintain its character equally with the old and more cumbrous battery. The writer predicts a new revolution in regard to telegraphs and batteries—that they will soon become more simple and easy to understand, and not only become familiar as household words, but familiar and useful as household servants.

To make the ordinary system of magnetic telegraphs more intelligible to the general reader, we are enabled by the aid of diagrams and the information conveyed by a little work issued by Mr. Davis, manufacturer of telegraphic instruments at Boston, to furnish something more than is generally known of their style and the *modus operandi* of the instruments employed.

A few ascertained facts at the outset are requisite to be borne in mind, as serving to give laws to the subject.

The electric current in passing naturally round the Earth pursues a course from east to west, and seeks always an equilibrium in its distribution through matter. If there is an excess in one place it seeks to transfer itself to another where there is less or a deficiency. In artificial appliances its production is twofold—one part of the apparatus used becoming always *positive* while another becomes *negative*, in other words there is a *disturbance of equilibrium* as the first condition of electrical excitement.\*

Glass and other substances called *insulators* bar its progress. Copper or iron wire and other like substances are termed conductors. A current will pass from a positively excited body to a negatively excited body by means of any conductor which may be interposed between the two.

The current excited by the immersion of zinc and copper plates suitably arranged, in an acid solution, will traverse a metallic conductor of any length, disposed so as to connect the plates, rather than pass an intervening space of the smallest extent through a nonconducting fluid or solid; but where an alternative of conductors is presented the current passes by the shortest route to the earth or otherwise most directly to complete the circuit.

The current from a galvanic battery is conducted by the whole mass of the wire employed, and not on the surface alone as in free electricity. The time occupied by its passage along the wire is wholly imperceptible, and would require less than two seconds to circumvent the globe.

When a bar of soft iron is wrapped around by a coil of insulated wire,† it

\* In the ordinary galvanic battery, for example, the wire in connection with the zinc or other metal most readily acted upon by the acidulated liquid employed, is denominated the *negative* pole; and that connected with the platina or least soluble metal—the *positive* pole.

† Insulated wire is prepared by covering with silk or cotton thread wound continuously about it so as to insulate the metallic surface. This method of covering and insulating the wire is rendered necessary, to prevent any lateral passage of the current. A coil of wire so disposed is termed a *helix*—a pair of these are consequently *helices*. When a helix is composed of several layers of wire, each successive turn enclosing the previous one—its power is thereby increased.

becomes magnetic while the galvanic current is made to pass through the wire, and ceases to be a magnet when the current is cut off. Advantage is taken of this circumstance to apply machinery for the printing of a telegraphic alphabet by dots and lines in the manner following.

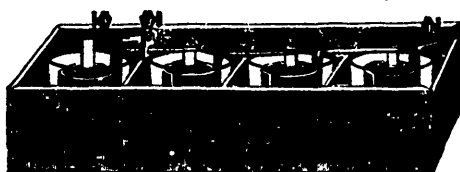
#### MORSE'S TELEGRAPHIC ALPHABET.

ALPHABET.		NUMERALS.
<i>a</i> . —	<i>n</i> — —	1 . — — —
<i>b</i> — — — —	<i>o</i> . . .	2 . — — —
<i>c</i> . . . .	<i>p</i> — — — —	3 . — — —
<i>d</i> — — — —	<i>q</i> — — — —	4 . — — —
<i>e</i> . . . .	<i>r</i> . . . .	5 . — — —
<i>f</i> — — — —	<i>s</i> — — — —	6 . — — —
<i>g</i> — — — —	<i>t</i> — — — —	7 . — — —
<i>h</i> . . . .	<i>u</i> . . . .	8 . — — —
<i>i</i> . . . .	<i>v</i> — — — —	9 . — — —
<i>j</i> — — — —	<i>w</i> — — — —	0 . — — —
<i>k</i> — — — —	<i>x</i> — — — —	
<i>l</i> — — — —	<i>y</i> . . . .	
<i>m</i> — — — —	<i>z</i> . . . .	
	<i>æ</i> . . . .	

The improvement by which the Telegraph has now become so extensively useful, has been in the direction of the indicating or registering apparatus, by which the passage of the fluid at the distant station is noted.

The following descriptive particulars of the manner in which the telegraphic process is conducted in the Provinces are obtained chiefly from Davis' Book of the Telegraph already referred to.

The annexed diagram represents a galvanic battery of four cups. In the



galvanic series the zinc of each pair\* is connected with the platina of the next. The current produced by each of these pairs flows in the same direction and falls in with all

the others. The number of pairs in the telegraph being proportioned to the distance which the current is to traverse.

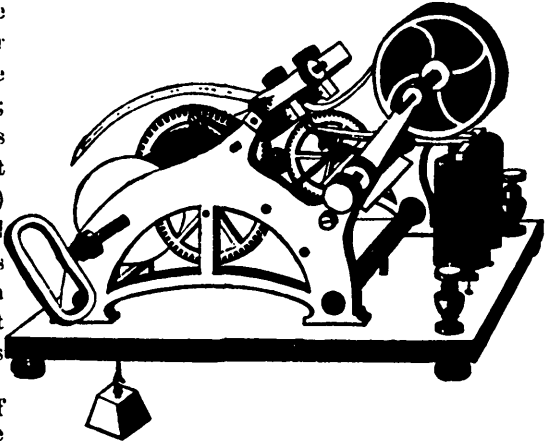
Each pair of this battery consists of a pint glass tumbler, a cylinder of zinc, a small porous cylindrical earthenware cell within the zinc, and a platinum strip suspended within the cell from an arm belonging to the zinc of the next pair. A solution of diluted Sulphuric Acid is used with the zinc, outside the

\*The arrangement of what is termed a "pair" of Grove's Battery, is as follows: A cylinder of Zinc amalgamated with Mercury stands in a glass cup containing dilute Sulphuric Acid; within the cylinder is placed an unglazed porcelain cup to contain Nitric Acid. A strip of platinum is suspended in the acid by attachment to an arm proceeding from the Zinc cylinder. One of the terminal wires is connected with the Zinc, the other with the platinum, in order to form the galvanic circuit.

porous cell, and the cell itself is filled with nitric acid. The two acids are used on account of an increase of power depending on a chemical reaction.

Two screw-cups will be seen rising above the battery in the cut, one of which is the positive pole or extremity of the series, the other the negative. To these the wires are attached which convey the current.

The registering instrument is represented in the annexed cut. Two screw cups are seen at the right of the board for the insertion of the wires from the battery; next the screw cups is seen an electro-magnet (as before described) with coils of insulated wire upon it, the ends of which pass through the board and connect with the screw cups beneath it.



Over the poles of the magnet is a little armature or bar of soft iron attached to the short arm of a lever whose long arm is pointed, and when thrown up by the action of the electric current upon the magnet, marks the strip of paper which is observed passing from the spool on which it is wound, by the action of clock work with rollers—and a dot or line is impressed upon the strip of paper, according to the length of time the current has been made to pass to the magnet by the depression of a key in the hand of the operator, which forms a metallic connection between the conducting wires proceeding from the battery.

The clock work is kept in motion by the weight appended, as in the diagram, and is brought to rest by a stop motion when the lever ceases to act.

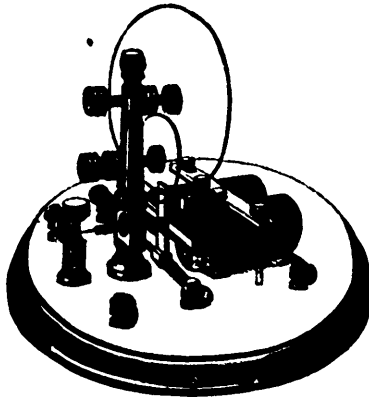
In a long line of telegraph a number of receiving magnets may be interspersed. Each of these may work a local register, and thus the same message be recorded at several places at the same moment. If the receiving magnet is to effect a relay of currents, the motion of its lever brings into action a local battery,\* which works the next receiving magnet in succession, and so on.

The receiving magnet is essentially the same in its construction with the *Call*,† which is represented in the annexed diagram. It consists of a magnet

\* The employment of a relay or local battery, enables a weak or exhausted current which has traversed a great length of wires, to bring into action and substitute for itself a fresh and powerful one.

† For Note refer to next page.

placed horizontally on the board, with two helices of wire surrounding the



legs. An armature supported by an upright bar, is seen forming a cross just in front of the poles of the electro-magnet. This is held back by a delicate spiral spring, graduated by a screw which is seen to the left of the cross. A platinum point on the upright bar or pendulum, and a little platinum disc immediately in front of it, are so placed that the interval between the point and disc shall constitute the break in a local circuit—to be formed by the attachment of wires to the screw cups upon the board.

The long or telegraphic circuit, is connected with the helices of the magnet by means of the first pair of screw cups. When the current flows from the main battery, the armature is attracted to the magnet, and, by the medium of the upright bar and horizontal screw, completes a local or branch circuit.

The employment of the relay instrument, does not extend the current of electricity, from the first battery, beyond the electro-magnet of the relay—but a distinct circuit is formed in both cases—the completion of the circuit by the current of the first battery acting upon the magnet and armature or keeper of the relay by the metallic connection induced, serving to complete the second circuit. For the passage of the electric fluid a *circuit* is always necessary—two conductors being required—one by which the electricity goes out; the other by which it returns.

Instead of connecting the battery and register of the telegraph directly by the use of a second wire, the earth is employed as a conductor, and is found to serve the purpose of completing the circuit equally well. The pole of the battery and register attached to a large metallic plate or coil of copper wire being sunk in the ground at either terminus of the line.

The difficulty of insulating the wires under water has led to the erection of towers with masts upon the banks of rivers or straits, over which steel wire, necessarily of great strength is suspended. Two of these towers recently completed at the Strait of Canso, now connect Cape Breton by telegraph with

† That portion of this instrument used as a *Call* to give notice to the operator at a distant station, as practised on the lines where, as in the Southern and Western States, Bain's system is employed, is thus described. Between two circular plates of glass, the upright bar rises, armed with two little knobs to perform the part of a hammer. When the armature is drawn to the magnet by the operation of the electric current, it strikes one of them, and on being drawn back it strikes the other. The repetition of this signal draws attention to the register. The duty of the operator is then to set the clock work in motion and receive the communication from the distant station. By Morse's system the *Call* is performed simply by a preconcerted signal of the operators upon the ordinary register.

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.

(Continued from page 205.)

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.



We were sufficiently near, to afford a good view of the people, the houses, and flag staff, while troops of wild horses, like that of the fabled Mazeppa, scoured the sandy hills and low plains of the Island. The heavy surf broke in foaming billows on the strand, owing to the extensive shoals which surround it on every side, forming a broad white frame to the green and living picture, which its rank vegetation presents at all seasons. One might imagine at the distance we were from it, with little aid of the fancy, as the bright beams of the sun glanced over it, that it was a fertile spot, and though retired, still not unpleasant to live on. To me at least, it presented some of the attractions of *terra firma*, for which I would gladly have exchanged the unstable element, to whose dark bosom I had committed life and fortune; but we saw it in sunshine,—in storm it is quite a different matter!

As we stood along the coast, the skeletons of old wrecks were seen, the monuments of former calamities. They, buried with their helpless crews, had remained hidden for years beneath the sand, which, ever changing its position, had by recent gales again become exposed to view—those supply ample fuel to the inhabitants, with other materials of value. At stated distances along the coast, stand houses provided with food, clothing, and fuel, and other comforts for the use of the shipwrecked, previous to their being discovered by the Islanders. Many lives are thus saved; and the liberal means provided for this purpose from the public funds, bear testimony to the enlarged liberality and benevolence of the government under which we live, and the higher estimation of human life in our time.

The sight of this island recalled to mind many interesting events connected with it. The noble self-devotion of the elder Darby, and the bold spirit which led him, at the peril of his life, to dash through the shoals and breakers with his vessel, saving the officers and men of the French Frigate *Africaine*, should never be forgotten; had he faltered for a moment, 400 souls must inevitably have perished—happily he succeeded. For this gallant act the French monarch addressed him a letter of thanks through the chief minister, transmitting also a handsome pecuniary present, together with a gold medal specially struck, in commemoration of his distinguished bravery; his country how has she rewarded him? Nor did I forget in passing, an old friend, the son of a former Governor of the Isle—and many striking tales he used to relate. One day he said he was galloping over the island, on one of the wild steeds, armed as usual with a lance in hand, Cossack like, which he occasionally stuck into the sand: meeting with resistance, he called his men, who with their shovels, soon disinterred a pipe of the richest Madeira Wine, in appearance very ancient. It was set up on a cross tree of wood, ready tapped, and spiled for use; those who had so placed it he supposed had perished shortly after, as little had been withdrawn. It proved a choice prize and served to cheer the tedious hours of those exiles, many a long winter's night. At another time he came

upon a number of small heaps apparently of black mould, which on examination, proved to be the remains of some former crew, who had suffered shipwreck, the skeletons only having resisted the action of the elements.

Then again, came the mysterious and romantic tale of that beautiful lady, the shade of some former victim, clothed in garments of the purest white, her long white tresses sparkling with jewels as she wandered around the shores, during the darkest nights, and heaviest gales, uttering screams of terror and groans of agony, seeking her lost companions. The servants of the Governor refused to go out alone at such times, in terror of the Ghost whom they had met and fled from repeatedly; this they were ever ready to affirm and swear to.

Reflecting on tales like these served to occupy my mind, as the rising gale sped us on our way past the eastern point of the Island, interesting at that moment as the last portion of American soil I could hope to see for many months. We hurried forward into the deep gulf which divided the Sable Island shoals, from the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, the prolific nursery of the cod-fishery, which so abundantly supplies all foreign markets with that useful article.

From hence I may date the commencement of our severest trials and sufferings. I have already said mine was a wretched crew, but I had little conception how utterly worthless they would prove in the hour of emergency; had the four men been absent we should have got on equally well. The Captain, a native of Wales, had little experience; he had early deserted a British ship on the coast of South America, and had since been engaged as he told me in privateering and many other fearful occupations incidental to the revolution which raged in that unhappy country.

The mate was the only good seaman on board—a real old *salt*. Born on the ocean, acknowledging no fatherland, he was in truth a legitimate son of old Neptune; he was my sole reliance in time of danger. I soon acquired entire confidence in him, and to this day feel grateful for his services. Many a dismal night his tales served to wear away, and as they were related in the lively and quaint style peculiar to old tars, I often found them instructive as well as amusing. He had been a follower of Nelson's, was with him at Copenhagen, Aboukir, and Trafalgar, and had laid up rich stores of anecdote of his renowned chief. In every sea he had braved "the battle and the breeze." Serving in all climes, his noble features were deeply bronzed by "India's scorching heats;" while his face was scamed with scars, bravely won in honorable danger.

We had been at sea but three days when we reached the western edge of the Grand Banks; then commenced a series of gales and tempests, which continued with little abatement or variation for about three weeks. Then, indeed, I was enabled to realize the wonders of the great deep, and to experience the truth of scenes, hitherto deemed highly exaggerated if not fabulous. About sunset a

great gale commenced with a snow storm of the most terrific character so thick and fierce as to threaten suffocation, accompanied by lightning and thunder, surpassing all former experience; and conveying the fearful impression that the great globe itself was about to burst asunder, or be consumed by living fire, involving all nature in destruction. As I lay trembling in my cold and narrow berth, all that long and tedious night, how were my fears aggravated by reflections and regrets, as the warning of the old seaman on the eve of my departure, occurred to me. Bitterly did I lament the folly that led me to forsake family and friends—a comfortable home, and safe position, for advantages yet prospective and uncertain, with the immediate prospect of death before me. How gladly would I have abandoned all my cherished projects, all desire of visiting foreign lands. Wealth, honors, distinction, at that moment would have been eagerly given in exchange for a single foot of sterile soil, or barren rock, or the humblest position in my native land.

At the commencement of the gale, all our canvas was handed. The topmast with its sail attached soon after broke short off at the cap, and borne on the wings of the wind, inflated like an air balloon, had taken a most unceremonious departure to regions unknown. The jib-boom was also gone, leaving us only the fore and main sail to secure, upon doing which and lashing the helm a-lee, all hands sought safety in the dark, damp and narrow cabin, shutting over and securing the slide to exclude the sea.

The vessel thus reduced to her bare poles, was abandoned to the mercy of the waves, and to the protection of the Almighty arm whose power alone could save us from destruction. Hurried by the combined forces of wind and wave she fled with the speed of the "hunted roe;" the least obstruction in her path, a drift log, or a floating spar, would in a moment have sent us to the shades below. Each countenance bore the expression of calm anxiety and deep thoughtfulness. Hushed was the seaman's tale; silent his jovial song; levity gave way to fear as we listened in trembling expectation of our doom. As I lay in my berth, I was forcibly struck with the difference of manner in those around me; the rude and reckless crew seemed lost to hope, given up to despair; while old Hall with an undisturbed and quiet look of resignation, took the sacred volume from his chest, and calmly read a chapter appropriate to our circumstances. How significant then appeared the words—"they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters"—which I had often passed by, or regarded with indifference. Thus slowly dragged the hours along through all this gloomy night; at daylight a hand was ordered to look out; drawing the slide but not daring to venture on deck, he reported no change and again shrunk below.

Thus we passed six days and nights of continued toil and anxiety attended with wet, cold and hunger, having no chance of cooking, the cambouse being continually under water. The wretched criminal condemned to death, bound to

the fatal plank with the glittering axe of the guillotine suspended over his devoted head, could not have felt as little hope of being spared as we did. Our little bark we were compelled to abandon entirely to the mercy of the waves; the compass lashed to a chest below informed us that at one time she was head, at the next stern foremost,—now on one side, then the other, presenting her hull to the sea at every angle of inclination and in every possible position, except of being keel uppermost. She was drifting unrestrained and uncontrolled downhill as it appeared towards Europe.

How grateful, then, should we have felt for the coarsest food, the humblest shelter, or the plainest meal, rejected by fastidious appetites on shore; to those like us they would have been welcomed as luxuries. The crew grumbled over their raw pork and ship bread thoroughly saturated with salt water; while cramped and confined in my narrow crib, without exercise, or any variety of locomotion, I had lost all appetite. Sea sickness I escaped, but weak and miserable I loathed everything eatable. The old mate however, fearing the consequences of such abstinence, essayed one night to partially boil a single egg, in a tin cup over the lamp; this with water thick and soapy, which had to be exposed for hours to the air to deprive it of a peculiar piquant flavor it had acquired, equaling some of the most celebrated mineral springs—was the only nourishment that passed my lips during that trying period.

Some slight symptoms of change appeared on the morning of the seventh day. About noon crawling to the top of the oil casks, which formed a slippery substitute for a companion ladder, some said the gale was broken—but there was still enough left to gratify the most insatiate appetite for the sublime, the grand, the magnificent of nature, in their wildest commotion. The war of elements still raged with scarce diminished fury; the sea was awful; the wind striking the crest of the curling billows dashed them into foam, overspreading the ocean with a milky whiteness. Save our little bark no object appeared within the limits of vision. This recalled to mind the description of that chaotic period—"when the spirit of God alone brooded over the face of the waters."

As I stood with the old mate by my side, contemplating this fearful scene, it suddenly changed—darker clouds rose in the North West. I had scarcely heard the caution to look out and hold on, when it burst upon us as though every ærial element of destruction were combined to destroy our presumptuous hopes of safety, to put an end to conflict, to bring it to a speedy close.

The cloud pregnant with rain and snow, and sleet and hail, with large masses of ice intermixed, discharged its contents full upon us—the lightning shot through the dense mass, rending it asunder and dispersing it with terrific peals of thunder. We suddenly drew the slide as the mate exclaimed, "If we weather this, sir, we are saved"—in a short time it passed by and we again looked up. Good heaven, I cried out, what are those dark columns hanging from the clouds to the sea and creating such fearful revolutions in the waters below? "Alas,"

said he, "they are water spouts—should one of them strike us we are done for; if we had only a carronade, or even a musket, I should fire into it as it approaches and endeavor to break it as I have frequently done, by the concussion. We can but trust now to our only hope as heretofore." Fortunately, however, two burst to windward,—the third passed within half a mile ahead of us; it appeared to have three prongs, which uniting, caused such a weight as to overcome the power which sustained the mighty structure. It reeled and wavered, toppled and fell, with an awful concussion—shaking the very sea itself and distinctly perceptible by all on board. The frequency of danger, however terrifying at first, begets in time a calmness, or at least a certain degree of indifference and perhaps resignation, even in the timid, for which it is difficult to account. Though by no means a careless or unconcerned spectator of this terrific and appalling scene, my mind was sufficiently calm and collected to examine it with deliberation, not unattended with interest and curiosity—the beautiful lines of Young occurring to me at the moment in full force. He could not have described more naturally the frightful scene had he witnessed it, than he has done in those words—

"Hast thou ere scaled, my wintry skies, and seen  
Of Hail and Snow, my northern Magazine,  
These the dread terrors, of mine anger are  
My stores of vengeance for thy day of War."

Stores indeed they were, vast and inexhaustible. How I wished them, "distant as the pole," vanished to the icy caves of the north. Withdrawing to my cheerless cot once more I passed an anxious and uneasy night. By noon the following day, the weather somewhat abated; I was again on the lookout at my usual station. A change had evidently taken place; the wind had fallen,—the rain had ceased,—the sky wore a new aspect, and a few blue spots appeared,—dense masses of vapour floated heavily in the higher portions of the atmosphere, while lower down they seemed ragged and torn and the low scud, was rapidly hurrying to the south. A dark circle surrounded the sun, while rainbows and sun dogs, appeared in every quarter of the heavens. These the sure indications of bad weather, we find embodied in the old sea maxim—

"From rainbows in the morning  
Let sailors take warning."

But though the wind had fallen, the sea continued to rise till it exceeded, as the mate declared, all that he had previously witnessed. The words awful, terrific, convey but a faint idea of the reality; true it was that weakened by indisposition, perhaps shaken and enervated by confinement and hope deferred—to my mind the appearance was magnified, but the impression then created is too deeply engraven, ever to become obliterated while memory holds her seat. That sea seemed higher by far, than many mountains, deeper than the vallies, swelling at one moment in towering heights, to an elevation which seemed to

overlook the globe, the next it sunk as to a depth so dark and bottomless as to forbid the hope of our ever rising again.

As I stood awestruck, bewildered at the contemplation, a swelling mountain wave rose before me and on its very crest, a huge ship showing half her keel out of water, was seen 'lying too' under her storm trysail—to our position she appeared nearly perpendicular. My heavens, I exclaimed, take care, she'll fall down upon and sink us. But the danger was more apparent than real; another mountain wave rolled between us, and she disappeared for ever.

We had now crossed some hundreds of miles to the eastward of the Banks; the weather soon after moderated, and confidence began to strengthen in the capabilities of our little craft; she was still tight and staunch. As she rode like an egg shell over the roughest waves with the light and lively motion of the sea bird, and we could scarcely anticipate worse weather, we began to feel some assurance that the same providence which had guided us through such dangers, thus far, had other designs in store for us than a grave beneath the waters. Then we began to cheer up with the hopes of better weather and an early arrival. But again our speculations were confounded, and our new hopes blighted. How little do we know what a single day may bring forth; what false prophets were we. Old Borcas had not yet done with persecuting us; we were doomed to a still further exhibition of his powers, differing in character it is true, but still partaking of the grand and sublime, to an extravagant degree, in our estimation at least.

Moderate weather now continued for three successive days. We got a reefed foresail set, and having got the Cook to work, made out to boil meat enough to serve us till we struck soundings; and, as all hands were nearly famished, this was no small item in addition to the short list of our domestic comforts.

And now the wind began to veer towards its old N. N. West quarter. Rising with renewed vigour after its short repose, it soon compelled us to hand the small sail we had set, and again to scud before it under bare spars. It struck, when it first reached our vessel, with such a thundering gust as well nigh capsized and tore the masts out of her. Towards night it became steadier, she steered well, and lashing one man to the helm the rest went below.

This gale differed materially from the former, there being no sea: it came on so suddenly and so fiercely, that it had no chance to rise; but the whole ocean presented the appearance of one limitless snow bank, about ten feet high above the surface of the water. How fast she went I knew not, but it appeared to me that the Arab of the desert on his fleetest steed, would have been left far behind in such a race. There was neither thunder nor lightning, and the hard blue sky was partially clear. But there was such an everlasting stunning roar, as might be imagined at a concert of volcanoes, so painful to the ears that I tried in vain to obtain relief by repeated folds of a thick

blanket round my head. Every scheme to deaden the sound proved ineffectual; I feared at times I should have gone mad.

This gale continued without intermission for three days; we kept a man at the helm, who was relieved at short intervals till the evening of the third, when the climax drew near. A loud stamping on deck followed by repeated cries alarmed the mate, who sprang up and aft, seizing the helm. The man in charge was nearly drowned; a surge had struck the counter, passed over the taffrail, sweeping all before it. The man too much terrified to resume the helm was sent below; Hall taking charge, and in some degree relieving my anxiety, which was becoming greatly excited. Another hour passed; Hall hailed for the Captain to come on deck, when he declared she could run with safety no longer; founder she must unless she was hove to. 'Do it if you dare' cried the Captain, who seizing the handspike, swore if he put the helm down one inch he would dash his brains out. 'Then steer her yourself,' was the reply, 'but mind, I tell you she'll "broach to," and capsizes if you attempt to run her any longer.'

Thinking it now high time to interfere, I crawled to my old station to reconnoitre. I shuddered at the scene; it was to the last degree terrific. No powers of mine are equal to its description; three strange balls of phosphoric light, called by sailors St. Anthony's Candles, hung at the mast head, casting a bluish glare over the rigging and deck, showing every cord, ratline, and rope-yarn, with intense distinctness. The Egyptian darkness of the sky, blacker in contrast with the snowy whiteness of the sea and these glaring lights, with the unbroken and incessant roar of the gale, were indescribably grand and awful. The Captain holding on with one hand, stood with uplifted handspike in the other, threatening old Hall and discussing points of seamanship, intermixed with such nautical expletives, as sailors too frequently use. The latter returned his threats with looks of scorn and defiance, feeling conscious in his own superior judgement and skill. I quickly succeeded in restoring peace, advising them to consult for the general safety, and postpone their disputes. To this they listened readily, for they had never forgotten in all our troubles to treat the owner with the deference and respect due to his station.

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## THE RHINE AND THE ALPS: OR, THE "BEATEN TRACK" IN 1851.

(Continued from page 176.)

### CHAPTER V.

**ALPEN LAND.**—While at Schaffhausen we were undecided whether we should even then penetrate further into the Alpine Republic, or turn again to the northward, join the Danube at Donanwerth, and descend that mighty

stream till we should arrive near Upper Austria, and then explore the eastern portion of the great mountains—beyond Tyrol. But the knowledge that one short day's ride would bring us again in view of those wondrous glistening towers, that ethereal rampart, which once seen becomes a fresh starting point for the memory; the certainty of this delight being so quickly attainable was too attractive for us to resist, and prevailed over the desire to know that remoter land attainable only by a route of several days, amidst scenery more resembling that through which we had already passed. And accordingly we set off on the afternoon of the 23rd August, in the *Diligence for Zurich*.

Our companions were a jolly old federal Colonel, who had served in the Prussian Army, and a gentlemanly young Swiss Avoué. The route was by Eglisau, through a small part of the territory of Baden, which is entered just below the Rhein-fall.

The clear green Rhine is crossed at Eglisau (on the right bank) by a strong covered wooden bridge of the true Swiss pattern, and the remainder of the journey to Zurich lies across a highly cultivated, populous and not very hilly country. We arrived there about 6 p. m. and betook ourselves to "Zuen Storchen" a la Cicogne, a good Inn and reasonable. The town of Zurich gives at once an agreeable impression to the traveller, has a lively appearance, and this in spite of rain and clouds which then concealed all the more striking features of the scenery of the Lake. The clean swift Limmat as it issues from the lake of Zurich, divides the town into two unequal portions. And the same Limmat has hardly passed away from Zurich, before it is defiled by the turbid *Sihl*; that yearly torrent which runs parallel to and nearly the whole length of the lake, as if on purpose to pollute as soon as possible the bright Limmat.

We stayed only that night at Zurich, and left at 8 next morning, in a thick raw fog, for the top of the hill of Albis. About an hour after quitting Zurich we began to perceive objects beyond. The hedges on either side of the road crossed the muddy *Sihl*, and soon began to ascend the well-made zig-zag road which leads up the hill of Albis. Albis is part of the long ridge which rises to a height of about 1000 feet above the lake, and is seen therefrom along the greater part of its western side. The ascent, as the mist rolled away, presented beautiful views of the whole length of the lake of Zurich, at least as far as the bridge of Rapperschwyl, which was distinguishable like a black thread across the upper end of the lake; of its verdant banks dotted profusely with white houses; of the rich country to the north and east, and the high, dark mountains—though not the highest mountains—to the west. But as we reached the summit of the pass one giant Alp showed the hood of his snow-mantle, coming round the intervening ridge. We lost no time in disengaging ourselves and our baggage from the *Diligence*, and the landlord of the Inn volunteered to accompany us to the "Signal."



We walked for about half a mile along pleasant fields skirting a fir wood, till we came out upon a beautiful green knoll ; one of those stations honoured by a star in Keller's Map. On one side lay the blue lake of Zurich, basking in sunshine ; on the other, the whole wondrous array of glittering peaks and glaciers, stretching in an amphitheatre from the Grisons to the western extremity of the Oberland. To the south, midway between the point on which we stood and the great mountain chain, lay the beautiful lake of Zug, backed by the dark Righi, like a sapphire lying in a case of ebony and silver. It reminded us of a Scotch highland loch, more lovely for its solitude—a remarkable contrast to its teeming neighbour of Zurich. Even the grandeur and variety of this scene did not prevent our being charmed with the quiet beauty of the little spot on which we stood. It was evidently the favorite haunt of all the butterflies, and of many brilliant kinds of them. One superb fellow successfully eluded our pursuit, and yet kept constantly returning towards us. The spot was no doubt a very delightful one to him. The clouds which hung over many of the greater summits, constantly shifting, added to the exhaustless sublimity of this scene ; and our landlord's Telescope assisted our appreciation of the distant glaciers.

There is a pretty little lake which lies half concealed under the western side of the hill of Albis, called the *Turler See*. It is surrounded by woods and meadows, and is curiously like *Virginia Water*, though it is not so large ; but beyond its park-like margin, while floating in a quaint little boat which we were allowed to use there, we could see the cloud-like chain of distant mountains. A singular confusion of ideas from which we could not escape was that of being in *Virginia Water* encompassed at a distance like the Happy Valley of Rasselas, by inaccessible mountains. The water thereof is of a muddy green colour, and the only fish that could be deceived by our spinning bait was a large Perch.

We remained in this out of the way place for three days ; on the third day an awful storm of wind and rain swept over Albis. It continued during the next day, on the reaching of which we started in a small return carriage for Lucerne, by way of Zug. This being only the 29th of August, might yet be fairly considered the commencement of the winter of 1851, in this part of Switzerland.

Mingled snow and rain continued to beat against us. The greater part of the Righi and all the lower as well as higher mountains were covered with snow. We stopped awhile at the chief Inn of Zug to bait ourselves and horse, and skirted the lake of that ilk which not long before had appeared so charming at a distance, through *Arth*, and passed a Tell's Chapel of doubtful authenticity and difficult enthusiasm, to *Küfsnacht*, a village at the extremity of the northern arm of the lake of the *Four Cantons*. The scenery when the clouds partially cleared away, might be summed up in the reiterated ejaculation

of our Jehu, who fearing probably that we should fail to observe the phenomenon, continually pointed to the mountains, crying *schnee! schnee!* Assuredly *schnee it was*, and we arrived shivering at Lucerne.

We will reserve our remarks upon Lucerne until we return thither, a week later, for on the morn of arriving there we left again in one of the steam boats by which this lake is regularly navigated—forming a part of the regular line of communication with Lombardy over the St. Gothard. Again the elements were unpropitious; the deck of the steamer was untenable, and we were forced to take refuge in the cabin. We disembarked at Brunnen, in the Canton of Schwytz.

Brunnen is situated at an angle of the Lake on the northern side, and commands a view both up the Bay of Uri and down the central portion of the 'Vier Valdstätter See.' For this supposed advantage and also for its central position for other excursions, we selected this little town. The Bay of Uri is generally considered to be the finest portion of the five-armed lake; but in our opinion it is too close to the mountains. From the neighbourhood of Lucerne a much finer general view of them is to be obtained. A person who wished to appreciate the whole design of the St. Peter's at Rome, or the St. Paul's at London, would if he could (but he can't in either case) choose a certain distance neither too near nor too far off, to look at them. No one would select a spot within a few yards of the walls. This is equally true with regard to mountains, and such a point of view is also usually attainable.

Any one must have observed how surely mountains gain in height and grandeur when viewed from a comparatively slight elevation. In this there is also a scale to be attended to according to the height or distance of the object to be appreciated. The celebrated Righi is too high; so high as to diminish the effect of height in the surrounding mountains, and shrink the lakes into pools. The said Righi is nearly as accessible from Brunnen as from Lucerne; but we did not reach it thence. For seven days, excepting for two afternoons, snow fell on the mountains, and cold rain in the valley. Stoves were not lit, and chimney corners did not exist, so there was nothing for it but to wear one over another all the few coats which had at starting been reputed *the traps* for the journey.

Three adventurous Britons endeavoured at this time to surround the Muotta-Thal, a pass which leads from the valley of Schwytz (of which Brunersee is the *port*) to the Luit-Thal, in the adjoining Canton of Glarus. But the inclemency of the weather made the thing impossible. They remained for three days at the Village Inn at Muotta, where no one could speak any other language than *Helvetic German*—which even Germans fail to understand—and were obliged after this to return to Schwytz without being able to accomplish their object.

It was sad work for the Cantonal 'Tire,' which commenced at Schwytz on

Sunday, the morning after we arrived at Brunnen. An arch of boughs to which the landlord's sister contributed a wreath of Dahlias, was erected to welcome the heroes of the rifle who were expected to arrive during all that week. Below the Dahlias hung four lines of verse, the import of which was that all who dwelt in every part of 'Alpen-Land,' would be sure to meet, from the men of Schwytz, an outstretched 'bruder hand.' Our landlord was the President of the Brunnen Marksmen, wherefore and because of the rain, the brass band of Brunnen performed in the Inn; and at night there was speechifying (landlord in the chair) and more music, which soon grew louder and less harmonious until the bass trumpet was fairly out of breath.

The German Swiss are as musical as other Germans, and there are few Inns without a piano in the *salle-a-manger*. The women of the family are usually good performers, and it is common enough for rough looking men to sit down at the piano and play, and sing the best music with considerable taste and execution. We were several times gratified by an impromptu concert of this kind while at Brunnen. In French Switzerland, knowledge of music is much less general.

We were two days in this place before the sky cleared, even for a few hour, so as to discover the scenery of the valley. When it did so we perceived that we were at the opening towards the lake of a little plain about half a league wide, and three miles (English) in length, enclosed on either side by bold green hills, partly covered with wood and partly by very verdant pasturage; dotted with white houses as if it were all one village with vegetable gardens rather than fields around them, and a long white agglomeration of houses at the upper end, above which arose apparently in a sheer precipice (of about 4400 feet) the flattened mass of Mount Mythen with his two broad horns. The houses beneath were the little town of Schwytz, the capital of that Canton, and the very heart of Switzerland, built as it were on the last step of Mount Mythen. The population of this small valley is now about 7,000. We followed the broad straight road which leads to Schwytz, and near the town crossed by one of the usual covered wooden bridges, the turbid and swollen Muotta. When approaching Schwytz from Brunnen, the Muotto-Thal, the gorge down which the Muotta torrent rages, appears like a chasm in the mountains on the right hand at the upper end of the valley.

The unceasing echoes of the rifle practice which rung among the hills, naturally attracted our steps to the scene of action. There we found a long building with the ground floor open on one side to fire from, and a refreshment room above; the building full of men, women and children; cake and apple stalls surrounding it—and altogether a scene resembling a Fair rural *at home*. Opposite this building at a distance of—we can't say how many—yards was a row of targets. At every shot which hit a target, a long stick immediately pointed to the place hit, and then down went the target; and if the shot was a

good one, a number according to its merit, arose in its place. The proceedings altogether appeared to give great satisfaction. Most of the men who fired did not bring their own rifles, and those they used were very heavy.

Schwytz is more like a town than Murray led us to expect it was, and contains fountains, statues, and a choice of Inns and Churches. Opposite the Muotta-Thal, and visible from Schwytz eastwards, is the wide valley which lies between the Righi mountain and the *Rossberg* of disastrous memory, and which encloses in its basin the small lake of Iowertz. The tale of the *Rossberg's* landslip has been told too often to need repetition. Approaching the lake of Iowertz from Schwytz along the base of Mount Mythen, you may see at the upper end of the lake a *ridge* of still bare-looking rock and earth reaching from the summit of the long unpicturesque *Rossberg*, across the valley up to the base of the Righi. The Lake of Iowertz is as muddy as are nearly all the smaller lakes of Switzerland.

The most beautiful walk we were able to take with any profit, from Brunnen, was along the margin of the lake of the Four Cantons, to *Gersan*. The path skirts noble forest trees, which clothe the mountain side, and turning the angle of the mountain, the Bay of Uri with the snow capped peaks beyond, makes a grand picture. The people of Schwytz are reputed to be the most superstitious catholics of the Confederation. We observed that frequently in the course of a day the majority of the population, ragged and mendicant, would turn into the neighbouring church, and in a few minutes turn out again, headed by a priest; it seemed marvellous with what rapidity a congregation could be both collected together and dispersed in a satisfactory manner. Begging is decidedly 'fashionable' in this Swiss central valley. Half of the people beg. Most of the women rejoice in *goitres*—they really appear to be proud of them; and several cretins, God forgive us, deceive the unaccustomed traveller with the supposition that there must be a menagerie at hand.

A Russian lady at Brunnen informed us of a new regulation of her Emperor's, of which we afterwards heard abundant doleful confirmation, viz: that *Eighty Pounds sterling* is the price now exacted for a passport from all Russians who travel out of their country, unless they can produce a medical certificate that their health requires the baths or climate of other countries—in which case the price is reduced to *Eight Pounds*. It is said that the Emperor has already been much surprised at the number of invalids in his dominions. The hotel keepers who had been of late years accustomed to reckon nearly as much upon their Russian as their British customers, will, no doubt be dismayed by the change. But, then, for their consolation be it known, the crop of *American* travellers is yearly increasing!

On the 6th September we again got on board the steamboat and returned to Lucerne in a deluge of rain, which continued all the next day. Lucerne is built on both sides of the river Reuss facing the lake just where it is meta-

morphosed into a clear bright-green rapid river. Lucerne with its many curious old bridges, its church with the two tall thin spires, its conspicuous line of old wall relieved by frequent towers—each one quaintly different from his neighbour, backing the town like the outer building of an amphitheatre. Lucerne has a suggestive character of its own, more odd and feudal than any other town in Switzerland. Whilom the *Hofbisicke* was the longest of the bridges, it stretched rather across the end of the lake than across the river, 1,380 feet long, with triangular fixtures resting on the bases of every cross beam, supporting the roof, such as may be seen along all the other bridges. But now less than half this interesting old bridge remains, and *that* is soon to be destroyed—and for what? To build a long quay of stone already half finished, in front of an enormous building full of windows, utterly out of keeping with the poor quaint old town, which building is of course the principal Hotel (*i. e.* in *summer*, in winter it is *shut up*) and to which as it has been considered a good investment for modern Swiss capital—everything must give way.

We cannot help feeling some satisfaction that this kind of speculation, which has led to the *cockneyfying* and degradation, from their wild or antique beauty, of most of the interesting spots in Switzerland—is turning out an *unsuccessful* one, and has already in several places met with its deserved doom in bankruptcy. But this retribution cannot bring back the old *Hofbisicke*—it may substitute in its stead, not indeed a corner of modern Paris or London, but an unsightly *modern ruin*.

There is very great variety in the walks and excursions easily taken from Lucerne. The country near, and also far away to the north-west, away from the mountains, would be very like hilly and well timbered English country, such as part of Gloucestershire, were it not for the rough and turbid torrents hewing out wide tracks of destruction, down the centre of which they pour their threatening waters, bringing but too often unwelcome tidings from those icy peaks afar. Mount Pilate, the lofty Alpine sentinel, who stands nearest to Lucerne, when he chooses to uplift from his rugged head his capote of clouds, is indeed a noble fellow—a grand compact, isolated mountain, able to look at the many faces of those distant Glacier-Kings, and say, 'I fear you not; I am here alone but respected, and am as great in my place as you are in yours.' Righi, of the many Inns, does not belong to Lucerne. He is ten miles away, on another part of the Lake; the best part of him is in Canton Schwytz, and he bears his honours meekly. He looks like a commercial mountain doing a good business; which is the fact. We did not patronise him, for we had by this time a pretty severe cold, which made the regulation programme of sleeping in the clouds and getting up in hard frost, to see a more than doubtful 'lighting up of the peaks' in the small hours, an undesirable proceeding. Those who did it, however, were to be counted by hundreds, nightly. One

young lady of our knowledge died from a Righi-cold that season. Poor martyr to the 'Romanesque de rigneur,' the rigorously romantic.

The river near the town contains few *trout*, but large *grayling*—from three quarters of a pound to two pounds are plentiful, and they rose freely at our flies. They are but little esteemed for the table in Switzerland; and as for fly-fishing! the Englishman meets with no competitors in that sport on the Continent of Europe, unless it be some ragged pot-fisher who thinks it worth his while to manufacture a vilely clumsy imitation of his flies. While we were at Lucerne there were at least six English gentlemen diurnally flogging the Reuss with laudable perseverance—two Barristers, one General Officer, a Clergyman of illustrious name, a Peer of the Realm, and the son of a Peer.

A few days of dryer weather set in, as the almanacks say, 'about this time.' There was a hot sun by day, but the instant the sun had set a penetrating, wintry cold succeeded. One day we accompanied a friend on his way to Brunig pass, as far as *Samen*. We took a boat with three rowers from Lucerne, along the Lake of Lucerne (Proper) and up the narrow southern branch of the Lake which washes the base of Mount Pilate, to *Alpnach*. The boats used on the Lake of Lucerne are flat-bottomed—resembling punts rather than boats—and we should think they must be unsafe in rough weather. The rowers stand in the stern and do not pull but *push* the oars with a jerk at every stroke. Any British boat and crew would have very easy work in beating them. We parted with C. near the lake of Samen, and returning to Alpnach again took a boat to *Winkel*, a pretty village about three miles from Lucerne. The sun had set and the cold wind and dampness upon the lake were benumbing.

We caught trout in the Lake of Lucerne which were silvery and without spots, like salmon fresh from the sea. There is no impediment to sea trout and salmon running from the River Rhine up the Reuss into the Lake; but we were assured that these salmon-like fish were the common trout of the lake. We were not, however, convinced on this point. The common trout (*salmo fario*) found in the Reuss are spotted as all trout that we ever saw have been more or less, except sea-trout. In the Lake of Geneva where it is impossible there should be salmon trout—because the Rhone which carries off its waters falls into the Mediterranean Sea, where there are no salmon—we found the trout, whether large or small, not materially different in appearance from the common trout of British lakes and rivers, and not at all like the white trout of the Lake of Lucerne.

On the 26th September, after ten days' rain, with few transient intervals of sunshine, we left Lucerne at 9 a. m. in the Diligence for Berne. It happened to be a fine morning, which showed to advantage the pleasing hilly greenery of the route. The journey occupied eleven hours; nearly half of which was occupied in ascending the valley of the lesser *Emme*, a stream which falls into the Reuss about half a league below Lucerne. The greater part of the descent

to Berne follows the downward course of the greater Emme, called the Crumenthal. On the whole journey there are no hills to be seen which approach to the dignity of mountains. One of our fellow travellers was a very intelligent young German-American, much addicted to Botany, who complained of the general unhealthiness of Swiss Towns, and the fevers which often prevailed in them. In the course of one year he had had two attacks of typhus fever, at Zurich.

As we approached Berne after dark, the cluster of lights studding the steep bank of the Aar, on which it is built, and reflected in that river, gave promise of such a metropolis as the diplomatic capital of Switzerland might be expected to appear; and upon a nearer view Berne is a rather handsome though gloomy looking town. There is a good foot-way in almost all the streets, covered by low and heavy, but in such a climate very convenient, arcades upon which stand the houses, all of stone—and beneath are the shops, like those of Chester. The evening was again cold and wet, and there were no stoves lit—those wretched, suffocating, tomb-like substitutes for fires which alone warm the houses in all countries where the German language is spoken—no stoves were as yet lit in Switzerland. Two more miserable, wet, comfortless days followed.

On the 29th the weather cleared, and the great range of the Oberland Alps with the *Jungfrau* for its centre, gradually discovered itself, from all the many places in and around Berne, whence this sight is occasionally to be seen. But we were forced by the lateness of the season which had passed away so ruthlessly, and by acute rheumatism, to give up all idea of approaching nearer to the German Alps, and our only remaining hope was that French Switzerland and the shores of the Lake of Geneva, reputed to be less rigorous at this season, would in fact be less unkind. So after sufficiently visiting the *bears*, which are the chief lions of Berne—there are only two of them in the flesh—but they abound in stone and wood over all parts of the town; and after exploring the really pretty scenery of the vicinity, and admiring the handsome new stone bridge about a league from Berne, on the newly cut road to Soleure, which is quite equal to the other modern bridge close to the town, we left Berne on the 2nd of October for Lausanne, by way of Morat; skirting the eastern shore of the lake of that name which was dimly and dimly visible. During the day which that journey occupied rain fell pertinaciously, rain and mist which concealed all the distance: and thus having left Oberland and Alpenland in the sole charge of the Demon of storms, we came to Lausanne and looked down from our Inn upon the northern shore of Lake Leman.

(To be concluded in next number.)



## THE MILITARY FETE IN PARIS. MAY 10th, 1852.

TEMPERED by the announcement of the Grand Fete to be given by the French Army to the President—and we must confess somewhat stimulated by the chance of a *row*—we went over from London to witness the sight.

With no other luggage than a light carpet-bag containing a few changes of linen and the various toilet necessaries, and duly furnished with the Consular 'Passe,' we started by a special train on Friday night (the 7th,) reached Newhaven at 2 a. m. on Saturday morning, Dieppe at 11, and by being my own porter, customs-agent, guide, and general factotum, and giving the go-by to all the vast herd of *touters* who throng the quays of that quaint and cheating watering-place, in less than an hour we were spanking along through the tunnelled Rouen Railway on our way to Paris. The road offered no striking feature of interest until we got near Rouen, when we came upon that long string of manufacturing towns which lies at the bottom of the chain of valleys between Rouen and Dieppe. It is from these towns that those vast hordes of dangerous fighting men have so often marched to aid the insurrectionists in Paris on the occasion of any disturbance there.

We shall not attempt any description of the various places on our way, as full accounts of them have been often given, and are accessible to all who desire any information on the point. The scenery from the carriage window was sufficiently diversified to make the journey agreeable; and, what is not often the case in travelling in France, there was plenty of water to vary the prospect—especially between Rouen and Paris, where the Railway continually crosses and re-crosses the wide blue Seine, or occasionally glides along on its very brink for a mile or two together. The view, however, is never extensive; being shut in by the low but even range of hills which embrace that river throughout the whole of its later course. Foliage there was none—for here as in all the northern part of France, the ugly formal poplar is the only representative of the ancient forests of Gaul which is now left.

We arrived in Paris about 5 p. m., and after passing through the scrutiny for the *octroi* duties, (that antiquated and tyrannical exaction which every successive government have talked of abolishing, but which promise none have yet had the manliness to fulfil,) we set off in search of lodgings. Now be it known we had come off at only a few hours notice, and consequently, had not written beforehand to secure rooms; and as some quarter of a million of people from all parts of Europe had come, like ourselves, to see the great show, the hunt for lodgings was not a short or an easy one. Some previous acquaintance with Paris teaching us how to set about the search, we deposited our luggage in a neighbouring hotel, (which like all the rest was full from top to bottom; even to the sofas in the smoking-rooms which were turned into extempore beds,) and we commenced our hunt. But that the night was



advancing and our appetite, after eighteen hours travel by land and sea, were painfully reminding us of the necessity of recruiting the inward man, our occupation would have been rather a ludicrous one. Every musty lumber-room was voided of its contents, and every garret and cupboard seemed to have been polished up to pass muster as a sleeping room,—whether it had a window or not did not seem at all to be an important point,—and the cry seemed to have gone throughout the city: ‘Ye who have francs to spend, prepare to spend them now!’ Never were such extortionate prices demanded or obtained before. A hundred francs a week was a moderate charge for something between a cambouse and a dog-kennel, and for anything like really well furnished rooms, most enormous prices were asked. We, however, more particular about the cleanliness and airiness of the rooms, than the fusty grandeur of the furniture, were some three hours before we found a resting-place; and during this time we must have run up and down some two hundred flights of stairs, and as may be supposed were pretty considerably tired out—a warm bath, however, and a dinner at the ‘*Milles Colonnes*’ in the Palais Royal set all right again. and we could afford to give a selfish smile at the woe-begone countenances of numerous luckless parties still *on the tramp*—many of whom were obliged to sleep under the porte-cocheres all night, or to take up their abode in the omnibuses at the *Messagerie*. Our quarters were in a very central position—about the middle of the Rue St. Honoré—and on the whole were very satisfactory.

The grand review was not to take place for two days, so we occupied the intermediate day with a trip to Versailles, to see the ‘Grands Eaux,’ which only play about three times a year; and we acknowledge after having heard so much of them being considerably disappointed. The whole palace outside, as well as the grounds are of the most formal character; which good water-works would relieve; but the formality of the *fountains* surpasses that of any other part of the place, and has a decidedly chilling effect. The ‘Cascade’ which the French admire so much, is paltry in the extreme; nothing but a semicircular flight of even, unbroken grades, and the water instead of rushing, only overflows. One or two of the fountains are really fine—finer perhaps than any to be seen elsewhere—but taken as a whole they are too artificial and claptrap to please a healthy taste. But let no one on this account miss an opportunity of going to Versailles when the Grands Eaux are to play; for never have I seen the French ladies and gentlemen to greater advantage. It seemed as if all Paris had come out, to see and to be seen; and as it was a glorious Spring day the latest fashions were displayed in all their wonderful variety. The whole show reminded us forcibly of *Wallean’s Pictures*—some of which, by the way, represent the very scene—and certainly as far as it was possible the people redeemed the stiff frigidity of the gardens. But there was one group among the crowd which presented the most incongruous appear-

ance. This was a body of ARABS in their national garb. They are the Chiefs of certain tribes which have submitted to the French, and are, indeed, functionaries under the Algerian Government: they are now on a visit to Paris; and are feted and courted in every possible way by the authorities; and were therefore taken to Versailles with the rest of the world to see the Grands Eaux. They seemed quite *agaze* and mystified at the crowds of people who flocked to see 'Les Barbares,' or 'Les Bedoins,' as they were indifferently called. They are fine looking fellows though, and one of them, whom we met a few days after in an omnibus, was a very intelligent young man, and spoke French fluently and gracefully, though with a rather thick utterance. Coming back to Paris there were many thousands more than the trains could accommodate; and a good humoured struggle for precedence ensued. And it was really good humoured—shewing the proverbial courtesy and politeness of the people in a very fair light—and many little parties of the unsuccessful ones set off in good spirits to walk back.

Well, the next day—Monday the 10th—was the great day for the presentation of the Eagles to the Army (the *primus mobile* of the whole fetes.) These Eagles which had at first been adopted by Napoleon, were at his downfall laid aside again, and now that the Napoleonic Star is again in the ascendant, are restored by the Prince President, with other badges and institutions connected with the glorious days of the Empire. The occasion of their restoration was seized to present a grand military spectacle to the Parisians, and 'all the world and his wife' came to see it.

At a very early hour of the morning all was bustle and preparation. Sentinels were placed at the corners of the streets to guide the crowd of carriages conveying persons to the tribunes erected round the Champ de Mars; dense bodies of infantry were already on their way to the neighbourhood of the field; and anxious crowds of sightseers were about swarming to the one attractive point. Trumpet calls, or the hoarse, hollow *rappel*, constantly struck the ear; and orderlies, and estafettes, hurrying at a rapid jangling trot through the streets, gave a completely military aspect to the town.

After breakfasting quietly and substantially, at 10 o'clock we joined the streaming crowd which filled the Place de la Concorde, and choked the many bridges on the way; and after a due share of squeezing and trampling, with an occasional skurry as a squadron of cavalry jolted by, we found ourselves well placed on the TERRACE which faces the Ecole Militaire at the opposite end of the Champ de Mars. At the side of this terrace was the principal entrance to the field, by the bridge of Jena, and this, too, was the way that the Prince President would enter, so that perhaps no place could have been better chosen than that we accidentally occupied. There were five or six great entrances, at all of which the troops were pouring in incessantly. Regiment after regiment of Lancers, with their gay pennons flaunting in the breeze; Dragoons, and

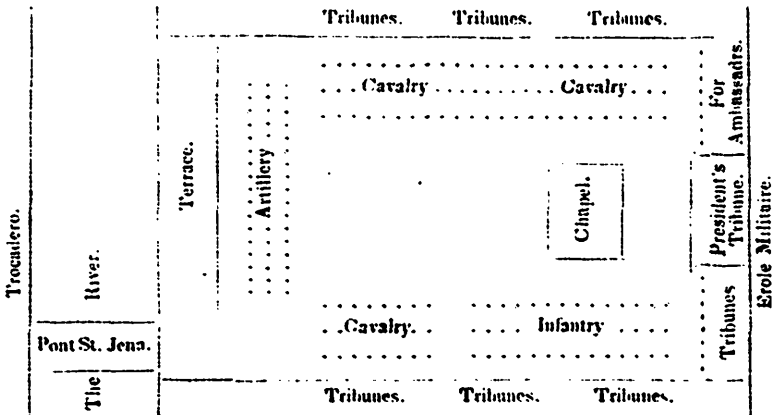
Cuirassiers and Carabiniers, with their shining breastplates and tall crested helmets; Spahis; the fine new regiments of Guides (Hussars), with their pretty uniforms; Chasseurs, with their red caps, and smart tufted plumes; and troops of Artillery, mounted and drawing their heavy cannons and mortars after them at a pace which made the ground tremble as they passed. The numbers of the troops which occupied the field on this day have been variously estimated from sixty to eighty thousand: and we can scarcely believe the larger number to be an exaggeration; for not only was the large field (about 1600 yards long by 400 wide) more than a quarter covered when they were standing *in close order*; but judging from the *time* they were in getting on the ground, the estimate cannot be too large—for where we stood, (the principal entrance it is true,) cavalry; were passing in, *twelve abreast*, i. e. *four regiments together in triple column.*) for upwards of an hour, and the greater part of the time *at a gallop*. The same sort of thing, though in less degree, was going on at the same time at the other entrances. Of the whole body assembled, about two fifths were cavalry: the rest was composed of battalions of light infantry and infantry of the line, in blue frock-coats, wide red trowsers and white gaiters, showing a very forest of bayonets; Marines, Gendarmerie, distinguishable by their white trowsers and red fronts; Zouaves, Engineers, and the dark masses of the CHASSEURS DE VINCENNES—those janissaries of power who were so formidable to the rebels in the recent conflicts.

In front of the Ecole Militaire, *tribunes* were erected for the high officers of state, the Senate, and the Foreign Ambassadors, and before them, but higher up the field, was a light open chapel, where the ceremony of blessing the Standards was to be performed by the Archbishop of Paris, assisted by several cardinals and bishops, and about eight hundred others of the clergy. Here also, at the central tribune, was to be the ceremony of *presenting* the colours to the various regiments.

Before twelve all the troops had taken up their respective positions—all the company had arrived—and punctually at twelve the first peal of artillery announced that Louis Napoleon had left the Tuilleries. Every one was now on the tiptoe of excitement, and after a short pause a salvo of artillery accompanied by loud acclamations and shouts of 'Vive Napoleon.' 'Vive l'Empereur!' announced his arrival. Placed in the foremost row, we had the best opportunity of seeing him. He rode on a splendid bay Arab charger, and was dressed in the uniform of a Lieutenant General (viz: a laced blue coat, white leather breeches, and high boots rising above the knee, and a laced cocked hat)—on his breast were the ribbon and grand cross of the Legion of Honor, and, we believe, some other orders. He is a fine martial looking fellow, and though his features are heavy, his expression shows great intelligence and daring—and he is most unlike the common portraits of him. The ex-King Jerome, Marshal of France, was on his right; General de St. Arnaud, Minister of

War; General Magnau, Commander-in-Chief, and two other Generals, on his left; and a most brilliant staff, numbering some two hundred, and showing every variety of uniform, French and foreign, followed him in a gorgeous phalanx. In our immediate neighbourhood and apparently throughout the line (though this was subsequently denied) there were deafening shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' Though we had come with no intention of meddling at all in the matter, but led away by the communicated excitement of those around, we shouted with the rest.

The Prince rode at an easy pace down the lines of infantry; crossing over by the chapel he saluted the altar with uncovered head, bowed to the Ambassadors, and continued his progress up the front of the cavalry and across the artillery; and again down the infantry at a gallop. The Arab Chiefs who followed immediately behind his staff, habited in their scarlet tunics and white *burnouses*, lent a picturesque variety to the scene.



The infantry of the line, the Chasseurs, and many regiments of cavalry raised loud cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' as the Prince passed, which he acknowledged by frequently raising his hat—but the artillery (a fine corps) observed strict military etiquette, and were silent.

The Prince and his staff, dismounting, ascended the central Tribune, and a peal of artillery announced the distribution of the 'Eagles'. The colonels of the various regiments—as well those of the regiments on the ground as the delegates from the rest of the army—assembled in pre-arranged order on the steps of the Tribune, to receive the standards at the hands of the Prince President: after which a short address was made to the colonels by the Prince, and they marched with the new colours to the chapel. The religious ceremony of blessing the colours then commenced—a discharge of artillery signalled the *Elevation of the Host*, and a powerful orchestre of twenty-eight military bands assisted in the execution of the music. And when the general

*benediction* was given, accompanied by the rolling of drums and salvoes of cannon—altogether a most novel and imposing sight—the troops received it with presented arms, the infantry *a genoux*. The Archbishop then pronounced an *allocution* to the standard-bearers, and one of them on behalf of the Army received the Kiss of Peace.

But all this while the immense clouds of dust and the scorching mid-day sun combined to make the position of the soldiery (standing all exposed to the aching glare of the Champ de Mars) a most irksome and wearying one; and the *Vivandieres* attached to each regiment were incessantly employed in contributing to the relief of their wants.

After an address from the Archbishop, commending the colours to their bravery, and themselves to the divine protection, the colonels rejoined their regiments with the new colours which they handed over to the *Portes drapeaux* or Ensigns, and the troops received them with loud acclamations.

The *defile* then commenced. The President and his staff again mounted, took up their position in front of the estrade of the Ecole Militaire and the whole body of troops passed before them. First the Chasseurs de Vincennes passed at the *pas gymnastique*, then the pupils of St. Cyr and the Polytechnique; the Veterans and Invalides; next the Gendamerie and infantry of the line. in quick time; then the masses of cavalry and field-artillery with their heavy train, swept by with astounding velocity. The troops (with the exception still of the artillery) again raised cries of 'Vive l'Empereur,' and 'Vive Napoleon!' as they passed, and the Prince again acknowledged them by raising his hat.

No striking evolutions of course could take place on this day, and none were contemplated: but the rapidity of the *defile*, and the precision and regularity of the '*wheeling*,' spoke well for their efficient training in such manœuvres, and many an approving word was uttered by the crowd as '*La Ligne—la belle Ligne*,' passed by.

'*La Ligne*' appears to be decidedly the favourite of the people, and the favour seems well deserved, for when massed together they are undoubtedly a fine soldier-like body, of high courage and unmistakable gallantry—and have we think more individual intelligence and marshal esprit than our own men—yet with less discipline and perhaps less pertinacious endurance than ours. The cavalry too are a fine body, vast in number, and of a courage amounting to rashness, but badly horsed, and we should imagine too heavily equipped for severe work. They have done distinguished service in Algiers, but have not been tried with highly disciplined foes yet.

These movements of such a vast body of troops, of course occupied considerable time; and it was four o'clock when the cortège of the Prince moved off the ground. A slight mistake in orders, having turned the advance escort in a wrong direction (to the right, along the quay, instead of straight over the

Pont St. Jena,) the Prince and his staff pulled up immediately in front of us, and remained some minutes, while they were being recalled; so that we again had a capital opportunity of examining them. Marshal Jerome is still in good preservation and sat quite erect on his horse. We could trace no likeness at all to the old Emperor his brother. The War Minister, De St Arnaud, is a tall slender man with a noble countenance, showing great intellect and dignity, but, we should suppose, mixed with much austerity. General Magnan, on the other hand, is a bluff, soldier-looking man—good humoured and *vif*. It was impossible amid the glitter of uniforms to distinguish every face which at another time we might have known; some of them however were recognized by their portraits—as Lucien Murat with his strange broad face and perking moustache; Pierre Bonaparte, so like the old Emperor; Lucien the Prince de Canino, cousin of the President and son of old Lucien; De Morny the active and able Minister of the interior; and others of less note. The two or three British uniforms attracted great attention, the *red coat* we believe being peculiar to British troops.

In spite of the sun and the clouds of dust we remained to see the troops file off the ground: which they did in good style, with the new standards floating aloft in the midst of them. And when all had left the field, the effect of the immense masses lining the quays on both sides of the river, choking the many bridges, and stretching in long columns under the trees in the Champs Elysees, it may well be conceived, was strikingly picturesque and grand. A banquet at the Tuileries in the evening completed the close resemblance of this day's proceedings to those on the occasion of the distribution of 'Eagles' under the Empire.

We found all the walls, on our return, posted with copies (in proclamation form) of the President's '*Address to the Army*' which was short, manly, and appropriate. It referred to the first institution of the Eagles under the Empire; and explained that their re-introduction was no menace to foreign powers, but simply a restoration to the army of a symbol of their ancient glory.

Hot baths were now of course in great request, to remove the dust of the day—and all the many Restaurants in the Palais Royal (our invariable haunt for all meals) were crammed with hungry and clamorous dinner-seekers.

The next day nothing particular was going on connected with the fete until the ball in the evening at the Ecole Militaire—given to the President by the army of Paris. The expense of this entertainment was provided for by a general subscription among the officers, in fixed proportions—the General Commander-in-Chief giving 15 days pay, the Generals of Divisions 12, and so on down to the Lieutenants who gave 3. We spent the day in the usual way for strangers in Paris, viz., in rushing about from one public building to another, looking at paintings and churches, fountains and statues, markets and cemeteries; *et id genus omne*. The ball (for which tickets were easily

obtainable by the English) we determined not to trouble ourselves about ; and it was well we so determined, for it was a terribly crowded affair—more than ten thousand guests having received tickets. Crossing the Place de la Concorde about midnight, and as far as we could see each way, (this place being about a mile from the Ecole Militaire,) stretching up to the Madeleine, and away over the bridges, a double line of carriages conveying guests were crawling along at the slowest pace. Immense numbers we afterwards learned, did not get in until six o'clock in the morning, and many more after creeping on for two or three wearying hours gave up the ball and went home to bed. The returning guests came in at all sorts of sickly hours in the morning, most of them without their carriages, but happy ! oh yes—and pleased as possible with having been to the ball. Some who were there told me that the gorgeous magnificence of the rooms was inconceivable; and they especially dilated on the novelty and beauty of some of the decorations, composed of cannon, gilded and decorated like organ-pipes, forming columns round the rooms, their capitals formed of pistols and a balustrade of cavalry swords connecting them together; other cannons were loaded to the muzzle—with bouquets of flowers; and trophies of flags and armour pannelled the walls.

Wednesday too, so far as the fetes were concerned, was a *dies non*—the FIREWORKS, at first fixed for the evening of that day having been deferred until Thursday, and accordingly on Thursday it was that we sallied out with the rest of Paris—old, middle-aged and young—to see the FEUX D'ARTIFICE. The presentation of the Eagles having gone off without any *coup*, there were still greater crowds out on this night than on Monday—immense numbers having come in from the *banlieue*; and women and children mixing with the throng of soldiers, blouses, and bourgeoisie, helped to swell the crowd. The fireworks were to be shewn on the Trocadero heights, and every bridge, bank, tree or parapet, which could command a view of them was occupied; seats were erected at Passy for the more timid or exclusive, and windows commanding a view were let for fabulous sums. But we together with the 'public in general,' betook ourselves to the Champ de Mars, where greater space was obtainable, and nothing intercepted the view.

We suppose no fireworks *can* be properly described in words—and to say that these were completely *indescribable* is to use a very weak expression. There was a curtain of light formed by ascending rockets, about two hundred yards long, and as high as a rocket could be thrown, and through and above this curtain scores of rockets were continually bursting and emitting balls of flame of the most brilliant colours, blue and red and yellow, green, purple, white, and deep ruby, with shades of all these; which fell in magnificent festoons or arched across each other in gorgeous lattice-work: while among them all and exceeding them all in beauty, were various shells which exploded in the form of magnificent wheat sheaves, and, as if the too-ripe corn were

bursting from overcharged cars, fell to the ground in splendid showers of golden grains. A fringe of Roman candles at the bottom poured out thousands of flaming stars, and a constant roar of artillery rose from the back along the quay. The principal *set piece* was a representation of the noble *Arc du Carrousel*, of double size—formed in gas and flanked on either side by a column surmounted by a star—one, that of the Legion of Honor, the other the new army medal. The car of victory on the top of the arch was replaced by an immense eagle with wings displayed, and the legend of 'Vive Louis Napoleon' in red lamps gleamed across the front. Strange, however, there was no sort of response by the crowd to the *hint* conveyed in this inscription. Whether fatigue, or over-wrought excitement, or far more probably inability on the part of the commonalty to read the words, caused this, we know not—but no kind of enthusiasm was shown, and probably this part of the affair was considered 'a sell.' The show was finished by a gigantic explosion, or rather eruption, of rockets in thousands, like the destruction of some vast magazine—and the smoke cleared away, and the cannonade ceased, and the people went home, and the fete was over.

But while all the extraordinary *public* show was going on, Paris—never a dull place—was during the week exerting all its energies to cater for the amusement of the holiday visitors. The 'perpetual Greenwich-fair' of the Champs Elysees was in full activity. Concerts and Theatres put forth their most attractive programmes. Balls were got up at all the little gardens in and about Paris, and merriment was everywhere the order of the day—and night. And the merriment was real—not forced. It would be a mistake to suppose that the French are suffering in any way under the tyranny which interferes with their liberty or their enjoyments. On the contrary they appear to be rejoiced at the restoration of order—have confidence in its maintenance, and are setting about their ordinary avocations of business or pleasure with hearty good-will—are embarking in trading enterprises, and, in fact, are generally *settling down*. And we believe Louis Napoleon owes as much of his undoubted popularity to his personal energy in putting down the continual fear of violent change, as to the glorious prestige of his great name. He was in fact a political necessity and France accordingly appreciates his value. Certainly as far as we are able to judge, having seen them repeatedly during the last ten years, and intimately examined their political feelings—not the feelings of the statesmen but the feelings of the *people*, under the various changes of government—the French are contented and *comfortable* under the existing government.

It really makes a very nice change to run over from London to Paris for a week or two in the Spring. No two Capitals can well differ more from each other—and the expense is very trifling. In ordinary times you can get a good *apartment*, consisting of bed-room, sitting room, and dressing room, *en suite*, for from 12 to 25 francs a week, including service—and for a reason-



able charge, breakfast, too, will be provided; but it will be found more convenient to take meals away from home, either at a restaurant or at one of the Hotels (where you may join the table-d'hôte without living in the house.) In this way the expense of meals need not exceed five francs a day. Take for instance the Milles Colonne, one of the most celebrated restaurants in the Palais Royal, (which is not frequented by the bourgeoisie, but by ladies and gentlemen.) the breakfast, for which a franc and a half is charged, consists of half a bottle of good wine, (Macon or Chablis,) two courses at choice, and dessert. The dinner costs 2 francs and consists of the same as breakfast, with the addition of *potage* and another course, or for half a franc extra a *whole* bottle of *old* wine is given. There are places nearly as good which are cheaper, as Halarant's, or the five arcades; the main difference being in the quality of the wine. Then you get a cup of coffee or a glass of sherbet at one of the Cafes on the Boulevards, where you may also read the papers. For a small party it is better to dine in this way than *a la carte*, but for a large party (five or six) you may by a judicious selection from the *carte* make a better dinner, with greater variety of dishes, and for the same cost. Of course there are restaurants more expensive than those I have named, such as 'Les trois freres Provencaux', or 'Very,' but having tried them we find very little difference except in the *bill*. No doubt, if regardless of price, one *can* get a better dinner at these places than at the others, but we are speaking of the daily meals of an ordinary moderate man.

So it will be seen that the *expense* of a visit to Paris is not alarming; and there is always enough going on to repay one for the trouble.

Being anxious to get back again to London, we left our friends on Friday night and returned by the same road we went, reaching London at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, after only a week's absence—and having spent something less than *six pounds!* Was it not worth the money?

D. S.

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## DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

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II.—"I MUST SLEEP NOW."—BYRON.

He who had ruled the glorious world of song  
 The victor in the intellectual race;  
 Playing upon the precipice of wrong,  
 As children sport in some unguarded chace,  
 Drooped down his weary head in silent pain,  
 While death laid icy fingers on his brow;  
 Lulling those troubled thoughts whose changful train  
 Had oft oppressed and wearied him till now.

There was no friend or brother near his bed,  
 To whisper comfort to the dying man—  
 His poet heart had yearned for love, to shed  
 Its holy influence o'er its troubled span.  
 But fate had darkened every early dream,  
 The broken heart a lonely ruin lay ;  
 And heaped up wrong had long eclipsed the beam,  
 Of trust in man—that blessed his boyhood's day.

His life had been a passionate excess,  
 Of all those feelings which most stir the soul ;  
 Those blessed dreams that breathe of happiness,  
 Those fearful thoughts that darken and control.  
 And mingling in the chaos of the strife,  
 All good and evil were together bent ;  
 And the sweet beauty of the poet's life,  
 Had lost the rainbow arch that o'er it bent.

But here these wrongs and hopes were lulled to rest,  
 Life's busy battle had been fought and lost ;  
 And like a child upon its mother's breast,  
 Or a young flower that droopeth to the frost.  
 He spoke not then of injury or grief ;  
 If darkness loomed he did not feel its blight :  
 The closing sentence on life's final leaf.  
 "I must sleep now," such was his last good night.

And what a poem in those simple words,  
 More sweet and touching than his loveliest lay ;  
 The hand was nerveless now and hushed those chords.  
 But with a music touch they died away.  
 And he slept well—the loftiest of his line.  
 The master warden on ambition's steep :  
 Lord of each passion, glorious, divine,  
 Slept then the poet's calm, unbroken sleep. M. J. K.

### HALF HOURS WITH OUR POETS.—No. 3.

DURING the half-hours' communings with our departed poets, we have often to mourn the early extinction of their poetical promise by death. 'Those whom the gods love, die young,' and truly may this be said of the minstrels of Acadia.

Grizelda Tonge passed away from our earth, ere the germs of her intellectual strength were fully developed. She found a grave in a stranger land, long before the sunshine of youth had passed from her brow or her spirit, leaving us to mourn over the shrouding of that future for which her past promised so much.

John McPherson's too, was an 'early broken lute'. The *man* had not even

attained the full vigour of his physical or intellectual strength, before he was made immortal; and the *poet* had still less fulfilled the promise he gave of loftier strains ere he was called to join the more perfect choir above.

So with the subject of our present notice, Sarah Herbert—a name well known to the readers of our Provincial Journals, to whose pages she was a frequent contributor. She too, passed so early away from earth, that we had not time to decide on the merits of her literary productions, or form a just estimate of her poetical ability.

Her first attempts at poetry were made very early in life. We cannot say with accuracy at what age she commenced her literary pursuits, but it could not have been later than thirteen or fourteen. Some of her earliest productions gave promise of future excellence, and the friends of literature predicted much from her matured powers. Among the first of her published poems was one on the birth of the Princess Royal, November 1840—which though possessing little originality, and bearing the defects observable in the compositions of all young writers, was still very creditable to one so inexperienced. From that period she contributed at irregular intervals to several of the Provincial Journals, varying her pursuits by an occasional prose article in the form of a narrative or moral tale.

Temperance found a strong advocate in Miss Herbert. Her pen was often employed in its service and many of her compositions, both in verse and prose were written to promote the extension of those great objects for which the friends of Temperance combat. A tale written by her entitled ‘Agnes Maitland,’ bore off the prize offered by some who wished to encourage the cause—it was an easily written and well told story, proving (we think) that Miss Herbert was more successful in prose than verse.

She was also Editress of the ‘Olive Branch,’ a Temperance Newspaper, commenced in 1843, to which she contributed a variety of articles, generally acceptable to the public. This Periodical, however, had but a brief existence like her whose writings had adorned its pages.

From a volume of the ‘Mirror,’ a Temperance Journal established some time after her death, we copy some verses written in her most pleasing style, entitled ‘The Old Oak Tree,’ with some introductory observations by the Editor of that periodical.

‘The lines which appear in another column, entitled “The Old Oak Tree,” by the late Miss Herbert, have not appeared in print until now. They remind of other fine thoughts harmoniously expressed by the same pen. A delicate perception of the picturesque and of the moral, its scenes and incidents, were among the poetic characteristics of Miss Herbert—and these are finely evident in the verses now presented. Unavailing regrets might be expressed at the early departure of the poetess, but her removal was full of faith, respecting that other and higher state of being to which she so often made happy reference.’

## THE OLD OAK TREE.

Full many a tree the forest hath,  
Of broad luxurious shade,—  
By which, for travellers' noon-day path,  
Cool canopy is made:—  
The Willow, waving by the stream,  
The Beech o'er mossy dell,—  
And Elm, that long in poet's dream,  
Hath been distinguished well.

I love to view in still, warm hour,  
The Aspen's trembling spray,—  
And sweet to me the hawthorn bower  
In vernal June's array,—  
Or Ash, amid whose leafy braid,  
The scarlet berries shine,—  
Or, statelier far, in tangled glade  
The Dark, yet hoary Pine.

But best of all the Oak I love,—  
And proudest form it wears  
When waving such a home above,  
As that Armenia shares,—

The flowers form their gayest wreath,  
The baby gambols free,  
For nought of harm is feared beneath  
The homestead's sheltering tree.

And sweetly when at eve and morn,  
The faithful prayer ascends,  
The solemn sound is thither borne,  
And with its rustling blends;  
And sweetly when some holy song,  
The maiden lips essay,  
The breeze that dwells its leaves among,  
Doth mingle with her lay.

Long may that stately tree retain,  
Its spread and length of bough;  
Long to that household band remain  
As dear a sign as now;  
A sign that still—though time may part,  
Though far its members roam—  
Shall ever to the constant heart,  
Betoken love and home.

Her compositions often required pruning. Unnecessary length, a fault common with young writers, was her error, but time and careful revision would have cured her of this, had Providence so willed that her term of years should have been extended. But even now the frail threads of her existence were breaking, and in some touching lines on Consumption does her own fate seem to be shadowed. Doubtless her friends could say with the opening stanza :

'She faded slowly from us—day by day,  
We felt some fond dependence torn away;  
There came new symptoms of her early doom,  
To shroud some lingering ray of hope in gloom,  
And force conviction on the aching heart,  
That soon the cherished object must depart.'

This poem appeals more touchingly to the feelings than anything she has written, it is so like her own history. We regret that its length prevents the transferring it to these pages, but our readers may find it by reference to the 'Olive Branch' for July 19th, 1844.

In one who experienced for so long a period the languor and debility of indisposition, it is amazing to find such assiduity in composition as Miss Herbert evinced; but her pen was rarely idle, while her productions are all distinguished by a resignation and cheerfulness, peculiarly striking in one who was vividly aware of the prospect of her early departure. A few verses entitled 'Presentiments,' written but a year before her decease, will show that she had thought deeply and earnestly on death, till it had lost all its terrors, and she welcomed its appearance for the rest and relief it brings to the weary :

Yes, I am here,—  
I mingle with your smiling throng to-day,  
But, when returns the next rejoicing year,  
I shall be far away.

Ye shall not hear my voice,—  
Your eyes will not meet mine in answering mirth,  
And yet I would not have it check your joys,  
To know me cold in earth.

For though, upon my bed,  
My lowly bed—the snowy covering lies,  
My soul, ye shall remember, is not dead,  
But dwelleth in the skies.

And ye shall smile to know  
That my weak spirit hath no more to bear  
The burden of temptation, sin, and woe,  
Which all the living share.

Joy for the quiet dead,  
Bliss for the early summoned to the skies.  
Let not, above her grave, your tears be shed  
Or selfish sorrow rise.

But, faithful wait your time,  
And living, bear in mind the dying hour,  
Then, dear ones, meet me in the happy clime ;  
Where death no more has power.

These are the last of her published verses that we have met with. The hand was growing too feeble to trace, and the heart too faint to dictate the measures she had loved so well; but a few more months of suffering and sorrow, when like a weary bird released from its cage, the prisoned spirit ascended to that happier place where 'poetry is realized and found perfection.' Her death occurred on the 21st December 1847, as much to the sorrow of those who had hoped that her ability would assist in building a Nova Scotian literature, as to the friends who knew her intimately, and appreciated her worth and amiability.

It would be unjust now to criticize her productions, or point out the errors that often mar their beauty. God did not give her time to show us what she was capable of, and the verses she has left us, if they are not marked by the highest attributes of poetry, have a larger abundance of moral beauty and that spirit of seeing good in all things so necessary to encourage us in the trials and cares of life, than may be met with in many a volume that has the richer sparkles of genius, but fosters the heart's canker by the morbid spirit it evinces.

And thus we place our '*In Memoriam*' on the grave of Sarah Herbert, saying in her own hopeful words—

'We do not hear that voice of music now  
We gaze no more upon that heaven turned brow ;  
Her ashes have to native dust been borne,  
And wait in hope the resurrection morn,  
And her pure soul escaped from sin and woe  
Enjoys the bliss by faith described below.'

#### ADDRESS TO THE WIND.

HAIL thou ! invisible essence of tremendous power,—messenger of Him the Supreme, who holds you in his fists. Like Him, thou art Omnipresent, ever working in thy mighty strength, yet no mortal can see thee, nor tell whence thou comest, or whither thou goest ! Where is thy home, O Wind ? Where

is the great magazine, in which are treasured up thy inexhaustible stores of strength? Springest thou out from the throne of the Eternal, or art thou but the quick breath of a panting world, in haste to complete its rapid flight around its sun? Dost thou always encircle Earth, or dost thou not sometimes fly through 'ether blue,' and rouse with thy tempest, the oceans of yonder glittering orbs? Why comest thou, sometimes as the gentle zephyr, scarcely moving even the petals of the tiniest flower, and again as the mighty whirling tempest, bending down in humility the proud heads of the lofty pines which crown the cragged brow of yon Alpine height? How often on the rock-bound shore of my own native land have I sat beneath the shade of some friendly grove, and listened without weariness to the sweet music of thy voice rustling through the leafy boughs! I have watched the fleecy clouds driven by thee, hither and thither, through Heaven's blue sea! I have seen the waving corn nod in homage to thee as thy light wing skimmed the golden harvest field! With what delight have I gazed upon the placid sea and seen its angry waves rise in a moment, crested with rage at the approach of thy roaring blasts! How soothing to my melancholy feelings, have been thy wintry moanings around my bleak dwelling! I have listened, at night, to thy fearful howlings through the rigging of the tempest-tossed bark, and thought no music was so solemn as the voice of thy fierce blasts, O Wind!

Would that thou could'st tell me what thou hast seen to-day! Hast thou to-day in thy rapid flight, kissed the fair brow of my far distant love, and dost thou bear on thy waves any impress of her melodious voice? Art thou the swift messenger on whose wings the spirits of the newly departed are conveyed to realms of bliss, or art thou, indeed, as says Ossian the son of song, the dwelling place of the mighty dead—the chariot in which spirits come to visit their earthly friends, and the loved scenes of life? Whate'er thou art, I would that I were thee, O Wind! How joyously would I pass from clime to clime on outspread wings! Now I would revel in the aromatic gardens of Oriental lands, and bear away with me Arabia's richest perfumes; and now as a gentle zephyr amid the archipelago of bright isles which bestud the Mediterranean, or in the orange groves of fair Italia and Hispania, would I linger and frolic among the raven tresses of the dark-eyed maidens of those lands! Then would I sweep with rapid flight o'er the broad Atlantic, and fill the snowy sails of the richly laden barks. With cooling breath would I fan the brows of Acadia's and Columbia's fair daughters! I would make sweet melody in the deep unbroken forests of the East! Delighted I would pause o'er Niagara's flood, and dash the light spray into the mist which forms the glorious rainbow! Now would I rush over the broad inland seas—now over the wild prairie fields, and with very joy urge on the lurid flame which mows down the prairie grass.

With lightning speed I would dash across the Rocky Mountains, prostrating

the stately pines and tearing up the mighty oaks, until in perfect fury my roaring blasts should meet again with ocean waves. Such would be my life, O Wind, a life of never tiring activity, of daring adventure and joyous freedom!

SEEWCS.

PAGES FOR PASTIME.—(Continued from Vol. 238.)

**Answer to Charade, No. 16.**

Since without woman *no* will man betide.

I find an answer to enigma first

Wo-man to man is more than all beside.

Tho' man by *no* since woman's fall is cursed.

Dispense with *no* and woman is but man.

Yet treated thus she doth not make your whole

And if your whole is gone so strange the plan

Man's not alone but *how'd* by *no's* control,

Thus both are merged into the whole again, --

Wo-man if thou by woman art bereft,

That she alone can cause such grief is plain.

And yet the parting brings the state she left,

Puz-zler more strange than deep charade can claim,

This town will prove the truth of what I say,

That woman is in compound, nature, name.

A mystery tough that bears the palm away.

K.

**Answers to Conundrums.**

- No. 17. When he "choys round"?  
 18. Because there is a *Hull* ready built.  
 19. Because she goes to higher (*hire*) land in Scotland.  
 20. When he is not in any of the *united* States.  
 21. Because he is *Coolie* (coolly) received.  
 22. *Olá*—(Oh buy!)

**No. 23. Conundrum for Physicians.**

Why does a Steam-ship in harbour resemble an Invalid?

**No. 24. Conundrum for Surgeons.**

Why is the Queen's Writ for a criminal execution, like a Surgeon's lancet?

**No. 25. Conundrum for Farmers.**

In what shape might we expect ice to be most useful during the heat of harvest?

**No. 26. Conundrum for Sailors.**

When does a mariner remind us of a horse collar?

**No. 27. Conundrum for Architects.**

Why were the frequenters of Hyde Park on the removal of the Crystal Palace, like travellers inspecting the architecture of the Commercial Capital of Scotland?

**No. 28. Conundrum for Shipmasters.**

Why is the proper course for trial of the speed of vessels—to run from the Isle of Wight to Southampton?

## REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

Among the leading provincial topics of the past month, has been the rumoured appointment of Colonel Sir J. Gaspard Le Marchant, the present Governor of Newfoundland, to the administration of the Government of Nova Scotia.

By the return of the Canadian and New Brunswick Railway delegates, the ground of hope for the immediate construction of a Railroad from Halifax to Quebec, has been abandoned as no longer tenable. Negotiations have been opened with a Company of capitalists, by which it is expected that the European and North American line, from Portland to Nova Scotia, may be shortly commenced.

We have to record the occurrence of a melancholy accident on the 7th ult. A party comprising Professor Isaac Chipman of Acadia College in Horton, with four students, Messrs. Grant, King, Phalen and Rand, the Rev. E. A. Very of St. John N. B., and two boatmen, while crossing the Basin of Mines, from Blomidon to Wolfville, on their return from an expedition in search of geological specimens, were, with the exception of one of the boatmen, drowned by the upsetting of the boat. Four of the bodies were subsequently recovered by their friends.

Among the obituary notices of the past month, is that of the Rev. Samuel Elder, late of Fredericton N. B.,—a native of Nova Scotia, and graduate of Acadia College, Horton. He was distinguished for high moral and literary attainments.

The most interesting intelligence from Great Britain is the completion of the first of three projected lines of Sub-Marine Telegraph between England and Ireland, which was accomplished on the first of June. The Journals of the day notice the operation as follows:—

The telegraph cable is eighty miles in length, the width of the channel between Holyhead and Howth being sixty-five miles. The cable having been properly coiled on board the steam vessel *Britannia*, the operation of sinking the telegraph commenced. When about four miles had been performed so great a strain fell upon the cable that it was broken completely across and the portion sunk had to be raised again in order to repair the fracture. The *Britannia* was therefore obliged to return to raise the broken part and to connect the wires. On Tuesday (June 1st) the operation of "paying out" the cable was completed in the most successful manner, and the first message was transmitted from Howth across the channel at half past eight o'clock in the evening and an answer instantaneously received. \* \* \* The cable fell so straight and sunk so evenly that only three miles more than the straight line across the channel were payed out. This in a course of sixty-five miles is really extraordinary. The moment the *Britannia* had arrived at her destination and communicated the fact to Holyhead that the Irish shore was reached, the final grand test was applied to the telegraphic cable by connecting the wire with one of the ship's loaded guns, and passing the word "Fire" to Holyhead. The answer was the immediate discharge of the gun on board the *Britannia*. The hour was then just half past eight. The works had been performed in little more than eighteen hours. Messages were now rapidly interchanged and a salute of the *Britannia's* guns fired from Holyhead. \* \* \* Another hour and the cable was ashore, the connexion completed with the land-wires, and the indicators at the Dublin terminus of the Drogheda Railway were conversing with those at the terminus of the Chester and Holyhead Railway in Holyhead.

The price of the Crystal Palace £70,000, has been paid to the contractors, Messrs. Fox and Henderson, and a park of 150 acres in the neighbourhood of



Sydenham, has been secured for its reception. It will be fitted up as a Winter Garden, with trees, shrubs, flowers and fountains.

Sir Harry Smith, family and suite, arrived in England early in June, and has been succeeded in his Government at the Cape of Good Hope by General Cathcart, whose administration is said to be characterized by determination and energy.

From the Cape Colony we have intelligence to the 2nd of May. There seems but little prospect for the present, of the close of the War with the Kaffirs. as up to that date their forces had rallied through the Amatolas, and been joined by a large number of Hottentot rebels.

New discoveries of Gold continue to be made in Australia to such an extent that the farms and towns are nearly deserted by all the labouring classes.

Accounts from the East state that the Campaign against Burmah, had opened about the 8th April, when Martaban and Rangoon were gallantly attacked and captured by the British forces.

Louis Napoleon is still the ruler though not the 'Emperor' of France. He has commenced a crusade against the English Press. Several of the leading Journals have been admonished in reference to their Paris correspondence, that unless the style of language employed towards the Prince President is changed, the admittance of these Journals into France would be suppressed.

Several principal public functionaries of France have refused to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Napoleon—of these are M. F. Arrago, the celebrated Astronomer, Generals Changarnier and Lamoriciere, also, M. Buccarat, Councillor General of the Meurthe, and Messrs. Villemain and Cousin, men of literary eminence.

A mission of Jesuits for the Convent settlement of Guiana, has been organized by the Government. Houses and lands have been granted them at Cayenne.

The 'Fetes des Aigles' which took place at Paris on the 10th of May, and of which some account is given in this number by an eye witness, is said to have exceeded in magnificence all similar displays of modern date.

A demonstration of analogous character took place at St. Domingo in the previous month of April, on the Coronation of Faustin Ist, Emperor of Hayti. It was celebrated with great pomp in the Capital. A general illumination took place, and the fetes of rejoicing lasted for eight days.

Our neighbours of the United States are already turning their attention to the subject of the Presidential Election, to come off next November.

In convention at Baltimore after a discussion continued through five days by the great political parties, respectively—General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, was nominated the Democratic candidate for the Presidential Chair, and the Hon. Wm. R. King, of Alabama, for Vice President. General Winfield Scott, of New Jersey, was named on behalf of the Whigs as candidate for the Presidency, and Wm. A. Graham of N. Carolina, for Vice President. An active canvas, has been commenced by the friends of the respective parties.

