

that of Belle Isle. Our courteous, experienced and ever vigilant Captain (Graham) was hardly off "the Bridge" from the time we left Quebec until we were beyond the iceberg region.

If we (the passengers) went on deck at any hour of the night he could be seen in the path of duty—here a very narrow one, and only the breadth of the ship—pacing the familiar planks of the bridge, looking out for the foe—ice and icebergs—almost the only enemy to be here encountered, if the correct course can be kept: as other ships than those conveying the Canadian Mails, are seldom met with on this part of the northern route—hence one of the dangers of the more frequented southern track—collision with other ships—is avoided.

Through a dense fog we were pursuing our course on the Tuesday night after our departure from Quebec at a greatly reduced speed, probably not more than four knots an hour, when suddenly the ship stopped. Some of the anxious passengers who were spending a sleepless night, were speedily on deck, and there saw a high iceberg not more than forty feet from the port-side of the ship, while on the opposite bow was another large mass of ice. Under God the great care and persevering vigilance of our Captain, officers and look-out men saved us from a terrible calamity. What "a lucky escape" was the general expression as the matter was discussed among the passengers; but there were some on board who could, with thankful hearts say, there was no luck in the matter, but that a kind and overruling Providence warded off the blow which would have speedily sent a magnificent ship to the bottom, and probably many lives into an unexpected eternity.

About the same locality a very few years since a fine steamship—the Canadian—owned by the same company, and commanded by our captain, in just such a fog as then surrounded the Moravian about the dawn of day, struck a mass of floating ice, and in twenty minutes was away at the bottom of the sea, while all of her 300 passengers, save thirty, several of whom never reached the deck, but were drowned below ere the ship went down—were saved on the boats by the admirable discipline and coolness of the officers and ship's company. A practical illustration of the benefits arising from having all sea-going passenger ships provided with the necessary boat accommodation to take off every human being on board, in case of a serious accident. Out of the ice region, with the open and broad Atlantic before us, and with comparatively little danger from other ships, too closely crossing our path, our captain was to be found daily occupying his seat at table and adding by his cheery, gentlemanly manner and well stored mind, to the pleasure and interest of the voyage.

With the exception of an adverse wind, which continued during the entire passage, and some rather troublesome cases of the disease, which Mark Twain facetiously describes by placing the hand on the stomach, and saying, "Oh my," all went well both with ship and passengers until the night of Friday the 22nd September, when I met for the first time in my life with

DEATH UPON THE OCEAN.

The case was peculiar and distressing. A young Scotchman, 32 years of age, engaged in mercantile pursuits in the city of Montreal, genial and intelligent, strong, active, and the very picture of robust health, left my side at the tea table about 8 o'clock to accompany one of the lady passengers on deck. For a time they watched the phosphorescent appearance of the disturbed waters in the wake of the ship, and sang together some familiar songs, when suddenly he faltered in speech, and sank powerless to the deck. He was at once carried to his stateroom, and I was summoned by the Surgeon of the ship to see him. Apoplexy had attacked him, and the hand of death was upon him. For a few minutes, consciousness continued, and he made most painful efforts to say something to us—probably to send some parting message to those who were dear to him, but it was useless. Soon, deep stupor supervened, and at 5 o'clock the next morning, having been most faithfully watched and cared for by Dr. Wolf, the kind hearted surgeon of the ship, and two or three Scotch and Canadian friends through the weary hours of the night, his spirit fled. Strange to say, at the very time he was seized, a large number of the passengers assembled in the smoking and card room on deck, were engaged in discussing this question—"Who is the finest looking man on board the ship?" and just as I opened the door to ask one of his intimate friends, who was ignorant of what had occurred—something concerning his former health and history,

the unanimous decision of the party had been given in favor of Mr. Wilson, the man whose countenance was now distorted and tongue speechless, and whose admirably developed frame was paralyzed and helpless, and even then grappling with death. The "shock produced by such an event on land, would have been marked and distressing, but here, out upon the ocean, it can be more easily imagined than described. The effect was electrical and depressed every member, and all classes of the familiar community. The card table was at once deserted, and seriousness was upon every man's brow, and when the cabin passengers assembled the next morning at the breakfast table, and the seat of one of the most intelligent and cheerful men on board the ship was vacant, tears were seen coursing down the cheeks of some of the ladies, as they thought of what was in store for the bereaved mother and the betrothed of the deceased. And there was moisture in the eye of more than one strong man as they thus practically realised the truth of the sentiment, "In the midst of life we are in death," and that, "In an hour when ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Sailors have almost invariably a disinclination to be shut up in a ship with the dead, and their desire is, to commit, as soon after death as possible, the remains to the deep—but in this instance the body was retained, for interment in the village near Glasgow—where his parents and more immediate friends dwelt.

A rough coffin was prepared and in the presence of the officers, many of the passengers, and crew, all of whom, were deeply impressed with the scene, the poor fellow's remains were laid, and then placed in one of the covered life boats—suspended from the davits on the ship's quarter, and there kept, until the Irish coast was reached, when they were landed at Morille for transportation to Glasgow from Londonderry.

The Episcopal Clergyman who conducted the service, and preached, the first Sunday morning after our departure from Quebec, was not able, in consequence of sea sickness, to do so on the following Sunday morning, consequently the Captain read the Church of England service—and performed the duty very well. In the evening—the sea being somewhat quieted, the Church bell sounded fore and aft the ship, for ten or fifteen minutes—reminding us of the Sabbath on land, and our own homes—the Clergyman took his place, and preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion—in which, feeling allusion was made to the sad event which occupied all our minds—the death of our deceased travelling companion.

IRELAND IN SIGHT.

On Tuesday morning the 25th ult., quite early, Tory Island light on the North Eastern coast of Ireland was sighted, and running close in shore along the coast and highlands of Donegal we reached Morille, on Lough Foyle, at midday; transferred a portion of our mails, and several passengers, to a steam tug, which conveyed them 12 or 15 miles up the Lough to Londonderry—and then headed our ship for the Irish Channel.

Before leaving this beautiful Bay, several telegrams were despatched, announcing to our families, and others interested in the ship, our safe arrival in British waters. One, was forwarded to the friends of the deceased passenger—telling them that he was no more—and that they must be prepared to inter his remains, *in case*, on their arrival in Glasgow, the following morning. Once before, in 1857, I passed the Giant's Causeway in a Cunard ship, but, at too great a distance to satisfactorily observe it. On this occasion, the day being fine and clear, we "hugged the shore," as sailors express it, and could with great distinctness recognize the columnar appearance of this peculiar Geological formation. The entrance to its dark caves was apparent, with the boats of excursionists passing in and out of some of them, while, seated in quiet majesty, upon his throne of Basaltic rock, the natural figure of the great Giant—the centre of attraction to all who visit this locality—was plainly visible. At night we met in the Channel—"right in our teeth," that, which, during the whole voyage, we had been dreading—the Equinoctial gale—but with a well lighted coast, and a staunch and powerful steamer beneath our feet, the Mersey was reached without difficulty or danger at 9 o'clock, and on the landing stage, as we were warped towards it, I recognized two members of my family, who, announced to me the gratifying intelligence, that all was well with them. Not being a smoker, and having neither cigars nor tobacco stowed away, my luggage

was speedily passed by the custom's officials, a hurried farewell was said to my agreeable fellow voyagers, and the officers of one of the finest and best equipped ships (in every particular) which crosses the ocean, and I found myself, after an absence of 14 years, on British soil again—in the great commercial city of

LIVERPOOL.

Amid noise, bustle, and apparent confusion along streets, densely populated with a moving, hurrying mass of human beings, I wended my way to the other side of the Mersey, to my temporary home in Birkenhead. The growth of Liverpool and Birkenhead during these 14 years has been amazing, not only in the extent of surface covered by manufactories, houses, warehouses, public and humane Institutions, but in the extension of their massive and magnificent docks, and floating landing stages, for the accommodation of their ever increasing commerce. A rise and fall of tide, in the Mersey, of 20 feet, or more, enables the Dock Commissioners of these two cities—under whose special charge these great institutions are constructed and worked—to utilise its margin and shores, in the building of these vast wet, dry, and graving docks; into which, quiet, and deep basins, surrounded by vast walls of masonry, all the ships of these Ports go, to discharge, and take in cargo; as also, for repairs and graving purposes. At, and near high water, the broad strong gages (some worked by hydraulic power, others by complicated machinery, so perfect, that a single man can with the strength of his two arms swing them to and fro at pleasure, or as occasion may demand) open, for the reception of fresh arrivals, and to give exit to those whose capacious holds have been filled with freight, from the more capacious warehouses, which, on all sides surround these docks.

Some hundreds of acres, along the shores of the river, have been thus converted into receptacles for ships of every size—from the Levia-han Steamer, to the trim and beautifully modelled Pilot boat, the appearance of which on the distant waters, so delights the inward bound seaman, and ocean traveller. The great number of these, still-watered basins; large and small—the perfect systems of management, the beehive like activity, and order, which prevades them, have all been to me a wonder and a study. The tide rises, the huge gateways, of what is termed a dry, or graving dock, are opened; a ship enters; the tide recedes; the gates are again opened; and the water flows out from the basin; leaving the vessel, high and dry—resting on an even keel. The gates are a second time closed, so firmly, and accurately that the pressure of water, even of the highest tide does not affect them, and the work of repair, or, of graving goes on, as if the ship were on the stocks, or the dry land.

When all is completed, the waters of this great river being made thus subservient to science, and the will of man, are permitted again to enter and float the ship away from this workshop—the dry dock—to the wet dock, from whence she is speedily sent, laden with Britain's productions to other scenes and other lands.

The distance between the landing stages of Liverpool and Birkenhead, is about three quarters of a mile.

THE FERRY ACCOMMODATION

consists of three steam boats, each measuring something less than 100 tons. One of the more recently constructed, is steered by hydraulic power. Their engines are powerful, necessarily so, as the current in the river runs at the rate of four to six miles an hour. From each landing stage one of these boats leaves every ten minutes. No horses or carriages are carried, but as a general thing they are literally crowded with passengers, all paying one penny a trip, who are not the possessors of commutation tickets. The Captain of one of these boats, informed me that it was no uncommon thing for the three, to convey from 50 to 75 thousand passengers on a single day. While the number annually ferried across the Mersey by this single route, amounts to several millions. Thus you will see that on these crowded, or gala days, more than double the population of Halifax, and Dartmouth, combined, is conveyed from shore to shore by these three small steamers in the short space of 24 hours—for they run all night, charging however, sixpence sterling, for each passenger after twelve o'clock. I state these facts, on the above authority, for the purpose of conveying to you some idea of the growth and importance of Birkenhead, and the small towns and villages in its immediate neighborhood, where a very large num-

ber of the commercial men of Liverpool reside. In short, these, are to Liverpool, what Brooklyn is to New York.

The ferry boats in question are not expensively fitted up. Two of them have ladies' cabins in which the seats are cushioned, but the third is so arranged that ladies and laborers have to occupy the same apartment—down stairs, below the water line as in the Dartmouth boats in days of yore. In everything but speed, the ancient Micmac, which has so long and so safely ferried us across Halifax harbor, will favorably compare, and I may add, that her accommodation although not quite so extensive, is more than equal, as regards comfort, to that furnished by the antiquated piece of naval architecture to which I refer. The captains, engineers, and deck hands perform their work exposed to the weather—with nothing to protect them from rain, snow, and heat—hence, I conclude that whatever other sins the managers of the Dartmouth steam boat company may have to answer for—as humanitarians, they are in advance of the Corporation of Birkenhead, who own, and work the Ferry in question.

In Halifax and Dartmouth, a demand has been made and often repeated for larger boats, and more elegant accommodation on the Ferry which connects these two towns. This demand will, doubtless, ere long, be responded to, but, looking at the matter in its relation to the population, and the traffic to be accommodated—and from a Birkenhead and Liverpool stand point, urgent as I have been on the matter for public, as well as from personal reasons, I feel that I can hardly urge my fellow proprietors, to construct a floating palace for the work in question, before that "Long-wharf"—which is to connect and make Halifax and Liverpool almost one city—is built—or to furnish palatial accommodation for one or two hundred thousand people, before they are born, and can practically enjoy it.

Since my last visit to the old world,

THE NEW EXCHANGE

of Liverpool has been built—great, both as regards its capacity and its architectural beauty. Here, from 11 to 12 o'clock every day the mercantile community congregates, and here take place those great commercial and trade transactions between the business men of the city, amounting daily to hundreds of thousands of pounds (speaking within bounds) and often to millions. Here, you see the Cotton men—for this is the great Cotton mart of the world, importing annually to its warehouses between two and three millions of bales—moving earnestly and quickly about. Eyes and tongue alike, talking cotton—with samples of the raw material in their hands, and adhering to their coats, so that there is no mistaking them. Wholesale business, in all its departments, is here transacted, not for Liverpool alone, but for a large portion of England.

Just opposite, is the stock-brokers exchange, a fine building externally, and splendidly fitted up, and arranged, so I am informed. It is always closed to the uninitiated, and none but members, have the entrée.

The civic, and public buildings and offices of every description, are constructed on a grand scale, externally and internally. Nothing however gratified me more than my visit to

BROWN'S LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

In years gone by a Liverpool merchant bearing that name, bequeathed a large sum of money to erect and furnish a public library—free to all classes. The building is very large, and as an architectural structure is attractive, but to me its chief interest centres, in that which was the donor's intention, viz: furnishing good healthy mental food, to those who were without it, and could not afford to obtain it—the masses. There during my visit I mingled with those who were well dressed, very poor men, the laborer, men out at the elbows, some, with "shocking bad hats," others with worn out coats and shoes, quietly seated in a large and comfortable reading room intently engaged in perusing books and periodicals and evidently enjoying the occupation and the place. Hither the clerk and the skilled artisan, who have but an hour to reach their lodgings, and partake of their mid-day meal, hasten, to select some work in which they are interested—out of the 52,000 volumes which are there collected, and properly arranged—and spend a few minutes in devouring its contents. And when their time is up, the book is handed back to the boy Librarian, at the counter, as they hie away to their stores or their workshops.

The Library is well selected, the scholar, the man of literary tastes, the naturalist, the artist and the artisan, can all here drink—in accordance with their varied tastes—at the fountain of knowledge, and that too, without cost.

While I was there observing, and watching the practical workings of the Institution I suppose there were not less than 200 or 250 men and lads occupied in the large reading room, and in the smaller apartments, where were stored the works in the higher departments of learning. Here, some were studying, while others, were engaged in drawing, and painting, from works taken from the shelves of this great and liberal institution, works, that they could not otherwise have obtained. In another portion of this same building is a large and well filled museum, containing specimens and articles of the greatest interest—from all parts of the world—illustrating mechanical and natural Science. The fine arts, and antiquarian science are also well represented. In short it is a museum such as I long to see in the capital of my native Province.

I was asked to step into the Aquarium that I might be introduced to a countryman—the friend who gave me the intimation being reticent as to the name of the party to whom he wished to introduce me. Suddenly I came in front of a large glass case containing a huge Bull Frog, which was thus labelled, "Bull Frogs from Nova Scotia—presented by Andrew Downs." I presume the plural number was applicable when the presentation was made, but the singular should now be used as but one remains. This leviathan did not apparently recognize me as a Nova Scotian, for he remained motionless as a statue during the interview, did not even croak, and as I intently watched him for some minutes, he only winked once as if to let me know I was under observation. I was proud of my countryman, for he was the finest specimen of his species, I had ever seen, and was a centre of attraction to all who visited his department of the museum.

I was desirous of hearing the Rev. Stowel Brown preach again—having heard him once in 1857—but was disappointed, in consequence of his absence from Liverpool, on the only Sunday I was there. So I very contentedly and profitably listened to a less distinguished Baptist minister in Birkenhead.

On the same day, I attended a very interesting service at

THE BLUE COAT SCHOOL

in Liverpool. An Episcopal institution—endowed only to a very limited extent—and maintained, mainly, by the donations and annual contributions of the charitable and the wealthy. Here, are collected, fed, clothed and educated from 200 to 250 boys, and 100 girls from five to fourteen years of age, all, either orphans, or fatherless—neatly dressed in blue clothes; and I may add, looking, with their robust forms, and rosy cheeks, both healthy and happy. When they have fully reached the period of fourteen years, they leave the School—the boys being placed at trades and in stores; and the girls, at service. Several prominently wealthy, and distinguished men, were here cared for, and partially educated in early life. And I am glad to be able to add that in after life, they did not forget the fact, as the annals of the institution, and their generous contributions amply testify. The boys of the Blue Coat School in London are never permitted to wear a hat or cap, and meet them when you will, while they are inmates of that institution in hot, cold or wet weather, their heads are bare—because the founder of the school so willed it. Eels, they say, get used to skinning and so I presume these boys get used to the barbarous regulation which compels them to run through the streets of London in foul weather and fair, under "bare poles." This generous old monomaniac with the "bee in his bonnet," who had a whim to gratify, might have been hydrophobically relieved of his mental disease or eccentricity, if he had only been subjected for a brief period to this *bonnetless* practice. Cured! by his own medicine. Happily, no such regulation exists in connexion with the Blue Coat school of Liverpool.

On the Sunday in question the doors of the Institution were opened ¼ before 4 o'clock, P. M., and the crowd of visitors was first shown through the antiquated building, in the centre of the City, where these children dwelt. Everything was in admirable order, and the servant, who accompanied myself and family, stated as in passed through the kitchen, that here the general order of things is somewhat re-