

face. By the 4th of June, the gallery, six hundred and eighty feet long, was completed, but, as it was twenty feet higher in the middle, it was necessary still to level it. The weather had been very cold, and the lake had not yet reached the height of the gallery; the labourers, therefore, continued lowering it till the 13th, when, towards ten at night, the water began to flow through. The lake continued to rise during several hours; but the next day at five o'clock in the evening, it had fallen one foot; the morning on the 15th ten feet, the 16th, thirty feet.

At two o'clock on that day, the length of the lake was diminished one thousand nine hundred and fifty feet, for the gallery wearing down as fast as the lake lowered, the water ran freely, but without the Dranse overflowing, and a very few days would have sufficed to drain this great reservoir. Loud explosions however announced that large masses of ice were loosened from the dyke by their specific lightness, diminishing its thickness towards the lake, while the current, as it flowed from the gallery, wore away the same barrier on the opposite side, and threatened a sudden rupture. The danger increasing, the engineers sent, from time to time, to warn the inhabitants to be on their guard. As the water began to make its way under the ice, the crisis appeared inevitable, and not far distant. At half past four in the evening, a terrible explosion announced the breaking up of the dyke, and the waters of the lake rushing through, all at once formed a torrent one hundred feet in depth, which traversed the first eighteen miles in the space of forty minutes, carrying away one hundred and thirty chalets, a whole forest, and an immense quantity of earth and stone. When it reached Bagne, the ruins of all descriptions carried along with it, formed a moving mountain three hundred feet high, from which a column of thick vapour rose like the smoke of a great fire. An English traveller accompanied by a young artist, Mr. P— of Lausanne, and a guide, having been visiting the works, and on his return was approaching Bagne, when turning round by chance, he saw the frightful object just described coming down, the distant noise of which was lost in the nearer roar of the Dranse; he clapped spurs to his horse to warn his companion, as well as three other travellers who had joined them; all dismounting scrambled up the mountain precipitately, and arrived in safety beyond the reach of the deluge, which in an instant filled the valley beneath; however, Mr. P. was no longer to be found; during several hours they believed him lost, but they learned afterwards that his restive mule, turning at the sight of an uprooted tree, perceived all at once a still more threatening sight, and dashing at once up the mountain, had carried him beyond the reach of danger.

From Bagne the inundation reached Martigny, four leagues in fifty minutes, bearing away in that space thirty five houses, nine windmills, ninety five barns, but only nine persons and very few cattle, most of the inhabitants having been on their guard.

The village of Beauvernier was saved by a projecting rock, which diverted the torrent; it was seen passing like an arrow by the side of the village without touching it, though much higher than the roofs of the houses. The fragments of rocks and stones deposited before reaching Martigny entirely covered a vast extent of meadows and fields. Here it was divided, but eighty buildings of this town were destroyed, and many were injured; the streets were filled with trees and rubbish, but only thirty four persons appear to have lost their lives at Martigny, the inhabitants having retired to the mountains. Below Martigny, the inundation spreading wide, deposited a quantity of slime and mud, so considerable, as it is hoped will redeem an extensive swamp. The Rhone received it by degrees and at different points, without overflowing till it reached the lake of Geneva at eleven o'clock at night, and was lost in its vast expanse, having gone over eighteen Swiss leagues in six hours and a half, with a gradually retarded movement. The bridges having been carried away, all intercourse was interrupted, during several days, between the inhabitants of the opposite banks of the Dranse, whose only means of conveying intelligence of their misfortunes to one another was by throwing letters fastened to stones. This is not the first accident of the kind; there are traces of others, and one is supposed to have taken place in the year 1595; a beam in the ceiling of a house in Martigny bears the following initial inscription:—M. O. F. F. 1595 L. Q. B. F. I. P. L. G. D. G., of which the following ingenious explanation was given:—Maurice Olliot fit faire, 1595, lors que Bagne fut inonde par le Glacier de Granzot.

It is somewhat remarkable, that an old man ninety two years of age saved himself by ascending a mound, supposed to have been formed by the former inundation, the present one pursued him to the summit, where he maintained himself by the aid of a tree, which was not carried away.

From the Third Series of the Ingoldsby Legends.

HOOK'S HOAXES.

Hook called, and in the course of conversation gave me an account of his going to Lord Melville's trial with a friend. They went early, and were engaged in conversation when the peers began to enter. At this moment a country-looking lady, whom he afterwards found to be a resident at Rye, in Sussex, touched his arm, and said, I beg your pardon, sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red

coming in? 'Those, ma'am,' returned Theodore, 'are the barons of England; in these cases the junior peers always come first.' 'Thank you, sir—much obliged to you. Louisa my dear (turning to a girl about fourteen)—tell Jane (about ten) these are the barons of England; and the juniors (that is the youngest, you know) always go first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home.' 'Dear me ma!' said Louisa, 'can that gentleman be one of the youngest? I am sure he looks very old.' Human nature, added Hook, could not stand this; any one, though with no more mischief than a dove, must have been excited to a hoax. 'And pray, sir,' continued the lady, 'what gentleman are these?' pointing to the bishops, who came next in order, in the dress, which they wore on state occasions—namely, the rochet and lawn sleeves over their doctor's robes. 'Gentlemen, madam,' said Hook; 'these are not gentlemen: these are ladies, elderly ladies—dowager peeresses in their own right.' The fair inquirer fixed a penetrating glance upon his countenance, saying, as plainly as on eye can say, 'Are you quizzing me or no?' Not a muscle moved; till at last, tolerably well satisfied with her scrutiny, she turned round and whispered, 'Louisa, dear, the gentleman says that these are elderly ladies, and dowager peeresses in their own right; tell Jane not to forget that.' All went on smoothly, till the speaker of the House of Commons attracted her attention by the rich embroidery of his robes. 'Pray, sir,' said she, 'and who is that fine-looking person opposite?' 'That, madam,' was the answer, 'is Cardinal Wolsey!' 'No, sir,' cried the lady, drawing herself up and casting at her informant a look of angry disdain, 'we know a little better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year.' 'No, such thing, my dear madam, I assure you,' replied Hook, with a gravity that must have been almost preternatural; 'It has been, I know, so reported in the country, but without the least foundation; in fact these rascally newspapers will say anything.' The good old gentleman appeared thunderstruck, opened her eyes to their full extent, and gasped like a dying carp; *vox faucibus hæsit*, seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried, without a word, from the spot.

CALIFORNIAN HOUSES.

Externally, the habitations have a cheerful aspect, in consequence of the paucity of windows, which are almost unobtainable luxuries. Glass is rendered ruinous by the exorbitant duties, while parchment, surely a better substitute than a cubic yard of adobe, is clearly inadmissible in California, on account of the trouble of its preparation; and, to increase the expense, carpenters are equally extravagant and saucy, charging three dollars for such a day's work as one is likely to get from fellows that will not labour more than three days in the week. After all, perhaps the Californians do not feel the privation of light to be an evil. While it certainly makes the rooms cooler, it cannot, by any possibility, interfere with the occupations of those who do nothing; and even for the purposes of ventilation, windows are hardly needed, inasmuch as the bedding, the only thing that requires fresh air, is daily exposed to the sun and wind. Among the Californian housewives, the bed is quite a show, enjoying, as it does, the full benefit of contrast. While the other furniture consists of a deal-table and some badly-made chairs, with probably a Dutch clock and an old looking glass, the bed ostentatiously challenges admiration, with its snowy sheets fringed with lace, its pile of soft pillows covered with the finest linen or the richest satin, and its well-arranged drapery of costly and tasteful curtains. Still, notwithstanding the washings and the airings, this bed is but a whitened sepulchre, in the interior a pestilential wool-matress, the impregnable stronghold of millions of *las pulgas*.—Sir George Simpson.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

[In ancient Germany it was the custom for a bridegroom to send or bring to his betrothed a golden rose, as a token that he was about to claim her.]

'SISTER, wake! 'tis surely morning; listen, I can hear the bees humming underneath the window, in the fragrant lilac-trees.

There it comes! that wandering sunbeam I have watched so many a time, creeping in the same dark corner at the early morning chime.

'Oh the night is very weary unto those who lie and moan, and who only know the daytime by the slow hours stealing on—

By the small blue rift of heaven gleaming through the curtained pane, by the warbling birds that waken to their daily life again.

'Sister, rise! and let me watch you twisting up your tresses bright!

Stand there, just where I can see you, in the early morning light.

I will look, and you shall listen, while I tell a wondrous dream,

Which I dreamt, when these tired eyelids closed at daybreak's cold gray beam.

'Often have I, sighing, told you, how to me there came no more

Those sweet dreams that used to haunt me in the first, sad time of yore,

When this long and wasting sickness, stealing all my youth and bloom,

Turned my eyes from bridal altar to the dark and ghastly tomb.

'It is long since even in slumber I have seen my Wilhelm's face,

But last night he looked upon me from his blessed dwelling-place;

Not as when I last beheld him—still, and cold, and marble-white—

But all radiant as an angel, with his gold hair gleaming bright.

'And he kissed my lips and forehead, as in those dear olden times,

And his eyes once more bent on me their clear, loving, earnest gaze:

Not a word did Wilhelm utter; and my lips, in silence bound

By that holy kiss he gave me, could not frame a single sound.

'Then he placed within my bosom, with a smile, the rose of gold;

And my heart leaped up within me as I felt his dear arms fold

Round me; and a wondrous lightness shot through all this drooping frame,

While above my shoulders budded two bright wings of amber flame.

'In the air we rose together, I and Wilhelm, hand in hand;

Like two wandering doves we floated over sea and over land;

Higher—till the air grew clearer, and the earth beneath grew dim,

And afar we heard the angels chant our glorious nuptial hymn.

'In each other's arms we floated all the blessed stars among,

Till I awakened with the music of the skylark's matin song.

Sister! tell me know what meaneth this most happy dream of mine?

Weeping, turned away the sister, for too well she knew the sign.

On the wall the sunbeam stealth; gaily hum the laden bees;

And the light wind stirs the blossoms in the fragrant lilac-trees;

Loudly sings the lark, but breaks not that immovable repose,

For the bride has met the bridegroom—Death has brought the golden rose.

European News.

From English papers to the 4th September received by the Steamship Britannia.

From the Northern Whig.

THE "GREAT BRITAIN" STEAMSHIP AFLOAT AT LAST.

Wednesday, being the first day of the spring tides of the present month, had been fixed upon for the final and great attempt to raise that monster of the deep, the Great Britain.

On the previous day, every preparation was made; two bower anchors had been laid out two cables' length astern of the ship, and by hauling upon these, by means of the capstans on deck, this magnificent ship was warped sixteen feet to seaward. This having been done, it was considered judicious by those under whose care she had been placed, to leave her in that position till the following day the Birkenhead, iron steam frigate, 600 horse power, came down from Kingstown by Wednesday's tide, in order to be on the spot, and act as a tug.

In the course of the same day, the Scourge, a steam bomb ship, came into the bay, and anchored about a mile and a half southward of the Birkenhead. On Thursday, although the spring did not flow within six fathoms of the height expected, an attempt was made to tow the Great Britain off the shore by means of these steamers; but it entirely failed, although they had on their entire steam power. Friday's being the highest of the spring tides, was fixed on for the effort to save the *chef d'œuvre* of naval architecture, and to convey her across the channel; and, preparatory to that, the engineers, in charge of the operations, had fitted up not less than fifty pumps, which were quite sufficient to keep the vessel afloat, if efficiently manned, though she were twice as large as she is.—One pump brought aboard by Mr Bremner—a marsh or draining pump, throws no less than three tons of water a minute. On Friday, the vessel's best bowers having been left out, as on the previous days, as soon as the tide rose, the hands aboard, consisting of the majority of the crew of the Scourge, and a considerable portion of that of the Birkenhead, commenced, under the directions of Captain Claxton, to warp the vessel off the shore, and succeeded in shifting her from the position which she occupied, a distance of upwards of 80 fathoms seaward. She now

lies in a position which will enable the talented engineer, Mr Bremner, to remove her into deep water, with a common tide; in fact, she would have walked off into the Channel this evening, but that it was thought desirable to make an examination of the bottom, before proceeding further seaward. Mr Bremner's success now appears certain, as far as every human probability is concerned. The vessel will now float with an ordinary tide; and, having had one thousand horse power (the steamers Birkenhead and Scourge to assist her,) it will be very strange indeed, should Mr Bremner's anticipations not be realized. When the vessel's safety was placed beyond question, Captain Claxton while standing on the quarter deck, piped all hands aft; and after the usual preliminaries, proposed, "Healthe of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family, Lord de Ross, Lord Roden, and Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery of Tyrrel-la," which were received with the utmost enthusiasm. He then proposed "the Press," which met with the heartiest reception.

As soon as the Great Britain was discovered to be fairly afloat, there were three round of cheers from the Birkenhead, which were lustily responded to by the men on board the former vessel.

The day was particularly fine, a light breeze blowing from the south-east by east, which, to a considerable extent, increased the flow of tide; nevertheless the spectators were not by any means numerous, occasioned we suppose, by the disappointments which they had previously experienced. However, those in attendance were much gratified at being present (although not awowed Repealers) and witnessing the "Repeal of Union" between the Great Britain and Ireland.

Belfast, 28th August, 1847.

GLASGOW ASSOCIATION OF UNDERWRITERS.

GENTLEMEN.—I beg leave to inform you that the Great Britain steam-ship arrived here this afternoon, in tow with Her Majesty's steamer Birkenhead, being rather leaky to proceed to Liverpool. Capt. Claxton expects she will be in a fit state to proceed to Liverpool in a day or two.—I am, &c.,

N. FITSIMONDS.

From the Liverpool Mercury.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT BRITAIN IN THE MERSEY.

Since the period when the Great Britain steam ship first arrived in the Mersey, no other event of a similar nature has excited so much interest in this town as that of the arrival of the same splendid vessel yesterday, from Dundrum Bay. The news that she was afloat reached Liverpool on Sunday, and the telegraphic report which was issued yesterday morning, announced that a vessel, supposed to be the Great Britain, was off Holyhead, inward bound, in tow of a three masted steamer, at seven A. M. At nine o'clock the Great Britain was reported off Voel Nant; but as the tide did not flow till two o'clock, it was not expected that she would take the bar before half flood. The morning was dull and the atmosphere on the river was hazy. About one o'clock the haze at the mouth of the river cleared away a little, and then her Majesty's frigate, the Birkenhead, was observed steaming up the river closely followed by the Great Britain. She was high out of the water. Her lower masts were standing and streamers of flags were displayed from each. Her funnel was perfect, and she looked almost as well as when she left the Mersey. About half past nine o'clock, having taken the Cheshire side of the river, she reached Seacombe point, where she was received by a salute from the guns stationed at the gardens attached to the hotel. The Birkenhead then altered her course, steered across the river, and came bow on to the tide, which was still flowing rapidly. After some little time the Great Britain also bore round, and was taken by the Birkenhead, with the assistance of the two steam tugs, nearly as far as the entrance to the Prince's Basin. The Birkenhead then cast off her tow lines, and the two tugs then brought the Great Britain alongside the North end of the Prince's Parade, where the vast crowds that had assembled had an excellent opportunity of seeing her. After warps had been fastened to the shore, she was taken in to the basin, and berthed on the gridiron at the north end, under the immediate direction of Captain Hodgson, north harbour master.

When the Great Britain was floated on Friday it was intended to have started directly for Liverpool, but it was found she made too much water to render such a step prudent. It was decided to proceed to Strangford, but a thick fog coming on she ran for Belfast loch, and arrived there at four o'clock.

She left Belfast about noon on Sunday. The Birkenhead was commanded by Captain, Legram, and the Great Britain was in charge of Captain Claxton. Besides about 150 labourers, who were put on board at Belfast for the purpose of keeping the pumps going the whole time, there also came in the Great Britain about sixty-five riggers from Portsmouth and Plymouth, 40 men (marines and sailors) belonging to the Birkenhead, and 25 belonging to the Victory. Mr. James Bremner of Wick, and his son, Mr. Alexander Bremner, were also on board. As the vessel came up the river the water was seen pouring from her sides, by the action of the pumps.

The average speed from Belfast to the Mersey was six and a half miles an hour. The Great Britain was fitted up with a temporary rudder, or steering apparatus, such as is resorted to at sea when the rudder is washed away, and yesterday morning about eight o'clock, one of the hawsers, by which it was worked, gave way. A slight delay was there-