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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

FAITH!

STEVENTON.

Faith is the beacon-light of life;
It shineth from the shore,
Out to the mystic bourne beyond,
These hills and valleys o'er.
It is the star which gilds the sea-
Of that unknown eternity.

When winds are wild about life's bark,
It stills each rising fear;
It calms, with an omnipotent voice,
The troubled atmosphere.
It quiets all the heart's unrest,
Like a soothed child on its mother's breast.

It bids our longings all depart,
And, out through sorrow's night,
It wakes the gleam in Hope's bright eye
And sheds a radiant light
"It waits us safely o'er the stream,
Till heav'n's own stars reflected gleam."

As clings the twining ivy-vine
Around the tower's forest tree;
As roots cling firmer 'neath the storm
Which sweeps across the wintry sea,
So Faith gains strength, as woes descend
To constant prove the love of friend.

When death assails with frowning face,
The frightful valley just in view,
Faith nerves the pinions of the soul
To swifter flight the darkness through,
It leans upon the Savior's breast
And calmly wings away to rest.

Oh! then have faith in those you love;
Be thou to them the brooding dove
Of morning light, which spreads its wings
O'er darkened worlds, and gladness brings.
Have faith in God who placed thee here,
To act thy part within thy sphere.

Act well thy part; for in life's way,
Thou' often dark the storm cloud low'rs,
Full many a green oasis charms
The desert path with brightest flow'rs.
Some loving, worthy hearts will cling,
Some happy voices round thee ring.

The thorns which sometimes strew thy path,
Formed once thy Savior's rugged crown;
"They are not meant alone for thee,"
To tread thy lonely way upon;
For all hearts may some scars reveal,
All hearts some thorn-wounds conceal.

We all are missionaries here,
From heart to heart sweet gifts to bear;
And only they whom Heav'n can bless,
Go Christ's path through this wilderness;
He led the way, we must pursue,
And drink the bitter waters too.

Miscellaneous.

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

The "fishing up" of the Atlantic Cable of 1865 has had a world wide interest, as a marvel of modern science, accomplished by a combination of patient investigation and persevering industry, probably unparalleled. The means placed at the disposal of the company were such as no other age could furnish. The *Great Eastern* herself appears to have been built for some such purpose. It had hitherto appeared that the building of "the big ship" was a mistake, and it was thought that Brunell had advanced beyond the requirements of the world, in projecting such a ponderous combination of wood and iron, but this last feat, accomplished on board of her, has demonstrated what, in the course of Divine Providence, she was intended for, and what she alone was adapted to effect.

We have been looking with some interest, for the details of the picking up, and have now from the pen of Mr. John C. Deane, a "Narrative of the Second Expedition of the *Great Eastern*."

The narrative necessarily has much appearance of repetition, as the several attempts were made to grapple the cable, but that

which relates to the final and successful one will be read with much interest, and each incident connected therewith remembered. The following is the account given of the event in Mr. Deane's diary:—

"Sunday morning 3.45, September 2nd. —We have succeeded. Untiring energy and perseverance have conquered all the difficulties. The Atlantic Telegraph Cable of 1865 has been raised to the surface, and in a few minutes afterwards communication established with Valentia. It is impossible adequately to describe the enthusiastic joy which prevails on board the ship at the present moment. Those men, who by their skill have achieved this great success, deserve well of their country. As I stated in yesterday's diary, the grapnel went down for the 15th time, at 10 a. m. Save that there was a long swell, as there always is in the Atlantic, the sea was like a mill-pond; and as we saw the grapnel go down, we could not help remarking to each other, that the circumstances under which we were going to make another effort to recover the cable, were as favourable as they could possibly be. In fact, it was felt that if we did not succeed on such a day as this, there was very little chance of our succeeding at all. The buoys had all been placed accurately to mark our position; the Medway was signalled to grapple and we were drifting as fairly for the line of the cable, as if our course had been marked by a line on the water.

From 3.45 p. m. when we began to haul up, the strain on the dynamometer varied from 9 to 11. After dinner we received a signal from the Medway, that she having hooked the cable had hauled it up about 500 fathoms. We told her to heave up as rapidly as possible, and in fact to break the cable, so that we might have the strain taken off our portion of it, and so increase our chance of raising it to the surface. To the eastward the same effect would be produced by the light we lifted yesterday, and buoyed on the light buoy. The picking up went on with its usual certainty and precision, and by 12 o'clock (midnight) the bows of the ship were crowded not only by those actually on watch, but by nearly all the hands, who turned out to see the result of this attempt to recover the cable. By this time the boats of the Albany and Medway rowed up under our bows, not so much with a view to assisting in putting stoppers on the cable, but to be there in case any of the men who were lowered in bowlines over the bow should fall into the water during their perilous work.

Precisely at 11.50 this morning, the cable made its appearance upon the grapnel, and save when the voice of Capt. Anderson or Mr. Canning was heard giving an order, one almost could bear a pin drop, such was the perfect silence which prevailed. No excitement, no cheering, as there was on the Sunday when we lifted it before—all was calm and quiet, the men scarcely spoke above their breath. The cable hands, having had the bowlines slipped over them, were lowered down over the bow, and placed huge hempen stoppers on the cable, which was speedily attached to 5-inch ropes, one being placed to protect the eastward side of the light, and the other the westward. This took the best part of three-quarters of an hour. It was then found that the light was so firmly caught in the springs of the grapnel, that one of the brave hands who put on the stoppers was sent lower down to the grapnel, and with hammer and marlinspike and other implements, the rope was ultimately freed from the tenacious gripe of the flukes. The signal being given to haul up, the western end of the light was cut with a saw, and grandly and majestically the cable rose up the frowning brows of the *Great Eastern*; slowly passing round the sheave at the bow, and then over the wheels on the fore part of the deck. Even then there was no excitement; but now men were seen to cross the platform and to touch the rope in order to feel satisfied that success had been achieved. The greatest possible care had to be taken by Mr. Canning and his assistants, to secure the cable by putting stoppers on between the V wheel and the pick-up machinery, to watch the progress of the grapnel rope and shackles round the drum, before it received the cable itself. This occupied a considerable time;

and now it became evident that ere long the end would be passed down as far aft as the electrician's room. There awaiting its arrival were Mr. Gooch, M. P., Mr. Cyrus Field, Capt. Hamilton, Mr. Canning, Mr. Clifford, Professor Thomson and Mr. Deane, and others. At last Mr. Willoughby Smith, the chief electrician, made his appearance at the door with the end of the cable in his hand, and the connections having been made, he sat down opposite the instrument. A breathless silence prevailed. Not a word was spoken, all eyes being directed upon the experienced operator, whose expression of countenance indicated the deep anxiety he felt in making the test. At the expiration of some ten minutes, he relieved our suspense by stating that as far as he had then gone, he believed the tests to be perfect; but another minute had scarcely elapsed when he took off his hat and gave a cheer, which, as can be easily understood, was lustily taken up in the room, and having been heard outside, it was echoed from stem to stern of the ship, with a heartiness which every Englishman can appreciate. A rocket or two having been fired from the ship to announce to our convoy that we had succeeded, the crews of the Albany and Medway answered our cheer enthusiastically.

Mr. Canning at once sent a message to Mr. Glass, the Managing Director of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, expressing the pleasure he felt at speaking to him through the cable of 1865, and the operator at Valentia telegraphed back his congratulations.

We are now going to make the splice, which will take about three hours, and ere long, we hope to hear the welcome sound of the paying-out machinery in the stern of the ship. The weather still continues as calm as it was yesterday, and there is every probability that we shall be favored with at all events some few hours more of quiet sea to enable us to slip the light buoy, and proceed on our way to Heart's Content.

Monday, 3rd September. At 9.15 a. m. yesterday, the splice having been made between the cable picked up and that in our main tank, the critical operation of slipping it from the bow to the paying-out machinery aft, was completed. It was an anxious time. As the first light was let go, eyes were strained to see the next drop clear, and so rapidly was the cable passed along the starboard side, that one was obliged to run at a fast pace to see it go to the stern, and on the paying out wheel. At 9.22 the paddles were started ahead, and we commenced to pay out in 1900 fathoms. By noon we had payed out 2896 miles, and where in Lat. 51.56.30. N. Long. 36.42. W., having given for slack 25.91 per cent. All went on well during the day. Several messages were sent from the ship to England and Newfoundland, and we got the current news from home. We learned after dinner that Capt. Commerell had arrived in the *Terrible* at St. John's at noon; and we were also informed by Mr. Keer, commanding the *Lily*, that he and the *Margaretta Stevenson* would meet us at the rendezvous, at the entrance of Trinity Bay. Orders were sent to the agents, Brooking & Co., of St. John's, to bring stores for the *Great Eastern* to Heart's Content, and Mr. Wyatt, of that house, replies that he will be there on Saturday morning! And so, being in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, we talked to Valentia, Valentia to Newfoundland, Newfoundland to Valentia, and Valentia back to us, a distance of nearly 5,500 miles. Capt. Anderson wants to know what sort of weather there is in Newfoundland, and while sitting with Mr. Willoughby Smith, in the Electrician's room, I saw the message sent to Heart's Content via Valentia, and in less than ten minutes the answer comes back, "wind North, light breeze!" What will Lieut. Maury say to all this? For we hear that he has told the public that it is an impossibility to pick up the cable of 1865.—What will professor this, and doctor that, and philosopher the other say, who have been shaking their wise heads for the last year? Where are the abstruse calculation about forces engaged lifting the cable? Where the theories about volcanic action in certain places well known to them at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean? What about the certainty of the failure of the Gatta Percha as an insulator? Why, simply and practically this,

the Atlantic Telegraph Cable of 1865 has been picked up after a fortnight's hard work, and we are sending and receiving messages through it. But now we have to try and finish the work by landing it at Heart's Content, and have to encounter all the difficulties, inseparable from ocean cable laying.

CURIOUS EFFECTS AT THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE.—It seems that ever since the fracture of the cable the reflection galvanometer connected with the shore end at Valentia has been incessantly watched, an electrician being on duty day and night observing the tiny ray of light in the mirror, and testing twice a day the whole length of 1240 miles of wire. This was simply to keep an accurate record of the condition of the cable, which remained as perfect as on the day it left the works, and was to some extent improved by its submergence in the cool and quiet depths of the ocean. Sometimes wild and incoherent messages were received, magnetic storms deflecting the galvanometer rapidly and spelling extraordinary words and sometimes nonsensical sentences upon the graduated scale before the mirror. The renewal of communication is thus described:

"Suddenly, last Sunday morning, at a quarter to 6, while the light was being watched by Mr. May, he observed a peculiar indication about the light, which showed at once to his experienced eye that a message was near at hand. In a few minutes afterwards the unsteady flickering was changed to coherency, if we may use such a term, and at once the cable began to speak. The messages came with a distinctness and precision even greater than those of the cable laid this year. No repetition of a word or letter was necessary, and a few sentences of warm congratulation were at once sent back, and as quickly responded to from the *Great Eastern* by Mr. Canning.

Wee Davie's Abbot.

A Scottish gentleman, more famous in sports than in morals, often sacrificed truth when boasting of his horses and hounds; priding himself that "no man north of Edinburgh could show the like in a chase." When visitors were gone and no better listener was present, he would repeat to his wife the marvellous feats of "Bonnie Brides" as he rode her down on the deer, cheered on by the pampered hounds "Flash" and "Sly," both of whom he declared understood every word he uttered to them. And these wild boasts he felt necessary to seal with a round Highland oath, they were so hard to be believed! One who was ignorant of the powers of horse flesh, or who was wise enough not to wound his pride by contradiction, was sure to hear tales which threw Muchausen far into the shade.

Now the wife of this man was a meek, gentle, truth-loving woman; and as far as she dared do so, she rebuked both his lying and his profanity. Often, when she could do no more, she would touch his shoulder and say, reprovingly to shield her boy from sin,

"Hush, dear, wee Davie's aboot!"

It is probable that the little Highlander had heard this caution more times than his parents were aware of. One day after the ladies had left the table and the wine flowed freely among the guests, his father's tongue, stirred by its powers, gave a fabulous history of "Bonnie Brides" and her ancestors. He vowed that he bought her of a gypsy who stole her from the Duke of L., who had purchased her mother of an Arabian prince, and that lately the thick-headed duke, seeing and admiring her the more for her resemblance to his lost one, when up from the midland counties of England, had offered him five thousand pounds for her! While he ran on thus, all unconscious of the winks and smiles passing round the circle, his boy, who had lingered in the dining hall, stepped up softly behind him, and laying his tiny hand on his shoulder, said slyly,

"Hush, father, wee Davie's aboot!"

The roars of laughter which followed this innocent reproof startled the boaster so as to destroy the effects of the wine; and he blushed deeply as he saw what a fool he had been making of himself. This simple sentence from lips he loved did more for him than the kirk, the Assembly's Catechism, or the pure-