

Words o'er the Ocean!—Words!
 Words on the Lightning's wing!
 For a conjuring cord our Planet girds—
 The arc of a mystic ring.

Thro' old Neptune's wide domain,
 With a Time-out-rivalling rate,
 It beareth the thoughts of the busy brain—
 A noiseless—a glorious freight!

Secret, 'neath tidal wave
 It treadeth the trackless main ;—
 The Spirit Medium stretching afar,—
 The grand Electric Chain!

'Tis done!—at length 'tis done!
 No vain Utopian scheme,
 God-like mind hath a triumph won
 Beyond all that the mind could dream.

The Song of the Seraph-Host
 On Judea's plains hath been
 Wafted from coast to utmost coast
 By England's righteous Queen.

Hail to thee—bridal clasp!
 Emblem for evermore,
 Of the troth 'twixt Britain's rock-bound Isle
 And Columbia's wooded shore!

J. P. H., St. Mary's, Aug. 14, 1858.

It is a fact, not unworthy of note, in the laying of the Atlantic Cable, that its final success, after repeated failures, may be ascribed mainly, if not altogether, to the abandonment of the elaborate machinery designed for regulating the rate at which the cable should be submerged, and literally "giving it its chance." It is also interesting to learn now that the existence of the "Telegraph Plateau," which the Atlantic soundings were supposed to have revealed, proves to be more than doubtful. The reported soundings of Lieutenant Berryman of the United States Navy, when carefully examined, and employed to gauge the outline of the Atlantic bottom, reveal no such uniform submarine plain, free from all undulations, as the projectors of the transatlantic telegraph were induced to found on the report of these soundings. Again the soundings made by Lieutenant Dayman, U.S.N.; and it now seems very questionable if either observations can be regarded as more than a very vague and partial approximation to the average depth. Relying, however, on the supposed proofs of a submarine ledge, or great "Telegraph Plateau," extending from the coast of Newfoundland to Ireland, the laying of the Telegraphic Cable has been attempted; and beneath the waves of the Atlantic, the mysterious electric current has already borne its winged messages, swift as thought, from the Old World to the New.