

The Weekly British Colonist AND CHRONICLE.

Tuesday, September 11, 1866.

The Second Cable.

So much absorbed had the Old and New World become in the triumphant success of the Atlantic Cable of 1866, that the undertaking of the preceding year had almost become a thing of the past, and that science could achieve a still greater marvel by resurrecting the sunken wire from the "vastly deep" and causing it to fulfil its uncompleted mission, was barely accepted as a possibility, far less a probability. Yet the genius and unflinching pluck of the great minds engaged in the work, have overcome all obstacles. The bed of the mighty ocean, three thousand nine hundred yards below the surface, is now, for the practical purposes of science, as fathomable as the banks of Newfoundland. The Cable has not only been found, but raised over two miles to the surface, and at our latest advances the noble Great Eastern was steaming towards Heart's Content to complete the submerging of the remaining one third of the chain. The history of last year's undertaking and its unhappy termination, will furnish some interesting episodes in the annals of Ocean Telegraphing. Never, perhaps, was the unswerving perseverance and indomitable energy of the Anglo-Saxon more forcibly displayed than in the efforts made to recover the lost treasure. Sailing from Valentia on the 23d July, with the shore end spliced, the Great Eastern continued on her voyage and had paid out 1212 miles of cable, when it parted at noon on the 2d August, 606 miles from Heart's Content and 1063 from Valentia. Two previous faults had been detected, but the defective parts were recovered and made good. The final rupture occurred through an attempt to remedy a partial loss of insulation that had been discovered. The ship was stopped to recover that portion of the cable in which the fault lay, computed to be six miles astern; the cable was passed from the stern to the bow of the ship, and after getting in two miles of the cable, the fault being still overboard, the cable broke about ten yards inboard of the wheel at the bow, and dashed, together with the hopes of all on board, into the sea. The following description of the parting of the cable, is from the diary of one of the engineers: "The wind had shifted and Captain Anderson found it almost impossible to keep the ship's head so as to give a chance to the cable to keep up and down. Up, however, came the cable, and the wire-rope over the wheel together; and those engaged in directing its movements saw that it had been considerably damaged, and were congratulating themselves that the injured part was on board, when suddenly a jerk was given to the dynamometer, which indicated a strain of something like sixty owt. Away the cable, wire-rope, and chain-shackling flew off the larger V-wheel on to one of the smaller V-wheels; and, just as it passed the instrument which had measured the severe test to which it had been subjected, snapped with a booming sound, and dashed into the sea, leaving a curl of eccentric foam after it." The sensation produced on board by this untoward event, may be readily conceived. Mr Canning, the indefatigable Chief Engineer, rushed into the saloon where most of the gentlemen were seated at lunch and with an expression on his face which told how deeply he was moved, exclaimed "it's all over; the cable has parted!" Mr Cyrus Field followed, and with admirable composure and fortitude, conveyed the sad intelligence. All were on deck in a moment, and the scene was one never to be forgotten. The men who were engaged in the bows of the ship had wandered listlessly aft after the accident, and in their sad countenances could be at once seen the effect which the disaster had on their minds. A deep silence prevailed. The ship was drifting away over the course of the cable. The Atlantic was as calm and

as placid as a lake, its very stillness adding to the melancholy which pervaded all. Groups stood about in various positions on the vast deck of the great ship, condoling with each other on the misfortune which had occurred. "I have put into the enterprise my all," said one; "but with God's blessing I shall live to see the Atlantic Cable laid. In spite of what has occurred, I am more than ever satisfied of the practicability of laying it." "Let us not despair," exclaimed Cyrus Field, "I have seen worse disasters than this in Atlantic telegraphy, and I know we must eventually succeed. I have but a small stake in this undertaking as compared with others"; he afterwards said to a friend—"but I am more than ever satisfied that the cable can be successfully laid, and there are men in England who will not fail to give us the means to do so when they know the truth." How truly were Mr Fields' predictions verified! The day was a day of mourning on board, but there was a quiet, settled purpose, and determination upon the face of Mr Canning which showed that he would leave nothing undone; and with thorough English pluck he resolved to sweep the track in which the Cable lay, in the hope of bringing it up from a depth exceeding two nautical miles. Never for a moment losing his self possession, he mounts the bridge, confers with the gallant Captain, and soon it is announced that they had resolved to grapple for the Cable. The possibility of succeeding in the attempt at a depth of 2500 fathoms, seemed incredible, when from 400 to 600 fathoms was the greatest depth at which cables had been grappled in the Mediterranean. The experienced chief however at once issued his orders, and then it was that the functions of those skilful navigators, Captain Anderson, and staff Commander Moriarty were called into requisition, in order to ascertain the position in which the wire lay. The ship was steered in an easterly direction to windward, for the purpose of drifting down with the grapnel across the track of the Cable. After steaming some 14 miles the grapnel attached to a wire rope, was let go and went down to the unknown caverns of the deep in search of a prize worth with all its belongings £1,000,000. In two hours the grapnel found bottom. We can only briefly recount the result. On the following day the Cable was hooked; the hopes of all on board ran high as the object came kindly up, but alas! when 2,200 yards of rope had been hauled in, and the Cable lifted 1,200 yards, a swivel gave way, and away went 1,800 yards of rope with the Cable to the bottom. Nothing daunted, these stout hearted men made a second, a third, and a fourth attempt, and succeeded each time in partially raising the Cable, when owing to the insufficiency of their raising tackle and gear, similar mishaps befel them, and having lost all their rope, they were reluctantly compelled to point the ship's bow towards England. The feelings of the scientific men engaged can be imagined, as the Cable each time promised an obedient surrender to its masters, and when half way on its upward journey some unfortunate swivel would give way, and whizzing into the air like a rocket, would lash its tail with fury and dive down under the frowning bow's of the ship, leaving them disconsolate spectators of the weary waste of waters. The engineers and other practical men on board, on their return to England, gave it as their opinion that an Atlantic Cable could not only be successfully laid and worked, but that with sufficiently strong tackle, and hauling-in machinery for 4000 and 5000 yards, there was little doubt of the possibility of recovering the lost end of the Cable and completing the line. How far their opinions have been verified, the

THE "ISABEL."—The work on this fine steamer is being pushed ahead rapidly, and she will be ready for sea in a few weeks. Her first trip will be made to San Francisco. It is expected that she will be a perfect model of strength and speed. The total cost of her construction will reach \$50,000.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE. Wednesday, Sept 5. THE STOUT.—The Sioux chief, Standing Buffalo, paid a visit to the Portage last week but left again immediately, leaving three of his band who, accompanied by some thirty of those that have been staying in that vicinity, came down to the Settlement on Thursday, 25th, to have a talk with Chief Factor Clark, who after speaking awhile, endeavored to persuade them to go back to their tribe and give themselves up to the Americans at Fort Abercrombie, and that they would be kindly treated and forgiven. He said they had always been received well here and been safe while on British soil—but lo! ere three hours had elapsed four of their number were shot, and mutilated by a band of Red Lake Indians, who had been dogging them for the last week, and although they had smoked the peace-pipe, yet when the Sioux started they followed and fired on them, and probably would have killed the whole party had they not been stopped by Mr Miles McDermott and others who rode out and turned them back.—No' Wester.

The Royal Marriage.

Editors COLONIST & CHRONICLE.—In the issue of the Telegraph, on Sunday week, an extract from the London correspondent of the Alta California held a prominent place, to which as in duty bound, I took exception, and expressed my ideas of the wretched scoundrel monger, but the Telegraph did not choose to publish them. The vulgar creature writes—"The Times says that she, the Queen, gave away the hand of the Princess Helena with a gesture full of dignity;" but this scribbler, who is like a few in our little community that can only see Royalty with a jaundiced eye, says "if they, the Times had said with a gesture full of passion and disgust, they would have been nearer the mark." The same "small beer" letter writer adds: "but mind, I cannot help thinking it is a great performance for any body to give any dignified gestures in widow's weeds." The delicacy of the mind that could ponder to the voracious maw of evil-eyed scandal is too apparent to be further exposed. And what can be the taste of those who appreciate such an elegant style? and further, what are the sentiments of the journalist who would reprint such language in the Queen's dominions? But who is this that is giving away her daughter, an English Princess, with a "gesture full of passion and disgust?" Her Imperial Majesty Queen Victoria—a mother—and such a mother. Against whom the "disgrace" was manifested, we are not told, nor do I ask. Her Majesty could not forget her dignity as a Queen, any more than her feelings as a mother; she did her duty to her child, although a brother may have shrunk from his. It has been my lot to have seen Queen Victoria when she went to Westminster Abbey to be crowned; I saw her when returning in state a Queen—bearing the sceptre in one hand and holding the Bible and cross in the other—every inch a Queen. I saw her when she was taken to the same venerable Abbey and came forth the bride of the beloved, revered and deeply lamented Prince Consort, for whose memory she wears those "widow's weeds" which are scoffed at by a reptile, who has no spark of human nature in his heartless breast.

Letter from Port Townsend.

PORT TOWNSEND, Sept. 2d, 1866. EDITORS COLONIST & CHRONICLE:—Since the news arrived that the Customs House was to be removed back here from Port Angeles, much activity prevails. The U. S. District Court opens here to-day, with a large docket of cases. Among those most prominent is one commenced by one Nick Adams against the Vigilance Committee of Clallam County, for damages to the amount of \$25,000, for driving him out of the county some three years since. Large numbers of strangers are arriving to attend Court. A long term is anticipated, as the March term was adjourned without business, there being no Judge. Judge Darwin will preside at this term. I understand that Sires from Seattle has engaged the old Pioneer Hotel, and is going to fit it up for a first class hotel. At present, there are two institutions in the shape of boarding houses here. At present this is a very quiet city. I notice some two or three U. S. Marshals here, with half a dozen Sheriffs and more expected. Therefore it is policy for the "fancy" to keep quiet. By the bye, I saw your old friend "Mango Park" in this town; therefore I presume you will hear from him, as he is on the tramp. By late private letters from the East received by persons here, it is understood that strong influences are being brought to bear to have the present Governor removed, and for the appointment as his successor, of the U. S. Deputy Marshal at Port Angeles, J. C. Brown, and rumor informs us that he will succeed.

Dreadful Sufferings at Sea.

The Padstow bark Jane Lowden, found by Gresham, water-logged and with five corpses on board, is, as was supposed, without a living witness of her fate. Mrs Casey, of Padstow, has forwarded to the Western Morning News letters received from her husband, the captain of the Jane Lowden, and the sole survivor of her crew of 16, all told. He writes from Holland, having been conveyed thither by the captain of the Dutch bark Ida Elizabeth, by which he had been taken off his vessel after incredible sufferings. The captain states that he was 33 days in the main-top of one of the masts in his ship, and that during 28 days he never tasted food. On the 21st December his ship filled during a heavy storm, and it was not until the 23d January that he was picked up. When taken off his ship he had been 10 days alone on the ocean, the last man on board having died 10 days before.

ZORO.

THE REV. J. M. ARNOLD gives the following statement, derived from the lips of Capt. Casey himself, of the fearful sufferings of the Jane Lowden's crew: "The Jane Lowden, with 17 men and a cargo of wood, was proceeding from Quebec to Falmouth, and encountered four heavy gales, the last on 21st December, in lat. 46 deg., long. 33 deg. W, which completely disabled her, the fearful seas mounting 40 feet high, such as Capt. Casey had never seen before, carrying off everything on deck, and every soul on board washed out of her. Nine of crew were thus lost, but the captain and the rest of the men managed to regain the ship, notwithstanding it was dark, being 6 o'clock, p. m. They all took refuge in the main-top, which measured 5 feet by 4 feet. While there the vessel capsize; immersing them in the waves, but they held on, and she

soon righted herself. The vessel was gradually driven to 17 deg. W. longitude, during which time the poor sufferers, having endured the pangs of hunger, and now tormented with a raging thirst, had the agony of seeing ten vessels in the distance successively pass on their course. In spite of the captain's prohibition, some of the men stole down while he was asleep during the temporary lull, to try and slake their maddening thirst with the sea water, but this only increased their torment and brought on delirium. Two men became violent, and the captain was obliged to strap them down, in which state they expired. One poor lad (William Thomas) of 19, died on the twelfth day after the vessel was struck, in a quiet delirium; calling repeatedly on his mother to give him a drink and to shut the door to keep out the cold, and, extending his hand to shake that of imagined near friends, he sank peacefully to sleep. Another, Hugh Rice, died about the eleventh day from exposure and the effects of drinking salt water.

It may be well to give the names of the rest of the crew. Edwin Mabley, chief mate, leaves a destitute family at Plymouth. Samuel Bird, second mate, address not remembered, leaves a wife and children in England. John Abrey, cook, leaves a wife only. Henry Pope, address unknown, 17 years of age, was the main support of his widowed mother, and the eldest of six children. Evan Davies, washed overboard, leaves a family at Milford. Francis Martin, aged 25 or so, married, died after 15 days' exposure and starvation; before becoming delirious he proposed eating the dead body of one of the crew which the captain forbade. Alfred Bolton, who had run away from Liverpool, aged 16 or 17, died delirious, after drinking salt water. John Pugh, who married a fortnight before sailing, was drowned. James Griffith, James Connolly, of Glasgow, Thomas Genk, all young lads, were drowned. William Maitland of Plymouth, young and unmarried, died after 14 days of exposure and starvation. Thomas Bowen, married, died after 15 days. The last of the crew who died by the captain's side, was James Beatt, the carpenter; he was hopeful till almost the last, talking within an hour of his death, which did not take place till the 18th day. As the poor fellow sank one after the other, all dying apparently in their sleep, their bodies were dropped off the maintop on to the deck, but the last body the captain kept 20 hours by his side. The temptation to open a vein and drink the dead man's blood was strong upon him, but he firmly resisted it, and lingered on for 10 more long long days, sustaining his life by drinking as much rain as he could collect by tying his cravat round the mast, and when it became drenched, sucking it. The tar thus absorbed with the rain, he justly thinks helped to preserve him from utter exhaustion. The fact too, of his being better clothed than his crew, he thinks may, also, account humanly speaking, for his longer preservation. On the 28th night he laid himself flat on the maintop, as he expressed it, resigning himself to his doom, whatever it might be, perfectly conscious of his critical position, yet not losing all hope or his reason, though his brain became so weak that he often heard voices calling, some times in most piteous accents, "Captain, captain." On one occasion, he said he distinctly heard a voice say, "Captain, your fore-castle is blown away." So distinct and clear was it that he exclaimed, "Who are you?" and then, "I can't help it." He said he still felt that the God who had extended his mercy to him so long could still save his life, and he again prayed that a vessel might come to his rescue. The following morning the 18th of January, his patient hope was realized, for the "Ida Elizabeth," unknown to him, had neared the wreck the previous night with the intention of destroying next morning so dangerous an object. Captain Casey, having now for the first time sighted the ship, raised his feeble arm to display his colors. Captain Doran, on seeing this unexpected sign of life, had the exhausted man carefully conveyed on board the Ida Elizabeth, where, according to his prayer, a doctor was ready to receive him, who, with the captain and crew, showed him the sympathy and attention of brothers rather than strangers. In nine days they reached Newry Disp. The day after the arrival of the Ida Elizabeth, Captain Casey was removed to the Marine Hospital, and placed in a most comfortable apartment, one assigned to naval officers. It is hoped that in a fortnight or three weeks he may be able to return to his home, and that his blackened, frost-bitten fingers and toes may be cured without amputation. He is progressing favorably, but he is still very weak, and he says he feels his strength coming as slowly as it left him during his 28 days of exposure and utter privation.

Paris, Sept. 1st.—The Emperor

in a letter written to King Victor on the 11th of August, rejoices of peace has returned; he says the cession of Venetia from Austria that the people of that country should choose their own destiny, and that he has framed his favor of humanity, and the people of Venetia and Italy. St. Petersburg, Sept. 1st.—Government, prior to the negotiation in Germany, proposed Emperor and other powers should participate in the territory occasioned by the results of war supported by France, and the from officially moving in the negotiation, however, liberty of action in the future. No local news of Liverpool, Sept. 1.—Noon Mail steamship China sailed for fax and Boston, with 153,000 for the United States. London, Sept. 1st.—Even closed at 89½; 5 20's, 73½. Money market unchanged. The London Times, in a questions arising between America, growing out of the the United States, and more re Fenians into Canada, urges the government to take into immediate consideration the feasibility, if not necessary, of holding the different governments accountable for all acts in defiance committed by the subjects of the