

heat at the Polar circle, originated from three different statements given at different times, and, I think, in different papers, so that there was no reason to fear a hoax was intended, like the "Moon hoax." One statement was as follows: that large quantities of vegetable matter had been fallen in with in very high latitudes; another, that large flocks of birds had been seen; another, that an open sea had been observed. On reflection, I concluded these things must have been caused by heat. I then thought of volcanoes, but soon had to give that idea up, for they would be too local, and would no more dissolve any great mass of Polar ice than so many tallow candles would warm the City Hall in the depth of winter. I then went to the sun, the powerful king of day, and knew that he would do the business effectually. He gives light and heat to the planet Neptune, which is forty times the distance from him that our little earth is. And now we read in the account of the voyage to the Polar circle that the greatest discovery is the open Polar sea. Why, sir, if I could have had any previous doubts as to the truth of my theory, the earth's concavity in the Polar circle, this open Polar sea would disperse them, and no other cause but the sun's rays thrown into that concavity could produce sufficient heat. I challenge men of science to show any other cause that would produce such an effect. Truly yours.

AN OCTOGENARIAN.

NOTE.—The concavity of our earth at the Poles does not appear so extraordinary as the rings of the planet Saturn; but no two planets of our system are exactly alike; the variety in the universe is infinite.

(Concluded from last week.)

PORT AU BASQUE, August 20.

Arriving here again this morning, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the Sarah Bryant, lying at anchor in the harbor; it was relief to many a heart, as her long passage of nearly sixty days had given rise to much uneasiness, and she was hailed with all the warmth of a long expected friend. She had a very rough passage,—her masts and rigging being once carried entirely away,—and her weather-beaten sides testify to some hard gales. Preparations are now making to get the wire ready to pay out, and in the meantime we are to proceed to Cape North to make soundings, and find the nearest point to which the cable may be carried. This great undertaking increases in interest at every step, but so unreal does it seem that even when the speaking wire shall be laid, it will seem like a dream.

August 23.—We returned from Cape North on Tuesday, and remaining in Port au Basque over night, set sail again in the afternoon, followed by the Victoria (a propeller in the employ of the company) which towed the Sarah L. Bryant out of the harbor, when we relieved her of her burden, which rolled about fearfully, making many violent demonstrations at being in leading strings, but we succeeded in getting her in safety to Cape Ray, where we are at present anchored. This afternoon, after much trouble and hard work, the cable was triumphantly carried to the shore, and made fast. The first great step being taken, we all now feel very anxious about the weather, as a stiff blow would drive the vessel about, and probably snap the cable. It is a perilous undertaking; and we shall all feel relieved of a great anxiety when it is accomplished. The cable is in one entire piece, in the hold of the vessel, disposed in oblong coils, one containing 40, the other 30 miles. To make it run as smoothly as possible, it passes under one large wheel placed on deck, and then over another to the stern of the vessel, and thence into the sea. It is as flexible as a rope, and we have been paying out to-day at the rate of two miles an hour, stopping occasionally to straighten a kink. Mr. Canning, who laid the submarine wire between England and France, superintends the work, and if the weather continues as it now is, all will go on well.

Monday, 25.—Saturday, it was very rough all day, the wind increasing towards night, and our fears with it. Each moment we were dreading the sound of "the cable has broken," and at last it came. You may imagine our down-heartedness at this news, for, besides the labor and time necessary once more to carry it to the shore, there was a loss of two or three miles of cable, which, as it costs at the rate of twelve hundred dollars a mile, makes quite a serious affair out of what at first sight might seem only an untoward accident. Then, too, there is great danger that the cable will fail short before reaching Cape North. The gentlemen, however, who are most interested in the enterprise, with true American spirit, keep up brave hearts, and Mr. Cyrus Field, who has been ashore all day, has just returned with the cheering news that the cable has again been made fast on the beach, and we shall be

under way once more in half an hour. Our hopes and fears will all be roused again: we have had so much bad weather, that we daily look for a storm, which on this coast, at this season of the year, we all know from sad experience, is a thing to be dreaded. However, I will not prognosticate, but hope for the best.

SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON, August 31st.

Before this reaches you the telegraph wires will have informed you of our sad defeat, and many hearts will sympathize with us in our sad disappointment; but no one can feel the sad failure as those did, who, after watching for hours from the deck of the "Adger" the Sarah Bryant pitching about, their fears struggling with their hopes, at last heard the dreaded cry, "The cable is gone." But to go back to my last date: On Tuesday, the 28th, all things having been arranged the previous night, we commenced towing the bark, she paying out the cable at about a mile and a half an hour, frequent interruption occurring from the kinking of the coils, as they passed from the hold of the ship. Our longest detention was from midnight on Tuesday until 7 o'clock Wednesday morning, owing to a break in the cable, which being spliced we proceeded on our course, paying it out more rapidly than the day before. All went well till about dark, when there were indications of a heavy 'blow,' which was soon upon us, pitching the bark about frightfully, and making it apparent to all, that either the bark with her precious freight and brave men must perish or that the cable must be cut. Mr. Canning, who for hours had been hoping against hope, now consented to the entreaties of Captain Pousland, and the cable was cut, dragging down with it into the angry sea many high hopes and some \$30,000.

At this juncture, a steamer, which had been in sight for some time, approached us, and proved to be the "Argus," sent by Admiral Fanshawe from the British Board of Admiralty to render us assistance in laying the cable, should it be needed.—Though we had parted from the cable, still the position of the Sarah L. Bryant was very critical: thirty-four miles of cable still remained in her bows, causing her to pitch about fearfully, and it was doubted if she could hold on to the bark during the night, should the gale continue. The Argus therefore laid by us until morning, to aid us in case of need, but as the wind subsided during the night, all went well, and when I went on deck the next morning, nothing remained of the Argus but a long black line of smoke.

We then steered for Sydney, which was about seventy miles distant, to replenish our stock of coal and provisions, the latter being very much reduced by our long stay at Cape Ray. We arrived here Thursday, at 4 o'clock p. m., and were soon in little boats pulling for the shore, our feet longing once more to touch the ground, and our mouths watering for the good supper which the Cape Breton Hotel had in store for us.

Saturday, Sept. 1.—North Sydney, where we are anchored, is a great coal depot,—the principal coal mine, which is about three miles inland, producing from six to seven hundred tons daily, which is brought by railroad to the wharf, from which it is delivered by means of a 'schute' into the vessels. The great attraction of the place to us is a portion of the tribe of Micmac Indians, whose wigwam, pitched upon the side of a hill overlooking the harbor, are daily visited by our party in quest of baskets and other Indian curiosities. The Indians are reaping a rich harvest from their Yankee visitors, and the rise in their prices is more fabulous than that of any stock list. There are some very pretty squaws among them, but the men are wretchedly filthy and degraded.

To-morrow we start for New York, and though we have been baffled in our great undertaking, we are confident of success at some future time; and God willing, I doubt not that in a year from this time, we shall see a successful connection made. If we failed in a business point of view, we were emited upon in every other thing; and I am sure all bid farewell to the good steamer "James Adger" with sorrowful hearts.

DEPUTATION FROM THE WEST INDIES TO AFRICA.—A society was some time since formed in Barbadoes for the purpose of sending a deputation to Western Africa, to inquire how far it would be practicable to establish a connexion of the highest and most beneficial character between the free Christian people of Barbadoes and the inhabitants of their fatherland. The idea was well received, not only in the Island, but amongst their friends of the African race in England. The sum of £1,700 has been raised, of which £600 was contributed in this island, to defray the expenses, and a highly esteemed and pious clergyman, the Rev. Mr.

Leacock, accompanied by a gentleman of color, educated in Codrington College, were selected to go out as missionaries. A public meeting was convened for the purpose of promoting the object, at which his Excellency the Governor presided. The Bishop, the Attorney General, and many gentlemen of the island attended, and spoke at the meeting, expressing their entire approval of the object, and their hearty good wishes and prayers for the success of the undertaking. The Rev. Mr. Leacock, who is above sixty years of age, took leave of his friends in a very impressive speech. The editor of the *West Indian*, (Barbadoes paper,) referring to the different speakers, says:—"The object of greatest interest to us was this old man, now in his sixtieth year, coming forward with all the fervor of youth, forgetful of himself, of his children, to whom he is so warmly attached, regardless of the entreaties, the persuasions, nay the reproaches of his friends, who go so far as to charge him with madness, utterly indifferent to himself, acknowledging that he is going into the dark, but not afraid, because he believes that God will guide him. It was most affecting to hear him say, with all the simplicity of a child, and the true spirit of the soldier of the Cross, notwithstanding the hopes expressed by the Bishop that he would soon return to recruit his health, and end his days in his native land, that when his work was done he would thankfully go to bed in Africa's dust, and quietly rest from the toil and heat of the day, till the bright morning's dawn which announced the approach of the Great King."

IMPORTANT FROM EASTERN RUSSIA.

The whaling barque George, Capt. Wall, had arrived at San Francisco from the Ochotsk Sea, bringing full particulars in relation to the doings of the Allied Fleet in the vicinity of Ayan. The English steamer Baraconta, and the frigates Pique and Amphitrite, arrived off Ayan about the 10th of July. The English commanders were much surprised to find the town deserted, the inhabitants having retreated into the interior. The following is condensed from a San Francisco paper:—

"There was at Ayan a small vessel on the stocks, which the Russians were building, and a small steamer which had been brought there the year before. She was intended as a tug boat on the river Amoor. The Governor of Ayan had a hole dug in the beach, above high water mark, and with tackles and purchases hoisted the tug-boat into the hole, with the intention of burying her. At the time the British steamer hove in sight, the Russians were engaged in putting merchandise in the tugboat for the company's warehouses.—The steamer had got so close to the shore before she was discovered that the Russians did not have time to cover her up.

"On the 11th of July, the squadron sent their boats on shore, and commenced taking all and every thing they could find that was of any use to them that the Russians had left. On the landing of the boats, they found the place where the tug was buried, and they commenced taking out the boxes of merchandise and hardware that the Russians had put into the tugboat, and conveyed them on board the squadron. After they had got all that it was convenient for them to take, the commander ordered the tugboat to be blown up, which was done by putting one hundred pounds of powder into the fore part of the vessel and applying to it a slow match.

"The British squadron did not have the pleasure of making many prizes in the Ochotsk Sea. All the towns along the coast were destroyed.

"The battery at Ayan had been destroyed by the Russians themselves, and the guns were all buried. All the available force that the Russians had at Kamshatka and Siberia were concentrated at the River Amoor. The only vessel we have heard of being taken off Cape Elizabeth. She had on board part of the crew of the Russian frigate Diana, which vessel was wrecked at Simoda, Japan; she was bound to the Amoor river.

FROM JAPAN.

By the United States propeller John Hancock, late from the sea of Ochotsk, we have some information in regard to affairs in that neighborhood.

"The Hancock was in the waters of Japan for some months. The Japanese got to be quite early before the vessel left. While at Hakodadi the officers wished to purchase some fish, but the Japanese said they had none for sale, though fish are most abundant in all parts of Japan. The officers then intimated their intention to catch fish in the bay with their net, and the Japanese prohibited their fishing, and threatened them if the prohibition were disregarded. Captain Stevens, however, ordered the fishing to go on, and