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THE GLORY OF THE AGE,
THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A POEM

ON THE

WONDROUS ACHIEVEMENTS OF SCIENCE.

BY

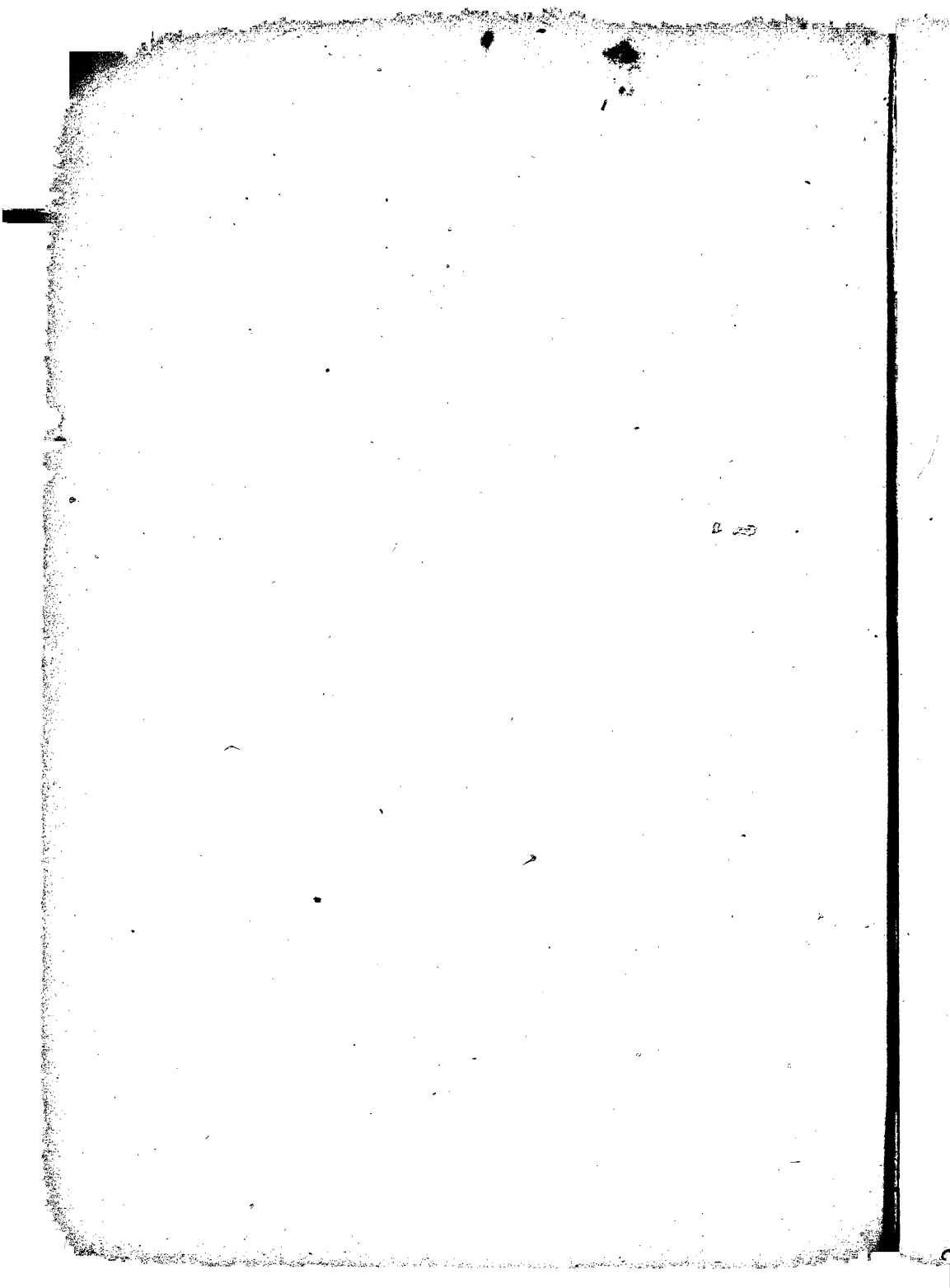
F. T. BREEZE,

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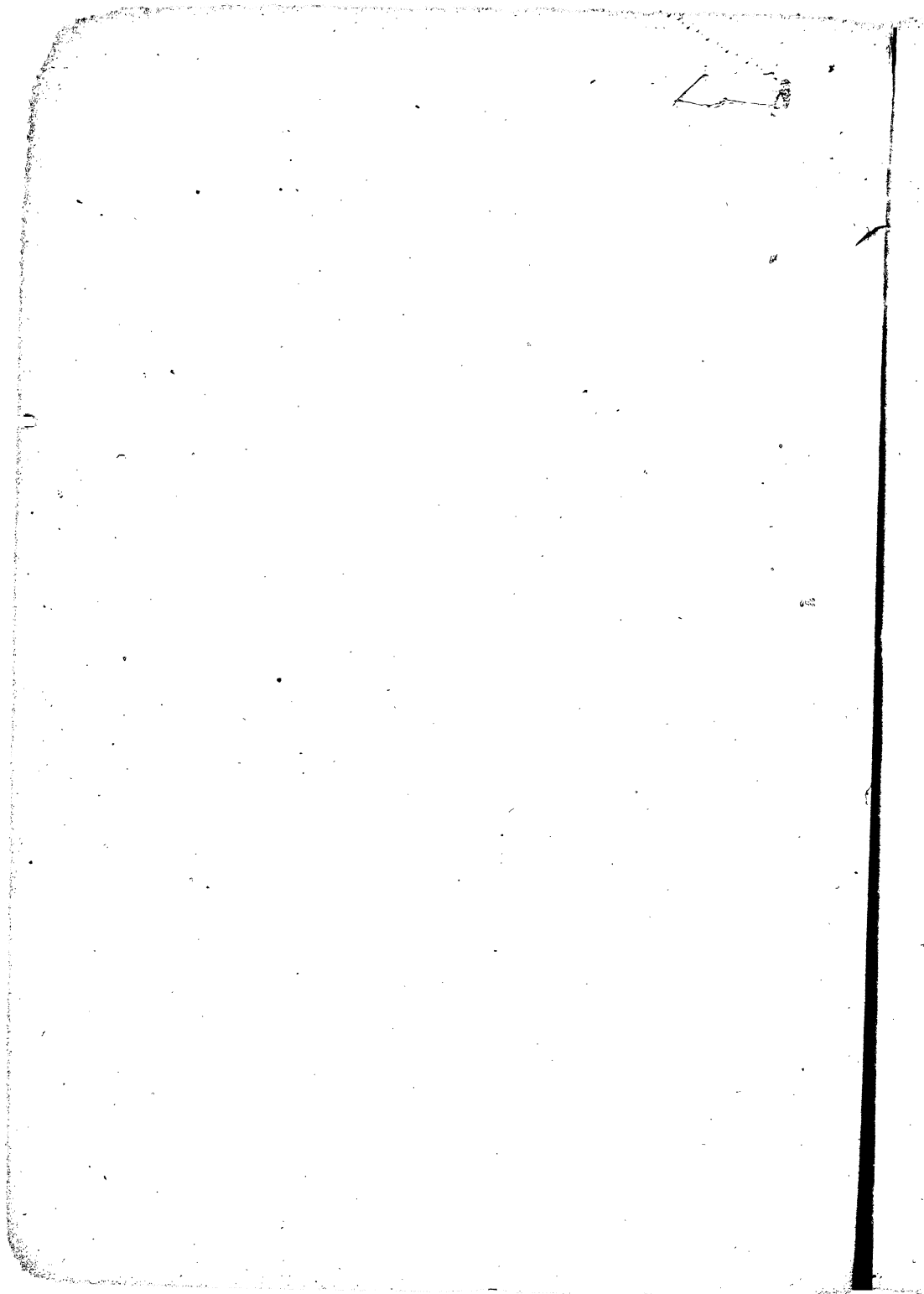
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1866.



DEDICATION.

TO THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY, as a tribute to their untiring efforts and superior genius, as displayed in laying the Telegraph Cable across the Atlantic, is this humble effusion of the muse respectfully dedicated by their humble servant, the author.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ACROSS THE OCEAN.

Source of eternal light inspire
The deepest fibres of my lyre,
That now aghast stands won'dring o'er
The gifts thy providence doth pour,
To elevate the human race,
With wonders of thy truth and grace.
We won'dring gazed upon the plan,
Designed by thee for saving man;
But yet how great thy wonders rise
In opening science 'fore our eyes :
Her rays of gentle light doth shed
Its own effulgence on our head ;
Her monuments do speak thy praise
In contrast with man's former days—
When th' weaver's shuttle and his song
Were all the glory of his tongue.
In goodness thou unlock'st his powers,
Directed them in studious hours
To some momentous, pregnant thought,
That lustrous gold could ne'er have bought ;
When truths profound broke on the soul
To captivate its powers whole,
And then bring forth some new born art
That made the won'dring nations start.
How slow and sure thy wisdom shed
Her holy light around our head,
From days when nought but parchment scroll

Bore the deep imprint of men's soul,
 Till weekly news pour'd starry rays—
 Diffused light in different ways.
 No Bible then, 'round th' peasant's hearth,
 To show him truths of priceless worth;
 But led by errors of his age,
 Like captive birds within a cage—
 Deep shades of darkness then did fall
 On the recesses of his soul:
 But now, in every clime and tongue,
 The peasant chaunts the gospel song,
 And bathes the powers of his soul
 In rays of light that on them fall.

Some awkward coach, of slowest speed,
 Broke down the spirits of his steed,
 That made his efforts fear to roam
 From the sweet precincts of his home.
 How grand the contrast from those days,
 Since science sheds her lustrous rays—
 A little world indeed was ours
 Before she displayed her noble powers;
 Man scarcely then e'er went abroad
 A distance in the rugged road,
 But what he could with ease espy
 His father's chimney with his eye.
 But now how great a glance away,
 He'll take and return in a day?
 His wondering eye, as he doth seat
 Himself upon some mountain great,
 And sees where the blue clouds descend
 Where he thought all worlds had an end:
 He sighed, O! Heaven, how great this earth!
 How great the power that gave it birth?
 I now with ease view wider scopes
 With higher aims and brighter hopes.

Science, thou minister of man!
 Whose rays first dawn' at Eden's gate,
 And though beclouded oft since then,
 Dost shine in thy full orb of late.
 Thou broodest o'er our native land,

In all the fulness of thy store,
 Dispensing with thy magic wand,
 The gifts that crown us evermore.
 Earth's noblest minds have courted thee,
 Whilst thou hast woo'd them on awhile,
 And thou hast made their spirits free,
 To bask in thy own sunny smile.

Yea, thou can'st eye the human mind,
 To count her varied attributes,
 And tell her where those laws to find,
 That rais'd man 'bove the common brutes.
 Thou gazest on our mother earth,
 As she revolves in her own sphere,
 And did'st assume to know what worth,
 Was treasured in her bowels drear.
 In ages gone man thought her bound,
 On pillars resting ever still,
 Until they by thy doctrines found,
 That Heaven could move her at his will ;
 And take her journey round the sun
 In yearly motions by his power ;
 And daily doth her axis run,
 To give us light till evening hour.
 Her mines of precious ore are known,
 And levied on at thy command,
 With streams of oil that long have flown
 Like rivers through the thirsty land ;
 And they are brought t' illumine the earth,
 When the sun's glory doth retire,
 Thy gifts to us how great their worth,
 We praise with more than mortal fire.
 The countless stars are numbered o'er,
 Their magnitude to us is told,
 Henceforth what will stand thee before,
 When thy feet do press on so bold.
 Shall we not see some grand balloon
 Constructed to conduct us fair
 Up to the lovely aged moon
 In rapture through th' affrighted air :
 That wondering seraphs as they fly,

Commission'd by their king's command,
 Amaz'd, may ask the traveller why
 He leaves his own green native land,
 Perhaps arrest him on his way,
 Until some voice is heard from Heaven,
 To say that science sees the day
 That worlds are to her wisdom given.
 Sure 'tis as easy to believe,
 As for our fathers once to know
 That the old earth got her reprieve
 Held in such bondage long ago.

We have the past to guide us clear,
 Lamps that no prejudice can quench,
 And science eyes a brighter star,
 Than did one Emperor of the French,
 Who, leaning on his uncle, said
 (Pointing to some distant star)
 "O, canst thou see it, *sire*, ahead,
 In yon blue heavens away afar."
 "I cannot see it," he replied,
 "Tempt not thy maker, daring man ;"
 But the proud hero by his side,
 Said "If you can't *sire* lo ! I can "
 And thus assumed to rule the world,
 Beneath his own wild sceptral power,
 Supposing this he then unfurled
 The banner of a fleeting hour.
 But science sees her stars, and knows
 The ground on which her feet hath press'd.
 No power can dim the light that glows,
 And burns perennial in her breast.
 Her light will shine should Galileo yet
 Seal his own hand against her truth ;
 The lie she'll make as black as jet,
 While she moves on in peerless youth,
 What heights her lustrous wings have soared,
 What depths doth not her plummet's sound,
 And what circumference afford,
 That her keen eye-glance hath not found.
 Thou handmaid of the Lord most high,

Cloth'd with the attributes of heaven,
 How swift thy wings of mercy fly.
 What blessings thou to man hast given,
 To earth's remotest bound thy feet,
 Have pressed toward the torrid zones,
 The Arctic region thou didst greet,
 Where lie immortal Franklin's bones ;
 And thou hast ploughed the mighty deep.
 And gazing nations full of evil,
 Saw thy august face and did weep,
 For fear thy " Steam" was but the Devil
 Paddling his canoe to take
 The native as his wonted prey,
 Till thou didst unveil the mistake,
 And pour on them the light of day .
 When Newton read the word of God,
 And saw how fast the truth must fly ;
 That its great power we spread abroad,
 According to heaven's prophecy .
 He said, with science for his guide,
 That man must travel such a speed,
 And breast the fiercest billow's tide ;
 For, it was done in very deed,
 And Voltaire scorned the lofty thought—
 Laughed at the wise man's prophecy—
 But science her artillery brought,
 To verify God's truth to me !
 England's capital and ours
 Unite within a minute's time.
 Did e'er such miracles before
 Grace an inspired poet's rhyme ?
 The deepest thoughts and purposes
 That lurk within the human mind ,
 Can break upon the wond'ring mass
 And earth's remotest corner find .
 Surely the world is hastening fast,
 To some sublime and glorious end ;
 And science yet will cause the earth
 Before her purposes to bend.
 It took six thousand years, 'tis true,
 To bring it to the present hour,

But all we have of knowledge now,
 Will make a stride of mighty power.
 The principles within our reach,
 Will give us power to search on more,
 Without the tedious work of years
 That passed in ages-gone before.
 Error is infinite, we know,
 Takes infinite time to make it right—
 But science scatters it away
 With her own new celestial light.
 The differences between mankind,
 Will lessen as its lights move on,
 Without the hardships she endured
 In those dark ages that have gone.
 But ignorance doth lose her grasp
 Reluctantly upon the heart ;
 And not till some grand proofs are given,
 Will it with its old visions part.
 Days of hobgoblins wild, are o'er,
 That ch'ng long 'round the human mind—
 Few are the fragments o'er the earth,
 That science with her eye can find.
 Science and truth will strongest be,
 Then ignorance will loose her hold—
 The human soul to freedom flee,
 And claims her rights in accents bold !
 Thanks to the mind that studded heaven
 With its own pure imperial light,
 And gave the stars when darkness reigns,
 To shed on us their rays by night.
 Take our praise, thou God of truth,
 For science and for truth that reign,
 And shed their lustre o'er the earth.
 In Eden glory once again.
 Nation to nation yet will speak
 That now great oceans may divide,
 The telegraph must span the earth,
 And thought run neath the ocean's tide,
 Until the earth be all ablaze
 With knowledge, purity and love ;
 And men like angels then may gaze
 Up to th' eternal throne above.

THE CABLE.

O gift divine serve thou to bless,
 The human race with happiness,
 And ever carry on thy wings,
 The messages of peace to kings.
 'Twas the first burden of thy breast,
 To tell us that war's thunders rest.
 Sure 'twas befitting thou shouldst bring,
 Such news from Emperor and King,
 And sound it far, from shore to shore,
 To vibrate o'er earth evermore ;
 And never stain thy bosom fair,
 With tidings of the woes of war.
 Thou art the means now to convey,
 The feeling of our breast away.
 England bestir thine ancient breast,
 Where thy undying love doth rest,
 And pour its streams into our own,
 From flood-gates of Britannia's throne.
 Thy children, lo, we still are here,
 Taught long our parents voice to fear.
 With filial love's simplicity,
 We now in pride look up to thee
 Victoria, woman, mother, friend,
 'Twere fitting thee some words to send ;
 And when they come, O let them shine,
 Worthy a mind so pure as thine.
 Address the President in State,
 Of young Columbia, who of late,
 Has bled at many a wounded pore,
 That are not yet quite healed o'er.
 Thy words of love, or hope, or cheer,
 May fall as balm upon her ear,
 Feeling thy heart beat so near.
 Address Columbia from afar,
 Thine ancient love to her declare,
 Deploring ancient scenes of war.
 Let angry passions no more rise,
 To tinge the lustre of your skies.

Or wake within thy daughter's breast
 The angers she bid ever rest ;
 But let thine ancient honor glare,
 To shew her still a parents care ;
 The elder, thou be wiser too,
 Be to thy daughter ever true.
 She is thy first born, love her well,
 To her deep words of comfort tell ;
 She is to thee now no disgrace
 Look on her brow and lovely face,
 And all thine own true lineage trace.
 Let Queen Victoria's dignity,
 Not feel it tarnish royalty,
 To send her lines of love to thee.
 Though once thy President was poor,
 And barefoot round his mother's door—
 He had a soul within an urn,
 Whose genius will forever burn
 And shed its bright gems t' adorn,
 The country in which he was born.

This is the golden ring so true—
 Befits the bride that wears it too ;
 Then let some grand ceremony
 Augment the royal matrimony.
 Bring forth the fatted calf and kill,
 Eat and be merry, those who will.
 'Tis so ! the dead's again alive,
 Lost science yet on earth may thrive
 For genius now has thrown her light,
 To chase the darkness of the night,
 And bring the glorious news of truth
 That will bloom in perennial youth
 To bind our sin benighted earth,
 With joys of pure eternal birth !

MORAL EFFECT.

When Satan's ministers of wrong,
 Will play their wiles upon the throng,
 Or the assassin's arms of blood,
 Be raised against the laws of God ;

And brue his hands in human life,
 Displaying more than mortal strife—
 Takes off his prize, and leaves the dead
 Weltering in the blood he shed,
 On the first vessel sped his way
 To enjoy the luxuries of the prey.
 Outraged humanity may weep.
 As deep in death his eyes do sleep ;
 Then in thy power his hopes are lost—
 Truth meets him at the distant post
 To terrify his demon breast,
 Nor give his wretched eyelids rest,
 His image and his crimes appear
 To wake his guilt and move his fear,
 Justice uplifting her strong hand
 To grasp him in a foreign land,
 And bring him to her bar to meet
 The penalty of crimes so great.

ITS COMMERCIAL EFFECT..

Commerce what will it do for thee,
 But set thy captive treasures free—
 'Twill dive to England's deepest store,
 Exhaust it, then cry out for more
 Until the world as one bee hive,
 From land to land in honour thrive ;
 To master earth's vast treasures deep,
 And all her hidden goodness keep ;
 To bless the human race all o'er,
 From England's isle to Labrador.
 The world's all new—its face doth change—
 New hands are holding all its reins ;
 And the new impulse in each realm,
 Shows genius rules at every helm.
 Genius and truth shall rule the world,
 Their banners are this hour unfurled,
 And trade with its old treachery,
 Shall glide before them presently.
 Light shall pierce through shades of wrong,
 Right principles shall rule the throng,
 Until this earth be all restored

Back to the image of her Lord;
 Reflecting purity and truth
 Blooming as in her days of youth,
 'Fore innocence and truth's bright eyes
 Were closed by the gates of Paradise.

ITS POLITICAL EFFECT.

If principles should clash in state,
 While taunting politicians prate,
 Should war of principles arise,
 To darken yet the Western skies,
 The South again awake to arms,
 To gain herself her ancient charms,
 And sway the power of her rod,
 Beneath the canopy of God,
 And tell the world her banner waves,
 O'er the four million of her slaves.
 Soon thou would'st tell the vaunted word,
 Its contents other lands afford,
 And call the efforts of the earth,
 To quell it early in the birth;
 For freedom pure must ever reign,
 Where science sheds her light again.
 Should Webster's eloquence again,
 Its fulness on this country rain,
 To melt the masses with its power.
 And sway them in the trying hour,
 Or terrify them with its frown.
 As it may fall in anger down.
 Thy lightning wings would soon convey,
 The tidings of its power away,
 And call an echo from some breast,
 Where kindred eloquence doth rest.
 And peradventure check the tide,
 Curb his strong will and rule his pride.
 Throw back the powers of his wrath,
 With stronger words and brighter faith.
 When mighty spirits sit in state,
 Deciding a great empire's fate,
 Thy power would then to her aid call,
 Wisdom and justice from them all;

And they in weakness could demand,
 Justice from every distant land.
 Exist to bind our earth in love,
 Like hearts around heaven's throne above ;
 Nation to nation let it tie.
 Dissolving ancient bigotry,
 Till man be one great brotherhood.
 In peace beneath the throne of God.

PERORATION.

Sing troubled earth, rejoice, be glad,
 Thy face no more with woes be clad—
 The ravages of war's disgrace
 Brush from thy long deformed face ;
 And all its trace of sorrow heal.
 No more let it thy bosom fill,
 For Heaven hath brighter days in store
 For all thy race on every shore.
 Science and truth have shaken hands—
 Sworn to go through thy spacious lands,
 To scatter all their blessings free—
 Give back the long lost liberty,
 And bless th' inhabitants of earth
 With all their joys of countless worth,
 And raise the powers of our race
 To shine in all their primaeval grace.
 Her paradise to her restored
 Through the great mercy of her Lord.
 Yea, children of wild forest sing,
 Barbarians let your voices ring,
 In anthem to th' eternal king.
 He calls you to his breast , come home,
 No more in darkness need ye roam.
 Fling 'way the bow, let arrows fall,
 And come at your Creator's call ;
 Science and art their gifts have given
 To aid your spirit on to Heaven.
 List nation in yon furthest isle,
 Where sin doth black your heart defile,
 And darkness o'er your spirit reigns,
 Deepening your miseries and pains.

List ! list, your God in wisdom now
 Doth bid your spirit 'fore him bow ;
 The light of science now doth shine,
 Sent by authority divine.
 Six thousand years have but prepared
 The means to bring you to the Lord.
 Your wilderness shall, like the rose,
 In its eternal bloom repose ;
 " The garden of the Lord" again,
 Shall flourish on your haggard plain.
 His name shall fall upon your ears
 Inspiring joy with grateful tears.
 Amen ! let earth echo the sound,
 Glad of the truths that science found ;
 And let them with the gospel ray
 Shine here in an eternal day.
 When science and truths' work shall end
 And nation's to their empires bend,
 When their last rays of light shall chase
 The darkness of the human race,
 Let Patagonia's children wild,
 Whose consciences are long defiled,
 Report o'er th' Indian ocean far,
 From Buenos Ayres to-old Sangar.
 And Pekin, too, return the word
 That China's given to the Lord.
 From distant shores let such a wire,
 Flash these grand messages of fire,
 Until earth's latest gem hath flown,
 To adorn the Saviour's dazzling crown.
 Let men and heavenly spirits cry
 That earth's subdued to Calvary,
 For ever to revolve alone
 Around God's white eternal throne