The Press.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1858.

FIRST PAGE.—The Old-Line Whigs in 1856 and 1858; General News; The Money Market, etc.

The News.

Electric—*Magnetic*—Cable! was all the talk yesterday. No room for anything else.

The Philadelphia Steam Fire Engine carried off the $500 Boston prize.

The decision of the Attorney General of South Carolina surrenders the captured slaves over to the U. S. Marshal.

The Democratic conferees of the Sixteenth Congressional District, composed of York, Cumberland, and Perry counties, met at the other end of the Harrisburg bridge yesterday, and had fourteen ballots for a candidate for Congress, without making a choice. York stood by Fisher, Cumberland by Ashe, and Perry by McIntyre. The conferees try it again this morning.

The Democratic State Convention of Michigan meets at Detroit to-day.

Page's factory, in Wayne, Ashtabula county, Ohio, has been destroyed by fire. Loss, $20,000.

Adjutant General Cooper has gone to Old Point to meet General Scott.

YESTERDAY'S CELEBRATION.

We have had our great telegraph celebration, and it has proved not only all, but a great deal more than the most sanguine could have anticipated. From sunrise to within a few hours of the time of our going to press, the day has been one of gratulation, pride, and thankfulness. Gratulation, on account of the success of the greatest scientific work of our time; pride, that it was suggested by American intellect, and mainly completed by American perseverance; and thankfulness that the Almighty, in his wisdom, has given such knowledge of the laws of Nature to Man as enabled this wondrous consummation to be accomplished.

It well became Philadelphia, so long the adopted home of FRANKLIN, and that in which, "after life's fitful fever," his ashes rest, to render especial honor to an achievement which unquestionably owes much to the investigations which he so perseveringly and indefatigably pursued. Indeed, the name of FRANKLIN is doubly connected with this great event, for, not only did he match the lightning from Heaven ("Eripuit fulmen cœlo,") but no American gave a greater impetus, in this country, to the noble art of Printing, without which the speculations and pursuits of science must have been profitless and scant. Whatever FRANKLIN's wildest anticipations may have been—and Philosophy sometimes indulges in dreams as wild as ever the wizard Imagination gave birth to in her dreamy aspirations—we may be assured that joining the two hemispheres by what is comparatively a mere thread, and sending Thought through that attenuated line, in lightning-winged words, never entered into his mind. He would have rejoiced to have seen this day—this day so full of glory to his native land, so full of promise to mankind. He would have exulted in seeing Civilization thus presented with another servant, more potent than any other, with few exceptions, which human means placed in her service.

Yesterday, amid the Celebration, the *reality* of the achievement which we commemorated was significantly and practically shown. Here, and in New York, while the population were on the full tide of rejoicing, there flashed across the Atlantic a message of congratulation from the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company in London—a message probably delivered to the Cable some time *after* the hour when it reached its destination in America.

It would be a frightful catastrophe, if, after the Atlantic Telegraph is once in business operation, the public should suddenly be deprived of its use. This may occur, at any period, and this must be guarded against. It is impossible, now that the practicability of the Sub-Atlantic Telegraph is a fixed fact, that the communication between this country and England shall be trusted to a single wire, about the thickness of a man's forefinger. Indeed, the question involved is not alone the communication between England and the United States, but between the Old World and the New. We had an instance of this the other day, when a single Atlantic telegram brought us news from China, India, Egypt, Prussia, Russia, France, and England. In fulness of time, it is most probable that France, and other European countries, objecting to their telegraphic communications passing exclusively through England, will have Atlantic Telegraphs of their own. But, in the meantime, accident to the present line must be provided for. A pretty thing it would be, after we have been accustomed, (as we soon shall be,) to have our foreign news served up, in company with our own domestic intelligence, at our breakfast-table, every day, if there was a sudden cessation—a break in the wire! There was an example of this, only a few years ago, when the Telegraph Cable was first laid between England and France. It worked very successfully for a few weeks, and then the communication ceased. The wire had got abraded by some sharp rocks, close to the terminus on the French coast, and a considerable time elapsed before the cable could be repaired, and the communication restored. Common sense, as well as common prudence, suggests that a second cable, if not a third and fourth, shall be laid with as little delay as possible. The money can readily be raised for this purpose.

In the first flush of success, so welcome and latterly so unexpected, many journalists spoke of the Atlantic Telegraph as "the greatest event the annals of the world." The exaggeration in of this pardonable boast is natural enough, and certainly we shall not be so ill-natured or so captious as to condemn or ridicule it. Undoubtedly, it is one of the most remarkable events in the world's history—one of the most surprising, though it is not *the* greatest.

We look back, only a few hundred years, and the Invention of Printing looms grandly out of the Past—an invention of mechanics, almost of handicraft, which may be said almost to be the parent of every other grand discovery since made. By means of Printing, the word of God, heretofore a sealed book to the multitude, because it took a very large sum to purchase a manuscript copy of the Bible, was scattered widecast over the world, and soon was translated into a variety of languages, that each man might make himself familiar with Scripture history, prophecy, and morality. Ever since Printing has performed a wonderful mission, the vast importance of which seems to be every day upon the increase. Without the aid of printing, more especially, the news which the Atlantic Telegraph will daily convey across the ocean, would be limited to a mere handful of people—if sent at all. It is the newspaper which gives it publicity, it is the newspaper which has communicated to the world every detail respecting the inception, progress, failures, and ultimate success of the great scientific operation which was so honored yesterday, by general rejoicings in this city and elsewhere.

Passing the Mariner's Compass, which has been prettily called "the trembling soul of Navigation," and certainly may compete, for utility, with Printing itself, we would submit that the application of Steam, as a great working force, and its adaptation to water and land-travelling, may take precedence, in importance, of all that the Atlantic Telegraph, at its best, may be expected to accomplish. Indeed, the public, somewhat ungratefully and forgetfully, seem to ignore the fact that prior to the laying of the Cable such a thing as the Electric Telegraph had been in successful operation all over the world, but chiefly in this country, its birthplace, for several years. That very success induced the Oceanic experiment; one is but the offspring of the other. Yet, view it as we may, this extension of the Telegraph system, linking us with the Old World, as it does, is a surprising and great event.

We have left ourself only room to add, that yesterday's celebration passed off most happily. During the day, there probably were as many as half a million of persons in Chestnut street. From various parts of the State, and largely from New Jersey, visitors were attracted, on this occasion, to the city of Franklin, the great electrician.

☞ A letter from Dr. D. Jayne, in favor of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railroad, will be found in our advertising columns. Dr. J. is one of the heaviest property-holders in Chestnut street.

THE CABLE! THE CABLE! THE CABLE!

THE OCEAN CABLE!

GRAND CELEBRATION.

"MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET."

PHILADELPHIA WILD!

INTERNATIONAL FEELING EXUBERANT.

FUN AND FROLIC.

GRAND MILITARY DISPLAY.

MAGNIFICENT ILLUMINATIONS.

BLAZES OF FIREWORKS.

FLASHES OF LIGHTNING.

ELOQUENT ORATION OF

JUDGE KELLEY.

SPIRIT-STIRRING SPEECHES.

IMPRESSIVE PRAYERS.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS.

MEETING AT JAYNE'S HALL.

Letters from Distinguished Statesmen.

CYRUS W. FIELD CONGRATULATES US.

THE LONDON DIRECTORS DO THE SAME.

MORSE REMAINS QUIET.

BRILLIANT DISPLAY BY THE FIREMEN.

Sayings and Doings, &c., &c.

Our city yesterday presented a beautiful and joyous appearance, in honor of the great event which was so creditably celebrated. The streets were thronged with people eager to note each feature of the day. The military, civic, and firemen's displays were very imposing. The addresses, the orations, and the prayers do honor to the genius of their authors. The torchlight procession and the fireworks equalled anything of the kind ever before witnessed in our city. Many of the transparencies and illuminations were really magnificent; and, taken all together, the ovation was a grand proof of the readiness of the popular heart to bestow its warmest meed of applause upon the peaceful triumphs of science as well as upon the bloody deeds of war.

A more propitious time for the celebration could not have been fixed upon. The weather was delightful, with a cool breeze to temper the bright sunshine, without being blustery or unpleasantly cool. By daybreak, or soon after, those who designed joining in the celebration were astir, and every inch of bunting in town was flung to the morning breeze. Flags streamed from every point—they flouted the breeze from lofty staffs, they fluttered from lines stretched across the streets, and they decorated the masts and rigging of the vessels lying in the Delaware and in the Schuylkill.

THE MILITARY.

The military display was a most grand and imposing one, and constituted an attractive feature of the day. They met at the appointed hour, the right resting on Broad below Walnut, then countermarching, proceeded in the following order:

FIRST REGIMENT INFANTRY.
FIRST BRIGADE.
GEN. ROBT. PATTERSON AND STAFF.
GEN. GEO. CADWALLADER AND STAFF.
Pennsylvania Cornet Band.
Artillery Battalion.
Beck's Philadelphia Band
Col. W. D. Lewis.
Grey Battalion, Commanded by Col. J. K. Murphy.
Washington Greys—Capt. Perry, 65 men.
Philadelphia Greys—Lieut. Otter, 55 men.
National Artillery—Lieut. Sinnox, 25 men.
Cadwallader Greys—Capt Breese, 30 men.
State Fencibles—Capt. Page, 40 men.
National Guards—Captain Lyle, 100 men.
Independent Greys—Captain Braceland, 34 men.
Scott Legion—Lieut. George Moore, 20 men.
Philadelphia City Guards—Capt. Valle, 26 men.
Washington Blues—Capt. Gosline, 30 men.
THIRD BRIGADE.
RIFLE REGIMENT.
Gen. WILLIAM REILLY.
Col. MOOREHEAD.
United States Cornet Band.
Manayunk Rifles—Captain Shearer, 35 men.
Continental Guards—Captain Spear, 30 men.
Mechanic Rifles—Captain Barr, 20 men.
Black Rifles—Captain Prosser, 22 men.
Columbia Rifle—Lieut. Charlton, 38 men.
Spring Garden Rifle—Capt. Barous, 35 men.
Jackson Rifle—Capt. Randolph, 20 men.
United Rifle—Capt. Grant, 30 men.
SECOND BRIGADE.
Gen. J. D. MILES.
A. MCMANUS, Brigade Major.
Dr. BURNS, Surgeon.
Philadelphia Artillery—Capt. Einstein, 50 men.
Hibernia Greens—Lieut. McGough, 28 men.
Irish Volunteers—Capt. O Kane, 23 men.
Jackson Guards—Capt. Murphy, 22 men.
Montgomery Guards—Capt. Harvey.

The procession then proceeded over the route to the square.

CIVIC PROCESSION.

At 10 o'clock the civic bodies assembled at Franklin Square, and formed in the following order:

Chief Marshal—Wm Kerr, of the Niagara.
Assistant Marshals—E. W. McGregor, Frank Timmon.
Liberty Cornet Band.
United States Marines—Sergeant Walmsley. 26 men.
The crew of the Niagara, consisting of 25 men.
The crew of the Susquehanna, consisting of 20 men.
A pole, with a long piece of the Cable attached, was carried by one of the crew of the Niagara.
The Jasper Section of the Sons of Temperance.

After the line was formed, it proceeded to Eleventh and Market streets, where the St. George's and the Albion Societies joined in, and the whole proceeded to the Square.

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.

The ceremonies here were of a very interesting and attractive character. The exercises were opened at 10 minutes of 12 o'clock, by the entrance of the civic procession, headed by the crew of the Niagara, escorted by marines, who were admitted and marched around the Square, with flags flying and music playing. The streets bounding the Square were crowded to excess with people, who mounted the railing, making a dark fringe entirely around the three open sides.

In front of the platform, on the main avenue, was a painting of the Coat of Arms of Pennsylvania, with a banner bearing the following inscription:

"Franklin, Oersted, Morse, Field—God sends his lightnings to bless the Union of the Old and New World with intelligence, peace, and prosperity."

The stage was also decorated with flags.

The Niagara's crew took up their position just beneath the platform.

The military procession soon followed, sweeping around the walks in grand style, and their music echoing in harmonious tones.

At precisely four minutes past twelve the procession from Common and Select Council Chambers appeared upon the platform, and tightly packed it was with the "distinguished" and the officers of the meeting.

After the military had been admitted, and formed into line, the gates of the Square were thrown open for the admission of the crowds without, when a living human tide of youth and men poured in with an impetuosity that seemed truly startling, and yet which presented a scene rarely equalled in its imposing grandeur. On and on they came with a surge which soon filled the Square, and hemmed in the military in an apparently inextricable human wall. Those who have been familiar with the city, and its great events for years, declare that there never was seen in Old Independence Square—the customary ground of public gatherings—such a large, happy, gay, and brilliant crowd. The music struck up its inspiring strains as the crowd gathered and gathered around the platform by hundreds and thousands. The music soon changed from "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner" to "God Save the Queen," an air which we fancy has not been heard in that square since the days of the Colonies. The same anthem was also played by the chimes of St. Stephen's Church. The ringers did it in good style.

It was a thrilling scene, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to be in a position to see and hear.

Morton McMichael, Esq., called the meeting to order, and he addressed all men present as *fellow-citizens*, for such a title he considered eminently appropriate, at this time, whether they were born on our soil or not; whether they were landsmen or seamen. "*Fellow-citizens*," said he, "my duty is simply to call this meeting to order, and to move that the Honorable Ellis Lewis take the chair." [Applause.]

Mr. Lewis came forward, and after the applause with which he was greeted had ceased, he spoke as follows:

JUDGE LEWIS' REMARKS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I thank the committee of arrangements for proposing, and you for sanctioning, the honor just conferred upon me.

We are now celebrating the greatest event that the world has ever witnessed.

The Great Admiral of Antiquity, with his ark loaded with the richest freight that ever floated on the waters of the great deep, made three attempts by telegraph to gain intelligence that the flood had abated. The third was rewarded with the olive branch of safety. When our great naval commanders of the present day were endeavoring to establish telegraphic communication between the Old World and the New, they, in like manner, made three efforts, all of which were unsuccessful but perseverance and an abiding faith in the Good Providence which overrules all for the best, led them to a fourth effort. God rewarded them with a success that surprised and startled a doubting world.

The telegraph established by Agamemnon of old, to announce to the States of Greece that the ten-years siege of Troy was ended, was nothing in comparison with the great line of intelligence which, a few weeks ago, the Agamemnon of the royal navy started to establish.

We are told, in the religious fables of the heathen world, that when Prometheus brought the fire from heaven, and gave it to man for the useful purposes of life, the gods were so indignant that they chained the offender to a rock to be tortured for ages, for giving to man a blessing, which was supposed to be fit for the gods alone. But our God—the God of true religion—blesses every effort of his creatures to advance in knowledge and prosperity. When the American Prometheus brought the lightning from heaven and made it subservient to the uses of man, instead of punishment, he was rewarded with the blessing of God. And that blessing has been extended to all the noble minds which have been instruments in completing the great enterprise we are here to celebrate.

In this celebration we should never forget that it is God that "sends his lightning to bless the union of the Old and the New World with intelligence, peace, and prosperity." In view of our own humble reliance upon Providence, the Rev. Dr. Alfred Nevin will open the proceedings with prayer.

Judge Lewis having called on the Albion and St. George's Societies to send up the English flag, and Gen. Patterson to send up the American flag, those banners were placed upon the platform in conjunction.

Col. P. C. Ellmaker then read the following list of officers of the assembly:

OFFICERS OF THE MEETING.

PRESIDENT.
Ellis Lewis.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

William Rush,	James Ross Snowden,
Thomas Norman,	Horace Binney,
W. L. Dennis,	John Edgar Thompson;
Samuel C. Morton,	M. W. Baldwin,
Henry Vethake,	W. C. Ludwig,
William H. Allen,	Samuel J. Reeves,
John C. Cresson,	David S. Brown.

SECRETARIES.

William Bradford,	E. S. Sandford,
Charles Megargee,	Philip F. Kelley.

These officers were unanimously confirmed by the meeting.

Cheers were heard here for the American and English flags, and the flag of the Niagara, which also waved upon the platform.

The Chair then called upon Rev. Alfred Nevin, who delivered the following impressive prayer:

REV. DR. NEVIN'S PRAYER.

O Thou, whose name alone is Jehovah, the most high over all the earth! Thou art the author of all existence, the source of all blessedness, and the centre of all perfection. Thou art glorious in holiness, venerable in praises, doing wonders. Thou art greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be held in reverence of all them that are about Thee. O Lord God of hosts who is a strong Lord like unto Thee? or to thy faithfulness round about Thee? Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them. Thou art God over all; blessed for evermore! Thy glory is infinite, for Thou art the King eternal, immortal, invisible, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, and whom no man hath seen or can see. And thy greatness is unsearchable. For Thou hast measured the waters in the hollow of Thy hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, Thou takest up the isles as a very little thing. And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt-offering.

Yet, O Lord God, though Thou art high above all nations and Thy glory is above the heavens, Thou humblest Thyself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth, and Thou art the Hearer of prayer, and unto Thee shall all flesh come.

Look down upon us, then, we devoutly beseech Thee, in the plenitude of Thy compassion, as we gather around Thy mercy-seat in the precious Name of Thy dear Son, in whom we have redemption, through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins; and O for the merit's sake of the obediential life and sacrificial death of our great Intercessor, let our prayer come before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of our hands as the evening sacrifice.

We come, blessed God, in this hallowed place, which is consecrated by so many thrilling associations, to speak of the glorious honor of Thy Majesty, and of Thy wondrous works. We come to utter abundantly the memory of Thy great goodness, and to sing of Thy righteousness. We come to consider the operations of Thy hands, to talk of Thy power, and to make known to the sons of men Thy mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of Thy Kingdom. We present ourselves before Thee to acknowledge our deep conviction that, without Thy blessing, nothing is pure, nothing is strong, nothing is safe, nothing can prosper.

O God, most merciful, how great has been Thy favor toward our nation, through all the vicissitudes of its eventful history! Thou hast guided us by Thy paternal counsel, and guarded us by Thy benignant Providence. Marvellously hast Thou, notwithstanding our iniquities so multiplied and aggravated, shielded us from dangers, and strengthened us in weakness and blessed us with happiness, and crowned us with glory and honor. Thou hast ruled over those who have occupied our places of authority and power; Thou hast breathed into us, as a people, the spirit of obedience to law and reverence for Thine institutions, with which we are so signally blessed; Thou hast saved us from infidelity and discord and disunion, and Thou hast clothed our pastures with flocks, and covered our valleys with corn; and made the little hills to rejoice on every side.

And now, O Thou blessed and only Potentate, whose tender mercies are over all Thy works, whilst we praise Thee for the past, we desire, in the spirit of confidence and dependence and supplication, to trust Thee for the future. Ever be our nation's light, and strength, and salvation. Ever let the glorious Gospel of Thy grace diffuse among us its healing radiance, and exert upon us its elevating, and sanctifying, and ennobling power. Ever establish us in righteousness and deliver us from sin. Be a present help to all the officers of our General and State Governments. Make our colleges and seminaries of learning sources of moral and spiritual, as well as of intellectual power and cultivation. Implant Thy fear into the hearts of all who have charge of the public press, that this engine may be productive of good, and not of evil. Let the people praise Thee, O Lord; let all the people praise Thee!

And especially, O God, at this time, do we pray that Thy blessing may rest upon that wonderful achievement which has this day convened us and upon all the nations with which it has brought us into such intimate connection. It is Thy doing, great God, and marvellous in our eyes. Make it, then, we entreat Thee, a mighty agent in the promotion of civilization, and liberty, and peace, and commercial prosperity to all lands. But, above all, make it a bond by which all tribes and kindreds shall be united in a holy brotherhood, and an instrumentality by which thou wilt subdue the kingdoms of this world to Thyself, and Jesus shall wear the diadem and sway the sceptre of universal dominion! O, let all science and art be sanctified, and consecrated to the service of Him by whom and for whom all things were created, and not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake. Amen.

Letters were then read by Col. Bradford, of the joint committee, from the President of the United States, the Governor of Pennsylvania, and from Cyrus W. Field.

Letters from Distinguished Persons.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

WASHINGTON, August 30, 1858.—Hon. ELLIS LEWIS, Chairman: I have been honored by the invitation of "the Committee of Arrangements for celebrating, on the first of September, the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph, to participate in the ceremonies."

I regret that it will not be in my power, on account of the pressure of public business, to unite with my fellow citizens at Philadelphia in celebrating the triumph of this wonderful enterprise, which has been accomplished by the science, skill, and energy of the British and American people. It is a grand event in the history of the world, and let us hope that, under a superintending Providence, it may, in its consequences, promote the peace and advance the civilization and happiness of all nations. Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

To Hon. Ellis Lewis, Philadelphia.

LETTER FROM SECRETARY CASS

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28th, 1858.—Sir: I beg you to tender to the Committee of Arrangements my acknowledgments, for their kind invitation to attend the celebration of the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph, and also my excuse for declining to accept it, as my official duties will prevent me from being present on that interesting occasion. I am, Sir,

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
LEWIS CASS.

LETTER FROM SECRETARY TOUCEY.

WASHINGTON, August 30th, 1858.—Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 27th inst., inviting my participation in the ceremonies for celebrating, on the 1st prox'mo, the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph, and beg leave to assure the committee that it would give me great pleasure to be present on the interesting occasion, did not my official duties at the seat of Government prevent my attendance.

I am, sir,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
ISAAC TOUCEY.

Ellis Lewis, Esq., Chairman, Philadelphia.

LETTER FROM CYRUS W. FIELD, ESQ.

GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK, August 30th, 1858.

Gentlemen:—Please accept my cordial thanks for your letter conveying the invitation of the joint committee of the City Councils and citizens of Philadelphia, to participate in your festivities on the first of September.

As I have been assigned a part in the celebration of the civic authorities of New York, which will take place on the same day, it will be impossible for me to be with you.

If any place should especially rejoice that the Atlantic Cable is successfully laid, it is in the city which was the home and holds the dust of that venerable philosopher, who first made the subtlest force of nature subservient to the uses of man.

I regret most deeply that I cannot be present in person; but in thought I will be with you.

Fully appreciating the high compliment you have paid me, and again thanking you for your kind invitation, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Sincerely your friend,
CYRUS W. FIELD.

To the Joint Committee, &c.

AN ODD SENTIMENT.

The following sentiment, sent to the Committee by Dr. Samuel Yorke Atlee, of Washington city, was read by the Chairman:

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable.—A tongue that wags at both ends; and the longest that ever spoke the English language. May it never become unruly, and disgrace its vernacular by uttering naughty words; but in accordance with its first lessons, taught by the Queen and the President, perpetually inculcate the sentiments of Christian charity and international good will."

Applause followed the reading of each of these letters—especially that from Mr. Field.

Col. B. announced the receipt of a number of other letters from distinguished sources, as they would be found hereafter in the papers of the city.

JUDGE KELLEY'S ORATION.

Hon. Wm. D. Kelley was then introduced to the immense audience by Judge Lewis, as the orator of the day. He spoke as follows:

[Reported by D. Wolfe Brown, Phonographer, 310 Chestnut street]

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen, and Fellow-Citizens:—Though not unused to mingling with my townspeople on public occasions, participating in their deliberations—sorrowing in their sorrows and exulting in their joys—it is with unfeigned diffidence I come before you on this occasion. And yet let me not detain you with apologies for my temerity, but pass to my subject, after having reminded you that this celebration has been gotten up with telegraphic speed; that its suggestion is, as it were, but of yesterday, and that the first note of preparation made by the committee was not that which summoned your orator to perform his duty.

The occasion is not a local one. It has been fitly spoken of as "the festival of cities," commemorating an event, the influence of which shall be felt while time lasts, and by every member of the human family. It is eminently fitting that the city of Philadelphia should participate in that festival. I will not pause now to show the great historic or prospective interest she has in this event; but, ere I close, you will see that nothing could be more fitting.

Ours is the age of invention. During the last three-quarters of a century, science has extorted from nature her secrets, and genius wrought her newly disclosed powers into combinations of utility with such rapidity, that man has almost seemed to lose the faculty of wonder. And yet, marvellous as is the progress that has been made, wonderful as have been its phases since the eager eye of Columbus rested upon the dim outline of the outlying lands of this continent, no event has occurred which is to work so large an influence upon nations and people, upon the social, political, commercial, and economical relations of mankind—no event, the influence of which is to be so far reaching, or so all-pervading.

What is the event we celebrate? One which has made the whole earth vocal—one which has given to the word of admonition, the voice of warning, the message of woe or of joy, wings that compete with time in their swift flight. It has not destroyed or obliterated space; it has not dried up oceans; and yet it has brought the nations of the earth face to face, that they may enter into social converse. Has it not, so far as it regards science, and social, commercial, and political life, obliterated both time and space, and given to the scholar and the statesman, the thinker and the man of facts, ubiquity? [Applause.]

To whom shall be ascribed the glory of this great event? Not unto us, not unto any man, not unto any nation of men; but unto the great Omnipotent One, who, having created this beautiful earth and all its mysteries, gave to man the dominion. Let us, therefore, ascribe the glory to Him; and while doing so devoutly, let us not forget that the great men and the humble men who have wrought this miracle were his ministers, deserving to be honored by us, and cherished in our memories. [Applause.]

This great event does not stand solitary and isolated in the history of the world. It has been undertaken and accomplished by two great nations, whose people, under the flag of their respective countries, have invested the capital, have expended the powers of mind, and borne the torturing anxieties necessary to this magnificent work. But its glories belong not alone to those two nations. It had its precursors; and they, I am happy to say, were the works not of members of a single community or State, not of a particular nation, not of any one of earth's named localities; but they belonged to various nations and races. Although they dreamed not of the great result that lay before them, the work they were ultimately to accomplish was for the world and man; and it was fitting that the human family should have its hand in it.

It is now a little more than a century since Franklin drew from the clouds the electric spark, and made the lightning subservient, in some degree, to the will of man. [Applause.] That was in the provincial town of Philadelphia. Volta, who was born while Franklin was planning his first experiments, gave us the electric pile and the galvanic battery. His birthplace was in Como, and his workshop at the University of Pavia. Poor Galvani, who knew not the power he handled, and who died under great delusion as to its sources and its influence, made his experiments in his native town of Bologna. Oersted, without whose discoveries the great work could not have been completed, comes to us from Copenhagen, and there gave us first the thing known as electro-magnetism. These were followed by Ampere, at Paris; by Coxe—our own Coxe—who, in 1816, demonstrated the power of conveying messages through a long wire, here in our city; and Weber—Henry—a name never to be forgotten in this connection, and which will suffer great injustice if it be not recorded as that of the man who gave to successful patentees their power; Steinheil, at Munich; Cooke and Wheatstone, in London; Morse, at Washington. In 1837. And, mark you, steam had not then wrought its marvels; you did not then cross the ocean in ten days and a few hours; Steinheil, Cooke, Wheatstone, and Morse may well have been, so far as their conflicting claims are concerned, original inventors.

Nor et me, as I have noticed a few of the men who have prepared the way for this great work, forget one, humble and a most unknown. The others have experimented in electricity, in galvanism, in electro-magnetism. But we celebrate the laying of a submarine cable; and let me, with my poor efforts, draw from the obscurity into which it is falling, the name of that toiling worker of day's works who first laid a magnetic telegraph wire, coated in gutta percha, under a body of water, near his town of Newark, in New Jersey. He laid *four* thousand coated, and for the use of one of them he received, from a powerful corporation, *one dollar and twenty-five cents per day!* He applied for a patent; but on grounds which, if I understand the case rightly, were very inadequate for such a decision, his claims were rejected, and he lost even his poor revenue from the work which that corporation used. John J. Craven, of Newark, N J, made and laid the first practical, substantial, available submarine telegraph; and let his name stand out in its proper place. [Applause.]

But neither Franklin, Volta, Galvani, Oersted, Coxe, Weber, Steinheil, nor any of the numerous experimenters, either in electricity or the creation of telegraphs, dreamed of the grand result at which they were aiming. It is a modern thought, a recent idea. Nor could this great enterprise have been accomplished by their aid alone. The little bark that bore Columbus to these shores on his first expedition measured one hundred and twenty tons. The Mayflower, which brought the Pilgrims to our Northern coast, would find no place in our foreign shipping. Other labors than those in the departments of science immediately involved here have prepared the way for this great work. The naval constructor and architect have, to bring their department to perfection, courted science and wooed experience, as though the wrinkles on her haggard face were the rosy bloom of youth. Nor they alone. When Fitch and Fulton were making their early experiments in this vicinity, they were laboring to this great end. They and Watt, and every workman or man of genius, who has added an improvement to the steam engine, or aided in its superior adaptation to ocean navigation, has wrought in this great work.

Why, gentlemen, we have on earth but once known the winds and the waves to obey the human voice, when it uttered the command, "Peace, be still." It was the Divine voice speaking through human form. Invention, genius, experience have not enabled man to calm the waves and bid the winds be still; but what wonders have they not wrought? There, beside the green island in the port of Queenstown, are four ships. Two of them contain freight that would have submerged the vessels of Columbus and the Pilgrims; and they have arranged that they will meet at a certain point upon the ocean. You may determine that you will meet your companion at a particular place; you, young man, burning with the ardor of love, may find your way with certainty to the shady bower in which a moonlit maiden waits your coming. But here was an armament built for war—ships subject to the winds and tides! and they agree that on a particular spot—less than the extent of the space in which I now speak, they would meet and begin a work, the like of which time had not seen. [Applause.] They did not say 'We will meet about there—we will meet in that neighborhood; but at latitude 52 deg. 2 min. and longitude 33 deg. 18 min. we will fill our assignation." And the storms howl, and the lightnings flash, and the thunders roar, and Old Ocean puts up his voice in competition with that roar; and yet they move on their way.

Have they been overweening in their confidence? The English flag waves at the masthead of that battered ship; English seamen man her; an English sailor manages her, and God's blessing on the brave old land from which he sprung. He guides her through the storm, and, like lover to his bower, came the storm-beaten Agamemnon to latitude 52 deg. 2 min., and longitude 33 deg. 18 min. Was not that itself a miracle? Had you told it to Franklin a century ago he would have applied to the statement the skeptical reasoning of philosophy, and demonstrated its immediate impossibility.

June is passing away, and the vessels are there—the Niagara, the Agamemnon, the Gorgon, and the Valorous. The Niagara and the Agamemnon are brought stern-to—and may they never be brought to broadsides with shotted guns—[applause by everybody in general, and the crew of the Niagara in particular.] They were brought together stern-to—not that either would shrink from a contest, did honor make it necessary They were brought together stern-to, that you men—you boys of the Niagara, and the boys of the Agamemnon might cheer each other and say, "God forbid that the day should come when men like us should engage in mortal contest [applause]; that men of science as daring as the world had ever seen, and as able as it ever knows, might weave together there, at mid ocean, a little cable, scarcely thicker than a lady's finger, and try to lay it beneath the ocean's depths so that it should be to the world a voice. The splice is made. The vessels move, and in a little while, when the Niagara had paid out, if I remember rightly, a little over two miles of cable, it was found that the thing which one of the tars, it is said, wanted to throw overboard, as a continual perplexity—the continuity—was gone. [Laughter and uproarious cheers] What then? Why, back the vessels hie to latitude 52 deg. 2 min. to meet again in friendly embrace. Again the splice is made, and again they part Now each ship in its homeward for will nigh a day's journey, when that provoking continuity is missed again. Again they return—shall I call it to their arbor of love? They had put no finger-post there to guide them to the spot. No milestone marked it; but they came back to the old point of 52.2. Again they splice the cable, and again they move toward their respective homes. Now, let us go among those men of science. Are they powerful and hopeful? No; they are depressed—sober, but not doubting. Their faith is greater than a grain of mustard seed, and their hope unbounded. There are doubters among them; there are those who, from the first, have not believed; but the men of science make the splice, confident that the work will yet be done.

Onward again those vessels move. Sadder, if not wiser men, were those in charge of the ships, of the coils, the paying-out apparatus, and those dear fellows (members of the crew of the Niagara,) whose brawny hands had charge of the tar pot and some of whom came in well stained. But still they knew that there was a God above, who had created the world, who had given it fixed laws, and that they were laboring as his servants to disclose these laws to their fellow-men. Onward they go, onward and onward, until hundreds of miles intervene, and then again the continuity is lost. Backward they hasten to the point from whence they came—dispirited? Yes some of them, whose hearts were not in the movement, are dispirited. But Field and Everett, and their co-laborers of this country, and of what I may call our mother or our sister land—are they dispirited? No; but sadly determined *to do*. The managers of the company were dispirited; the directors doubted the expediency of further effort; men whose capital was embarked shrugged their shoulders, and counted their losses as already made. But there was American energy at the head of that company, and I know not where you could find a nobler impersonation of the elements of American character than in Cyrus W. Field [Immense applause.] He said that the thing could be done, and that it would be done; and they would go forth again. Our moonlit bower had now become almost a sad trysting place. Yet back again, with more fuel and with an abundance of cable, with plenty of energy, with excited determination to execute their undertaking, back they come to 52 degrees 2 minutes, and 33 degrees 18 minutes, and again the cable is spliced. Forward they move—slowly and steadily, but over and anon the word is given, "All's right, all's right, go ahead!" And the cable begins to roll out more rapidly, and the paddles of the huge ships to move more swiftly. Night follows day, and day follows night, through six weary, anxious days. Tell me, you who were following the dull but anxious routine of life, did you sleep during those days? If you did you knew a luxury which the Englishmen on board the Agamemnon, and the Americans on board the Niagara, knew but little of. There were those who, through that whole period of time, knew not what it was to have their thought withdrawn from the great work upon which they were engaged. Into a recumbent position they may have thrown themselves; into some darkened spot they may have crept; but no repose of mind or rest of brain came to them. The continuity is not lost this time. Anxious first about the cable, about the apparatus for paying it out, about the uniting of one coil to another, they near the shores of their respective countries. Anxiety increases as the work is nearly accomplished. May they not fail yet? A reward is offered to the man who shall first discover land; so eager are they to know that the work draws to its close, that a prize would be awarded to him who should first bring the good news. Not more eagerly did Columbus, with a mutinous crew about him, look for land than did those men, surrounded by a crew who jumped at their bidding, and who could scarce restrain themselves from cheering at each new result attained. The eyes of the world were upon them, and mayhap the destiny of the world for years depended upon their success. But land did come in view. Trinity bay was reached, and there the officers of the Niagara, from under their own star-spangled banner, were joined by the officers of the Valorous and the Gorgon. And, to ling like laborers, they carried the cable ashore—God bless them all! [cheers]—and there, upon the woody hills, beyond the lines of civilization, upon the rocky coast of Newfoundland, these great men bowed in thanks to the God who had preserved them, and given to the world its last great blessing. The feat was accomplished—its accomplishment fitly acknowledged.

I have said that there were many men laboring for the accomplishment of this result, and you have found that many of those whom I have named did not know anything of it, that many of them had sunk beneath the sod before this enterprise was projected or spoken of. There were also men who labored specifically for the accomplishment of this great work This is not the place or the time for scientific or historical disquisition, much less is this the occasion to weigh the claims of rival candidates for honors in this connection. But there are some few persons to whom especial honor belongs, and there are two Governments which all mankind should bless—the two that represent not despotism and the power of swords, but free peoples, and the individual rights and powers of man as a citizen—England and America! Mankind will bless them hereafter. More than a year ago they engaged in this work. Last year the Agamemnon, and the Niagara and the Susquehanna, some of whose gallants lads I see about me, were upon the ocean endeavoring to accomplish this feat. It was not then accomplished. Still the Governments were there, showing their will and lending their power. Our Susquehanna was not there this year, but our Niagara was, and the Agamemnon, and the Gorgon, and Valorous, of England The nations were there in their majesty, sustaining and aiding the efforts of their enterprising citizens. To them be the fair measure of honor.

Here let me say that one of our own townsmen deserves mention—not as having labored in this work, but as having requested our Government to begin it. Some of you may be surprised to hear me say that a member of the Philadelphia bar ought to be named on an occasion of this kind, and that, without the mention of his name, an obvious gap would appear. In the month of January, 1849, Horatio Hubbell, of Philadelphia, addressed a memorial to the Congress of the United States, asking them for the means of establishing telegraphic communication between this continent and Europe. In his memorial he asserted that, "from many observations that have been made, there is incontestable evidence of the existence of a submarine table land, extending from the Banks of Newfoundland, across the Atlantic ocean, to the mouth of the British channel," and that the wire or cable could be laid or suspended over the table land in water, undisturbed by currents, or, in the language of the memorialist, "so as to be clear of all currents moving on the upper surface." The memorialist modestly avowed his chief purpose to be "to direct the attention of Congress to this important object." Mark you, he did not suggest the work as one which he believed could be done. He suggested the route between Newfoundland and Dingle Bay, not because it was the shortest but because it lay over a table land which was covered by a bed of water free from disturbing currents This memorial was presented to the lower House of Congress by Joseph R Ingersoll, and it fell to the table or to the floor Our distinguished fellow-citizen who now honors us in England, and whose conciliatory but manly address has won from that proud Government the concession of the principle which involved us in the last war, was then Vice President of the United States.—[Applause] He brought the memorial before the Senate; and it was likely to meet the fate which had fallen it in the House, when Jefferson Davis, Senator from Mississippi, arose, and moved its reference to the Committee on Commerce, saying that the world was not yet prepared for the project, but might be soon.

In 1853, Lieut. Berryman, of the U. S. navy, was put in the command of the Dolphin, and ordered to make soundings between Newfoundland and Ireland. He made his report of facts and observations to Lieut. Maury, whose magnificent apparatus for sounding the depths of the ocean he had used—Maury, the man who has mapped the ocean, as we map a county or a township, with safe roads for the mariner. Berryman reported not in terms, but in fact, that Hubbell's observations were correct. There was the table-land; there was the bottom free from currents, and the minute shells of microscopic character that were brought up showed no abrasion, thus indicating that from the time of their death they had slept in their grave as undisturbed by currents as though the earth itself had engulphed them. Lieut. Maury's report to Government, upon the facts ascertained by Berryman, was made on the 22d of February 1858.

To Dr. Whitehouse Professor Thompson, Mr. Laws, of the corps of electricians; to Appold, the wealthy, eccentric, and ingenious mechanician, who was an amateur, giving his time, his labor and his means to this experiment; to Woodhouse, Canning, Follansbee, Amos, Clifford, and Bright; to Captains Purdy and Hudson, and the gallant officers who volunteered to stand watch with them during these anxious voyages, praise should be given. But time permits me to do no more than to name them. They will be fitly spoken of and kindly remembered always. But did these men, naval officers and electricians, lay the cable? No; they helped, as did every seaman and laborer on board, in the discharge of his duty. None were laggard, and none withheld any power which nature or education had given them. Did they lay the cable? Let us see It had not been laid in 1857.

And why? The ships were there to lay it; the cable was there to be laid; the men were there to do their work. And yet they did not lay it—because the paying-out apparatus was found to be defective, and to put the cable under such a strain that it snapped. And when the fleet returned in that year, the master minds were satisfied that the apparatus had not yet been invented by which their great work might be accomplished. So when the year 1857 commenced, there lay the ships.

Mr. Field, with his faith, hope, courage, energy, keep insight into men and genial sympathy with them—so essential to the success of the work—was there. The Governments were willing to extend their former aid. There lay the cable in its huge coils; there were the recording instruments, whether of Morse, or Hughes, or Whitehouse, or of the host of inventors who have applied themselves to that department recently. All was there—the engines and the ships, the men to man them and the officers to guide them. But the cable could not be laid.

Now, my friends, pass with me from the month of January to the month of March; go with me, in imagination, to London; go with me to the neighborhood of Spitalfields; take a turn through Petticoat lane, and let us get among the dingy shops of Gravel lane Look into this dingy window: You see a young man whose eye is bright and whose face is expressive of manly character and noble genius. True, that face is a little begrimed with blackened oil; his hands are starred and dark. He seems to superintend, yet ever and anon he seizes the implement, and, though his coat be buttoned to the neck, plies at the work. You think you know him, do you? Well. I am not sure you do not. He is an engineer of the United States Navy—a countryman of yours. He went as assistant engineer, with some of you, through the Mexican war. Has he deserted his country and enlisted in a foreign service? No; he has only left his country temporarily, to labor for mankind in a foreign workshop. He has given up the management of the ship in the work of destruction, to go into a foreign workshop and weave a web that shall bind the nations in fraternal ties of peace.

[The despatch from London, which appears under our telegraphic head, was here read. It was received with tumultuous applause.]

That young man is still a member of the Engineer Corps of the United States of America, but he has, for the present, quit the work of destruction for works of beneficence. Let us pass on from the 20th of March to toward the close of April. Behold how bright his eye! Behold how quick his step! See how joyously he meets every one, and how eagerly every man takes his hand! It is his birth-day; but that cannot be the event that leads to these congratulations. He is thirty-two years old, but they cannot be congratulating him upon that fact. No; he has made the apparatus for laying the cable The work is done. Field was not mistaken when he said, "The man must be found in the United States who would accomplish that work." It is done! Here let me read a letter—not obtained from him for this occasion; not sent to the press—but sent to one of his old fellow-workmen, as evidence of the success that has attended his labor:

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.
22 Old Broad Street, London, April 24, 1858.

DEAR SIR: As you have reported to the managing committee that the paying-out machinery for H. M. ship Agamemnon is completed, and that it has been working satisfactorily during the last three days, and that you do not consider any alteration necessary to increase its efficiency; and as another set is required for the United States frigate Niagara, the managing committee have authorised and instructed me to request that you will immediately give directions to put another set in hand for that ship; and I am farther to request that you will continue your supervision over the construction of the machinery, and also undertake to superintend and direct its being properly fixed and fitted on board the Niagara.

I am further instructed to request, that you will take charge of the operation of experimenting upon, and subsequently of paying out, the cable from that ship; in doing which you will have the co-operation of Messrs. Woodhouse and Follansbee, and of such other engineers as you may consider it requisite to appropriate to such service. You are also authorized to make such preparations and arrangements as are necessary to enable you to carry out the foregoing instructions.

I remain, yours truly,
GEO. SAWARD, Secretary.

To W. E. Everett.

Did he do his work? Why, the cable is laid; and the machinery never stopped on board the Agamemnon or Niagara from the time they left 52.02 of north latitude. Now who is this man? Some of you thought you knew him, when you saw him in London, and I guess you did. You used to work with him at Baldwin & Whitney's locomotive factory, out here in Broad street. He is a boy from a Philadelphia machine shop. Yes, in 1844, he—like the first great electrician—came, a youth, to Philadelphia; a widow's son, who had never known a father's love, for before his birth, his father had been swallowed by the waters of Ontario. He came to this city a boy, who loved machinery, and asked employment of Messrs. Baldwin & Whitney. They gave it to him, and they found him no boy, but a master hand. He went, while yet a minor, through all the honors of their shop, and through their agency he was, during the Mexican war, entered in the corps of the United States Engineers. He was then on board the Niagara in 1857, and then it was that he disclosed to Mr Field the wondrous gifts of his nature, and the rare culture that he had received at his hands. He is a graduate of a Philadelphia workshop, whose diploma is from the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. [Applause] Honor him my friends It was the apparatus of William E Everett, the Philadelphia machinist that laid the cable! Am I not right? Let Cyrus W. Field speak. When he made his first address in Newfoundland he said—

"I could not do justice to my own feelings did I fail to acknowledge how much is owing to Mr. Everett, who for months devoted his whole time to designing and perfecting the beautiful machinery that has so successfully paid out the cable from the ships; machinery so perfect in every respect that it was not for one moment stopped on board the Niagara until she reached her anchorage in Trinity Bay "

More than a century ago the printer's boy of Philadelphia began the great work, and now, within the last fortnight, the Philadelphia machinist has completed it. He joined his companions at the head of Trinity Bay in devoutly thanking God for the success of the voyage. He, bowed in adoration before Him who had disclosed such wonderful secrets to him in private, and had enabled him to do such wonderful works for the public. But when he arose he determined to go forth and learn more and do more. And that is a lesson to us. My fellow-citizens, let not our rejoicing stop here. In the consequences of this great work we have more at stake than almost any other city. Coal and iron are the muscles of modern civilization, and our State is full of coal and iron, and water-power. Where population is most dense this great work will give the largest blessing; and population must be dense where iron, coal, water-power, timber, and arable lands abound, as they do in Pennsylvania. Again, our great railroad connects with wider regions of country—with the Southwest, the West, and the Northwest—more advantageously than any line competing with it.

But, again when the Almighty permitted that cable to be laid, He made public announcement to man, that He had registered a decree for the early completion of the Pacific Railroad. It is no longer a question for man. God in His providence has ordered the work to be done. For I cannot imagine that the American people are willing to assume a position of barbarism, and to refuse to permit a telegraph to cross this continent, and be submerged in the sleeping ocean of the Far West. The people of the world will ask that the girdle of Puck may be put around the earth; and our country must do it, or become the jeer and contempt of the world. And that work cannot be accomplished and maintained unless the railroad runs beside it. It is no longer a question for Government or people. God has ordered the world to do it, and it will be done, and then philosophers will say that time and man conspired to do it. No, *Providence*, time, and man conspire to do it

Let us then stir ourselves, and see what is next to be done. Above all, fellow citizens, let us remember that the remains of the first great practical electrician—the man who, more than a century ago, started this work—lie in an obscure corner of a little graveyard near by us No storied urn or monumental bust marks the spot where his body rests. Is it not a shame? Why, tell it to the British tars of the Agamemnon, and they will bring a monumental coil of Atlantic cable, and inscribe upon it that first great electrician's name [Applause.] Let us stir ourselves, and see that the stranger visiting our city need not lose more than a day in inquiring for the grave of Benjamin Franklin. [Loud applause]

Let us learn to engage in every great work. When the thinker speaks let us not sneer at him, but stand with bated breath to hear the wonders he may tell; and when he has worked out those wonders, let us fitly honor him. We detract none from the glory of God in paying homage to His highest ministers on earth Let us praise all their names, and register them, that posterity may know and love them.

Judge Kelley took his seat amid vociferous applause.

At the close of Judge Kelley's address, which was received with loud and frequent demonstrations of pleasure, the band struck up "Old Lang Syne," followed by "Yankee Doodle."

The following odes were then sung by the members of the Young Men's Christian Association:

ALL HAIL!

AN ODE—[AIR—*God Save the Queen.*]

All hail across the main!
Thought thrills our cable chain—
Hear! Nations, hear!
Mind is victorious,
Columbia's made glorious,
While God watched over us—
Hear! Nations, hear!

No storms the chain shall break,
Nations our greetings take—
Hear now our call!
Peace speaks from shore to shore,
Good-will be evermore,
While this work we adore—
Praise God for all!

THE CABLE.

[AIR—*Star Spangled Banner*]

Oh, say not the old times were brighter than these,
When banners were torn from the warriors that bore them;
Oh, say not the ocean, the storm, and the breeze,
Are freest or prouder when war thunders o'er them—
For the battle's red light grows pale to the sight
When the pen wields its power, or thought feels its might.
Now, Mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been—
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

Let the joy of the world in rich harmony rise;
Let the sword keep its sheath and the cannon its thunder;
Now, Intellect reigneth from the earth to the skies,
And Science links nations that war shall not sunder;
Where the mermaids still weep, and the pearls lie asleep,
Thought flashes in fire through the fathomless deep
Now, Mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been—
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

When the sunset of yesterday flooded the West
Our old mother country lay far in the distance;
But the lightning has struck! We are close to her breast—
That beautiful land, that first gave us existence;
We feel, with a start, the quick pulse of her heart,
And the mother and child are no longer apart;
For Mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been—
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

The blood that was kindred throbs proudly once more,
And the glow of our joy fills the depths of the ocean;
It thrills through the waves, and it sings on the shore,
Till the globe to its poles feels the holy commotion!
Let us join in our might and be earnest for light;
Where the Saxon blood burns, let it strive for the right;
For Mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been—
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

After the singing, the following address was delivered by the Rev. E. W. Hutter:

REMARKS OF REV. E W. HUTTER.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: Without controversy, the Wonder of the Nineteenth Century, the Marvel of the World, is THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH. Well may this stupendous agency of man's invention employ the passion of Oratory, the genius of the Muse, the multitudinous utterances of the Press, and even the sanctified declamations of the Pulpit. Among its compeers of Genius and Skill, this rises, an extra mundane column, towering in solitary and sublime grandeur above them all. Since the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, no such other Benefactor has appeared in the realm of Discovery and Science. Vigorous minds, classic pens, eloquent tongues, have so vied in panegyric, that it requires no small degree of inventive talent even to *say* on this topic what has not already been said. And yet how much is there in regard to it that expends itself only in silent sentiments of wonder and of joy, sweeping in thrilling cadences the diapason of the heart—how much that cannot be said at all.

More than thirty centuries ago, as if in mockery of man's want of power over the physical forces God taunted Job with the challenge: "Canst *thou* send lightnings that they may go, and say unto thee, here we are?" During many revolving cycles, that challenge stood on God's Book unanswered. There appeared not in all the earth a solitary man so imbued with reverent boldness as to venture a reply What! Control the lightning! That vivid artillery of Heaven, which among all tribes and tongues has ever served as one of the most startling symbols of the unapproachable refulgence! Control the lightning! Why, had the Idumean Patriarch dared attempt it he would either have been stoned to death as an impious Blasphemer, or been grieved to death with wild orisons of idolatrous devotion. Job never took up the gauntlet. And the vivid fires of the firmament had an undisturbed jubilee. They roamed to and fro, hither and thither, as they listed, without a boundary, without a habitation. Themselves a transcendent symbol of the Divine ubiquity, their centre was everywhere, their circumference nowhere.

To furnish the first reverent practical response to the Divine challenge was reserved for one, whose name is indissolubly interwoven alike with the history of Philadelphia and of the United States. His is a familiar name. Frequently did these streets, and this State House, echo to his footsteps. In an adjacent humble grave-yard repose his ashes. That man was BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the sage, the statesman, the philanthropist, the philosopher. To him pertains the renown of having first snatched the lightnings from their native theatre, and of holding them in harmless subjection. A greater than Ramy was Franklin. If I had no other name by which to designate him. I would call him *The Great Lightning Tamer*. All honor to his memory! Said the inspired Wise Man: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before Kings." Franklin *did* "stand before Kings," the noblest of the noble.

But, great as was Franklin as a philosopher, he was none of God's prophets. Upon him there rested the mantle neither of an Isaiah nor of a John. We have no proof that the possibilities since evolved from the womb of geometric progression, ever crossed even the disk of his night-imaginings. He had wooed and won the lightnings by his metallic key. He had them in his bottle. But, except to restrain and hold them captive by the *rod*, he had no use for them.

To Professor MORSE belongs the credit of having, in the year 1843, placed reins and harness on the backs of the fiery coursers, bit and bridle in their mouths, and sending them, on messages of commerce and friendship, swifter than thought itself, through the world. Few of us can have forgotten the deep sensation these achievements produced All Christendom was electrified. But here, it was supposed, the conquests of Genius would end. However familiarized with the daring of the human mind, the most sanguine did not look for new successes. By some it was even feared, that, to attempt more, would be a profane usurpation of the Divine prerogative, and would be venturing within the sacred jurisdiction of Omnipotence into which archangels themselves, albeit with sandalled feet, have never dared to tread.

But, behold the triumphs of the year 1858. Under the sanctified daring of the gallant FIELD and his compeers, a Monster Cable of magnetic wires now lies stretched—over two thousand miles distance—along the pavement of the great deep, on which harmonies of living intelligence are flashing, connecting the Old and the New Worlds in consentaneous sympathy, and bringing them within such convenient converse as if they were neighbors, living only on opposite sides of a very narrow street. Such an achievement, oh! how shall we exaggerate! Its reality almost mocks our most bounding imaginations, and certainly defies the descriptive energies of language.

The submerged Magnetic Cable is itself the most wondrous Leviathan of the great deep. Even in its material aspects it fills us with wonder. But its *moral* significance is far greater. I hail it as a sanctified symbol and assurance of HUMAN PROGRESS. History, philosophy, science revelation, concur in assuring us with the belief, that the future of our race is onward and upward. King Commerce will press every wire of that huge Vehicle of Thought into his service. Already is he one of earth's legitimate monarchs, bestriding it with colossal power. The patriot will hail it, not as a sanguinary revolutionist, thirsting for blood, but as a whispering angel of the watery world, breathing invocations for the spread of freedom. The nearer our thinking and speaking proximity to Europe, the surer the spread of our free institutions over the globe. The Executive and Jurist will claim it as their most efficient police, for now fugitives from justice can no longer, like Jonah, set sail in ships for Tarshish, for before they have started, the electric flashes will herald their coming. It was a remark of Locke, that time is only properly computed when estimated by *results*. If this be so, our thirty and forty years are much more than Methuselah's nine hundred and sixty-nine, for we see more, hear more, know more, enjoy more, and *do* more, in our few years, than he possibly could have done in his many.

In this season of jubilant rejoicing, however, who should most exult? I answer—the *Christian*. Surveying these manifold and multiplied wonders, and looking forward to a well-assured hope of others, equally startling, who is so steeped in atheistic self-complacency, as to separate from them the Divine government? God controlled the skill of the magicians of Egypt—the learning, the literature, and the philosophy of Greece and Rome. And he is equally subordinating to his infinite and gracious purposes the arts, the inventions, the discoveries, of this age, and of all ages. We bestow honor here, and honor there. We follow the chain of Cause and Effect, but we are soon lost in the ascending links as they run up to God, And that God, who made the lightnings, who scooped out the seas, and filled it with its immensity of life, will not be dethroned from the Magnetic Telegraph, either by land or by sea. He will himself be the great Electrician, presiding at all its junction-batteries, and wielding them for his own infinite and ineffable glory.

Christianity is not a science, as we employ the word. It is not a discovery, not an invention. It is a system, a scheme, conceived in the counsels of the eternal, and prosecuted on earth for man's redemption. It had existence antecedent to all human discoveries. Hence science never adds to it, never detracts from it. But Christianity *does* seize upon the conquests of science to extend *itself*. The time was when Unbelief taunted Faith with the prophecy, that before the advancing floods of scientific light the religion of the adorable Jesus would be swept away. Behold the taunt triumphantly refuted. When was the Submarine Cable committed to ocean's depths? In the year of our Lord 1858, during the season of the most gracious and powerful revival of religion experienced by the church since the day of pentecostal glory. And now, henceforward, and forever, Revelation and the natural sciences go hand in hand

Already is the Submarine Cable a bond of peace between the United States and Great Britain. Once these two nations were enemies—now friends. All the messages that have crossed the wires have been peace messages. Peace in China! Peace in India! The ports of China thrown open to the trade of the world, and its walls, like those of Jericho, battered down before the trumpet-blasts of the gospel. Oh! most cheering is it to think that all these far-reaching colossal achievements, by the power of the Holy Ghost, are destined ultimately to level mountains, exalt valleys, and over all the earth prepare a highway for our Lord. Christ came to re-establish the world's *unity*—to bind both its centre and its extremes in a fraternal brotherhood, the secret of all happiness both on earth and in heaven. Hence we discover the Divine Beneficence presiding over all earth's mysteries, converting the whole domain of Truth into a Jacob's ladder, on which angels descend and ascend. Not a calm lake is Christianity, reflecting sunbeams on a glassy surface, but a bounding river, bearing waves of salvation to the perishing. Not a mere light-house is Christianity, erected on life's perilous coasts to warn voyagers of impending quicksands, but a capacious life-boat, wafted by propitious gales into a haven of bliss.

And now, amidst these multiplied triumphs of our race, let us invoke God to keep us *humble*. The virus of the human heart, most offensive to God, and most destructive to man, is *pride*. It is the sin by which the angels fell. Oh! let us write it, then, as with a pen of adamant on our hearts, that "we have nothing that we have not received." Let us not fancy ourselves gods, living and moving in ourselves, but rather let us remember that there never was a man nor an archangel, that could lift a thread, or sever a spider's web, without the power and ministration of that universal Providence which hangs Creation on his arm, and feeds it at his festive board.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." *Amen.*

The exercises in the Square closed with prayer by the Rev. A. A. Willitts,

After which, a benediction was pronounced by Rev. I. P. Wilmer.

SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The display of bunting from the vessels in port was of a more meagre character than we had reason to expect. From at least one-half of the shipping there floated not a solitary insignia of nationality. A few, more patriotic than the rest, sought to make amends for the others' short-comings, and flung to the breeze a treble quantity of streamers, flags, etc. These were seconded, in very handsome style, from Smith's Island and Camden, as well as from other points along the shore of our Sister State, while the ferry-boats and the many little plying steamers of the Delaware bore the proud emblems of our nation, and really seemed decked for more than a wonted joyous holiday.

It may not be generally known, that Hon. W. D. Kelley, the orator of the day, was the first person in the city of Philadelphia to publicly announce the laying of the telegraph cable. The intelligence reached this city about noon, and the Court of Quarter Sessions, then trying the celebrated "Kirkpatrick Poisoning Case," had taken a recess of half an hour. Immediately after the court convened, Judge Kelley in opening his remarks to the jury, made a very eloquent and most appropriate allusion to the success of the great event. The effect on the audience as described to us by a spectator was thrilling—a suppressed buzz of applause pervaded the dense mass of spectators, like an electric shock, and it was only after repeated cries of "silence" by the tipstaves, that quiet could be restored. This should have found a place in our columns previously, but we chronicle it as one of the most interesting incidents connected with this event.

Everything in the way of business adventure was resorted to by those who have ever an eye open to the main chance. Side-shows, with the Ohio fat boy; glass-blowing, where each patron "received a present;" side-walk vendors of tiny merchandise, where anything in the shape of fancies, done up in bundles, were generously disposed of at the low price of three cents; scales, where you might ascertain whether your corporeal dimensions were on the increase or decrease; bird and dog fanciers, cable venders—in short, anything to catch the eye of our visiting "country cousins," and extract dimes from their plethoric pockets—were on hand at every street-corner, and most vigorously plied was the calling of each.

Just as the military were about entering Independence Square, at noon, the crowd which clustered upon the railing caused a portion of the Walnut-street fence to give way, and it fell over upon a cluster of persons. As soon as possible, those under it were rescued, and the injured persons cared for. One boy, about eight years of age, had both thighs and one leg broken. He was also cut about the head, and otherwise injured. The young sufferer was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital. Another boy was badly cut about the head, and a female had a foot crushed. The following are the particulars:

Chas. McCurdy, aged 16, had his left ankle sprained. Taken to the hospital.

Thomas Nash, aged 16, had his foot slightly injured. Taken to the hospital.

Henry Fritz had his thigh fractured, one leg broken, and spine injured. Taken to the hospital.

Charles Malyard had a foot slightly injured. Taken to the hospital.

Catharine McIlwain, residing at No. 610 Twelfth street, had the bridge of her nose cut, ankle sprained, and one foot crushed. At the time the railing fell she had a little babe in her arms, and two small children at her side, but fortunately neither was injured. She was conveyed to her residence by Officer Thornton.

Mr. Daniel H. Brown, a well-known resident of Kensington, came very near being relieved of a valuable gold watch while trying to enter the southern gate of Independence Square. The dexterous thief managed to get the chain loose, but Mr. B. having taken the precaution to put a pin in the welt of his vest pocket, saved his watch.

The Philadelphia Grays, accompanied by the Pennsylvania Cornet Band, after leaving the Square, proceeded to the Arcade Hotel, where a splendid collation had been provided, and of which they were invited to partake by Mr. J. D. Brown, the proprietor. After the collation the health of Mr. Brown was proposed by a member of the Grays, to which he made a very appropriate and eloquent reply, paying a high tribute to the soldierly bearing of the company, and his appreciation of their individual character. To this Lieut. Otto, commanding, made a brief acknowledgment, after which a most delightful serenade was given by the band in the room below the Hotel.

The display in Germantown was much better than was expected, considering the large number of people who came into the city. Flags were displayed from numerous buildings. The church bells and those on the various engine houses were rung at the time appointed.

THE CELEBRATION AT JAYNE'S HALL.

IMPOSING DECORATIONS.

SPEECHES OF REVERENDS SUNDERLAND, MOMBERT, LEYBURN, MOORE, CUTHBERT, TAYLOR, JENKINS AND CHAMBERS—PRAYER BY REV. DR. BOMBERGER—REMARKS OF THE CHAIRMAN, MR. GEO. H. STUART, ETC.

The announcement having been made that The Young Men's Christian Association would celebrate the great event—for the observance of which yesterday was set apart—in a manner suitable to the great objects of their organization, at Jayne's Hall, crowds were seen flocking in as early as nine o'clock in the morning.

The decorations of the Hall formed in themselves an imposing spectacle. Suspended from the lofty galleries in the rear of the stage were fifty-four flags, and nearly as many more were crossed on either side of the room. The twenty-seven Scriptural mottoes used on the Fourth of July were again brought into requisition on this occasion, with a few slight exceptions.

The central motto in the rear of the stage was as follows:

"IN THE NAME OF OUR GOD
WE WILL SET UP OUR BANNERS."

The stage in front was enveloped in the American flag, and from the speaker's desk was suspended a piece of the immortal cable, some five feet in length. The large galleries at the Chestnut street end of the room were decorated with festoons of evergreen.

Long before the hour for commencing had arrived the lower part of the house was crowded to overflowing, the east side of the room being occupied almost exclusively by ladies.

Immediately in front of the hall was suspended an immense flag, extending nearly across the street, and reaching from the top of the hall to within fifteen feet of the pavement. Upon its upper margin was printed, in large letters, the name of the Young Men's Christian Association.

When the exercises commenced the platform was filled to its utmost capacity, mainly by clergymen of the different denominations.

When the hour of half-past 10 had fully arrived, the Chairman, George H. Stuart, Esq., opened the way for the proceedings in a neat speech, in which he said the Lord had wrought great things in the waters. No more than two months ago there were few who had faith enough to believe that to-day we should be within speaking distance of our friends on the other side of the Atlantic. He spoke also of the hopelessness, almost amounting to despair, which marked the last effort to consummate this great achievement. The vessels had been suffered to depart from either shore on their doubtful mission without the firing of a gun. It was proper, therefore, in view of the successful termination of this final effort, that an occasion like that which had then called them together should be devoutly commemorated; and, as the opening of the devotional part of the exercises, he thought it was appropriate that the congregation should rise and sing from the 34th hymn of the Union Collection, commencing—

"From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung
Through every land, by every tongue."

After the singing of this hymn the 145th Psalm was read by the Rev. Dr. Edwards, at the close of which the Throne of Grace was addressed in a fervent and eloquent prayer by the Rev. Dr. Bomberger. The following passages of the prayer occur to us:

"O Lord. our God! we would extol Thee as the Almighty King and Eternal Ruler of the universe Thou art very great, and greatly to be praised, and thy greatness is unsearchable. One generation shall proclaim thy greatness to another, and another shall declare thy majesty to all future generations. Oh, that men might speak thy mighty acts, and proclaim thy Praises through all the earth! Help us, we entreat Thee, in these our joyful and thanksgiving approaches to thy throne to-day. Help us to unite our hearts in union with the ten times ten thousand of our fellow-citizens who shall this day, in different parts of our beloved country, join us in praising thy great name for thy marvellous acts among the children of men. We thank Thee, the infinite and triune Jehovah, for being permitted to live in the midst of times and in an age in which God is working mighty things throughout our borders. We bless Thy name. O God, for having suffered the consummation of the achievement that has caused such rejoicing all over the land. Enable us to feel and realize that this is Thy work, and, as such, let it appear marvellous in our eyes; as such, let this last and most wonderful achievement of human skill be made subservient, in an eminent degree, to extend the glories of Thy kingdom to every land beneath the skies, and that thereby all kingdoms under Heaven may speedily become one united kingdom of Thy well-beloved Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We thank Thee for having put it into the hearts of Thy people to honor Thy great name in the transmission of messages from one continent to the other.

"We bless Thee that one of the first messages apprised us that a people which had long held out against Christianity has at last thrown open its doors to the elevating influences of Christianity and civilization; yes, that even China is to-day willing to receive redemption through the messengers of God's everlasting Gospel. And we beseech Thee that from henceforth all the motives of men may be for the extension of Thy kingdom in the earth, and not for their own personal aggrandizement, and that professing Christians may this day dedicate themselves anew into Thy hands, to be used according to the good pleasure of Thy most holy will; and to Thee, who givest success to every good and glorious enterprise, be the praise and the everlasting glory. Amen."

At the conclusion of the prayer by Dr. Bomberger, Mr. George H. Stuart introduced to the audience the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of Washington city, D. C.

Being the first speaker, the short-time rule was waived in his favor, and accordingly, for some fifteen minutes he poured forth a stream of eloquence which seemed to thrill every heart present and impart an enthusiasm to the audience almost insuppressible. Dr. Sunderland was received with applause.

Addressing the chairman, he said: There were times he felt it impossible to find words adequately to express the thoughts that bear away the mind. Such was his situation then. He felt himself called upon to say, in common with all his brethren, that the everlasting Jehovah was moving among the families of earth in a most unusual manner, and that no time in the past history of human progress had foreshadowed such important indications of the speedy reign of the Son of God.

We had now attained a point in the history of time, like yonder Aloe now being exhibited for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association, when in the fulness of time a crowning work was being accomplished in a single day, as it were, to give glory to the plodding progress of ages. The horoscope of cycles, written in past centuries, was now producing in majestic reality the combination of powers in heaven and in earth for the restoration of the human race. The coursers of God's providence were plying with a more overwhelming majesty through land and sea. Already we could anticipate the coming glories of the great cavalcade of Christ, foreshadowed in what was transpiring around us, and we could appropriately exclaim with the prophet to-day—"My father! my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

The laying of the Atlantic Cable was an achievement of God. We were not at liberty to discourse upon it as the offspring of man's ingenuity and labor, although these had greatly combined to facilitate the work. We had proof that it derived its existence from higher power, from manifold sources. Nor had it been accomplished for the mere aggrandizement of the nations of the earth; but rather that it might promote the cause of the Redeemer—to make this sentiment resound around the world, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Thus, in God's own time, He had found a tongue to give this proclamation utterance, and a voice to sound it forth. When God, in past centuries, had seen fit to reveal this Western buttress to the Eastern world, He had found his man to discover it in a Christopher Columbus. So, in fullness of time, he had found a Franklin and a Galvani to penetrate the domain of electricity; and when the depths of the ocean were to be brought into view, to ascertain the practicability of uniting two worlds, He called and found his men in our Lieut. Maury and his associates; and no sooner had He needed a discoverer for the proper protection of the wire for such a work, than a Whitehouse and a Morse responded to his call; and when He wanted to shoot this fibre from shore to shore He called for his man, and Cyrus W. Field responded to his bidding. [Loud and continued applause.]

And next we hear, trembling from the great diapason of the fathomless deep, the glorious tidings of two continents united. But he felt that he must not take up more time. He thanked the audience for the kind manner in which they had received a stranger in their midst. He would, in conclusion, merely refer to what had already flashed across the mighty deep. Blessed news! China, we were told, had thrown open her gates for the ingress of the Gospel of God's Son, and in answer to that had gone back the tidings that God was in his majesty exerting his saving power among the millions of the great American Republic; therefore should we let hosannas rise and our praises ascend to Him who is enthroned in the heavens, and let all the people say "Amen."

At the close of the address, the Chairman said that, in the absence of the late brother Tyng, he would now introduce to the audience the Rev. Mr. Carden, of the Episcopal Church, who would address them.

Mr Carden, laboring under physical indisposition, came forward, and said that he rejoiced from his inmost soul to meet his American brethren on this occasion; but as there were various reasons why he should deny himself the pleasure of speaking, he begged to introduce in his stead a brother, whom he had long known, a native of Germany, educated in England, and now a citizen of Quebec—the Rev. Isidore Mombert.

Mr. Mombert, in appearing upon the platform, said he felt that all the victories which mind had achieved were fit subjects to call forth our most sincere praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty. This last great wonder, he believed, had been mainly achieved by two American heros. He believed the laying of the Atlantic Cable had in many respects ushered in a new era. It was, indeed, not improbable that the time was not far distant when in the most literal sense the telegraph shall girdle the world; and who could fathom the consequences of so vast an achievement! He spoke in the warmest terms of eulogy of the sentiment embodied in the message of the President of the United States to the Queen of England.

By this time all the aisles were literally jammed with standing spectators of both sexes.

At the conclusion of Mr. Mombert's remarks the congregation sang two verses of the hymn recently written by Dr. Thos. H. Stockton, and dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Association, entitled "Glory to God." The whole of this beautiful hymn has already been published in our columns. The music to which it has been set, and to which it was sung yesterday, was composed by Mr. John Bower

The next speaker introduced was the Rev. Dr. Leyburn, who was also greeted with marked applause at his appearing, and repeatedly interrupted as he proceeded.

He, too, felt it to be impossible to find words to express the emotions that swelled within his bosom. They had met together, not as the representatives of any one section of this great confederacy, but rather to unite fraternally with our brethren all over the land, to express our filial affection for our mother beyond the sea, and our religious fealty to our God beyond the sky. When he saw the grandest achievements of science made subservient to the interests of religion, he saw in the future the coming of that day when nations shall not learn war any more—when

"Useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end."

He believed there were some few among the prominent discoverers in the domain of science who scoffed at religion, yet we could not be blind to the fact that in the main the gifted sons of genius in the world of science were men of religious principles. The event they had then assembled to celebrate was full of significance upon this point.

He was reminded to-day that just about one hundred years ago there was wandering about the open fields in the vicinity of the then little town of Philadelphia a man whom many regarded as a fanatical theorist. Even the boys, on seeing this man wandering about, and flying his kite at the approach of a thunder-storm, congratulated themselves on their superior wisdom in having sense enough to seek a shelter from the approaching storm, while this old fool was pursuing his kite-flying, much to the disadvantage of his reputation for common sense among his observers.

That fool had turned out to be our immortal Franklin. [Great applause] The speaker gloried in Franklin's name; he gloried in his country's name; he loved that star-spangled banner, and had felt his blood tingle with the fire of a patriot enthusiasm as he had this morning seen it in its graceful folds floating on the September breeze. It had sent a thrill like an electric shock through his body. Yes, he loved our country and its institutions; but believed in, and longed to see established, a monarchy in this land of ours, (hoping, that after what he had expressed, he might not be subjected to the charge of being unpatriotic for advocating a monarchy;) yes, he longed for the day to come when the sun shall rise upon our beloved land and find the colors of our beautiful flag paled before the blood-stained banner of the Cross, and when all the stars shall have vanished, and instead shall gleam with all the lustre of God's eternal glory the everlasting star of Bethlehem. This was the monarchy for which his soul longed, when the kingdom of our Redeemer shall extend from the rivers even to the ends of the earth, and then with one great united voice, in one grand diapason from all the quarters of the globe, should arise one universal doxology to Him, whose advent was heralded by angels to the shepherds of Judea, in the words:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

At the close of Dr. Leyburn's address the Chairman introduced the Rev. Franklin Moore, who, on coming forward, said that when he first heard the news of this wonderful triumph he was at the seashore.

He depicted in glowing rhetoric the emotions he experienced in contemplating this master event of the nineteenth century by the side of the roaring billows of the Atlantic. It really had seemed to him that old ocean had caught the spirit and was singing out its anthems of "Glory to God."

He was so compressed in time that he found himself hurried on to an outline. This event, in his judgment, was destined to usher in a new social era. The ocean had too long been stained with the blood of brothers; but now every billow was but a flashing link in the chain that binds together nations and worlds long sundered by the barriers of nature and of prejudice. But it was also destined to usher in a new era in religion. God had severed the nations just so long as it best subserved his purposes so to do; but now, that the spirit of Christian union began to burn in every bosom, the time had arrived when the Gospel of Christ should find a highway in the very air we breathe and in the depths of the sea. He was not ashamed to own that he was awe-smitten at the spectacle presented in this wonderful achievement. He felt that the undeveloped indications of past ages were settling like a pall upon the assembly before him. He could sympathize with Franklin, when first he found the fibres of kite-string vibrate in answer to his dream of expectation, and had been made to exclaim, that at that evolution he felt as if he could have died. Franklin was at the base of the achievement they had united to commemorate, and Field was at the apex. He concluded with the congratulation to our own State, that of all the States marked upon the magnificent banner of our country, the particular star of Pennsylvania might ever maintain in the future, as she had done in the past, an eminently honorable and meritorious position.

At this point another verse of the hymn already referred to, "Glory to God," was sung by the congregation.

The next speaker was the Rev. Mr. Cuthbert.

He commenced by saying that he had been thinking of the ashes of Franklin, that were probably being agitated by the tramp of strangers. He was free to confess that he felt considerably excited. He believed, moreover, that his friends on the platform were all excited. He believed the audience was excited, and he did not wonder that it was so, for there was sufficient cause for excitement. It had been a remark of a late Scotch metaphysician, Sir William Hamilton, that we were too much disposed to survey each other at a distance. We were taught in the Bible that God was the Omnific Ruler and Governor of all things in heaven and on earth; that it was He alone who could bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion; and it was to his power and glory, therefore, that we were chiefly indebted for all the achievements of men. [At this point several bands of music passed the Hall, which had the effect of calling many of the audience to the windows in front.]

In the present work there was to his mind a sign of the times. What it was, we might not yet be able to discern, but he believed it was the foreshadowing of some great movement in the history of our religion. He fervently hoped that it might be the heralding of the time when all nations under heaven would be united; when "Holiness unto the Lord" should not only be written on the bells of the horses, but on the telegraph, and when it should indeed be indelibly written upon all the work and intercourse of men. Before concluding, Mr. Cuthbert referred in eloquent terms to the manner in which the claims of religion had been remembered and acknowledged by Columbus, by our Pilgrim fathers, and lastly by our Captain Hudson of the United States navy.

At the close of this speech, the Chairman reminded those of the audience who were still crowding around the windows in front, that they could hear music as good as that which was now passing every day in the week, but it was seldom in a lifetime that they were privileged to listen to such eloquent discourses on the subject of the Atlantic Cable, [laughter,] and he hoped all present might profit by this hint.

The Rev. W. J. R. Taylor was then introduced, and said: We had no martial splendors to place before the eye but such as those, (pointing to the flags which decorated the hall.) He did not wonder that all his brethren there felt as if they were moving amid prophetic scenes. He himself had been strongly reminded of the old Pilgrim worship, when the captain of the vessel became the chaplain of his men, and there, on Plymouth Rock, amid the arches of the forest, united with them in singing praises to their great Ruler and Protector.

The fact that a twenty-four pounder had been on one occasion attached to the Cable in order to sink it, at a time when they feared an accident from its not sinking, was one of several significant if not prophetic incidents connected with the history of that wonderful work.

The symbol which the speaker saw in this, as typifying the burying of the weapons of war beneath the wave of science, seemed to be happily appreciated by his hearers, and elicited no small share of applause. There were, he said, but one or two professors of science in this country who were not Christians, and his prayer was that soon there might be none. The speaker's speculations as to the wonders which would hereafter be realized in connection with the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise were exceedingly felicitous, and we are only sorry that the want of space, and a press of other duties on this *busy, busy* day, forbid a more extensive synopsis of them, as well as of the speeches yet to follow.

The speeches were here interrupted by the singing of the following verse from the 143d Psalm:

"The Lord of Heaven confess,
On high his glory raise;
Him let all angels bless—
Him all his armies praise."

The Rev. Wm. Jenkins was presented to the audience as the next speaker. He opened thus:

England and America—ONE! [To which an audible "Amen" was ejaculated all over the room.] One in blood, one in language, one in historical antecedents, one in literary fame, one in legal institutions, one in civil freedom, one in religion! England and America—ONE! God bless the Union, and what God has joined together let no man put asunder. [Loud and rapturous applause.]

It was because they were thus one, and not for any other reason, he presumed, he had been invited there upon that occasion. He was sure he had not been invited there to speak because he was a Presbyterian, for the Presbyterians had been well, *very well* represented already; but the reason why he had been invited to take a part was clearly to his mind because he was a regular out-and-out John Bull. [Laughter and applause.] At this point, the Chairman, Mr. Stuart, taking advantage of the merry mood of the audience, rose and stated to Mr. Jenkins, that he would take the liberty of informing the audience that they would have an opportunity offered them in the evening of seeing a far better specimen of John Bull on the transparency, which would be exhibited in front of the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, on Chestnut street, above Tenth, and at the same time advised all present to go early if they wished to get a look at it, or they would not be able to get within a mile of it, on account of the crowd. This little episode concluded, much to the amusement of the audience, Mr. Jenkins resumed his remarks by partly suggesting that the John Bull, promised to be exhibited by their friend Stuart, might be a better specimen as far as the *physique* was concerned, but the great difference in his own favor was that he had a genuine John Bull heart in him, and he defied Mr. Stuart or his artist to exhibit to them that part of John Bull on canvas. [Loud laughter all over the room.]

The speaker continued: What mean these adornings—these signs of joy to-day? Had not this triumph been already celebrated? Yes, he saw it celebrated some days ago, as in his thoughts he traversed the depths of the Atlantic. As he there, in imagination, sat at the depths below, he saw moving before him, in chariots of fire, a glorious procession. In that imposing line he saw marshalled the armies of Great Britain and France, and on their banners bearing the inscription, "Peace with China." Following these he saw moving before his vision the representatives of commerce, bearing aloft the intelligence, "China is open to trade." Next came along a small band of diplomatists, bearing upon a united banner, "China has become the free brother of nations to exchange national amenities." Next appeared before him in this imposing train a noble host, bearing the banner of Christ's messengers from England and America, proclaiming in their onward march, "China, with her four hundred and fifty millions, is open to the Gospel."

And as this vision passed before him, he was reminded of the words "As the lightning cometh out of the East and shineth even unto the West, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be."

He now desired to stand before his hearers as a prophet. As he looked forward, and anticipated message after message, he saw in the future one intended for himself, informing him that his sainted mother had been summoned home to her Saviour in heaven. His mother was still living in England, and, from last accounts, she was nigh to the portals of her better home above.

With this part of Mr. Jenkins's remarks the audience were evidently much affected. In future generations, too, the messenger would come from abroad proclaiming that the armies of England and France had forgotten their mutual feuds of past ages, and virtually beaten "their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks." At this point the speaker halted a moment, and then concluded his capital and most effective speech, by asking, in a significant tone, this question:

WHERE IS FRANKLIN'S GRAVE?

The effect of this closing interrogatory can better be imagined than described.

At this point a letter was received from Mr. President Allen, apologising for his absence, having been one of the invited speakers.

Following this letter, the Chairman read also a telegram, received about an hour before, from the Young Men's Christian Association of Cincinnati:

CINCINNATI, September 1.

George H. Stuart, Pres't Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia, at Jayne's Hall.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Cincinnati send Christian greetings. May this new triumph of the genius of man be made subservient to the extension of the Redeemer's Empire, till the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ.

H. THANE MILLER,
Pres't Y. M. Christian Association.

After this despatch had been read, the following message, prepared by our Association here, to be transmitted over the electric cable to the associations of London and Europe, was also read by the Chairman:

"Brethren of London and Europe: The floods are lifting up their voice, and through their deep pathway we send our fraternal greetings.

"Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. The