

It was much as if the crew of the *Agamemnon* proposed, in sea-prize, to the admiral, the flag of Sebastopol. It is possible that after amazement at such incredible audacity paralysed, for a time, the Danes, for the officers had been discharged a shot at them. As they were out of range, however, this gentle boat soon manifested its true character. They were compelled to abandon their purpose by the advance of some Danish soldiers sent to capture them. It then became necessary to withdraw, and they were obliged to quit the Danish soil. My father, young, light, and agile, flew swiftly towards the boat; his commander, a fat man, and his officers, were gaining their boats, but they succeeded in gaining their boat, and re-embarking in safety. Often in after-years, their Danish walk was the mark of merry reminiscence.

One of the greatest miseries attending the present war, has been the personal sufferings of the army from privation—inevitable privation—and pestilence; and we are apt to think that in the old war, people did not suffer thus. But an officer who served all through the Peninsular campaigns assured me, that the sufferings being inevitable, they were the same under Wellington—only, he added significantly, people did not die of the want of food, as they did in the Peninsula. We were attached to the great duke; but the sufferings were not the less severe.

Speaking of the Duke, we were told a highly characteristic. The narrator had been a trumpeter in the Guards, a boatswain in the navy, and is now a parish-clerk. Having heard that he had served in Spain and Portugal, we asked him if he had seen much of the Duke of Wellington during that time. He answered: "I never saw him but once, and his recall is highly characteristic. He was in Portugal. The people of the neighbourhood, distrusting the honesty of their allies, had driven their pigs into the sea, and he had to see to it that they were not. One man went out to the soldiers, and the other men found out hog-hunting by moonlight. In firing at the pigs, they hit and killed some of the men, and he had to see to it that the ears of the commander-in-chief, he was very angry. He knew well how necessary it was for the Portuguese to rely on British honours, and he had to see to it that they were not. He had made it death for any soldier to steal from the people. I was standing," continued our informant, "in the middle of a regiment, and he was there this affair. He looked very much displeased. Just then a soldier came by with a sack of flour on his shoulder.

"What did you find the general," where did you find that flour?"
 "I took it from the mill yonder, my lord."
 "And you pay for it?"
 "No, my lord."
 "There was an instant's pause. Then the duke called out:
 "Go to the marshal, do you duty!"

The man was hanged on the spot; and after that, there was no more pilfering or plundering. The same discipline still reminding one of the command of "Bonnie Dundee." But here, again, there is a difference. It does not appear that such terrible and prompt justice was meted out to the men who were guilty. Miss Nightingale characterises as like "good children," and whose self-devotion and simple piety are glorious proofs of what the world is capable of. Her training and teaching the new generation.

My wife soon
 Out of this nettle danger pluck the flower Safety,
 and act over again, with the like improved aspect, the story of the old peaco

WALKS AND KISSES.—The editors of the *Lancashire Gazette* say that she would soon nuzzle her son in a rat's nest of swine's tow, as allow a man with whickers on his hair. *W (Peterson Express)* don't believe a word of it. The objections which some ladies pretend to have to whickers all arise from envy. They would if they could; but the fact is, the continual motion of the lower jaw is the cause of growth. The hair and nose then adopt one position as far as they can. Look at the depositions they have committed on our wardrobes the last few years. They have appropriated our shirts-bosoms, gold studs and all. They have encircled their soft bewitching necks in our s'manding collars and cravats—driving them to fustians and tan-downs. Their innocent little hearts have been so much excited by the sight of the whickers, instead of champing against the outside, as naturally intended. They have thrust their pretty feet and ankles through our unmentionables—unwhiskerables, unthinkabables. And they are skipping along the streets in our high-heeled boots. Do you hear, gentlemen—we say boots!

THE SUB-ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

(From *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.)
 Those who have watched the progress of the electric telegraph, and the extension across island and continent, over rivers and under seas, will be quite prepared to hear that the great Atlantic Telegraph is likely to become a fact before we are many years older. While we write, the enterprising spirit of the day is extending its tentacles by wires with all parts of the continent—from Copenhagen or Stockholm to Bayonne, and, further still, with the cities of Italy and Piedmont, and the island territory of our ally the king of Sardinia. From Cape Spartaco, to the eastward, the extension of this island, a wire is to be sunk across the Mediterranean to Algiers, and another to Malta, and from thence, by Corfu and the Morea, to Constantinople. And a third wire passing from Malta to Alexandria, will traverse Egypt, and start the Red Sea to Aden, plunge there beneath the waters of the Indian Ocean, to re-appear at Kurra-chee, where it will join the Indian system of telegraphs, which spreads even now over a distance of 3900 miles. From the eastward, a wire is to be stretched across the Pegu and the Burmah territories, and will be carried along the Malayan peninsula and under the sea to Borneo, from whence a branch will run to Hong-Kong, while the main line will be stretched across the great island, and dipping once more into the Red Sea, to Port Essington, in Australia. From this place, it will pass onwards to Sydney and the more southern colonies, and so to Hobart-town, in Van Diemen's Land; and then, we shall get a wire from our own continent to the day. There is something fantastic in the idea of such a mighty extension of the Thought-flasher; but a few years ago, he who should have predicted even the present European system of telegraphs, would have been laughed at as one of the maddest of men. The things that wonderful results are already accomplished. Besides the above-mentioned lines, there is the wire across the Black Sea to Balaklava; and the Admiralty and Foreign Office now get news from the coast of Africa, by means of a process which needs never to wait till the fog clears off, as was so frequently the case with the telegraph of twenty years ago. What we can do in the way of giving and receiving information, is nothing to what we can do in the way of extending its ramifications to the ends of the earth; and no spider ever felt the tug of a fly from the remotest extremity of his silken networks more surely than our foreign minister, seated quietly in his office in Downing Street, has felt the tug of a cable from the colonies within the course of an hour or two. At first, there will be something surprising to see paragraphs in the evening papers dated Melbourne or New Zealand at nine in the morning (our time) of the next day, and to see the cables of all our messages from the antipodes, and look on them as matters of course, and perhaps grumble if by any casualty we have to wait for an answer till the next day. What will be the effect on trade? Surely there will never be a glut of goods, and we shall know the price of the distant market day by day. No room for blind speculation then. We know an enterprising trader, who, reading in the advices from Adelaide that blankets were a drug in the market, immediately bought up and sent out thousands worth of the same commodity, and secured all remembrance with: 'I know what I'm about. Nobody will think of sending blankets in the face of the advices; so, when mine get to the colony, there will be a glut of goods, and I shall be all right.' And sure enough, the result was as he anticipated; and he realised a handsome profit. But what will he and others do, when the ups and downs of the foreign markets are as well known in the city as those of the colony?

which may be called the first step, then enable us to send or receive messages from one side of the ocean to the other in six or seven days. For instance, the steamer leaves New York: four days afterwards, she calls at St. John's, and there takes in the mail, and the message is sent by Telegraph from all parts of the United States; and then steaming forth, she will get over the 1600 miles between Newfoundland and Liverpool in six or seven days, as already stated. Should Cape Clear be the new receiver of the line, then the time would be reduced to five or six days. The port of St. John's, though a good one when you are once inside it, is obstructed by rocks at the entrance. These rocks are being blown up, and the necessary improvements are to be made to facilitate the prompt approach and departure of steamers; and as a coal-depot is to be established, vessels will be able to proceed with a smaller quantity of coal, and have room to spare for freight.

The board the second and longer strand—from Cape Clear to St. John's, or between the nearest points of Ireland and Newfoundland. To sink a wire through such a distance, will indeed be a triumph of skill and engineering science. The company enterprising in this possibility, and are taking active measures to carry out their plan. One important preliminary was to know something of the nature of the ocean-bottom between the two places above named; and this has been ascertained by the admirable service of Admiral Mervill, undertaken by the United States' government. We have more than once called attention to this undertaking in the *Journal*. The results are singularly interesting in many respects; but with regard to the main question, Lieutenant Murray reports, in the *Secretary of War's* Washington, that the bottom of the sea between Ireland and Newfoundland 'is a plateau, which seems to have been placed there especially for the purpose of holding the wires of a submarine telegraph; and of keeping them from too shallow; yet, it is so deep, that the wires, when once laid, will remain for ever beyond the reach of vessels' anchors, icebergs, and drifts of any kind; and so shallow, that the wires may be laid at a depth of from 1600 to 2300 fathoms on the European side of the ocean, and gradually rise to about half that depth at its western extremity. With this fact before them, the projectors of the Atlantic telegraph, in their twisting of their cable, and to provide means for the transport of so prodigious a length as 1600 miles. Lieutenant Murray adds, that among other results of the soundings, it was ascertained, that there are never less than 1600 fathoms of water between the wire once laid, there would be little risk of its being swept away.

We hear that the cable is to be similar to that laid across the Gulf of St. Lawrence; describing which, a New York paper says: 'Each communicating wire is regularly and perfectly insulated, and the whole cable, when thus covered, about a quarter-inch in diameter. Three insulated wires are then placed in a circular form around a tarred hempen cord, and the spaces between them filled up with layers of the same material. The wires are then twisted together, and are bound firmly around the whole. Strong wires are then twisted spirally round, and the cable is completed. The reason of the use of tar is, that it gives durability; as tar, in connection with iron has been found to be the best preservative of the cable when immersed in salt water.'

Whether viewed by itself, or in connection with the pregnant state of political affairs, this Atlantic Telegraph assumes a high importance. Whatever may take place in Europe, will be known within an hour or two in New York, and in all the American Colonies; and for the sake of all concerned, it is to be hoped, that the friendly feeling now subsisting will be strengthened. In about three years, the union will probably be effected; and part of the cost for extension in the future will be a thing accomplished. We might speculate still further as to what the results will be when we can talk at pleasure with the antipodes or San Francisco—at one and the same time with the lands of the rising and the

setting sun; but we forbear. The results will some day speak for themselves. Meantime, we may just glance at another view of the question. 'At home even,' says a contemporary, 'the telegraph is still in its infancy; but every one who has paid attention to the subject cannot feel that the period is not far distant when great improvements will be effected in the present clumsy mode of transmitting messages, and when increased facilities and diminished charges will give to this method of communication the pre-eminence which it ought to possess over the Post-office. The time will come when by the machinery of St. Martin's-le-Grand will bear the same relation to our telegraph companies that the canals and highways now bear to the railways.'

QUALIFICATIONS OF THE NATURAL HISTORIAN.—Let no one think this same natural history is a pursuit fitted only for effeminate or pedantic men. We should like to see a fair catalogue—our periodical for a perfect naturalist are as many and as lofty as were required by old chivalrous writers for the perfect knight-errant of the middle ages; for—to sketch an ideal, which we are happy to say our race now affords, the naturalist must be a man of business; a naturalist should be strong in body; able to haul a dredge, climb a rock, turn a boulder, walk all day, uncertain where he shall eat or rest; ready to face sun and rain, wind and frost; and to eat or drink thankfully anything he may come across; or, he should know how to swim for his life, to pull an oar, sail a boat, and ride the first horse which comes to hand; and finally, he should be a thoroughly good shot, and a skilful fisherman; and, if he go far abroad, he should know how to fight for his life.—*King'sley's Gazettes.*

MARRY THE WOMAN.—Some young men marry dimples, some ears; the mouth, too, is occasionally married, the chin not so often. A young man, in a flying fellow, will fall head over heels and marry a young bride,—bride, we believe, young ladies style that mass of hair which, descending from the forehead, forms a sort of mouse's nest over the ear. He was so far gone in the matter, that he had no objection to this bride; but the Eugenic mode of hair-dressing coming in just then, the charm was dissolved, and there is no present appearance of its being renewed. What do young men marry? 'Why,' they marry these, and many other bits of scraps of a wife, instead of the true thing; and then, after the wedding they are surprised to find that although married, they have no wives. He that would have a wife, must marry a woman.—*American paper.*

NEWSPAPERS OF ST. PETERSBURG.—I never knew more than six in St. Petersburg—three in Russian, two in German, and one in French. The Russian are—the *Journal de St. Pierre*, filled with announcements and trading-advertisements; *The Invalid*, a naval and military journal, formerly edited by Baron Korff; and *The Northern Bee*, which enjoys a certain reputation for the violence with which it attacks the Government. The editor of the last is its editor war Mr. Bulgarin. The *French Journal de St. Peterburg* usually contains, besides the ordinary official statements of promotions, &c., a few meagre extracts from English, French, and German papers; it contains a few short bits of scraps of news, not much larger than the *London Gazette*, with occasionally an extra half-sheet when circumstances permit. Of the two German *Zeitungens*, I know nothing further than that one is published under the auspices of the *St. Petersburg Science*.—*Notes of a Nine Years' Residence in Russia.*

BRAND AND CONSCIENCE.—Judge Jeffries, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard.—Does your lordship,' replied the old man, 'my conscience is bearded if you, your lordship has none at all.'

CHEAT HOBBS.—'We have a span of horses,' said an eccentric the other day, 'an our farm, that support themselves without any cost.'—'Why, how is that?' exclaimed a listener.—'Why, you see,' remarked the questioned, 'one is a saw horse the other a clothes horse.'