

and move in his dreams over that waste of waters, still bound in exultation and triumph through its foaming billows. All the other treasures of life will be comparatively tame, and he will sigh for his tossing element, as the eager eagle for the roar and arrowy sight of his mountain cataracts.

PRESENT STATE AND PROGRESS OF TELEGRAPHS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

The length of telegraph lines built and in operation in the United States and Canada is estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000 miles. The most distant points in communication are Halifax, N.S. and Quebec with New Orleans, near 2,000 miles intervening between them, following the circuitous routes of the wires. The towns and villages which are accommodated with telegraph stations amount to between 450 and 500. As there are two or three lines, under different companies, between New York and other principal cities, many of the towns have two or three separate telegraph offices.

The first line erected was in 1844-'45, between Washington and Baltimore. The next was from New York to Philadelphia, which was opened early in 1846—This line was soon after extended from Philadelphia to Washington. The next lines of importance constructed were those made by Henry O'Reilly, connecting Philadelphia with Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, and another connecting New York with Boston, and another connecting New York with Buffalo. New Orleans is connected with New York by two lines. The first passing South by way of Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, Macon and Columbus, Ga. and Montgomery and Mobile, to New Orleans. The other passing via Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, and thence through Mississippi, to New Orleans. Each of these routes intersects with other lines, and give off lateral branches to any part not on the main route.—The distance traversed by either line from New York to New Orleans does not vary much from about 2,000 miles. Messages passing from one of these cities to the other have usually to be re-written four or five times at intermediate stations; though, by an improved method of magnetic connections, the seaboard line has, in good weather, transmitted communications direct between New York and Mobile, without intermediate re-writing, a distance of near 1,800 miles. By the Western or Cincinnati route to New Orleans, steamers' news-handled in at 8 A. M. have reached New Orleans, and the effects produced on the market at that point returned to New York by 11 A. M. Short messages forwarded from New York have frequently been in time reaching St. Louis and New Orleans.—*New York Herald.*

A NET FOR THE CREDULOUS.—A person calling himself Captain D'Auberville, of baroque Cuckistan, of Boston, writes to the *Louisville Varieties*, that he picked up on the African coast, at the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar, a cedar keg covered with barnacles and other marine animalcules, which contained a cocoon not enveloped in a kind of gum or resinous substance, in which was a parchment covered with Gothic characters, nearly illegible, but which proved to be a document signed by Christopher Columbus, dated 1493, and which was thrown overboard by him in a storm on his homeward passage after discovering the new world!

The circulation of the London Times is 40,000 daily nearly as great as that of all the other papers united—This is owing, mainly, to the stamp duty on advertisements; advertisers are obliged to pay that tax and give their patronage to the largest circulation. Abolish that tax and the Times would fall down to a level with other papers. So say the Radicals.

JUGGERNAUT'S HOUSEHOLD.—The "establishment" connected with the great temple of Juggernaut, in India, is immense. It includes 36 different kinds of coffee, some of which are subdivided into several more. About 640 persons are required to fill the appointments, a few of which are the following:—The one who puts Juggernaut to bed, the one who wakes him, the one who gives him water and a toothpick, the parmer to paint his eyes, the officer to give him rice, and another to give him pan-oe to wash his linen, one to count his robes, one to carry his umbrellas, and another to tell him the hours of worship. Besides these, there are 4000 cooks, 120 dancing girls, and 3000 priests, many of whom are exceedingly rich.

ALL FOR MONEY.

BY M. S. M. TAYLOR.

What a funny world is ours,
Very funny;
Full of sunshine, full of showers,
Full of money;
But the last is hard to get,
What a pity!
Many are in want of it,
In the city;
In the village, in the town,
Men are wandering up and down,
Through the valleys, o'er the hills,
Selling notions, vending pills,
All for money,
That is funny!

What a funny world is ours,
Very funny;
Full of thorns and full of flowers,
Full of money;
Money, money, is the rage,
All are striving,
In this truly golden age,
To be thriving.
Concert singers travel round,
Murdering all harmonious sound,
Banders undertake to preach,
Rustics leave their ploughs to teach,
Statesmen oft will make a speech,
All for money,
That is funny!

What a funny world is ours,
Very funny;
Full of sweets and full of sour,
Full of money;
Men for money toil and slave,
Ceasing never,
From the cradle to the grave,
Striking ever.
Presses and cobblers take their tolls,
Blasphemy patching up our souls,
Doctors either "cure or kill,"
Clerks will rob the merchant's till,
Tailors bring a wrinkled bill,
All for money,
That is funny!

What a funny world is this,
Very funny;
Full of misery, full of bliss,
Full of money;
Magic money! passing strange
Is thy power;
Men will change about for change
Every hour

Editors and printers toil,
Writers sense and grammar spoil,
Teachers learn our boys to read,
Many men will shape their creed,
Lovers, lawyers, lie and plead,
All for money,
That is funny! —*Carpet Bag.*

Too Good to Be Lost.—A friend of ours relates the following story, which is a good one:—A traveller who, he afterwards knew, once arrived at a village inn, after a hard day's travel, and being very tired, requested a room to sleep in; but the landlord said they were entirely full, and it was utterly impossible to accommodate him—that his wife slept on the sofa, and himself on the floor; but that he would see what his wife could do for him. The good woman, on being applied to, said there was one room which he might occupy, provided he would agree to the conditions, viz.: to enter the room late in the night, and leave it early in the morning to prevent scandal, as the room was occupied by a lady. This he agreed to. About two o'clock that night an awful noise was heard in the house, and our friend, the traveller, was found tumbling heels over head down stairs. On our landlord arriving at the spot, and enquiring what the matter was, the traveller ejaculated, as soon as he was able to speak,—"Oh Lord, the woman's dead!"—"I know that," said the landlord, "but how did you find it out?"

LATE VISIT TO JAPAN.

The Hamburg Brig *Rose*, Capt. Anderson, from Singapore to this port, met with a severe storm, was disabled and obliged to put into the nearest repairs. This happened to be one of the Islands, Japan. Captain Anderson states that the name of the village is Nipaking, and this visit of a foreign vessel to be the first ever made to that place. However, it would be impossible to state with any accuracy.

No sooner had Capt. Anderson dropped anchor than this vessel was surrounded by three hundred boats, which guard was kept up, with alternations, until he sailed from the harbor. After some difficulty he was allowed to go singly on shore, with an escort of sixty men conducted him with great vigilance a short distance through the principal streets, landing he found all the markets and public places, although while leaving his vessel he had seen a market places thrown open, and an appearance of unobstructed trade going on. Every thing presented a wall to him, and he was not permitted to go curiously in the slightest particular. Yet he was treated with great respect and kindness, and furnished with sixty men to prosecute repairs on his vessel.

The population of Nipaking he estimates at 200,000 souls. A very large police force was constantly on duty during his stay three or four thousand from the island, probably sent for by the authorities, arrived, who kept a diligent watch upon strangers.—[*Boston Paper.*]

The fire alarm Telegraph is nearly complete in Boston. The Boston papers give the following description of it:—Forty-nine miles of wire have been stretched over the city, dividing under the surface of the sea which separate its main parts, South and East Boston. The first of the iron signal boxes has been placed on the Rock in Hancock street. These will be so distributed that every house in the city will be within the range of one. Whenever a fire occurs, resort will be made to the nearest box, where, by turning a key, simultaneous communication will be made to the central office, and from that—which stands in the whole fire department of the city, like a nerve to the nervous system—instant knowledge will be communicated to the seven districts into which the city is divided, by so striking the alarm bell simultaneously that the locality of the fire will be known exactly to all.

Among the passengers by the *Hermes* were two distinguished friends of Kosuth, one of whom was the officer of the guards, at whose house he staid while visiting London. The other was Hennington, a traveller in the East, and the aid of alacarrigoi, during his short career in England, with him at his death. He is the author of a book on that subject, and of another called *Revolution in Russia*. He it was who had two schooner boats in the neighborhood of the Dardanelles, and a number of horses posted at proper distances between them to effect the escape of Kosuth, if the intervention of the American government and the English fleet had not prevailed with the Sultan.

DEATH IS A FOREST.—A celebrated hunter, John Paice, he being also a farmer in this county, having been in the habit of shooting many of the winter, until he had already killed the unhappy number of nine hundred and ninety-nine, partridges, a few days since, shot him, dragged him back, became weary, sat down upon the ground, fell asleep, and there, in the midst of the forest, he froze to death, and was found, the day following, by a party that went in search of the unfortunate. He lay like a person fast asleep, not a muscle of his body having moved, but all the appearance of a tranquil death, his trusty rifle firmly clenched in his hand, and over his shoulder, still fast to the deer, which he had drawn the thousandth victim of his cruel aim. The deer, however, leaves a wife and family afflicted, and his untimely end is deeply regretted by the neighbors, amongst whom he was well respected. —*Medical Review.*