

nel between England and Ireland; it is suggested that the telegraphic communication with Ireland should be made to the nearest point opposite Port Patrick. Those who propose to cross the Atlantic with wires, say that it can only be done by the route of the Orkneys, Farøe Islands, and Iceland, to New Brunswick, equivalent to pronouncing the scheme to be impracticable, or indefinitely deferred. But more sanguine or more skilful experimentalists affirm it to be possible to establish a telegraphic communication through the sea without wires: earth and water, it appears, are quite sufficient for the purpose. The fact that such a communication has already been effected across the Thames, is quite enough to cause the parties now in motion to persevere. The *modus operandi* generally stated would be this:—A galvanic battery is placed at Dover, from one end of which a wire passes to a sheet of zinc or copper buried in the sea beyond low water mark; from the other end the wire is led into a coil, from which it is continued to a greater distance along the shore, than the opposite coast, and there terminates in a metallic plate also under water. A similar arrangement would be made at Calais, and the conclusion, as far as yet worked out is, that the resistance being less between shore and shore than between the extremities of the wires on the respective coasts, the electric current would find its way across in sufficient force to deflect a needle. The idea is most ingenious, and if carried out as anticipated, will obviate the difficulty presented, liability of submerged wires to fracture.

ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

Imagine a young man, possibly with an outward appearance of even boyish youth—give him powers and habits both of intense study and extreme dissipation,—manners displaying at once the refinement that education must always produce, and the coarseness of what I fear I must call libertinism; the look of conscious knowledge beyond others, as much of the recondite truths of science as of all the tricks and dodges of the town, an air of pride, likewise, and perhaps of poverty: clothe him in a pea-jacket, a rusty black stock, with no shirt visible, and trousers strapped down over his shoes. Then add a big stick, and you will possess a tolerably correct notion of a medical student.

He studies, probably, at a school several hundred miles from his home. He is young, and his own master; at once, and for the first time, thrown on his own resources, and far from the advice or control of his friends. Dissection, by making him habitually familiar with all of mortal nature that men have been wont to hold in awe, renders him, in time, an utterly reckless and regardless being; while the temptations to sin, and numerous and powerful indeed they are, by which he is surrounded on all sides, can hardly fail to demoralize, for a time, a mind already so strongly pre-

disposed to their influence. But if rakish conduct be excusable in any one, surely it is him, considering that in a short year or two he settles into the quiet and strictly moral and exemplary medical practitioner.

I have known a young man of this class who frequently passed forty-eight hours of time at a spot without closing his eyes in sleep, and it was a matter of perfect indifference to him, as far as inclination went, whether he passed it in arduous study—possibly of a question in science that required the talent of a master to catch even a glimpse of—or spent it in the pursuit of furious fun, roystering and devilment. Equally alert have I seen one at Chemistry and cricket, Physiology or football, Surgery and singstick, milling and *Materia Medica*, Doctoring and drinking, these various accomplishments being diversified by the occasional effusion of a sonnet to *her* at home, or the insertion of an article in one of the magazines, with the view of raising a sovereign or two when cash was at ebb. Among this class the spirit of adventure and romance still lingers, ere she take her final flight from earth to heaven, before the advancing deluge of decency and matter of fact. Among them, disguises and rope ladders are not yet extinct, and assignations, encounters, and hairbreadth escapes are of nightly occurrence. But listen to this young fellow.

“I studied for a year at the University of Glasgow, in the north. A medical education is to be had there cheap enough, and of excellent quality. My friends, coming to be aware of these facts, packed me off thither, nor did I feel much inclination myself to revolt at the measure. It is a large town, very densely populated, and very wealthy withal, for manufacturing and trading, which have separately enriched separate cities, have here combined their resources, and in the factory districts of the city the female population is to the male as the proportion of five to one. When you take each and all of these points into due consideration you will perceive that it is not at all a very repulsive place to a medical student. For my own part I dropped into the heart of a select circle of youths, a regular clique, equally prepared for whatever might turn up of an evening—hard study, oysters, larking or love-making. We used to honor with our patronage a peculiar house of entertainment, where the senses were ravished with whiskey-punch, Scotch ale, and the notes of a horrible old spinet, dignified with the name of a piano. It was in that identical street where dwelt whilome Baillie Nicol Jarvie, of high historical fame.

From this classic haunt I emerged, one night, in company with a few others of the clique alluded to, and in a state of mental elevation which, I believe, it would puzzle a Transcendentalist to analyze or classify. My companions left me with the avowed intention of seeking their several homes—whether they did or not I am unable to say. For myself, I expressed a purpose of a similar nature, and as soon as they were out of sight, diverged away through the dark streets of the sleeping city, without any precisely definable object in view, but determined to ramble along as chance should direct, and follow out the first thing in the way of adventure that might tumble up.

It was a fine mild night for the season, and as I staggered along, my thoughts got more and more dreamy and confused, and as I speedily lost all idea of my whereabouts, at one time threading the windings of