

*A la New York Herald.*

The sun has almost run a yearly course since the grand announcement of the completion of this great Atlantic Telegraph. Twelve months have nearly passed since fireworks and rockets champagne and oysters were demolished to show the enthusiasm of our go-ahead countrymen in the cause of science and the triumph of man's mind over the rude elements.

Many believed, and do to this day believe that so important an event as the completion of this modern wonder of the world was, as the *Globe* says of Cobden's appointment, "too good news to be true," but their skepticism must hide its diminished head when the *Herald's* gleams of intelligence blaze forth to the world.

We are enabled by an arrangement with its great projector, to Cyrus W. Field, and the operator, De Santy, to give full particulars of all the messages that have passed over the wires even to the number of dots and commas. Some of the telegrams were of the highest importance to political and mercantile men, and the ten days' travelling of the electricity saved to the British and American Governments more than treble the expenses of the whole affair, thus showing the practicability of the line as regards economy. The principal messages transmitted we give in full below, and a perusal will show the magnitude of their importance and impart much useful information:—

No. 1.

*Professor Whitehouse to De Santy.*

Do you feel the signals—is it landed?

WHITEHOUSE.

No. 2.

*De Santy to Whitehouse.*

Yes! blaze away.

DE SANTY.

No. 3.

*Whitehouse to De Santy.*

All right, wait till I get a drink, this end is rather rusty.

WHITEHOUSE.

No. 4.

*De Santy to Whitehouse.*

Hurry up I want to get one too, but as there is nothing but Pine knot whisky within six miles, when I go I shant be back till morning.

DE SANTY.

No. 5.

*Earl of Derby to Rt. Hon. Sir E. Head.*

Her Majesty's compliments—wishes you to send twelve pounds of the celebrated Jno. Stokes Lemon ice cream.

DERBY.

No. 6.

*Rt. Hon. Sir E. Head to Earl Derby.*

Consider it did, my Lord—Brown says you want him in the Ministry, is it true?

E. HEAD.

No. 7.

*Earl Derby to Sir E. Head.*

Tell Brown to go to—Bothwell. Send John A. and Cartier after him.

DERBY.

No. 8.

*Duchess of Sunderland to D. Bansley.*

I heard you were bair dresser to J. S. Hogan, M. P.P. Can you by any possible means procure a lock of his hair—I will give sixty guineas for a single hair.

SUNDERLAND.

No. 9.

*D. Bansley to Duchess Sunderland.*

Mr. Hogan dresses his own hair and keeps a private museum for the preservation of the cropplings and loose hairs. It is the use of my Heather balm gives it its beautiful gloss—Price 50 cents per bottle.

D. BANSLEY.

No. 10.

*Sir E. B. Lytten to Ed. Grumbler.*

Recommend to the Governor some eminent literary personage to succeed John A. Macdonald as Premier.

No. 11.

*Editor of Grumbler to Sir E. Head.*

Have recommended Jos. Goo'd, M.P.P.—Sir E. refuses advice; better come out yourself.

GRUMBLER.

At this time the signals because quite faint, and messages from the operators only were transmitted:

No. 12.

*Whitehouse to De Santy's.*

Have \* \* \* \* whisky—\* \* \*

No. 13.

*De Santy to Whitehouse.*

Repeat whisky—none here.

No. 14.

*Whitehouse to De Santy.*

Have repented—good—cable is shakye—must be intoxicated.

No. 15.

*De Santy to Whitehouse.*

Dry up \* \* \* \* Here the electricity failed to convey further information, and notwithstanding the effect of the Professors the cable remains in that quiescent state classically termed *status quo*.

SONS OF MALTA.

—We have heard it said that the Sons of Malta are a beer-drinking association. If it be so, we are ready to join it. We have hitherto refrained from doing so, because we thought that the only beer we should get would be the *beer* we should be stretched upon if we revealed the secrets of the Society. Perhaps the story originated in a vile pun on the first syllable of the name; if so we won't join.

TRIUMPHS OF ERUDITION.

The erudite President of University College (Dr. McGaul) sends us certain interpretations of enigmatical inscriptions and initials commonly met with in the streets or in the course of conversation:

1. "O.K." These mysterious letters have been associated with each other ever since the days of Oliver Cromwell, who was in the habit of signing himself O. K. for short, in the course of his voluminous political correspondence. When he applied at the door of Parliament for the purpose of creating a shindy and sending "that bauble" away, they enquired at the door "Who's there?" and Oliver answered "It's all O. K." and this expression has been handed down to posterity as a signal of safety and success. Some persons have hinted at a derivation from the Old King at the Panthechnecca, but this is most uninterestingly modern.

2. "T.W.W." These initials have been supposed by a benighted individual to have some connection with the "Toronto Water Works," and several benighted Fire Companies have been seen attempting to extract moisture from the neighbourhood thereof, but have been invariably disappointed. The best amplification we can give is "Terrible Want of Water."

3. Professor Croft asked me the other day how H. O. came to be the chemical sign for water. I imagine it is an abbreviation from the word "Hose," in the title "Hose Company," given to one of the branches of the Fire Department: though as far as Toronto is concerned, the derivation is an ironical one of the "lucus a non lucendo sort," inasmuch as the Water Works never let them have any water.

THE CITY FAIR.

On Wednesday and Thursday next, we are to have a great exhibition at the Crystal Palace, under the auspices of the Corporation of Toronto. We have not heard what the precise character of the fair is to be, but under the management of Councillman Finch, it cannot fail. That worthy city dad promises to send his goose and cabbage for exhibition, and we have every confidence that the other worthy members of the Council will follow his example. Alderman McCleary promises to send an illuminated English Grammar, written with original emendations in orthography and punctuation by himself. Councillor Carroll will send his photograph, in a frame made of the College Avenue fence.

We regret to hear, that an attempt was made last week to poison Alderman Bugg, with the "Rat and Cockroach Exterminator;" if sufficiently recovered, however, he will exhibit himself in a rog, as a respectable Bugg ought to do. Alderman Sprout will show two or three of the children who have demolished the Avenue, fattened on ginger beer.

The other members will also be ready with their contributions. Steiner will ascend in a balloon, carrying a file of *Old Double* as ballast. He will also carry Malcolm Cameron on a donkey, suspended from the car.

Blondin will utterly eclipse his previous feats, by walking on a rope made of John A. Macdonald's principles. The material is so thin that Blondin will carry a microscope to trace his way on it. He will carry the rest of the Government on his back, and fix one on each of the church spires.

We expect a wonderful time of it,—hurrah for a free fair and a free fight!