

INTERESTING TELEGRAPH COMMUNICATIONS.

The popular belief that the Atlantic telegraph cable is not in working order, and only useful, at present, as a clothes line for dolphins and mermaids, is quite a mistake. On receipt of the intelligence that Richard Cobden was likely to become Governor General of Canada, the knowing ones who control this end of the great electrifier, aroused De Sauty, and had him at work in less than ten minutes, sending off their messages; through the kindness of the operator, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following true copies:

Hon. Mr. Cartier to R. Cobden, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—

I am very happy la Reine make you ze governor—she no make me ze knight—I shall have so much pleasure to be yur Premier, I am talented I have been in every ministry dese last eight years Tory, Radical Conservative, Reform; I know zem all, de country cannot do wisout me, you will make me ze Premier, I know.

Adieu, yours, &c.,

Geo. E. CARTIER.

R. Cobden, Esq. to G. E. Cartier.

SIR,—

Your message is under consideration, a long way under consideration; when it comes to the surface again, will let you know.

Yours, &c.,

RICHARD COBDEN.

Hon. Geo. Brown to R. Cobden, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—

I congratulate you. I congratulate Canada on your appointment to the Governor Generalship of this fair country,—a country which is groaning under the burthens of taxation, recklessness, extravagance, and jubbery imposed upon her by Macdonald and Cartier's unprincipled crew; but the dawn appears, and the blighting reign of corruption ceases when the tyrant Head goes home. The bull is rolling, and the staunch reformers of Western Canada call with one voice on you to choose for the direction of the state a man who is able to grapple with the great questions of the day; they call on you to drive forth the corrupt ministerials and to form a government from the opposition ranks—a government unshackled by the bonds of corruption which now enslave us to Lower Canada.

Yours, &c.,

Geo. BROWN.

P.S. I am the acknowledged leader and most prominent man of the parliamentary Opposition.

G. B.

Richard Cobden, Esq. to Hon. George Brown.

All right, keep the ball rolling and the grappling irons fast. When they let go communicate again.

Yours &c.,

RICHARD COBDEN.

P.S. Encase the shackles in Chamois leather, and they will be easier.

Hon. Sidney Smith to Richard Cobden, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—

I guess you'll want one some to take the mail bags when you come out-here. Now I've bin in this office, and know exactly whats what. Just let me stick to the post office, and I'll keep George Brown

quit, as I am the only one in the House ho's skeered of.

Yours eternally,

SID. SMITH.

Rich'd Cobden to Hon. Sid. Smith.

You don't say so?

RICH'D COBDEN.

Jos. Gould, Esq., M. P. P., to Rich'd Cobden.

DEAR SIR,—

Hearin that u war to kum hear as governer, I wants to giv u som Advise, don't have nuttin to do with Sidney Smith, he'll want to be inspector of Edukashun, but he's a iggnowramus, wich is greek for no nuttin and kant spell well and hasn't got no litley Murray's jografra. Jao. a. macdonle says he's a literatus, and may ax you to giv him the situashun, but Jao. a. doesn't no much hisself, and gets Egerton Ryerson to write his letters, so I wouldn't, if I was u, believe what he rites. I have bin to nix skool, and would like the place wich is jest suited to me, and ken read and spell better than Smith, I have rote mutch, and Darcy Mic Gee I speake better than Dan O'Connell, besides knowin about the weevil more than Van Konut, who isn't fit for ure Kumpany, havin only one hat, wich is not a sund'y one. Bob Kludie may want to be made sumbin, he can't fill any hi situashun, but on account of his wons been a clear grit, and helpin Jorgs Brown, u mie make him a messenger of the house, with 3 dollars a week wages, and wash hisself.

Ures till deat,

JOE GOULD.

Rich'd Cobden to Jos. Gould, Esq., M. P. P.

DEAR SIR,—

Many thanks for your advice, will attend to the strict letter of it, when I am in power.

You can tell Moodie he shall have the messenger's place.

RICH'D COBDEN.

J. Sheridan Hogan, M.P.P., to Richard Cobden, Esq.

SIR,—The author of the Prize Essay on Canada ventures to address one on whom his beloved sovereign has thrown the mantle of greatness.

I do say, at this particular and momentous period of Canada's adolescent existence, the choice of Her Majesty in selecting for the government of so important a colony as Canada, a man who is so pre-eminent in the ranks of literature as an agricultural essayist, show a discrimination harmonious with the progress of the age. I trust, Sir, in the government of this country, you will not forget those men, who, like yourself, have wielded the Essayist's pen in praise of their country, but give them that position and power which they are entitled to, and which I do say they will fill with so much honor to themselves, and so much benefit to their country.

I send you, by mail, several copies of my Essays on Canada.

Your most obedient, &c.,

J. SHERIDAN HOGAN.

Richard Cobden, Esq., to Sheridan Hogan, Esq., M.P.P.

SIR,—Your Essays will be most acceptable. I shall transmit them immediately on receipt, to Her Majesty the Queen—of Madagascar, who is much in want of that style of literature.

Yours, &c.,

RICHARD COBDEN.

P.S.—I hope you have franked them.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Householders.—Don't believe a tithe of the statements as to the prevalence of incendiarism. Let greater care be taken as to the place where your fire-ashes are thrown. It is not at all necessary that they should be thrown in your woodsheds, nor that red hot cinders should be allowed to smoulder in the heap. With a little more care in matters of this kind, the reports of incendiarism will soon be among the things that were.

Tax payers go on the jing-trot style. Forget altogether the fact that Toronto owes not a little of its prosperity to its harbor.—forget that the peninsula forming that harbor has been reduced to an island, and that that island is being rapidly reduced to a mere water lot. Forget that the submerging of that island will not only be a direct blow to the marine trade, but that your wharves and Esplanade being unprotected in such a case will soon be swept away too, causing an enormous additional loss. Forget that every day wasted in doing nothing in the way of protecting our tight little island, will add largely to the outlay to be made—in all probability too late—to save our harbor. Forget all this, and you deserve to be reduced to Muddy Little Yorkers once again.

Servant maids—the weather being rather hot, it is of course indispensable to pronounce the principal streets between eight and ten o'clock in the evening, and talk to every scamp that talks to you, otherwise your precious nervous systems may become shaken by confinement in the house, and your dainty feelings might be nipped in the bud from fear of being properly ventilated. If your mistresses remonstrate with you for staying out late or venture to hint that you're time might be more profitably and healthfully employed; tell them, (in Mrs. Marlowe's best serio-comic style) that you're heart broken, and you wished you was dead.

Firemen—if you scarcely even knew or cared for the blessing of undisturbed repose, think therefore others who do. You are splendid fellows to work; but dreadful to shout. Bad enough it is, in all conscience, to have all the bells in the city going ding-dong, and three or four hundred people clashing along the streets at dead of night, helter-skelter, but to hear the said hundreds bellowing like bulls, is a little too much of a good thing.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WHEELBARROW.—If the Governor General attempted to walk over the Niagara River on Blondin's tight rope, he must have been tight at the time.

FANNY.—Shut your bedroom windows, and then no one can see you going to bed.

ENQUIRER.—All the commentators are wrong. Shakespeare was a Dutchman.

OBSERVER.—You are right. All the mantua-makers come from Mantua.

VENTUS.—We don't believe that the Hellespont is twenty miles wide at the narrowest place, albeit you say you measured it. Although Byron was a duck of a fellow, he was a lame duck, and therefore he never could have swam that distance.