

sociation in business and a complete sympathy on so many subjects, is now added the faculty of instantaneous communication, which must give to all those tendencies to unity an intensity which they never before could possess.

We are most happy that it has fallen to the lot of this country to carry out an enterprise in which human nature is so deeply interested, in concert with the only other nation on the globe in which the flame of Science is fanned and kept alive by the breath of Freedom. Let those who are assembled at Cherbourg to celebrate another development in the art of destruction, and to fête the inauguration of a fortress avowedly designed to threaten the independence and prosperity of these Islands, reflect on the true nature of the enterprise which has thus been executed, and turn from the contemplation of Science degraded into the handmaid of slaughter and devastation, to Science applied to her legitimate office, as the conciliator, the benefactress, and the enlightener of the whole human race. A military Monarchy has created Cherbourg; political freedom and commercial enterprise have made the Atlantic Telegraph, and they have nothing to blush for in the comparison.

THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT ON THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The following is from the oration delivered by Mr. Everett, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, more than a year ago. In enumerating the achievements of science, he said:—

Does it seem much that the skill of men has in these latter days contrived the means of communicating intelligence almost with the rapidity of thought, across the expanse of continents and beneath the depth of oceans, by the electric wire? That a message dispatched from Boston at mid-day will so far out-travel the sun as to reach St. Louis an hour before he arrives at that meridian? It is much—and we contemplate with just amazement the wonderful apparatus which, when laid down—as sooner or later it perhaps will be, so as to connect the three continents—may, by possibility, send the beginning of such a sentence as I am now pronouncing around the terraqueous globe and return it to the lips of the speaker before he has completed his utterance. But this amazing apparatus is but another form of language; it transmits intelligence only as it transmits words. It is like speech, like the pen, like the press, another piece of machinery by which language is conveyed from place to place. The really wonderful thing is language itself, by which thought is made sensible and communicated from mind to mind, not only in the great living congregation of the civilized world for the time being, but through the vast general assembly of the ages, by which we are able at this moment not only to listen to all the great utterances which express the thoughts and emotions of the present day throughout the world, but to soar with Milton to the green fields of Paradise in the morning of creation; to descend with Dante to the depths of penal woe; to listen to the thunders of Tully and Demosthenes, and by the golden chain of etymology, trace the affinity and descent of nations back, through the labyrinth of the past, almost to the cradle of the race.

I hold in my hand a portion of the identical electrical cable, given me by my friend, Mr. Peabody, which is now [April 22, 1857,] in progress of manufacture, to connect America with Europe. I read upon it the following words: "A part of the submarine electric telegraph cable, manufactured by Messrs. Glass & Co. of London, for the Atlantic Telegraph Company, to connect St. John's, Newfoundland, with Valentia, Ireland, a distance of sixteen hundred and forty nautical, or nineteen hundred statute miles." Does it seem all but incredible to you that intelligence should travel for two thousand miles along those slender copper wire, far down in the all but the fathomless Atlantic, never before penetrated by aught pertaining to humanity, save when some foundering vessel has plunged with her hapless company to the eternal silence and darkness of the abyss? Does it seem, I say, all but a miracle of art, that the thoughts of living men—the thoughts that we think up here on the earth's surface in the cheerful light of day—about the markets, and the exchanges, and the seasons, and the elections, and the treaties, and the wars, and all the fond nothings of daily life, should clothe themselves with elemental sparks, and shoot with fiery speed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from hemisphere to hemisphere, far down among the uncouth monsters that wallow in the nether seas, along the wrecked paved floor, through the oozy dungeons of the rayless deep;—that the last intelligence of the crops whose dancing tassels will in a few months be coquetting with the west wind on these boundless prairies, should go flashing along the slimy decks of old sunken galleons, which have been rotting for ages; that messages of friendship and love from warm living bosoms, should burn over the cold green bones of men and women, whose hearts, once as warm as ours, burst as the eternal gulfs closed and roared over them, centuries ago? Behold another phenomenon, of a surety not less surprising—an intellectual electrical telegraph—if I

may so call it—not less marvellous! The little volume which I hold in my hand contains the two immortal poems of Homer, those world renowned strains, which one of the imperial minds of our race not far from thirty centuries ago, poured forth in the delighted ears of heroic Greece, while the softest down of youth was upon the cheek of its young nationality—those glowing, golden legends—that sovereign wrath of Achilles, which

"—shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be—"

the parting of Hector and Andromache—a scene to which the sad experience of three thousand years could not add one image of tenderness and sorrow; the threats of Jupiter to the awe-struck gods; while every peak of Olympus was ablaze with his leaping thunders; the piteous supplications of aged Priam, kissing the hand and bathing with his tears the feet of the cruel chieftain who had dragged the torn body of his noble son three times round the Ilian wall; the weary and sorrowful wanderings of Ulysses, which every subsequent age of mankind has retraced with delight—these all, like the cunningly imprisoned airs of a musical box, breathe to us in one perennial strain of melody from within the covers of this small volume. By the simple agency of twenty-four little marks, stamped on the written or the printed page of the immortal legend, has flashed down to us through the vicissitudes of empires and eras; across the vast expanse of enlightened and benighted periods of history; from region to region, from his own rocky islet in the Ægean to shores unknown, undreamed of, by him; beneath the overwhelming billows of three thousand years, where peoples whole have sunk; and it now binds together, by the golden wires of intellect and taste, the mind of Europe and America, at this meridian of their refinement, with the mind of every intervening age of literary culture, back to the cradle of infant Greece. And while, at our places of education, we diligently investigate the wonderful properties of matter developed in the phenomena of the physical world, shall we not, my friends, deem a portion of our time and attention well bestowed upon the miracles of the words, written and spoken—the phenomena of language, which lie at the foundation of all our intellectual improvement, of all our literature and science, in a word, of all rational communication between man and man?

PROGRESS OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The first Telegraph line, actually in practical operation, was that between Baltimore and Washington, completed in 1844, and extending forty miles. From that small commencement arose a system of intercommunication so great that, in the United States alone, there are now 33,000 miles of Telegraph communication, all of which will be connected with the Atlantic Telegraph. In the whole of Europe there are only 38,000 miles of Telegraph—viz: Great Britain, 10,000; Germany and Austria, 10,000; France, 8,000; Prussia, 5,700; Italy, 2,500; Switzerland, 1,500; Spain and Portugal, 600; Holland, 600; and Belgium, 500.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHS.

The following is a list of the submarine cables now in existence, and their lengths and date of construction:—

	Date.	Miles.
Dover and Calais.....	1850	24
Dover and Ostend.....	1852	76
Holyhead and Howth.....	1852	65
England and Holland.....	1853	115
Port Patrick and Donaghadee (2 Cables).....	1853	26
Italy and Corsica.....	1854	65
Corsica and Sardinia.....	1854	10
Denmark—Great Belt.....	1858	15
“ Little Belt.....	1853	5
“ Sound.....	1855	12
Scotland—Frith of Forth.....	1855	4
Black Sea.....	1855	400
Soland, Isle of Wight.....	1855	3
Straits of Messina.....	1856	5
Gulf of St. Lawrence.....	1856	74
Straits of Northumberland.....	1856	10
Bosphorus.....	1856	1
Gut of Canso, Nova Scotia.....	1856	5
St. Petersburg to Cronstadt.....	1856	10
Atlantic Cable—Valentia Bay to Trinity Bay.....	1858	1958
		2,862

TELEGRAPHIC PROJECTS IN THE FRENCH FISHING ISLANDS, MEXICO, CUBA, CENTRAL AMERICA AND CALIFORNIA.

We understand that the French Government have granted to the Atlantic Telegraph Company the exclusive right for fifty years to