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NEW ORLEANS, MORNING, APRIL 27, 1857.

The Arkansas Mail came through yesterday from Little Rock.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

The success of a popular periodical depends on the variety of things that even Shakspeare has not dreamed of in his philosophy. With the great variety of subjects which enter into its composition, and the different aspects, but few periodicals can boast of having kept pace with the progress of art and science, and remained entirely ignorant of that wonderful agent, electricity. Of these few, Scientific American is supremely entitled by the variety of its subjects, and the ability with which they are discussed, to the position of a leader. Whether it be on his Hamlet soliloquizing in a dime paper, or an elaborate article on his genius in the more pretentious pages of a modern review, Shakspeare knew nothing of the existence of the fluid, of vaccination, of the circulation of the blood, of steamboats, railroads, of gasometers, of the electric telegraph, and the electro-magnetic machine, that has arisen in the nineteenth century, and which what ample store of knowledge would have been to him on all the subjects of materials which his imagination would have wrought into deathless grandeur and beauty.

Just at this present moment the invention which is now so near being completed, that we speak of it as accomplished, is the wonder of the present year. We refer to the submarine telegraph by which the New World are about to be united to the Old, and instantaneous communication is to be established between the two continents. Hunting two continents three thousand miles of ocean's freshness by fanciful sword would may well be wonder and admiration over the application of the electric spark to the cunning hand of Ariel, moves "as swift as the thought of love" athwart space into the pathless sea, and there, yet unerring consciousness, the most watery barrier, and communicates to the register of the New York. Think of the annihilation of space between hoary Europe and America—two hemispheres of creation, the monarchies of the Old World brought into juxtaposition with the youthful civilization and republicanism of the New. Thence we escape the entangling meshes of the Father of lies, which we are bound to by the sentiment invested by centuries, How are we to escape the foreign influence, which the finger on the key of the world can exercise, and embrace the American idea? We have considered this evening; for

> "Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
> To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

Though, like Shakspeare, we do not think the edge of the critics of the New York Philharmonic Society is dumbs regularly every Saturday evening, yet we do think that the electric spark which has flashed during the last few months from the pen of