Poetry.

INFLUENCE SOMEWHERE.

No stream from its source
Flows onward without meeting its course,
But what some land is gladden'd. No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere. Who knows
What perfumes and balms from earth's loveliest creatures?
No life
Can be pure in its purposes, and strong in its strife,
And all the not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirit of just men made perfect on high.
The prayer of martyrs, the song of the redeemed
Influence into the face that makes glorious their
Home.
Knows this surely, at last. Honest love, honest
sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
Are there worth nothing more than the hand they
make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave
dreary?
Think! The seventfold heavens to the voice of the
spirit,
And the end overcometh shall all things inherit.

Miscellaneous.

HUMAN BODIES TURNED TO STONE.

The Corpse of Mrs. Willis Cowling after Fifteen Years' Interment—The Petrifaction of Capt. Cady.

To the Editor of the Sun:

Sir: The recent affirmation of Professor H. A. Ward, of the Rochester (N. Y.) University, "that there is no single instance on record of fossil or petrified flesh," is strangely subversive of the truth in many well authenticated cases, recorded in the newspaper presses, and well remembered to this day by hundreds of the most intelligent and reputable citizens resident where the discovery of these phenomena took place.

The instance recently furnished you from Canastota, N. Y., of the petrifaction of the body of Capt. Cady, an old and well known resident of the town of Sullivan," revives and restores with all the freshness and vigor of a yesterday's incident, the exhumation of the body of Mrs. Willis Cowling for re-interment in the new cemetery just erected and completed in the city of Richmond, Va., thirty-five years ago.

The deceased lady, the wife of one of the largest manufacturers of that city, was buried in the grounds attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church. After the lapse of several years Mr. Cowling, in the interim having married again and the sec ond wife dying, determined to bury both wives in the new cemetery, and had the body of the first wife exhumed. The unusual weight of the coffin, exacting the force and power of several men to remove it, and the extraordinary preservation of the wood of which it was manufactured, induced the friends present to investigate the astounding phenomena, and with that sole object in view, opened the coffin, when, to the utter amazement of every beholder, the body was found to be petrified in it entirety daguerreotyping not only the general contour of the face but taking each individual feature with such perfect accuracy as to be easily and distinctly recognizable by every friend present, notwithstanding the intervention of fifteen years between the burial of the body and its extermination.

Incidents in the Overflow of the Nile.

A correspondent of the London Times writes:

On the night of the 10th of October, owing to the extraordinarily sudden rise in the Nile, an inundation occurred, which, for the celerity with which it rose, is, perhaps, without a parallel. On this night I happened to be staying in one of the doomed villages. I had therefore opportunities which rarely fall to the lot of an European of witnessing intimately the immediate effect of the calamity on the poor villagers, and I am induced to send you this brief account of what came under my own experience and observation as a tribute to the remarkable patience and fortitude of the Arabs under very trying and perilous circumstances.

About 7 o'clock in the morning our Bedouin servant awoke us, saying that the water was rising rapidly. Every inhabitant of the village—man, woman or child—was working with an energy seldom witnessed in Egypt, building banks to stem the encroaching water, or carrying their bread and winter supply of grain to spots which had hitherto proved sufficiently high for safety. But it was of no avail. The banks were washed down and the bread floated away. Now, indeed, the scene began to get dismal enough—the darkness, the uncertainty, the wailing of the Arab women; and then came the fall of the first house. This was an occasion for universal shrieking and lamentation, but the water soon had it all its own way, monopolizing even the Arabs, and nothing was now heard but loud cries, house after house, surging and coming down with a dull sense into the water.

Our house being higher and stronger than the others, we went to the top and began to construct a raft there, intending to launch it from the roof. We were soon compelled to relinquish our task, and were scarcely clear when the walls gave way, at water level and the whole came down. All made their way, with the water breast high, to the highest spot, fortunately still several feet above the water level. Here was soon collected every inhabitant of the village, but how changed!—the women no longer waiting, and the men no longer discontented, for the last house was gone; it was no longer possible to save anything, and the wailing of the women ceased. There was, therefore, nothing for them to do but wait in cheerful resignation, which they set about doing with every appearance of contentment, the village beauties (never seen except at such a time) even seeming, as it seemed to me, to enjoy the state of things as a relief to the monotony of their existence.

It became necessary to think of our raft again, so, after making several excursions from our present comfortable standing place to the site of our late residence, we had collected sufficient wood for the purpose; over this we placed dried cornstalks and bound the whole together with ropes from the camel packs. So quickly did the water still rise that our raft, commenced on the roof, finished floating on over a foot of water. We now joined the villagers on the little mound and awaited the sunrise. A conspicuous figure was the dignified old "sheikh" of the village, as he passed from one family group to another, evidently imparting confidence to all. To him (we proposed to take off with us as many women and children as our little boat, bear, but he replied that 'Allah was great and would send boats in time if it was His will to save His people; that our bark was frail, our poles short, and the current strong, and if any went with us he washed his hands of any responsibility.' His arguments were backed by the sight of a sail in the offing, and, in the end, we had to put off by ourselves to the base of the hills between two and three miles distant. Arrived there, we sent the raft back by two Bedouins, and made our way to where some boats were employed in carrying stone. One of these we procured for the assistance of our late neighbors, and we had the satisfaction before leaving of seeing them all encamped under the hills."

THRILLING INCIDENT.—During the late flood two men near Long Eddy, took a rope and went upon some low land near the Delaware river to fasten a stack of hay, and before they could make it fast and return, the sudden rise of the water cut off their communication with the high lands. They were compelled to seek refuge on the stack, and despite ropes and ties it soon floated off. In a moment more they were floating down the raging tide. No help for them, and no paddle or pole to guide their tender and tottering craft. Down, down the overflowing and surging torrent they floated and roiled along. No boat could reach them, for the water was too rough and rapid. Soon they passed Callicoon, twelve miles distant, and in a short time was approaching the Cochecton bridge, five miles further down. Three miles more and the Falls would shake their hay raft to atoms and their hopes ended. Near Milanville they were discovered far up the river, and a boat was made ready in time to reach them before they floated by. Just in time, only a short distance above the rapids they were rescued and safely landed on shore, after a most fearful ride of twenty miles upon a stack of hay. Many thanks to the brave and skillful men who snatched them, as it were, from a watery grave.—*Kingston Press.*

A SCENE on the Arkansas river is described by a correspondent as follows:

Still farther back, and there rises to a height that seems to almost pierce the clouds a majestic mountain, known far and wide as the greatest of all curiosities upon the Arkansas. Immediately upon its river front it presents the appearance of a monstrous sugar-loaf, the almost perfect proportions of which, aside from all other attractions, form a wonderful curiosity of itself. It is from an up-river view, however, that the mountain takes on the wonderful appearance from which it derives its name. Looking down stream from a standpoint a few miles above, and the former appearance of a sugar-loaf is found to have disappeared. What before seemed to be but one crowning peak is found divided in twain, and the appropriateness of the name "Maumelle," (Woman's Breasts) is acknowledged at a glance. Strange as it may seem the resemblance is perfectly wonderful. Not a line seemingly is wanting to make up the graceful contour, the symmetrical proportions and the matchless beauty of the perfect physical woman. So perfectly wonderful is the resemblance that we can but continue to gaze in a spell bound admiration until a feeling bordering almost on awe, the growing darkness caused by a waning moon slowly hides the seemingly cloud capped tips of "Maumelle" from view.

"DEPEND on it, this emigration is a humbug!" is a passage of a letter which appears in a London paper, written by one of the emigrants lately helped to leave England to seek his fortune in Canada. He writes from Toronto, and adds this information: "I have seen such scenes since I came here, among the emigrants from London dockyards and other places, that would make your blood run cold. Hundreds—aye, thousands—of them in the emigrants' shed, an old wooden building, with neither bed nor bedding, huddling together, men, women and children, cursing the deceiver at home for sending them where there was little work to be got, and that poorly paid. One thing regarding the poor girls brought here by Miss Rye (and I dare say she means well), is that great numbers of them are prowling the streets, lost to all decency, and are denizens of Dammer and Stamley streets, the St. Giles of Toronto, only not half so good as our St. Giles."

A TRAGEDY IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

A Horrible Story—Massacre by Coolies—Retribution—The Wretches Blown Overboard.

From the San Francisco Bulletin, Nov. 10.

By the brig Nautilus, Capt. Turner, which arrived from Tahiti yesterday, making the quickest trip on record—9 days for the round trip—there is decided by a unanimous jury in Tahiti, of one of the most shriking tragedies ever enacted on the high seas. It brings to mind the fearful scenes witnessed on board the African slavers years ago, and surpasses any of the dark deeds on ship-board that have been chronicled for a long time. Some two years ago, the Tahiti Cotton Company, and sailed for the Gilbert Islands, near Auckland, ostensibly on a trading expedition, but really for the purpose of securing a cargo of coolies, to be used as slaves on the plantation. She was provided with stocks, and arranged in all respects like a slaver. She procured her human freight, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in completing her voyage in safety, in spite of the obstacles placed in her path by the French government and the natives.

The Muriadi venture proved so remunerative that the company could scarcely curb their impatience and wait for the excitement to die out before sending for another cargo of coolies. About six months ago, the cotton company purchased the bark Brander, arranged her similar to the Muriadi, and sent her to the Gilbert Islands, under the Tahitian flag, after more "laborers" for their plantation. No unusual precautions were taken in equipping the vessel to enable the officers and men to withstand any outbreak which might take place, and the owners saw the gallant bark sail away with no apprehension that the voyage would prove disastrously.

The Brander arrived at the Gilbert islands in due season, and immediately set to work procuring the "laborers" wanted. In doing this, more trouble was experienced than had been anticipated. The natives of Gilbert islands are fierce and revengeful, and are bitter in their hatred toward the whites. At last, however, the complement was obtained, and the vessel sailed away with 200 men and women. By some means or other, the natives discovered the destination of the Brander, found that they were to be subjected to slavery, and the Muriadi's cargo had been converted to that purpose. Instantly they became sullen, and eyed their captors with a wicked look. Feeling somewhat insecure, Capt. Blackett, who had charge of the vessel, ordered the strictest watch to be kept of the movements made by the coolies, and all possible precautions for the safety of the vessel, officers and crew, were taken. His fears were not groundless, for when some two weeks out the bodies rebelled in the night, killed Capt. Blackett, two of the officers and several of the men, and charged around the vessel in the wildest fury, hacking their victims in the most frightful manner. While the poor wretches were carrying on their horrid work of mutilating and disfiguring their victims, the mate of the vessel managed to secrete himself below. His absence was soon discovered, and the infuriated savages set to work to discover his whereabouts.

Mistrusting their intention, and with a presence of mind seldom equaled, he placed a keg of powder under the main hatch, and arranged a fuse. Then calling out to the coolies above, he scampered back from the powder as far as possible. When the fellows had crowded around the hatchway, and were peering down to see him, he fired his fuse, and the explosion which followed killed nearly all on board. The rest were so demoralized that they jumped overboard or fell easy victims to the remorseless warfare waged by the mate and the few remaining men. Singular as it may seem, the vessel was not so badly damaged that she would not float, and the mate succeeded in bringing her back to Tahiti.

The cotton company feel dissatisfied with their investment, but are not discouraged, and it is currently reported that the vessel is being fitted up for another cruise.

The Fortune of a Handsome Face.

Frenchmen seldom marry women for the sake of their beauty, but among Americans and Englishmen faces are fortunes to their possessors. The marriages of the Duke of Abercorn's daughters afford a significant proof of what beauty does for a family. While five of these young ladies—by no means liberally dowered by their father—are already married to wealthy peers, and a sixth engaged to the heir of a duke, the eight daughters of a marquis are without husbands. Since the days of the celebrated Gunnings no family has in this respect been so famous as the Hamiltons. Indeed, the latter are the more remarkable of the two for while there were but two beautiful Gunnings there are seven Ladies Hamilton, and all of them are beauties. One is the wife of the Earl of Dalkeith, the heir of Bold Buccleuch; others are the wives of the Earls of Dechfield, Durham and Mount Edgcombe; another is the affianced bride of the eldest son of the Duke of Marlboro, while the youngest was married a few weeks ago to the young Marquis of Landsdowne.

This last wedding excited in the fashionable and political world a vast deal of interest, the bride, beside being a beauty, while the youthful bridegroom is the head of a famous whig house, his beautiful bride is the daughter of the most aristocratic of tories.

The marriage was in fact the union of two great historic houses. The Lansdownes spring from the ancient Earls of Kerry, and one of the Marquis' peerages dates from the year 1181. In the seventeenth century, the then Earl of Kerry, "a sort of king in his own country"—as his successor was long after described by a Viceroy of Ireland—married the daughter of perhaps the most celebrated self made Englishman of the 17th century, Sir William Petty, who rose from the position of an apothecary to that of physician-general to the army, and subsequently made a survey of Ireland on terms extremely favorable to his own pocket. He was, in fact, a "carpet-bagger," who contrived to get large grants of forfeited lands, scattered through various parts of the south and west of Ireland. In course of time, by the death of his male heirs, all these estates centered in the heirs of his daughter, the Countess of Kerry, and the vast properties thus acquired are those alluded to by Mr. Stewart Trench in the work which he lately published, called "Realities of Irish Life," with whose pages many of our readers are no doubt familiar.

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ABOUT a month ago a sister of Daniel Curtin, accompanied by her husband and eight small children, arrived in Lafayette, Indiana, from Ireland, and took up their residence with Mr. Curtin. Nothing of importance was noticed concerning the condition of the woman, and on Tuesday evening last she retired to her bed as usual, and slept soundly during the night. Awaking on Wednesday morning she complained of being unable to distinguish any object, and was perfectly blind. Since then her condition has remained unchanged.

SOMETHING COMING.

A Column of Magnetic Light from the Sun Stretching out towards the Earth.

The sun's atmosphere, say the scientific men, is in a highly excited condition. A column of magnetic light is shooting out further and further from the solar sphere, and it is now stretching out 45,000,000 of miles. In other words, it has accomplished half the distance between us and the sun! The interesting question, and one on which, perhaps, we do not wish any more light of this character, is: How long will it be before it finishes the rest of the distance and bridges the gigantic chasm between the earth and the sun? Is it a messenger sent out to snatch us up as food for the insatiate monster that keeps himself warm by devouring planets, and whose fire-eating propensities this whole earth would satisfy for a few days only? If so, how long will this emissary be in reaching us, and carrying the globe away, as if we were a gigantic lump of coal for a roaring furnace? This column of light at intervals indicates its approach by flashing and continuing with fresh brilliancy. So decided are its effects that two astronomers, one at London, the other at Oxford, and neither knowing the experiences of the other, supposed that the dark glasses of their telescopes had been broken or put out of range, so strong was the flash of golden light upon the vision. It is predicted that before the end of next year this magnetic light will have got near enough to us to make its immediate and actual influence upon the earth distinctly felt. It is announced that in consequence we may expect to see phenomena that have never been seen or known before by the human race. If any of our readers are therefore yet disposed to complain of the weather and the earthquakes, let them remember that, by this time next year, they may have an entire new line of experiences to explain and endure, in comparison with which the fitful winter and rough, rude autumn of to-day, may seem like a June morning, in paradise, and the earthquake's shock and lightning's storm, a placid rocking in the cradle with a pleasant lullaby of thunder.

GRINDSTONE EXPLOSION.

Extraordinary Results—Beams and Brickwork Shot Through—Two Men Injured.

From the New York World, 12th.

Information was given at the office of the county physician of Essex county yesterday, relating to a serious accident to two men, which occurred at Heller's file-grinding shop, in the upper part of Market street, Newark, on Tuesday last. At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, a grindstone, six feet in diameter, and weighing about two and a half tons, exploded with a loud report, the fragments being thrown in every direction through the roof and through the sides of the building. A piece weighing two pounds was thrown through a twelve-inch brick wall, ten feet from the spot where the grindstone had stood; and another piece in its ascent through the roof broke a heavy beam. Mr. P. H Vroom, a carriage manufacturer, was in the building when the stone broke out of the building, landing upon a pile of boards. Heinrich Vorst, a German grinder in the employ of Mr. Heller, was sitting or a seat above the stone when the explosion took place, and received a shock as he was dashed aside, which it is feared will result fatally. The facts of this catastrophe were not reported by the owner of the establishment, nor by any other person until the condition of Mr. Vroom and of the workman Vorst became alarming.

A Romantic Ghost Story.

We copy the following somewhat remarkable incident from the Philadelphia Dispatch: We have to record the death, at an advanced age of eighty-seven, of Mrs. Charles Mathews, the mother of our distinguished comedian, and widow of that eminent actor, his father, whom she survived thirty-four years. Mrs. Mathews was the daughter of a much respected gentleman named Jackson, who had directed his attention to the stage, and had studied as a pupil of Samuel Foote. The first wife of Mr. Charles Mathews, Miss Jane M ss Strong, the daughter of a physician at Exeter. In 1801 she exhibited symptoms of a decline. One evening towards the close of her brief life Mrs. Mathews sent her husband to request that Miss Jackson, for whom she had some time before conceived a warm regard, would visit her on the following day. When the young actress arrived Mrs. Mathews, propped up in bed, maintained a lively conversation till her husband came in, who was delighted to find her thus able to sit up and talk to her friend. She told him her present cheerfulness was the result of considerations which had induced her to arrange her affairs, and convince her conviction that no human skill could prolong her life, she reverted to her affection for Miss Jackson, and to that young lady's unprotected state; and then, taking her hand and that of Mr. Mathews, and pressing both to her own feverish lips in a solemn manner, conjured them to take compassion on her anxiety and to become husband and wife after her death. Their agitation was extreme. Mr. Mathews reproved his wife with some impetuosity for placing him in such a dilemma, and Miss Jackson, throwing herself upon her knees, besought the pardon of the dying woman for her refusal to comply, representing the impossibility of her affiancing herself to a husband, who entertained no warmer feeling than that of friendship. She then quitted the chamber, followed by Mr. Mathews, who implored her not to harbor suspicion that he had been aware of his wife's intention, which he attributed to something like a delirium produced by her feverish state. In the May following, Mrs. Mathews died, and subsequently the marriage took place, on terms extremely favorable to his own pocket. He was, in fact, a "carpet-bagger," who contrived to get large grants of forfeited lands, scattered through various parts of the south and west of Ireland. In course of time, by the death of his male heirs, all these estates centered in the heirs of his daughter, the Countess of Kerry, and the vast properties thus acquired are those alluded to by Mr. Stewart Trench in the work which he lately published, called "Realities of Irish Life," with whose pages many of our readers are no doubt familiar.

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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

CURING BACON.—Why not cure hogs' flesh in the fitch as bacon, instead of in barrels in pork? To cure as bacon is far the least trouble, and there is less risk of spoiling in every way. The flitches of bacon are to be seen in every farm-house in the mother country, and are the chief ornament of the cottage, being a tolerably correct standard wherein to judge of the industry, thrift and general good qualities of the farm laborer. Let people try it with dressing first, and they will never cook the flabby stuff fished out of the pickle again.

Put the flitches in a salting trough, or in anything which will not be injured by salt, and apply common sack salt, with sugar, red pepper, saltpetre, &c., according to taste, all dry, looking it over afterwards, and putting a little more where it may seem necessary. There is no necessity for rubbing in, for salt will penetrate just as well without. The other ingredients affect the flavor, and take off the harshness of the salt; and for those who are so fond of everything so very salt, they need not put aught but salt and a little nitre where there are bones left in. Smoke or dry in about four weeks.

I have seen hundreds of flitches lying in warehouses, four or five deep, one on the other, moved every few days, and a handful of salt thrown where it seemed wanted, and after from a month to six weeks taken away, some to be smoked, and some to be dried by hanging up without smoking, to suit all customers. If the hogs eat nothing but barley meal the last three weeks of their life, and their flesh is made into bacon, it is the soundest, best flavored meat of the kind, beyond all comparison, and it is also the most profitable.—*Dr. Country Gentleman.*

APPLE SAUCE.—Everybody knows that a baked spare-rib, or roast goose or turkey is not complete without sour apple or cranberry sauce; but they are much more desirable with a boiled leg of lamb. Stew the fruit in one quarter its measure of water. When nearly done stir in just sugar enough to relieve its keenest acidity. Let it boil a moment longer and then rub it through a hair sieve. Serve it cold. A good substitute for this is the cold "country" apple sauce made by the Shakers, who supply the grocers; but it is a simple plan when apples are plenty to make your winter's stock yourself. It is very convenient for filling, to either baked or fried pies, or to eat with bread and butter, as well as with meats.

To make it, use both sweet and sour apples. Boil first one gallon of new cider till only one quart remains. Put in a large kettle, in which a dish or plate is laid, to prevent the sauce from burning at the bottom, over a slow fire. Pare, quarter, and core your apples;—you will need two gallons of cut apples for a quart of boiled cider. Put these with the cider into the kettle and let it boil two hours; then pour in a quart of molasses, stir the sauce thoroughly, and boil it steadily six hours more. A coal fire covered with ashes will cook this well. If the fire will keep all night let the kettle remain, stewing moderately till morning; it will then be of a bright red color. Take it into stone or glass jars, or an oaken firkin. Never put it into glazed earthen ware, there is arsenic in the glazing, which the acids acts free. The apple is such a healthful fruit it ought to be on our tables in some form at every meal.—*New England Farmer.*

PUMPKIN PUDDING.—Take one pint of pumpkin that has been stewed soft and pressed through a colander; melt in half a pint of warm milk, a quarter of a pound of butter, and the same quantity of sugar—stirring them well together; one pint of rich cream will be better than milk or butter; beat eight eggs very light, and add them gradually to the other ingredients alternately with the pumpkin; then stir in a wine-glass of rose water and two glasses of wine mixed together, a large teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon mixed together, and a grated nutmeg. Having stirred the whole very hard, put it into a buttered dish, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

WINTERING BEES.—A correspondent of the Bee Journal, writing from Ghent, Ohio, gives the following:

During the last ten winters I have kept the principal part of my bees in a house, with the best results. House eleven by twelve feet, and six feet six inches between floors. Walls ten inches, filled in with sawdust, and clapboards outside and sealed inside. Double door in one end; window in the other; shutter inside, and in winter the space between window and shutter filled with hay or straw. Upper floor and lower; bottom water covered with sawdust. Ventilator in lower, with a six-inch stove-pipe through middle or upper floor, extending up near the roof, with elbow on top to keep out light, making considerable draft; and when door and window are closed, the repository is as dark as a dungeon. If colonies are strong with bees and honey, or only moderately so, with a fertile queen and well ventilated, I would not be afraid to warrant them to come out all strong in the spring, having no disease whatever. I often throw open the door at evening, closing it in the morning. Keep bees in a dry, even temperature, say from thirty-five to forty-two degrees, and you will not have a suffocated, smeared, stinking mass of dead bees to deal with. Bees, like man, want God's pure fresh air. We must remember that the larger the number, the greater the heat. Build large, ventilate.

REMEDIES DESTRUCTIVE TO APPLE TREE LICE. Make a strong decoction of tobacco, by boiling tobacco, or tobacco stems, in water. To four gallons of the tobacco water, add, say one quart of strong soft soap, and with a garden engine, apply this mixture to the infested trees.

Another remedy, equally efficacious, consists in slacking quick lime with boiling hot water, using only so much water as will reduce the lime to powder. Lime so slacked will possess more caustic properties than air slacked.

After a shower, or while the trees are wet with dew, throw the powdered lime over them. One application, well applied, especially if they are wet enough to cause the lime to adhere, will kill the lice.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Hearth and Home has a novel cure for a balky horse. He says: "Fill his mouth with dry, loose dirt, take hold of the bit, and he will go if there is any go in him."

In screwing nuts into any part of machinery in cold weather, be careful not to heat them with the hands, or they will contract after being screwed on tight and become immovable afterward.

CAPITAL IN DAIRYING.—American dairying now represents a capital of $700,000,000. The cheese product of 1867 sold for $25,000,000, and the butter produce of New York alone, was nearly 85,000,000 pounds, and the quantity of cheese made 72,000,000 pounds. The value of these products, at a very moderate estimate, was $50,000,000.

The Telegraph.

From the New York Post.

A full and accurate statement of the number of telegraph stations and of the operators employed in the United States has never been published, and is not generally known even among telegraphers. According to official information, which we have taken some pains to gather, the total number of telegraph offices now daily transmitting messages is as follows: Western Union offices, 3,469; Franklin, Atlantic, and Pacific, Pacific and Atlantic, and Bankers' and Brokers' line offices, 545; total number of public offices in the United States, 4,014. The estimated number of private offices, at which no public business is received for transmission, is 100—making a grand total of 4,114.

The number of miles now in actual use is as follows: Western Union Company, 52,099; Franklin, Atlantic & Pacific, Pacific & Atlantic, and Bankers' & Brokers', and connections, 17,500. The number of persons employed, including presidents, superintendents, managers, operators, clerks, messengers and line repairers, has been carefully estimated at 5,500. A large number of good clerks have left the business during the past few years; and in this city there are many professional telegraphers engaged in other pursuits.

In no part of the world is the telegraph so liberally used by the newspapers as in the United States. The greater amount of this work is done at night, when the financial and commercial business of the day is concluded, and the various companies can therefore afford to send news cheaply. The number of words contained in the press dispatches delivered to the different journals in the United States during the past year, by all the lines, is estimated at 400,500,000; and the amount of tolls upon this business at Cincinnati in the same year was $1,000,000.

—A suit for slander has been commenced in the Supreme Court of Oneida county, New York by Mr. Paul Gerard, of Washington, D. C., against James Gordon Bennett, Jas. Douglass, A Levan, Sam'l Glenn and John Due, of the Evening Telegram of N. Y., laying the Damages at $20,000. The slander consisted in connecting him disrespectfully with an octoroon named Madamoiselle Belle, whom he alleges is his affianced wife.

—M. Barbey d'Aureville writes his 'copy' for the printers in ink of various colors. One line is black, then is a line in blue, and green, red and violet follow in order. The capital letters are written in ink of a special color.

A Baffled Murder.

[From Cassell's Magazine.]

About half-past twelve o'clock of the morning of May 31, 1810, the Duke of Cumberland, having dined at Greenwich, and afterwards attended a concert for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, returned to his apartments in St. James' Palace, overlooking Cleveland Row. No sound more startling than usual struck upon the tired ear of one as his carriage rumbled under the old brick archway that opens in o St. James' street. The Duke retired to rest about one.

The sleeping room, which was large and lofty, was dimly lighted by a lamp, which burnt all night behind a screen in the fireplace, which was at the end of the apartment farthest from the bed. One by one steps ceased in the corridors, and silence and sleep settled down over the palace, only broke at intervals by the tramp of sentinels under the windows, and the dull roll of the wheels of a hackney coach in Pall Mall. No thought of danger disturbed the Duke's dream. The bed stood in a recess, behind which was a small room where Neale, the Duke's page, and valet-in-waiting, was accustomed to sleep. On the wall lay the Duke's heavy military sabre, which his favorite valet, Sellis, a Piedmontese, had recently requested leave to clean, grind and sharpen.

About half-past two in the morning the Duke was aroused by a blow on the head, instantly followed by a second.

His first impression was (hardly yet awake,) that a fire had got into the room and was beating about his head. The light from the lamp, glimmering on the blade of a sabre, and the motion of the blade, awoke him to a sense of his horrible danger. He instantly leaped up and felt for the bell-rope, to alarm Sellis and his valet in the other room; but to his horror it had been severed, and was helpless, and his wits seemed to leave him in the first agony of despair. At the third blow he tore down the curtains, and rushed to the door of the outer room, pursued by the assassin, who struck him on the thigh. He heard the murderer's sword strike a splinter from the door.

The Duke was already wounded in six places and was bleeding from every gash. He had been cut on the forehead, and on the arms, cheek and thigh, and one of his little fingers was almost severed from his hand. But his hand was now on the handle of the Page's room door, and he threw the door open, shouting loudly for Neale.

The page at once answered the summons, and the assassin, dropping the sabre, fled into adjoining room. The Duke and Neale then alarmed the Palace, called up the frightened household, and the sergeants and soldiers on guard. The Duke at first desired Neale not to leave him, as he feared there were more assassins hid in the bed room. This, however, not appearing to be the case, the Duke went to the porter's room, and Neale ran to call Sellis, the Piedmontese valet. The Duke was especially earnest in his inquiries for this man. Neale went to the door and shouted "The Duke is murdered!" but there was no answer—the door was locked. It was then remembered that there was another entrance from the chief staircase, which Neale had taken open, a horrifying sight awaited them. Sellis was found leaning half undressed upon his bed, with his throat cut from ear to ear. His countenance wore rather smiling and composed expression. On a chair near his bedside lay a razor and a basin tinged with blood.

It was supposed that he was the assassin and that after his escape from the Duke's room he rushed back, hoping to wash the blood from his hand, and get safely into bed before he could be summoned; but the instant search for him drove him to this desperate suicide.

It was suggested that, finding that he had failed in the assassination, and feeling detection certain, he instantly destroyed himself; while some thought that having succeeded in his revenge, as he thought, he cared no more for life, and seized his razor. Sellis had hidden himself in a bolster-press, in a small closet adjoining the Duke's bedroom, for his slippers and dressing-gown were found scattered about. A physician who examined the body considered that the wound in Sellis' throat had been inflicted with his right hand, though Sellis was a left-handed person. But opposed to this was the fact that the left sleeve of Sellis' coat was soaked with blood, and the blood on the door of the bedroom was also on the left side. Sellis' blue coat was found covered with blood, and folded up on a chair in one corner of the room. There is no doubt that Sellis stole from his hiding place about half-past two, to the head of the Duke's bed, To avoid discovery he stood in such a way that he had to strike down on the Duke's head slantingly, in consequence of which the curtains and tassels intercepted the blow, and saved the Duke's life. Several of the tassels were cut off.

The whole edge of the sabre was hacked and blunted with the force of the blows, and the point was bent. The wildest rumors soon spread through London, where the Duke was not popular. It is said the Duke described his assailant as a stouter man than Sellis, who was short and feeble. Others declared that Sellis had been murdered by the assassin, to divert suspicion from the real criminal.

The jury which sat on the body of Sellis was composed, Mr. Jesse says, of the principal tradesmen of the neighborhood of Whitehall, and was thoroughly imbued with radicals, and strongly inclined against the high tory Duke—the cold, stern, unpopular man, who, with all the vices of his brothers, did not possess their *bonhomie* or geniality, to conceal his real selfishness.

After listening for four hours to the evidence, and spending another hour in deliberating upon it, the jury brought in a verdict of felo-de-se against Sellis. The body of the miserable man was interred in the "high-road" in Scotland Yard.

Murder in Belgium.

Belgium appears not to be much behind France in the murder and assassination line.

Besides the Brussels affair, another one at Mons is almost equal to the Pantin horror.

Four years ago a poor devil named Moustier engaged himself as a farm servant at Hornu near Mons. He married in 1866 a girl as poor as himself, and soon after went into business as a cattle trader. At this time there were three brothers named Thirion, all rich, and all cattle traders, who frequently came to Mons. Some fifteen months ago Nicholas Thirion suddenly disappeared in the neighborhood of Mons. His brother Peter, alarmed at his absence from home with a belt filled with gold about his person, went to Mons to look for him. Peter never returned.

A third brother, Gustave, started out in search of the other two. He also was seen no more.

They were all traced to Hornu. Meantime Moustier's business prospered amazingly. He paid all his debts and extended his affairs. Public rumor designated him as the murderer of the brothers Thirion, and some slight examination was made by the authorities, but no search was made at Moustier's house, although just about this time he had filled a deep well in front of his house, and also a ditch in the yard. Over both of these he had some so-id outbuildings erected. Still no further legal inquest. Early in October (1869) his wife was taken suddenly sick. Symptoms—cramps and vomiting. She died a few days afterwards and physicians decided that she had been poisoned. Legal authority began to open its eyes. Moustier was arrested; his house examined; the well and ditch excavated—and there were the bodies of the three brothers Thirion. When Moustier was arrested for poisoning his wife he ejaculated, "Ah! if that's all!" After the arrest, Moustier was also charged with the murder of the two cattle drovers who disappeared some years ago.

When the case comes up in court, developments are expected more terrible than those of the Pantin murder.

From Belgian papers of a later date we learn that on the 23d ultimo Moustier was taken from prison, confined in a straight-jacket and with his eyes tightly bandaged. Bringing him up to the bodies of the two Thirion brothers found in the well, the bandage was suddenly removed. He trembled and grew deadly pale; but, when told by the magistrate that he had murdered these men, he denied it energetically.

Moustier was then ordered "right about face," and there was the third victim before him. He could hold out no longer, but confessed the murders, claiming, however, that he was assisted by an accomplice.

PERSONS of a curious turn of mind will be interested to know that an eminent Hebraical scholar of Cincinnati has written a review of the history of the Omnific autograph, or name of the Almighty, as written by the Deity and deposited in the Ark of the Covenant. Many singular statements are advanced in this treatise, but what is most important to the world is found in the remarks on the meaning of the name. The signification presented in the Scripture is, "I am that I am," conveying the idea of actual existence, literally and figuratively, omniscient creative power. According to the writer referred to the true meaning of the ineffable word (which was composed of three letters) was, "I am what (or that) I have always been," expressing the idea of the eternity in deific existence, as well as infinite life-giving principle and power to impart the same. This agrees thoroughly with the history of all the language spoken to man by his Maker, face to face, or through the prophets and inspired writers.

Raising of a Frigate Sunk in the Delaware During the Revolution.

From the Philadelphia Age, Nov. 13.

The hull of the frigate Augusta—a vessel that had a short but conspicuous career in the war of the colonists against the mother country—has at last been exhumed from the mud of the Delaware. The exposure of this relic of the revolution deserves more than a passing notice. Early in the month of October, 1779, the British fleet consisting of the Roebuck, 44 guns, Merlim, 18 guns, and a galley of 3 guns, commenced from the mouth of the Dela