le No. 2443.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1858.

New Series---Vol. 111, No. 11.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

IN ADVANCE. For six months, 75 cents. All NEW subscriptions must be paid in e. If the paper is continued, and not thin the first month, \$1,25 will be chargot paid in three months, \$1,50; if not six months, \$1,75; and if not paid in ths, \$2,00.

onths, \$2,00. appers addressed to persons out of the will be discontinued at the expiration of e paid for, unless special request is made trary or payment guaranteed by some ible person here.

ADVERTISING. lines of minion, or their equivalent, cona square. Three insertions \$1, and 25 or each subsequent insertion.

West Branch Insurance Co. OF LOCK HAVEN, PA.,

RES Detached Buildings, Stores. Mer-ndise, Farm Property, and other Build-nd their contents, at moderate rates. DIRECTORS.

ohn J. Pearce, Hon. G. C. Harvey,
Hall,
A. Mayer,
Crist,
C T. T. ABRAMS, Vice Pres.

REFERENCES.

H, Lloyd, Thos.

Winegardner, Wm, V Thos. Bowman, D. D. Wm, Vanderbelt, Wm. Fearon, Dr. J. S. Crawford, Quiggle, A. Updegraff,
V. Maynard, James Armstrong,
Simon Cameron, Hon. Wm. Bigler.
Agent for Mifflin county, G. W. STEW Quiggle, W. Maynard,

nity from Loss and Damage by Fire, Perils of Marine and Inland Transpe CONTINENTAL

NSURANCE COMPANY. orated by the Legislature of Pennsylva-nia, with a Perpetual Charter.

Authorized Capital, \$1,000,000. No. 61 Walnut St. above Second, Phila.

e Insurance on Buildings, Furniture, Mer-lise, &c., generally. Marine Insurance argoes and Freights to all parts of the Inland Insurance on Goods, &c., by s, Rivers, Canals, and Land Carriages, to rts of the Union, on the most favorable consistent with security. day, William Bowers,

e W. Colladay, William Bowers,
M. Coleman, Joseph Oat,
IV. Machette, Howard Hinchman, ORGE W. COLLADAY, President. EN WILSON, Secretary.
Agent for Mifflin county, Wm. P. EL

INDEMNITY AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE. nklin Fire Insurance Compa ny of Philadelphia.

fice 1631 Chestnut street, near Fifth. \$1,827,185 80 ment of Assets, January 1st, 1857. ned agreeably to an act of Assembly, be-

ing, Mortgages, amply secured, \$1,519,932 73 Estate, (present value, \$109,-89,114 18 s, (present value, \$83,881 12,) 71,232 97

\$1,827,185 80 rectual or Limited Insurances made on every ription of property, in Town and Country. as low as are consistent with security their incorporation, a period of twenty years, they have paid over Three Million lars' losses by fire, thereby affording ev e of the advantages of Insurance, as well ability and disposition to meet with

Losses by Fire. s paid during the year 1856, \$301,638 84 DIRECTORS. N. Bancker, Mordecai D. Lewis, s Wagner, David S. Brown, Isaac Lea, Edward C. Dale, el Grant, b R. Smith, Edward C. Dale, W. Richards, George Fales. CHARLES N. BANCKER, President. AS. G. BANCKER, Sec'y. Agent for Mifflin county, H. J. WAL

, Esq., Lewistown.

NEW GROCERY, OVISION AND FISH STORE.

subscriber has opened a Grocery, Provision and Fish Store opposite Major Eisens Hotel, where he has just received a fine

Family Grocerics, g which may be found fine Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Syrups, Cheese, Crackers, Ham, Shoulder, Fine Ashton and Dairy

Tobacco, Segars, Soap, &c. Willow-ware, which he s for eash very cheap.
will pay Cash for Butter, Lard, Potatoes, ons, &c. all, see prices, and judge for yourselves. DAMES IRWIN.

Sugar, Syrups and Teas GREATLY REDUCED.

OOD Brown Sugar at 9 a 11 cts. per lb 11 a 13 62 a 100 do 75 per gallon 50 do Lovering's best Syrup, New York New Orleans Molasses, 50 de I for Cash at the old Steam Mill Store, by nedy, Junkin & Co. Also, the prices on

DRY GOODS GREATLY REDUCED, cash. Give us a call. We will sell for h lower than any other house. an7 KENNEDY JUNKI

KENNEDY, JUNKIN & CO.

Ready-made Clothing E will sell at Philadelphia prices. Now is the time to pull off your old clothing buy new at the cheap store of KENNEDY, JUNKIN & CO.

TUB UIUSTBBL.

THE UNBROKEN SLUMBER.

Yes, I shall rest! some coming day,
When blossoms in the wind are dancing,
And children in their mirthful play
Heed not the mournful crowd advancing—
Up through the long and busy street
They bear me to my last retreat.

Or else-it matters not-may rave The storms and blasts of wintry weather. Above the narrow, new-made grave, Where care and I lie down together-Enough, that I should know it not. Within that dark and narrow spot.

For I shall sleep! as sweet a sleep As ever graced a child reposing, Awaits me in the cell so deep, Where I, my weary eyelids closing, At length shall lay me down to rest,

Heedless of clouds above my breast. Asleep! How deep will be that rest From life's turmoil moving wildly? That when is past the earth's unrest, Its boson shall receive me mildly; For not one dream of earth may come To break the slumber of that home.

Oh, deep repose! Oh, slumber blest!
Oh, night of peace! no storm no sorrow. No heavy stirring in my rest, To meet another weary morrow. I shall heed neither night or dawn, But still with folded hands sleep on And yet methinks if steps of those

I'd known and loved on earth were round me Twould break the night of my repose, Shiver the ley cords that bound me— Save that I know this cannot be, For death disowns all sympathy. Then mourn not, friends, when ye shall lay

The clods of earth above my ashes,
Think what a rest awaits my clay,
And smooth the mound with tearless lashes Glad that the resting form within Has done with sorrow, care and sin.

Think that with me the strife is o'er. Life's stormy, straggling battle ended; Rejoice that I have gained that shore, To which my failering footsteps tended. Breathe the biest hope above the soil, And leave me to my rest with God.

UISCELLANEOUS.

THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A BELLE.

Py Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

SCENE FIRST.

There was a rushing to and fro in the chamber of Ellen Loring, a tread of hurrying feet, a mingled hum of voices, an opening and shutting of doors, as if some event of overwhelming importance agitated the feelings, and moved the frames of every individual in the house. A stranger, in the apartment below, might have imagined an individual was dying, and that all were gathering round to offer the appliances of love and sympathy. But Ellen Loring, the object of all this commotion, was in all the bloom and beauty of health. She sat in a low chair and in front of a large mirror, half arrayed in the habiliments of the ball r om, her head glowing with flowers, and streaming with ringlets, her feet encased in silk cobweb and white satin, her face flushed with excitement, her waist compressed into the smallest possible compass, while the strongest fingers the household could supply, were drawing together the last reluctant hook and eye, which fastened the rich and airy mixture of satin blonde, that fell in redundant folds round her slen-der person. 'I am afraid, Ellen, your dress is rather too tight," said Mrs. Loring, who was superintending the process with a keen and experienced eye; 'you had better not wear it, it may give you a consum; tion.' 'Ridiculous!' exclaimed Ellen, 'it feels perfectly loose and comfortable: I am sure it fits delightfully. Look, Agnes,' addressing a weary-looking girl who had been standing more than half an hour over her, arranging her hair in the most fashionable style. 'Look, Agnes, is it not beautiful?

'Very beautiful,' answered Agnes; 'but I think it would look much better if it were not so very low, and the night is so cold, I am sure you will suffer without omething thrown over your shoulders .-These pearl beads are very ornamental, but they will not give warmth,' lifting them up as she spoke, from a neck that 'rivalled their whiteness.' Ellen burst into a scornful laugh, and declared she would rather eatch her death-cold, than look so old fashoned and old womanish. Mrs. Loring here interposed, and insisted that Ellen should wear a shawl into the ball room, and to be sure to put it around her when she was not dancing, 'for you must remember,' said she, 'the dreadful cough you had last winter; when you caught cold, I was really apprehensive of a consumption.'

I do think, mother, you must be haunted by the ghost of consumption. Everything you say begins and ends with consumption-I am not afraid of the ghost, or the reality, while such roses as these bloom on my cheeks, and such elastic limbs as these bear me through the dance.'

Mrs. Loring looked with admiring fondness on her daughter, as she danced gayly before the looking-glass, called her a wild, thoughtless thing,' and thought it would be indeed a pity to muffle such a beautiful neck in a clumsy 'kerchief. The carriage was announced, and Agnes was despatched in a hundred directions for the embroidered handkerchief, the scented gloves, and all the et ceteras, which crowd on the memory at the last moment. Agnes followed the retreating form of Ellen with a long and wistful gaze, then turned with a sigh to collect the scattered articles of finery

said she to herself, 'happy, beautiful Ellen! favoured by nature and fortune. Every desire of her heart is gratified. She moves

wait upon her caprices—oh! if I were only rich and beautiful like Ellen! I would willingly walk over burning ploughshares

to obtain the happiness that is in store for her to-night.' scribed in the Arabian Nights, let us enter the ball room and follow the footsteps of enchanted land. The hall was brilliantly lighted, the music was of the most animating kind, airy forms floated on the gaze, most elaborately and elegantly adorned, and in the midst of these Ellen shone transcendent. For a while, her enjoyment realized even the dreams of Agnes. Conseious of being admired, she glided through the dance, gracefully holding her flowing drapery, smiling, blushing, coquetting and flirting. Compliments were breathed continually into her ears. She was compared to the sylphs, the graces, the muses, the houris, and even to the angels that inhabit the celestial city. Yes; this daughter of fashjon, this devotee of pleasure, this vain and thoughtless being, who lived without God in the world, was told by flattering lips, that she resembled those pure and glorified spirits which surround the throne of the Most High, and sing the everlasting song of Moses and the Lamb-and she believed it. Perhaps some may assert that the daughters of fashion are not always forgetful of their God, for they are often heard to call upon his great and holy name; in a moment of sudden astonishment or passion, and were a saint to witness their uplifted eyes and clasped hands, he might deem them wrapt in an ecstacy of devotion.

Ellen, in the midst of almost universal

There was one who had been in the train of her admirers, himself the star of fashion, who was evidently offering incense at a new shrine. A fair young stranger, who seemed a novice in the splendid scene, drew him from her side, and from that moment the adulation of others ceased to charm. She danced more gayly, she laughed more loudly, to conceal the mortification and envy that was spreading through her heart; but the triumph, the joy was over. She began to feel a thousand inconveniences, of whose existence she seemed previously unconscious. Her feet ached from the lightness of her slippers, her respiration was difficult from the tightness of her dress; she was glad when the hour of her deparstood a few moments on the pavement, waiting for some obstructions to be removed in the way of the carriage. The ground was covered with a sheet of snow, which had fallen during the evening, and made a chill bed for her feet, so ill defended from the inclement season. The night air blew damp and cold on her neck and shoulders. for her cloak was thrown loosely around ber, that her beauty might not be entirely veiled, till the gaze of admiration was

homage, began to feel dissatisfied and wea-

Agnes sat by the lonely fireside, waiting for the return of Ellen. For a while she kept up a cheerful blaze, and as she heard the gust sweep by the windows, it reminded her that Ellen would probably come in shivering with cold and reproach her, if she did not find a glowing hearth to welcome her. She applied fresh fuel, till, lulled by the monotonous sound of the wind, she fell asleep in her chair, nor wak-ed till the voice of Ellen roused her from her slumbers. A few dull embers were all that was left of the fire, the candle gleamed faintly beneath a long, gloomy wickeverything looked cold and comfortless. It was not long before poor Agnes could recall the cheering warmth. In the mean time, Ellen poured upon her a torrent of declared she would never go to another ball as long as she lived-she had been tired to death, chilled to death, and now to be vexed to death, by such a stupid, selfish creature as Agnes. It was too much for human nature to endure. Agnes bore it all in silence, for she ate the bread of dependence, and dared not express the bitter feelings that rose to her lips. But she no longer said in her heart 'happy, beautiful Ellen;' she wished her admirers could see

her as she then did, and be disenchanted. 'Take off this horrid dress,' cried Ellen, pulling the roses from her hair, now uneurled by the damp, and hanging in long straight tresses over her face. What a contrast did she now present to the brilliant figure which had left the chamber a few hours before! Her cheeks were pale, her eyes heavy, her limbs relaxed, her buoyant spirits gone. The terrible misfortune of not having reigned an unrivalled belle, completely overwhelmed her! He, whose admiration she most prized, had devoted himself to another, and she hated the fair, unconscious stranger, who had attracted him from his allegiance. The costly dress which the mantuamaker had sat up all night to complete, was thrown aside as a

witness of her ill-humor.

'I cannot get warm,' said she; 'I believe have caught my death-cold;' and throw-While I, a poor, dependent relative, and compelled to administer to her vanity and compelled to administer to her vanity and then let her sleep. Can we suppose that guardian angels hovered over the ing her still shivering limbs on the bed, and bloom. The kind lady with whom couch, and watched the slumbers of this invalid. As they now approached it, they youthful beauty? There was no hallowed found it already occupied by a gentleman, spot in her chamber, where she was accus- who was so intently reading he did not tomed to kneel in penitence, gratitude, and While the repining Agnes followed Ellen, adoration, before the King of Kings and in imagination, to scenes which appeared to her fancy like the dazzling pictures dechild, she had been taught to repeat the Lord's Prayer at her nurse's knee, but never had her heart ascended unto him, her, whose favored lot led her through the who created her for his glory, and breathed into her frame a portion of his own immortal Spirit. She had been educated solely for the circles of fashion, to glitter and be admired-to dance, to sing, to dress, to talk, and that was all. She knew that she must one day die, and when the bell tolled, and the long funeral darkened the way, she was reluctantly reminded of her own mortality. But she banished the dreadful and mysterious thought, as one with which youth, beauty, and health had nothing to lo, and as suited only to the infirmities of the ju Igment beyond the grave, that scene of indescribable grandeur, when every created being must stand before the presence of uncreated glory, 'to give an account of the deeds done in the body,' she deemed it shocking and sacrilegious to think of a subject so awful; and, to do her justice, she never heard it mentioned except from the pulpit (for there are fashionable churches, and Ellen was the belle of the church as well as of the ball room.) Thus living in practical atheism, laboring to bring every thought and feeling in subjection to the bond of fashion, endeavoring to annihilate the great principle of immortality struggling within her, Ellen Loring was as much the slave of vice as the votary of pleasure. Like the king of Babylon, who took the golden vessels from the temple of the Lord, and desecrated them at his unhallowed banquet, she had robbed her soul, that temple of the living God, of its sacred treasures, and appropriated them to the revelries of life. But the hour was approaching, when the invisible angel of conscience was to write on the walls of memory those mystic characters which a greater than Daniel alone can interpret.

By which a derman, named Ferdmand Meyer, was dreadfully and no doubt fatally injured. He was engaged in rolling a hogs-

It was in the afternoon of a mild sum-

mer's day, a lovely, smiling, joyous summer

slowly walking along a shaded path, that led from a neat white cottage towards a eighty feet. The heavy oaken bar upon neighboring grove. One was beautiful, which the platform hung was broken also ture arrived. Warm from the exercise of both were young, but the beautiful one was at the same time. The unfortunate man pale and languid, so fragile and fading it was impossible to behold her without the removed to his home, No. 23 East street, deepest commiseration. She moved listlessly on, leaning on the arm of her less fair, but healthier companion, apparently and he had also suffered contusions in variinsensible of the sweet and glowing scenery around her. The birds sung in melodious concert, from every green bough, but their music could not gladden her ear; the air played softly through her heavy locks, but awaked no elastic spring in her once bounding spirits. It was the late blooming Ellen Loring, who, according to the advice of her physician, was inhaling the country air, to see if it could not impart an invigorating influence. She had never recovered from the deadly chill occasioned by her exposure, the night of the ball, when she stood with her thin slippers and uncovered neck in the snow and the blast, in all the 'madness of superfluous health.' It was said she had caught a dreadful cold,' which the warm season would undoubtedly relieve, and when the ummer came, and her cough continued with unabated violence, and her flesh and her strength wasted, she was sent into the country, assured that a change of air and daily exercise would infallibly restore her. The fearful word consumption, which in the days of Ellen's health was so often on reproaches, and tossing her cloak on a chair, the mother's lips, was never mentioned now; and whenever friends inquired after Ellen, she always told them, 'she had eaught a bad cold, which hung on a long time, but that she was so young, and had so fine a constitution, she did not apprehend any danger.' Ellen was very unwilling to follow the prescriptions of her medical friend. She left the city with great reluctance, dreading the loneliness of a country life. Agnes accompanied her, on whom was imposed the difficult task of amusing and cheering the invalid, and of beguiling her of every sense of her danger. Be sure,' said Mrs. Loring, when she gave her parting injunctions to Agnes, 'that you do not suffer her to be alone: there is nothing so disadvantageous to a sick person as to brood over their own thoughts. It always occasions low spirits. I have put up a large supply of novels, and when she is tired of reading herself, you must read to her, or sing to her, or amuse her in every possible manner. If she should be very ill, you must send for me immediately, but

will be as well as ever.' Poor Agnes sometimes was tempted to sink under the weary burden of her cares. She wondered she had ever thought it a worthless rag; her flowers were scattered task to array her for the ball room, or to over five thousand dollars worth of property!

that strewed the room. 'Happy Ellen!' on the floor; every article of her dress bore | wait her return at the midnight hour. But she no longer envied her, for Ellen pale and faded, and dejected, was a very different object from Ellen triumphant in beauty they boarded, had had a rustic seat constructed under the trees, in the above-mentioned grove, for the accommodation of the seem aware of their vicinity. They were about to retire, when lifting his eyes, he rose, and with a benignant countenance, requested them to be seated. - Ellen was exhausted from the exercise of her walk; and, as the stranger was past the meridian of life, she did not hesitate to accept his offer, at the same time thanking him for his courtesy. His mild, yet serious eyes, rested on her face, with a look of extreme commiseration, as with a deep sigh of fatique she leaned on the shoulder of Agnes, while the hectic flush flitting over her cheek, betrayed the feverish current that

> 'You seem an invalid, my dear young lady,' said he, so kindly and respectfully, it was impossible to be offended with the freedom of the address; 'I trust you find age, and the agonies of disease. As for there is a balm in Gilead, a heavenly Physician near.'

was flowing in her veins.

Ellen gave him a glance of unspeakable stonishment, and coldly answered, 'I have

severe cold, sir-nothing more.' The dry, continuous cough that succeedd, was a fearful commentary upon her words. The stranger seemed one not easily repulsed, and one, too, who had conceiv ed a sudden and irrepressible interest in his young companions. Agnes, in arranging Ellen's scarf, dropped a book from her hand, which he stooped to raise, and as his eye glanced on the title, the gravity of his countenance deepened. It was one of is last works, in which that master of glowing language and impassioned images, has thrown his most powerful spell round the senses of the reader, and dazzled and bewildered his perceptions of right and wrong. (Conclusion next week.)

Horrible Accident.—The Baltimere American of Friday says: A horrible accident occurred yesterday afternoon at the Maryland Sugar Refinery, on O'Donnell's wharf, by which a German, named Ferdinand injured. He was engaged in rolling a hogshead of sugar from the raising platform on the eighth floor of the building, when the chains which supported the platform upon which he was standing at the time broke day, when two female figures were seen and he was precipitated with it and the hogshead to the ground floor, a distance of was taken up in an insensible condition and and attended by Dr. Arnold. One side of his head and skull was terribly injured. ous parts of his person. He was still alive, but in an insensible condition, at a late hour last evening, but it is impossible for him to survive the accident. Meyer is represented to have been a very steady and industrious man, and has a family, consisting of a wife and three children.

Suicide of a Femule Horse Thicf .-We learn from the Kingston, C. W., News, that a woman in man's attire, committed suicide by poisoning herself, at McKay's Hotel, St. Mary's, on Tucsday evening last. She had been arrested for horse stealing. Soon after her arrest she was observed to put a handkerchief to her face, for the purpose, it was thought at the time, of hiding her emotion, but really for the purpose of swallowing a portion of strychnine and chloroform which she had prepared, and concealed for that or some other purpose in a phial. She was instantly seized with spasms, and a physician was immediately sent for. He arrived in half an hour, but the woman soon expired. Her name was Margaret Cook, and she is said to have been respectably connected in the town of Woodstock, where some of her friends reside.

A Snow Fence on the Illinois Central Railroad .- We learn from the Mendota Press, that the Illinois Central Railroad have been setting a snow fence from Gale na to La Salle. The portion of the road from Dunleith to the former point does not require that protection, owing to the nature of the surface. The fence has been set for seventy-eight miles-on an average about ten boards high-and will cost when completed, in the coming Summer, about one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. The posts are of oak-very heavy-set three feet in the ground, and the boards are put on with regard to permanency. It is believed that the fence will stand for 40 years. Above La Salle, we learn, little trouble is apprehended from snow storms which sometimes prevail in that region.

Miscrly .- Two elderly maiden ladies by the the name of Beard, who lived in a state of I have no doubt that in a few weeks she great, if not abject, poverty, recently died in South Gardiner, Mass., within a few days of each other, and since their decease it has been ascertained that they were in possession of

DEATH OF COL. LEHMANOWSKY.

We regret to learn that Col. Lehmanowsky, at one time a resident of Lancaster county, died in Clark county, Indiana, on the 4th inst. He was a Pole by birth, and an officer under Napoleon during his wars. He was a man of great bravery and saw hard service, as the numerous scars that he wore testified. He won distinguished honors in the service, and was ardently attached to the interests of Napoleon. the latter entered France from Elba, Lehmanowsky, with many others of his old companions in arms, revolted from the Allies and joined his standard, the penalty for which was death, and after the defeat of Waterloo, his life being forfeited and himself hunted, he passed through the most severe trials and privations in attempting to escape to this country, and finally after two years of stratagem and suffering that few could have endured, he reached the United States and settled in this country. He afterwards removed to Washington City, and there became a minister of the Lutheran denomination, in which capacity he continued to his death. From Washington he removed to Indiana, where he died.

Colonel Lehmanowsky was a friend and companion in arms of the late Dr. Jas. C. Verbeke, of Harrisburg. They saw one another for the last time for many years, on the memorable battle-field of Waterloo, from which each escaped a marked victim; but both reached America unknown to each other, and when by accident they met in this country their feelings were so overpowering as to deprive both of the power of utterance for some moments. friendship manifested for each other during their lives seemed greater than the ties of brothers or kindred; and they have both gone to their long wished for rest within the short period of a year, zealous Lutherans, in the full belief of the Christian's hope, happiness hereafter .- Lanc. Times.

A RHODE ISLAND MIRACLE.

Three or four weeks ago we published an account, apparently well authenticated, that a Mr. Bourne of Westerly, R. I., had suddenly become deaf, dumb and blind. This was followed by an announcement, soon after, of his recovery, both the occurrence and recovery being alike singular and unaccountable. Says the N. Y. Sun: "On Sunday evening Mr. Bourne related the circumstances to an audience assembled in the basement of the Suffolk street Church. He attributes the event directly to a Divine interposition, stating that he was previously leading an unchristian life, not believing in a God, and exercising a most uncharitable disposition towards his neighbors, whom he had pledged himself to injure as far as within his power. He states that after recovering from a fit of sickness, on the 28th of last October, as he was leaving home to do some work about thirty miles distant, when only a few rods from his house, he became confused and sat down upon a stone by the side of the fence, when in a moment or two it seemed as if some one had pulled a large hat over his whole frame; first his sight left him, then his hearing, then the faculty of speaking, and lastly, the power of motion was entirely gone. He was removed to his house, and on the fourth day his sight was restored, and about the 15th of November. while standing in the pulpit of the church in his native village, his hearing and speech were in a moment restored, and he ejaculated a thankful prayer to God for his recovery. Whatever may be thought of this account by the public, whether attributed to mental delusion or whatever cause, the narrator evidently believed in its Providential character. He spoke in tremulous accents, and with tears in his eyes most of the time, and the audience, particularly the females, were very much affected."

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Men Boiled in Liquid Iron .- A French journal has the following: From Cherbourgh we learn the details of a frightful accident. In the naval workshops of that town there is a foundry for the manufacture of heavy iron eastings. An immense crueible hangs over the furnace, and when the metal is in a state of fusion, this crueible is removed from it by means of machinery, and the glowing ore poured into moulds which are formed in the sand. It happened that some twenty workmen were engaged in the operation of casting, when suddenly the screw which held the handle of the pot gave way, and in a moment the liquid metal flooded the workshop like the lava from a volcano. Ten of the workmen were overtaken by the flaming torrent, and their fect and legs literally burnt to ashes Some of the men more fortunate than their fellows, escaped by climbing upon the beams which supported the roof, where, safe themselves, they beheld the fearful race between their unhappy comrades and the molten iron, which overtook the wretches, shrivelling up their limbs with its fiery touch. A subscription was opened for the poor fellows, while waiting for the hospital at Vessinet to receive them. The Russian officers at Cherbourgh, in honor of whom the authorities were about to give a ball, subcribed liberally for the support of the victims and their families.

Coming-Groundhog day. Watch it.