IF I DIE FIRST.

If I die first, dear love. My mournful soul made free. Shall sit at heaven's high portal, To wait and watch for thee To wait and watch for thee, love, And thro' the deep, dark space To peer, with human longings,

For thy radiant face.

Mid all the stars of heaven. One only shall I see— The earth-star of my passion, Half-Heaven for holding thee— All Heaven for holding thee, love, And brightest of the spheres, By thy smile illumined.

If I die first, dear love-I feel that this shall be. For Heaven will not be Heaven, Until I can see thee. Until its shared with thee, love,

Or hallowed by thy tears.

I'll linger at the gate; Or be thy guardian angel, To teach thee how to wait. And when thine hour shall come, And thro' the yielding night,

I see thy happy spirit Upscaring, robed in light. Mine shall go forth to meet thee, And thro' the eternal door, Pass in with thee, rejoicing, Made one forevermore.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED.] CLEARFIELD COUNTY: OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

It is a rare thing for the river to rise to such

a hight as to do much damage or cause any apprehension of danger. When much above the ordinary running freshet, a few small bridges and some fences are carried off. The principal and most reliable freshet is that of the spring caused by the melting of the snow. The most remarkable rises, however, which have fallen under the observation of our citizens, have occurred tate in the year, and were caused by the large quantity of rain which had fallen within a short period. In November, its banks and at some points presented the appearance of a vast lake. Bridges, fences in the vicinity of the stream, and some live stock, were swept away by the wild and rushing current. In this county the damage was trifling, but in the lower counties the loss occasioned by the flood was great. | During some time the stream was literally covered with pumpkins which had been torn from their vines, and hence originated the name by which this freshet has been designated-"the pumpkin flood." In the fall of 1847, another flood occurred, in which the water reached within a few inches the stage attained in 1811. The inmates of several houses built near the stream were compelled to abandon the lower floor, by the water which rushed over it, and one house on the Sinnemahoning, in which were a lady and her three children, was floated down stream. Pig pens, chicken coops, rails, lumber, portions of dams, spans of bridges and drift floating on the bosom of the river, told the tale of destruction, which could not at the time be accurately ascertained because of the impassable condition of the overflown roads. This flood destroyed many of the principal bridges on the main stream, and caused much loss. It was during this flood that the Ringold mill on Clearfield creek, owned by Kratzer & Barrett, left its foundation and floated some thirty miles down stream, when it was arrested in its course by the Karthaus bridge. Since then we have been visited by only one flood of threatening aspect. It occurred near Christmas in 1851. A fall of snow, followed by a heavy rain, caused the river to rise suddenly. Our Court was then in session, and many anxious ones were hemmed in by the waters which completely surrounded the county seat. All things seemed to indicate a greater and more disastrons treshet than had formerly been experienced, but the cold caused the water to assuage, and relieved of their apprehensions those whose property was threatened.

A sudden rise in the early part of the year, on their way to market, is most fraught with danger. Whole fleets are then liable to be torn from their fastenings and destroyed, whilst those who have them in command, worn out with the fatigue of ratting and running, are almost unfitted to watch over their property. Notwithstanding the exposure and toil connected with a trip down the river on a raft, such a voyage is a pleasure to be sought and that neatly painted house nestling under the hill, you become completely surrounded by water's edge, and the serpentine course of the river cuts off all view of an entrance to, or a passage from your position. During your rapid course you glance at hills covered with dense, ever-living foliage, and sometimes huge piles of rocks, devoid of vegetation. Here and there are isolated farms. Occasionally on one or on either side is the valley, with hills rising slowly in the distance, and now and then a thriving country village or town comes into ight. The appearance of a lumbering establishmenl or other mill is to a raftsman, at first, a cause of excitement and anxiety. The dreaded schute passed, you can more calmly falls, where a speed greater than that obtained | nin' into yees." on the best railroads is attained, an involunta-The human brain is the 28th part of the Steam, steam, when reflect- body, but in the horse but a four-hundredth. Fire Engine, of Philadelphia.

ing on the consequences of a wrong stroke of t the oar. But you have had scarce a moment for reflection whilst passing over a mile of rough and rapid water, and your breath is regained when you observe your craft moving more slowly along and out of danger. A night passed in the "Little Basin," with the earth for a couch, the heavens for its canopy, and the stars for your watchers-a few nights passek in rude stopping places, where etiquette is banished and those keen of appetite and quick of foot fare best at the table, and the most fatigued first select a soft plank for a bed-these, with the joke and the dance and the song, would drive away ennui and fill up a week in the life of any mortal.

But should you determine upon a first trip beware of the practical jokes which are played upon green hands, and remember that it will be your duty to drive a nail in the side of the raft to note the rise or fall of the water during the night; that fatigued though you be you will be expected to bale the raft on the first | melody into his soul? It comes with a grannight of landing; and that although your hair may be standing on edge with fright as you make your maiden trip through Canawaga falls, melody, and unbroken by walls, it swells in to you will be left the delicate and dangerous task of driving in the forward oar pin.

It is no uncommon thing for our lumbermen

whilst on their way to market to be compelled to stop where the coarsest fare is provided for them at the highest price. But few are the complaints, for appetite gives a zest. But when it is served up without regard to taste or cleanliness they wish they were at home where the wife spreads the unspotted linen and pours out the invigorating beverage which seems sweet enough out of her hands. In illustration of what the ratismen sometimes experience a recent occurrence might be related. A Grampian Hill crew under command of the owner 1811, the river and small streams emptying in- of the craft started on an unexpected rise in to it rose higher than they were ever known the river. Want of time for preparation preof bread. At night the raft was landed at a well known landing place and the crew were voracious. Among the hands was an Irishman, who was for the first time on a raft. When nearing the house where the party must remain over night he was not much taken with the appearance of things, but he consoled himself with the thought that despite a rough exterior all might be right within. A soiled and coarse table cloth would not have prevented him partaking of the food which was loaded on the table, but when he saw the hostess pick her teeth with a fork which was placed at the seat that in the rush to the table was left for him he went supperless to bed. Hunger overcomes many scruples. In the morning he essayed to partake of breakfast, but before the task was completed an uneasy sensation about the abdominal region, induced by what he had seen during the meal, warned him to leave the room quickly, and he soon was as though he had not ate. Towards noon of that day he saw the owner eating some light biscuit and enquired where they were, remarking at the time that he was faint and ravenous. On being informed of their whereabouts he provialed himself with three, two of which he had devoured before he again approached the owner. His hunger somewhat appeased he could then observe that the biscuit neither presented the taste nor appearance of those manufacthe owner that had he not brought the cakes from home, he should have believed that they had been purchased at -s. "And you would not have been far wrong in thinking so," replied the boss, "for I bought them at -s this morning." At these words the hand, to use a common saying, went to n-e-w y-o-r-k.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MYSTERY OF THE PAST .- An immense catacomb can be seen at Rothwell, in the interior of England, near the direct route from Liverpool to London. It is an immense vault built of masonry, under a church which dates back ute only. Then, calm again, he softly said when the river is lined with rafts ready for, or apparently for its first erection to about the year 1150, and contains the skeletons of thirteen thousand men, probably warriors of great size, piled up in regular order, so that sculls and large bones only appear on the outside of the piles. The skulls show marks of spear and hatchet, but no gunshot wounds, and their owners probably fell in mortal conflict, anterior to the invention of gunpowder. The vault was discovered by accident one hundred and sixty years ago, and has no connection with the church as far as known; in fact, the mystery of the affair is, that there is no historical remembered. The scene is ever varying. At evidence nor traditionary legend which throws one time you may be attracted by a farm, and the least light upon the obscurity of its erecwhilst thinking how happy one could live in | tion. No anatomist, historian, ethnologist, antiquarian, nor savant of any stripe, has been able to decide the people even, to whom these bones once belonged. Were they native Saxmountains rising abruptly and high above the ons, or Romans. Danes, Normans, or what? Nobody has more than guessed. A plausible theory is that they belonged to Danish invaders, slain by the Saxons about the year 1100; still this is but a probability.

> In Mariposa County, California, three men who are working a vein situated near the Bondurant Mill, divided the respectable amount of 101 pounds 9 ounces and 12 dollars of gold, which they had pounded out in hand mortars, the proceeds of six days' work. At \$17 the ounce it is equal to \$29,769. The party are working the vein on shares, and have twothirds of the gold for their labor.

Patrick Macfinigan, with a ohe-wheeled car, ran a race with a locomotive. As the latter went out of sight, Mac observed :- "Aff wid look upon surrounding scenes. Going through ye, ye roarin' blaggard, or I'll be after run-

THE MANIAC'S SERMON.

AN AFFECTING CAMP MEETING INCIDENT. It was eleven o'clock on Sabbath morning. Two sermons had been preached during the forenoon, and the "horn" had been blown announcing the third. The people flocked into divine was to preach at that hour. Soon the rough seats beneath the tall forest trees were filled, then the aisles became crowded, till there was no room for those who wished to hear the eminent minister. The owners of the tenement looking into the space, in a spirit of kindness threw them open, and they, too, were well filled with eager listeners. The scene presented within that church of trees, a natural temple to the living God, was striking and impressive.

The eloquent minister who had swayd thousands by the words of truth, who had caused the sinful to repent, and the scoffer to cry out for mercy, arose. All was instantly hushed, and the stillness of midnight reigned in that vast assemblage. He opened a book and read therefrom softly, sweetly, nrusically, a hymn, which he requested the congregation to sing. The music of a camp meeting! who that has ever heard it, has not paused to drink the rich denr, yet softness and sweetness, that can be heard nowhere else. In the measured strains of a multitude of voices, uttered in charming solemn grandeur and rolls deliciously through the forest, awakening re-echoing cadences on every hand, and

Untwisting all the chains that tie The hidden soul of harmony.

After the hymn had been sung, the minister offered up a brief, eloquent prayer, and then took his seat. He had taken the Bible on his knee, and was searching for his text, when he and the whole congregation were startled by the appearance of the maniac Smith.

The young lunatic, who was known to nearly all present, ascended the pulpit with folded arms, bowed head and slow and steady pace. Facing the immense congregation, he gazed carefully around, and amid breathless silence, spread forth his hands, and in the most thril-

ling manner said :ces in the light of reason, that laves in waters of purest love, and rejoices in the glory of immortality. My soul is dead! A cherished child of piety, I became recreant to the God who gave me being, and sold my life, my happiness, my immortality, to the Prince of Darkness. Like the traveller who has a well-trodden path before him, but is attracted to dangerous places by the gaudy show of some poisonous flower, I have wandered to my death! My feet were placed in the straight and narrow way, and were covered with the sandals of piety, the Christian staff was placed in my hands, and yet, OGod, I wandered to my death! The gaudy bauble of vice, the showy, yet thorny flowers of wickedness, drew me aside. I left the smooth surface and ascended the moutains of trouble, and yet I gained not the object of my pursuit. On I dashed, reckless and indifferent to my fate. The wicked one who sought my destruction, led me on, and I, cursed with remorse, followed. I knew I was plunging into ruin; but with a soul already accursed, what cared I? Voluntarily I had sought death, and it came. It was one night, and O! a fearful night it was to me. Exhausted, doomed, and cursed. I was still clambering up the mountain of sin. I came to a chasm, deep and fearful! Death, eternal death, stared me in the face, and I screamed pitcously for help! No one came to help me. My companions in vice listened not to my cries, and he to whom I sold my soul derided me in mockery! I was moved on nearer and nearer to the precipice. Frantically, I grasped each shrub and rocky prominence which lay in my way, but they crumbled in my hands. I reached the edge of the precipice! I glautured by a good housewife. He remarked to | ced into that deep abyss of death! O! terror! terror! I pleaded with heaven for mercy; but

> great God! it was too late! "My sin-covered soul trembled with the agony it suffered, and was pitcous in its appeals. But the thunder told me, 'Too late. The lightning told me 'Too late !' I felt myself going over the precipice. I clung with tenacity to everything within my reach; but nothing could save me. I shrieked ! I groaned! Down to perdition went my soul!

> Here the maniac paused. His vived portraiture of the loss of his soul had startled the whole congregation, some of whom shricked outright as he represented his soul's frightful descent into perdition. He paused a min-"I am living without a soul! You, people of God, may sing your praises, for it is sweet incense to your soul. But you, sinners," and here he again become excited in manner, "but you sinners must repent this day, or your souls will go after mine over that deep, dark, fearful abyss into hell! Will you repent, or go with me into eternal perdition?"

The effect of this was more than terrific. Screams and groans arose from the gay and

giddy in the congregation. A year or two before, this young man was brought home insensibly drunk. The next morning found him the victim of a terrible fever, brought on by his sensual indulgences, and his extravagant course of life. Of that fever he was, after many fearful days, and much tender care by his relatives, cured; but it left him a raving maniac, a hopeless lunatic. So fearful were his mad efforts, it became necessary to confine him in a Lunatic Asylum, to keep him from perpetrating mischief upon himself and others. He remained until within a few weeks of the camp meeting, when he became sufficiently restored to return to the custody of his family. He was still insane, but he was mild and obedient; and under those circumstances he was taken with the family to the camp meeting, the utmost vigi-

lance being exercised over him. Young men, beware of the cup, the destroyer of the body, and worse, the destroyer of the soul .- Manna in the Wilderness.

source of gratification to Pennsylvanians to | yellow-covered novel. know that at the late national exhibition by the United States Agricultural Society, held at Chicago, the two highest honors were awarded to Pennsylvania exhibitors-one to Mr. Fawkes, of Lancaster, for his great American The human brain is the 28th part of the Steam Plow, and the other to the Hope Steam

THE LONDON DOCKS.

We have already published several extracts from a series of interesting letters from Europe written by Rev. John Matthews for the N. Y. Scalpel. We make another, viz :-

THE LONDON DOCKS .- I had previously visiwere anxious to visit this, the most celebrated of all, because the first and most costly of all part of the great series which compensate in London otherwise would lie, as a great commercial city. These magnificent works designed by Rennie, the architect of Waterloo Bridge, were first opened in 1805; although docks we are accustomed to see in New-York are very different from those of London. The row for vessels of large size to lie at anchor in the stream, and to remedy this disadvantage, large reservoirs covering hundreds of acres of ground, are excavated in the mainland, communicating with the river by means of canals with locks or gates. Moored within these vast basins, thousands of vessels from all quarters of the globe discharge their ample cargoes, and in the immense warehouses may be seen all the varied productions of the | moon, wen he spent evry evenin' to hum, but earth. There are gathered the choicest pro- sens he took to stayin' out at nites he seems duct of the vines of Portugal, Spain, France, and Germany; the cotton and tobacco of America, the ivory, gold, and spices of India and bring him back to the dummestic sirkel of and Africa, the silks and teas of China, and witch he was wunst the ornyment. the coffee of Arabia and the Indies.

This magnificent establishment covers over ninety acres-forty-nine acres of warehouses, thirty four acres of water, and twenty acres of vaults, and cost four million pounds sterling. The tobacco warehouse covers five acres, and the eastern vault about eleven acres, and contains many thousand pipes of wine. A visit to this vault is quite interesting, and numerous their torches wandering under its dark arches. Having provided ourselves with a guide, we "Your music is the music of Heaven. The damp and mouldy arches. Before us was an my fair querest and uthers in setch a predicky- ruffians walting to receive him. These villains pretty birds in yonder tree-tops are bearing it aisle or tunnel with blackened columns and ment. Ef the legislatur was settin' it mought had first promised Lieutenant Delafosse and with their songs to the lips of angels above, roof, from which was suspended a long row of be a good plan to petishin tur a law agin ad- private Murphy if they would come to the oil lamps, which twink led through the distance from the roof, and became more and more numerous as we proceeded onward in the gloom. On each side of us were heaped countless casks

of wine covered with mould and damp fungi. In our tour we saw several parties who had provided themselves with what are termed in complimentary language, "wine-tasting orders," but judging from the extraordinary avidthe exhilarating beverage, it would be more proper to term them "drinking orders." The damp and chilly atmosphere, however, made us glad to avail ourselves of an order procured by a friend, to try some of the old port, which sented to us for our delectation. I confess that we all did'a little more than taste the ruby prefer goin' back to the fold at the proper and cheering beverage; our keen appreciation of flavors, would not permit us to pass by these "original packages" without a thorough estimate of their contents. We consoled ourselves, however, on leaving, that by tasting have befallen us had we been so imprudent as to ventare into so unnatural a place, unprotected by a slight stimulant. We admit that our party did feel a slight exhibaration on reaching again the surface of the busy world, but I attribute that to the sudden transition from those tomb-like vaults to cheerful daylight.

tobacco warehouse, an immense structure, covering five acres of ground, with accommodations under its roof for twenty-five thousand hogsheads of the "weed." You need not inquire the way, for an atmosphere of the narcotic surrounds the building; as you walk along its passages, huge hogsheads are noticed, piled up far above you on either side. I never before conceived of the enormous form a slight idea for there is more tobacco under this roof than any where else on the globe. Vast rooms in the edifice are devoted inclosure is a kiln where the unclaimed and damaged tobacco is burned. The chimney, which is constantly vomiting fourth tobacco smoke, is called by the workmen "the Queen's Pipe. ' Her majesty certainly consumes great quantities of tobacco, for in one corner I saw about seven tons of iron and nails, which were raked from the ashes ashes after the scrap-tobacco is consumed. In the dock-yard, hundreds of men were rolling merchandise of every description to and from the different vessels, whose masts rise on every side. I peeped into the drug warehouse, but the atmosphere was so laden with medicated vapors that I quickly turned away, and again sought the streets. If any person wishes to form an idea of the trade of London, let him yisit the

SHE CAN TRAVEL .- On Friday morning last, as a train was leaving the Rochester depot, a lady discovered that her satchel had been stolen. It was found under a seat occupied by a well-hooped and good looking young woman. officer suspecting the young woman to be the ed he may have been the victim of the "m equally incommunicative. He asked where was taken into a private room and searched, over, she coolly returned to her seat, and was | California. PENNSYLVANIA TRIUMPHANT .- It will be a soon apparently interesed in the pages of a

> Moses seeing a chap hoeing and another mowing, in the same field, remarked that their | you think I'd be afther goin' widout a name?" occupations were decidedly hoe-mow-genious.

The pulse of children is 180 in a minute; at puberty it is 80, and at 60 it is only 60.

MARRIED MEN'S WEAKNESSES. The "Disbanded Volunteer," whose philo-

sophical observations have attracted the notice and obtained the praise of many, thus discourseth on a subject prompted by a 'marrid lady :' "A marrid lady having airnestly rekwested ted the East and West-India docks, but we my vews on the subjeck of marrid men goin' tu clubs and lodges, and carryin' nite-keys, I wunst more seeze my pen tu state wot I think, those establishments. These vast works are in my opinyin, ort to be the baring of husbands toards thar wyves, hopin' to tetch the fealin's a measure for the disadvantages under which of all catterwaulin' Benny Dicks as skoots around arter dark, by a few morril remarks on her onhappy tale. She sez, in a billy now lyin' before me, and witch I hev evry reason to beleve vorashis, that her spows blongs to so among the smallest of them, these are the many societies that he mought as well not the temple. Fearing that the suffocating atmost interesting to the general visitor. The blong to her at all. He takes his evening meal tu hum, and that's the last of him, she sez, until midnite or arter, when he cums back, Thames near the city is too shallow and nar- smellin' fragrantly of mereshoms and Borban wisky, and, without givin' her a kiss or a skweedge, turns in with his back to her, and sleeps like a log till the breakfast bell rings. My corryspondent remarks that this ain't the kinder usidge she bargined fur, and wants to ed an evacuation; for they brought bags of no if I think it's a decent way to behalv to a yung and buxum wife. Sartainly not. No boddy, she allows, could be more ardent in his attenshuns than he wos doorin' the hunny

like an altered man. She concloods by axin' "The case of this poor abandoned femall is

not a solentary wun by a considrabul crowd. Clubs is onfavorabul to connewbi I bliss, and a marrid man has no more bizness with 'em than Samson hed with his coconut in the lap of Daylilee. For a man to play a club agen his wife's hart, is a durned mean game; and the heads for them to aim at. I turned round and husband as prefers goin' to lodge with the Odd-Fellers to goin' hum to lodge with his black multitude, yelling, howling, and firing parties, including ladies, may be seen with lorful bedfeller, desarves, in the langwidge of at us; while others of their party rifled the Longfeller, (I think it must be Longfeller, bekase hees the poick of Injun life.) to be sent descended to the entrance where we were furnished with the lamp-torches, and entering nuthin but a boundless consanguinity of ing from exhaustion, swam into a sandbank through a broad door-way, we stood within its shade.' I skairsly know wot advice to give and was knocked on the head by two or three until the light faded in that gloomy atmos- thar wyves' consent, same as thar is agin letphere, and hardly seemed to make darkness | tin' enny yung men under foreteen inter the visible. A stronge odor of wine, decayed theayturs without thar gardeens. But seein' wood, and oil-smoke from the numerous lamps, as that angust boddy doesent meet agin till tion. Infuriated with disappointment, one of filled the atmosphere, but as we wound through | January, the wimmin must resort to perswayits gloomy labryrinthine passages, we saw the sive meshurs in the intrim. The three-legged torches of other parties who were making the stool and gardin-rake sistem, hes been tride into deep water; the other aimed at Murphy tour, and the waving of lights by invisible and prooved onsucksessful. Gettin' inter a hands produced a singular effect in so dismal man's har oney raises his dander. Et a husa place. Luxuriant festoons of dark fungi band is unreesonabul, thar's better ways than that of cuttin his comb for him. I reckymend neglected wives to get up secret assosiashins of thar own. Union is strength. Why shouldent they hev club-rooms, and play at poker and billyards, as well as thar conjugial pardners? Ef a dissypated husband, on arrivin' at his dummysill at 1 A. M., was informed by the Biddy that Mrs. So-and-So was out attendin' a meetin' of the Darters of Malta, or the ity with which several individuals poured down | Marrid Rites Club, or the F. O. E. of M. A. N. Society, heed purty soon begin to understand wot o'clock it was, I reckin. Or she mought send for one of her old bows to sit up with her fur perteckshin ontil he cum in. Ef this last menshined medicin diddent wurk, the case mought be considered oncurabul; but Ime inclined to think that the stray sheep would

> bee a wolf in sheep's clothin'. "Failin' in the abuv treatment, I don't no of enny uther speechies of morrill swashin as would be likely to melt his obdurate hart. Highstrikes is played out; so is doggin' husbands from place to place like a detective perleeceman; so is artifishal pistnin' and sending for the doctor and the stummick pump. Howsever, I hev known the wust cases of travelin' around to be cured by smiles and tears and tenderness-and prehaps that's the right eend to begin at. I predicate from the tone of my corryspondent's letter that shees ridin' the high horse. Possibly she mought find it more

time, to hevin his vakant place filled by ma-

to her advantidge to dror it mild. "With the deepest symparthy for all marrid and correspondin' contempt for all husbands who neglecks their marrytal duties, I remane, yours, allus, A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER."

his last Wine Press, tells an old story, which he says few persons have not heard. When Govroad days, had occasion to visit a certain part to the storage of cigars. In one corner of the of the State, and accordingly mounted on the top of the mail coach, in order that he might enjoy his cigar and the scenery. The driver was an inquisitive fellow and his passenger humored him. "Land agent?" said the driver. "No," quoth Seward. "Selling goods?" "No.' "Traveling preacher?" "No.' "Circus ?" "No." "What then ?" said the baffled driver, "what is your business?" "Governor," replied Seward, with a tranquil puff. "Governor o' what?" "Governor of the State of New York," replied the smoking passenger with composure. "Get out!" "Well I can convince you of that," said Seward, "for here is a man on the road with whom I am acquainted," and, as the stage passed by, he saluted him. "Good morning, Mr. Bunker, I want to ask you a question-am I not the Governor of the State of New York ?" "No, by thunder !" was Bunker's unexpected answer. "Who is, then?" said the startled smoker. "Thurlow

It is said that a man named Cook, a drover, has been missed from Chambersburg, Pennsyl-A wallet containing \$6 was missing, and an vania, since last April a year, and it is supposthief, asked her name, which she refused to terious murder" at Harrisburg. Cook left give. He asked where she lived, and she was Chambersburg with a drove of cattle, which he sold somewhere in the neighborhood of Harshe was going, and she said it was none of his risburg. Part of the drove belonged to a genbusiness. Her occupation was then demanded, tleman in Chambersburg. The money for that and she said she did what she pleased. She portion was duly forwarded to the owner, and since that time, Cook has not been heard of. | who said he would die. Just at the moment but nothing was found, The search being It was at first supposed that he had gone to his speech came to him, and calling his wife's

porter in a hotel. "No," was the reply, "will be!" and sure enough he recovered.

in one of the corps in the Crimea.

AN EXCITING ESCAPE.

Captain Thomson, one of the two English-

men who survived after the escape from Cawn-

pore, India, has written an account of the siege and capture of that place, and of the atrocities committed there. The description of the escape of the fortunate few-four in number at first, but two have since died-is very exciting. Assailed by a mob of sepoys, they took refuge in a temple, which the mob surrounded, and baving piled up taggets at the entrance, they cut off their retreat. "When the pile of faggots had reached the doorway, or nearly so, they set them on fire, expecting to suffocate us; but a strong breeze kindly sent the great body of the smoke away from the interior of mosphere would soon be insupportable, I proposed to the mer to sell their lives as dearly as possible; but we stood until the wood had sunk down into a pile of embers, and we began to hope that we might brave out their torture till night (apparently the only friend left us) would let us get out for food and attempted escape. But their next expedient compellgunpowder and threw them upon the red-hot ashes. Delay would have been certain suffocation-so out we rushed. The burning wood terribly marred our bare feet, but it was no time to think of trifles. Jumping the parapet, we were in the thick of the rabble in an instant; we fired a volley and ran a muck with wot she can do to brake him of his bad habits, | the bayonet. Seven of our number succeeded in reaching the bank of the river, and we first threw in our guns and then threw in ourselves. The weight of ammunition we had in our pouches carried us under the water; while we were thus submerged we escaped the first volley that they fired. We slipped off the belts, rose again, and swam; and by the time they had loaded a second time, there were only bodies of the six poor fellows we left behind. Presently two more poor fellows were shot in shore they should be protected and have food them threw his club at Delafosse; but in the height of his energy lost his balance and fell and struck him on the head. For two or three hours we continued swimming; often changing our position, and the current helping our progress. At length our pursuers gave up the chase; a sowar on horseback was the last we saw of them."

AN ANCIENT RACE .- The following instances e tenacity with which the Highlanders hold to the honors and antiquity of their kindness: A dispute arose between Campbell and Mc-Lean upon the antiquity of their families. The any right to rank with the McLeans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more Biblical knowledge than his antagonist, and asked if the clan of Mc-Lean was before the flood.

"Flood! what flood!" said McLean. "The flood that you know drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks,' said Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your flood," said McLean, my clan was afore the flood." "I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of McLean going into No-

"Noah's ark !" retorted McLean, in contempt, "whoever heard of a McLean that had na boat o' his own?"

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO .- The year 1759 was the most memorable of any in the history of England. In that year we took Crown Point, Louisburg and Cape Breton, Fort Frontenac, Forts Duquesne, Niagara and Ticonderoga and finally Quebec, which capitulated Sept. 17, 1759. In Africa, Senegal and the Island of Goree fell into the hands of the English, and in the West Indies they took Guadaloupe, Marigalante, Granada and St. Martins. In India, Clive was everywhere victorious over the French, and on the continent the victorious Marlborough raised the national spirit of England to a position that it had never before attained. At that time we formed a portion of the British Empire, and shared in all the trials and the glories of that eventful period.

A St. Louis paper relates the troubles of a California gold seeker, who left New York for San Francisco, thence proceeded to the mines. worked hard for four years, remitting to his wife in the Empire city \$1,000 per snnnm all the time, and finally returned home to meet the partner of his life, and with her share a handsome fortune which he had accumulated. He found, however, that, during his absence, she had married a gay youth, was the mother of three children, and that all were living in St. Louis. He went to that city and had an interview with her, with what result is not stated.

"GO ON WITH YOUR RAT KILLING."-Parts of Illinois are so terribly infested with rats, that one of the county agricultural societies, that of Logan-has offered three premiums of \$50. \$30 and \$20 for the three largest exhibitors of rat's scalps at their Fair. A great many persons are competing for the prize, and the show promises to be large and interesting. Mr. Gorden, of Kickapoo Creek, has already secured 1,113 scalps, and intends running the number up to fifteen hundred before the Fair !

COULDN'T STAND THE DOCTORS .- Some years since an old revolutionary soldier, named Benjamin Johnson, of Millford, Mass., was struck by lightning, but not killed. For two days he was insensible, when two doctors were called. name, he said, "I have stood cannon and musket balls and bayonet, and I can stand thunder Is Mr. Jones in ?" asked an Irishman of the and lightning, if the doctors will only let me

At a christening while the minister was ma-A company of Zouaves has been formed in "Let me see, this is the 30th." "The thirti-New Orleans, their commander having served eth!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "indeed it is only the eleventh !"