CAPE BRETON.

HEAVY RAIN STORM, AND ITS MELANCHOLY RESULTS.—We were visited on Tuesday evening last, with a heavy gale of wind from the Southward, accompanied with torents of rain, which operated on the deep snow then on the earth, caused great inundations of water to descend from the hills and mountains, carrying with them vast masses of snow, &c., from which, in one instance at least, the most painful and heart-rending results were experienced.

About 30 miles from Sydney, on the main Post road hence to St. Peter's, and about a mile from Mr. Kelly's residence on that road, was situate the dwelling house and barn of Mr. John Campbell, a well-to-do farmer, and an industrious man. The house was occupied, on Tuesday night last, by the above named Mr. Campbell, and his wife, and their three children, together with his mother, an aged person, and two young girls—members of the family. It appears that some time during the night, and while the inmates of the house were asleep, an avalanche of snow, impelled forward by almost an ocean of water from the high lands in the vicinity, in one fell swoop passed over the house, and those therein, depriving, at the same time, of life, Mrs. Campbell, her three children, and one of the girls—the husband, Mr. Campbell himself, and his aged mother, with the other girl, by a miraculous and unexplainable cause escaping with their lives, so far—the first named, however, received severe bodily injury, and when our informant left, he was lying in a precarious state, with but slender hopes entertained of his recovery. The first knowledge which the neighbours had of the melancholy catastrophe, was though a little boy, a son of Mr. Kelly's, who had been sent about 12 o'clock on Wednesday, on an errand by his mother to Campbell's house. As soon as assistance was obtained, the survivors were rescued by the neighbors from their perilous and suffering condition—half buried, as they were, beneath ice and snow—and had their wants administered to; whilst some of the neighbors were engaged in seeking the missing persons, in the ruins. Mrs. Campbell, when eventually found, had some signs of life, indeed, remaining, and with the tender object of her heart's warm affections—her youngest child—dead in her arms! but the poor mother survived but a few minutes, after she had been rescued from where she had been found, and thus she ended in death, the dreadful sufferings, of which none can possibly estimate the extent, and from which it released her. The other missing children, and the missing girl, were likewise found, but with life extinct in all—the latter lying across the crane in the chimney fire place, whither she had been driven by the force of the irruption of water. Our informant was told by Mrs. Kelly, that all the appalling and heart-rending sights she had ever witnessed, or heard of, this melancholy casualty—many particulars of which we omit—exceeded them. The scene caused indescribable horror.

The Barn, on the premises, was also buried beneath the avalanches which had fallen; and of 20 head of cattle, within it, but 2 head were found alive; and all that now, except the prostrate buildings, marks the spot were lately stood the dwelling house and barn, is the chimney of the former, which resisted the force of the water, and remains uninjured. The buildings themselves are in ruins.

The bare recital of this dreadful occurence, is indeed painful and distressing.—What these poor sufferers must have endured during that long, weary, stormy night, is beyond motral ken. An occurrence of a similar kind is not remembered to have ever occurred in this country, that we can hear of.

The property of Mr. Gillis, at Bunone, was also injured some, by a similar casualty, on the same day or night. Mr. Adams, the Stage Coach Proprieter, who travelled the road, hence to St. Peter's, on Thursday, and who has furnished us with the foregoing particulars, suffered a great deal on his journey to Sydney, and describes the rain and gale of Tuesday, as being there excessive, and as have caused additional damage, in all probability, in other parts of the road, besides the above-named occurrence; but we hope, if so, that it has not been attended with the awful loss of life, and the other distressing results, accompanying the above accident.—Cape Breton News. Feb. 16.

Few are aware of the marvellous triumphs constantly going forward in this country. A contemporary says: "We have seen lately, as a specimen of rare American mechanical genius, a machine costing not over five hundred dollars, invented by a workman, which takes hold of a sheet of brass or iron and turns off complete hinges, at the rate of a gross in ten minutes, hinges, too neater than those made by any other process; also, a machine that takes hold of an iron rod and whips it into perfect bit-pointed screws with wonderful rapidity and by a single process. This is also the invention of a working man; and both these machines are superior to anything of the kind in the world. No other process of manufacture can compete with them."

At a reunion of French savans at the house of M. Leverrier, last week, much interest was occasioned by the famous glass, now nearly finished, to complete which M. Arago obtained from the Chamber of Representatives 100,000 francs, and by which, said the illustrious astronomer, "we shall be able at last to see the moon, as we see Montmartre from the Boulevard Italien!"

ASTONISHING THE BROWNS."—The Laureate says, that we are fools to trust "a tradesman's ware or word," but we hope that we may be permitted to recognise his politeness. The remark is forced from us by observing the exquisite mode in which the West-End traders now return us our very small change. Before us lies the sum of two-pence, which, with a bottle of soda-water, we have received from a Pimlico chemist, in return for a sixpence. The "coppers" are endorsed in the neatest little square scented envelope, on which is embossed a charming wreath of lilies and roses—the latter colored rosy red—and this legend is intertwined with the flowers—"The Change--with thanks." Can politeness go farther! Echo answers in the affirmative, for we understand that other tradesmen have even bland phrases engraven on their packets. One hands the change, inscribed, "What a lovely day!" Another with an eye to business, says, 'With hope to see you again,' and a third, "Would you recommend our articles?" The Spaniards used to perfume their money. The Englishman does this, and more—he gives you perfumed money and fair words. He may cheat, but, even if he does, it is a case of "stealing, and giving odor."—Punch.

MEDICAL VIRTUE OF PARSLEY.—Two physicians of Paris have published a memoir, the object of which is to make known the immense resources which the healing art may draw from the seed of parsley. This common indigenous plant possesses incontestible febrifuge qualities or properties; the decoction of its sved may be substituted for that of cinchona; and the active principle which they designate under the name of apiol, is equivalent to quinine in the treatment of local intermittent fevers.—Western Agriculturist.

"**ENOUGH SAID.**"—A gentleman once wrote to a lady whom he had offended by his dilatoriness, and who for a long time had refused to speak to him. His letter was earnest in supplications for forgiveness. It concluded with—"One word from your lips will make me happy. When and where will you speak it?" her answer was—"Next Wednesday, at the altar." To which he sent the following reply:—"I will be there!"

GREAT INNER SEA IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.—Mr. Angus Peterman, has addressed a letter to the Athenæum, in which he states, that he has received a communication from Mr. Rebmann, the missionary at Mombas, dated the 30th April, 1855, which announces the discovery of a very large inner sea, which is represented to occupy the vast space between the equator and 10 deg. south latitude, and between 23 deg. and nearly 30 deg. east longitude, Greenwich, having at its southern extremity Lake Nyassa attached to it like a tail piece. This immense body of water, with an area about twice as large as the Black Sea (with the Sea of Azoff) is inscribed with the name of Ukerwe or inner sea of Uniamezi, its narrow elongated south-east end bearing that of Nyassa.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—We are informed that Mr. C. E. Davis, butcher in Centre Market, Rochester, took from the stomach of an ox, which he slaughtered, a hollow bone in which were two nails and the handle of a silver teaspoon. The bone had been so long in the stomach of the animal that the rough edges and corners of the broken spoon were worn smooth, and the surface was polished.

POWER OF MEMORY.—Dr. Rush when quite a young man, was educated in the country, in a very remote part of which he was in the habit of visiting, in company with a farmer's daughter, various scenes of beauty and sublimity, and among others, the nest of an eagle in a romantic situation. For some time, these visits were very frequent. Rush afterwards left the school, and settled in Philadelphia, where he found his former associate married. Many years after, she had an attack of typhus fever, under which she lay in a complete state of insensibility apparently lost to all surrounding objects.—In this state, Rush, then a physician, was called to visit her. He took her by the hand, and said with a strong and cheerful voice, "The Eagle's nest!" The words revived an association of ideas comprehending the actions of her youth. She immediately grasped his hand! opened her eyes, and from that hour recovered rapidly.

[COMMUNICATED.]

DIED at his residence, Cumberland Hill, Lot 55, on Saturday the 16th February, WILLIAM JOHNSTON, late Serjeant 42d Royal Highlanders, aged 76 years. Johnston was born at Tain, Rosshire, in the north of Scotland; he enlisted in the army in the year 1793, the 42d at the time being stationed at Montrose, from which they marched in May, 1793, to Musselburgh, when they embarked for Hull. In this town they were received with the most marked kindness and hospitality; nor did this friendly feeling towards them cease at their departure, for the good people of Hull, after they had embarked for Flanders, which was now their destination, sent a present to each man of a pair of shoes, a flannel shirt, and worsted stockings. In September following the regt. embarked at Gosport for Ostend, where it arrived on the 1st October, and two days after joined the army under his Royal Highness the Duke of York, then encamped in the neighbourhood of Menin, but were soon after ordered, with several other regiments, back to England, to join in an expedition then preparing against the French Colonies in the West Indies, they accordingly embarked at Ostend, and soon after arrived at Portsmouth; but their destination was now changed from the West Indies to France, on the coast of which it was proposed to make a decent, under the command of the Earl of Moira, an expedition intended for this service, and of which the 42d formed part, sailed on the 30th November; but instead of landing in France, they put into Guernsey, after cruising about for two days, and remained there until January, 1794, when the whole returned to Portsmouth. In June following the 42d, with several other regiments, was again embarked for Flanders, under the command of the Earl of Moira, and on the termination of the campaign, again returned to England, where they arrived in the end of April, 1795. Their next service was in the West Indies, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, whither they went as part of an armament under the command of that General in October, 1795, and as usual performed a distinguished part in the arduous struggle which followed in the French Colonies there. The regt. remained in the West Indies on this occasion until the year 1797, when they returned to England, and were soon after embarked for Gibraltar, where they remained till October, 1798; in that year they were sent, with some other troops, against Minorca, which they assisted in taking from the French. From this period until 1801 they were not employed in any active service against the enemy; in this year they were embodied in the celebrated expedition to Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, where they added to their glorious annals one of its brightest pages; at the famous landing of Aboukir, and subsequent battle of Alexandria, they particularly distinguished themselves; and in the latter engagement they fought with the most heroic courage, and in several instances, when their line was broken, continued the contest with the enemy's cavalry, individually, each man encountering a dragoon with his gun and bayonet, and fighting on his own ground independent of all assistance from his comrades, who were each engaged in close and single combat with a foe. During one part of the battle, the Commander-in-chief addressing the 42d, called out to them 'my brave Highlanders, remember your country, remember your forefathers—this was enough, they charged the enemy with a fury which nothing could resist, and drove them before them. On the conclusion of this memorable campaign the 42d were ordered home to England; soon after their return they were reviewed before His Majesty, who had expressed a desire to see men whose gallantry had gained them so wide a fame. After this they were marched to Scotland, and in two or three years afterwards returned to England again, when the first battalion was embarked for Gibraltar, in September, 1805, where they remained till the commencement of the Peninsular war, in 1808, when they joined the army in Portugal, under General Welsley. They afterwards formed part of Sir John Moore's army, and added largely to the glory which they had already acquired, on the field of Corunna. In this celebrated battle they fought with all their accustomed bravery, and were specially marked out by their gallant commander. At an arduous point in the contest Sir John Moore rode up to them and called out, "Highlanders, remember Egypt!" and Egypt was remembered. They rushed upon the enemy and drove them back in all directions, at the point of the bayonet, Sir John himself accompanying them in the charge; and when he was shortly afterwards struck down with a cannon ball, it was on the Highlanders, who were still closely engaged with the enemy, that he continued to gaze so long as he remained in the field. At one period of the action, the 42nd, who had run short of ammunition, were preparing to fall back to make way for the Guards, who were at the moment advancing, and who, they imgamed, were coming on purpose to relieve them, when Sir John Moore, perceiving their mistake, said—"My brave 42d, join your comrades; ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets." The hint was enough; they soon made a good use of the formidable weapon, to which their General referred. By the help of some Highlanders, of whom Johnston was one of the number, and some guardsmen, Sir John Moore was lifted into a blanket. After a few words of remembrance to private friends, he sank tranquilly to eternal rest. The burial of Sir John Moore on the ramparts of Corunna was a deeply affecting scene, where Johnston was one of the few that assisted to bury him at the dead of night. This solemn scene of his midnight burial has been beautifully described in the celebrated poem of the Rev. Charles Wolf.—

"We buried him at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning."

Johnston, always in his after-life, on hearing those lines, used to shed tears. After the battle of Corunna Johnston returned to England, as the 42d embarked, with the rest of the army, for England, where the 42d remained till July, 1809, when it joined the expedition to Walcherin. On its return from this unfortunate enterprise it was quartered at Canterbury till July, 1810, when it was ordered to Scotland. In the August of the following year it again returned to England, and in April, 1812, was embarked at Plymouth for Portugal. The part which this gallant regiment performed, together with other Highland corps employed in the Peninsular war, in the series of splendid operations which followed, is too well known to render it necessary to enter into any details regarding it here. From the period of the 42d's first formation, in 1740, till 1815, the number of battles, actions and skirmishes in which the regiment was engaged amounts to forty-five, giving an average of considerable more than one encounter with an enemy every two years. Johnston was in all the battles, actions and skirmishes that the regiment was engaged in from 1793 till the battle of Toulouse, where he fell of a severe wound, in consequence of which he got his discharge. Johnston was wounded, first at Corunna, Salamanca, at the storming of Fort St. Michael, at Bourgeois, while on the "forlorn hope," besides through the body at Toulouse. Was discharged 1814, when he got married, and with his pension acted as gamekeeper and forrester at Cromarty, and in the parish of Uigg, Rosshire, Scotland, till the year 1837, when, on the accession of the Whigs to power, he mortgaged his pension, and emigrated to this country. Deeming the terms hard, however, as he well might, he first wrote a letter to his old Commander, the Duke of Wellington, in which, in the hope that their stringency might be relaxed in his behalf, he stated both his services and his case, and promptly did the Duke reply, in an essentially kind autograph epistle, in which, after stating that he had no influence at the time with the Ministers of the Crown, and no means of getting a relaxation of those terms in behalf of any one, he earnestly recommended William Johnston, first, not to seek a provision for himself and family in the Colonies unless he were able bodied and fit to provide for himself in circumstances of extreme hardship; and second, on no account to sell or mortgage his pension. But the advice was not taken. Johnston did emigrate to the Colonies, and did mortgage his pension, and suffered considerably in consequence, till his family, consisting of four sons and two daughters, grew strong to help him on in the hardships of new settlers in Prince Edward Island. Johnston had a beautiful silver medal sent him from the War Office in London, in the spring of 1852: it has six claps, between which are interwoven a piece of the Waterloo ribbon. The device, on the one side, is a representation of the Duke of Wellington presenting the Queen with a crown of laurel; and on the other side, a beautiful representation of the Queen; and on the margin, W. Johnston, 42d Foot; on each side of the clasps is inscribed, separately, the memorable names of battle-fields whereon the 42d had distinguished themselves, viz: Toulouse, Nive, Nevelle, Pyrenees, Salamanca,