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[From the Boston Journal.]

THE WATERS ARE OUT.

Gundagai is a small settlement in the interior of New South Wales. It is situated on the banks of the Murrumbridge, one of the principal feeders of the Great Murray River; and the high road from Sydney to Melbourne passes through it. The surrounding country consists for the most part, of valleys so broad that they may be almost designated plains, dotted with occasional isolated mounds of small elevation.

When I first settled there, my residence was a little verandah cottage, built of wood. The cottage itself consisted of four rooms, all on the ground floor; and it seemed a little singular that it should have been built on piles, raised three feet above the level of the gardens, but subsequent experience showed me the necessity of this arrangement.

Altogether the place wore such a thoroughly wretched aspect, that I almost feared to bring my wife up from Sydney to it.—When she came, however, I was agreeably disappointed. Esther was an ardent floriculturist, and the task of reducing the flower beds to order, was to her a delightful amusement.

One morning—I remember the date well, it was the last day of March—I left my pleasant home to visit a settler on the Tarenta Creek, about thirty miles distant. I had several calls to make on the road, so that it was past mid-day before I arrived at my destination. Business over, I was not averse to accept the proffered hospitality of my host; and the more readily, because both myself and my horse were sorely in need of refreshment. A stream of conversation had caused the time to pass unnoticed, and when I at length rose to depart, the setting sun indicated the near approach of evening.

The morning had been somewhat warm, yet not unpleasantly so, for—as often happens towards the end of the Australian summer—a soft westerly breeze mitigated the the fierceness of the unclouded sun. But the evening was the reverse of all this. In the west the blood-red sun was rapidly setting in a mass of swollen clouds, which came rolling up with equal velocity, and soon submerged the orb of light in their gloomy folds. As his rays departed, a lurid shadow seemed to creep over the earth, covering it as with a pall. An involuntary tremor, such as I have often experienced when the atmosphere has been highly charged with electricity, pervaded my frame, and I knew that a thunder storm was at hand.

And now the rain came down in such force and volume that it was as if the flood gates of the deep had been opened. The wind howled amongst the tall gums, and swept in fierce gusts athwart the path, leveling many a goodly tree, and denuding others of their branches. The lightning flashed with scarcely a moment's intermission; now in broad sheets of livid flame, and now in red and jagged darts. And the awful thunder!

Bowing my head nearly to the horse's neck, I gave him the rein. He needed no other bidding than that of fear to hurry onwards. With straining eye-balls, and ears laid back, he sprang onwards at the top of his speed, and in a few minutes stood panting at the stable door in Gundagai.

I found Esther anxiously awaiting me, and much agitated. It was the greatest thunder storm she had witnessed since our arrival in New South Wales; and I think that nothing in my subsequent experience at all equals it.

For myself, I will candidly admit that I was appalled; and my efforts to smile were such miserable failures that I abandoned the attempts and could reply to my wife's whispered fears by silently pressing her to my breast.

The storm as is usual in Australia, travelled in a circle, passing from west to north, thence east, and so round again. Sometimes it would nearly die away in the distance; then suddenly the dark clouds would wheel up again with wondrous rapidity and overspread the vault of heaven. Again the angry glare of the lightning would usher in such tremendous thunder-shocks that the very earth seemed to quiver with the concussion. Meantime the rain poured down incessantly, in one unbroken discharge.

In the midst of this a more than usually heavy thunder-clap was followed by a sudden and profound calm. The rain ceased to fall, the wind to blow. Stepping out into the verandah I perceived that the clouds hung motionless, whilst in the south-eastern horizon was a clear space wherein twinkled a few silvery stars. The storm-rack was heaped up in portentious masses; and I fully anticipated a more violent outbreak of the tempest, thus arrested, as it were, in mid career; but presently the dark clouds moved back on the track they had so long pursued, and with gradually accelerated motion drifted northward. A few pale flashes feebly gleaming upon the gloomy canopy, enabled me to perceive that some strong force, as yet unfelt upon the earth, caused the clouds to pursue this retrograde course. The surcharged masses seemed to tumble over each other in their flight, and the bright stars were one by one unveiled. At this moment the scene was sublime.

Presently a soft breeze from the south stirred my hair. It increased and soon blew hard—so hard indeed, that I was glad to return to my own fire-side, and snugly seated in my easy chair to listen to its fury.

By degrees I distinguished another sound, so alike and incorporated with that of the rushing wind, that only half convinced, I issued once more into the open air. It was the roaring of the Murrumbidgee river, and of numerous extemporized feeders, for the suddenness and force of the storm had temporarily converted every gulley into a torrent.

Shortly afterwards we retired to rest. I fell into a deep slumber—a perfect oblivion of the senses. By a sudden transition, the terrors of the day were repeated in my dream and with increased effect.

At length my wife aroused me. The sound of my dream still rang in my ears, and it was some time before I could comprehend matters.

When I became thoroughly conscious, I was alarmed at the extent of our danger.—The storm was raging more wildly than ever, and the rush and roar of mighty waters was added to its other noises. Hoarse shouts too, mingled with the din, and cries of distress were borne to our ears. I became aware too, of a violent knocking at the door, and a voice exclaiming, "Master, master, get up! Be quick, for any sake! The waters are out!"

I did not fully understand this warning, till, leaping out of bed, I hastily opened the door, when the whole truth burst upon me.

Far and wide over the township one vast sheet of water gleamed in the red glare of the lightning. Many of the houses in the more immediate vicinity of the river were entirely submerged, and the inhabitants were flying for dear life—bare-headed some—others almost destitute of any clothing. Aroused too late to linger one instant lest destruction should overtake them, were men, women, and children of tender age, all heaped together in the storm. At the rear of the township a little rising ground afforded comparative security, and thither all were hurrying.

Our cottage, as I have said, was built on piles, and the flower garden was arranged in the form of a mound, gradually descending to a level with the roadway. The waters already surrounded the house, and reached the level of the verandah; but there was yet time to escape, my friendly monitor averred.

My household consisted of Esther, two children, and a domestic named Martha.—With the latter slept our little Rose, whilst the baby occupied a cot in our own room.—Thus much is necessary to enable the reader to understand what follows.

On re-entering the house, I found my wife more calm than I had dared to anticipate.—She had heard, and comprehended all, and was hurriedly dressing. In a few minutes we were both ready. Truly, there was no time to lose. The floor was already under water.

As we were passing out, my wife suddenly drew back.

"Frank," she said, "where are Rose and Martha?"

Leaving my wife in the verandah, I flew to the servant's room, to find it empty.—There was no response to my call, and the lightning revealing the disordered state of the bed, told that its occupants were gone.

I searched through every room in vain.—As I was returning to the verandah, the back door swinging to and fro, arrested my attention. On examination, I found that the wooden bar had been removed, and the key had been turned in the lock; yet I myself had secured the fastenings on the previous evening. Evidently they had passed out that way, but whither?

My search was hasty, for I felt the necessity of instantaneous flight; but brief as it was, the water was several inches deep in the house, when my survey was completed. Another delay occurred from the unwillingness of Esther to leave the cottage without another and more minute search for her child; at length the danger became so imminent, that, having ascertained that she held our infant securely, I lifted her in my arms, and sought to bear her to the crowded refuge on the slopes.

When I arrived at the bottom of the garden, the water was breast-high, and a strong rushing current nearly carried me off my legs. I made another step or two, and then I was obliged to acknowledge my inability to proceed.

"Esther, dear, we must return," I said.

Not a word did she utter in reply, as with a beating heart I retraced my steps.

With difficulty we regained the shelter of the house. For a time—short indeed—the bedstead served as a platform to keep us out of the ever-rising waters.

The flood was still rising, and it became necessary to devise and execute some prompt plan of safety and escape. Esther's ready wit suggested an expedient.

The ceiling of the cottage was constructed of white calico, as is frequent in a country where labor is the dearest commodity in the market.

I piled box upon box until I could reach the ceiling, in which I quickly made an opening. Then wrenching off the folding leaves of a square mahogany table, I placed them on the joists, platform wise. My wife, with but slight assistance, climbed up; not as cheerfully, perhaps, but as quietly as though stepping into a carriage. The infant was then handed up; and lastly, I also was compelled to fly from the rapidly rising waters.

Here then, in darkness, illumined only by the flashing lightning, we sat. After about an hour passed, the storm gradually died away; and the stillness that followed, rendered painfully distinct the roaring of the mighty flood, which now filled the entire valley of Gundagai. But we knew that unless the storm again returned, a reaction must take place, and therein lay the germs of ultimate safety.

Daylight broke at last, and found us anxiously watching. When my strained vision penetrated the depths below, I saw with a joy proportioned to my previous suffering, that the waters were subsiding.

There could be no doubt of it; above their present level, I could trace on the walls a higher water-mark. Then, we knew that we had been mercifully preserved, and our feelings found expression in fervent prayer and thanksgiving to Him who holdeth the winds and the waves in the hollow of His hands.

Soon the sun was shining in a clear bright sky. The waters receded more rapidly than they had risen. Another hour and I could walk in my verandah, another, and the garden was accessible. Garden did I say? It was a scene of thorough desolation. The plants which Esther had so tenderly reared were torn from the earth, and washed hither and thither.

It was some time before I could venture to pass the minor valley which intervened between our cottage and the hills. When at length I succeeded; I went with scarce a doubt of my child's recovery.

Several lives had been lost; the sorrowing survivors were many of them homeless, and more than half the township was in ruins.

On the following morning I was about to set off on foot—for my horse was drown'd in the stable—when a dray halted at the door, and the driver inquired if that was the residence of Mr. Frank, naming myself.

"Did you wish to see me?" I asked.

"Why, yes, sir;" replied the man. "I hear that you have lost a child."

"Yes, yes, I have. Do you know anything of her?"

"Just step this way, sir, for a moment."

I followed in eager haste. He went straight to the cart, and, lifting a course rug, disclosed my darling.

As I avoided dwelling on our sorrow, so shall I leave our joy to the imagination of the reader.

Rose's preserver was a small settler residing about six miles off on the Sydney road. It appeared that early in the morning which succeeded the storm, he was surprised by hearing the cries of a child. Opening his door he found a young woman lying near the garden fence in a state of insensibility. In her arms was a baby, securely wrapped in blankets that the rain which had drenched her bearer had failed to penetrate the thick folds of her own covering. He carried the helpless couple into the house, and administered to their necessities as he best could.

The kind soul fed the child, and placing the girl in his own bed, set off to a station near at hand for womanly assistance. This was promptly rendered, and these Samaritans of the bush had the satisfaction of seeing their old patient restored to consciousness, whilst little Rose, herself unharmed, loudly crowed her approbation.

I said to consciousness, but the terrors of the night had shaken the nerves of the poor girl, and for some hours she raved wildly. Towards night, however, she sank into sweet sleep, and awoke in the full possession of her faculties. Then she told who she was and whence she came.

Aroused, she said, by the violence of the tempest, she had wrapped her infant charge in the bedding, and had escaped from the house. Affrighted by the terrors of flood and storm, she failed to strike the rising ground on which the inhabitants were already taking refuge; and pursued the main road until she perceived a house near by. She remembered reaching the fence, and seeking for an entrance.

Martha was long ill. It was at one time even feared that she would become a hopeless idiot. But spring saw her perfectly convalescent, and in the summer she took up her abode for life in the home of her preserver.

Successive floods subsequently visited the township; and the colonial government were at last compelled to remove the settlement to a higher and drier site than the frequently-inundated valley of Gundagai.

From the Scientific American.

The Potato rot---its Cause and cure.

This famous esculent—the most agreeable and nuritious vegetable which decorates the Celtic table or the American board, which is to the Irish peasant what corn is to the Western emigrant—has been for some time subject to a dire disease, empathically known as the Rot. Both here and in Europe the potato crop pays remarkably well, in good seasons an acre of land producing 400 bushels of sound potatoes, which, at fifty cents a bushel, gives $200 per acre as the result of a year's farming. When we consider the vast extent of land which is thus planted, we can easily conceive the enormous interest that depends upon a healthy and good crop, and as in the last few year's the rot has been increasing in geographical extent it becomes excessively important to discover its cause.

In the year 1805 the Annual Register published an account of the disease, and attributed it to a small insect called the Aphis, and it is stated that "in some years the aphides are so numerous as to cause almost a total failure of the hop and potato plantations; in other years the peas are equally injured, while exotics raised in stoves and greenhouses are frequently destroyed by the depredations of these insects."

From that time until 1846 this disease received but little attention; but when in that year a whole nation was pauperized by the failure of the potato crop, and thirty thousand fellow beings died of actual starvation, it became necessary that men of sicence and friends of humanity should endeavour to discover the cause of this dire calamity, and to prevent its recurrence. In 1847 Mr. Alfred Smee, surgon to the Bank of England, author of an excellent work on electro-metallurgy, a patient obsever, and an excellent microscopist, under the enormous difficulty of solving the great question—what the cause—where the cure—and in a little work, entitled "Smee on the Potato Plant," which he dedicates to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, he gives the result of his investigation. A little insect so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye, and which he calls the Aphis Vastator, is in his opinion the culprit, and although he carefully explains all the symptoms of disease and all the features of insect, yet, with the exception of recommending that the insect should be picked off some potatoes by way of trial, in his whole 150 pages he offers no remedy—suggests no cure. The Hon. Lyman Reed, of Maryland, has observed the larvæ of what he calls the Aphis working at the seed tubers, roots and stalks under ground, and consequently his observations seeming tend to confirm Mr. Smee, as the one saw the full-winged insect sucking the juices of the vines, and so destroying the plant, and depositing its eggs upon the leaf, and the young spreading rapidly, but all above ground and on the vine. Mr. Smee, in paragraph 245 says that "A very small insect, which is consently to be seen upon tubers, is a small Arcus, which runs about the potato very nibly. * * *

There is no reason whatever for believing that it causes the malady." Mr. Smee has been on the verge of making the discovery but neglected to obseve the Acarus, as he calls it, closely, or he would have discovered what Mr. Alexander Henderson, of Buffalo, N. Y., has namely, that the Phytocoris Lincalaris of P. de Barœ, the Capris Obliniatus of Say, or the Acarus of Smee, is the cause of the potato rot. There may be many rots, we do not know; in vestigation can only prove that; but that Mr. Henderson can cure one rot, similiar to the one which was in Great Britian in 1847, there is little doubt, and it only remains for extended experiments, by observers in different parts of the world, to prove whether his simple remedy is applicable alike to all rots everywhere. One thing appears certain: Mr. Henderson has discover that the Phytocoris are the primary cause of the potato rot, strictly so called which first appeared in 1845, and which is indentical with that of the present season.

If a tuber be examined with a microscope fust before planting on it may be seen a small yellowish, translucent oval object as is common with insect eggs, by a gummy substance to the potato. This will produce unsound potatoes, and the egg is that of the Phytocoris. When the tuber is planted at the ordinary depth, this egg hatches, but if the potato is planted deep, the egg is killed, and therefore deep planting is one remedy, because air and light are prevented from coming to the delicate egg. After a sufficient amount of warmth and moisture has been obtained by the egg, the shortest time that has yet been observed being six days, the shell opens along its greater axis and out comes the small insect, without wings, from about the twentieth to a twelth of an inch long. It has six perfect legs, two attenna a proboscis and a pair of briliant black eyes. The winged insect, tired of his dark underground quarters, moves, a few stories higher, and settles himself on the leaves of the vine. Feeling the importance of the subject, we have given this much space to it, knowin that the majority of our readears will look with eagerness for Mr. H.'s simple remedies, which are, killing the egg by sprinkling quick-lime upon the seeds—preventing into develoment by deep planting, hoeing up well round the vines, and filling up the cracks in the soil by pressure—or by presvoring an old Scotch method of planting, which is as follows:—The ground is plowed about a foot deep, the manure put in, with three to four inches of soil on that and then the potato planted. Crops set in this way have never failed, the vines sometimes being attacked, but the tubers always remaining sound. We hope that many of our readers will set to work and experiment on this matter, and although the bug is very active and lively, he may be caught by shaking the vine quickly and picking him up. Mr. Henderson intends going to Europe, to bring his discoveries before the agriculturists of England and France, from whom we sincerely hope that he will meet with that success and attentive consideration that his patient investigation so richly deserves.

ELECTRICTY.—A lady riding in the cars, found herself seated by the side of a matron who was exceedingly deaf.

Ma'am, said she, in a high tone, did you ever try electricity?

What did you say miss?

I asked you if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?

Oh, yes, indeed I did. It's only last summer I got struck by lightning, but I don't see as it done me a mite of good.

A client once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel exclaiming:

I did not think I had suffered half so much.

A man was called upon to appear as witness, and could not be found. On the Sheriff asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman ross up, and with much emphasis said:

My lord, he's gone.

Gone! gone! said the Sheriff; where is he gone?

That I cannot inform you, replied the communicative gentleman: "but he's dead."

ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA AT HALIFAX.

FURTHER FROM INDIA AND CHINA.

The steamship Asia, Capt. Lott, which sailed from Liverpool on the 28th August, arrived at Halifax yesterday 8th inst. at half-past 5 o'clock. She reports strong westerly winds during the first part of the passage and much fog between the Banks of Newfoundland and Halifax.

The Harmonia arrived at Southampton on the 27th, and the Persia at Liverpool on the 28th.

GREAT BRITAIN

A Prospectus has been issued of the Indian and Australian Telegraph Company, with a capital of £500,000. The proposal is to continue the Red Sea line from Ceylon to Singapore, and eventually to carry further sections to Hong Kong and Australia, application is to be made to Government for a guarantee.

The British Board of Trade returns for July, show a decrease in exports of over £1,200,000, compared with July of last year; in the imports an increase had taken place, particularly in the breadstuffs, the arrivals of which were very large.

The first detatchment of sappers and miners, only twenty strong were to leave England for Vancouvers Island on 1st Sept., one hundred and thirty nine others were soon to follow.

The Daily News calls on the European powers to watch closely the American designs upon Nicaragua, under the conviction that that the policy of the American Government is to acquire possession of the Isthmus.

The Captain of an English passenger ship had been tried and inflicted heavy damages for placing a passenger in irons, under the plea that mutiny was imminent.

Cardinal Wiseman, of London, was making a tour in Ireland, receiving enthusiastic ovations at all points.

Poor Condition
Best Copy available