

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE PA

LUICILLE'S MISTAKE.

The visit over, bidding her adieu, I took my hat and hurried to the door. Then starting homeward I found my way to the door. Retained my steps, and rang the bell again. I heard a crash, the door flew open wide. Around with a bound Lucille was at my side. Around my neck her lovely arms she threw. Kissed me, ye gods! she kissed me through and through. Stock still I stood, not daring to return. The glowing kisses that my lips did burn. I tried to speak and gasped, "I mean to go, I left my cane." She started as if shot. And cried with sobs she vainly tried to smother. "Oh dear! I thought 'twas Dan, my brother. What shall I do?" she whispered over and over. I had told her the contrary, "Do not more so. So, looking sheepish seized upon my stick And forthwith homeward trotted, double quick. When, on my couch in vain, I courted sleep, I tossed, and pondered, "What a wealth of love That girl possesses, other girls above! And if a brother she should hold so dear, How must a husband love her heart appear!" The idea grew; and well to end the tale, I sought her often, and to what avail. That, ere a week was past, she had run, I would, I wish, and we both were one. And once I told her that my love began. The night she kissed me in mistake for Dan? For Dan," said she, "why, bless your soul, your brother Dan was safe and sound in bed." "You didn't know it?" "Why of course I did, And to my loss not but his loving face she hid behind her head. Through all these years, I did not once regret My having fallen in the trap she set. Happy am I and happy too, I made her. Although at times I languish with regret, And then she says "The most dear, of this is, That girls don't often make mistakes in kisses."

A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS.

Address Delivered Sept. 9, 1871, to a Sunday School Picnic, at Beaver Creek, Md

BY JOHN P. WILCOX.

When this grove is ringing with the notes of the songs we sing here to-day, are our hearts as busy with the sentiments as our voices with the music? or are we only seeking in these grand old woods, to rival the feathered songsters whose notes, all summer long, have filled the leafy canopy with music and gladness? If it is our purpose, we have entered upon a hopeless contest, for the voice of man is not tuned so sweetly as the voices of birds, and only by a great stretch of imagination can we say, in the sweetest human singer, the songs like a bird.

And yet, while we must acknowledge that these creatures which God has made to pour forth sweet melody and to gladden the earth with song have the advantage of us in the sweetness of their harmonies, how vast is our advantage over them if we answer the end of our being as truly as they answer the end of theirs. If we sing only to make a noise, they can sing better than we. But if we sing to glorify God and heaven and eternal bliss, and if our hearts are full of thanksgiving and praise to him who so wonderfully made us, for so glorious an end, how much we soar in soul above the choristers whose domain we have today invaded.

I have watched these birds from day to day, and I think I have learned a lesson from them which I may repeat with profit, not only to the children here, but to all within sound of my voice.

I say again, hither with the general beams of a early spring, and I heard their song and saw them flit busily in and out among these trees, apparently as happy and as free from care as children on a holiday morning. But they were happy in the midst of their work. I found the sturdy stroke of the wood pecker, as he perseveringly bore down on his carving out of the hole in the trunk of the gnarled oak a home for his prospective family. And the sweet notes of the robin which made the morning air melodious with gladness and cheer as they were, began each morning a day of hard work, for the sticks and mosses and grassy linings of the robin's nest were heavy loads to him, and with no little toil were they fixed into their places. And so all the feathered tribe which followed the retreating winter into these woods was busy in the work which God had given them to do. And when the nests were finished and received the precious eggs for which they had been made, and these gave place to young birds, and I heard their hungry chirpings for food, and family cares were imposed upon the parents, I heard no complaining notes, but food was sought for and obtained, and the song went on, and all was glad and joyous as though there was nothing for birds to do but sing and be glad, and let the world go on without a stroke of toil or a care.

Parents and children, these birds have as heavy a task imposed upon them in their sphere of life as any we have in ours. The struggle for the preservation of their lives is as hard as that in which we are engaged for the preservation of ours. The sticks they carried for their nests were as heavy timbers to them as those we handle in rearing our homes. The insects they slew and carried in triumph to their little broods, the grain they hunted in the blaze of the hot summer sun, the flights they had to escape the rapacious hawk, bring home to us thoughts of many a point of likeness between their lives and ours. Yet they have all the time set us an example of patience, perseverance and contentment, and they have greeted our ears with sweetest song while they labored on in ceaseless toil.

The same God who made them for their place in the creation, made us for ours; and while God's Son tells us that not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoticed by the Father, he adds that we are of more value than many sparrows. Why is it, then, that we, in our higher sphere, may not take up the toil of each day with hearts as light and songs as glad as theirs? Have we difficulties and dangers to harass and try us? So have they; for I have heard the darkness recond with the

dismal hoot of the owl which sought their lives, and I have seen the branch which held their precious family quiver in the storm. May they pursue their search for food with joyful anticipations of the chirpings which will give place to tones of gladness when the hungry mouth is filled? And may not we, while we toil at the plow or at the work-bench, or in the store or study, to win the means of life for those dear to us, fill our hearts with happiness when we remember how gladly the fruits of our labor will be received by those for whom they were won? Or, if we must travel abroad, and often leave the lights of home behind us, have we not got our reward when our wanderings lead us back to the spot dearest to us on earth, and we feel from the depths of our hearts that

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark, Day deep month'd welcome as we draw near home. The sweet to know there is an eye will mark Our coming and look brighter when we come."

All our earthly troubles have their corresponding joys, and all our earthly labors have their earthly reward. In these respects, I see not that we have either advantage or disadvantage of the humbler creatures which God has made. He has given us wants as mere animals, in common with all other creatures, and so he has placed within our reach the means of satisfying them. Why, then, are we not joyous and happy and full of song? Why are we often gloomy and sad, and brooding over our work, and complaining of our tasks, and feeling that our load is heavy to bear? There is one great law which we have violated which our present teachers—the birds—have kept, and their keeping of it has filled them with happiness and contentment, while our violation of it has filled our spirits with glooming and pain. They have fully carried out the end for which God made them. They are just what he intended them to be, and to this it is to be always happy. They are not so made that they can understand, in the least degree, the great and glorious plans of the Creator, and consequently they are so made that they naturally and instinctively carry out the will of God. They work like machines, filling the place for which they were made, and all the laws which govern their lives work unobstructedly and infallibly, for these laws were framed in an All-wise Mind. We have for our exalted privilege an understanding of the plans of God so far as is necessary to enable us to work with him in carrying them out. We cannot see the end of them, but we can receive intelligible directions from him who can, and if we follow these directions, the end for which we are made will be reached by us, and in reaching it we are made happy to the fullest capacity of our nature. And so the life of a man who works as God desires him to work is a life of continuous pleasure, and where we hear of one who does those who hear of one who cannot be plunged into gloomy melancholy by any event of life. Though the song of birds may cease when the seeker for prey has his wing between them and the snare, and though their hearts throbb in fear when the hoot of the owl disturbs the stillness of the night, when the shadow is gone, and the morning light is come, the song is heard again, and the bright plumage flits through the sunshine as though deadly dangers were unknown. So when men of God are truly settled by cruel mobs, and beaten with many stripes, and covered with wounds, and thrust into a dark and loathsome inner prison, their hearts may sink and their nerves may quiver when the heavy hands are upon them. But in the very depths of the dungeon, with their feet in stocks, and with an unknown fate before them, a light reaches them which is not of this world. They remember the blessed Master who suffered for them, and it is a privilege to suffer for his sake, and they care not what men may do to them, for the spirit looks with unflinching faith to the glorious home "over there," and the midnight silence is broken, and hymns of gladness fill the dismal prison, for the smarring wounds and the gloomy surroundings are remembered no more, for the exceeding joy with which faith in a glorified Redeemer, and obedience to him, have filled the hearts of his followers.

We have more to do if we accomplish the object for which we are made than animals have, but we have more to do with it, and the end is infinitely more glorious. And when we have listened while God speaks to us in his Word, and so learned what he will have us to do, we may but defiance to time, and change, and death, and hold to our hearts a happiness which will enable us always to rejoice, and fill our souls with strong desire to praise God in song. Then have our songs a music and a richness which no harmony of earth can rival; and while with the organs of speech we make the earth resound, our hearts reach out toward the eternal blessedness and delightful rest of our home in heaven, a building of God, a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

One more lesson from the birds, and we are done. Of late I have observed them gathering into flocks, and the songs they used to sing have changed for notes of a different character, and it is evident to any observer that they have something of importance in contemplation. We know from our observations in the past what it is they have in view. The cold winds which come sweeping down upon us touch the instincts of these little creatures with the impulse to flee away before the breath of the coming winter is upon them, to the sunny land where blossoms are ever blooming, and where the air is ever perfumed with the odor of flowers. In a little while we will have them with us no more. These trees, so beautiful and verdant now, will stretch their naked arms into a bleak, cold sky, and songs of gladness will not be heard here. But the same birds which have lent us their presence

through the summer will be repeating their labors and singing their songs in a summer climate, and happiness is in store for them, there as here, because they will follow out the laws of their nature then as they do now. There is a winter of life coming for us all. The hearts that beat high to-day will soon be silent in death. The voices we hear in song will be stilled forever. The places our presence now fills will know us no more. Are we preparing for that event so certain to come? Do we gather ourselves together, and cheer each other on, and speak of the home here, and where "amid the flowers that deepened to their eternal beauty before the trees of Eden first bowed themselves to the breezes of earth," we may meet with all the good who have gone before, and dwell together in perfect happiness forevermore?

In midsummer there was a pair of birds which built a nest and reared their young within hand-reach of my door. The little ones grew rapidly, and when they were well feathered the nest could scarcely contain them, and the parents began operations to persuade them to fly. How fearful they were, and how careful, but how persevering. They meant that every little fledgling should learn the use of its wings. And I saw them for a little while about the trees, and then they all departed together, and I never saw them afterwards. I could not distinguish the young from the old birds. The development had come, and they were what they had been made for. Now, if these young birds had been left in the nest, with their wings unused, and no experience furnished them of how they ought to behave themselves to be perfect birds, they might have had food carried to them and lived in ease through the summer. But when the frosts were whitening the earth and smiting the leaves from the trees, and the cold winds were wailing the death song of the dead summer, and other warblers were wailing their flight to the sunny South, they must have been left to perish in our cheerless clime.

Christian parents, let me say to you that your work for your children is but poorly done when you fill their mouths with food and cover them with fine clothing. It is so done for them, and no more, you would do a less cruel thing than withhold all nourishment from them in feeble infancy, that they might in the morning go home to that clime where the sun will never set, and where no winter of life will ever come. When death comes, all that you have done for them as pertaining merely to this present life will only make them feel the more intensely the biting chill which will congeal their life forever. You must teach them to fly. God has given them capacities which may lay hold on undying life. The blessed Jesus, in his sublime prayer to the Father, says, "And this life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." This knowledge must be imparted, and it is obtained at the unfading fountain of divine truth, in the blessed volume which God has given us in our own language, the Holy Scriptures. Can a Christian be indeed a Christian who labors only to give children luxury and ease here, and fails to give them knowledge of God and of Christ, that they may secure "a good part" which cannot be taken away? The world has never seen an instruction so well adapted to the teaching of the truths of the Bible to our youth, as the Sunday school, and it is our duty, what it might be, and what by God's help it will be when we all give ourselves to the work as we should. Let us make this day of rejoicing and glad cheer an epoch in the history of our Sunday school, and of the community in which we labor, and work in the coming year as we have never done before to teach children the truth and lead them to God.

Fathers and mothers, let us learn a lesson from the birds, which have finished their summer work about us, and are now ready to depart with their young. "In the land of the cedar and vine, Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shone, and where the capacities which have been developed here may exert themselves in new scenes of happiness and summer joy. The sunny head that nestles in your bosom now cannot always rest there. The hand with which you push aside the thorns which beset your child's pathway will grow feeble, and after while death will clasp it, and your children's tears will fall upon the cold clay which has given up the tenant who once loved them as only a parent ever loves. If you give your children all that earth can offer, you give them nothing which can serve them or form when they stand about your dying form at the last, and see the last of a parent's love as the light of earth fades from your glowing eye forever. Then your battles for them will be done, and their own will begin. But give them what God offers, what heaven furnishes, what Jesus Christ has brought right in among us, and you tie a family circle together with a bond which death cannot sever, and which will grow stronger and stronger throughout all eternity, while you furnish your children with an irresistible weapon for the battle of life.

May God help us all in every work which he has given us to do, is my prayer.

THE BURNED CITY.

Incidents of the Great Fire at Chicago.

By the mercy of heaven, not by the might of man, the awful fire in which Chicago has disappeared, was stayed at last on Monday night, October 9th. Heavy rains coming up checked the progress of the flames and stifled the smouldering embers of the vast desolation. The fire had thus lasted, with but a slight intermission, two days and

three nights. The city that called herself proudly the City of Gardens lies in a sackcloth and ashes, and round about her ruined precincts a hundred and fifty thousand homeless people in imminent danger, not perhaps, indeed, of starvation, but of disease, despair, and death. We are now able to give the public something like a succinct account of the origin, progress, and termination of this the most disastrous fire which has ever been known on this continent. The second and most destructive fire broke out about 10 o'clock Sunday evening in the western division of the city, at the corner of DeKoven and Jefferson streets, a place then which no worse could have been found, for the houses for blocks around were wooden tenements, as dry and crisp and ready to be burned as if they had been prepared for that purpose. And they had been prepared. For weeks at almost unexampled drought had plagued the west, more particularly in the neighborhood of the city. The prairies were bare and brown, the water-courses dried up, the fields parched almost as if a simoon had swept over them. The scene in this quarter was terrible but only the beginning of horrors which were soon to come. The wind had just set in from the southwest early in the evening, and just about the time when the conflagration began it freshened, and soon increased in violence till it became a furious gale. The city fire engines came to the scene with all possible despatch; the firemen were almost worn out with their exertions in subduing the fire of the previous evening, and even had they been fresh they could have been of little avail, for the flames had got under headway and were not to be stopped. The poor people who occupied the tenements sprang in affright from their beds, and with cries of terror ran down into the street. Beds and furniture of all descriptions were thrown from the windows and lay in heterogeneous confusion on the sidewalk, obstructing the passage to and fro of the fire companies, and thus preventing what little chance there had been of impeding the onward rush of the fire, and soon the whole district, as far down as Van Buren street, was one sheet of flames, roaring and hissing and licking about piles of lumber and rows of dwellings, which cracked and fell crashing to the ground. The sky was lighted up for miles around, and the river looked like a stream of blood. Hardy had the families which occupied the district time to escape with their lives, and as to saving their household furniture, which to most of them was their all, it was a thing not to be thought of. Women, half clad, ran screaming through the streets, a baby on one arm, while little children clung to their screaming with terror. On this awful night, above even the roar of the flames and the crash of falling timbers, could be heard the shrieks of the horses ringing out on the night air. They would not be driven away, but, stupefied with fear, fell down in their stables and were roasted alive, and the sickening stench of burning flesh was added to the indescribable and nauseating odor which always accompanies burning buildings when water has been showered upon them. In three hours the fire had made a clean sweep from De Koven street to Van Buren, and from the river to Jefferson street, a mile in length and nearly a mile in breadth.

The whole city awoke in terror and rushed into the streets, only to find them filled with people running to and fro, with women crying on curbs and stoops crying in grief, and sobbing over their children who lay in their arms asleep, or all unconscious of the dread disaster which had fallen then, or looked up with wondering eyes at their mother's faces. "What was it all about? What made the sky so red? Why were the streets so full of people?"

At some places the fire did not go in a direct line, but hit some houses— as fires will do—almost unharmed in the midst of the flames. As it approached the river it became evident that it would cross it, and soon that fear was realized; for the wind carried brands across the narrow stream to the northwest side, and there, falling on the wooden building adjoining the gas works, set it on fire, and then the flames, having secured a foothold, rushed on to their work of further destruction. The gas house was destroyed, and the city was lighted only by the fires which were consuming itself. Then came a panic, such as a city has rarely seen. Vague rumors of pillage filled the air, and deeds of violence and horror were more than dread. The people rushed pell-mell from their houses rather than remain within them in darkness—the most hated and detested thing in times of disaster and catastrophe. They ran in crowds about the streets, meeting crowds rushing from opposite directions, and, in their flight trying to push their way through the dense masses which encountered them, were trampled down and many of them crushed to death in the desperation of the moment.

An awful spectacle was presented when the fire, having swept down from the river, reached Lake street. An eye witness of the scene says that the body of the flame presented a front of half a semi-circle, and behind it was a raging, roaring hell of fire, half a mile deep. Nothing material could withstand the surge of this tremendous sea of flame. On its advance northward it had driven the inhabitants into Lake and Water streets and on the bridges, much as a prairie fire stampedes frightened animals. The streets were filled with a distracted people, panic-stricken and huddled in a mob almost as terrible to behold as the roaring conflagration. Until now some instinct seemed to have pointed out this section as beyond the reach of the fire. But when it was seen that the ocean of flame was irresistibly overwhelming everything, all dependence

on human means of succor was lost. Looking down on this awful assemblage, it was as if it was the flaming crimson light, and hearing the horri- ble human tumult above the crackling of the on-coming fire, it seemed the appalling realization of one of those old visions of the day of judgment. An overwhelming sense of a catastrophe beyond the power of man to arrest, robbed this surging mob of people of the usual petty considerations of life. Those who were strongest and most cowardly, knocked the others down in their delirium; men, women, and children were trampled upon by human herds, that fled without reason and without pity, uttering the most pitiful groans and cries of distress. When the fire seized upon Lake street, overlapping the magnificent stores and warehouses which extend from Lake to the river, and igniting them and all their costly contents as if they were so much tinder, a horrible sight was presented, for now the thousands were hemmed in between the fire and the river. The stampede was sickening beyond the power of words to tell. Men and horses were jammed on the bridges; women and children clinging alike to each other and the most precious of their household effects; some of them with the clothes nearly torn from their bodies in blindly and screaming and moaning. All distinction of class and nationality was lost. This narrator crossed the Wells street bridge and reached the track of the Galena road. He does not remember how he crossed it. It seemed to him afterwards that he was lifted upon the human waves and thrown blinded and confused into the opposite street. Here the smoke was pouring in dense billows over the walls, and through Wells, LaSalle, Clark and Dearborn streets. As he turned to look back a fiery creature stretched all round to the south and west, and through the smoky cross-streets burned the red glare of the on rushing fiend with distended jaws and lurid lips. The streets looked like vast open doors.

At last the morning dawned—and upon what a scene! The sun rose in red as seen through the smoke which hung above the city like a curse. That which at night had been awful in its grandeur, looked desolate and wan in the early light. The burnt districts looked like hell with the fires burnt out. Men, driven by that blind instinct which makes them, though hopeless, return to the scene of that disaster which had ruined them, sought the spots where once their homes had stood, and sitting down on some pieces of fallen timber, actually wept and wrung their hands in anguish. One of these wretched beings sought his home, and, in stepping on a half charred beam, caused it to spring up, and from beneath it came a sickly odor. He madly turned and sprang away the timber, and saw beneath it the dead body of his son, a young man of about 20 years of age, who, probably, returning to the house to save something he prized, had fallen in the flames and been burned to death—rooted to death.

Throughout the day the fire continued without cessation. It seemed as though the elements had become demomiac. The wind blew a hurricane, as though for the express purpose of aiding the fiend of fire, who would enter a street with a roar as though goaded on by a demon yet more malignant than himself who was driving him to frenzy. Then the fire rushed on at the houses, seized them, and they were whirled away in smoke and flame, or sent with cracking walls and bursting beams toppling to the ground. Yet amid the rage their fall could scarcely be heard. In streets bordering on the river, as those in the rear of Kinzie and South Water, walls fell with a sudden roar into the water, which seethed and foamed for a moment, and then closed above them unruined. In Wabash and Michigan avenues, and in all the places where the richer class of citizens live, when the fire came the distress was awful. Women who had never known what a care was, and consequently were, as one would suppose, utterly incapable of bearing with equanimity such a calamity as the destruction of their homes, yet here there were many instances of heroism and love, worthy to be sung in story. Mrs. L., of Wabash avenue, had been deserted by her servants as soon as it became certain that a fire was burning; they had gone off, and she was alone when she heard the roar of the fire. She, her daughter, and her faithful husband were alone in the house, and the flames were rapidly approaching. There was no help to be expected, for everybody was bent in saving what he could of his own property. There was not a moment to spare, and the two women actually carried Mr. L. away in their arms and brought him in safety beyond the reach of the fire. Such instances were numerous, alike among rich and poor. Children were carried, screaming with terror, women were shrieking, men shouting, and running. Some old and sick and helpless were carried on stretchers—some apparently demoted or stupefied were dragged along. Close to their heels, in hot pursuit, came the belching, roaring, and crackling flames. In some places they actually advanced as fast as a man ran. The most awful of all was the thunderous roar that seemed to roll upward and outward from the centre of the huge holocaust; now there would be a report like the boom of distant guns, again came a snapping like the rattle of musketry. The rush from the Tremont House, when the word was given, was akin to a panic. The stairways were choked and as the smoke from the approaching fire came in puffs through the windows, the situation seemed frightful. In three cases persons jumped from the windows, and two children were torn up to beds and thrown from the fourth story window, and landed on

the pavement uninjured. A Mr. Jarvis had a broken leg from springing from a second-story window, and others were bruised from the same cause. Throughout the day the conflagration raged, and all hopes of extinguishing it seemed to be lost, for the wind yet continued to blow with terrific force; and when night again came a new horror was added. Bands of drunken and infuriated men roamed the streets, chanting ribald songs and bent on pillage. It seemed singular, yet all experience shows it to be true, that in times of great disaster men are not chastened, but the worst part of their nature is roused to action. They become moral maniacs. These men and half-grown boys broke into several stores and houses, probably in search rather of whiskey than of plunder. In some instances barrels of intoxicating liquors were rolled into the streets, the heads knocked in, and then took place scenes which baffle description in their utter and disgusting bestiality. Men drank till they fell down in their tracks, and then others took their places, only to fall and lie helplessly on the bodies of the others who wallowed in the gutters like hogs. In some instances the bars were overturned and the liquor ran down the gutters and took fire, which leaped along the street and burned with a ghastly blue flame. Several persons were burned to death in this way, but many were dragged away by their less drunken comrades, although there was little of friendly fellowship in them. The citizens seem to have formed a sort of vigilance committee, and thus prevented much of the pillage, and blood shed. But the fire—what was to stop it?

The wind altered its direction and then almost died out. Then came a drenching rain, and at last the fire seemed to have burned itself out. And, too, had come in abundance, and at last the most terrific conflagration this continent had ever known was subdued. Already some of the most heart rendering results of the great calamity have been felt. Men who a few days ago were millionaires now find themselves almost penniless. The work which it took years to accomplish has been overthrown in a single day. Fortunes have been destroyed which had taken years to accumulate, and as reported, many men have been made crazy by this disaster, as well as time nor care may restore their reason. Families have been broken up, and all calamity has settled upon the inhabitants of the ill-starred city.

Groups of all classes of people in the streets, some hatless, some coatless, barefoot, and shivering. Some of these were of the wretched class, who were shelterless, homeless, and poverty-stricken, and broke and cried. The agony of mind in some cases where relatives were searching hopelessly for missing ones—parents for children, children for parents, husbands for wives, and wives for husbands,—was pitiable to witness. Many trunks and goods were thrown into the streets, but they had to be left. While there are many instances of generous devotion on the part of rich and poor in dividing with the destitute, there are also instances of meanness and selfishness. One person was trying to remove valuable papers from an office, and asked two laborers to help him, but they refused unless he paid them \$50; the papers were destroyed. Drivers of express wagons have taken \$100, and even \$500 for an hour's use of their vehicles, in getting distressed people away from danger.

For three days food and water were both scarce; and thousands had to do without both. Those who had, sometimes sold, but oftener gave to others. One lady, (wife of Augustus Smith formerly of this place,) paid twenty-five cents for a lump of ice no larger than her fist, in order to give her infant a drink. The suffering on the north side is heart rendering to witness. Fifty thousand men, women and children had died together like so many wild animals, and in other places seventeen thousand Germans and Irish praying for relief, helpless children asking for bread, heart-broken parents who know not which way to turn or what to say, and nothing to do but to await the distribution of supplies which a locomotive must be a slow proceeder, as there are parts of districts over which it is almost impossible to travel presented a narrow scene.

Women in the pangs of child birth, and patients who have been moved from beds of sickness to save their lives, which at the best were nearly spent, were all exposed to the raw Monday night, and the cold raw winds of Tuesday. There were people who, in the lateness of their souls, ascribed the calamity to God's judgment. A German said: "This is a second Sodom and Gomorrah, and the curse of God is on it." All the packing houses in Chicago and many of the elevators remain uninjured, and these two branches of Chicago's best prosperity will be but slightly interrupted. Two companies of United States infantry arrived Tuesday, and were at once put on patrol duty, to protect life and property. The railroad companies all carried free those who had friends away from the city, even as far east as New York, and Philadelphia and who desired to go to them. The total area of the fire was five miles long and three miles wide, being nearly three-fourths of the whole city. A young lady with a very pretty foot, but rather large ankle, went into a San Francisco shoe store to be measured. The admiring clerk, who is of Gallic extraction, complimented her in the following queer way: "Madam, you've a beautiful foot, but zee logs commence too immediately."