

The Montrose Democrat.

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Select Poetry.

An Honest Man.
I care not if a man has wealth
Or silver, or of gold;
The weight of land, the wealth of ships,
The fortune known him for her own—
Success attend each plan,
He's not the noblest work of God,
Unless—an honest man.

I care not if a man is wise
Like Solomon of old;
Or if for wit or eloquence,
Or learning, he's extolled.
Thee should know all men could teach
Since first this world began,
He's not the noblest work of God,
Unless—an honest man.

I care not if to suffering poor
A man has aid extend,
And gives the homeless and oppressed
The warmest and most friendly friend;
And though degraded, he may strive
To raise them all he can,
He's not the noblest work of God,
Unless—an honest man.

A man may gain his worldly wealth
By guile, laws of man and God,
A villain may seek learnings store
To hear mankind applaud,
A man of crime for pardon asks
May do what good he can;
No one can be the noblest work
Unless—an honest man.

But he who gives each man his due—
Who's no past claims will slight,
But always acts in everlast
As conscience say is right,
Who treats each one with whom he deals
As fairly as he can:
He is the noblest work of God
He is an honest man.

Miscellaneous.

LITTLE MAGGIE.

By Mrs. S. A. WENTZ.

A wayward imp thou art, Mag! Child of poverty, spoiled darling of a widowed mother. True it is, that thy half mild head too often peeps in at neighbor's doors, gazing at wonderful furniture not seen at home. And delicately reared children are not allowed to play with thee long. True it is, that thou hast a tremendous pair of lungs, as mine ears can testify. Sometimes in a summer day, their discord has floated in at the window, until in desperation I have hastened to the gate with an apple to bribe silence, when over the tearful face would break the happiest smile, and the great clear eyes would look up, half in awe, half in confidence, to see if I designed any severity for screaming. And then suddenly, under that look, would melt away from my lips the intended reproof. "Well, Mag!" last thou learned to read contentment, and strange is the faculty with which thou dost instantly reflect the cold looks that fall on thee. All I poor little one, thou art not the only child that looks prayerfully for love; such little hearts are beating all around us, dying under coldness. Thy wandering foot, Maggie, go where they list, almost the live long day; for motherly hands cannot heat thee, and provide thee bread at the same time.

Maggie seldom ventured in my house, unless the doors stood open. One day she came in timidly casting a fearful look at me, as she did so. Find I was disposed to let her remain, she advanced, and stood with clasped hands before the mantel piece, gazing at a pair of lamps.

"Did Mr. W. buy them for you?" she asked, in an air of intense interest.

"Yes, I answered.

"Did he buy that for you?" pointing to a little clock.

"Yes.

"Is this rocking chair yours?"

"Yes.

"Does he buy you everything you want?"

"Yes; isn't he good?"

"Yes, my father used to buy things. Is Mr. W. your father?"

"Not exactly; I had one day if I'd live with him he'd buy the dresses, and shoes and things, and parcels, and everything; so I left my father and mother to live in his house."

"O did you?" and Maggie's eyes opened at such a remarkable proceeding. "Did your father say you might?"

"Yes.

"Do they know where you are?" asked Maggie; she evidently thought the plan of leaving a parent's home for a stranger's was original with me.

"Yes; I've been to see them often."

Maggie's presence reminded me that I had been negligent in running in to see how her mother got along. I left the child in the kitchen, and went to her mother's cottage. In answer to my inquiries, Mrs. Kreutz said with a smile:

"O, I might not complain. I get washing, and once in a while I get a dollar. The people that don't have work, they're to be pitied!"

"Your mother has no work?" I asked.

"No, she returned; the hasn't had this three months. If my work should stop, I'd be as badly off as the poor in New York."

"Yes, I said, and related some instances of great suffering I had heard of; then feeling that her simplicity she could not understand why God permitted all this, I added, "but when trouble comes it makes people think of God and Heaven."

"O yes," she answered, and her countenance shone with hope.

"Can you keep your cow, Mrs. Kreutz?" I questioned, knowing the high price of hay.

"I guess so. I'd rather not have quite enough myself, and feed her."

"The children go to school, do they?"

"Yes, ma'am; sometimes they hate to carry home the clothes I wash. I tell them I told them so today when they were eating breakfast, and said God gave me plenty of work, so that they had to go to school. When I said so, Maggie jumped down from her chair, and said, 'Mother, I'm going to pray, and thank God this minute for giving me so much.'

I returned from the widow's cottage more benefited than if I had been worshipping in some great temple. I recalled a summer night when she was made a widow, and stole

from the house of death into the silent church opposite there, wrestling with her agonizing husband's dying hours, his terrible agonies, and saw again her countenance gleaming with light, until the frightful torment ceased; and then she bent over him, and spoke in tenderest whispers. Her attention even caught the faint words hovering on his ashen lips; "He's all good; God does all right!" Surely Gods angels would support him, for the spectacle of his sufferings blanched every cheek to the hue of death, and sent a ghastly terror to the heart. And now, at spring and summer twilight, the widow's wearied frame bows over the flower beds which he loved and toiled in after his day's labor, making his scanty door yard, a little Eden. Yes, dear neighbor, God be thanked, that in the humble homes of our country, there beat such hearts as thine; that below a rough exterior, flows a well of charity which the right might well reverence. More than once she has refused to take money for her labor, when it is insisted upon, there lurks in her eyes a regret that poverty claims the inheritance of her generous heart. How bitter and heavy to a noble nature is this restraint of circumstances; but we hasten to a world where awards will be given to the truly generous, rather than the seemingly so, who "offices are incapable of self-sacrifice."

How would Mrs. Kreutz shriek with astonishment at the idea of being a heroine? She with her honest visage. She who probably is in this moment bending over her ironing table, (for this is her ironing day) never dreaming that the hard press of her simple life shall one day be converted into a sweet, triumphant song, when she shall enter:

"Another golden chamber of the King's Larger than this, and lovelier.

Metaphors, in her simplicity, she has gathered from the book of knowledge, which the "Ancient Days" came on earth to teach; and metaphors when she shall begin life again in the everlasting world, her brow shall be radiant with a "pearl of great price," which she learned, the scornful, and mighty of earth would fain buy.

One day in passing along the street, occupied with absorbing thought, a child-like figure stood alone on the side walk. It was a little child, whose face, as if half weary, and wondering where she should go, or what she should do. I should not have noticed her at all, if she had not looked up in my eyes so very wishfully—so prayingly, I smiled, as a matter of course, and a sort of pity went to my heart, as the sudden, glad sunshine irradiated by her little face. I passed on, and when the child's creature supposed I was out of hearing, I heard her jumping up and down, and clapping her hands with the exclamation:

"She laughed at me! she did! she laughed at me!"

How many more smiles would fit over our cold faces, if she could bend down, and look into little hearts starving for kindness! When death has borne a child to gentler friends, then does our pre-occupation magnify itself into cruelty. But rarely until it is too late to bless and cheer, do we realize the harvest of regrets we are daily gathering. The pitiful hour comes to all, when a drop of the father's best blood would be sold, if we had been to some suffering soul all we might be able to. Twilight tears are wept a thousand times, over the irrecoverable, the externally poor, but internally rich; shall we not be heaven with stars of more happy radiance?

Pellissier and the Sorcerer.

It appears, says a late Paris letter, that a colonel of the line, Pellissier, now marshal of France, Commander-in-Chief, and Grand Cord-on, was one day waited upon by the doctor of the regiment to consult with him what had best be done to stop the moral epidemic which was raging among the men, and which was leading them by scores to the hospital, and thence to the grave, without any perceptible disease.

"I have a notion on this case," said the doctor, "from a young conscript who died this morning; you must find the remedy. It seems that those foolish boys have been suffering their imaginations to be tampered with by a fellow from Brittany, who pretends to sorcery, and who for a few sous will show them their homes, and call up before them forms of the dead or absent among those they best on earth. The feelings of our soldiers are so easily tampered with, that sorcery is killing them. You must put a stop to this, colonel, or you will lose them all!"

Pellissier, in alarm at the idea of the effect, but without the least dread of the cause, immediately sent for the culprit—a rober, grave, and serious young man, from the Landes of Brittany, named Coctquen, who had formerly been a shepherd of the landes, and had fallen to the conscription, and had been unwilling to leave his aged mother, of whom he was the favorite son. The colonel was resolved to stern with the culprit.

"What is this, I hear?" said he. "What are these lies thou art propagating in the regiment?"

"Of what am I accused, colonel?"

Coctquen, respectfully. "Have I failed in my duty to the regiment? Have I once omitted to fulfill my service or disobeyed an order?"

"This is not that thou art accused," replied Pellissier, somewhat embarrassed, "but of a greater crime; in short, 'tis said, thou art a sorcerer."

"I have," replied Coctquen calmly. "I have; seek not to impose upon me—'tis said thou hast made foolish lads believe in ghosts and spirits."

"They have seen them," answered Coctquen still unmoved. "I have but one motive for thus displaying the power I inherited from my father—that of buying a replacement, and returning to my beloved land. The money I obtain from comrades is hoarded for this purpose."

The colonel scratched his head in perplexity. "Well then if that is the case, here is a bargain—show me the spirit I wish to have called up, and thou shalt have this piece of gold; but if thou shouldst fail in the attempt, by all the powers of darkness, so surely will I blow thy brains out!"

The colonel suited the action to the word by drawing a pistol from his belt with the one hand, while his pulled forth with the other the piece of gold. Coctquen gazed wistfully at the latter, and said, with great cheerfulness:

"The bargain is struck, mon colonel; to night, at the entrance of the little wood at the bottom of your garden, at midnight, fear not, I will be there."

"Once more," said Pellissier, owning now with shame, that he was beginning to feel rather excited, remember it is time to retreat, I have no wish to see spirits therefore confess that the boys have been deluded, the inducement will be withdrawn, and you shall have the gold piece the same."

"Never," exclaimed the sorcerer, for the first time raised into emotion; "you have deluded me, mon colonel, and must take the consequences of your own doings. Midnight arrived, the colonel was true to his rendezvous, and found the sorcerer awaiting him. Once more did he give the latter an opportunity of withdrawing from the bargain, and once more was he refused. The soldier stripped off his jacket and stood in his shirt sleeves; he placed his sword and belt, his shako and jacket, together with his boots, against a tree, and drew a circle round a faggot stick, and placed himself in the midst. Presently he was like one inspired, and the light of the lantern which the colonel had brought left upon his distorted countenance, which seemed more like that of a demon than of a human being. Suddenly, in the midst of the violent emotion, he turned to Pellissier—

"Colonel, one thing I forgot to mention; have you no sacred object about you?"

"None in the world," replied Pellissier; "do not thou take me for a Jesuit!"

"But your watch. Sometimes a mother or sister manages to slide a token or medal amongst the seals and brooches—some ring or other trifle which they have got blessed by the cure. It is most dangerous; for mercy's sake, think!"

The man was evidently serious—and Pellissier, to him, his tool of his watch, and put it down at a distance. The incident, however, was all in silence for a few moments, excepting for the breathing of the man. Not a single word was uttered—a single movement made, suddenly a loud terrific shriek, a sound not of this earth, for his power and the agony conveyed burst up the striken care of the colonel; "A colonel of you are traitors!"—these were the words he heard, and then all was silence he called aloud; no answer was returned—he waited in vain; the man had disappeared. His shako and clothes had remained against the tree, and Pellissier returned to the caserne that same night to give orders for a strict search being made. No trace of the man has ever been discovered.

On undressing at dawn, Pellissier remembered the scapular he had worn for years, the gift of his mother on his first joining the army, and which he had forgotten.

"This had condemned," says the Holy Father, the sorcerer to his fate, and has been the means of bringing Marshal Pellissier into the road of piety and salvation."

A Southern Story.

Twenty years ago it was the custom in northern Georgia, as indeed it was throughout the north west, for dry goods-dealers to keep a barrel of sperits in the back room, and to treat liberal customers to a glass whenever desired.

Filens & Dewbury were such dealers in one of the small towns indicated; and they had for an customer a clever, rollicking fellow named Joe Dewbury, who drank whiskey in preference to water, and whose wife was "flesh of his flesh; in that particular. The old fellow would come in town, trade quite freely, and quite freely imbibe the spirits in the back room of the dealers we have mentioned.

On one occasion, both the old man and the old woman continued their potations inordinately; and as Filens observed the drunker the old lady became, he pressed her to drink.

At last she refused, unless he would sweeten it with a little sugar. Filens indulged her, and when the old people started to go home in the evening late, the old man could scarcely mount his horse, and the good wife had actually to be lifted and placed on the old man's back. Happily the leaned over way and husband the other, so that the gravitating point was between; and as she clung to him instinctively, they passed out of the village safely.

Before reaching home, however they had to cross a small creek, and when their horse stepped into drink, the old lady having reached unconsciousness, released her hold and quietly relapsed into the stream below. Occupied with his thoughts, the old man jogged slowly homeward. Arrived here, the child-dren inquired anxiously for "mamma"; and the old man could only say that she had been on the critter, and the old critter had "kicked up nary time; so he could not say where she about; and threw himself stupid on the bed.

Girls and boys flew along the road the old man had come, yelling "mamma, mamma," but of course no manny appeared.

When they arrived at the creek, the old girl shouted, "younder she is, setting down in the creek!" And there she was, seated comfortably in the water, which came nearly up to her mouth. As she swayed back and forth, now yielding to the impetuosity of the stream, and now resisting with some success, the muddy fluid would occasionally wet her lips, and each time it did so, she would faintly exclaim with a grim effort to smile:

"Not a drop more, Mr. Filens 'bout its sweetened." And it is to this romantic little incident in the life of the venerable Mrs. Joe Dewbury, that we are indebted for one of our most popular colloquial phrases.

An Intolerable Purser.—Theodore Hook "ones waltzing with a friend, passed a pastry cook's shop, in the window of which was the usual inscription, "Water ices and Ice Creams."

"Dear me," said Theodore, "what an admirable description of the effects of hydro phobia!" "How can that be?" said his friend; "what have water ices and ice creams to do with hydrophobia?" "Oh," replied Hook, "you do not read it right. I read it thus: 'Water I sees, and Ice Creams!'"

Important.—Lady (in a fashionable dress)—"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?"

"Boy"—perhaps, "A load of hay went through this morning."

"Homespun" is a common epithet cast upon the poor and plain.

girl is stronger than the judgment; and as soon as the first idea of love is awakened in a female heart, the imagination is set to work to fancy a lover, and all possible and impossible perfections are assembled together in the young girl's mind to endow the object of her secret idolatry. The first man whose appearance and manners attract a girl on her entrance into society, is generally invested by her with the halo of these secret thoughts. And she fancies herself violently in love without the least knowledge of the man she supposes herself in love with. "No wonder, then, that if she marries she is miserable. The object of her love has vanished never to return; and she finds herself chained for life to a man she detests, because the fancies she has been deceived in him.

On the other hand, the man who, with every pardonable vanity, fancied himself loved for his own merits, and who was perfectly unconscious of the secret delusions of the girl becomes, when he finds her changed after marriage, quite indignant at her caprice. The friends of both sexes must be sensible of the same feelings—"what would she have if they cry—she married for love, and see the consequences.

The consequences are, indeed, in such cases generally sad enough. When the first delusion is dissipated, and the truth, in all its hard and stern reality, comes forth from the veil that has been thrown round it, both parties find themselves in the false position in which they find themselves. Mutual recriminations take place, each accusing the other of deceit and ingratitude; while the apparent injustice of the accusations, which is felt by each party alternately, first wounds the feelings, and then if repeated, rankles in the wound till it becomes incurable.

Visit to the CHEMUNO COUNTY JAIL.—A GLIMPSE OF THE PRISONERS.—We made a short visit on Monday to the Prisoners at the jail, and found them much more comfortable and in better spirits than had dared to anticipate. Brown, Berze, Loup, Wells & Shurt were there, together with some ten or twelve others charged with various offences. Berze, Loup, and even Wells, seemed inclined to take easy, and hope for the best. They conversed as freely and unconcernedly as if in the street, and the whole group of fifty or sixty men, not a little farcical, were gathered into a harmonious and good natured family around a warm fire, chatting, cracking jokes, and comparatively speaking, enjoying themselves well. They are well cared for by Mr. DeWitt, the jailor, and seem to appreciate his kindness towards them. Brown, as I said, who is reported to be a great offender, did not seem in quite so good looking man, not a little farcical in appearance, and at the time of our visit showed some signs of ill-nature and uneasiness. He is by all odds the strongest and most formidable appearing man we have yet seen, accused of belonging to the gang.

Before leaving the prisoners, or a portion of them, sang us a song, composed by several of the prisoners among them, entitled, "Elmira Jail," which would have done honor to a country of good performers.

It was a painful sight to see men striving thus by forced hilarity, to banish the dark clouds that would otherwise have settled upon their minds, and yet we are not prepared to deny but that such a course is a commendable one. Such, dear reader, is life.

PHILADELPHIA GIRL ON A BEDST.—A young lady from Philadelphia a few days since arrived in Petersburg, Va., in male attire. The Express gives the following account of the way she "went out" while there:

She arrived in this city one day last week, to all appearance a lad of some 15 or 16 summers, stopped a day or two with some extravagant young travelers; popped champagne with them, took snuff at the "Bower," and flew around in quite handsome style. Yesterday afternoon she was on the point of leaving in the steamer when her father, who having fortunately guessed her course and in-pursuit of her, and had just arrived by the Richmond train, found her seated in the smoking car of the Weldon, train puffing away on a primo Havana, with her little tiny foot cocked up against the stove, and withal quite at home. On the affectionate parent beholding his "gentle daughter" thus metamorphosed, he was at a loss to express himself, but finally managed to exclaim: "is that you Louisa?" To which the gallant runaway responded, "this is my father! Oh! I'm so sorry I left you," and she burst into tears. For the fair wanderer's sake we suppress names. It is needless to say they returned together.

ETIQUETTE OF VISITING CARDS.—When you drop pieces of pasteboard any where, even in the very genteel neighborhood, let it be a piece of pasteboard, and not a name. Except in company with engross with your name and address. Do not, at any rate, let your card be enamelled. The enamel is prepared from lead; and the process of applying it is stated, on good authority, to produce paralysis of the hands and other miserable complaint, among the poor people engaged in this adulterous manufacture. A shiny card imparts no lustre to the name upon it; but communicates an appearance of vulgar glitter to the table or shelf where upon it is deposited. If you rejoice in polish, concentrate that quality on your manners, conversation and boots. In case you feel it absolutely necessary to display your taste in your visiting-cards, have them embossed; and then it will be as well for you also to wear lace collars, and shirt-cuffs of the same material. But eschew those cards that are enamelled; and which, to the enlightened eye, are glazed with what may be called a shining coat of the health of unhappy victims afflicted with palsy and colic.—*Punch.*

MONK HILL.—The Union Argus, published at Lewisburg, Pa., and hitherto a neutral journal, has announced its determination to fight for the democracy of the State hereafter. It is published and edited by F. M. ZEDACK and H. W. Crotzer, Esq., and manifests a lively zeal in the good cause. The editorials are written with ability, and the typographical execution of the paper is excellent.

AN IREVERSE PAPER STATES that the last American mail newspaper arrived at Liverpool addressed to Tor Alexander, Esq., Governor of Rooshee, Rooshee, Europe.

We clip the following letter from the Daily Pennsylvanian. The Messrs. Packer alluded to were formerly of this county. Their numerous friends will be gratified to learn of their success in the great battle of life.

BANISTER, BREWER COUNTY.
March 28, 1856.

Ma EORON.—Our Borough election came off yesterday, and has resulted in the success of the entire Democratic ticket by a majority of two over the far ends of Know-Nothingism and Abolitionism. The average majority is one hundred and fifty, and the result has astonished friend and foe alike.— Last year the K. N.'s carried the Borough by an average majority of eight. Our usual majority rarely exceeded thirty. The disciples of 'Sam' are in sack cloth and ashes.— They boasted loudly in their overweening confidence of their ability to carry the borough. The sober second thought of the people, however, gave Know-Nothingism its death-blow last night. *Requisitum in pace.*

Our friends were of course of great excitement and enthusiasm at the announcement of the result. Tar barrels on fire, and bonfires at every crossing illuminated our borough.

The Know Nothings sneaked home like whipped spaniels, a general was the rejoicing among the conservative men of all classes of our community at the redemption of our borough of affairs from the misrule and mismanagement of the midnight conspirators. The Democratic party has done itself immortal credit, and furnished fresh evidence of its honorable impulses and magnanimity in having placed on the ticket, this spring, as candidates, nearly all the same men who were defeated by the unholy combination last year.

The election of Albert L. Packer, Esq., as chief Burgess, is particularly gratifying to our business men, and all others who feel an interest in the growth and prosperity of our borough. He is a gentleman of great energy of character, largely engaged in business, and will make a most excellent officer. The council ticket, as indeed all the other candidates on our ticket for the various offices, embraced the best men in our community, and thus we are sure of having a good and economical administration of our municipal affairs. It only requires the best men of our party to be brought out to insure the success of Democratic principles everywhere.

The best feeling prevails among the Democracy of our section of the State, as to the result of the coming struggle in the fall. The State ticket, as indeed, the whole action of the State Convention, gives universal satisfaction, and you may rely upon it that "Old Buck" is the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention, which we take for granted, and as certain as any event in the future can be the majority will be so large in Bristol Borough, that we shall thenceforth become the "banner bearer of the Country. Hundreds of men who never voted the Democratic ticket before, will vote for "Old Buck" for President.

On the result becoming known, the people, en masse, proceeded to the residence of the Chief Burgess elect (who is a Cousin of a Country of good performers) and very popular here) where they were hospitably received and entertained, and in obedience to their call, the Chief Burgess delivered a neat and appropriate speech, thanking them for their kindness and cordiality in electing him to the office, and pledging his best efforts to subvert to their interests.

Three cheers were given for the success of the ticket, and three more, such as did the heart of every Democrat good to hear, in favor of Judge Packer as the next candidate of the Democracy of Pennsylvania for Governor. After which, the people quietly and delightedly retired to their homes, satisfied and enabled to see the triumph of the Democracy and its glorious principles.

FEMALE RIOT—WINDKEY BELOW PA.
On Saturday last, about twenty or thirty of the most respectable ladies in Farmington backed up and protected about 300 barrels and men—turned out armed with suitable implements, and went to every grog-shop in the place, and emptied out all the intoxicating drinks they could find; which from all that we could learn, was not a very small quantity. One man looked up his grocery, and said he was very sorry to see the citizens of Farmington do this, but he was obliged to lock it again, to save them the trouble of breaking the door in, then stood and watched them turn his liquors out; and when they had finished, he jumped upon the counter and proposed three cheers for the ladies, after which he made a short speech, and declared that he would never sell any more intoxicating liquors as long as he lived in Farmington. We hope he will be as good as his word, and that the ladies will see that all the rest do likewise. In one grocery the ladies by mistake attacked a barrel of molasses. Like the dog in the fable, that's what it got for being in bad company. We believe however they contrived to save the contents with but little loss. Thus, in one afternoon the ladies of Farmington have cleared their town of that dread destroyer—alcohol. Although we do not believe in riotous and illegal proceedings, yet we rejoice that the citizens of Farmington have shown a determination to have their town free from the influence of intoxicating drinks, and we hope they will persevere in that determination. *—Canton (Ill) Register.*

THIS TRICK WOMAN.—The true woman for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative abilities exercise themselves in making laws for her house; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her household, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful, who believes in the virtue of glossy hair, and well-fitting gowns, and who scowles rents and ravelled edges, slip-shod shoes and make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and rarely argues, but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and in the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past.

The Destruction of Moscow.—It was on the 16th of September, 1812. At midnight Napoleon, "in utter exhaustion of body and mind retired to rest. The gates of approaching war are thickset, portents of storm, darkness of the Kremlin. Suddenly the cry of "Fire!" resounded through the streets. Far off in the East, immense volumes of billow smoke, pierced with flames, were rolling up into the stormy sky. Loud explosions of bursting shells and upheaving mists scattered death and dismay around. Suddenly the thunders of an earthquake were heard in another direction. A salvo of buildings were thrown in the air, flaming projectiles of the most combustible and unquenchable material, were scattered in all directions, and a new volcano of smoke and flame commenced its ravage. Earthquakes succeeded earthquakes—volcanoes followed volcanoes. The demon of storm seemed to exult in its high carnival of destruction. The flames were swept in all directions. A shower of fire descended upon all the dwellings and all the streets, more were sprung, shells burst, cannon were discharged, wagons of powder and magazines blew up, and in a few hours of indescribable confusion and dismay the whole vast city was wrapped in one wild ocean of flames. The French soldiers shot the incendiaries, bayoneted them into the flames, but still, like demons, they piled their work.

A REDEMPTORY INCIDENT.—The second volume of Irving's life of Washington has just been published. From it we call the following anecdote. At the time Gen. Washington had his head-quarters in Cambridge: A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived in camp, were straggling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned into barracks. Their half Indian equipments, and scaled kniving garb, provoked the remark of some troops, from Marlboro, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round jacket and trowsers. A bustling ensue followed. There was snow upon the ground and snowballs began to fly when they were wanted. The parties waded warm with the contest. They closed and came to blows; both sides were reinforced, and in a little while there was a tumult in the camp of the days of Honor. "At this juncture," writes our judicious friend, "Washington made his appearance, whether by accident or design, I never knew. I saw none of his aids with him; his black servant was just behind him mounted. He threw the bridle of his own horse into his servant's hands, sprang from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the melee, and with two tall, bristling rifles in the thicket, talking to and shaking them."

As they were from his own province he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged, too, in one of those sectional brawls which were his especial abhorrence; his reprimand, must therefore, have been a vehement one. He was commanding in chief, and his example, but irresistible in his hour of indignation. On the occasion, we are told, his appearance and strong-handed rebuke, but an instant stop to the tumult. The combatants dispersed in all directions, and in less than three minutes none remained on the ground but the two he had collared.

The Florida steamer which reached this city yesterday morning, brings intelligence of more recent and atrocious barbarities committed by the Seminoles upon the whites.

I appears from the accounts that the savages made a descent upon the Alafia settlement, some thirty miles east of Tampa, about ten days ago, and at a time when the greater part of the male population were absent to defend, as they thought, the more exposed neighbors. Four men, one woman, and three children (names not given) were inhumanly murdered and scalped, and other outrages committed upon their persons. A number of houses were also fired and reduced to ashes by the savages. It is supposed that these outrages were committed by the same party who burned the house of Mr. Snell and murdered Mr. Cunningham near Manatee, but a few weeks ago.

These depredations of the Seminoles are becoming more frequent and already many of the settlers have fallen victims to their greed, and yet we hear of no effective steps by either the State or Federal government to put a stop to the bloody war. Not an Indian, so far as we have learned, has been punished for these inhuman butcheries. Where are the regular troops already in Florida, and the various companies of volunteers organized some weeks ago, that the country is not secured, and these savages overthrown. We have seen nothing like an active pursuit on the part of these forces; or it is simply impossible for the white man to follow them in their fastness.—*Savannah (Ga.) Rep.*

The easiest way to get a living is to sit on a globe and wait for good luck. In case good luck don't come along, you are no worse off than you were before.

Presidential Items.
LOUISIANA FOR BUCHANAN.—A telegraph to dispatch from New Orleans to Washington, announces that Mr. BUCHANAN has carried the State.—Mr. SOULE heading the Delegation to the Cincinnati Convention.

The Democracy of Pike county, Missouri, at their meeting on the 3d Monday in April, unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That whilst the Democratic party can point to many statesmen in its rank endowed with talents, which would adorn the Presidential office, we believe that its success, and the best interests of the country will be most surely promoted, by conferring the nomination for the office of President, on a citizen of one of the great Middle States of the Union—a Statesman long tried and fully tested, alike distinguished in Cabinet and Council and Senate.—Chamberlain, ready able to defend and maintain the dignity of his country, and the rights of her citizens, whether at the courts of Kings, or in the councils of American Statesmen—James Buchanan of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That our representatives in the approaching State Convention be and they are hereby requested to pursue such a line of action, as will tend to secure the nomination of that distinguished Statesman.

A person asked his physician if tobacco was injurious to the brain. "No," replied he, "for no person who has any brains uses it."