

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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I. The Star & Republican Banner is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers), payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cul'd with care."

FOR THE STAR AND REPUBLICAN BANNER.
THIS HEMLOCK TREE.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

This Hemlock tree—this Hemlock tree,
With foliage thick and dark;
It has a lesson boy, for thee,
Which I would have thee mark.
See here, within its sheltering breast
Secure from every storm,
The Aedon's fledglings safely rest,
Rock'd in their cradle warm.
The helpless things have sought to fear
Within this quiet home;
No prowling foe can seize them here,
Here no fierce vulture come.
But when their wings are plum'd and strong
They'll fly the native bower,
And pour their souls in tender song,
To every blushing flower.

The Hemlock will be lonely then,
And many a plaintive sigh
Will whisper solitude and pain,
To winds that wander by.
At morn, no dear familiar hymn
Shall mingle with the beams
That sparkle on her leaflets dim,
In joy's delicious streams.
No vesper song at close of day
Shall thrill her passive breast,
And with the sunlight melt away,
In holy peace and rest.
But when the dark force thunder show'r
Rides flashing on the gale,
Bellowing out with stormy pow'r
Cold rain, and rattling hail,
Then, with droop'd head and ruffled plume,
And low and broken strain,
The wounded bird perchance will come
Back to her breast again.

See'st thou no emblem here my boy?
Is not this Hemlock tree
A type of her whose hope and joy
Is centered all in thee?
Her bosom is thy shelter now—
A dear and quiet place—
Where thou may'st hide from every woe
And bathe in love and peace;
But when young manhood's fires shall burn
In heart, in eye, and vein,
And the strong limb, and spirit spurs
Even affection's chain,
I know that thou wilt wander forth
Where hope shall point the way,
To seek a paradise on earth,
Where heavenly beings stay.
Where streams of thrilling rapture flow
'Neath love's immortal bow'r;
Where laurel crowns profusely grow,
With honor's richest flow'rs.

Thy home will be deserted then,
And loneliness and fears,
Will hang in clouds of grief and pain
Around my waning years.
And many a vainly yearning care
Will follow on thy track;
And many a fond and fervent prayer
Will ask the wanderer back.
While thou art ranging wide and free,
Pursuing wealth and fame;
Hardly remembering in thy gloe
Thine anxious mother's name.
The boy who nurs'd, the boy she loves,
To whom her heart is given,
Forgets while joyously he roves,
That she will weep alone.

But when affliction wrings thy heart,
When sickness bends thy frame;
When falsehood strikes thee with her dart,
Or vilifies thy name;
When disappointment's bitter cup
Sheds anguish through thy soul;
And even the silvery tones of hope
Confess despair's control:
When thou hast prov'd the promise vain
That lur'd thy feet to rove,
How gladly wouldst thou greet again
Home, with its changeless love.

Ah, boy! when all the summer flow'rs
Shall wither and decay—
When from the grove and blossom'd bow'r
The verdure falls away—
The Hemlock, green and shadowy still,
A safe retreat will prove;
And mark me, boy! through good and ill,
Seen is a Morzsa's love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

The last rays of the setting sun, ere he hastened to dip his disk in the ocean, still lingered in the beautiful valley where young capt. M. was stationed with his gallant company. Invited by the peculiar charms of a May landscape, he left his tent to indulge his taste for an evening ramble. As he passed his soldiers, he gaily asked them if every thing was ready for the morrow's engagement? "As ready as our hearts," was the united reply. A proud smile played over his fine features, "as he said, 'to-morrow will prove both our courage and our hearts,'" and hastening his steps, he soon was lost to their admiring gaze. Perhaps my reader feels his curiosity a little excited with respect to the character of my young hero, and if he will forgive the digression, I can easily gratify it.

Charles M. was the only son of a respectable merchant in the village of Hartford, now a flourishing city. Handsome in his person, and accomplished in his manners, his presence was always agreeable; of a happy disposition, and a cultivated mind, blended with a refined and elegant taste, his conversation was not only interesting, but fascinating. With all these perfections, still Charles M. was not quite a perfect being. He possessed one fault, (so common indeed that it is little noticed,) a thoughtless propensity to trifle with woman's heart. We may well imagine that Charles M. with his various accomplishments and this single folly, was a dangerous person in female society. Many a young heart fluttered at his approach, and many a fair hand had pressed to his lips, ere his own heart felt the poisoned arrow, with which he had so long and carelessly sported. But the time had come—and he was caught in his own snare; while she, the beautiful and innocent being who had engrossed his whole affections, was lost to him forever. So he thought this night, and as he reviewed his past life, he felt that he deserved his fate. "Once," said he to himself, "the pleasing serenity of an evening like this would have stole o'er my heart, wakening its every feeling to the vividness of joy and happiness. Now I find myself an isolated being in this beautiful world, like unmindfully of the charms of Nature, or the smiles of friendship. I have now no other wish than to offer up my weary life on the shrine of my country."

He was interrupted in this soliloquy by the sound of footsteps—and raising his eyes, the figure of a youth, habited in the dress of a soldier, was shaded with a profusion of light flaxen curls, his parted lips seemed endeavoring to say something they dare not utter, and his large blue eyes for a moment resting on him, then found their native resting place, while his whole countenance glowed with ingenuous modesty. Never before had capt. M. seen a youth whose form was so deeply interesting, and never before was his curiosity so intense to discover its object. Capt. M. was the first to break silence. "Beautiful boy," said he, "as the truth flashed upon his mind, 'what would you here? The day of war will to-morrow be here in this peaceful valley, and the groans of the dying swell far o'er the silence of yonder lake, while savage yells may echo and re-echo from the surrounding woods, chilling our sternest hearts with horror. Even now, you tremble like the aspen leaf; how then will you feel when description becomes reality? I know my country calls loudly for help, but not on those who have hardly escaped from the wing of a mother. Return to a mother's smile, and when manhood has stamped its impress on thy fair young brow, and your arm is nerved with strength, and directed by prudence, then we will give you a joyful and honest welcome."

The eye of the youth beamed brightly as he thus spoke with a firm voice in reply—"I feel not fear. I wish to enter as a volunteer in the company of capt. M. and can you refuse the aid our country implores at this critical moment? I know my arm is weak, but the remembrance of what brought me here, will strengthen it in the hour of trial. 'Then be it so,' said capt. M. and taking the arm of the youth, he proceeded in silence to his tent. Meanwhile his thoughts were not unemployed; for as he gazed upon the boy's innocent face, feelings that had slumbered now glowed in his breast. With such a companion, he felt that he might yet be happy. 'I will,' thought he, 'teach him how to avoid the snares of the world, and strengthen his mind in knowledge and virtue, till I learn his young heart to beat in unison with my own. I will give him confidence, and he will yield me his sympathy in return.' As they entered his tent, he said—"You are too young to mingle with my soldiers; this tent is mine, but from henceforth it is also yours." The youth spoke not his thanks; but his eloquent countenance told more than words could express.

There was no sleep in the valley that night, and long ere the approach of the King of Day, capt. M. and his company were on their way to join another band of troops stationed at a little distance. As he anticipated, they found the British ready for an engagement, confident of victory from their superior numbers, and the Americans, from the justice of their cause, firmly trusting that the all-powerful Being who had thus far supported them, they would not abandon them in their greatest need. The sun had not climbed the highest heaven ere the martial drum beat heavily, and the shrill bugle's notes fearfully announced the coming battle. "My country and little ones,"

trembled on the lips of the Americans, as they implored the benison of heaven to rest upon them. The next moment their bosoms were calm as the peaceful lake, and their stern features glowed with more than mortal courage. To paint the horrors of the ensuing conflict, is a task to which I cannot bring my feelings; I therefore leave the scene entirely to the imagination of my readers. The unknown youth was seen to fall in the first onset, and capt. M. felt that he should not die unrevenged. Victory at length declared for the Americans, but not till the ground on both sides was crimsoned with human blood.

The scene was now changed. Where lately raged the fury of battle, a death-like stillness reigned uninterrupted, save by the stifled groan of the dying or the silent tread of one in search of a fallen friend. Capt. M. with a thrilling heart gazed anxiously upon the scene now before him, and soon detected, by the moon's pale beams, the object of his search in the apparently lifeless body of the interesting stranger. Though the sleep of death sat upon his features, the warm blood of life lingered in his veins, and no mark of violence could be found upon his person. He raised him in his arms, and had scarcely resuscitated him from his long swoon of terror, when his cap fell from his head, and at the same moment, the names of Charles and Frances were unconsciously uttered. It was no illusion of fancy. Charles M. was in the presence of Frances Ware the being whom he loved, & who he thought was long since married to another! "This is no place for you," said he as he hurried her from the spot. "I must learn from you this night whether the cup of happiness is again to be dashed from my lips, or rather if my sufferings have not now an end." "They were soon seated by a cheerful fire, where she recounted her adventures, which I shall relate in her own words.

"Soon after my father forbid your visits at our mansion, I became more fully acquainted with his plans in regard to myself and found with horror, I was to be the wife of the detested Wilson. It was in vain I plead my dislike to his person, and our disparity of years; his great wealth, which cancelled his defects rendered my father deaf to my arguments and he sternly bade me keep my chamber until I was cured of my obstinacy. Time seemed only to strengthen my resolution, and I was treated as a disobedient child. What heightened my distress was the news I soon received that you had joined the army, without being permitted to bid me farewell. At length my father's patience seemed exhausted. One affection seemed to struggle in his bosom, he told me I must then accede to his request or quit his house forever. I had no one to plead for me; my amiable mother had gone to her long home, and my prayers were unheeded. As soon as I told him I would never be the wife of Wilson, he took my hand, led me to the door, at the same time slipping a purse of gold into it, and ere I had time to ask his blessing, my father's door was closed upon me. I immediately conceived the design of finding you; and for the furtherance of my purpose, and protection of my person, assumed my present appearance. I need not tell you what you already know. 'Let us now,' added she, 'hasten to my father, who, I am confident has ere this repented of his rashness, and will with open arms receive us.' "This resolution was immediately adopted and the sequel proved Frances right in her conjecture. Their nuptials were solemnized with concurrence of all parties. At the death of their parents, Charles purchased the beautiful valley where he first met Frances disguised as a soldier; and it is to this day their happy residence.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S OPINION OF MATRIMONY.

In his letter to a Young Relation, he says:—You know my opinion of female society; without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For after a certain time of life, the literary man may make shift (a poor one, I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of next devotion (next to his Creator) to some virtuous and amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart and guard it from the pollution which besets it on all sides. Nevertheless I trust that your fondness for the company of ladies may not rob you of the time which ought to be devoted to reading and meditation on your profession; and above all, that it may not acquire for you the reputation of a dangler—in itself bordering on the contemptible, and seriously detrimental to your professional character. A cautious old Squareroe, who might have no objection to employ such a one at the bar, would perhaps be shy of introducing him as a practitioner in his family in case he should have a pretty daughter, or niece, or sister; although all experience shows that of all male inhabitants the Dangler is the most harmless to the ladies, who quickly learn, with the intuitive sagacity of the sex to make a convenience of him while he serves for a butt also.

Rely upon it, that to love a woman as a mistress although a delightful delirium, an intoxication far surpassing that of champagne, is altogether unessential, nay, pernicious in the choice of a wife; which a man ought to set about in his sober senses—choosing her as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities that "wear well." I am well persuaded, that low love matches are happy ones.—One thing at least is

true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or mere scholar, may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age. Do you remember A. V.? He could neither read nor think; any wife, even a scolding one would have been a blessing to that poor old man. Altor all, 'suitability' is the true foundation for marriage.—If the parties be suited to one another in age, situation in life, (a man indeed may descend where all else is fitting) temper and constitution, these are the ingredients of a happy marriage—or at least a convenient one—which is all that people of experience expect.

FIRST LOVE.—For all that has been said and sung to its inviolable and exclusive glory, first love is generally a fast fleeting impression of early youth. It is seldom so solidly placed as to be enduring; never forgetting, however, that so long as it does endure, it is one of the most fondly true, generous and sincerely devoted feelings of which human nature is capable. There are a few, a very few, highly imaginative and morbidly-sensitive beings, whose power of concentration in most cases owes its intensity to its fixed singleness of aim and ideal characters, with whom the first love is the last. There are many whose hearts have not strength to revive after the world has chilled them with its cold lessons of too true experience, teaching how much there is of disappointment, how little of essential truth. They love truly in early youth; feel rapturously; suffer bitterly; and afterwards, resting with what content they can in some of the counterfeits which assume the name of love, never truly love any more. To them love is a melancholy name; they are sick at heart when they think of their first affections. But with healthy and energetic natures, it is the love of full life, perfected life, which is the deep and passionate reality.—First love commonly fades into a sweet vision of memory—a gentle half oblivion of by-gone passions, but full of tender thoughts of delicate beauty and grace and dreamy perfection—vague personality and no pain at all, if the truth were known. If this were not the case, and if second love were not capable of such a passionate reality, what would become of love? He would soon be as scarce a miracle to the unbelieving modern world; and the instances would be as few and far between as the visits of our best friends, who come to the population, hungry and athirst for the revivifying presence.—Park Benjamin.

READ A PAPER BEFORE YOU SIGN IT.—King James I. showed his aversion to business at a very early age; so much so, that he was in the habit of signing whatever papers were brought to him without reading or making himself acquainted with their contents. To correct this pernicious habit, his tutor Buchanan adopted the following scheme: One day, when the young king was preparing to set out on a hunting excursion, he placed before him a document containing a formal abdication of his kingdom. It was signed, as usual, without inquiry into its purport. On the return of James in the evening, Buchanan produced the paper and pointed out its contents. At the sight of what he had done, the king burst into tears. Buchanan comforted him by throwing the document into the fire; at the same time seizing the opportunity of enlarging on the injustice which he might be guilty of to others, as well as to himself should he hereafter persist in so indolent and injurious a practice.

THE ADVANTAGE OF DISADVANTAGES.

It is a sad truth, says one of our liveliest writers, but we are forced to acknowledge it, in this world a man's greatest merits are in his defects. Of all possible faults, the most precious, and that which should be most carefully cultivated, is impudence. It is a fortune in itself. Next comes silliness. If you are only a little weak in the upper story, you need not fear; you are a made man. You have two sons—brothers or cousins, as the case may be. One is full of courage, activity and sense, and you say, "Ah, I have no fears about him—he can take care of himself!" The other is a fool, or nearly so, helpless and silly. The question is anxiously debated, "What can we do with Augustus? he has not sense enough to get along in the world;" and therefore he gets a snug place under government, a commission in the army, or a fat living.—Irritability is an excellent fault. A very irritable person is always treated with attention. So is obstinacy and brutality. A violent rage is an answer to every argument, a threat a sure way to obtain a favor. Impertinence, too, is very well, though dangerous at times. Luckily, insolent people possess a wonderful instinct, they manage their failing with infinite art; they know exactly as to time, place and person, when to employ it, and when not. But it is of service to have faults, what a disadvantage to have good qualities? Dignity makes you a hundred enemies. It is better to be familiar and mean than dignified and reserved. Goodness of heart does not exactly injure its owner, but it makes him contemptible. Impartiality makes a hermit of you; to be impartial is to be suspected. But of all virtues, that to which no mercy is shown, that which poisons all happiness, that which is never pardoned is delicacy—a fatal merit, which is an insult to all who do not possess it. No wonder, then,

that faults abound, when they are a passport to wealth, to consideration, and to happiness!

THE TARIFF.—Extract from a speech of JOHN BANKS in Congress:—"I occupy my place here as an avowed friend of domestic and American industry. I am prepared to go, in legislation, every just and reasonable length to protect the labor of our citizens against the labor of foreigners and the influence of foreign government." "Pennsylvania, the state from which I come, and which I have the honor to represent, in part, on this floor, has at all times been the firm and steady friend of this protecting policy. That State looks upon this policy as being essential to her prosperity and welfare. It is to that policy that she is mainly indebted for her present highly improved condition.—That policy has contributed largely to bestow upon the people of that State the many blessings and virtuous habits of the people of that State. Her local advantages are great; her agricultural resources are inexhaustible; her mineral wealth is not inferior to that of any State in this Union.—That policy brings into requisition all the energies of her industrious people. It draws largely upon all her advantages and resources; in so much that they cannot fail to impart to the people comforts, wealth, and independence, in a very high degree."

SEVERE COLD IN EUROPE.—The cold of the last winter was unusually severe in all parts of Europe. In Bohemia and Moravia all the ponds were frozen to the bottom. In Hungary, 50,000 horned cattle, together with great numbers of birds and animals in the forest, have perished. Similar accounts of the severity of the weather are received from many other parts of Europe.

MORELLO CHERRIES.—It is well known that the Trees of this kind of Cherries, which are the most valuable of any cultivated in this part of the country, are nearly all killed by knots formed on the small limbs; to prevent which a person who has tried the experiment recommends those who have trees of this kind to bore a hole with a large spike gimlet in the stem of the tree 3 or 4 feet above the ground, the hole sloping downwards towards the heart of the tree, and put into the hole the size of a middle sized Rite Ball of quicksilver, plug up the hole with wood, cut it off close, so that the bark may grow over it. This will prevent any more knots from forming, and the best time to do this is in the spring, when the sap is rising. The old knots should be removed.—York Gaz.

The Montreal Herald of Saturday March 20, speaks of scenes of unparalleled violence and bloodshed at the election in Bonaventure county. That paper states that a large body of Canadians, armed with bludgeons, attacked a body of Irishmen estimated at forty, and that the encounter resulted in the death of one Canadian and six Irishmen, and the wounding of a great number on both sides.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY.—Many Journals we observe speak of Mr. Southard the President pro tem. of the Senate, as now Vice President. Not so.—The office of Vice-President is vacant, and will so remain until the next election.—N. Y. American.

A SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR.—M. Glicch, a German author, lately died in Vienna, leaving a fortune of \$110,000, gained entirely by his pen. He had during his life written 215 romances, each from two to five volumes, 300 dramatic pieces, the most of which were successful. He left an only daughter, a singer in one of the Theatres.

FROM FLORIDA.

OFFICE OF THE NEWS,
St. Augustine, April 1, 1841.
By the arrival yesterday of the steamer Do Rosset, from Tampa Bay, we learn that Wild Cat has come in, and brought his warriors with him, and has gone out again after Sam Jones, to try and induce him to come in.
A letter received here from an officer of the army at Tampa, expresses the opinion that there will not be another gun fired by the Indians in Florida. God grant that it may prove correct; but we can scarcely rely upon it as yet. The shipment of iron two to three hundred Indians is confirmed.
We have no further information here to inform you of.

A man and his wife were striving about who should wear the breeches; in the meantime some one knocked at the door. The good man stepped out to see who was there and asked him who he wished to speak with. The person answered he wished to speak to the master of the house. Wait said he a little time, and I will answer you, for, as yet, the case is doubtful—so stepping in, his wife and he went to it again, and she at last yielded him the victory. Now, friend, though I may speak with me, I am the master of the house but I could not tell thee so before because my wife and I had not decided the controversy.

MORE USE FOR BEETS.—In England, they are not only making sugar, &c., out of beets, but paper out of the refuse.

Why is a young goat asleep, like a dangerous member of society? Because he is a kid-napping.

HE DIED A CHRISTIAN.—The National Intelligencer of yesterday says:—"It is known that, for many years, General HARRISON had become daily more and more impressed with religious feelings, and showing himself mindful of his future accountability. A member of his family has stated that, for many months past he has never omitted the reading of the Scriptures every night before retiring to rest, however harassed by company, or worn down by fatigue. On Monday, the third day of his indisposition, and before he felt himself in any particular danger, he declared to those around him that he had long been deeply impressed with the truths of the Christian Religion, and regretted that he had not connected himself with the church as a communicant."

The connections of General Harrison, present in the Executive Mansion at the time of his disease, were Mrs. William Harrison, (son's widow,) Mrs. Taylor, of Richmond, (niece,) Mr. D. O. Coupland, (nephew,) Henry Harrison, of Va. (grand-nephew,) Findlay Harrison of Ohio, (grandson.

The Salary of the Post Master General is \$6,000 that of the Assistant Postmasters General, \$2,500—of the chief Clerk, \$2,000—of the Auditor of the Post Office, \$3,000 of his chief Clerk, \$2,000.

LAW SCHOOLS.—The Law School of Harvard University under the charge of Mr. Justice Story, has 120 students. That of Yale College, 45—Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pa. 23. William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va. 36. University of Virginia, 72. Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky. 71. Cincinnati College, 25.

TEMPERANCE IN BALTIMORE.—The cold water societies of Baltimore formed a procession on Monday, in which upwards of 10,000 members joined.

A PASSIONATE GIRL.—Miss Margaret Sullivan, of New York, took an ounce of arsenic a few days ago, because her sister did not cut a dress to suit her.

GERMAN GIRL—AFFECTING INCIDENT.—A young girl, a German digger, lately affected.—She was engaged to be married to a young man of Philadelphia who for reasons best known to himself, his intention of abandoning her. On receiving the information she became the child of sorrow and despair for ten days, when reason left its seat, and she became an awful maniac, unceasingly calling on her lover to "come to her." On the evening of her death, she ordered her wedding garment to be prepared saying that she "wished to be dressed in white," and that she "was to be married at ten o'clock," the precise time of her departure to a world of spirits!

COST OF THE TROUBLE IN CANADA.—In the British House of Commons a short time since, the following returns were ordered on the motion of Mr. Hume:—"Under different heads, of the manner in which the several sums voted for the insurrection in Canada, viz., in 1838, £500,000; in 1839, £647,000; and in 1840, £552,000, amounting, in three years, to £1,700,000, were expended.

SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.—Lieut. Hunter, of the U. S. Navy, has succeeded in the application of steam power for navigating canals and national vessels on a new plan. An experiment has been made in Norfolk Harbor which was highly successful. The moving power by the ingenious construction of the vessel is said to be protected from the effect of Paixhan, or any other shot.

SACRIFICE OF LIFE TO SAVE ANOTHER.—A son of the Rev. James S. Wood, of Lewistown Millin county, Pennsylvania last week accidentally fell into a creek and was drowning, when a colored boy named Alexander Cunningham plunged in and succeeded in bringing the child to the shore. He was himself, however so much exhausted with his efforts, that he sunk, and when recovered was a corpse.

SCARCITY OF LADIES.—According to official accounts, the population of St. Petersburg, at the end of 1840, was 470,202, of whom, however, only 133,490 were females. Massachusetts boasts of the opposite. She has almost four marriageable young damsels to one of the other sex who want a wife.

CLEANING WINDOW BLINDS.—Soap or strong soap suds will destroy green paint more readily than other colors; the lie has the same effect on oil paints that it has with grease. I have seen many painted rooms soiled by the carelessness, or ignorance, of wash-women, in the application of soap or strong soap water; when it does not destroy the paint, it may effect the lustre.

AWFUL OCCURRENCE.—A few nights since, we learn, twelve negroes belonging to the Rev. Wesley Adams, of Jefferson county, Florida, were burnt to death.—They were all in one building, and it is supposed were suffocated, and rendered insensible as they gave no alarm, and when the doors were opened uttered not a groan. The building was entirely destroyed.