The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REFORM OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

BY D. P. PALMER. GEORGETOWN, O., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1844 NEW SERIES.—VOL. V. No. 15.

TERMS OF THE STANDARD.

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Office in the north end of the Market Building.

From the Buffalo Courier of October 19.

Tremendous Gale.

AWFUL DESTRUCTION OF LIVES AND PROPERTY!!!

About half-past eleven o'clock last evening a gale commenced blowing from the south-west which for violence and devastating effect we scarcely recollect a parallel. Knowing the anxiety to get the particulars of the disaster, we have issued this extra with such particulars as we have at first been able to gain—we shall issue another extra this afternoon with further particulars.

The Iron U. S. Steamer was driven upon the beach high and dry near the old Stone House.

The Steamboats St. Louis, Fulton, and Julia Palmer left last evening. The St. Louis was driven back, and ran down to Black Rock harbor with safety. The Julia Palmer, after making strong efforts to make our harbor, sheered off about 7 o'clock this morning and stood up the lake; her upper deck appeared to have been carried away, and her railing and gangways destroyed.

The Com. Perry came in about 12 o'clock last night in a most shattered condition—her wheel house being smashed in—and the boat almost a cripple—in coming in, she ran into the Great Western—knocking a man overboard in the colision who was supposed to be lost—then she ran her bowsprit through the side of the Wayne—where she remained fastened.

The steamboat Robert Fulton, which left last evening, has not been heard from.

The brig Europe came in about one o'clock last evening, when the storm was at its heighth—with the loss of her fore top mast, and her sails considerably injured. She ran her bowsprit plump into the warehouse of Joy & Webster.

The steamboat Emerald had her smoke pipe blown off and demolished.

Three canal boats and a scow boat were driven out of the harbor into the river by the force of the current this morning.—The canal boats were driven up on the beach and the persons on board thus saved, the scow boat with three persons on board went to pieces and all on board perished.

The amount of damage done to the steamboats and vessels in the harbor is very large, and the injuries to the harbor and docks also great. indeed we do not recollect that Buffalo has ever been visited with a gale, the consequences of which have been so disastrous to life and property.

The new White Lead Factory on Court street, is entirely demolished.

Seneca street below Michigan, presents a most singular appearance. Numerous canal boats, small houses, furniture, lumber, cordwood, &c, &c, lie in one confused mass. A yawl boat lies near Crooker's Tavern, in the street.

Two girls, domestics, in the service of Huff's Hotel, were drowned in their beds probably, as they slept in the basement of the house, which was completely filled with water.

A woman residing near the foot of Washington street, was drowned in her bed.

The dead bodies of 5 children and 1 woman are now lying at the watch-house; 10 bodies at the court-house; 5 bodies at a house on the flats.

The steeple of the Park Church is completely twisted round, and now stands in a tottering position.

The new engine house of the Buffalo & Attica Railroad Co. was completely demolished.

The track of the Attica & Buffalo Railroad was so much damaged that the cars did not leave this morning. We believe the Falls railroad is also somewhat injured.

A new 2 story buiding corner of Washington and Exchange streets, just about to be enclosed, was completely blown down, and remains a heap of ruins.

The new part of the Mansion House although in an exposed situation, sustained but little injury.

The brick store corner of South Division and Main streets, was partly unroofed, and a great part of the 3 story was blown down—no one injured.

A brick house on South Division street owned by James Dubois, and nearly finished, was partly blown down and very much injured.

The cottage owned by N. Dayton, next door, was also much damaged by the falling of Mr. Dubois' house, the roof stove in, &c. The family had arisen and removed their beds just before the accident.

The number of chimneys blown down and houses unroofed, is at present difficult to ascertain—they must be very large.

The water rose in the lower part of the city higher than it has ever been known before. The amount of merchantdize, books and papers destroyed on the dock, is immense. The amount of the loss of one house alone, is estimated at over $10,000.

The steamboat Columbus lays up on a pasture ground about 200 feet from the creek.

The Steamboat Julia Palmer lies in a very critical situation, and great fears are entertained for her safety. She has thrown off her horses, and 12 of them have swom ashore.

A letter was found in the mane of one of the horses which swam ashore from the Julia Palmer, saying that they had burnt up all their fire wood, and were then burning their furniture.

The body of John Bowen, ferryman, and of a woman 80 years of age, name unknown, have been found.

The roof of the New Cotton Factory was blown off, and the machinery and walls greatly damaged.

Four additional bodies have just been brought up from Sandy Town, which had been washed up on the beech.

Upwards of 30 houses, most of them wood, have been unroofed, thrown down, or partially destroyed, between Mechanic street and Black Rock, on the the outer part of the city.

Five bodies—three boys and two men were just taken from the Harbor near Commercial street—and another one just discovered.

The body of a man and boy have just been picked up on the other side of the creek. The number of lives ascertained to be lost, so far, is upwards of fifty, and fears are entertained that this amount will be more than doubled.

Nearly fifty canal boats now lie on the beach between Erie street and Black Rock. Several boats lie directly across the tow path.

The extensive Pier and Sea-wall at this harbor, has been damaged greatly. The heavy piers of stone this side of the lighthouse have extensive breaches in many parts so that the waves make clear headway from the lake into the harbor.

The Schooner Ashland, has beached near the foot of Erie street.

The Steamboat G. W. Dole, lies across Ohio street and the Bunker Hill is high and dry on the beach, up the creek.

Our reporter just brings the intelligence of five additional bodies being taken from the beach outside the sea-wall.

The Indian Queen has just come in,—(half past 11.)

Our reporter has ascertained the names of the following persons whose bodies have been recovered:

Mr. MITCHELL, who lived on the other side of the creek, formely from Genesee county.

Mrs. O'BRIEN, picked up on the foot of Eagle street.

Mrs. S. SMITH and 3 daughters, near Wilkeson's Foundry.

JANET LARIE, picked up near the foot of Court street.

A man was picked up at the foot of Court street, supposed to have been in the water a week, and was wounded in several places, supposed to have come to his death by foul means. His pantaloons marked T. KING.

MOSES WHITE, of Clarence Hollow, found in the creek near the Great Western.

A METOT, and his son SIMON METOT, resided on the other side of the creek, found at the same place.

Mrs. Stotlicker and 3 children, from Seneca Falls, her husband started up in the Fulton last evening. He is a mechanic in the employ of Mrs Keiley.

A man in Wilkeson's Iron Foundry, was drowned in attempting to save his friends.

Buckly Wheeler, of Buffalo, and Thomas Rushing, of Toronto, are missing; supposed to be drowned.

A large number of houses are overturned, and persons missing, on the Indian Reservation—no authentic information.

George Blanchard, missing, supposed to be drowned.

Mr. Havens, a milk-man, residing near the old bridge, and a boy who lived with him drowned.

Ellen Bryan, of port Dover, Canada, is the name of one of the girls drowned at Huff's.

Catherine Redding, also at Huff's Hotel.

A fire broke out in the United States Hotel this morning, but it was extinguished before it had done any material injury.

The Steamboat St. Louis is at Black Rock safe, with her shaft broken. She broke her shaft ten miles above Dunkirk, close on a lee shore, lost three men and a boy overboard who would not keep away from the gangways, in obedience to the orders of the captain. Names not known. By the superior management of the Captain and crew she was brought safe into Black Rock Harbor, under her jib. Mr. Wells, of Pomeroy, & Co.'s Express, was on board, and we are indebted to him for the above particulars. The passengers speak in the highest terms of the officers and crew belonging to the boat.

The Indian Queen reports the Robert Fulton 5 or 6 miles this side of Dunkirk close in shore, working for Dunkirk harbor. Captain Staring doubts whether she could have got into Dunkirk.

We have since learned that the Fulton has run ashore 14 miles above Buffalo.—No lives lost.

The schr. PLATINA, which left yesterday, came in all safe.

The bodies of the wife and three children of John Smith, a German residing on the flats between Elk and Ohio streets have been found.

The person above alluded to as found, who had been in the employ of Wilkinson, is David G. Bloof.

An infant child of Mr Nelson, on Ohio street, was found drowned.

It is ascertained that the person's name whose pantaloons were marked T. King is——Smith. His wife identified him and says he has been missing 8 days.

Another Mrs Smith and two daughters, Germans, were found drowned on Elk street.

Mr Chase who lived on the other side of the creek, is supposed to be lost. His house was flooded, a boy who resided with him and sold milk for him is lost.

The wife and three children of John Smith, Elk street, have been found drowned

Mrs Catherine Smith, Ira B Smith of Albany, and one child have been found.

It is impossible to give a list of the accidents to dwelling houses and buildings of all descriptions. Up to this hour 3o'clock the wind is raging with tremdous power, and the water which had fallen in the morning, is rising again. It is hoped that after sunset the storm will cease.

Dr Harris the Coroner, and Mr Pierce the Sexton, are doing faithfully the melancholy duties that belong to them. We are indebted to them for their attention in furnishing the names of the victims of this dreadful calamity.

The Brig Uncle Sam, Vail, Cleveland, and the Schooner Marion, Oliver, Chicago, have just come in. Both vessels have sustained some damage in their sails and rigging, but nothing serious—The Julia Palmer is still riding at anchor

Schr Robt. Wood, Capt Miner, from Oswego, bound to Chicago, ran back from Grand River and has just arrived here, she had a full load of merchandize and salt. No demage except wetting the goods.

LOSS OF THE STEAM BOAT FULTON.

The Clerk of the Steamboat Fulton, informs us that the boat has gone to pieces about 14 miles up the lake. She had a large load of passengers on board, and a full cargo of freight. A man woman and a little girl are the only persons ascertained to be lost—names unknown.

LATER FROM THE SCENE OF RUIN.

From the Bufalo Courier of Monday morning.

By the Kent arrived last evening from Port Dover, Canada West, we learn that the piers at Port Ryerson and Port Dover are very much injured. The stone pier and light house at Gravelly Bay, are both gone. The schooner Wm Calley, bound up from the lower lake with a full cargo of merchandise, is ashore—it was supposed she would be got off. Off Dunkirk a wreck of a schooner was seen, and also a small boat bottom upwards.

By the Missouri, also arrived last evening, from Chicago, which laid in Erie during the gale, we learn that the schooners John Grant, Potomac, G H Walker and Brandawine, were ashore in the bay at Erie, but would be got off. One vessel, name unknown, high and dry near the barracks. Schr Lodi was towed into Erie by the Missouri, sails shattered and both anchors gone. Schr Whig, Rogers parted her cables and went down the lake, and has not since been heard from—Schr N Biddle lay at anchor, lost here mate overboard. Spoke the sch. Blue Belle yesterday above Dunkirk, who reports a schooner capsized, supposed to be the Dayton. The Missouri spent some time in seeking for the wreck, but in vain.

Both piers and both warehouses at Dunkirk have been carried away, with large quantities of goods.

We learn that the piers at Barcelona and Silver Creek have been seriously injured, and warhouses full of goods carried away. At silver creek, Mr C H Lee, son of Oliver Lee, Esq, narrowly escaped with his life. A warehouse which he occupied, and the section of the pier on which it stood, were carried away, and he escaped into the high houses which fortunately stood out of the gale. A large quantity of goods were lost in the warehouse. Sloop Helen Kent aground between Cattaragus and Silver Creek. Three schooners high and dry at Cattaragus.

The body of Mr Ransen, farmer was found yesterday near his barn on the turnpike.

The Erie canal has sustained considerable damage; several breaches were made in the tow path between the canal and river between this city and Black Rock; a very serious one just below the saw mill, where the stone wall was washed into the canal. It is estimated that the repairs will cost from $10,000 to $15,000—Superintendant Sutton was at work at the breaches on Saturday, with a full complement of hands.

Such was the rise in the water in the Niagra river, that at Tonawanda the water rose 10 or 13 inches above the dam—actually reversing the current, and changing the color of the water as far up as Pendleton.

We learn that the pier and warehouse at Silver Creek have been carried away.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Lizzy Wadsworth,

THE MECHANIC'S DAUGHTER.

BY HORATIO KING.

Lizzy Wadsworth was a lively laughing little witch, just about eight years old when I first became acquainted with her, like most children at her age. she was very fond of play, and the momen she was out of school, she was off after some of her playmates for a frolick. It made no difference with her, so they were kind toward her, and respectable, what might be their station in life—whether high or low, rich or poor—feeling a consciousness of being as good, but no better than any of them, she met all on an equality: nor once dreamed that she should not always be received by them in a like generous spirit.

But Lizzy had soon to learn her mistake. One day, while merrily at play with Molly Barton, Miss Sophia Rebecca Jones, daughter of Major Jones, the purser, stepping slyly up to Molly, whispered in her ear—

'I wouldn't play with Liz. Wadsworth, if I was in your place—'cause the Wadsworths are poor people, and aint respectable"

This good-natured and refined communication did not meet with the most cordial reception, else Molly probably would have kept it to herself, which she did not. Miss Sophia Rebecca Jones was several years the elder of the two playmates; but no one had ever accused her of being wise beyond her years—and in the present instance the result showed that she would have exhibited much better sense in withholding her sage advice.

Molly had no idea of inquiring whether the Wadsworths were rich or poor; she knew they lived in good style enough, and had never before heard that poor people could not be respectable as well as the wealthy. So she not only continued to play with Lizzy, but lost no time in telling her what the amiable Miss Jones had said.

But Lizzy's pride was touched, she was aware that her father was not rich, and that neither was he a major nor even a captain but she knew he was a temperate and industrious man, and could not understand why her folks were not as respectable as Miss Jones, 'only Sophia Rebecca Jones' father was a purser, while her's, to be sure, was a mechanic.

So soon as she returned home, she went with the story to her mother, whose ingenuity was severely taxed in endeavoring to soothe her wounded feelings.

But Lizzy finally became satisfied that she was none the worse off for the affront, since it was but the offspring of ill-breeding in one for whom she had never entertained any particular regard.—Yet she did not forget it.

In accordance with her mother's advice she maintained a course of conduct calculated to make herself generally beloved—strictly obedient to her parents, kind towards her brothers and sisters and playmates, and in all respects behaved as a good girl should do. In this way in a few years grew to be a young lady of fined education, industrious habits and agreeable manners.

Her father was prosperous, because he was temperate, honest and industrious.—He was not ashamed to be a mechanic, because he possessed too much good sense not to see that it is not the profession which makes the man. He held that a hard-working mechanic was a better member of society, and more entitled to the appellation of gentleman than a lazy pettifogger, an impudent quack, or a drunken major or general His wife was of the same opinion, and had been so from her teens, for she dismissed one of the latter, who was paying court to her, and took him.

Maj Jones was an easy, clever hearted man—fond of society, a little too fond of his bottle, and seldom troubled himself about family affairs. Being much of the time away at sea, he left Mrs Jones to manage things at home as she pleased.—She was not altogether incompetent to the task; yet in one thing, at least, she was unfortunate. She would never 'condescend' to associate with any but people of the 'first society,' and would not knowingly allow her children to do so. Mechanics of course, and all who labored with their hands for a livelihood, no matter how worthy, were set down by her as belonging to what she called the 'lower classes." So she instructed her children—and so they acted up to their breeding.

One day Maj. Jones died whilst at sea. To his wife and children, the news of his death was a terrible blow. From their manner of living, they appeared never to have anticipated such an event. Neither Maj. Jones nor his wife had taken care to lay up anything against a rainy day, and it would probably not be very uncharitable to suppose that more than one half of her grief arose from the nearly destitute condition in which she was left—with the almost certain prospects of being obliged to come down a notch or two in the world.

In the meantime, Mr. Wadsworth continued to prosper in business—built houses for himself when he could obtain no employment from others, selling them whenever a suitable purchaser presented himself—and finally engaged in trade as a regular merchant. In a word, at the moment when the proud Mrs Jones was left, as it were, penniless, he had amassed an independent fortune.

Lizzy was now of age to marry;—and that is precisely what she did do. Harry Colson, her father's head clerk, thought she was the prettiest, most amiable, most charming girl in the world, while she had no cause to be otherwise than satisfied with him—so they struck a bargain at once. And, as they entered into this social partnership, the father and son-in-law formed a business connection, and everything went on to their minds.

But, poor Miss Sophia Rebecca Jones! What did she think of the Wadsworth's now? Reduced to poverty, with a little useful education, and much that she had been far better off without—what happiness was left for her? Truth to say, there appeared for her little else than darkness and gloom in the future. But she was not to blame for her wrong education, and it was apparent that, had she received the proper training, she might have been equally qualified with Lizzy to make a good wife. Alonzo Carman, a smart young mechanic, saw this, and determined, if he could have his own way in the matter—even at a hazard of a bad bargain—to see, as he expressed it, 'if after all she could no be brought straight.' In other words, he resolved to offer himself to her in wedlock. And, sure enough, Miss Sophia Rebecca Jones became Mrs. S R Carman, the wife of one of that class whom she had been taught to despise.

Well, to this day, she has never had cause to regret it; and the last time I heard Alonzo speak of her, he boasted that she had thrown away all her foolish notions, and, in the main, adopted correct views of all matters pertaining to social life. Moreover, I know that she has made full amends for her former rudeness towards Lizzy Wadsworth, and that both now live on terms of the most agreeable intimacy.

As to the widow Jones, she lives rent free, in a small but neat tenement, the property of Mr. Wadsworth. She takes in sewing for a living; and he takes care that she does not want for anything really necessary to her comfort. She is not interrupted now, by any 'calls' from the people of the 'first society,' albeit she is sometimes allowed to work for them.

CAPITOL HILL, D. C.

GOLD.—On demolishing an ancient Roman Catholic Chapel recently in Warsaw, two barrels filled with gold to the value of $660,000 were found in the foundation. It is to be employed in the completion of the fine hanging bridge over the Vistula between Warsaw and Prague.

Spare the Birds.—A French paper says that the Agricultural Society of the Var has addressed a memorial to the Prefect of that Department, entreating him to prevent rigorously the shooting of sparrows and other small birds, their value in destroying insects far exceeding that of the grain which they consume.

WONDERFUL CLOCK.

The Rev. Turnbull, pastor of the Harvard street church, Boston, wrote a letter during his recent tour to Europe, to the members of the Sabbath School connected with his congregation, in which he gave an interesting account of a wonderful work of art. After introducing the letter, he proceeds as follows:

"There is no subject that I can think of which will be so likely to interest you as the great astronomical clock, which I saw the other day in the Cathedral at Strasburgh. This Cathedral, by the way, is one of the finest and oldest in Europe. It is very large and its tower or steeple is the highest in the world. It is twenty four feet higher than the great pyramid in Egypt, one hundred and forty feet higher than St. Paul's in London, and three or four times higher than the old South Church in Boston. The astronomical clock stands in the inside, in one corner of it, and is a most imposing and beautiful edifice. Five or six hundred people visit it every day at twelve o'clock, when it performs some extraordinary feats, which I shall mention presently, and several millions in the course of the year. There have been two or three clocks in the same place upon the model of which the present one is formed; but it is almost a new one, and was constructed by a mechanic whose name was Schwilgue, in 1838, to whom a nocturnal fete or festival was given by his fellow citizens on the occasion of its completion.

To give you some idea of the size of this clock, I will compare it with some other things with which you are familiar, instead of saying it is so many feet high, and so many feet wide, &c. Well then, you remember the size of the Post Office in Washington street. It is as high as that and about as wide, or at least nearly so. Its top would reach to the very summit of our meeting house, and its front would go about half across the front of the meeting house. On the top of it is the figure of the prophet Isaiah, about as large as life—on its two sides are a couple of stairs to go up into it. Its front is beautifully painted, and has placed upon it the hours of the day, the days of the week, the revolutions of the stars, the motions of the sun in the ecliptic, the days of the month, the seasons of the year, the phases of the sun and moon, and a great many other things, are indicated. Here, also, in nitches prepared for them, are moveable images of the savior and his apostles—Death and Time, with his scythe—the four ages of human life, and several other forms which I cannot mention.

"To give you a little further idea of its magnitude, let me say there are means of going inside of it and that some ten or fifteen people, perhaps more, might stand together in its very heart and examine the machinery. Mr. Neale, two other gentlemen and myself, with the conductor, went into it and spent about an hour there. We went first into a lower, then into a higher, and then still higher apartment of it, and saw the various parts of the machinery, consisting I should think, of more than a thousand pieces, splendidly polished, and all dependent for the harmonious action upon the short, thick brass pendulum which swings in the centre.

"But I must tell you what this clock does. It not only points out the hours and the days, the times and the seasons, but the revolutions of the stars, the solar and lunar, equations, the conjunctions and the eclipses of the heavenly bodies, their positions at any given time, and various changes through which they pass for thousands of years. It points out the apparent time, mean or real time, and ecclesiastical time. On its face you see the motion of the stars, and the sun and the planets, the moon and her sattellites. Two little cherubs, who sit one on one side, the other on the other, strike the quarters of the hour—Death strikes the hour with the mace—while four figures pass and re pass before him, representing the various stages of human life.

"At 12 o'clock every day, when Death strikes twelve, the apostles, who are represented each with the badge of his martyrdom, come out of the clock and pass before the image of the Saviour, bowing as they pass, and receiving his benediction, which he gives with the movement of the hand. When the Apostle Peter makes his appearance a gilded cock, which is perched on one side of the clock, flaps his wings and crows so loud as to make the whole Cathedral ring again.—this he repeats three times in memorial of the cock that crowed three times before the fall of Peter during the crucifixion of our Saviour. Of course the cock makes no further noise or motion till the next day at 12 o'clock, when he repeats the same loud and startling crow, flaping his wings and raising his head.