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H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
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Education and Labor.

How many mistaken notions exist amongst even intelligent men in regard to education! Few agree in the definition of the term. Its extent and instruments, its object and effects are matters of perpetual controversy. "Knowledge is power," has become an axiom, but storing the head without learning, and neglecting to educate the hands have signally failed to create the bones and sinews of strength. That man's knowledge is only half complete who is unacquainted with any practical business of life, notwithstanding his intellect has fathomed all the depth of science. Like the bold aviator, who, from his cloud-encircled canopy, sees immense tracts of country, meandering streams, and populous cities spread out beneath him, without being able to direct his own course or turn his own position to advantage—the mere book-worm, a walking text-book of principles, dates and facts, is the continual sport of accident, and is controlled by the breath of circumstances.

Mechanical labor gives its magical wand of power to knowledge. It sinks the shaft in the mine and exhumes its buried wealth; converts the raw material of agricultural production into useful and gorgeous fabrics; constructs the palaces of wealth and rears the temples of God; fashions the garbled oak, which has stood for centuries battling with the winds, into swift-winged ships; harnesses the elements to ponderous machinery; or stamps an immortality upon human thought, thus sending forth an influence which controls the character of men and the destiny of nations.

Who have brought into activity the new and mighty agencies which now print, spin, weave, dig and drain, are forever active in the forge and workshop, drive the ship against wind and tide, bring the ends of a continent within hearing of each other and unveil the mysteries of the heavens? Not men of science untaught in all but intellectual labor, but the educated artisan. The world owes all, or nearly all its great blessings, its wonderful discoveries, its useful inventions, to the sons of toil. And why are the present generation not taught some useful handicraft as well as the principles of science?

But the youth must be taught the latter, to be truly independent. The man who does not labor somewhere, is worse than useless—he is a dangerous member of society. He becomes a prey to his own passions, and scoursges others with his own vices, or panders to those who are able to gratify his irregular desires. Yet so uncertain are human events, so sudden and entire the changes of individual position in the closely contested struggles of life, that mere intellectual cultivation, so far from insuring independence, may not always provide the necessary means of subsistence.

Poverty, however, is noble and independent, if the sinews are strengthened by labor and the hands educated as well as the head. The mechanic is every where needed to hew and square, to frame and build; to fashion and weld iron into its tens of thousands of useful forms; to stretch the lightning's conductors across the continents; to impress durable form upon thought, and to achieve the myriads of other labors which satisfy the cultivated desires of men. Educate, then, the mind, but neglect not the hands. Away with the vain idea, current only among drivelling dotards or brainless caricatures of humanity, that the artisan holds a secondary rank in society. The masses now rule the world; even in the old monarchies their power is felt and feared. In this land of freedom, whoever is ruled by others, because he depends upon them for support, is unworthy of his education as one cause of his disgrace.

The Way of the World.

Why is it that such a strange disposition exists in human nature to neglect the needy, and help those who need no help? Every body knows that there is such a crookedness or perversity in human beings, inclining them to pursue just the contrary course from that which charity, or even wisdom, would seem to dictate. The destruction of the poor is their poverty; and this poverty, whether of brains or earthly pelf, is

always tending to aggravate and exaggerate itself. As in agriculture, the dampness of the hill side attracts the clouds to come and discharge themselves on that hill, so that what was too wet before is made wetter still, while land which has been thoroughly drained, is less likely to be visited by such rains—so, in the affairs of life generally, the natural course of things is always against the needy man, and favorable to him who does not want.

To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. Who are the recipients of the munificent presents from their fellow men—the poor, who are half-starving for want of bread? No—it is the rich, who already toll in luxury, and can buy anything which may gratify their whim or fancy. To what colleges, hospitals, &c., do testators leave vast legacies? Is it to those that are struggling with debt and embarrassment, and which can hardly keep their heads above water? No—it is those which are already endowed, and which have received many such magnificent gifts before. There seems, indeed, to be something in a big heap of wealth which is always attracting the little heaps towards it. But because men or institutions want help, they do not get it. For the very reason that they need a push, they are left to struggle on of themselves. Because they have been treated cruelly by fortune, they get "the cold shoulder" from men also.

Go into the school-house, and you will see the same law exemplified. Upon what class of pupils does the pedagogue bestow the most care and pains-taking—upon the dull and thick-headed, who most need his assistance? No, certainly; he bestows his time and attention chiefly upon the "bright" and clever boys—the inherently active, who would get on quite well by their own unaided energies—and leaves the talent-lacking and laggard to drop down to the bottom of the class, to which Nature had pre-destined them. It is easy to declaim against this as a wrong state of things—contrary to common sense—and all that; but such is the way of the world; and, as another has remarked, it would be too much to expect of mortal pedagogy, that he would give up the feeding of those who take their meat kindly, and appear to thrive upon it, and devote himself to a struggle with the intellectual languor of the dunces.

In all departments of business, the same principle holds good. When the neophyte most needs credit, he finds it hardest to get it, and has to pay an enormous rate of interest to the "blood-sucking private discounteer," but once above the private discounting, and all the world rushes forward to trust him with goods or money. The hardest task is to make the first accumulations; after that, all goes smoothly enough.

Who are the lawyers and physicians that are the favorites with the public? Not, certainly, the hundreds that are almost starving for want of a client or patient—who have plenty of time upon their hands, and can give a thorough examination to any particular case. It is the worst possible disqualification of the young practitioner, were he highly skillful and experienced, if, before he would have no time—for people would to him for advice and assistance. It is, therefore, to the man who is already overwhelmed with business—who is known to be incessantly occupied, and can grant hardly an hour's consideration to the gravest matters—that all the world runs for counsel. A few moments of his precious time are felt to be worth more than weeks or months of an obscure person's who has no business, and consequently no experience. Thus things go on continually in a vicious circle with the briefless lawyer and the physician destitute of patients, and the young merchant and mechanic. Because they want business, they do not get it; yes, they do not get it; and it is only by some unexpected "hook or crook" of good luck that they succeed, if ever, in rising above the state of non-employment and obscurity to which they seem doomed.

There is something wrong about this state of things; but thus it will doubtless remain, so long as selfish principles are more dominant in the world than philanthropy, or that common article, "human nature," forms the principal ingredient in the moral constitution of man.—*Yankee Blade.*

Williamsport and Elmira Railroad.

The public mind has been so much occupied with the communication between Philadelphia and the western waters, by means of the Central Railroad, that the important project of tapping the great New York and Erie Railroad at Elmira is forgotten. The latter road will be finished this summer as far as Hornellsville, and next summer we may expect to see it entirely completed, with a terminus at Erie, in our own State. This terminus in Penn-

sylvania will be established through the control it has obtained of a Pennsylvania charter from Erie to the State line. The result will be that the trade and travel will be drawn from the Lakes at Erie and from the Northern counties of Pennsylvania, to swell the revenues of the New York and Erie Railroad, and to enrich the merchants of our commercial rival, New York city. What can be done to prevent this? Look at the map. A line almost due north from Washington City strikes the New York and Erie Railroad, at Elmira, N. Y. This line passes through Harrisburg and follows the route of the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad. Let the line of railroad be finished from Elmira to its junction with the Central Railroad, fifteen miles above Harrisburg, and the trade and travel are secured to Pennsylvania. The distance from the junction to Williamsport is eighty miles, and from Williamsport to Elmira seventy-five miles. Twenty-five miles of the latter road, from Williamsport to Ralston, were completed several years ago. Nineteen elegant and substantial bridges have been constructed, and the road has been well graded. New rails will be required of a more substantial character. The people of Elmira stand ready to raise funds to complete twenty-five miles of the route from Elmira to Troy, in Bradford county, Pa. This leaves only twenty-five miles to be completed. By constructing these twenty-five miles the important point of connecting the New York and Erie Railroad with the Pennsylvania Canal at Williamsport is gained. It is impossible to calculate the advantages of this connection. They are not confined to Pennsylvania alone. Our New York neighbors would receive our coal and iron in exchange for their salt and plaster. And when the connection with the Central Railroad is completed, the Williamsport and Elmira Road will become one of the greatest thoroughfares in the United States.

We have been informed, that Mr. Josiah Gosper, Jr., has recently taken an interest in the Williamsport and Elmira Road. Mr. Gosper is distinguished for his great enterprise and skill in the construction of railroads. His high integrity, his determined energy, and his cool calculation of results, render him one of the most remarkable men of the age. He was interested in the construction of the railroad from Elmira to Seneca Lake, which was finished last fall. He is now engaged in constructing the road from York to Harrisburg, which will probably be finished this fall. When he turns his hand to the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad, we may be well assured, not only that it will be finished in double quick time, but that it will be highly profitable when finished.—*Pennsylvania.*

Beautiful Death Scene.
The death of the young and interesting wife of Captain Simmons, very soon after their arrival in California, created a feeling of profound sympathy at the time, and can not have passed from the public mind. A friend residing in California, has recently, in a letter to his wife, given a brief sketch of the scene in that distant chamber of death, and we are indebted to that lady for the privilege of communicating it to our readers. It is not in the ordinary line of intelligence from the Pacific shore. It will touch a higher and more delicate chord in every susceptible breast. To explain an allusion which it contains, it is necessary to state that Mrs. Simmons was a native of Woodstock, Vermont.—*New York Recorder.*

In my narrative I had prepared to speak in detail of the interesting circumstances connected with the decease of this most estimable lady, but as that is suspended for reasons already given, I will say something of her and of them in this letter. She was attacked with a fever on the very date of my first letter to you from San Francisco, and when she took my watch and miniature to keep for me, or send to you if I should be lost in the mines, she was quite unwell. I walked out with her that day, and she said she was so homesick that she scarcely knew what to do with herself. In a day or two she was confined to the house, with what was said to be the Panama fever; it was some kind of fever,—and she continued to sink under the effects of her disease, until a fortnight after, when she died, in perfect intelligence of her situation, and in the fullest composure and resignation to the will of Heaven.

When she became conscious of the near approach of death, she called her husband and brother to her bedside and told them that she did not wish strangers to perform the last offices to her person, but selected the lady friends whom she wished to do so. Captain Simmons asked her if there was anything that she desired which was in his power to do for her. She replied, "Yes, I desire that you may not make the acquisition of wealth your chief concern, but lay up other treasures in Heaven. You may be blessed with wealth; if you are

so, do not forget the poor of our native village, Woodstock. I have another wish—a vain and foolish wish—ought not to express it, for it is weakness, folly, it can, I know, make no difference as to the manner in which my body is disposed of after death—but may I say it—I could wish that I might lie in our little church-yard, by the side of brother Edward." Capt. S. in his manly and generous voice—stuffed and choking with grief—replied, "If I live Laura, your wish shall be complied with." "How grateful I am," said the dying wife;—"only think, Frederick," addressing her brother, "how kind Mr. Simmons is—he says I shall be buried in our pretty little church-yard, and by the side of brother Edward."

But death was gathering upon her, and as the dark shadow closed around her, the dying saint with angelic sweetness remarked, "This then is the Dark Valley;—why, it is not so dark after all." In a little while, composing her arms upon her breast, she passed through the "Dark Valley," to that bourne whence no traveller has returned, and to which the consecutive generations of men are hastening.

The Faithful Sentinel.

During one of Napoleon's memorable campaigns, a detachment of a corps, commanded by Davoust, occupied the Isle of Bugen, which they were suddenly ordered to evacuate. They embarked with such precipitation that they forgot one of their sentinels, who was posted in a retired spot, and so deeply absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper containing an account of one of the Emperor's splendid victories, as to be totally unconscious of their departure. After pacing to and fro for many hours upon his post he lost patience and returned to the guard room, which he found empty. On inquiry, he learned with despair what had happened, and cried,

"Alas! alas! I shall be looked upon as a deserter; dishonored, lost, unhappy wretch that I am!"

His lamentations excited the compassion of a worthy tradesman, who took him to his house, did all in his power to console him, taught him to make bread, for he was a baker, and after some months gave him his only daughter Justine in marriage. Five years afterwards a strange sail was seen to approach the Island. The inhabitants flew to the beach, and soon discovered in the advanced ship a number of soldiers, wearing the uniform of the French army.

"I am done for now, my bread is nearly baked," cried the dismayed husband of Justine.

An idea however, suddenly occurred to him, and revived his courage. He ran to his house, slipped into his uniform, and seizing his fire lock returned to the beach, and posted himself on sentry at the moment the French were landing.

Who goes there? he shouted in a voice like thunder.

"Who goes there yourself?" replied one in the boat. "Who are you?"

"A sentinel."

"How long have you been on guard?"

"Five years," rejoined our man.

Davoust laughed at the quaint reply, and gave a discharge in due form to the involuntary deserter.

An Old Offender Caught.

Within a few months past, we have recorded a number of robberies and larcenies committed in this vicinity, and from the frequent occurrence of such outrages, it became manifest a gang of desperate villains had bivouacked in the neighborhood of our goodly borough, from whence they sallied forth to pillage the community, and make night hideous with their depredations. But the watchful eye of justice has at last detected one of the rogues, and the whole gang, we trust, will soon be in limbo with him, to answer for their many transgressions.

A young man by the name of Titus, an adopted son of a worthy citizen of this place, was several years ago, arrested at Lancaster, Penna., for stealing a horse, and tried and convicted before Judge Lewis, and sentenced to undergo an imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary, for the term of one year. After he had served out his term, he returned to this place, and for some time was supposed to have reformed. Recently, however, various circumstances gave rise to suspicions that he was cognizant of some of the thefts and robberies which were perpetrated in and about the borough, and his movements were watched with some care. The confession of a man residing in Fairfield township, a supposed accomplice, while in a state of intoxication, that a dry goods box, was imbedded in a certain stable in this town, as a depository for stolen property, excited some of the citizens losing goods, to make a search, and sure enough the box as described was found, but nothing in it. That night, however, Lewis Titus, and a companion, left the borough on horseback, and did not return until nearly daybreak. Circumstances now began to point out the guilty, but

before any arrest was made, Lewis, and his companions, absquatulated to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

This circumstance occurred some five or six weeks since. On the beginning of last week, however, it was announced that Lewis Titus had returned—had been seen, but kept himself remarkably shady, fearing most, perhaps, to be recognized by his old patron, who, honest and respectable himself, was likely to give a warm reception to the ungrateful boy who had proven so unworthy of his friendship. Indeed his whereabouts was not exactly known, but on Sunday last, a gentleman arrived at one of our hotels, from Pittsburg in search of a horse, which Lewis had brought away with him from that place, without permission. Meanwhile, our neighbors of Milton and Muncy, became acquainted with Lewis Titus, to their entire satisfaction. During a short visit to the former place, we learn, he succeeded in passing off some one hundred dollars of counterfeit ten dollar bills on the Bank of Northumberland, and at the latter, some twenty or thirty dollars of like currency. But the fraud was ultimately discovered, and on Monday, after a spirited race through some of the clover fields near Hughesville, this bold villain was arrested, taken to Muncy, examined and fully committed. He was brought here the same afternoon, and is now in duress vile.

We learn that a \$180 of counterfeit tens, on the Bank of Northumberland, was found on his person, and there is strong reason for believing that he is but one of many who are engaged in circulating counterfeit money in this section, and that his arrest will be but the "beginning of the end." We also learn the gentleman from Pittsburg, already alluded to, found his horse near Milton, where it had been sold for fifty dollars. [*Lycoming Gazette, July 10.*]

Ingenious Trick.

An English paper relates the following ingenious mode of "raising the wind," practised by a musician on the credulity of the inhabitants of a country town.

A foreigner, named Vogel, a celebrated flute player advertised a concert for his benefit and in order to attract those who had no music in their souls, he announced that between the acts he would exhibit an extraordinary feat never before witnessed in Europe. He would in his left hand hold a glass of wine, and would allow six of the strongest men in the town to hold his arm, and notwithstanding all their efforts to hold him, would drink the wine! So novel and so surprising a display of strength as it was naturally regarded, attracted a very crowded house, and expectation was on the tip-top, when our hero appeared on the stage, glass in hand, politely invited any half dozen of the audience to come forward and put his prowess to the test. Several gentlemen, amongst whom was the Mayor of the place, immediately advanced to the stage, and grasping the left arm of Vogel, apparently rendered the performance of his promised feat quite out of the question. There was an awful pause for a moment, when our arm-bounded hero eyeing the gentlemen pinning him, said in broken English, Jentelmen, are you all ready? Are you quite sure you have got fast hold? The answer having been given in the affirmative, by a very confident nod from those to whom it was addressed, Vogel, to the infinite amusement of the spectators, and to the no small surprise of the group round him, advancing his right arm, which was free, very coolly took the wine glass from his left hand, and bowing politely to the half dozen gentlemen, said "Jentelmen, I have the honor to drink all your good health," at the same time quaffing off the wine, amidst a general roar of laughter, and universal cries of "Bravo, bravo; well done Vogel."

From the Philadelphia Daily News.

AWFUL CONFLAGRATION, IN PHILADELPHIA.

Great Destruction of Property and loss of Lives.

It becomes our painful duty to record the most fearful calamity, that has ever befallen our city, from the ravages of the destructive element. The heart sickens at the contemplation of it, and we instinctively recoil from the task. But it is a duty, nevertheless, that must be performed, and we proceed to it without further preface. At about half past four o'clock, on Tuesday afternoon, (July 9th,) a fire broke out in the extensive block of stores, owned and occupied by John Brock & Sons, dealers principally in saltpetre, situated on Delaware Avenue, South of Vine street. And here it may be stated, that it is not known positively how the fire originated, nor in what part of the building. Several of the rooms had been let out for various purposes, and it most probably originated in one of these. John Hill had a tavern on the ground floor, and in an upper room

was a dance house, which had become very obnoxious to the neighbors, and the proprietor of which had been prosecuted for keeping a disorderly house. A lower apartment was used for storing hay, and contained a considerable quantity of it. With the numerous combustibles in the store-house, the flames spread with fearful rapidity, and it was with difficulty that the clerks could escape with the books. The intense heat made by the hay, fused the saltpetre, and an explosion was the result; a terrible one, after several, of no consequence, except they served to warn those near of the danger that might be apprehended from a too close proximity to the burning building. The noise made was terrifying, and the effect was appalling. Burning embers were thrown about in all directions, among the freemen and citizens, and in the effort of all to escape, many were trampled under foot, and a large number were crowded into the dock, and narrowly escaped drowning. A report was in circulation, that two lads were drowned, but we could not learn the truth or falsity of it. The effect of the explosion in spreading the fire, was immediately seen. The splendid store-house on the south of that in which the fire originated, occupied by Ridgeway & Budd, flour dealers, was at once enveloped in flames; and in a little while the large block of buildings on the north, in the occupancy of the Lehigh Transporting Company was in a like condition. The flakes of burning hay were carried westward, and fired the dwellings on the west side of Water street, which extended to Front street, and which were occupied by a large number of poor families. In consequence of the weather being warm, and the roofs dry, the fire spread in a fearful manner, so much so, that several of the inmates were burned to death in their attempt to escape. The intensity of the fire prevented the firemen from approaching it, so as to render much efficient service, and the wind blowing fresh from the south-west, the flames continued to spread to the west and north. It was not long before it had crossed to the west side of Front street, and to the north side of Vine street. The whole range of dwellings, on the west side of Front street, extending from Vine half way down to Race, were soon in flames. Many of these were fine edifices. The one on the corner of New and Front, was lately owned and tenanted by Thomas Watson, biscuit baker. All these are in ruins. The flames continued to spread towards Second street, on a line parallel to the extent of the conflagration on Front street. The buildings on New street, many of them handsome edifices, and the public school on the same, were all burned, also those on Vine street, from Front to Second. All these buildings were tenanted, and the endeavor of the inmates to save their property, and to escape to a place of safety, added to the confusion. Household goods were piled upon the pavements in all directions, and in many instances handsome furniture was thrown from the upper windows of burning dwellings, and destroyed in this way. The scene was awful beyond description. Many parents were running about wringing their hands, and uttering lamentations for a missing child; wives weeping for their husbands, and husbands in the search of their wives, contributed to make the scene the more painful. The fire continued to spread, and at 8 o'clock, had extended almost half way from Vine to Callowhill on Front and New Market street; from Front to Water street, it was burning just as rapidly, and along Delaware Avenue it had reached the extensive store-house of A. Wright & Nephew, salt dealers. On Vine street wharf, there were several hundred cords of pine and oak wood, which could easily have been removed before the fire reached it, but which could easily have been removed before the fire reached it, but which was permitted to burn, and contributed to the flames. After darkness had set in we took our station upon an elevated position from which we could survey the whole scene, and a sublime and fearful one it was. On vent the flames, roaring and crackling, enveloping some of the finest edifices which our city could boast, and rendering them in a short time, a heap of ruins. To the west and north all was one vast sea of fire, while ever and anon the falling of the walls and the shouts of the multitude there served to render the scene fearfully terrific—awfully sublime! The firemen had labored up to this period, with unabating vigor, but the scarcity of the water, and the extent and violence of the conflagration have rendered their services of but little avail. Still they have done nobly, and are entitled to the highest praise for their efforts to save life and property.

NINE O'CLOCK, P. M.—We have just returned from the scene of conflagration and the flames have reached to the south side of Callowhill street, below New Market; and there does not seem to be a possibility of its being checked. All along

Callowhill street from Front to Second, the citizens have removed their goods, and are removing them, and the scene is fearful to behold. The whole north side of the pavement is covered with household goods of various kinds, all piled together in wild confusion. Many articles are being thrown from the windows, not by the owners, for they appear to have left all to the protection of the citizens, and hurried off to a place of safety. The fire is burning rapidly on Second street at Vine, and much valuable property on Second street, has fallen a prey to the devouring element. The destruction of property has been immense, and the heaviest loss will no doubt fall upon the Insurance Companies.

HALF-PAST ELEVEN, P. M.—We have just learned that the fire will not probably extend further than it has—north of the south side of Callowhill street, and west of Second street, east side. Hundreds of families are made homeless by this terrible calamity. At 12 o'clock the fire was subdued, and the firemen were returning from the awful scene.

A number of drays were standing on Vine street wharf and along Front street, at the time of the explosion, when the horses became frightened, and rushed madly through the terror-stricken crowd. We have no doubt that many have been injured in this way, who attributed their wounds to the scattered fragments of the building.

The flames of the conflagration were distinctly seen at Wilmington, Trenton, and Chester.

Cause of the Explosion.—On the first floor of Brock's store, we learn, a large quantity of brimstone and saltpetre was stored, which becoming ignited simultaneously, caused the terrific explosion so destructive to human life and the surrounding property.

The North American says: The fire raged with great fury, and the firemen, who were promptly on the spot, notwithstanding the narrowness of Water street which rendered it difficult to reach the immediate scene of the conflagration, would have succeeded in mastering it but for a terrible explosion which occurred about half an hour after the fire began. To give an idea of the scene that followed this calamity is impossible. As soon as the flames reached the saltpetre in the store-room of Mr. Brock, several successive reports were heard, and finally a tremendous explosion took place, spreading terror and destruction around. The force of the explosion was lateral, shattering the walls of the building, but it spent itself principally in an upward direction, carrying with it into the air, to the height of three hundred feet, large burning masses of combustibles, with bricks, joists, &c.

A heavy girder was thrown sheer up about one hundred feet, and fell upon one of the opposite houses in Front street, breaking through the roof and burying and injuring some of the inmates, who were engaged in removing their effects. At this moment there was about three thousand persons on the ground; and the spectacle of fright and confusion, and the wailing and screaming of women and children, made up a scene of horror beyond description.

Many of the firemen were thrown, with their pipes in their hands, from the roofs of the surrounding houses, and others knocked down from the engines, and some of them burned or incased in a dreadful manner.

The force of the explosion, and the intense heat and fury of the flames, as it burst out on all sides, were attended with lamentable loss of life. Several men, women and children were instantly killed, numbers frightfully scorched, and dreadfully burned and mangled; while many others were hurled into the docks, some of whom were drowned.

INCIDENTS.
Most Appalling Scene.—A most painful spectacle was presented at the Cherry street station house, Wednesday evening. A large woman was lying upon the floor in the cold embrace of death. Her clothes had been burnt off, and her body bore the horrid marks of the fire. Her limbs were drawn up, as if from agony, and the painful expression of her face told of the suffering which she had experienced.

By her side on a scorched mattress were lying three boys. They were terribly burned. In removing them they had been rolled together, and in attempting to separate them their charred flesh fell from their bones. They were removed to the Green House, and are included in the number of victims which we have already given. These unfortunate creatures were the occupants of a house in Water street, opposite to the place of explosion.

The Coroner this morning held three inquests at the Cherry Street Station House. Two of them were charred trunks, without heads or limbs, rendering it impossible to distinguish either age, sex, color or condition. They were found by Captain Ba-