

# Democratic Banner.

CLEARFIELD, PA. NOV. 8, 1845.

NEW SERIES-VOL. VI. NO. 29-WHOLE NO. 10

BY D. W. MOORE.

## THE MINIATURE.

OR, PRIDE AND REGRET.

BY MRS. MARY DUNLAP.

So you are going with the Misses Scott to their party to-night? said Charles Herford, as with hat in hand he stood taking leave of his affianced bride, Mary.

"To be sure," she said with much positiveness.

The Misses Scott were not favourites in Herford's eyes. But especially he disliked several gentlemen with whom they were most intimate, and who he knew would accompany them on the party which had been made up for that evening to go to the water. Mary had been invited to the party, but as Herford's engagement with her had not yet been made public, she had always shunned the acquaintance of the Misses Scott, he was not one of those asked. Afraid, however, that if he objected too positively to Mary's going, she might attribute his opposition to neglect, or might fancy him jealous of the gentleman who was to attend her, he was unwilling to tell the reason why he did not wish her to go. And Mary was unwilling to give up a pleasant party for what she thought a mere whim on his part.

"If he has a reason," she said to herself, "he ought to tell me, and if he can't do that, I will go, just to punish him."

Herford was an exacting lover. He worshipped Mary with his whole soul; but to own the truth, he required, as a proof of her love, that she should yield to his slightest wish, merely because it was his wish. He was bitterly disappointed when he found that she intended going with this party after his intimation of disapproval. He remained silent, looking on the floor. Mary, too, said nothing. Herford was hurt; the beauty was piqued, and both were proud.

"I have a favor to ask, Mary," said he looking up at length, but with some constraint. "Will you go with me to Ridgely to-night?"

"You forget that I am engaged with the Misses Scott," she replied, a little anxiously.

"But you will break that?"

"I cannot."

"Not for me?"

"Not for you!" It was a prior engagement, he added, seeing that Herford changed colour.

"But consider our relation," said he with a little haughtiness.

"Indeed, said Mary, "you will play the tyrant."

"That is soon remedied," said Herford, advancing to the door. He was about to pass on without further word, but a remembrance of his duty, he stopped, holding the knob in his hand, looked at a sad and haughty pride over his head.

"I will go to-night," he said.

"I will, sir," she replied.

She had ebb'd from her cheeks, and her eyes had closed the door and die stood a moment trembling.

"Herford was gone—gone in a moment—his last offer of a ride was gone—gone in a moment—his face with her into tears."

She opened the door, a well-dressed man came out, and she turned her back to him, and he confronted the intruder. A young man came over her the moment her cheek at the door. Herford had seen her and Mary! How much they had heard! Herford with thy peace!

Herford started back at the indignant Mary who was confronting him, her cheeks burning, bosom heaving—her whole bearing indicative of indignant anger.

"Let me understand you," he said at length, rallying himself from his embarrassment. "Are you serious in saying you will go to-night?"

"To be sure I am, sir?"

"Then I have nothing more to say," he said, "I will go to-night."

"I will, sir," she said, "I will go to-night."

At length she fell sick. Her illness was long, and for a while her life was despaired of; but when almost the gates of death a change occurred in her disease and she gradually recovered. She arose from that sick bed a different being. Indomitable pride had been a great fault with her character, but that was now wholly eradicated. She had been purified in the furnace of affliction, and now no one was more lovable and gentle than Mary. Her affection for Herford, however, still remained. In the midst of a visit to her mind, upbraiding her for pride and heartlessness, and how that she had recovered, she found a sad pleasure in going away by herself and brooding over the memories of the past. Her favourite resort on such occasions was a little arbour in the garden; and there she would sit for hours gazing on a miniature of Herford, the only memento of him that remained to her.

But where was he? For more than a year no tidings had been received of him, even by his own family, except a hasty letter dated from Malta, and containing the intelligence that he was about to set forth for Egypt and Syria. For Herford sought in travel to drown the bitter remembrance of happy days now gone forever. From Cairo he passed to Jerusalem, and thence over the desert to Baghdad; and thence excitement could be found. He was there, and for months he braved the dangers of the Beldin's wandering life, hoping to discover that Letha which many have sought in vain. He stood by the ruins of Babylon, he staked his throat in the broad Tigris, he passed through

peril and beheld many a strange land; but he could not shake from his mind the thought of Mary. There are some men who may love a dozen women; there are others of a more earnest mould who can never worship but one. Herford belonged to this latter class. The deep foundations of his heart had been broken up, and the golden cistern thereafter was never to be at rest.

At length he resolved to return to his native land. Not that he hoped for happiness there, but an indefinable yearning came over him to tread once more its soil. Nor did he dream that Mary loved him still; yet, like a fascinated bird, he longed to hear of her, though unlearned for to be near though unseen. With him to resolve to execute, and by the most rapid conveyance he reached home just as summer was opening.

It was a beautiful day in June, and the flowers were out in all their loveliness and perfume, when led by an irresistible impulse, he rode into the country near the residence of Mary's father, where together they had spent so many happy days. As he approached the house, his heart beat with quicker sensations, for he recognized familiar objects on every hand. The dwelling appeared to be closed, as if the people had not removed to it for the summer; and alighting from his saddle, he tied his horse to a ring of the fence, opened the gate and entered. Before him was the broad carriage walk where he had often caught the first sight of Mary, as she came to welcome him on his visits; there was the lawn where they had sported arm in arm; and hard by, was the clump of chestnut trees, under whose magnificent boughs they were wont to seek shelter in the sultry noonday. He walked on, his heart melted by the recollections these scenes called up, and listlessly turned into the garden.

Herford had arrived from abroad but the day before, consequently he possessed no information respecting Mary. He had not ventured to ask whether she was married or not. He did not know, therefore, that on account of her health, she had preceded the rest of the family into the country, and was now residing here alone, with the exception of the servants. But suddenly he came upon a little arbour of trellis work, which had been a favourite resort of Mary and himself in other days. It was completely sheltered in thick vines which he was about to put aside in order to enter, when he was arrested by the voice of somebody apparently occupying it. He drew back, and the voice began a prelude to a song. Every tone was full of pathos—like, yet unlike those of Mary. His heart beat violently, and he leaned against a tree for support. And now his doubts no longer perplexed him, for he fully recognized the voice of Mary, as in a lone of melted sadness she sung these lines of Moore:

As a beam on the face of the waters may glow,  
While the tide runs in coldness and darkness below,  
So the face may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,  
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow which throbs its bleak shades alike o'er our joys and our woes;  
To which life nothing brighter nor darker can bring.

For which joy hath no balm and affliction no sting.

The voice of the singer trembled as she proceeded, and became choked with tears, as she finished the last lines. Herford put aside the vines, and gazed stealthily upon her. Oh how pale was that sad sweet face. And could it be, he asked of himself, that she had suffered all this for him? She drew forth a miniature from her bosom at this instant, and gazed earnestly upon it. From where he stood, the face was plainly visible, and his brain grew dizzy with happiness as he saw it was his own. In that moment all his proud resolutions fell away—everything was forgotten but that pale, wan face, and the consciousness of Mary's love, long treasured in despite of absence, and he fell at her feet.

"Will you forgive me?" said he. "Can you overlook my heavy anger, and continue to neglect me? But, oh! believe me, Mary, it has cost me no unfeeling agony."

Startled, confused, yet still sensible of her sudden happiness, she could only extend her hand to her lover, and murmur his name, before she fell fainting into his arms! You may well suppose, fair reader, they never quarrelled again, and that they have not been married for years, neither Mary nor Herford has yet given a harsh word. They made an agreement before they were united, that both should not be angry at the same time, and this contract has been rigidly kept in spite of Pride and Pique.

## INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS.

There ought to be times and seasons for relaxation from labour and care, and for recruiting both body and mind, by active and pleasant amusements. In other parts of the country, it is not thought derogatory to the character of a gentleman, or the dignity of high official stations, to engage in what are here termed "boyish sports." The late Chief Justice, who was often seen during the recesses of the courts of which he was the possessor, amusing himself by pitching a ball, and by the exercise of the capital and beautiful exercise of billiards. It is true that these amusements

but those who have the temerity to indulge in them, sneak off to some out-of-the-way place like a gang of counterfeiters or gamblers, as though they shunned the observation of such as would be likely to recognize them. We hope that public opinion will ere long undergo a change in this matter, and that it will not appear discreditable to engage at proper times in innocent sports, such as are practiced in other countries, where the people if not so long faced and labour worn, are none the less pious, none the less prosperous, and infinitely more happy. It is nothing but a morbid moral sentiment, which denies to mankind the gratification of their natural propensities, when those propensities are controlled by reason and conscience. True religion, even if we have any just conception of its hallowed nature, does not consist with man's enjoyments. It opposes to us a noble, a laudable, or a positive recreation, and in its place, that should clothe the greatest good with the greatest number of smiles and joys.

To give the Saturday Post an important and temporary one which it derives from the Family Circle, we give in its column of his heart's he is the chief of a Weekly Magazine, embracing the most interesting and useful information. We should not be afraid to take the man at home or abroad; but take the man whose face is the picture of a grave stone, whereon a smile would do some-thing to rest than would a bird on the dismal drape of death—he may be shunned, for you cannot comprehend him. The discipline which it required to conceal the outward traces of his natural impulses may have burdened his heart with all manner of deception and uncleanliness, and it is perhaps found that the greatest knaves have pursued their career beneath the cloak of a grave and sanctified exterior.—Boston paper.

## SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

There is a false necessity, with which we industriously surround ourselves, a circle that never expands; whose iron never changes to ductile gold. This is the presence of public opinion, the intolerable restraint of conventional form. Under this despotic influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their noblest feelings, and conceal their highest thoughts. Each longs for communion with other souls, but dare not give utterance to its yearnings, and what hinder? The fear what Mrs. Smith, or Mrs. Clark will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anathemas of some synod; or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is afraid of thee. He has bound thy hand, and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wiser for both to snap the imaginary bonds, and walk onward unshackled. If the heart yearns for love, be loving; if thou wouldst free mankind, be frank to him.

But what will people say?

Why does it concern thee what they say? Thy life is not in their hands.—They can give thee nothing of real value, nor take from thee anything that is worth having. Satan may promise thee all the kingdoms of the earth, but he has not an acre of it to give. He may offer much as the price of his worship, but there is a flaw in all his title deeds. Eternal and sure is the promise, "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

But I shall be misunderstood—misrepresented.

What if thou art? They who throw stones at that is above them, receive the missiles back again by the law of gravity; and lucky are they who bruise not their own faces. Would that I could persuade all who read this to be truthful and free; to say what they think, and act what they feel; to cast from them, like ropes of sand, all fear of sect and parties, of class and classes.

What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We meet to see other, and not to peep do we get under the thick, stifling veil which each carries about him. We visit to enjoy ourselves, and our host takes away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to work or ride, he dare not, lest it seem impolite to the guest; if the guest wishes to read, he dare not, lest it seems impolite to the host; so they remain slaves, and find it a relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with wiser freedom.—If a visitor arrive they say, "I am very busy to-day; if you wish to ride, there are the horses and saddles in the stable; if you wish to read, there are books in the parlor; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the fields; if you wish to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to talk to me, I can be with you at such an hour."—Go where you please, and while you stay, do what you please.—At some houses in Florence large parties meet without invitation and without the slightest preparation. It is understood that on a particular evening in the week a lady or gentleman always receive their friends. In one room are books and flowers; in another, books and engravings; in a third, music. Couples are enounced in some shaded alcove, or group, dotted about the room in a faithful or serious conversation, or required to speak of departing.

and there, on the side table, that take who like—but eating, which takes up large a part of all American entertainments, is a slight and almost ticed incident in these festivals of lect and taste. Wouldst thou like such social freedom introduced? Then do it. But the first step must be complete indifference to Mrs. Smith's assertion that you were mean enough to offer only one kind of cake to your company, and to put less shortening in the under crust of your pie than the upper. Let Mrs. Smith talk according to her gifts, be thou assured all living souls love freedom better than cake, or than under-crust.

## SCRAPS OF CURIOUS INFORMATION.

Gold has been beaten so thin that one ounce, which in a cubic form covered a foot square, has been extended to a length of 37,000 feet.

We shall, unfortunately, and with our soul, devote ourselves to the cause of education; to this end we shall endeavor to reform every child in the land by the saving American Liberty; instead of, as is now the case, we shall provide what is known as a "liberal education."

A glass tube can be drawn out so fine as to be drawn through the eye of a needle.

Archimedes said, if he had a planet which he could move the fulcrum of a lever, he could move the earth. This was undoubtedly correct, but if he used a power of ten pounds at the end of a lever, he would have to work ten hours a day, for he should 994,580,767 centuries to move the earth by one inch.

If we suppose the density of the sun to be 5.240 (the density of water is most sun would be as ebony; Mercury, as quicksilver; Venus as zinc; Mars as iron; Jupiter, as milk; Saturn, as the fir tree; and Herschel as Amber.

There are 2500 known species of fish; 44,000 of insects; 700 of reptiles; 4000 of birds; and 5000 of mammiferous animals. The human hair is composed of carbonate of ammonia, water, gas, coal, silver, sulphur, oil, iron, lime and manganese.

There are 292 species of bees. A honey comb a foot square contains about 9000 cells. A single female house fly produces 20,980,320! (No wonder that we are so annoyed by flies.)

The sun-flower produces 4000 seeds. Wild ducks fly 90 miles an hour. The cocoa tree supplies the natives of the countries in which it grows with bread, water, wine, vinegar, brandy, milk, oil, honey, sugar, needles, thread, clothes, cups, spoons, basins, baskets, paper, mats for ships, sails, cordage, nails, covering for their houses, &c., &c.

The bamboo cane is used in the East Indies for building houses and bridges, and for making cups, mats, pipes, boxes, cloth, cordage and cables. In China it is used for making chairs, tables, beds, bedding and paper; and in the West Indies its tender shoots are pickled for the table.

The elm tree is full grown in 150 years, but lives from 500 to 600 years. The oak is full grown in 200 years. The ash in 100 years. An oak in three years grows 2 feet 10 inches; the elm 8 feet 2 inches; the beech 1 foot 5 inches; the poplar 6 feet, and the willow 9 feet 3 inches.—New York Gazette.

## ITEMS.

The population of the city of Louisville, Ky., according to the census, just completed, is 37,218. The number of dwelling houses, and stores is about 700. The population in 1840, was 21,000.

He who never changes any of his opinions, never corrects any of his mistakes.

Be temperate and honest, and then you will be happy.

The Cathedral at Montreal contains thirteen hundred and sixty-three pews, and will seat fifteen thousand persons; the tower is two hundred and fifteen feet high, and the ascent to the top of it by two hundred and eighty-five steps.

Men are often at greater pains to conceal their ignorance of what they desire to be thought wise, than to inform themselves of what they are really deficient.

The best fault finders are often the duldest members of their own families. Let thy misfortune to be a grumbler, look in the glass when the fit comes on, and laugh thyself into a sweeter countenance.

He is truly a happy man who can, upon any occasion, accommodate himself to his circumstances.

When a young man has acquired a love of reading, and of course, a healthful relation for intellectual pleasure, he has become possessed of one of the best preservatives against dissipation. A fondness for low company, and intemperate pleasures, is most generally the consequence of ignorance and want of taste.

A Rich Town.—The village of New Bedford contains 12,000 inhabitants, and its valuation is 12,000,000. It is said that to each man, woman and child, there are vessels enough to furnish them with