

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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POETRY.

For the Democratic Banner.

TO A FAR OFF FRIEND.

Afar from thee and lone and sad,
And toss'd on life's tumultuous sea—
Although a thousand joys are fled,
Yet memory fondly turns to thee.
A star whose light for me has shone,
When every my beside has dawn.
Though rivers rise and mountains roll,
Between myself and me; they never
Can separate thee from my soul.
Nor mar thine image ranging there.
Thy look of love, thy smile of joy,
Are unforgotten in my life's alloy.
Time, cares and sorrow may efface
A thousand scenes of busy life,
But never can supplant that place
My heart allots but to—MY WIFE:
Fond thoughts of thee are lingering there,
That pain defies, and mope despair.

Fame, honor, wealth, let others seek
In toil and care—mid battle's strife—
Give me the high-toned joys that speak
Of home, my children—and my wife:
These joys by God to man are given.
To constitute on earth a Heaven. J. N. T.

CLEARFIELD, Pa. Nov. 15, 1845

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

The Land Pirate.

BY J. H. DANA.

During the war of the Revolution, the district of country lying between the American lines on the Hudson and the British outposts above New York, and called familiarly the neutral ground, was infested by a set of wretches, known as cow boys, skippers and land pirates, who preyed at will on the whigs. A party of them long carried on their outrages unchecked in close vicinity of the British lines, under a leader of redoubtable courage, who had once been a colonist of some estate, but having squandered it in riotous living, had taken to his present irregular life on the breaking out of the troubles.

Accounts of his atrocities had long before found their way to the American lines; and the evil became at length so great that it was determined, at any cost to extirpate his company. But this was found easier to threaten than achieve. Keeping close to his secret haunts, or moving with astonishing celerity across the country, it was impossible to discover or overtake Harding, for this was the name this miscreant bore.

A young officer at length volunteered to enter Harding's company as a spy, in order to obtain such information as would lead to his being entrapped. Lieutenant Vaughan knew that his life hung on a thread, in such a difficult mission; for discovery would be instant death; but he was bold and full of resources; besides, he had a personal interest in the destruction of the land pirates. His heart had long been in possession of Emily Headley, the only daughter of a wealthy farmer, who, though hitherto a neutral, was suspected of a leaning towards the American cause; and the anxious heart of the lover began to fear that Harding, attracted by the wealth of the father or the beauty of the daughter, might sooner or later make Headley's farm the scene of one of his lawless atrocities.

It was a dark and stormy night on which Vaughan disguised as a deserter, found his way to a low tavern near the Hudson, where the land pirates were known some times to harbor. With great difficulty, and not without exciting some suspicion, he was enrolled as one of their number; but his story was so well concocted that all doubt, after a while, was removed. One morning a comrade approached him.

"You are to accompany us, for the first time, to-night," he said. "The captain has resolved to attack old Headley, who, you may have heard, lives up among the hills, and is almost as rich as an English lord. They say, too, he has a pretty daughter, but of that I know nothing, though, if he has, I will venture to say the captain will not forget her."

Vaughan could scarcely conceal his agitation during these words. The blow which he had long feared, was about to fall, and he neither had the time to warn his friends, nor the power to avert the catastrophe. What could he do? His first thought was to desert and hasten to Headley farm, but he knew he was watched closely, and that this could not be effected.

In a few minutes, however, Vaughan managed to steal away from his comrade, and sauntered into the inn, for they were then at another low tavern, similar to the one where he had first joined the freebooters. The bar-maid was there alone; the words in which she spoke surprised him.

"And so, Captain Harding is going to attack old Mr. Headley's house to-night," she said, peevishly. "I can tell him it will come to no good. Mr. Headley has done him or the king no harm; but it's the daughter, and not the father, Harding's after. She refused him once when he was a gentleman, and now he's determined to have her, on his own terms, the villain!"

At this confirmation of his worst fears, Vaughan could not withhold a muttered curse. The girl looked up. He saw that

his indignation had betrayed him, and his eye quailed beneath her searching glance. But he was relieved by what followed.

"Lieutenant Vaughan," said the girl, bending over and whispering in his ear, "you see you are known; but you have nothing to fear. I was brought up near your father, and saw you many a time; my parents farmed the little place at the foot of the hill. Do you know me now?—I am Kitty Grey."

"The recognition was mutual, but the pleasure derived from it was alloyed to Vaughan by what he had now heard of Harding's intention. Kitty, it seems, had listened, pretending to be asleep in the bar, while the leader had divulged to two of his confidential followers, the evening before, his purpose in attacking Headley farm, and it appears that he had hoarded up his old rejection, and had now resolved to avenge himself by carrying off the daughter of the old man by force. The blood of Vaughan ran cold at the narration. Fortunately Kitty was disposed to assist him, for her woman's nature was not yet so far debased but what she could feel for the peril of Miss Headley.

"If I could obtain a trusty messenger and a fast horse, we might send word to the outpost at—," said Vaughan. "A force could then march for the farm and intercept our band."

"It would be impossible to send off a messenger while Harding is here," said Kitty, "besides, we have no one to trust; but I tell you what can be done. There is a fast animal in the stable, and I am a good rider; I will wait till you have set out, when, by hard galloping, I may reach the outpost and give timely warning—that is, if a party of dragoons happen to be there, and will spare neither whip nor spur."

"There was a detachment at the post when I left," said Vaughan. "Pray heaven they may be there yet, for your scheme is the only feasible one."

Their further conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Harding himself, who eyed Vaughan suspiciously, and ordered him gruffly to leave the room. Our hero could but obey. He trembled for his accomplice, however, as he went out and saw Kitty begin a bantering conversation with the freebooter.

His comrades were already busy preparing for their ride, and Vaughan immediately occupied himself in saddling his horse. He had scarcely finished his task when Harding came out.

"I see you are ready," said he, eyeing him keenly, "and have made up your mind to idling in the bar room. You will attend close on me to-day; new recruits are apt to be suspected, and it behooves them to be especially ardent." He accompanied these words with a significant smile, which left Vaughan half convinced that he had been betrayed.

It was not long before the party were in the saddle, and the quick pace at which they advanced increased the fears of our hero that Kitty's scheme would be a failure, since, even if she proved true, and succeeded in reaching the American outposts, succour would come too late.

Imagine the feelings of Vaughan during that ride. The agony of being broken on the wheel was nothing to it! He was well aware of the inflexible purpose of Harding, and knew that neither present supplications nor fears of future retribution would turn him aside from his fell purpose. Nor could Vaughan hope to succeed, single-handed, in any attempt to avert the doom of his betrothed. At times, from the peculiar look with which Harding regarded him, Vaughan was led to think that the refugee penetrated his designs and had brought him along to torture him by a sight of the ruin to be worked at Headley farm. Yet this look might only arise from natural suspicion of a new recruit. But could Kitty have been false? No—her truth was unmistakable, or Vaughan knew nothing of physiognomy. But what if there were no dragoons at the post when she arrived? These thoughts agitated Vaughan continually.

"I will die to save her, and if needs be, he inwardly swore, 'I will preserve her from profanation by sacrificing her with my own hand.'"

With these bitter reflections Vaughan followed his commander, his heart tormented now by despair, and now pacified by hope. At length Headley farm broke on their sight. Our hero looked eagerly in the direction whence the dragoons, if coming, would appear; but none were in sight. It was just as evening closed, and all around wore a calm and peaceful look. He turned, sick at heart, to gaze on the old homestead;—and when Vaughan thought of the desolation soon to fall on that happy household, his excited feelings could hardly be controlled. But he felt the necessity of dissimulation, if he would even attempt to save Emily.

"Forward—trot," said the voice of Harding at this moment, having returned from a reconnaissance of the buildings, which he found as he expected, wholly unprotected; then, as they reached the lawn before the house, he shouted, in a voice which first told the household of his approach, "halt!"

Instantly the men drew in their reins, while the heavy barring of doors was heard from the house. It was but the work of a moment, however, for the assailants to

dismount, and before long the hall door had given way before an axe which one of the troopers carried, though not until a shot had been fired from an upper window.

"Our motto is 'beauty and booty,'" shouted Harding, as the door fell in. "Spare none, and avenge your fallen comrade." With these words he dashed towards the staircase leading to the apartment which Vaughan knew to be occupied by Emily.

The crisis for which he had breathlessly waited ever since the attack began, had now come; and regardless of the peril Vaughan sprang after his leader, determined to sell his life or frustrate Harding's designs. Almost together they ascended the staircase. The moment was one of terrible interest. The hand of the ruffian was on the lock of Emily's door—that door which had been sacred hitherto even from Vaughan's approach—when our hero arrested it by a blow with his sabre, which would have severed Harding's hand, had he not caught the flash of steel and sprang back.

"Ha! a traitor!" he said, comprehending every thing at a glance, yet half astonished at the discovery, "then take that!" and he levelled a pistol at our hero, who saved his life only by knocking up the weapon with his blade. In an instant the two excited men had crossed blades; Harding, furious at the discovery that he had harbored a spy, and Vaughan thirsting for his blood as the only chance to save Emily.

By this time the refugees were pouring up the staircase, and, for a moment, they paused in astonishment at the spectacle of this unexpected combat. But it was only for an instant. Recovering from their surprise, they threw themselves on Vaughan, who was disarmed and bound, after many wounds. He expected nothing further now than immediate death, nor did he wish to live. Since he could not save Emily, he desired to die. He would have blessed any one who would have put an end to his existence. "Oh! why did my good blade fail me?" he said. "Why could I not finish the miscreant?" To add to his distress, one of the servants who had been dragged into the hall, had recognized him and revealed his name.

"You are a lover, then, of this fair bird within, as well as a traitor and spy," said Harding, hoarse with passion, and mad with the pain of the wounds he had received from Vaughan's sword; "then you shall witness how she shall be my leman, ere you die!"

Vaughan writhed in mental agony. Already he seemed to behold his betrothed struggling in the foul arms of the ruffian. "For God's sake," he implored, "Torture me—do what you will with me—but spare Miss Headley."

The villain answered by laying hold of the door knob, but as he did this, a bullet whistled in the air, and he fell dead, pierced by a pistol ball from an unseen hand. As he fell a tuzza arose from the staircase, which was now seen full of men in the attire of American dragoons.

"Huzza—we have them now in a trap," shouted a stentorian voice, which Vaughan recognized as that of his commanding officer; "no quarter, my lads—cut them down!"

The fight was soon over—the result could not be doubtful. The refugees were cooped up, and had no escape, while their enemies outnumbered them five to one. Harding fell in the very beginning of the fray. The assault, the melee, and the defeat passed almost with the rapidity of thought.

"We were just in time," said Vaughan's comrade, when the scuffle was terminated and every refugee either slain or pinioned, "your messenger found us fortunately at the post."

The terrified Emily now came forth from the chamber where she had fled with her father; and by her fair hands were Vaughan's wounds bound up. After the war, she and our hero were happily married; and Kitty, as a recompense for her services, was taken into the household.

"Old men still live in the quiet valleys of the Hudson, who have heard, from participants in that day's fight, the story of the LAND PIRATE'S DEATH."

From the Boston Odd Fellow.

The True Friends.

BY J. L. BECKETT.

"Ned, will you join our Lodge?" asked Frank Grayson of Edward Chandler, one evening as they were returning together from their labour. "Say Yes, and let me propose you to-night."

"I am anxious to, Frank," was the reply. "but my wife is very much opposed to my becoming an Odd Fellow, as you already know."

"Well, she need not know it," said Frank, "and as you are yourself very well satisfied of the principles of the Order, and the advantages to be derived from becoming a member, let her remain in ignorance, until accident reveals it to her that you have been initiated."

"I have never yet deceived her," said Chandler.

"Nor need you now," answered Grayson, "though you may do that which she would wish you not to do. But the fact

is, you are my friend, and I am an Odd Fellow; you think well of that which you do not know,—I think well of the Order, because I do know its principles; the prejudices of your wife do not arise from any ill-will towards the Order, or its members, but from the reports of gossips, who are its enemies because they cannot be told every thing appertaining to it; for this reason I advise you to say nothing to her about it."

Chandler hesitated a few moments, and then gave his assent that his friend might propose him to the Lodge. The proposal was made—accepted—at its next meeting Edward Chandler became a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. He attended the meetings of the Lodge regularly, for he was deeply interested in its proceeding, yet without ever exciting the suspicions of his wife.

It was a dark, stormy afternoon during the last winter, that Edward Chandler returned from his work at an earlier hour than usual, and complaining of slight indisposition, had retired to his chamber. His wife sat rocking the cradle, in which was sleeping her youngest child, an infant ten months old, while the eldest was quietly reposing on a little cot beside her. She thought often of her husband, and as she was about preparing to go up stairs, a slight groan reached her ear. Rising from her seat she immediately proceeded to her chamber, and found her husband in a restless and feverish state. She was alone, save him and the children, and the night was dark and stormy; she hastily prepared and applied a few simple remedies, and throwing on her shawl and bonnet, hastened to the house of a neighbor, whom she entreated to go for a physician. An hour elapsed before the physician arrived; he tarried but a short time, and departed, giving Mrs. Chandler directions how to administer the medicines he had left. She passed an anxious and sleepless night; her husband continued to grow worse, and she left him only when her babe required her attention.

Morning came, yet her first glance from the window but added to her anxiety. The storm had increased during the night and her doors were completely blocked up with snow. What could she do? She could only await the arrival of the physician, and she knew not at what hour he would come. She looked again, and almost uttered a scream of joy as she saw two men approaching the house, one of whom had on his shoulder a shovel, with which he was soon busily engaged in removing the snow from the door. Mrs. Chandler could not recognize either of them, yet she was ready to admit them as soon as they had opened a passage to the house.

"How is your husband this morning?" they eagerly inquired; we learned late last evening that he was sick, and called to render you any assistance you may need."

The overjoyed wife hardly knew what answer to make, as both the gentlemen were strangers to her. Thanking them for their kindness, she simply answered, "he seems worse than last evening," and invited them to walk up stairs. On their entering the chamber, she noticed a sort of familiarity in their actions, for which she could not account. After speaking with her husband, and glancing round the chamber, they whispered together a moment, and the younger gentleman left, but soon returned with a physician.

"Your husband is quite sick, madam," he said to Mrs. Chandler, "but he shall have the very best of attention, and we trust with careful nursing he will soon be restored to health."

The physician gave his directions to the gentleman, and everything he ordered was immediately procured, and applied as he had directed. At night their places were supplied by two others who were also strangers to Mrs. Chandler; yet their kindness to her husband awakened in her breast a feeling of gratitude which she had never before experienced. Thus it continued day after day. Every want of the family was supplied, and her husband received the most careful attention. Mrs. Chandler had particularly noticed one gentleman, who came almost every day for the four weeks during which her husband was confined to his chamber, and his visits were not discontinued, even after her husband had sufficiently recovered to walk about the house. As she could divine no cause why they should receive so much attention from those who were strangers to them, she determined to inquire.

One morning the gentleman whose visits had been so regular, entered the kitchen, and after answering his usual inquiries in regard to their wants, she asked, "Sir, will you tell me why my husband has received so much attention from those who have always appeared to be strangers to us?"

"The question is easily answered, madam; he is an Odd Fellow."

Tears gushed from the woman's eyes. "Oh, sir," said she, "how much I have wronged them. Did you know how much I opposed Edward's joining them?—so much so, sir, that he never informed me of it. Will you forgive me, sir? What should we have done had it not been for your kindness? You have saved me a husband, and these children a father; but

believe me, had I known the principles of your Order, even without the experience I now possess, I should not have done it. It is truly a band of Love."

A few weeks after Edward Chandler's recovery, he calls on the presiding officer of the Lodge. "I am aware," said he, "that during my sickness, the benefits myself and family received amounted to more than my standing in the Lodge would justly entitle me to receive; now, that I am well and able to work, you will permit me to refund it."

"Have you not learned, brother Chandler," said the officer, solemnly, "that one of the first principles of our order is CHARITY, and that kind of charity which never permits a brother to suffer. You will oblige me by not mentioning the subject again. The brothers knew your wants, and they were cheerfully supplied. It will be enough that you under like circumstances imitate their example."

Yet many times did Edward Chandler and his wife mention it to each other, and often with tears of gratitude did she bless the day that her husband became an Odd Fellow.

HOME.

There is something in the word home that wakes the kindest feelings of the heart. It is not merely friends and kindred that tender that place so dear, but the very hills, and rocks and rivulets throw a charm around the place of one's nativity. It is no wonder that the loftiest harps have been tuned to sing of home, 'sweet home.' The rose that bloomed in the garden where one has wandered in early years, a thoughtless child, careless in innocence, is lovely in its bloom, and lovelier in its decay. No songs are sweet like those we heard among the boughs that shade a parent's dwelling, when the morning or the evening hour found us gay as the birds that warbled over us. No waters are bright like the clear silver streams that wind among the flower-decked knolls where in childhood we have often strayed to pluck the violet or the lily, or to twine a garland for some loved school-mate.—We may wander away and mingle in the world's fierce strife, and form new associations and friendships, and fancy we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's scenes, and we roam again the old familiar haunts, and press the hands of companions long since cold in the grave—and listen to voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Ossian's music, is pleasant though mournful to the soul. The Swiss general who leads his army into a foreign land, must not suffer the sweet airs of Switzerland to be sung in the hearing of his soldiers; for at the thrilling sound they would leave the camp and fly away to their own green hills.—The African, torn from his willow-braded hut, and borne away to the land of charters and of chains, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines for the cocoa land beyond the waters of the sea. Years may have passed over him, and strifes and toil may have crushed his spirits—all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the ocean; yet were he free, how soon would he seek the shores and skies of his boyhood dreams? The New England mariner—amid the icebergs of the northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the ever-green isles, or coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current—yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears flow like the summer rain. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lip of a mother or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream, look as in days gone by! We may find climes, as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted; but that will not usurp the place of Home.

There is one spot where none will sigh for home. The flowers that blossom there will never fade; the crystal waters that wind along those verdant yales will never cease to send up their heavenly music; the clusters hanging from trees o'ershadowing its banks will be immortal clusters; and the friends that meet will meet forever.—Puritan.

MATRIMONY.

Marriage is like a firing candle light Placed in a window of a summer night, Attracting all the insects of the air To come and sing their pretty waltzes there— Those that are out, but heads against the pane, And those within, but to get out again.

A dog going upon three legs, scyphering, because he puts down three and carries one. So somebody has said—we forget who.