

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

CLEARFIELD, PA. JAN. 30, 1846.

NEW SERIES--VOL. I. NO. 11--WHOLE NO. 1009.

## THE BATTLE

The "DEMOCRATIC BANNER" is published weekly, on Wednesday mornings, at 32 per annum—or \$1.75 if paid in advance. No paper can be discontinued (unless at the option of the editor) until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements, &c., at the usual rates.

## LANNES.

[The annexed account—from Mr. Hensley's sketch of LANNES in the last number of the AMERICAN REVIEW—of the closing scene in that gallant hero's life, and of the fearful rout at Lobau, will be read with interest.—N. Y. Gazette.]

In the summer of 1809, after Vienna had fallen into his hands, Napoleon determined to pass the Danube and give the Archduke Charles battle on the farther shore. The Danube, near Vienna, flows in a wide stream, embracing many islands in its slow and majestic movement over the plain. Bonaparte resolved to pass it at two points at the same time, at Nussdorf, about a mile above Vienna, and against the island of Lobau, farther down the river. Lannes took charge of the upper pass, and Massena of the lower—the two heroes of the coming Aspern. Lannes, failing in his attempt, the whole army was concentrated at Lobau. On the evening of the 19th May, Bonaparte surprised the Austrians on the island, and taking possession of it and the other islands around it, had nothing to do but throw a bridge from Lobau to the northern bank of the Danube, in order to march his army over to the extended plains to Marchfeld, that stretched away from the bank to the heights of Bisemburg, where lay the Archduke with a hundred thousand men. Through unwaried efforts Bonaparte was able to assemble on the farther shore, on the morning of the 21st, 40,000 men. The Archduke saw, from the heights he occupied, every movement of the French army, which seemed by its rashness and folly, to be running into the very jaws of destruction.

It was a cloudless summer morning, and as the glorious summer sun came flashing over the hill tops, a forest of glittering bayonets sent back its beams. The grass and flowers looked up silently to the blue heavens; both of which seemed unconscious of the carnage that was to end the day. Just as the sun had reached its meridian, the command to advance was heard along the heights, answered by shouts that shook the earth, and the roll of drums and thousands of trumpets and and wild choruses of the soldiers. While Bonaparte was still struggling to get his army over the bridge, while Lannes' corps was on the further side, and Davoust in Vienna, the Austrian army, 80,000 men, came rolling down the mountain side, and over the plain like a resistless flood. 15,000 cavalry accompanied this magnificent host, while nearly 300 came trundling with the sound of thunder over the ground. The whole army advanced in five awful columns, with a curtain of cavalry in front to conceal their movements and direction. Bonaparte looked, with an unquiet eye on this advancing host, while his whole army was still separated by the Danube. In a moment the field was in an uproar. Lannes, who had crossed, took possession of Essling, a little village that stood half a mile from the Danube, and Massena of Aspern, another village, standing at the same distance from the Danube and a mile and a half from Essling. These two villages were the chief points of defence between which the French army was drawn up in a line. Around these two villages, in which were entrenched these two renowned leaders, were to be the heat and strength of the battle. Three mighty columns were seen marching with firm and rapid steps to Aspern, while towards Essling, where the brave Lannes lay, a countless host seemed moving. Between, thundered the 300 pieces of cannon, as they slowly advanced, enveloping the field in a cloud of smoke, blotting out the noonday sun, and sending death and havoc among the French ranks. As night drew on the conflict became awful. Bursting shells, explosions of artillery, and volleys of musketry, were mingled with shouts of victory, and cries of terror; while over all, as if to drown all was heard at intervals the braying of trumpets and strains of martial music.

In the village to which Massena and Lannes maintained their ground with such unconquerable firmness, took fire, and burned with a red flame over the nightly battle field, adding a tenfold horror to the work of death. But we do not intend to describe the first day's battle. We shall refer to it again when we speak of Massena and Bessieres, who fought with a desperation and unconquerable firmness that astonished even Napoleon. At eleven o'clock at night the uproar of battle ceased, and through the slowly retiring cloud of war that rolled away toward the Danube, the stars came out one by one, to look on the dead and the dying. Groans and cries loaded the midnight blast, while the sleeping hosts lay almost in each other's embrace. Bonaparte wrapped in his military cloak, lay stretched beside the Danube, not half a mile from the enemy's cannon. The sentinels could almost shake hands across the space that intervened; and thus the living and the dead lay down together upon the hard fought field, while the silent cannon loaded with death, were pointing over the slumbering hosts. Lulled by the Danube, that rolled its turbu-

lent flood by his side, and canopied by the stars, Napoleon rested his exhausted frame while he revolved the disastrous events of the day, and pondered how he might redeem his error. Massena had lost most of Aspern; but Lannes still held Essling, and had held it during one of the most sanguinary struggles of that fiercely fought battle. Early in the morning, as soon as the light broke over the eastern hills, the two armies were again on their feet, and the cannon opened anew upon the walls of living men. The French troops were dispirited, for the previous day had been one of defeat: while the Austrians were full of hope. But the rest of Lannes' corps had crossed the Danube during the night, while Davoust, with nearly 30,000 more, was marching with flying colors over the bridge. The Archduke had also received reinforcements, so that two armies of about a hundred thousand each stood ready to contest the field on the second day. At the commencement of the onset, Lannes was driven for the first time from Essling; but St. Hilaire coming up to his aid, he rallied his defeated troops and led them back to the charge, retook the place, and held it, though artillery, infantry and cavalry thundered upon it with shocks that threatened to sweep the village itself from the plain.

At length, Bonaparte, tired of acting on the defensive, began to prepare for his great and decisive movement on the centre. Massena was to hold Aspern, Davoust to march on Essling, while Lannes, the brave Lannes, who had fought with such courage and almost superhuman energy for two days, was ordered with Ordinat to force the centre and cut the Austrian army in two. Bonaparte called him to his side, and from his station behind the lines which overlooked the field, pointed out to him the course he wished him to take. Lannes spurred to his post, and when all was ready Bonaparte came riding along the lines to animate the soldiers in the decisive onset that was about to be made. The shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" with which they received him, was heard above the roar of battle, and fell with an ominous sound upon the Austrian lines. Apprised by the shouts where the Emperor was passing, they immediately turned their cannon in that direction, hoping by a chance to strike him down. General Monthier, was killed by his side, but the mightiest man of blood of all was not to fall by the sword. In a few minutes Lannes' awful columns were on the march, and moved with rapid speed over the field. Two hundred cannon were placed in front, and advanced like a rapidly moving wall of fire over the cumbered ground. Behind was the cavalry—the irresistible cuirassiers that had swept so many battle fields for Napoleon, and before it a onset of which the best infantry of Europe had gone down.

At length the enveloped pierced to the reserved grenadiers of the Austrian army, and the last fatal blow seemed about to be given. In this dreadful crisis the Archduke showed the power and heroism of Napoleon himself. Seeing that all was lost without a desperate effort, and apparently not caring for his life, if defeat must be endured, he spurred his steed among the shaken ranks, rallying them by his voice and bearing to the charge, and seizing the standard of Zach's corps, which was already yielding to the onset, charged at their head like a storm. His generals, roused by his example, dashed into the thickest of the fight, and at the head of their respective divisions fell like so many rocks upon the head of Lannes' column. Those brave officers, almost to a man, sunk before the destructive fire that opened upon them, but that dreadful column was checked for the first time in its advance, and stood like a living rock amid its foes. The Austrians were thrown into squares and stood like so many checkers on the field. Into the very heart of these Lannes had penetrated and stopped. The empire stopped with him, and Napoleon saw at once the peril of his chief. The brave cuirassiers that had broken the best infantry of the world were immediately ordered to the rescue. Shaking the ground over which they galloped; their glittering armor rattling as they came; they burst into the midst of the enemy and charged the now steady battalions with appalling fury. Round and round the firm squares they rode, spurring their steeds against the very points of the bayonet, but in vain. Not a square broke, not a column fled; and charged in turn by the Austrian cavalry, they were compelled to fall back upon their own infantry. Still Lannes stood amid the wreck and carnage of the battle-field around him. Unable to deploy as he to return the terrific fire that wasted him, and disdaining to fly, he left his column melt away beside him. Being in squares the Austrians could fire to advantage, while Lannes could only return it from the edge of his column. Seeing that he dare not deploy his men, the Archduke had the cannon wheeled to within five rods of them, and there played on the dense masses.

Every discharge opened huge gaps, and men seemed like mist before the destructive storm. Still the shivering column stood as if rooted to the ground, while Lannes surveyed with a flashing eye the disastrous field from which he saw there was no relief. Added to this, the ammu-

nition began to fail; and his own cannon were less hotly worked. This completed the disaster, while, to render his situation more desperate, a regiment had dashed in between his lines, which being immediately followed by others cut them in twain. Added to all the news began to spread over the field that the bridges over the Danube, had been carried away by the heavy boats that had been floated down against them. Still Lannes and his column disdained to fly, and seemed resolved to perish in their footsteps. The brave Marshall knew he could not win the battle, but he knew that he could die on the spot where he struggled for a continent. Bonaparte as he looked over the disordered field from his position, saw at once that the battle was lost. Still in this dreadful crisis he showed no agitation or excitement. Calm and collected as if on a mere review he surveyed the ruin about him, and by his firm bearing steadied the soldiers and officers amid whom he moved. Seeing that no time was to be lost if he would save the remnant of his army, for the bridges were fast yielding to the swollen stream, he ordered a general retreat. Lannes and his column then began to retire over the field. In a moment the retreat became general, and the whole army rolled heavily towards the bridge that crossed to the island of Lobau. As they concentrated on the shore it became one mighty mass where not a shot could fall amiss.

The Archduke wishing to complete his victory by a total rout, immediately advanced with his whole army upon them. His entire artillery was brought up and arranged in a semi circle around this dense mass crowding on to the bridges, and pouring their awful storm into a perfect mountain of flesh. It seemed as if nothing could prevent an utter overthrow; but Lannes, cool and resolute as his Emperor, rallied his best men in the rear, and covered the retreating and bleeding army. With Massena by his side, now steadying the troops by his words and actions, now charging like fire on the advancing lines, he saved the army from burial in the Danube.

Lannes never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion. His impetuosity was tempered by the most serious and thoughtful actions, and he seemed to feel the importance of the awful mission with which he had been trusted. At length dismounting from his horse to escape the tempest of cannon balls which swept down everything over the soldier's heads, he was struck by a shot as he touched the ground, which carried away the whole of the right leg, and the foot and ankle of the left. Placed on a litter, he was immediately carried over the bridge into the island, where Bonaparte was superintending some batteries with which to protect his passage. Seeing a litter approach him, Napoleon turned and there lay the bleeding and dying Lannes. The fainting Marshall seized him by the hand, and in a tremulous voice exclaimed, "farewell, sire. Live for the world, but bestow a passing thought on one of your best friends, who in a few hours will be no more."

The roar of battle was forgotten, and reckless alike of his defeat and the peril of his army, of all save the dying friend by his side, Napoleon knelt over the rude couch and wept like a child. The lip that had seemed made of iron during the day, now quivered with emotion, and the eye that had never blanched in the wildest of battle, now flowed with tears. The voice of affection spoke louder than the thunder of artillery—the marble-hearted monarch wept, and well he might. For there before him, mangled and torn, lay the friend of his youth, and the companion of his early career—he who had charged by his side at Lodi and Arcola—saved his army at Monticello, and Italy at Mardino—who opened Ratisbon to his victorious army—nay, the right hand of his power—broken and fallen forever.

*Wealth of the Mexican Churches.*—Major Noah, in the New York Times, speaking of the immense treasures the Mexican Churches contain, says:—"In the Cathedral of Puebla de los Angeles hangs a grand chandelier of massive gold and silver, not of ounce avaropois, but whole tons of weight, collected under the viceroys from the various tributary mines. On the right of the altar stands a carved figure of the Virgin, dressed in beautiful embossed satin—executed by the nuns of the place. Around her neck is suspended a row of pearls of precious value, a coronet of pure gold encircles her brow, and her waist is bound with a zone of diamonds and enormous brilliants. The candelabras are of silver and gold, too massive to be raised even by the strongest hand; and the Host is one mass of splendid jewels of the richest kind. In the Mexican Cathedral there is a railing of exquisite workmanship five feet in height and two hundred feet in length, of gold and silver, on which stands a figure of the Virgin of Remedios, with three petticoats—one of pearls, one of emeralds, and one of diamonds; the figure alone is valued at three millions of dollars. In the church of Guadalupe there are still richer and more splendid articles; and in that of Loreto they have figures representing the Last Supper, before whom are placed piles of gold and silver plate, to represent the simplicity of that event. It is the same

in all the Churches and Cathedrals in Mexico. The starving Lepero kneels before a figure of the Virgin worth three millions, and yet would die of want before he would allow himself to touch one of the brilliants of her robes, worth to him a fortune. About a hundred millions of dollars are thus locked up in Church ornaments, while nothing is laid out for public education, roads, canals, public improvements and true national glory.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

## A SKETCH;—BUT NOT OF FANCY.

BY JULIAN KRAMER.

It was a pitiful story. The poor creature, who had walked twenty miles that day, in the heat of a July sun, could scarcely speak from very fatigue; and, when she had ended her sad tale, there was scarcely a dry eye in the whole company, albeit the bar-room of the village inn was crowded with sturdy men to whom tears were novel. Her baby—as sweet an infant as I ever saw—lay motionless on her breast, and, though the mother knew it not, it never would move again save in the agonies of death.

She was no common beggar. There was a dignity in her appearance, as she crept slowly towards the open door of the hotel, that commanded respect; and those who, a moment before, were filling the air with their noisy vociferations, were silent as she passed them on her way to the house. Her poor feet, tidily though coarsely clad, were blistered, and every step left in its impress a trace of blood. She only asked permission to rest for an hour and to moisten her lips with water; but those rough backwoodsmen, gathered that day for a frolic, could not witness her evident sufferings unmoved. One of them brought her a chair—another insisted on adding a little whiskey (the only stimulant he knew) to the water she craved—and a third—a Herculean monster—would have relieved her of the child had she not clung nervously to it. It was a delightful exhibition of the heart. She received their attentions with a modest gratefulness that alone would have won my sympathy, had not her forlorn appearance already compelled it. She had been—was still—beautiful, though sorrow and unkindness had sadly marred the lines of grace. She was evidently of gentle lineage, and, when she spoke, her language assured me of it.

When somewhat rested, they questioned her of her history and intentions. In the simplicity of their unworlly natures they knew not that this might be offensive; they meant well and kindly. Whether she felt that the interest which they manifested was sincere, or whether Heaven had purposely ordered all the events that followed, I know not, but she freely revealed her history to that ungentle crowd, whose exclamations of surprise and anger, mingled with threats and now and then a big round oath, attended her narrative to its close.

It was the old story. Living happily and peacefully in her father's house—a country rectory in England—she had loved, "not wisely but too well." Forbidden banners and a long and painful struggle between right and wrong—between love and duty—were followed by a misguided elopement. The still unwedded pair fled to this land, and for a time lived in comfort and even luxury. But, alas! the romance was exhausted when she became a mother. On the same night, when the first faint cry of the infant waited on her ear, the unnatural father forsook them both, and from that hour she had neither seen nor heard from him. Penniless, friendless, homeless, with her first return strength she set forth with her baby on her painful pilgrimage. Weary and foot-sore, she yet staggered along, day after day, over the wild roads of the West—the only aim of her journey being to reach the sea coast, where she hoped to beg a passage home to her father. Poor prodigal! there were fifteen hundred long miles between her and the Atlantic, and yet her energy was unbroken. She felt that if she could but reach her father—the only friend she had on earth—all would be forgiven. So she struggled on, day after day, bearing her infant on her bosom—stopping seldom, and only for a brief rest.

Careful as she had been of her precious burden, the child was evidently dying when she entered the humble tavern on a prairie in Illinois, where the scene of my story occurred. It had doubtless drawn the poison of death, instead of the nourishment of life from its mother's breast; and the excessive heat of the sun, which poured down upon them as they passed across the shadeless prairie, had completed the work. Even as she ended her narrative, the poor thing shivered and groaned faintly—one or two convulsive motions of the limbs—one or two painful gasps—then a slight quivering of the lips—and it was dead—dead in its mother's arms.

Then I saw the perfect exhibition of human agony. She uttered not a word, but Despair spoke with a thousand tongues from every feature of her countenance. It was worse than she could endure. Her hands relaxed their hold, and the corpse would have fallen to the ground, had it not been caught by one of the bystanders. She turned as pale as death; and as rigid

as marble, and the next moment she, too, lay stretched before us. Her heart had literally broken in the violence of her anguish; and the stream of blood that issued from her beautiful lips plainly told us that all efforts for restoration would be useless. A physician came, but she was beyond his skill. The poor wanderer was at rest—and—may I be forgiven, but the doctor's announcement that he could do nothing sounded pleasantly in my ears. It was best that she died thus.

As they lifted her corpse to bear it to a room, there fell from her bosom a locket of gold. At that moment one of the company—a pale young man, who had been for some days an inmate of the inn, and whose quiet and sorrowful demeanor had enveloped him in mystery—sprang forward, and grasped the locket. Touching a spring, it flew open, disclosing—what the others never knew—but the young man leaped wildly towards the corpse, and casting himself upon it shrieked, rather than said,

"My sister! my poor sister!"

And there—far out on that beautiful prairie, where the flowers of heaven's own planting encircled and overspread her lonely grave—they buried her and her child.

Philadelphia, Dec. 27, 1845.

## Living Burial and Escape.

For the subjoined graphic account of the remarkable disaster at Carbondale, and the almost miraculous escape of a man who was buried in the crushed mines, the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser is indebted to the Rev. Mr. Rowland, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Monaca, but formerly of the Pearl street church in New York. The narrative is equally interesting and extraordinary.

HONESDALE, Jan. 15, 1846.

On Monday morning last, about nine o'clock, an accident occurred in the coal mines of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, at Carbondale, which has produced considerable excitement in the community. A large portion of the hill or mountain into which the mines extend, following the law of gravity, suddenly descended on the honey-comb cavities within its bosom, burying all the unfortunate individuals within its reach. Very many acres descended in a mass; and so great was the pressure of the atmosphere, occasioned by this descent, as to shoot out from the mouth of one of the mines, as from a cannon, a train of cars with a horse and a boy, throwing them to a considerable distance. Think of a bellows moved by mountain power, and you will form a very correct idea of the blast. Painful to relate, fifteen individuals were beneath the descending mass, only one of whom has had the good fortune to escape; and his adventures exceed every thing on record. The remaining fourteen are buried alive, if not crushed and may be now hopelessly wandering in those gloomy caverns, beyond the reach of human aid, and shut out forever, in all probability from the light of day.

To present a distinct idea of this occurrence, I must first give a brief description of the mines, and the manner of working them. There are several openings to the coal, which are numbered as 1, 2, 3, 4, &c.; two of them are above the bed of the Lackawanna, and the others are below it. These openings are holes in the side of the hill, about six feet by eight, and are the main entrances to the mines. From these mouths are roads leading into the interior of the mountain, following the dip of the coal, sometimes ascending and sometimes descending. The extent of the mining operations will be perceived from the fact that there are thirty-five miles of railroad laid under ground, including the main roads with all their ramifications.

The coal lies in a horizontal stratum of from four to six or eight feet in thickness, between strata of slate. The method of mining is, to cut out and remove the coal leaving only pillars of it to support the hill above, sided by wooden props made of sections of trees, cut of a suitable length. As fast as the coal is removed, the lateral branches of the road are abandoned, and the main avenues pushed on to the coal beyond. In this way the coal has been removed for a mile and a half under the mountain, and the roads extend that distance. About a mile from the mouth of mine No. 1, a pillar hole was cut to the surface, up an inclined plane, by which access could be had to the surface of the earth, and down which props were taken. The excavation for coal extends half a mile or more beyond this opening. It was in this vicinity that the accident occurred, and by closing the mouth of this passage cut off all hopes of escape to those within in this direction.

As fast as the coal is removed, no particular care is taken to support the mass above, in the chambers which are abandoned; the props are left to decay that the rocks and earth may gradually settle down and fill up these cavities, as it has done before in former instances; but care is taken to guard the main avenues to the coal from being thus obstructed.

The coal lies beneath a mass of slate; above the slate is the sand stone rock, and above this are the gravel and soil. I have often noticed, in passing through the mines, that many of the ends of the props, which support the slate above, were shivered like a broom, from the vast pressure on them; and I never saw this indentation without thinking what might happen, should the mass from above take a notion suddenly to descend, and always breathed easier when I had passed through the mines and emerged to the light of day.

Symptoms of the working of the mass above had been for some time observed; and these symptoms had greatly increased for a few days previous to