

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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TERMS

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POETRY.

HOPE ON.

Hope on! how oft the darkest night
Precedes the fairest day!
Oh guard thy soul from sorrow's blight—
Clouds may obscure the day-god's light,
Yet shines it still as clear and bright,
When they have passed away.

Hope on! though disappointment's wings
Above thy path shall soar;
Though slender drive her rankling stings,
Though malice all her venom brings,
Though festering darts detraction flings,
Still must the storm pass o'er.

If lava to poverty thou art,
Bear bravely with thy lot;
Though keen her galling chains may smart,
Strive still to rend their links apart.
Hope on! for the despairing heart
God surely loveth not.

Hope on! hope on! though drear and dark
Thy future may appear;
The sailor in his storm tossed bark
Still guides the helm, and hopes to mark
Amid the gloom some beacon spark,
His dangerous way to cheer.

Thou' wealth takes wings, or friends forsake,
Be not by grief opprest;
Stem winter winds with ice the lake,
But genial spring its ponds shall break;
Hope on! a firmer purpose take,
And leave to God the rest.

The Boaster Punished.

BY THADDEUS W. MEIGHAN.

The desire to do evil is not so often engendered by want or created by the mad hallucinations of deep affliction, as it is made by the heart, the black heart, which is its own destroyer, and which, enclosed in a well-clad form or rendered more apparent to the superficial eye by an outward show of rage, is all the same—a bad monitor, prompting to crime, and sowing the seeds of wretchedness wherever the soil of human weakness or worldly credulity offers an unbroken surface to the wicked seedman. The owner of a black heart never escapes the consequences of his delinquencies. Sooner or later the wrath of offended virtue, or the thunderbolt of outraged justice, prostrates the unfortunate criminal, and leaves, to those who have been spared the curse of natural depravity, a dreadful monument of warning.

Black is the heart that can frame a woman's ruin, doubly dyed in awful wickedness is the mind which, regardless of the holiest obligations, can falsely and by insinuation and disingenuous insinuation, soil the name of a virtuous female. Such hearts and such minds are legitimate prey—their eradication the meed of duty, an heavenly task!

With swelling veins and quickened pulse we have often listened to the following tale of retributive justice, related by a venerable South Carolinian.

In a small village in the State that Marion has rendered famous, dwelt a young man of property and position, named Saunders. With every blessing that renders life aught but a burden, Saunders was the most restless, unhappy and unamiable person in the town. His sole study was deceit—his pleasure the gaming table—his delight, his life, the pursuit of female loveliness. No character was pure so far as this young debauchee was concerned. By the force of his social position he gained access to the best society, and seemed on terms of the greatest intimacy with all the ladies in the vicinity; and, as he was prepossessing in personal appearance, gifted with an intellect which ranged far beyond the ordinary estimate of talent, his company was sought by many a fair demoiselle and dame. More than one promising flower had been plucked from the parent stem by Saunders, and wondrously cast away to wither and die.—Notorious for his wicked propensities, he ought to have been shunned by everything that bore the imprint of humanity; but there is something unaccountable in the foibles and whims of poor human nature; and as the moth flutters about the fire after its wings are singed in the flame so do we rush into a glittering pit, or knowingly embrace a knife concealed in elegant drapery. So much for moralizing—now for our sketch.

In every village there are always more belles than one, as well as rival factions in favor of males who claim the right to lead the fashions and set the tastes and opinions of the miniature community of which they form a part. By the gad-flies and would-be gay and fashionable people, all that Saunders said and did was emulated. He drank wine until it got the better of him—consequently his companions often became intoxicated. He gamined deeply—so did his associates. All his vices were copied, while his few minor virtues (spars of grass in a desert of sand) were suffered to remain unnoticed. The venial portion of the inhabitants despised him, and pointed to a young lawyer named Wright, as the model of a moral, honest, industrious and well-meaning man, whose heart was in the right place, and in the horizon of whose future were stars of brilliant promise. As a natural conse-

quence, Saunders hated Wright, and urged his companions to insult him whenever the proceeding would be a measure of safety. These insults, up to the time to which we are about to refer, had been few for several reasons, viz.:—The parties rarely met, inasmuch as Wright never frequented the village pot-house, and of course did not join the numerous extravagant pleasure parties made up by his wealthy enemies. The most of his leisure time was spent at the cottage of a beautiful young girl whom he ardently loved, and whose condition in life, humble as his own, offered no obstacle to their union.—Saunders had never been able to make the acquaintance of Mary, although he had, at a dinner, publicly sworn to accomplish her ruin. She had always manifested disgust of his character. His name had never passed her lips save when coupled with an avowal of her dislike, for Saunders can vanquish any girl in the village save Mary Burdion! was the common assertion justly made when his gallantries were brought up as matters of conversation. Thus were affairs in December, 18—

It was cold—a bitter cold night. The snow was unusually deep for that region, and the frosty air pierced through all the woollens that careful and thrifty housewives could heap upon their sons and his bands. In short, the weather was so cold that a sleighing party, composed of Saunders and his clique, had abandoned their project of going out, and settled themselves before the broad and comprehensive fire place in the bar room of the village tavern.

"Hurrah! To the ladies who were to have gone with us to-night!" said Saunders, merrily, raising a glass of punch to his lips.

The toast was drunk uproariously, and the noise had hardly subsided, ere the door opened to admit—*young Wright!* Had a congreve rocket entered the room, greater astonishment could not have been depicted on every countenance. Glasses were unceremoniously set down, and inquiring glances were rapidly thrown from one reveller to the other, to palpable that Wright must have noticed them. However, he very quietly took a seat at a tenonless table in a dark corner of the apartment, and disencumbered himself of his outer travelling gear.

"Landlord," said he, "I have never been here before, and my unlooked for appearance, for my own sake ought to be accounted for. I have attended the Circuit Court, about ten miles distant, and walked the whole way back. Almost frozen, I thought to get here, what I cannot obtain at my lodgings, a bumper of mulled wine."

Silently the landlord executed the order. Wright pulled some documents from his pocket, and, without noticing any one, commenced reading. In a few minutes the revellers recovered their equilibrium and called for more liquor.

"As this weather would delight an icelander, but is rather out of place here, suppose we make a night of it?" bawled out one of Saunders' toolies.

"Agreed!" shouted the voice unanimous.

"Ay! we can go to bed here, when we are tired of each other's company," remarked Saunders.

"I wish there were petticoats about," responded a burly roue on the right of the table.

"Now to sting that misanthropic fool in the corner yonder," whispered Saunders. He continued in a loud voice, "Women! Pshaw! There is but one woman in this village worth a thought."

"Who is she?" chorussed the bacchanals.

"Mary Burdion."

"She's invulnerable," said one. "She has no heart. She is utterly bereft of soul and sentiment."

Wright's face bleached as white as the paper in his hands, but he said nothing.

"No soul! No sentiment!" exclaimed Saunders. "There you are mistaken. Not many hours since I met her near her father's house, and had quite an interesting *tele a tele*, as her Frenchman of a parent would say. Before I left her she honored me with a kiss."

"A kiss?" was the general interrogatory about.

"He's romancing," said the burly roue; "don't believe a word of it."

"On my soul and honour I speak the truth," responded Saunders emphatically.

"Perjured villain!" ejaculated a deep but tremulous voice.

"Who spoke?" fiercely demanded Saunders.

"I did," said Wright, calmly advancing to the centre of the apartment.

"Did you apply those words to me?" inquired Saunders.

"I did."

"Why not?"

"Because you are not equal to me in social position—because you gave the first insult, and I do not choose to recognise it from one beneath me."

A death-like silence pervaded the apartment. Wright reflected a moment, and then, while his eye gleamed with passion, in husky tones he asked, "Will you fight?"

"I will have nothing to do with you.—For the language you have used, I will have revenge, when and where I can get it."

"Miserable coward, take that!" exclaimed Wright throwing a glass of wine full in Saunders' face.

"Enough!" muttered the latter between his clenched teeth, "I have charged my mind. Name your time and place. I accord you that privilege."

"The time, now!—the place, here!—the weapons, these!" replied Wright, as he produced a brace of pistols.

The company stood aghast. They had trampled on a man whom they had mistaken for a milk-sop, and he had proved a lion in courage as well as a Napoleon in firmness.

"This may do very well for bravado," said Saunders' burly friend; "but you do not pretend to say that we should turn this place into a slaughter house?"

"Hark ye!" said Wright, in a manner which showed that he was weighing every word; "for years this man has carried dismay and misery into the peaceful family circle. Month after month he has followed the pasture of traducing the character of unprotected females. He has at last vilified the only one I love on earth—she who is to become my wife. I know well enough that unless this slander is formally retracted, she is ruined in the estimation of at least half the community. All the happiness I hope to enjoy on earth is centred in her purity. If I am killed, her fate will not be more deplorable than at present; if I kill him, the world will be rid of a plague, and her honor will be satisfied. Therefore, Mr. Saunders must retract, or I will fire on him."

Mute inquiries were exchanged—indignation and fear were marked upon each face. Saunders mechanically outstretched his hand and took one of the pistols, looked around the room as if for advice, and then replaced the pistol on the table, saying, "I am in the hands of my friends."

"Fight as I propose," said the burly man.

Both parties agreed to do so.

"This, then, is the plan. You shall each fire at the spot on the wall opposite. He who strikes nearest the centre shall have the first fire at his antagonist, at six yards."

The echo of the last word had scarce died away before Wright fired at the mark. Breathlessly they waited for the smoke to clear away.

"He is an inch wide of the spot. Reload the pistol," said the burly man, coolly.

"Now, Saunders, it is your truth."

With trembling sinews Saunders raised his arm and fired. A crash of glass followed the report. He had missed the wall, and shattered the window three feet wide of the spot indicated.

"Gentlemen, stand apart," said Wright. They all gathered behind him, leaving the enemies with about the space of six yards between them, face to face.

"Mr. Saunders, your life is mine, by all the laws of honor; but I waive my right to take it, provided you retract your false assertion."

"No," growled Saunders, "I dare not do that. Murder me, if you will—I cannot disgrace myself."

"Some one count three," was Wright's rejoinder, "and I will fire when he is done."

"One! two!—"

The aim was deadly.

"Do not say THREE!" shrieked the coward, falling on one knee, and shielding his head with outstretched hands. "Do not say three! I defamed her—I retract. She is as pure as my own sister!"

Without another word Wright left the tavern. The next morning Saunders departed from the village, and his companions, deprived of their leader, settled down, in a short time, into respectable members of Society. Wright and Mary became man and wife—of course. The old gentleman who related the subject of this sketch, afterwards saw Wright on the floor of Congress.

There is no wrong so skillfully wrapped up in sophistry, or protected by the machinations of the individual who commits it, but must, at some period meet the avenging stroke; while he who persists in right, cannot help but meet the reward he merits.

A lunatic once informed a physician, who was classifying cases of insanity, that he lost his senses by watching a politician, whose course was so crooked that it turned his brain.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE,

Transmitting to Congress Important Documents relative to the OREGON QUESTION.

To the House of Representatives of the United States:

In compliance with the request of the House of Representatives, in their resolution of the 3d instant, I herewith communicate a report from the Secretary of State, with the accompanying correspondence which has taken place "between the Secretary of State and the minister of the United States at London," and "between the government of Great Britain and this government, in relation to the country west of the Rocky mountains, since the last annual message of the President" to Congress.

JAMES K. POLK.
Washington, Feb. 7, 1846.

To give this correspondence entire would require more space than we can conveniently spare. We shall, therefore, only give the important ones entire, and extracts from others.

The first document is from Mr. Buchanan to the President, dated Feb. 5, 1846, transmitting the resolution of the House calling for the correspondence.

The second is Mr. Buchanan's letter to Mr. McLane, our Minister at London, dated Dec. 13, 1845, directing him to call upon Lord Aberdeen, and demand of him, in the name of the United States, the meaning of the extensive warlike preparations now making by the British Government—from which we make the following extracts:

Mr. McLane to Mr. Buchanan,
London, Jan. 3, 1846.

Sir: I received on the 29th of December your despatch, dated the 13th of that month; and on the day following, I sought an interview with Lord Aberdeen, in order that, in conformity with your instructions, I might bring to his notice the warlike preparations making by Great Britain, and, if possible, ascertain their real character and object.

It will not escape you that upon such a subject it is not always easy to obtain very categorical answers, or entirely definite official information; and I did not doubt that a frank personal conference was the best, if not the only mode, of obtaining any satisfactory information whatever.

In introducing the subject, I adverted at the same time to the information the President had received from a variety of sources, of the extensive warlike preparations making by Great Britain, and the natural inference upon his part that in the present pacific state of the relations of Great Britain with all the powers of Europe, they could only look to a rupture with the United States on the Oregon question.

Lord Aberdeen said very promptly and frankly that it would be improper to disguise that, with the sincerest desire to avoid it, they were obliged to look at the possibility of a rupture with the United States; and that in such a crisis the warlike preparations now making would be useful and important; but he stated at the same time, very positively and distinctly, that they had no direct reference to such a rupture; and would have been made in the same way, and to the same extent, without regard to the relations of Great Britain and the United States.

In regard to my own opinion upon this subject, which the President has been pleased to desire,

it is altogether probable that the possibility of other difficulties from other quarters in Europe

may have the influence in dictating the policy of the extensive preparations in progress in all parts of the kingdom; and, with unabated confidence in the frankness and straightforwardness of Lord Aberdeen, and without meaning to distrust in the slightest degree the sincerity of his disclaimers in our recent conversation, I do not think it ought to be assumed by any one that warlike preparations upon such a scale as that upon which they are undeniably making here could not have even an indirect reference to the possible contingency of a rupture with us. And at the same time it is perfectly obvious that they are in a great degree, and especially so far as they consist of an augmentation in the number of steam vessels and of the naval marine generally, precisely of the character, to be the most appropriate and the most useful in a war with our country.

I am not prepared to say, nor do I deem it material to decide, how far we have a right to expect an explicit disclaimer of the character and purposes of the warlike preparations now making by Great Britain under the circumstances. They may be the dictates of various motives of policy, and the result of many causes; and, without attempting to assign to each its particular influence, I am by no means prepared to admit that the apprehension of difficulties with the United States had no share in them; and it is very clear that if a rupture with the United States should grow out of our present difficulties, this country will be as fully and effectually prepared for it at all points, and for all possible purposes, as if that, and that alone, had been the object of all her warlike preparations.

She will be in a situation to act and

strike as promptly and as signally as she could have been with her energies exclusively directed to that end; and I feel it my duty to add, that not to expect, in case a rupture becomes unavoidable, that this government, thus in complete armor, will promptly and vigorously exert her utmost power to inflict the utmost possible injury upon our country and all its interests, would not be doing justice to such a crisis.

I think it ought to be expected, indeed from all I learn, I cannot doubt, that, in case of hostilities, the aim of this government will be to strike its heaviest blow at the commencement, in the expectation of being thereby enabled to shorten the duration of the war.

I have the honor to be, &c.,
LOUIS McLANE,
The Hon. James Buchanan,
Secretary of State, Washington.

The next is a letter from Mr. Pakenham to Mr. Buchanan, dated Washington Feb. 27, proposing to submit the settlement of the Oregon question, to arbitration. We insert the first paragraph of this letter, as it contains the proposition alluded to:

"An attentive consideration of the present state of affairs, with reference to the Oregon question, has determined the British government to instruct the undersigned, her Britannic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, again to represent in pressing terms to the government of the United States the expediency of referring the whole question of an equitable division of that territory to the arbitration of some friendly sovereign or State."

After which follows Mr. Buchanan's reply, which, as it is short, we give entire, as follows:

Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Pakenham,
DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, Jan. 3, 1846.

The undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the note of Mr. Pakenham, her Britannic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, dated the 28th ultimo, by which, under instructions from his government, he proposes to the government of the United States "the expediency of referring the whole question of an equitable division of that (the Oregon) territory to the arbitration of some friendly sovereign or State."

The undersigned has submitted this note to the President, who, after having bestowed upon it that respectful consideration so eminently due to any proposition emanating from the British government, has instructed him to give it the following answer:

The British government do not propose to refer to arbitration the question of the title to the Oregon territory, claimed by the two powers, respectively. It is a proposition to refer to a friendly sovereign or State, merely the partition or "equitable division" of that territory between the parties. It assumes the fact that the title of Great Britain to a portion of the territory is valid, and thus takes for granted the very question in dispute.

Under this proposition, the very terms of the submission would contain an express acknowledgement of the right of Great Britain to a portion of the territory, and would necessarily preclude the U. States from claiming the whole before the arbitrator. This, too, in the face of the note of the undersigned to Mr. Pakenham of the 30th August last, by which the President had asserted, in the most solemn form, the title of the United States to the whole territory. Even if there were not other conclusive reasons for declining the proposition, this alone would be deemed sufficient by the President.

The President heartily concurs with the British government in their regret that all attempts to settle the Oregon question by negotiation have hitherto failed. He cannot, however, concur with that government in the opinion that a resort to arbitration, and especially on the terms proposed, would be followed by happier consequences. On the contrary, he believes that any attempt to refer this question to a third power, would only involve in new difficulties.

In declining this proposition, the President refers to the sentiment expressed in the note of the undersigned of the 30th August last, to which allusion has already been made, that he "cherishes the hope that this long pending controversy may yet be finally adjusted in such a manner as not to disturb the peace, or interrupt the harmony now so happily subsisting between the two nations."

The undersigned avails himself of this occasion to renew to Mr. Pakenham assurances of his distinguished consideration.

JAMES BUCHANAN,
Right Hon. R. PAKENHAM, &c. &c. &c.

This is followed with a note from Mr. Pakenham to Mr. Buchanan, stating that he will avail himself of the earliest opportunity to forward the above letter to her Majesty's government.

Then the correspondence closes with the two following letters, both of which we publish at length.

Mr. Pakenham to Mr. Buchanan,
Washington, Jan. 16, 1846.

With an anxious desire to contribute by every means in his power to a satisfactory conclusion of the question pending between