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BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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THE HERO WOMAN.

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From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

The Hero Woman.

A LEGEND FROM THE FOURTH LECTURE OF GEORGE LIPFARD, ESQ., ON THE "ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION."

In a thick wood, not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill, there stood, in the time of the Revolution, a quaint old fabric, built of mingled logs and stone, and encircled by a palisaded wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of Wm. Penn—perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores—as a block-house, intended for defence against the Indians.

And now it stood with its many roofs, its numerous chimneys, its massive square windows, its various front of logs and stone, its encircling wall, through which admittance was gained by a large and stoutly built gate; it stood in the midst of the wood, with age-worn trees enclosing its veteran outline on every side.

From its eastern window you might obtain a glimpse of the Schuylkill waves, while a large casement in the southern front commanded a view of the winding road, as it sunk out of view, under the shade of thickly clustered boughs, into a deep hollow, not more than one hundred yards from the mansion.

Here, from the southern casement, on one of those balmy summer days which look upon the dreary autumn, toward the close of November, a farmer's daughter was gazing with dilating eyes and half-clasped hands.

Well might she gaze earnestly to the south, and listen with painful intensity for the slightest sound! Her brothers were away with the army of Washington, and her father, a grim old veteran, he stood six feet and three inches in his stockings—who had manifested his love for the red coat invaders, in many a desperate contest, had that morning left her alone in the old mansion, alone in this small chamber, in charge of some ammunition intended for a band of brave farmers about to join the host of freedom. Even as she stood there, gazing out of a southern window, a faint glimpse of sun-light, from the faded leaves above, pouring over her mild face, shaded by clustering brown hair, there, not ten paces from her side, were seven loaded rifles and a keg of powder.

Leaning from the casement, she listened, with every nerve quivering with suspense, to the shouts of combatants, the hurried tread of armed men echoing from the south.

There was something very beautiful in that picture! The form of the young girl, framed by the square massive window, the contrast between the rough timbers that enclosed her, and that rounded face, the lips parting, the hazel eye dilating, and the cheek warming and flushing, with hope and fear, there was something very beautiful in that picture, a young girl leaning from the window of an old mansion, with her brown hair, waving in glossy masses around her face.

Suddenly the shouts to the south grew nearer, and then, emerging from the deep hollow, there came an old man, running at full speed, yet, every few paces, turning round to fire the rifle, which he loaded as he ran. He was pursued by a party of ten or more British soldiers, who came rushing on, their bayonets fixed, as if to strike their victim down, ere he advanced ten paces nearer the house.

On and on the old man came, while his daughter, quivering with suspense, hung teeming from the window—he reaches the block-house gate—look! He is surrounded, their muskets are levelled at his head, he is down, down at their feet, grappling for his life! But look again! He dashes his foes aside, with one bold movement he springs through the gate; an instant, and it is locked; the British soldiers, mad with rage, gaze upon the high wall of logs and stone, and vent their anger in drunken curses.

Now look to yonder window! Where the young girl stood a moment ago, quivering with suspense, as she beheld her father struggling for his life, now stands that old man himself, his brow bared, his arm grasping the rifle, while his gray hairs wave back from his wrinkled and blood-dabbled face! That was a fine picture of an old veteran, nerved for his last fight; a stout warrior preparing for his death-struggle!

Death-struggle? Yes!—for the old man, Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers, tricked, foiled, and cheated them too often to escape now! A few moments longer, and they would be reinforced by a strong party of refugees; the powder, the arms, the block-house, perhaps, that daughter herself was to be their reward. There was scarcely a hope for the old man, and yet he had determined to make a desperate fight.

"We must bluff off these rascals!" he said, with a grim smile, turning to his child. "Now Bess, my girl, when I fire

this rifle, do you hand me another, and so on, until the whole eight shots are fired! That will keep them on the other side of the wall, for a few moments, at least, and then we will have to trust to God for the rest."

Look down there, and see a hand stealing over the edge of the wall! The old man levels his piece—that British trooper falls back with a crushed hand upon his comrades' heads.

No longer quivering with suspense, but grown suddenly firm, that young girl passes a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp, and silently awaits the result.

For a moment all is silent below; the British braves are somewhat loath to try that wall, when a stout old "Rebel," rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window! Here is a pause—low, deep murmurs—they are holding a council!

A moment is gone, and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once—hark! One, two, three. The old veteran has fired three shots, there are three dying men, grovelling in the yard, beneath the shadow of the wall!

"Quick Bess, the rifles."

And the brave girl passes the rifles to her father's grasp; there are four shots, one after the other; three more soldiers fell back, like weights of lead upon the ground, and a single red coat is seen, slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eye fixed upon the hall door, which he will force, ere a moment is gone.

Now the last ball is fired; the old man stands there in that second story window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle. At this moment, the wounded and dying band below, are joined by a party of some twenty refugees who, clad in their half robber uniform, came rushing from the woods, and, with one bound, are leaping for the summit of the wall.

"Quick, Bess, my rifle!"

And look there—even while the veteran stood looking out upon his foes, the brave girl—for, slender in form, and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a Hero Woman—had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father, and loaded another and another! Wasn't that a beautiful sight? A fair young girl, grasping powder and ball, with the ramrod rising and falling in her slender fingers.

Now look down to the wall again. The refugees are clambering over its summit—again that fatal aim—again a horrid cry, and another wounded man toppling down upon his dead and dying comrades!

But now look! A smoke rises there; a fire blazes up around the wall; they have fired the gate. A moment, and the bolt and the lock will be burst from its socket—the passage will be free. Now is the fiery moment of the old man's trial. While his brave daughter loads, he continues to fire, with that deadly aim, but now, oh horror! He falls, he falls, with a musket ball driven into his breast—the daughter's outstretched arms receive the father, as, with the blood spouting from the wound, he topples back from the window.

Ah, it is a sad and terrible picture. That old man, writhing there on the oaken floor, the young daughter bending over him, the light from the window streaming over her face, over her father's gray hair, while the ancient furniture of the small chamber affords a dim background to the scene.

Now hark! The sound of axes at the hall door—shouts, hurrahs, curses.

"We have the old rebel at last!" The old man raised his head at that sound; makes an effort to rise; clutches for a rifle, and then falls back again; his eyes glaring, as the fierce pain of that wound quivers through his heart.

Now watch the movements of that daughter. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she rests its barrel against the head of that powder keg, and then placing her finger on the trigger, stands over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged soldiers come thundering from the stairs. Yes, they have broken the hall door to fragments, they are in possession of the block-house, they are rushing toward that chamber, with murder in their hearts, and in their glaring eyes! Had the old man a thousand lives they were not worth a farthing's purchase now.

Still that girl—grown suddenly white as the kerchief round her neck—stands there, trembling from head to foot, the rifle in her hand, its dark tube laid against the powder keg.

The door is burst open—look there! Stout forms are in the door-way, with muskets in their hands, grim faces, stained with blood, glare into the room.

Now, as if her very soul was coined into the words, that young girl, with her face pale as ashes, her hazel eye glaring with deathly light utters this short yet meaning speech—

"Advance one step into the room, and I will fire this rifle into the powder there!"

No oath quivers from the lips of that girl, to confirm her resolution, but there she stands alone, with her wounded father, and yet not a soldier dare cross the threshold. Imbued as they are in deeds of blood, there is something terrible to these men, in the simple words of that young girl, who stands there, with the rifle laid against the powder keg.

They stood as if spell-bound on the threshold of that chamber!

At last, one bolder than the rest, a bravo, whose face is half concealed in a thick red beard, grasps his musket, and levels it at the young girl's breast!

"Stand back, or by—I will fire!"

Still the girl is firm; the bravo advances a step, and then starts back. The sharp "click" of that rifle falls with an unpleasant emphasis upon his ear.

"Bess, I am dying," gasps the old man, faintly extending his arms. "Ha, ha, we fooled the Britishers! Come—daughter—kneel here; kneel and say a prayer for me, and let me feel your warm breath upon my face, for I am getting cold—O, dark and cold!"

Look!—As those trembling accents fall from the old man's tongue those fingers unloose their hold of the rifle—already the troopers are secure of one victim at least; a young and beautiful girl; for affection for her father is mastering the heroism of the moment—look! She is about to spring into his arms! But now she sees her danger—again she clutches the rifle; again—although her father's dying accents are in her ears—stands there, prepared to scatter that house in ruins, if a single rough hand assail that veteran form.

There are a few brief terrible moments of suspense. Then a hurried sound far down the mansion; then a contest on the stairs; then the echo of rifle shot and the light of rifle blaze—then these ruffians in the doorway fall crushed before the strong arm of Continental soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and that young girl—that Hero woman, with one bound springs forward into her brother's arms, and nestles there, while her dead father—his form yet warm—lays with fixed eye balls, upon the floor.

SERVING A SUBPOENA ON LOVE'S LAW.

It is singular what shifts love will make to accomplish his objects. Bolts, gates, and bars are of little avail against Cupid's picklock contrivances—his cunning will devise ways and means to open them all. A young gentleman had courted a fair lady of this city, and it was supposed the two, in due time, would become "one flesh." Some little quarrel, of a trivial nature, as lover's quarrels generally are, occurred. Neither would confess the wrong to be on their side—presents and correspondence were mutually sent back—and the match was broken off. The young gentleman immediately started for New Orleans, to enter into commercial business, thinking that distance would lessen the attachment he really felt for the young lady.

When a woman is injured, or thinks she is injured, by the one she loves, she is more apt than the male sex to "bite off her own nose," as the saying is, to inflict pain and be revenged on the offending object. A gentleman that the young lady once rejected renewed his proposals, and was accepted within a week after her old lover had embarked for the south. On reaching New Orleans he found that distance, instead of weakening his attachment, only made the lady dearer, and he became melancholy and low spirited. The first letter he received from New York from a friend of his, announced that his old flame was to be shortly married to another. His course was quickly taken—the next morning saw him on board a packet ship bound for Gotham.

The passage unfortunately was long, and the poor fellow chafed and fretted so much that the passengers began to think him deranged or else a fugitive escaping from justice. The instant the vessel touched the wharf he darted for the office of his friend the lawyer. It is to be supposed the latter was much surprised to see his friend, imagining him a couple of thousand miles away. After the usual salutation he exclaimed—

"My dear fellow you are just in time to see the wedding. Miss —, your old sweetheart, is to be married this morning at 11 o'clock. To tell you the truth, I don't believe there is much love about it, and that the girl really thinks more of one hair of your head than the fortune bridegroom's whole body."

"Good God! Where is she to be married—in church?"

"No. At her father's house."

"My dear fellow—I—yes—no—yes, I have it. Have you any case coming on in either of the courts at 11 o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Then fill me a subpoena with the bridegroom's name. Don't stop to ask any questions. It matters not whether he knows anything about the parties in the suit. By heavens, Julia shall be mine!"

His friend saw his object at once, and promised to carry on the matter. The subpoena was made out and placed in the hands of a clerk to serve upon the unsuspecting bridegroom, the instant he was seen to leave his residence, and was despatched in a cab to watch the house. About ten minutes before eleven, as the soon to be happy man was about entering a coach before the door of his residence, he was served with the subpoena.

"Can't help it," said the clerk, in reply to his gesticulating about "not knowing the parties," "going to be married," &c.—"We shan't reach the Hall now before 11—the case is the first on the calendar—won't keep you but ten minutes. If you

don't go, heavy fine, imprisonment for contempt," &c., &c.

The bridegroom, who was rather of a timid nature, finally consented, particularly as the clerk promised to send a friend of his who sat in the cab, wrapped up in a large cloak, to the house of his bride in expectation, explaining the reasons of his absence. The reader can imagine who this person was.

Eleven o'clock came, but still no bridegroom. The guests were staring at each other—the priest began to grow impatient—and the bride that was to be, looked pale and agitated, when a carriage drove up, the bell rang, and "There he is!" "There he is!" muttered many voices. A gentleman did indeed enter, whose appearance created almost as much astonishment as that of Edgar Ravenswood in the hall of Ashton Castle, at the marriage of Lucy Ashton in Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor." The lady fainted—private explanations ensued between her parents and the lovers—and the result was, that in ten minutes after the two real lovers were joined in the sacred bonds of matrimony, much to the satisfaction of all.

The bridegroom that was to have been, afterwards made his appearance, puffing and blowing. What he said and what he did, on beholding his rival, & being made acquainted with the condition of affairs, was really tragic-comical.

The story of the subpoena shortly after leaked out, and has created so much amusement, that the poor fellow declares he will sue the lawyer for \$10,000 damages, in subpoenaing him as a witness in a case of which he knew nothing, and by which he lost a wife. It will be a novel suit indeed, if he should do so.

N. Y. Sunday Times.

From the Democratic Union.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The delegates chosen to represent the different counties of Pennsylvania in a Democratic State Convention, for the nomination of a candidate for Canal Commissioner, convened in the court house in Harrisburg, on Wednesday, March 4, 1846.

The convention met at three o'clock, P. M., when Mr. A. P. Wilson moved the appointment of R. C. Hale, of Millin, as Chairman for temporary organization, and Reah Frazer, nominated Gen. W. T. Rogers, of Bucks, and both were declared elected by their respective friends, and both took seats as presiding officers.

After some little confusion and noise, it was agreed that the names of the undisputed delegates should be called over, and that each should vote for his favorite candidate for Chairman, for temporary organization.

Jacob Zeigler and D. W. Moore were appointed tellers by common consent, and the names being called over, Mr Rogers was declared elected.

Mr Rogers returned thanks for the honor conferred upon him in calling him to preside over the deliberations of the Convention.

Wm A Galbraith and Michael L. Hays were appointed Secretaries.

Gen A P Wilson then moved the appointment of one member from each Senatorial district, to report officers for the permanent organization of the Convention.

Mr Roumfort moved to postpone this question for the present, which was agreed to.

On motion of Mr Frazer, the Secretaries proceeded to call over the list of delegates.

The list was then called through and corrected. After which the convention proceeded to decide the contested seats, and having, by a vote of 74 to 27, decided to admit Dr. C. Seiler as the Senatorial delegate from Dauphin and Northumberland, adjourned until half-past seven o'clock this evening.

EVENING SESSION.

The convention met pursuant to adjournment, at half-past seven o'clock, and proceeded to the consideration of the remaining contested seats.

This occupied the convention until about ten o'clock, when Mr Wilson's motion to appoint one member from each Senatorial district, to appoint officers for the permanent organization of the Convention, was agreed to, and report to tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock.

Adjourned.

HARRISBURG, March 5.

The convention met at 9 o'clock, pursuant to adjournment.

The committee to report officers was then announced, when the convention took a recess of half an hour to enable said committee to report.

At half-past nine the convention again met, when J C Reynolds, from the committee on officers, reported the following as the permanent officers of the Convention:

President, BENJAMIN CHAMPNEYS.

Vice Presidents, REUBEN C HALE, M D WARTMAN, J L GILLIS, Maj W FRY, Dr R M'CLELLAND, SAMUEL CARR, ALEX M'KEEVER, ALEX. SMALL, ALEX. M. BLACK, A H REEDER, FRANCIS TIERNAN, T B OVER-

TON, J P HOOVER, E B HUBLEY, JOHN SNODGRASS, ALLISON WHITE, J R MANDERFIELD, J L SMITH, ASHER KELLY, JACOB BRINKER, I S MURROK, JAMES MAGEE, JOHN B STERIGERE.

Secretaries,

George R Riddle, John Cresswell, Jr., G W Tenbrück, W A Galbraith, Joel B Danner, John Stallman, Jacob Redecker, Adam Stiemmer.

The officers then took their seats, when Mr. Champneys, the President, returned thanks in a lengthy and eloquent address. On motion of Mr Banks, the thanks of the convention were tendered to Wm T Rogers, Esq., temporary chairman for the able manner in which he discharged his duties.

On motion of Mr A H Reeder, a committee of thirteen was appointed to prepare resolutions for the adoption of the convention, composed of the following gentlemen: A H Reeder, Reah Frazer, H S Magraw, David Fullwood, J M Ritterson, Gen A P Wilson, John Rankin, Joshua F Cox, C A Black, H W Smith, J L Gillis, Thomas Bower, J B Bratton.

Mr Gillis then submitted a preamble and resolutions in favor of the one term principle, which was rejected, yeas 34 nays 90.

Messrs Ritterson, Wadsworth, Hicok, Reynolds, and S W Black, offered similar resolutions, which were severally rejected.

The convention then proceeded to nominate candidates for Canal Commissioner. Mr Wilson moved to adjourn till two o'clock. Lost.

The Convention then proceeded to vote for Canal Commissioner, and the vote being taken, resulted as follows:

Wm B Foster, Jr.,	had	84 votes.
A A Douglass,	"	10 "
L G Clover,	"	9 "
T J Power,	"	9 "
Wm Patterson,	"	3 "
W K Huffnagle,	"	4 "
Samuel Dunn,	"	4 "
E A Reynolds,	"	3 "
E Y Bright,	"	2 "

Messrs. Achinbach, Armstrong, Banks, Barr, (Lancaster,) Barr, (Philadelphia,) Barnard, Beckley, Bowers, Brown, Bratton, Boughner, Brinker, Buckalew, Carn, Campbell, Champneys, Coryell, Cox, Crane, Cresswell, Danner, Dean, Dotz, Duffy, Roumfort, Forsyth, Frazer, Fullwood, Galbraith, Gilmore, Guernsey, Hall, Hollowell, Hays, Hasson, Herbert, Hoover, (Centre,) Hume, Jackson, Jameson, Kelly, (Bedford,) Lemberger, Leiper, Manderfield, Mathews, M'Dowell, M'Keever, Merrifield, Moore, Magee, Mumma, Munroe, Overton, Rankin, Redecker, Reeder, Ritterson, Rogers, Ruter, Seiler, Stiemmer, Small, Smith, (Philadelphia,) Smith, (Wyoming,) Snodgrass, Stallman, Sterigere, Streeter, Thomas, Tibbals, Tiernan, Trimble, Turrell, Wasson, Watts, Wartman Edw., Wartman M. D., Wiley, Weidle, Wenrich, Webb, White, Wilber, and Zeigler, (Butler,) 84—voted for Wm B. Foster, Jr.

Messrs. Black, (Allegheny,) Black, S W., (ditto,) Graham, Johnson, Kerr, Magraw, Overfield, Riddle, Tenbrück and Wadsworth, 10—voted for A. A. Douglass.

Messrs. Barber, Brewster, Eldred, Gillis, Hoover, (Venango,) Kelly, (Indiana,) Mitchell and Reynolds, 9—voted for Levi G. Clover.

Messrs. Brownfield, Hageman, Hickok, Jones, J. P. (Berks,) Jones, (ditto,) M'Clelland, Richardson, Smith, (Berks,) and Zeigler, (Armstrong,) 9—voted for T. J. Power.

Messrs. Collins, Fry, Hubley and La-ford, 4—voted for W. K. HUFFNAGLE.

Messrs. Eaker, Riley, Walter and Wilson, 4—voted for S. DUNN.

Messrs. Crennatt, Donaldson and Rieder, 3—voted for WM. PATTERSON.

Messrs. Gray and Power, 2—voted for E. A. REYNOLDS.

Messrs. Fogle and Jordan, 2—voted for E. Y. BRIGHT.

On motion the Convention adjourned till 3 o'clock.

The Chairman called the Convention to order at 3 o'clock.

Dr. Reynolds said that, as a great majority of the delegates present had given their votes for Mr. Foster, and that it was therefore fairly to be presumed that he was the choice of the Democracy of the State, he would move that the whole Convention pledge themselves to the support of WM. B. FOSTER, JR., as the Democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner, and that they will use every fair and honorable means to secure his election. The motion was carried by acclamation.

The committee appointed to prepare a preamble and resolutions, now entered the hall, and through their chairman, A. H. Reeder, Esq., of Northampton, offered the following, which being severally read and considered were adopted.

Whereas, in accordance with the well established usages of the Democratic party it is becoming and appropriate that the delegates selected by the people to concentrate the public will and make the necessary preparation for another contest, to maintain the supremacy of our party, should reiterate and make known the measures we advocate and the principles