

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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TO THE READERS OF THE

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POETRY.

"WEEP YE NOT FOR THE DEAD."

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Weep ye not for the dead,  
Who sleep their dreamless sleep within the grave,  
Where drooping willows spread  
Their branches, and the fitful night winds wave  
A requiem o'er the cold and lifeless clay.  
Now crumbling in decay.

What though the summons came  
In life's young morning, when the heart was bright  
With hope's inspiring flame,  
And all the future, to the ardent sight  
Seemed full of promise, loveliness and joy  
Pure and without alloy.

Oh! shed no tear for him  
Thus early called away. The word which bade  
The lamp of life grow dim,  
And quench'd its glowing ray—that word conveyed  
His soul to joys too perfect, bliss too bright,  
For mortal ken or sight.

Ere yet the chilling blast  
Of disappointment fell upon his heart;  
Or care or sorrow cast  
Their murky shadows—or the poison'd dart  
Of calumny had rankled in his breast,  
Killing the spirit's rest.

Or, if in manhood's prime,  
And all its majesty and strength and pride,  
Thou hast laid down—oh! murmur not, nor chide  
His Providence, who doth all things well,  
Nor let your hearts rebel.

Earth has its many cares,  
Which prey upon the heart, and eat it up;  
And he, perchance, who bears  
His fate with firmness, drains a bitter cup,  
In silent, guarded agony, the while  
His visage wears a smile.

And if, in hoary age—  
As fruit, when fully ripe, drops from the tree—  
The ravened and the sage,  
Are called away from earth—to live and be  
Blest in His holy presence, where alone  
Eternal peace is known.

Why should the sorrowing tear  
Fall, when the pure and pearly gates unclose,  
And bright-winged seraphs bear  
Souls tired of earth, and sickened of its woes,  
To an enduring home in realms above,  
With him whose name is Love?

For them death had no sting—  
Nor could the cold, still valley of the tomb,  
Atoning error bring  
Upon their spirits. 'Mid its deepest gloom,  
Their star of faith shone brightest, and its ray,  
Cheer'd and illumed their way.

Then weep not for the dead,  
Who sleep their dreamless sleep within the grave,  
Where drooping willows spread  
Their branches, and the fitful night winds wave  
A requiem o'er the cold and lifeless clay  
Now crumbling in decay.

—Jeremiah xxii, 10.

From the Saturday Evening Post.  
**Theodore Colder; or,  
CRANES OF THE MERE.**

BY WILLIAM D. GREGOR.

"Oh! the deep soul hath changes  
More sorrowful than all—  
See scorn—where love has perished;  
Distress—where friendship grew;  
Pride—where once nature cherished  
All tender thoughts and true!"  
—Mrs. Hemans.

Many persons condemn fictitious narrative; deeming life, as there portrayed, without an original; the Eden of day-dreamers. But tale writing is not a department of the imitative art—poetry. And poetry, like its sister arts, painting and sculpture, never originates. A form of purely ideal beauty never came from the chisel; nor a scene or landscape of pure imaginings from pen or pencil. The imagination can only 'body forth' what the eye has seen; it can but collect the valleys and hills; the groves and fountains of earth; for its Paradise; the scattered clouds of air for its sunset pile; or its dark-browed storm. Fancy has no power to cull from the unpeopled void, new existences. Its mission is to re-model, re-combine and re-touch the materials given to its hand.

A tale, then, must be a record of the writer's observation of the habits of the speech, feeling and action of those around him. How then can we acquire so full and accurate a knowledge of that unfeigned mine, the human heart and heart, as in that mirror which reflects not only the fiercest and gentlest emotions of all ages and sexes in all lands; but the very aspect in which this earnest life of ours, appeared to them?

Such knowledge is not in the records of history; as yet written; no, nor in the speculations of philosophy.

With regard to the high colors ascribed to fiction, we can only say, that there is actually a family in the range of our acquaintance, whose history if minutely written would not be quite as interesting as a majority of the tales in our periodicals. The occurrences of our past life fade from memory; but sit down for an hour and read those events, and we shall find that to ourselves, our own history appears wondrous strange. But let us not forget to give our proper story. An affluent merchant, named Mr. Colder, of the busy and wealthy country town of P—, was blessed with a son, whose name was Theodore, and

who is the hero of our story. Annie Frazer, the daughter of one of the first lawyers of the same place, is our heroine. They were early lovers. Both Mr. Frazer and Mr. Colder were members of the aristocracy of P—, and an intimacy existed between their families. Brought thus together, Annie and Theodore early became friends. Their evident partiality for each other was food for merriment to their older friends; but in spite of this Annie never needed a defender, nor Theodore an advocate when reproached. As their spring passed into summer, the skies were changed, but their hearts remained the same.

Such attachments though not very rare or striking, are yet beautiful beyond all that is dazzling in the development of human love. Happy she who in her holy girlhood's day has felt the spell of a pure love in the soul. The blight of heartless observances; the poison dew of vanity, cannot wholly destroy the germ thus nurtured. She must be better, purer, more sincere. And in him who awakes, who returns this early affection in his early days, is enkindled a desire for the soft and gentle household ministry of woman; a belief in her truth, that no after treachery can shake.

In his eighteenth year Theodore left home for a distant College. Ambition had even then addressed him with her imperious voice, and while the moonlight of boyhood fell on the flowers at his feet he had chosen to tread, in the noon of life, a stern and rugged way. This common day-dream of eminence, in his college struggle his strength of will made a reality. Trusting to no miracle to fulfil his destiny he made, by earnestness and untiring effort, his action second the magnificent conception of his wishes. Glad in the consciousness of accomplished purpose and merited applause, he returned to meet the proud greeting of his parents; the esteem of his elders; the envy, perhaps, of his companions, and above all a glance, in whose brightness, honest toil and weary labour, shone with a glory unknown before. So let the diligent in action; the noble in aspiration, be rewarded evermore!

To him, that smile was not such a stranger as she who gave it must now appear to us. In the sunny clime of her presence he had recovered his wasted strength, in those fleeting days which the secluded student gives to home and the forgotten ties which bind him to the bustling world.

That child whom we admired for her sweet, childish affection, stands before him a lovely and accomplished woman; still loving as a child; still trusting as a child, yet beneath the rose-veined marble of her cheek, quelling the tide of modest blood, and concealing the fire of her dark eye beneath its jetty veil. She may feel; nay she does feel the impulse, to rest as of old in those arms; yet perhaps she keeps her tall and graceful form erect in pride, and the still womanly heart, that will throb and throb, must yet beat gently near that rounded, delicate bust. That bust whose lily-tint rolls on to hide beneath the shade of the glossy black ringlets that pat her dove-like throat. Annie was indeed lovely; not lovelier than thousands of our land, yet lovelier than pen can tell; for who stands in the presence of a lovely woman without feeling; that it is the very charm of that presence, to the spirit of beauty, speaking in eye and hair and cheek and form, we owe deep admiration. The mere portrait of the pen, gives no more adequate description than the gifted sculptor could give even in his faultless creation of the goddess of Beauty, as she appeared to her Trojan lover, scattering ambrosial odors from her hair; the tints of morning flushing over her cheek, and celestial love beaming from her eye. Different far in appearance was her lover; and yet the tall, slender student; with the marks of toil on his brow, and his dark, passionate hazel eye, and his determined lips; formed no displeasing contrast to his fairer companion.

Winter, though his locks were as cold and his voice as hoarse as ever, froze not the warm spring of affection that still bubbled up warm and bright. The lovers met nightly in the crowded circle to taste of social joys and mirthfulness, and often alone to vow and to confess, and own the gentle pains of love. And what was sweeter than when spring clad the hills in fresh green along with a few intimates to rove over the beautiful scenes around? Spring passed and summer came, and with the sultry sun of July a city exquisite, to recreate his delicate frame and gain some laurels among the belles of P—, in a campaign of undoubted issue. Dressed in a costume which only the publisher of a fashion plate could accurately describe; adorned with the most delicate and approved perfumes and possessed of a half theatrical manner, Mr. Frederick Wharton was as well calculated as the most renowned citizen of the Quaker city to win woman's heart. His face was smooth and regularly formed; his person was slight but well made; and a contrast of city life had given him some knowledge of the human heart which a life of mere innocence rarely gives. Possessing an acquaintance with some of the elite of the place, he soon met our heroine, and meeting, was struck very forcibly, indeed; but on sober second thought, Mr. Wharton found here

was an opportunity to signalize himself. Annie was pretty; of a haughty family endowed with a large fortune, and then there was a lover over whom to triumph. Such an opportunity was not to be slighted. Annie's womanish heart was pleased with the homage of the handsome equisite, and as no fearful thought of wrong or future sorrow came over her, yielded to the influence of the moment, and did not repulse the invader of her lover's right.

Matters were thus when, on an afternoon of rare beauty, the young and fair, the brave and brilliant of P—, assembled for an excursion and merry party to a neighboring noted spring.

In the gay craft of their amateur boatman, they glided up a gentle current where the river almost slept beneath a double row of tall elms and maples and oaks; while beyond, neat farm-houses stood in the green meadows. Then came a ripple, up which the utmost efforts of the gentlemen could scarce move the batteaux, and above this the stream spread into a wide, lake-like expanse, so still and motionless that the golden star of the lily rocked to and fro among its leafy flags. On one side of this was a deep shore, clad with evergreens and stunted shrubs; on the other, a soft meadow bordered on the water by tall trees, extended for a short distance, and then a bold hill flanked by a fertile table land, rose behind. This soul inspiring scene was passed, and then on a level shore, among a clump of trees, the famous spring lay sparkling in the sun-beams that chanced to dart through the foliage. From the pebbly basin, crystal draughts were quaffed, and then soon upon the smooth, open, green sward, light feet were bounding to the merry wail.

Theodore was Annie's escort, but on their arrival Wharton managed to secure her attention. Although she saw the pang she thus inflicted on her proud and sensitive lover, yet she would not nobly repair it by repulsing the stranger and calling by a smile or a kind word her injured admirer back to her side. And he, he felt that feeling which had for weeks been clouding his spirit; that sickening pain which darts through a trusting and feeling heart, when one whom it believes as true as Heaven, betrays that trust.

Night brought a gay scene. From every tree lamps were gleaming; the sky was robed in its purplish blue; the stars shed down a soft brilliance; jewels and jetty hair flashed in the movements of the dance; while dresses contrasted strangely with the dark foliage, and softly the tones of the viol floated on the still air.

From this festivity a pair had stolen away for a few steps and stood gazing on the scene. They might have been lovers, for there was an impassioned air about the gentleman, which seemed to bespeak him one bent on purposes of love. He stood for a moment, then whispered some words to his companion to which she did not reply. He took her hand; but it was withdrawn—and yet she seemed not offended. After a few words, earnest words, more they returned to the crowded party.

A few paces distant from these another stood, and heard their whispered words. And yet he was free from the stain of dishonorable eaves dropping, for they had unconsciously approached his presence. He had seen all; and when, after the hand of his beloved had rested for a moment in that of a stranger, he had heard, in reply to some taunt with which his own name had been coupled, her who so often had solemnly owned her love, answer—'Not you! you know, you must have seen that he's nothing to me.' He heard—and neither during that night nor his after life ever did these words leave his memory. Theodore Colder, in the agony of his betrayed heart, abandoned at once the idol of that heart; but he did not forget her; in the depths of his soul there slept a wish linked with her memory which as yet took no shape, but slept ready to waken and assume whatever form circumstances should give it; and that was—Revenge!

He abandoned Annie, and yet to the world seemed not to hate but only to be indifferent; to have felt the death of youthful partialities which so often occurs to manhood. And she, if she felt for his desertion, at least had learned to cloak it well; or found in another's attention, a solace for her loss. Weeks passed on, and when Wharton returned to the city it was known that he would return to claim Miss Frazer as bride. In the winter they were married; and in the brilliant bridal, and the blaze of festivity that followed, she seemed to realize, in the opinion of all, the utmost that heart could desire. When she was about to depart with her husband, to shine in those gay scenes which the young so long for, her former lover came with her other friends to bid farewell.

In all her intercourse with him heretofore, since that fatal night, in the social circle, in her own nuptial fete, she had been unmoved. Now she seemed affected. They stood, together, alone, and when he offered his hand to give the parting clasp of friendship her's trembled.

'It is hard,' she said, 'Theodore to part with all our old friends.' 'Yes,' he ably replied, 'it is, perhaps, but then they are soon forgot and others will take their place.'

'Oh! and they will not be forgotten,' said Annie, as Theodore turned away.

The period of his study, was at length completed and Theodore Colder commenced his practice of the law. Almost at the beginning his family influence procured for him the part of counsel in an important case. His effort in this was so decidedly successful that at once he rose to eminence. As his practice extended at home his reputation spread abroad, and wherever he journeyed, he was flattered and caressed. Fortune seemed to adopt him as her child, desirous by her favours, whenever he needed them, in society or at the bar, to recompense her early sternness. The aged esteemed and gave him honor; and the youngest and fairest would have thrown all their other hopes aside to have brought him to their feet.

Five years after her brilliant marriage and triumphant departure Annie Wharton came back habited in robes of woe. Of her history during her absence little was known. Her former acquaintances had seldom met her during the earliest part of her married life and latterly not at all. There were whispers that the star of splendor which attracted her to the city was but a meteor, that the love which Wharton professed, had not been given; but these were only rumors. Her relatives alone knew aught, though not all, of her history, and they were silent. Mrs. Wharton brought with her a beautiful little girl, her only child. Her father was now dead, and with her widowed mother she dwelt in seclusion. But time seemed to efface all the marks which sorrow had traced, even the wounded spirit seemed to heal and soon the dark eye of Annie flashed as brightly, her step was as haughty and her form as graceful and light as of yore. The color came again to her cheek; the smile once more played around her mouth, giving to the weeds she wore, a charm, which many tender swains acknowledged.

In the assemblies of P—, she again met her former admirer. Slowly his indifference seemed to melt away; more dignified and less ardent than before, he assumed the character of the beau rather than the lover, yet Annie's pleased and blinded eyes saw not this change in his manner, but welcomed and encouraged his attentions in a manner better suited to early girlhood—than sober, widowed womanhood. Not more than two years had elapsed since the decease of her husband ere Annie became the wife of Theodore Colder.

Then she fondly deemed that her future would be bright and cloudless. In the place of her birth, among the companions of her youth; linked to the lover of her youth, now renowned and wealthy, what lacks she yet? But here began that life for which her husband had so long stifled his emotions: here was to be paid that debt of pain, of heart-sickness; of neglect and scorn, which she had in an hour of weakness, on that festive night, contracted with him. Moved by no compassion for her past sufferings, softened not by her present tenderness; but thinking only of her broken faith; of his betrayed trust, he determined to abate no tithe of his purpose. Perhaps, had their spirits undergone no change, save the silent, one of time, this had not been. But Annie, neglected by her husband, and flung into the vortex of fashionable dissipation, had become more heartless and trifling than in youth, while Colder, in the wreck of his hopes, and the excitement of ambition, had hardened his stern disposition almost to misanthropy.

His days and often a chief part of his nights were spent in his office or abroad in journeys of business, or among his legal and literary friends at their resorts. When in the society of others he was punctilious in his behaviour to his wife, for he was proud of her beauty, and too chary of his own reputation to neglect her. At home he would not treat her ill, but in his calm indifference made her feel the pang of unrequited love. On her child he lavished that affection which was her right. In the warmth of his affection for little Kate it really seemed as he had transferred to her the love he bore in childhood to the mother. No child blessed their union. Had it not been so, probably love for his children might have drawn him to their mother, but no such hope of reconciliation came, and Annie pined away—consumption, that bane of the fair and fragile, seized on her; and the third summer of her union with Theodore saw her wearing slowly away. Then awoke in Theodore a consciousness of the extent of his work. Then came the tortures of remorse, of pity for his victim. Then memories, pleasant memories of their childhood; their early loves, their bright youth, shrouded by the clouds and darkness of its close and their estrangement, came over his soul. That chord which her caresses, her affection, the silent pleading of her lustreless eye, all failed to touch, sounded wailing, Eolian notes as over it passed bending breath. Then that tone, which was the soul of his college dreams, the curse and misery of his manhood, awoke; and the proud man wept in agony over his crime—a crime which no sacrifice of life, or limb, or fortune might repair. The hour of her death was at hand; he leaped above her, and in a voice husky, with strong emotion, confessed his guilt and repentance. Shades

of anger—it may be, she thought of her early death, how to leave all among which she might have been so happy—shades passed over her brow; then sorrow for her own weakness, broke forth in tears; till weakness permitted her to express her forgiveness only by a pressure of his hand and an expressive glance.

Night came—a calm August evening. The day had been bright but not sultry. The town was hushed save the voices of promenaders enjoying an evening walk. Late in the evening Annie revived and seeing the moonbeams fall so gently in her room, desired to be taken to the window that she might again behold the glories of earth. They objected on account of her weakness. 'My moments are numbered,' she said; 'let me look on what I shall never see again.' Theodore carried her in his arms, and sat with her on the window. There lay before them the hill with its dark evergreens along which they had so often rambled. The ripples of the river sent back a thousand sparkles of light and calm and cold like sentinels of the night, the shadow of the tall trees lay on its wave. While she gazed, a pensive joy stole over her face, and when her husband raised her up, he carried nothing but her clay.

They laid her in her early tomb and if the world deemed she had been neglected in life by her husband; his deep and lasting sorrow at her death seemed to deny and disprove the seeming slander. He loved not again—but the child of his wife became the sole thing dear unto his heart. On her he lavished the wealth which his still increasing reputation gained him; but even her caresses and attention cannot soothe his troubled spirit. The heart that changed so often will not again change: the iron still remains in his soul.

CONSULT CONSCIENCE.

Consult your own conscience; what does it say in the great end of life? Listen to its voice in the chambers of your own heart. It tells you there is only one stream that is pure, and that stream flows from the throne of God; but one aim that is noble, and worthy of an immortal spirit, and that is, to become the friend of God, so that the soul may wing its way over the grave without fear, without dismay, without condemnation. There is only one path passing over the earth, which is safe, which is light, which is honorable. It is that one which Jesus Christ has marked out in his word, and which leads to glory. Let conscience speak, when you are tempted to waste a day, or to commit any known sin, to neglect any known duty, and it will urge you by all the high and holy motives of eternity to live for God, to give your powers to Him, to seek His honor in all you do.

SUN RISE AT SEA.

"Beautiful!" is the inward exclamation of the beholder as he ascends to the deck in the morning. Never before has nature seemed so lovely to him. Never before has he seen the hand of God displayed in such perfection. All the paintings by the most skillful human powers, which he had previously seen, now sunk low in the shade. Slowly and majestically, as if dropping with water, the king of day rises from his ocean bed. The breezes play gently with the briny waves, scarce awakened from their peaceful slumbers. The whole eastern sky is overpread with a gorgeous crimson canopy—and far over to the westward, in the dim distance, may occasionally be seen the swelling canvass ship, reflecting the glaring light from the east, and appearing as if each were a sheet of fire. Who can view this mighty picture, and say there is no God? None save the unwise, can make this declaration in the very face of him who reigneth on high. Who can view this mighty picture, and not feel his bosom swell with gratitude and adoration to Him, in whom we live, and move, and have our being? None, save the ignorant and the unjust. All nature speaks of God, and every creature feels his guardian care.

FOR HUSBANDS.

A man's house should be his earthly paradise. It should be of all other spots, that which he leaves with most regret, and to which he returns with most delight. And in order that it may be so, it should be his daily task to provide everything convenient and comfortable for his wife. With every provision he can possibly make, her's will be a life of care and toil. She is the sentinel who can seldom, if ever, be relieved. Others may sleep, but if there be any one who must watch, it is she. She ought therefore, to be furnished with every comfort within the means of her husband. Generally, every shilling expended by the husband for the accommodation of his wife in her domestic operations, is returned upon him four-fold, if not precisely in pecuniary advantage, though this is often true, it will be found in the order, peace and happiness of his family.

Why are bundles rid like Scott's novels? Because they are stern realities. This is true.

Why is a geologist a dangerous character? Because he is fond of strata-gems.