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POETRY.

From Blackwood's Magazine

H O P E.

If hope be dead—why seek to live?
For what besides has life to give?
Love, life, and youth, and beauty too,
If hope be dead—why what are you?
Love without hope! it cannot be,
There is a vessel on your sea,
Reckoned and silliest as despair,
And know—no hopeless love floats there
Life without hope—O that is not
To live; but day by day, to rot,
The lightning's flash, & the thunder's strife,
Yet mine away a weary life
Which older would have sunk and died
Beneath the stroke of youth's defeat—
But, cured with length of days are left,
To rail at youth of hope bereft.
And beauty, too, when hope is gone,
And soon without this borrowed light,
Has lost the beam that made it bright,
Now what avail the silken hair,
The gentle smile, the gentle air,
The heaving eye, and glance refined—
Faint semblance of the purer mind—
As gold dust, sparkling in the sun,
Points where the richer strata run!
Alas! they now just seem to be
Renewed to mock at misery
They speak of days long, long gone by,
Then point to cold reality,
And with a death-like smile they say—
"Oh! what are we when hope's away!"
Thus Love, life, and beauty too,
When seen without hope's brightening hue,
All sigh in misery's saddest tone,
"Why seek to live if hope be gone?"

From Neale's Gazette

HUSH THE MUSIC.

BY NEMO.

Hush the music! Hush the music!
Hush the lute-strain's pensive swell,
Thoughts are stirred by that low cadence,
Which were better in their cell.
Oh! hush the music! Hush the music!
Gladly hush the music's spell,
But to me, in brightest moments,
Comes it like a funeral knell!
Hush the music! Hush the music!
Sound no more that note so bright,
That is gone, that note so bright,
When the heart had known no light
For the ties that death has severed—
For the tears that flow in vain—
For the treasure of heaven,
Who—oh! woe! woe! woe!—
Woe—oh! woe! woe! woe!

WOMAN'S POWER.

A TALE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

By the author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest."

It was spring—not the drizzly, cold, comfortless season thus *missnamed* in this northern region, but the spring of the poets, the spring of the South—and never beamed April sun on a landscape of more quiet loveliness, than that in the midst of which was situated the residence of Mr. Richard Shubrick, of South Carolina. The large, irregularly built old mansion was surrounded by a wide piazza, and as you trod its circuit, you looked forth from its western side on the Santee rolling its placid waves between forest crowned banks, and from its eastern, on flowery lawns and stately shrubs, with here and there a lofty and spreading tree, beyond which the wide carriage road passing through a double line of acanorons and willow oaks for nearly half a mile, entered through a handsome gate into the tunipike or regular road route to Charleston. It was a scene over which the gentle affections that bless a home, and the refined taste that embellish it, might have been supposed to preside, yet more than once of late had its sleeping echoes been awakened by the fierce shouts and denunciations of unbridled soldiery, and the heavy, hurried tread of armed men been heard in its halls, for we write of 1780, the Reign of Terror in Carolina, when British troops garrisoned her forts, and roamed almost unresisted through her fields—when no home was sacred from the inquisition of their avarice, or their vengeance. Mr. Shubrick's reputed wealth and known patriotism had rendered his home peculiarly liable to their most unwelcome visits. But that home was guarded in his absence by a spirit so dignified and commanding, yet so still and gentle, that hitherto the rudest had been charmed into courtesy, and the most hostile visitor sent away in manners, if not at heart, a friend. Mrs. Shubrick would often have been condemned to complete solitude for months by the absence of her husband, and the cessation of those hospitalities for which her abode had once been noted, but which it was impossible to continue in the disorganized condition of social life in her neighborhood, had it not been for the companionship of Caroline Shubrick, the young sister of her husband.

Caroline was a gentle and lovely being, with a heart capable of the deepest womanly devotion. She could have died for or with one she loved, but her courage was all that of passive endurance—she would

have shrunk and trembled at the stroke from which she would not flee, and she could not, like her sister, have averted evil from her loved ones by her self possession, or have nerved them to meet it tranquilly by her own serenity. Such as she was, she was loved deeply, devotedly loved by the young and ardent Reginald Elliott, and before that dark and dreadful year had closed, Caroline had learned to tremble for a life dearer to her than her own. Mr. Shubrick loved Reginald too, but to his entreaties that he would consent to his immediate marriage with his sister, he replied with a decided negative.

"It must not be, Reginald, while the executioner on the one side, or the cannon ball on the other, are ready to cut the tie as soon as formed. There is no time for assuming new responsibilities. Heaven knows those we have press but too heavily!"

But at length a bright day began to dawn upon the harassed and oppressed patriots. The battle at the Cowpens in January, 1781, taught the British that they were not invincible, and inspired the oppressed but unyielding Americans with new hope; and the arrival of Greene, and the spirited manner in which he opened the campaign, raised that hope almost to a triumphant certainty. As he advanced into the State, her sons every where shook off the yoke which they had worn so impatiently, and vented in action the deep indignation which had for months been burning in their hearts, and which their foes might have read in their flashing eyes and on their stern and gloomy brows. On the twentieth of April, Greene was at Camden, only fifty miles from Mr. Shubrick's home, and that gentleman could no longer repress his desire to be once more in arms, boldly, openly battling for the right. "Not till then shall I feel myself a freeman," he said to his wife—add though the color on her cheek might have grown a shade less glowing—her soft earnest eyes met his fully and firmly, and there was no trembling in her voice as she replied—

"Go, then, my husband—and fear not for us—God will protect us."

Not thus did Caroline receive the announcement from Reginald Elliott that he was to accompany her brother. With maiden delicacy she turned from him, but not till he had read the agony in her eyes, and seen the convulsive quivering of her lip. Throwing his arms around her, he drew her half-resisting form to his side, and as he pressed his lips to her pallid cheek, urged her with all the warmth and eloquence of impassioned feeling, to join him in entreating her brother to sanction and perpetuate, by the hottest of all bands, the tie between them. Eloquent as he was, there was one plea he dared not urge, which Caroline's heart had often presented, but never so powerful as at this moment. Should he be wounded how inexpressible dear would be the wife's privilege of watching beside him, soothing his pain and cheering his sadness by the gentle ministrings of womanly tenderness, and yet should deeper woe await her—should he die—what consolation could earth offer her for having refused his last request, and would she not find a deep joy in bearing his name, and thus belonging to him even in his grave? Such were the thoughts which at length overcame the timidity that had hitherto made her acquiesce silently in her brother's will. She accompanied Reginald to the parlor in which sat Mr. and Mrs. Shubrick, and though the words in which she answered her brother's appeal were few, they were full of expression—"brother, I would be his in life and in death."

Mr. Shubrick was distressed, and looked for counsel to his wife.

"She is right, love," said Mrs. Shubrick in answer to that look—"it is a womanly feeling, and she will be happier so."

These words did more to win Mr. Shubrick's consent than all Reginald's arguments or persuasions. The next morning a neighboring clergyman, who had known Caroline from her infancy, pronounced her in the presence of her brother and sister, the wedded wife of Reginald Elliott. It was an hour of deep and solemn feeling. On Reginald Elliott's face alone there was no sadness. To his bright, brave spirit, fear was a stranger, and his heart was at this moment too full of hope and love to have room for sorrow; but Caroline received his first kiss as her husband on lips pale with the terror and the agony of parting, and he was forced to lay her unwept form upon the sofa ere he could follow Mr. Shubrick from the room.

Their horses stood at the door, and ere they slept that night, they had accomplished more than half the distance to the American camp.

"I will soon see you, love—for I will be myself the herald of our first victory," had been the parting words of Reginald to Caroline. They were the dictates of youthful confidence. In three days after that parting he was engaged in battle, yet there was no victory to report, and the action which gave encouragement to less sanguine spirits seemed to him almost disgraceful, because it was followed by retreat. Weeks followed, during which the Americans were gaining and the British losing ground without any decisive movement on either side. At length, on the twenty-second of May, came the gallant,

but unsuccessful attack on the British force at Ninety-Six, and Greene again compelled to retire, withdrew to the Santee Hills. That he could maintain himself thus in the very centre of the State seemed even to Reginald equivalent to victory, and he resolved to be the herald of hope, if not of triumph to Caroline. He communicated this intention to Mr. Shubrick, and proposed that he should accompany him, but he endeavored on the contrary to dissuade him from the project.

"It is a great temptation, I acknowledge, Reginald, while we are lying idle here, so near our home—but it would scarcely be prudent, with straggling parties of the enemy constantly ranging about this section of the country. We must be careful of ourselves for our country's sake—America cannot afford to throw away a single soldier now."

"Oh! I will be as careful as ever Caroline could desire—careful for her own dear sake—but in truth there is no danger. You know I commanded the foraging party yesterday—I purposely pursued the road homeward, and though I went nearly half the distance there, I not only saw no trace of the enemy, but could hear of none."

Mr. Shubrick still shook his head, but youth and love are not so easily counseled, and obtaining leave of absence for a week, Reginald set out, accompanied only by a trusty servant, who had been his attendant from boyhood.

The sun was little more than an hour high, and Mrs. Shubrick and Caroline were seated in the eastern piazza—at that hour the coolest part of the house—when their attention was attracted by seeing a black boy emerge from the woodland which screened the fields and negro houses from view, and run with breathless speed toward the gate at the head of the avenue. Before he reached it they became aware that two riders were rapidly approaching it from the public road. Onward they came, faster, faster—they passed—Caroline rose from her chair—she approached the end of the piazza and gazed forward for a moment, then, without a word, sprang down the steps, and passing the shrubbery with the fleetness of a deer entered the avenue beyond. She was followed, though more sedately, by Mrs. Shubrick, for even she had now become certain that the foremost rider was Reginald Elliott, and that there was an air of unusual relaxation in his remarkably erect and vigorous form. When she reached Caroline, Reginald was already beside her. He had been assisted from his horse by his servant on whom he was compelled to lean for support. The hue of death seemed settling on his brow, yet a smile full of happiness was on his lips, and as Caroline hung over him uttering words of endearment, which except in that moment of terror would never have escaped her, he murmured feebly, "no danger, love."

"No, missis, I 'sure you dare's no danger," said the faithful Paul, addressing himself to Mrs. Shubrick, for Caroline seemed as well nigh incapable of comprehending his words as the fainting Reginald.

"But what does it all mean, Paul?—What is the matter with Mr. Elliott?" asked Mrs. Shubrick.

"Why, you see ma'am—'tis only that he is lost too much blood, and he pointed to the sleeve stiff with gore—but he'll soon come round, Miss Caroline—he ain't in de least danger, I 'sure you, ma'am—de ball lodge in dis arm, you see, and you know yourself, ma'am, dere can't be nothin' vital dere."

But he is bleeding still, Paul. Here, she called to two of her own servants, who had come near to listen to Paul—help Paul to carry Mr. Elliott into de house—let them take him to my room, Caroline—it will be better than carrying him up stairs—and mount one of these horses, and ride to de gate, and ride quickly for Dr. Stevens—quickly sir."

Please ma'am don't send for de doctor till I can speak to you," called Paul, who was already bearing his master then the shrubbery. "I 'sure you, ma'am, I 'se doctor enough for dis arm myself."

Mrs. Shubrick ordered the boy to wait while she followed Paul to enquire if he had any better reason than his confidence in his own surgery, for not desisting the presence of Dr. Stevens. She found Reginald Elliott on his bed sufficiently revived to be conscious of Caroline's presence. Paul was preparing bandages and lint at a table somewhat removed from the bed, and to her questions he replied—"you see, ma'am, I bery much afraid dem red coats will be here before long—de one what I 'se at Massa was an officer, and I 'seed him stand on de top of de hill out yender, and watch where we was a going—so I 'se he's only gone for some more men to come arter us. Now, if we had de aide, de doctor will only being de army, and I 'se you, ma'am, I 'se de horse wounds dan dis since I've been in de army."

Mrs. Shubrick gazed at the pale face of Reginald Elliott, and the scarcely less ghastly one of Caroline as she bent over him—for a moment her countenance wore an expression of deep thought, and then her eyes seemed suddenly irradiated with more beautiful light, and a loftier serenity enthroned upon her brow.

"Say nothing of any apprehensions you may have, and should you hear any noise

be perfectly still, and endeavor to keep the others so—your best chance of escape is here." She was leaving the room, but, as she reached the door, turned back to ask—"have you all you want?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Paul, who had already tipped up his master's coat sleeve, and exposed the shirt saturated with blood. The effusion seemed now to have ceased, and although Mr. Elliott still lay with closed eyes and perfectly motionless, Mrs. Shubrick saw that there was a tinge of color in his lips at least, and that his fingers had closed over Caroline's hand.

She beckoned Paul to her—"I think," she whispered, "that if the bleeding has stopped, there can be no danger to Mr. Elliott in leaving his arm for a time as it is. Should he be sought for, he will be safer in his present state, because we can keep him more quiet."

Paul had great quickness of perception, and as she concluded, he said with animation, "you right, Missis—you right—he better so—"

Mrs. Shubrick left the room, and Paul approached Caroline, who, with her eyes fixed on Reginald, seemed unconscious of everything but of his presence.

"Don't be scared now, Miss Caroline, for I 'sure you dare ain't no danger, and if Massa can only get a good, long sleep, he'll wake up right well. Only we must keep ebery tingbery still here—we mus'at move or say a word if dey make ebery so much noise out dere."

Caroline would not after this have moved or spoken for her life—there she sat, pale, motionless as a statue—her hand clasped in that of the sleeping Reginald, whose every breath she watched. Her consciousness seemed bounded to that room—that bed. Paul had seated himself at a respectful distance from her. He too was still, and soon he slept, for whom were any of his race still without sleeping? At length he was aroused by the sudden tread of men. The sound passed up stairs and over various parts of the house. He listened with intense solicitude—the sounds came nearer—they approached the very door of the room—they paused—a few earnest, though not loud words were spoken, and then the steps receded, and soon all was still again. Reginald slept on undisturbed, and Caroline, though she had lifted her eyes anxiously to his, had neither moved nor spoken.

Mrs. Shubrick's first act when she left the room to which Reginald Elliott had been taken, was to direct one of her own servants to mount one of his horses, and leading the other, to return as rapidly as possible to the road with them, and pursuing that until he had entirely passed her husband's place, to turn in a dense wood, make his way as far as he could through it, and there fasten the horses and leave them. Those orders given, she seated herself with apparent quietness, but real solicitude, at a window that overlooked the road, to await the arrival of her expected visitors.

She had not waited long when a servant boy rushed in exclaiming, in evident alarm—"Missis, de British de comin—Cudjo see de red coat up de road as he bin a comin home."

"Very well, Harry—I want you to go to Dr. Stevens' plantation—you can go over the dam you know—and ask the doctor to come over here as early as possible in the morning."

The cruelties which had occasionally been exercised by the British and Tory troops toward the negroes, in order to extort from them some confession prejudicial to their masters, made Harry very ready to obey this order. In like manner Mrs. Shubrick despatched on various errands all the members of her household, who had witnessed the arrival of Reginald. The last sent had scarcely set out when the team of horses, the tinkling of spurs, and loud voice of men, told that the hour of trial had come. In a few minutes a young officer, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant, and followed by several soldiers, walked into the house, and turned into the room in which Mrs. Shubrick sat, the door of which was purposely left open. She rose to receive them with such dignified courtesy that they were ashamed into civility, and when after receiving and returning the salutation of the leader, she asked to what she was indebted for the honor of his visit, he replied—"I regret, madam, to be compelled to put you to any inconvenience, but I must obey the orders by which I am sent, to apprehend an arch rebel and traitor, who is known to be in your house—I must trouble you for your keys, and will be obliged to you to order one of your servants to guide us in our search."

"Here are the keys, sir," she said, taking a small basket from a table near her, "of every pantry and closet in the house—the chambers are not locked—I fear it will be impossible to send a servant with you, for the sight of a soldier usually terrifies them so much that I doubt if your arrival has not sent them all off the place. I would guide you myself, but your search will probably be less restrained without my presence."

That presence was indeed felt, to be a restraint, and officer and men alike moved more freely when they had passed from the room in which she was. For the next half hour they were heard stamping from room to room, opening closets, bureaus, and wardrobes, moving bedsteads—tumbling about boxes, and putting everything

into such disarray as it would require days to remedy. At length, with a quick flutter at her heart, Mrs. Shubrick heard them retreating. The other now entered alone, leaving his men at the door. Again Mrs. Shubrick rose to receive him, placing herself between him and the door of the room in which Reginald lay.

"I must again intrude upon you, madam, though only for a few minutes. This room and the adjoining one are the only parts of the house which we have not examined. In one of them the rebel must be concealed, for we tracked him to your door. Permit me to pass you, madam."

Instead of moving aside for him, Mrs. Shubrick drew nearer to the door of the room he wished to enter, and placing herself directly before it, said, "this is my own chamber, sir—you will not, I hope, insist on entering it."

The officer looked at her with a suspicious eye, but her glance quailed not beneath his, her delicate cheek neither paled nor flushed, and he said—"duty, madam, knows no such reserves, but I feel assured, I may trust your word, and if you will assure me that the man I seek is not in that room, I will not enter it."

"I will answer no question—it would only establish a precedent for future occasions—but again I tell you, sir, that this is my chamber, and to a man of honor the chamber of a lady would be a sanctuary even to his own bitterest foe, sacred as the altar of Heaven. I trust to your honour, therefore, to make no attempt to enter here, but should you persist in doing so, it shall be only over my corpse that you accomplish your purpose."

Emphatic as was her language—earnest as was her manner—there was nothing in either that permitted him for a moment to forget that it was a lady, delicate and gentle, who thus addressed him. He saw that her spirit was unconquerable, that she would indeed die where she stood rather than submit to an indignity or betray a friend—he could not use physical force to ward such a woman, and he relinquished his purpose, saying to her with something of reverence in his manner—"your intrepidity, madam, gives you security; from me you shall meet no further annoyance."

He was true to his word, and immediately withdrew his men and returned to the detachment to which he belonged. This was a small party that had been sent out from Ninety-Six for supplies, the commander of which had thought Reginald Elliott's capture an object of sufficient consequence to delay his march for this domiciliary visit.

"She is a heroine, sir," said the young lieutenant to his commander—"and were muskets put into the hands of a hundred such women, our only safety would be in retreat."

"You mistake—with muskets in their hands, women would become to us but a weaker kind of man," replied the commander, and he replied truly—woman's power is over the spirits of men, and it must be maintained by spiritual, not by other means.

The surances of Paul proved quite correct. The ball which had entered Reginald Elliott's arm had opened a vein in its passage, and the flow of blood was so much increased by his rapid motion on horseback, that it was many weeks before he recovered entirely from the languor and debility which it occasioned—but as Caroline was his nurse through those weeks, and as it was a season of comparative inactivity to the American forces in Carolina, he could not greatly regret it. He was sufficiently recovered to be present at the battle of Eutaw Springs, a battle which soon left to the invader no spot in Carolina on which his foot could safely and securely rest.

It was a victory indeed—a glorious victory, of which Reginald Elliott was, as he had promised to be the herald to Caroline—a happiness which he thought cheaply purchased by another severe, though not dangerous wound.

Youra. No young man believes he shall ever die. There is a feeling as eternity in youth, which makes men die every thing. To be young is to be as one of the immortals. One half of time, indeed, is spent—the other half remains in store for us, with all its countless treasures, for there is no line drawn, and we see no limits to our hopes and wishes. We make the coming age our own—

The vast, the unbounded prospect lies before us—Death, old age, are words without meaning; a dream, a fiction with which we have nothing to do. Others may have undergone, or may still undergo them—we bear charmed life, which laughs to scorn all such idle fancies. As, in setting out on a delightful journey, we strain our eager sight forward,

holding the lovely scenes at distance, and see no end to prospect after prospect, new objects presenting themselves as we advance; so in the outset of life, we see no end to our desires, nor to the opportunities of gratifying them. We have as yet found no obstacle, no disposition to flag, and it seems that we can go on forever.

Testimony in a wife is calculated to irritate a man, andness it affects him, and languor to madden him.