

# Democratic Banner.

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

### BE HAPPY.

BY ELIZUR WRIGHT.

A commandment there is so deep and broad,  
It reaches as far as the finger of God—  
A commandment, though often forgotten by men,  
As high and as sacred as ought of the ten.  
On the sky it is written, in letters of light,  
And the clouds that would hide it both morning and night  
Are obliged to confess that the writing is true,  
Which they do with a beautiful, penitent hue—  
Nay—about it loud, as in garments of white,  
They float at their ease in the measureless blue.  
The wind on the numberless leaves of the wood,  
On the light dancing waves of the fathomless flood,  
And the billows that white in merrier mood,  
"Be happy, my creatures, be happy and good."  
Poor immortal, with clouds on thy brow,  
Thy face is loaded with sorrow and care,  
Such a look, the commandment is here!  
Thy heart is motion, thy lips are not words;  
Quick are the streams, and ever returning,  
The fire of vitality constantly springing.  
And systems on systems unceasingly acting—  
A task which, for thee, would be sadly distracting.  
The hand that so secretly does for thy sake,  
Such a labor, while thou art asleep or awake,  
—'Tis that of a truly unchangeable friend,  
Then hush for a moment, and heedfully attend,  
To the voice of thy pulse while it tenderly cries,  
"Be happy, my creatures, be happy and wise."  
Faint-hearted immortal, cooling with dread  
From a future that threatens to drop on our head,  
While enmeshed in the belt of a future of dread,  
And terrible 'tis in the realm of the dead,  
Look out on the larks that rejoice in the sky,  
Look out on the ravens that trustfully cry—  
Behold there's a Spirit that cares for those—  
And look at the moth, with its glorious wings,  
Created anew from the meanness of things,  
And look at the sport of the maritime bird,  
When the tempest of winter are cheerfully heard,  
Outriggering to thee from the shelterless cold,  
"Be happy, thou creature, be happy and bold."  
Poor wandering pilgrim, led often astray  
By lights that are false to the heavenly way,  
Till the handmaids of mortals are newly washed out  
By the fog and the mist and the drizzle of doubt,  
From the track of thy follies walk, sometimes abroad  
And fasten thine eyes on the signals of God,  
In the watches of silence, above thee, behold  
The stars in their course, as sure as of old,  
Round and ending the seasons, as fresh and as far  
As when the winged zephyr first frolicked in air,  
Stability firm in perpetual change,  
In the law they obey in their limitless range,  
And hark, from the depth of the mountainous lake,  
Which the sun's rays melt, too drowsy to quake,  
Revering eagerly the canopy blue,  
The voice of its stillness comes sweetly to you—  
"Be happy, my creature, be happy and true."

**Absurdities.**—To make your servant tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell them for themselves.

To tell your own secrets, and believe others will keep them.

To fancy a thing cheap because a low price is asked for it.

To say a man is charitable because he subscribes to a hospital.

To vote for a candidate at an election, because he shakes hands with your wife and child, and admires the baby.

**A Busy Fellow.**—We hear of an editor down south, who, we think without exception, is the most industrious man of his time. He is not only his own compositor, pressman and devil, but keeps a tavern, is village postmaster, town clerk, captain of the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, is a pettifogger of notoriety, deals in red flannel, makes patent Brandreth pills, peddles essences and tin ware two days in the week, is parish sexton, and always preaches on Sunday when the minister is absent. In addition to this, he has a scolding wife, sixteen ungrateful and disobedient children, a large circle of needy acquaintances, whom he entertains on conditions unknown to the public. What could the village do without him?

**Cherish no malice against any one.** "In malice be ye children."

**Envy no one.** "Who is able to stand before envy?"

**Never cherish any feelings of jealousy respecting any one.** "Jealousy is as cruel as the grave."

**Make it a rule to look for good qualities in another more than for blemishes and faults.** "Esteem others better than yourselves."

**Never speak of the bad qualities of another unless you design to do him good or to promote the cause of Christ.** "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

**Always ask the approbation and blessing of God on every thing you are about to utter respecting another.**

**Observe these rules, and so far as you are concerned, evil speaking will cease.**

**The Divinity of Love.**—The affection with which the mere fact of helplessness and dependence fills the heart of a woman, is the divinest attribute of her nature. Is there a more lovely sight on earth than the devotion of a daughter to an aged, perhaps pious parent, sinking into a second childhood; or of a mother to that sickly, deformed, and perhaps imbecile child, who is an offence and a burden to every one beside? It is beautiful! It is the Divinity, who created this last best gem of earth, shining through this his latest creation.

**The bill to increase the rates of postage has virtually received its quietus in the House, by being laid on the table.**

**Why is love like a potato? Ans. Because it shoots from the eye.**

## The Incautious Speech.

The following story, which we cut from the Portland Tribune, illustrates most forcibly and terribly the danger and cruelty of remembering and repeating all the ill you know, whether of the dead or of the living.

There was a gentle rain falling, an April rain, and seated myself, many years ago, upon the stage which was at that time the line of communication between the interior of the State and one of its seaports.

I was pleased to see, that in my situation as an outside passenger, I was not doomed to be alone. Neither to endure the infliction of a half day's ride with a companion whose topic of conversation would perhaps extend no further than horses, the weather, or the farming prospects of the country—late forbid! A young lady occupied one of the seats which the accommodations of the coach presented. I took possession of the second, and the third, the coachman informed me, was reserved for a gentleman, some one, who was to join us at the next town. I remarked that it rained, and as a young man, professing principles of gallantry, I could not do otherwise than offer to share the spacious extent of my umbrella with my fair fellow traveller. I was young, romantic and enthusiastic, and although my feelings correspond with my dignified and venerable appearance now—then any form of beauty crossing my path, left a deep, and I was about to add, an abiding impression, but not always. The one by my side, I was convinced, should circumstances cause our paths to diverge, would visit me in dreams, and often on the wings of thought in future years. I always had a penchant for such a face as hers—something striking to attract attention, but something which once seen, draws with mysterious influence the gaze of the beholder, awakening a bland, ever-increasing pleasure, like that which the innocent feel when viewing the calm, unclouded expanse of a summer sky. It is before me now, with its pure heartfelt expression. The upper eyelids bending down seeming by the weight of the long silken lashes that fringed them, investing the eyes with a peculiar charm, and reminding one of a blue star spangled sky, caught through gently waving leaves.

The coach stopped, and a young gentleman of agreeable and prepossessing appearance ascended the side of the carriage, and the low whispered "Good morning Sarah," the look far more expressive than words, the reluctantly released hand, and a shy, meaning glance from the driver, told me that in the new comer I beheld the betrothed of my fair companion. I thought to myself that it was "too bad," but upon reflection concluded to make the best of it, relinquish my office of umbrella bearer, and adapt myself to circumstances.

We were now passing through a section of the country where, when a boy, I had attended school, and I remarked that each spot was familiar, and associated with many pleasant scenes in my life, and a few dark unpleasant ones. "Here," I added, as the ruins of a miserable hut glided into view from behind a clump of noble oaks, "here I have witnessed scenes that, young and inexperienced as I was, made my blood run chill. Ah! the voice of old Willet lifted in cursing does not disturb these woods now;" and I pointed to an unmarked mound that could be seen in the distance among the low underbrush. The gentleman leaned forward and in an earnest tone enquired, "Who?"

It has been said of lawyers that there is no department of human life, a knowledge of which is not riches to them. It is so, and it is by a knowledge of the dark side, that men learn to lead the multitude. Undoubtedly the individual before me was aware of this, and in his earnest gaze fixed upon me, I thought I could discover an expression of inquisitiveness, which I determined to satisfy.

"Old Willet, the drunken fisherman," I replied, and then in vivid colors I painted the picture of the drunkard's home, and the abject poverty and wretchedness of the filthy hovel, its deep gloom, its sounds of strife and blasphemy, and squallidness and depravity of the children; all these I endeavored to portray to the life and yell I succeeded, for my listener's gaze was still bent on me—with an expression of deep interest. I enlarged in particular upon the disposition and propensities of one of that polluted family, a little girl, whose really beautiful features I often thought strange should be darkened by an anger or that such pretty lips should ever give utterance to such language as I had heard from them. Poor thing! it was wonderful that she should be the creature she was—no other form of language had ever saluted her ear—the sunlight of a mother's love had never strewn guiding gems in her pathway. But I did not dwell upon this. I was to paint a night scene, with points visible only at intervals, by the crimson blaze of a volcanic light, the fire of passion! and I did it. And now came the closing scene. Ah! it was a terrible one, and she saw it all, for she bent nearer, and seemed scarcely to breathe. The old man stretched out there on the filthy floor, a dark stream of blood oozing from his throat and trickling along the uneven floor, until it came to the body of the little girl asleep on the rough boards,

and then creeping around her head and under her neck, saturating her tangled masses of hair; the mother roused to phrenzy by intoxication, holding the dripping razor over the lifeless form of her husband. O! it chilled his blood as it had my own.

The coach stopped, down went the steps with a clatter, and in a moment more my fair companion stood on the step of the hotel, assisted there in cold silence by her companion, who seemed affected by my recital, gloomy and absent. After seeing her baggage deposited and bowing to me she turned to "Sarah," and in a low tone said, "Good day, Miss Willet." Then I knew that the little girl of the cottage was before me. How my heart sank within me as I thought of the deep wound I had unwittingly inflicted. I could not apologize; for how could one be sincere who would pour into the ears of a stranger the poison of an evil word! The poor girl gazed after him whom she had believed an unchanging friend, until he disappeared in the distance, then turning to me lifted up her tear dripping lashes—and that look—I see it now—speaking of a great hope withered—of lulling joys gone—of a return never! It spoke a sad and eloquent reproach, and I knew, as she turned from me, that her sun of light had been quenched in dark despair, suddenly and forever! They told me she had been taken by a minister near, and that when time had removed the dark outlines of her early life in the minds of all, a stranger of all, a stranger of brilliant talents, but of proud spirits, had won her love, and I knew the rest.

**What became of her?** Why, years after when the idealism of youth had been exchanged for the reality of manhood; when I had been appointed to fill the magistrate's chair, they brought a troop of equal wretches before me on a charge of common vagrancy, and when three or four had been disposed of, one being called upon for her defence, arose, and bending over the railing, stretched forth her thin attenuated hands towards me. So they all did, and plead for liberty—but she, she did not plead, she bade me look upon her, staring, dying. I looked, and beheld the fisherman's daughter!

## Life in Camp.

The correspondent of the Picayune, in the absence of important news, furnishes the following:

**SAND BAR.**—Among the annoyances experienced by the Volunteers, during their encampment at the Brazos Santiago, previous to their march to Barita, is the light sand, which is agitated like dust by the sea breeze, and fills the eyes, tents, and food, of the men. The water, which is execrable, frequently produces painful diseases of the bowels—such as dysentery, &c. which sometimes evertate and discourage the men. Most of them, however, bear up under it with great fortitude, and joke over their pains; thus lightening their own burdens and cheering their comrades. One brawny-looking fellow, pale and haggard from suffering, reported himself to his captain, the other day as a used up individual. "Cap'n," said he, touching his hat, "I'm in a bad way—there ain't much fight left in me, I'm afraid—do you think the doctor has anything that will cure a sand bar?" "Cure a sand bar! no, I fear not—my impression is that sand bars can neither be prevented nor cured on this coast." "Well," replied the poor fellow, in a half-desponding, half-peculiar tone, "then I'm done for. I've been practising two days as an hour glass, sometimes standing one end up and sometimes the other, changing the position of a tremendous sand bar that has formed in my stomach—but in either place it fills the channel and cuts off all chance of navigation for pork and beans. I think I'll have to leave in, Cap'n." The surgeon, however, did not despair of relieving him, but confidently directed him to take four compound pills and to keep 't tight side up with care." He is now quite well.

**MEXICAN WOMEN.**—Much has been said and sung of Mexican females, of their loveliness, their kindness, and all that sort of thing. It is pleasant to imagine the contrast that no doubt exists between the males and females of Mexico. The first are fond of revenge, and many of them are thievish and blood thirsty in their propensities. Of the kind disposition of Mexican women, I have no doubt. They have too often shown it to our countrymen in captivity to allow us to form any other opinion of them. Of their beauty, however, I must confess that little can be said, if we speak of them collectively. I have seen hundreds of them, here, of all shades and conditions; and with less than half a dozen exceptions, have found them as ugly as a hedge fence. Even the prettiest female I have seen here, would hardly pass muster in Louisiana as a "good looking" girl. Very many of them, however, possess countenances of angelic sweetness, & all have excellent teeth. In truth, perfect teeth may be said to be a characteristic of the Mexicans, as far as I have known them. The employment of the women around Matamoros is varied, as in all parts of the world, and much more so than in the United States. They milk the cows, make bread, sow, soil at the market, peddle among our troops, and attend mass regularly. There is no occupation in which

much of their time is spent, and at which they are remarkably expert, viz: searching each other's heads for vermin. It seems to be a general understanding among them, that all have to go through with this kind of exercise daily, and it matters little to them who witnesses the interesting operation.

## CONFIDENCE IN WOMAN.

The fairest and brightest trait in the character of woman, is yet the greatest source of her sorrows and her ruin. There is nothing more pure, more holy, than that instinctive, confiding spirit, which leads a fair young girl to pour out the treasures of her innocent heart at the feet of one whom her soul loves, and who to her, is all that is good, upright, and honorable. The heart of woman is ever prone to love; it is the pervading, governing feeling of a woman's heart. She must have some one to love, some one to confide in, to look up to, and when she once pours out the garnered treasures of her affections upon an object, no time, nor sorrow, no blighting of hopes, no frowns of the world can root out the pure and holy impulse, but it nestles within the secret cells of the heart, and abides there till death.

How often is the soul pained and the rock of feeling struck until the waters of pity gush freely forth, to see some young spirit bowing in all the simple hearted purity and confidence of an innocent mind, at some one of clay, which the fancy had decked and ornamented with all that was virtuous and good, when the gush of love had blinded the judgment, and hidden from her view the rock which was to wreck her forever. And when the fell truth came stealing darkly upon her, and the iron entered her soul with all its ghastly pictures and withering thoughts, how true, how fatally true did she yet turn, and through weal and woe, through vice and shame, eling with the desperation of woman's love to him who was all unworthy of a sentiment so near angelic. And then the world—the lustidious, perfection exacting world, looked coldly on and cares naught for the agony of a spirit broken and perishing; but its finger is raised and another shaft sped into that bleeding bosom, while with proud tongue it recounts all which should be forgotten, yet forgets all that should be remembered. There is none of the mildness of mercy, nothing of pity or palliation in the world's judgment, but with unsparring lash, it drives the poor sufferer, betrayed by the best feelings of her nature, deeper down into the abyss of grief, and chains her there until the grave gives her spirit freedom once more. This is no overwrought picture, no wandering of the fancy, but it is a sorrowful truth, one that ought to be true no longer. We see such cases almost daily, and he must be worse than a brute who can regard them without emotion. Love, indeed, is the fairest and holiest sentiment of a woman's heart. It was designed to bless—but, alas! how often does it prove a sorrow and a blight!

Boston Star.

**PAREDES AND HIS WIFE.**—A late letter to the *New Orleans Commercial Times* contains the following statements with regard to the history and character of Paredes, the President of the Mexican Republic:

"Authentic rumors reached Matamoros yesterday, that Paredes would certainly be at Monterey, to avenge the defeats of the 8th and 9th of May. He is a brave man, enterprising, stubborn, and with much of the prestige belonging to high personal powers in the field. He is a natural son of Mira, by a priest, who shone both in field and church as a man of courage, genius, and resolution of purpose, in the war of 1812. He has transmitted most of the virtues to his son; and if he ever find himself at the head of a body of Mexican troops, he will give us battle."

To this the *Savannah Republican* adds an interesting description of the wife of Paredes:

"Paredes is, however, not more remarkable as a soldier than his wife was a heroine. A captain in the American Navy, well and favorably known in this city, who is intimately acquainted with the Mexican President, informs us that his wife is remarkable for her great coolness in danger as well as her unwavering devotion to Paredes. She always accompanies the army on horseback, and on several occasions has been known to dress her husband's wounds with her own hands on the field of battle!"

## TO WINE DRINKERS.

It is not generally known that wine baths are quite common in France—nevertheless, such is the case. The Duke of Clarence is not the only gentleman who has enjoyed an immersion in Matmsey. Punch has tried it with the very best Sherry. Only imagine! Punch—the veritable English Punch—swimming in French wine, and kicking and plunging, and laughing, until the tears ran down his cheeks, and never thinking of the expense—a five franc piece.

What! a five franc piece for a tub full of wine? Hurrah! Five francs? Gently—gently. At least fifty others bathed in the same wine—after Punch. The keeper of the *baigne* had a preference for Punch, and gave Punch the first dip.

After him came fifty others—making in all fifty five franc pieces.

"The wine was then thrown out?"  
"Not at all. Not so by any means."  
"What then?"  
"Bottled! Bottled, of course?"  
"Bottled! And for what purpose?"  
"Why, for drink, to be sure."  
"Drink! Who would drink such stuff?"  
"Why, the English do—the Yankees do. The latter import it in large quantities. It is a great favorite in Yankee-land."  
Now, dear wine-drinking friends, anti-temperance friends, when you next smack your lips over a glass of Champagne or Burgundy, reflect that a Lyonesse alderman may possibly have bathed in it, and see if the reflection will assist you in appreciating its flavor.—*Sunday Times*.

## The Cicada, or American Locust.

This is one of the most remarkable insects in natural history. It is hatched in a tree where the egg is deposited, falls to the ground in the shape of a small worm, and immediately buries itself in the earth. Its downward progress is continued to a considerable distance. We have marvellous reports," says the *Massillon (Ohio) Gazette*, "respecting the depths to which these insects penetrate—some affirming that they have been found fifteen feet below the surface." Another paper, the *Cleveland Herald*, says it has been ascertained on very reliable authority that locusts have been found in digging wells at the depth of thirty feet. At all events, whatever may be the average depth to which they descend, it is certain that they remain in the earth for the period of seven or eight years. At the expiration of that time they reappear upon the surface, pass out of the chrysalis state, assume wings, and in immense numbers occupy the trees and fill the air with their noise. The short period of their existence above ground is spent in preparing for a new brood, by depositing their eggs in the limbs and twigs of trees. The ovipositor of the female locust is admirably adapted to the purpose of boring small holes in the tender bark and wood into which the eggs are introduced. The existence of the locust from the time of leaving the earth until the time of its death is from twenty to twenty-five days; and during that time it does not appear to eat anything, some naturalists asserting that they are not provided with any organs of eating. Doubtless the present appearance of the cicada in the West will attract the attention of men of science in that quarter to a minute study and observation of the nature and characteristics of this curious insect.

**SWEARING.**—We have often spoken a word against this sin. But can we say too much when our ears are daily saluted with profane oaths and vulgar words? Who can pass our streets and not hear language that makes the virtuous blush? Our youth and children are growing up exceedingly depraved. What must be done? Grown up men must be on their guard, and not set a pernicious example before children. How many you hear talking aloud in the streets, who have not pride enough and principle enough about them to keep from words of profanity. Men must reform before we can hope to do much with the youth. We trust this caution may not be in vain. When you would be profane, remember who hears you. A child, perhaps, who is forming his character by your own.

**The Nez Percés Indians in Oregon** are said to be making considerable progress in civilization. They inhabit a desirable country, and are paying attention to agriculture, and have a large number of horses and cattle. They are more neat in their dress and more industrious in their habits than other tribes of Indians. Some missionaries have established schools among them. Mr. Spaulding has translated a portion of the Scripture's into their language; it is written with English letters but Indian words. A traveller from Oregon yesterday exhibited to us a manuscript book neatly written in that language by a native Nez Percés. It was a copy of the translation of the new testament, by Mr. Spaulding, and was well executed. The education and civilization of these aboriginal tribes should be encouraged.

St. Louis Era.

**To save Oats in feeding Horses.**—Crush or bruise your oats in a mill, or otherwise, and your horses will become fatter on half his usual allowance of these oats than he has before on double the quantity unprepared. If you cannot bruise the oats, pour hot water on them and let them soak a few hours.

Pardon thine enemy, and do him good as thou hast opportunity, and thou wilt resemble the incense that fills with perfume the fire that consumeth it.

Bread crumbled and mixed with equal quantities of powdered quick lime and sugar, makes a destructive bait for rats and mice.

The farms of Belgium rarely exceed five acres; and yet, by the excellence of their culture, they support a family comfortably.