

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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TERMS

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POETRY.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.
HAVE FAITH IN SOMETHING GOOD.

BY THOMAS OF BOSTON.

Sing me not in sighing numbers
That the world is full of woe—
That a dreary fate encumbers
All who struggle here below—
That the very best must suffer
With the worst, whatever they do.
And life rougher grow and rougher,
Till we bid the world adieu.

When the stars shall have no glow,
And the flowers no beauties hue—
When the birds shall sing no story
Of melodies forest new—
Then the soul of man may languish
From the joy true faith partakes—
Then his heart may wreath with anguish,
Till with agony it breaks.

But while God displays around us
Works so goodly and so fair—
While such grace and might have crown'd us,
Why should glorious man despair?
For the light that glows within him,
Is there not a certain aim,
That a fitting goal may win him,
Opened unto all the same?

There are outward prospects pleasing—
Inward promptings pure and high,
Which to cherish in the casing
Of unobscured truth is right,
Good awaits us, not by shrinking
From our duties or our spheres:
But by acting and by thinking
Hopefully through all our years.

Better trust and be contented,
Than be doubting and distressed—
Better have the hope pronounced,
Than the fear that is possess'd.
What though pain attend our being?
Death is suffering's silent friend,
Lays unto man's short-seeming
May be blessings in the end.

There is wisdom in believing
What can bring the spirit peace,
And the thought is not deceiving
That doth promise joy's increase.
There are prizes set before us,
Not to rack but cheer the mind—
With hope's banner waving o'er us,
And with cheering notes behind.

Happiest are the fleeting moments
When no evil seemeth nigh,
And the one of God's bestowments
In eternal glory.

Man has seen of evil engendering,
Fought with an unyielding foe,
And when he recounts his blessings,
Can he say he is untrue?

In at the Death.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCH
BY SOLITAIRE

On a bright June morning, while seated in camp on a lofty ridge near the Colorado river, in which, with two companions, I was engaged in trapping beaver, I descried far down on the plains, an object moving which I knew to be a buffalo, although in appearance, from the distance which lay between it and the spot upon which I stood it looked no larger than a common sized dog. I had but a few moments before returned from a five mile tramp, after an unsuccessful examination of our traps, and, though tired, I resolved, if possible, to have a taste of buffalo, for this was the first we had seen during a month's sojourn among the hills—the herds seldom traveling so high up. Acting upon this resolution I straightway put on my wet moccasins, which I had, a few moments previous, hung upon rods near our fire.

The Indians so inquired our neighborhood that we never moved from camp but with extreme caution; so, after concluding my necessary preparations for a start, I took a general survey from a neighboring peak, without, however, discovering signs of an enemy. I counselled my companions before I parted with them, to keep watch of my progress, and in the event of their discovering Indians, to inform me of the fact by waving their handkerchiefs, and pointing in the direction in which they were seen. Having concluded all preliminary arrangements, I descended into the valley, rifle in hand and knife in belt, with my ear open to hostile sounds, and my arm nerved for vigorous defence. After a tedious travel over broken ways, and through deep and dark ravines, I reached the valley, and struck out from the timber in order to gain a view of Nell's Peak, near where our camp was situated. Another reason for avoiding the covert was the fact of its always being the red man's lurking place. In about two hours' travel, I came near the solitary buffalo, quietly feeding upon a slope near the edge of a deep ravine, through which the Drip, a small tributary of the Colorado winds. I now edged into the timber, and, having gained a closer position, discovered my prey to be a large bull, which, I judged from his timid manner of going, had been separated from the herd by attack of Indians, and, having gained entrance to the valley, had pursued his way to this quiet spot. Carefully approaching him, I gained a favorable position, and, posing my trusty rifle, fired. With a snort of pain, he backed several paces and fell upon his haunches. Loading again, I advanced to de-

patch him, when, with a roar of pain, and with a sudden bound he approached to within a few paces of where I stood. Having but an instant to spare, I hastily raised my rifle and pulled the trigger, when, to my horror, the piece missed fire, even while the infuriated animal was so near that his breath mingled with his blood, was blown upon my person. Time for thought there was none. I could not regain the timber, so dropping my rifle, I made for the ravine. The rifle was a momentary diversion in my favour, for the beast paused to smell the death dealing weapon, but the next instant, with blood shot eyes, he madly rushed towards me. I looked into the ravine, and a glance revealed me a perpendicular precipice of one hundred feet, with the stream fretting and boiling, dark as ink, at the bottom! To leap across it was impossible—to plunge down was not to be thought of but as an act of despair, and alternative there appeared none. To thus have to come to a hurried decision, with peril on every side, the chances were ten to one that the worst horn of the dilemma would be chosen. The sequel will show.

A small projection of about three feet long by one wide, upon which grew a few scrubby bushes, presented itself at about ten feet distance from the edge of the ravine, and, without a second thought, I leaped upon this small shelf, which shook and quivered from the concussion of my leap, until I fancied I could feel it sliding from its place! The thought was horrible, and I shut my eyes in a partial swoon, expecting the next moment to be dashed into the bubbling current below; but after waiting a reasonable time and no concussion occurring, I opened them, and now my heart grew sick again at the peril of my position, from which there appeared no prospect of escape. I had spent but a moment in this contemplation—and just then thoughts were speeding rapidly through my brain—when the infuriated bull, his eyes like balls of fire, and the red current of life spouting from his nostrils, appeared above me, on the very brink, his four hoofs pushing the earth at the edge upon my head, while from his mouth he deluged me with a flood of sanguine hue. My position was horrible—most horrible. He pawed the earth and feebly shook his mane as if in exultation that his destroyer was about to be destroyed, and then the deep heaving of his mighty chest would again deluge me with its torrent of lava, which fell hot as a shower from Etna, and fell dying me like some victim for a heathen sacrifice.

Suddenly the struggle of the wounded buffalo appeared to cease—the blood poured from his nostrils an uninterrupted stream—his eye grew dim and his glassy stare was fixed upon mine. While his body for a moment swayed to and fro, as if he was about to sink down upon the earth—but dreadful was the thought, and terrible became the certainty that his huge form was gradually sinking over the edge of the precipice, directly above the scant footing upon which I stood. There was no escape! Every moment made his fall in the ravine more certain, and, at the contemplation of being hurled by this dying mass into the craggy bed of the stream beneath, my blood congealed with terror! Slowly his dark form sunk, and the earth crushing away beneath his bending limbs battered down upon me, until, with apprehension, I had grown mad, when, with a rushing sound like an avalanche, the wounded beast tumbled over the verge. For a moment, as he struck the projection on which I stood, his bulk poised, and the next, frantically grasping his shaggy mane, I was hurled with him to the bottom of the ravine, my slender resting place on the side of the precipice falling around me in a shower. I was stunned for a moment with the shock, but the cold stream bubbling about me soon brought back consciousness, when I found that my antagonist had happily fallen undermost. His form had broken the force of my plunge into the ravine. After washing the stains of victory from my person, I cut out a few steaks as a proof of my being 'in at the death,' and left his carcass to the wolves, well satisfied with my share of that game.

Repartee.—A dandy once went to a doctor to be bled: the doctor, after some time and trouble, succeeded in drawing blood from his trembling arm—whereupon the dandy, after a little of his fear had subsided, raised his head and exclaimed: "Doctor, I think you are a great butcher."
"Aye," said the doctor, "and I have just been sticking a great calf."

A witty word, spoken by a rich relative, is a very witty affair—even when the wit is not very apparent; but nobody laughs at the wit of a man in disgrace, or whose coat is out at the elbows.

The largest kind known.—A volunteer writing to Louisville from the Rio Grande, says that the musketeers there "can stand flatfooted upon the ground, and without difficulty drink water out of a pint tin cup."

In Great Demand.—When a steamboat arrives at Iowa with young ladies on board, the bachelors crowd on the wharf as our cabinmen do, and sing out, "have you a husband, Miss P. Will you have a husband?"

FROM THE SQUADRON.

The New Orleans Picayune, after noticing the arrival at Pensacola of the U. S. steamer Princeton, with despatches from Mexico for the Government at Washington, says:—
"The Princeton had scarcely set Lieut. Purviance ashore before she received on board Lieut. Hunter, of the Navy. He proceeds at once on the Princeton to Chagres, bearing despatches from the Government to Commodore Sloat. According to our correspondent, the purport of these despatches is to countermand those so recently sent forward from New York by Commodore Nicholson by the steam schr. Vixen. Lieut. Hunter has orders to proceed until he overtakes the former. The Commodore's despatches are supposed to breathe 'war to the knife' against Mexico, but those of Hunter, 'peace to this bosom'—so writes our correspondent.—The Princeton proceeded with all speed to lay in a supply of coal, and would leave Pensacola on Saturday last, the 12th inst. The Princeton brings word that the squadron had seized a vessel from the north of Europe, which attempted to violate the blockade. When she first attempted to enter Vera Cruz, she was warned off by one of the ships of the squadron, and appeared to comply with the intimation given her. Twenty-four hours after she re-appeared, and attempted to run the blockade, but was cut off and seized by the Somers, Captain Graham.—This time she sought to avoid the penalty of her offence by the pretext that she was short of water; but, upon being searched, she was found to have a supply sufficient for 12 days. A prize crew was at once put on board, under command of Lieut. Berryman, and the vessel sent to New Orleans. The crew of the prize were placed on board the Princeton, and sent to Pensacola. The cargo thus seized is very valuable, and estimated at \$80,000. [This vessel was the Hamburg brig Naid, from Bremen.]

INTERESTING FROM CALIFORNIA.

We have been permitted to extract the following from a letter received here yesterday, from an officer now on board the United States ship Levant, who was on board the U. S. Frigate Savannah, Commodore Sloat, when that officer took formal possession of California. As this affords the most particular account yet published of this conquest, we presume our citizens will peruse it with satisfaction.

ON BOARD U. S. SHIP LEVANT,
OFF Mazatlan, Aug. 10, 1846.
I wrote you from Monterey on the 16th of July, or shortly after, giving you a detailed account of the occurrences at that place; fearing, however, that you may not have received it, I forward it to you by this opportunity, which will probably be the last communication you will receive from me, being now homeward bound.

On the 6th of July all was bustle in the cabin of the Savannah: some four or five men were busily engaged in writing letters, proclamations, &c., preparatory to taking possession of California. It was long after the witching hour of midnight ere I was enabled to catch a short and troubled repose, as all was to be prepared by six o'clock the following morning, which came as bright and beautiful as a July day of our own favored land. At 6 A. M. Capt. Mervine came on board to receive orders, and at 7 he left with a summons to the military commandant of Monterey to surrender the place forthwith to the arms of the United States, and also a similar summons to the military Governor for the surrender of all California.

At 9 A. M. of the 7th of July, the expedition started from the Savannah, composed of the boats of the Savannah, Levant and Cyane, and landed without opposition at the mole. The forces were then marched up a short distance to the custom house where a concourse of the inhabitants were assembled. Here the marines and men were halted, and the proclamation read to the multitude by Rollman M. Price, E-q., Purser of the Cyane, in a loud and distinct manner, which was received with three hearty cheers by those present. The flag of the United States was then hoisted by acting Lieut. Edward Higgins, immediately after which a salute of 21 guns was fired by the Savannah and Cyane. The custom-house was then turned into a barrack for the United States forces, and everything settled down quietly.

Communications were immediately despatched to Commander Montgomery, of the Portsmouth, at St. Francisco, at which place, and at Zanonnia, the United States flag was hoisted on the morning of the 9th; and before ten days had elapsed the whole of California, North of Monterey, was under the flag of the United States, much to the apparent satisfaction of the people, who hope it will last, knowing how much better they will be off under the Government of the United States.

On the 16th of July Capt. Stockton arrived, too late, however, to participate directly in taking possession of California. On the 20th Commodore Sloat gave up the command to Commodore Stockton,

hoisted his flag on board the Levant, and sailed for the United States via Mazatlan and Panama, and we hope to reach the U. States in all November.

By the above account it will be perceived that private letters were sent, and in all probability official despatches were forwarded to our Government by Commodore Sloat, immediately after the occurrence above related, and their non-receipt, therefore, up to this time, must be owing either to miscarriage or to delays occasioned through negligence on the part of our Government in not providing the necessary facilities for the speediest transmission of intelligence to and from our squadron on the coast.

A SPANISH ROBBER—HIS LAST TERRIBLE ACTS.—A letter to the London Times, dated Madrid, Aug. 8, says:—An act of singular ferocity took place a day or two ago in the prison of Salamanca. A notorious robber and murderer, named Patino, the terror of the surrounding country for years, was lately captured and tried by court martial. He was at first sentenced to be shot, but the military authorities, thinking such a mode of punishment too honorable for such a miscreant, obtained its commutation to strangling by the garrote. On the morning of the 5th instant, the turkeys proceeded, as is usual, to inform the criminal that the Judge of First Instance, accompanied by the escribano, had arrived to announce in form his sentence, and to transfer him to the condemned chapel, preparatory to his execution. He was found with one of his legs released from the fetters, having skillfully employed a file for that purpose which he had concealed on his person.

Though still bound to the iron bar which traversed the dungeon, he flung himself on the turnkey, seized the massive keys, struck him on the head and dashed him against the wall outside. He then locked the door and shut himself up in the cell. The officers of the prison, the judge and chaplain implored him to cease such fruitless resistance and to open the door, or pass the keys through the grating. He refused, and uttered against them the most horrible imprecations. A blacksmith was called to undo the lock, but did not succeed, its massive strength resisting all his efforts. Half a dozen strong men then tried to break open the door with crowbars and heavy pieces of timber. They succeeded, and the door fell in fragments. The fury of the criminal then rose to its height. He placed himself behind a strong beam which went across the upper part of the door on the inside, and brandishing the formidable key, actually broke the head of the first man who attempted to effect an entrance. The wounded man was dragged out by his legs by his comrades. The others tried to enter in a body, but it was impossible: the door way was too narrow. For more than a quarter of an hour he kept them at bay, and answered to the entreaties of the officers and the prayers of the priest with the most awful blasphemies and the most disgusting obscenities. He then flung the keys at their heads with the utmost force, and severely wounded two persons.

Seeing all entreaties useless, a party of soldiers was called to the spot. The officer of the guard once more summoned him to surrender, but he replied with the grossest ribaldry and the most insulting gestures, and howled defiance to the whole garrison. The soldiers were ordered to load their muskets; while they were doing so he wounded the officer with a piece of limestone. The priest, seeing that he was to be shot down like a wild beast in his den, entreated the men to fire low, so as to disable, but not to kill him, in order that some chance might yet remain of repentance. A shot was fired, but it missed him. The ruffian fell back to a dark corner of the dungeon, as far as his chain permitted, and from thence flung stones and pieces of mortar at his assailants. Another shot was fired through the grating, and broke his leg. The wound rendered him savage beyond all description. He howled and howled, and foamed in rage; and still, dragging his smashed and bleeding limb along, flung missiles at the soldiers, who yet did not dare to venture into the darkness of the dungeon. A third shot was fired and his right shoulder was broken. The arm fell lifeless by his side and he lay on the ground.

He called out that he surrendered, but only because he could no longer resist. They entered, and he was dragged along the floor, bathed in his blood. As they were in the act of replacing the broken fetter, he collected his remaining strength, and with his left hand struck the turnkey with the iron on his head, and laid him at his feet. Three or four men threw themselves on him, and completely mastered him. He was then removed to the condemned chapel, after the sentence had been duly notified. He was subsequently visited by the priest, who employed every effort, but in vain, to bring him to a sense of his condition. His exhortations and prayers were replied to with the filthiest obscenity and the most horrid execration. To the last moment he continued the same, and even on the scaffold, seated on the fatal chair, with the cold instrument of death about to clasp his bare neck, this man in human form shouted to the horrid

crowd about him curses and imprecations on God and man.

Toleration in Turkey.

There are many indications that God is preparing the way for the speedy introduction of his gospel into all parts of the earth. Recent events in China, taken in connection with what he had recently done in other parts of Asia, show that he is determined, at no distant day, to open the world to his people.

The progress which religious freedom has made in Turkey, within the last three years, is a most significant occurrence.—In 1843, it will be remembered an Armenian who had become a Musselman, and then returned to the faith of his fathers, was beheaded at Constantinople, in circumstances peculiarly offensive to the civilized world. The Christian governments of Europe thereupon sent their remonstrances to the Sublime Porte; and it was hoped that the law under which this individual suffered, would henceforth be treated as a dead letter. In the course of a few months, however, a Greek was put to death at Broosa for a similar offence.—This new instance of intolerance immediately arrested the attention of Great Britain, and called forth a declaration that could not well be disregarded. Then it was that a memorable pledge was given in the following language: "The Sublime Porte engages to take effectual measures to prevent, henceforward, the execution and putting to death of the Christian who is an apostate." This pledge, in terms, did not meet the demand of the British Government. It left the Sultan at liberty to punish Mahomedans who should renounce their faith, with the utmost severity. It was predicted at the time, however, that the English Ambassador would never acquiesce in this interpretation; and the representatives of the Christian Governments were ready to take the same view of the subject. But it is doubtful whether the most ardent friends of religious liberty expected to see in 1846, such a change in the policy of the Sublime Porte as we are now permitted to record.

The recent trials which the evangelical Armenians have been called to endure, has invested the whole question of toleration in Turkey with new interest and importance. Most fortunately for the cause of truth and righteousness, it happened that the English Ambassador was prepared to do whatever became his office and station. The Prussian Ambassador and the American Charge were also willing to second him in his endeavors. As the result of their efforts, they have secured the most unqualified recognition of the principle, that men are not to be punished for their religious belief. Not only has the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs assented to this doctrine, but even the Armenian Patriarch has given it his sanction in the most public manner. And the representatives of Foreign powers, mentioned above, have also secured, as the practical consequence of this principle, the restoration of the persecuted Armenians of Constantinople to their places of business!—Thus has this trial, which was so grievous for a season, been made to issue, through the goodness of God, most triumphantly for the gospel of his Son. Well may the friends of missions thank God and take courage.—Day Spring.

Good Advice to Young Women.

Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency in life. Learn to work; and not be dependent on servants to make your bread, sweep your floors, and darn your own stockings. Above all, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you care and receive into your company those lazy, idle popinjays, who never tilt a finger to help themselves, as long as they can keep body and soul together and get sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at this subject in the light that we do; and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear it remarked, "Such a young lady has married a fortune," we always tremble for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents often turn a curse instead of a blessing. Young women remember this, and instead of sounding the purses of your lovers and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and hearts. Mark if they have trades, and can depend upon themselves—see if they have minds to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful wags; and by sending us five yearly subscribers, with the subscription money, for either the Daily, Semi-Weekly, or Weekly, will be entitled to one copy of the same edition as they furnish us subscribers for.

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