

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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## TERMS:

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## POETRY.

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.  
TO A SISTER.

I think of thee—I think of thee,  
Through change that teaches to forget.—WILSON

My sister, dearest sister, of  
Thought wings its way to thee,  
When gentle lips are breathing soft,  
Sweet tones of melody;  
When pleasure's gayest smiles abound,  
And revelry runs high,  
And lightning-glances gleam around  
From many a laughing eye,  
Then sister, dearest sister,  
I miss thy own sweet smile,  
That ever could make care less dull,  
And darkness thoughts beguile.  
When twilight's dusky curtain drops  
Around the fading day,  
And on the tall oak's glistering tops  
Gleams Sol's expiring ray,  
And in the vault of deeper blue  
That silent watcher gleams,  
At which we gaze so oft when flow  
Life's hours, like rose-dreams,  
Then sister, dearest sister,  
I miss thee from my side,  
And mourn the woe, envious leucæ,  
That do our hearts divide!  
But when, like the Autumnal leaf,  
Health's tree has shall'd and  
And on my cheek disease and grief  
Shall leave a ghastly shade;  
When bound in keenest anguish down  
I'm on a bed of pain,  
When hope will lead to fate's dark frown,  
And shed its rays in vain,  
Then sister, dearest sister,  
O, may I'll sigh for thee,  
To have thy soft and tender eye  
Beam sympathy for me!

## The Bride.

Emma had wheeled the sofa in front of the fire, and as Charles seated himself beside her he was certainly a happy fellow. Alas! he had as yet only drunk the bubbles on the cup. Emma looked lovely, for the glow of the warm coal fire had given bloom to her usually pale cheek, which heightened the lustre of her dark eyes. But there came a shade of thought over Emma's brow, and her husband instantly remarked it. It is strange how soon husbands see clouds over their wives' brows. It was the first that Charles ever saw there, and it excited his tender inquiries. Was she unwell?—did she wish for anything? Emma hesitated, she blushed and looked confused. Charles pressed to know what had cast such a shadow over her spirits.—'I fear you will think me very silly; but Mary French has been sitting with me this afternoon.' 'Not that, certainly,' said Charles, smiling. 'O, I did not mean that, but you know we began to keep house about the same time, only they sent with Mr. Brent to New York for carpeting.—Mary would have me walk down to Mr. Brent's store this evening, and he has bro't two—and they are such loves!' Charles hit his lip. 'Mary,' she continued, 'said you were doing a first rate business, and she was sure you would never let that odious Wilton lay in the parlor, if you only once saw that splendid Brussels—so rich and so cheap—only seventy-five dollars!'

Now, the odious Wilton had been selected by Charles' mother and presented to them, and the color deepened on his cheek as his animated bride continued.—'Suppose we walk down to Brent's and look at it; there are only two, and it seems a pity not to secure it.' 'Emma,' said Charles, gravely, 'you are mistaken if you suppose my business will justify extravagance. It will be useless to look at the carpet, as we have one which will answer very well, and it is perfectly new.' Emma's vivacity fled, and she sat awkwardly picking her nails. Charles felt embarrassed—he drew out his watch and put it back, whistled, and finally applying a periodical on Emma's table, began to read aloud some beautiful verses. His voice was well-toned, and he soon entered into the spirit of the writer and forgot his embarrassment, when, looking into Emma's eyes, how was he surprised, instead of the glow of sympathetic feeling he expected to meet, to see her head bent on her hand, evident displeasure on her brow, and a tear trickling down her cheek.

Charles was a sensible young man—I wish there were more of them—and he reflected a moment before he said, 'Emma, my love, get your bonnet and cloak on, and walk with me, if you please.' Emma looked as if she would like to put a little longer; but Charles said 'come' with such gravity on his countenance that Emma thought proper to accede, and not doubting but that it was to purchase the carpet, took his arm with a smile of triumph. They crossed several streets in the direction of Brent's, until at last they stood before the door of a miserable tenement on a back street.—'Where in the world are you going to take me?' inquired Emma, shrinking back.—Charles quietly led her forward, and lifting a latch, they stood in a little room, around the grate of which three small children were hovering, closer and closer, as the cold wind swept through the crevices of the decayed wall. An emaciated being, whose shrunken features—sparkling eye, and flushed cheek, spoke a deadly consumption, lay on a wretched low bed, the slight covering of which barely sufficed to keep her from freezing, while a spectral babe, whose

black eyes looked unnaturally large from its extreme thinness, was endeavoring to draw sustenance from the dying mother. 'How are you, Mrs. Wright?' quietly inquired Charles. 'The woman feebly raised herself on her arm: 'Is that you, Mr. West? O, how glad I am you are come—your mother?' 'Has not been at home for a month, and the lady who promised to look after you in her absence, only informed me to-day of your increased illness'—'I have been very ill,' she faintly replied, sinking back on her straw bed, Emma drew near, she arranged the pillow and the bed clothes over the feeble sufferer, but her heart was too full to speak; Charles observed it, and felt satisfied. 'Is that beautiful girl your bride? I heard you were married.' 'Yes, and in my mother's absence she will see that you do not suffer.' 'Bless you, Charles West—bless you for a good son of a good mother; may your young wife deserve you, and that is saying a good deal for her. You are very good to think of me,' said she, looking at Emma, 'and you are just married.' Charles saw that Emma could not speak, and he hurried her home, promising to send the poor woman coal that night. The moment she reached home that night, Emma burst into tears. 'My dear Emma,' said Charles, soothingly, 'I hope I have not given you too severe a shock. It is sometimes necessary to look at the miseries of others, that we may properly appreciate our own happiness. Here is a purse containing seventy-five dollars—you may spend it as you please.'

It is unnecessary to say that the odious Wilton kept his place, but the shivering children of want were taught to bless the name of Emma West, and it formed the last murmur on the lips of the dying sufferer.

## DOINGS IN HIGH LIFE.

Saratoga was, recently, the scene of what some term a disgraceful outrage, while others hold a very different opinion. The facts are as follows:—Madam Jumell, once the wife of Aaron Burr, is now here, with a turnout consisting of four grey horses and a barouche, with a seat behind, &c. She has several times rode out with her footman seated behind the carriage, and all four of her horses ahead; no one, however, took any notice of it.—Yesterday her carriage and four stood in front of the hotel one hour, on each of the eight horses a postillion was mounted, dressed in livery, with broad gold bands around their hats. During the time the carriage was waiting, a dense crowd had collected around. She had no sooner started off in her carriage, and the very instance she encountered another turnout exactly like her own, with the exception that it had white postillions and footmen, & the four horses were a shade lighter, while the sole occupant of the carriage was a shade darker, he being nothing more nor less than the Negro Tom Campbell, and away they both went in gallant style, amid the deafening cheer of the immense multitude.—On reaching Congress Spring, the negro's carriage had distanced the Madam's. At this point Madam Jumell's carriage turned round, and up she came again. But black Tom was not to be outgeneralled in that manner. His postillions wheeled his carriage round in a masterly style, and away he went up Broadway again—Black Tom standing erect in his carriage, displaying a shining row of ivory from ear to ear, and, as he passed the different hotels, gracefully acknowledging the cheers he received from the assembled multitude, or holding his beaver in one hand while with a white handkerchief in the other he saluted the bystanders on the sidewalk. In this manner they drove up Broadway, and turned down Church street. About an hour afterwards they were seen coming down Congress street, the horses attached to both carriages neck and neck. Turning the corner they both came up side and side to the hotel, black Tom's postillions having managed to get their carriage on the inside, Madam Jumell was compelled to drive around to the side door. Such is a plain, unvarnished statement of facts.—It has created a great excitement here.—Several gentlemen have been employed by Madam Jumell to ferret out the person who furnished the negro with the money to hire the horses, and paid him and his postillions for their services, and the affair promises some rich developments.

Kensall writes from Camargo as follows:

'As for amusements here, we have nothing of the kind. Many of the youngsters, when not on guard duty, spend the morning and evening on the river banks, eyeing the señoritas as they come down with their jars for water, and watching their antics while bathing, for they all dip themselves in San Juan regularly. Women are graceful at almost every thing they undertake, but there are four things at which they cut but a sorry and awkward figure: chopping wood, throwing brickbats, chasing turkeys through high grass, and swimming. I beg pardon of one and all, but the truth must be spoken.'

Counterfeits on the State Bank of Indiana, of the denomination of one dollar, are in circulation in the West.

## Thrilling Narrative.

### Loss of the U. S. Brig Washington.

U. S. BRIG WASHINGTON,  
PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 22, 1846.

To the Editor of the Baltimore Patriot:

Sir: Should you deem the enclosed details of the wreck of the U. S. Brig Washington, in the hurricane of the 8th instant, off Cape Hatteras, worthy a place in the columns of your valuable paper, they may prove not uninteresting to some of your readers, as being connected with the fate of a gallant officer, well known in your city, and wherever known beloved.

A NAVAL OFFICER.

After a pleasant cruise of about a month, in the Gulf Stream, where she had been employed surveying, the U. States Brig Washington, Lt. Comm'g. George M. Bache, stood in, on the 7th inst., for the capes of Virginia. As the weather appeared threatening, the wind fresh and blowing on shore, great anxiety was felt to reach an anchorage. The night came on dark and lowering, and as we neared the land all eyes were turned windward to catch the glimmer of the light for which we were striving, (that upon Smith's Island,) through the haze and squalls, now beginning to obscure the horizon, to windward. About eleven our hearts were gladdened by the welcome cry of 'light ho!' from the look out; but the joy was doomed to be of short duration. The light upon Cape Henry, without making much the harbor cannot be entered, must have been obscured by a squall, for when we brought by the wind, after bearing up for it, expecting every moment to make the looker for beacon, always clinging to the mariner, in our case we felt to be our only hope—the terrible cry of 'breakers ahead!' struck a pang to hearts throbbing with hope, and told that we were abandoned to the horrors of a lee shore, and that our only prospect of safety lay in being able to carry sail against the wind.—Sea and current forcing us upon Cape Hatteras, the terror of seamen, this all felt to be a forlorn hope, for the gale, now increased in violence, howled ominously through the rigging, and already our little vessel swagged under her canvass; the sky was obscured by flying masses of dark clouds; the crests of the waves heaving their dark volumes to the waves, flashed with the ghastly phosphorescent light often observed in storms, and once the sea was lit up for a few seconds by a pale blue light, known to seamen as the Corpus Santo, and whose appalling appearance they superstitiously regard as the precursor of misfortune and wreck; the barometer fell rapidly, and everything foretold a terrible strife of the elements.

Upon discovering the breakers, the brig was immediately worn with her head off shore; the courses reefed, her topsails double reefed and set. Nobly the gallant craft did her part; groaning in every timber; her tall masts bowing to the blast. Daylight found her still dragging on, and rising to the seas which appeared pressing on to her destruction; it brought an increase of wind, and most gloomy prospect; the sea ran fearfully high, and appeared one sheet of foam, far as the eye could reach. We had lost during the night the lee boats, which had filled and torn from the davits, jib and flying jib-booms, topmast, staysail, &c. The head, every cast of which had been watered with despatch, told that we were rapidly drifting upon the shore. By seven the wind had increased to a hurricane; sail after sail had been taken in, or splitting with a noise like thunder, blew into ribbons to leeward; the yards shivering like pipe stems; nothing remained but the fore-topmast, unconnected under which the brig lay 'till eleven, A. M. when the hurricane had reached its height, and raged with extraordinary violence, surpassing anything we had ever seen. The brig lay over completely on her side; the water boiling over the lee rail; we were obliged to cling to the rigging, to prevent being blown or washed overboard, for the sea appeared uprooted from its bed and borne in huge masses through the air, constantly swept overboard, and subsequently the weather ones, and the helm put up; she refused to answer it, and the order was given to cut away the mainmast; it was promptly obeyed, as was every other, our noble crew behaving with the steadiness and discipline characteristic of men-of-war's men.

In its fall the mainmast carried away the head of the foremast, topmast and foretop sail yards, which hung in a mass to leeward; every exertion was made to get clear of the wreck, and the shattered hull of the 'Washington' steered wildly on before the hurricane to the shore, she had striven so well to clear; the anchors had been prepared for letting go, as the last hope, yet no one imagined that the cables would hold for a moment in that furious sea. The horrors of the scene baffled description. The fierce howling of the hurricane, the roaring of the waves, breaking in irregular masses around us and pressing on madly in our wake, as if eager to be in at the death—were added to the crashing of spars, which, falling from aloft or launched on board by the sea, now made sad havoc among us. Two officers and several of the crew had been borne

wounded below; scarcely one among us escaped injury; and yet throughout this trying scene not a sign of flinching fore and aft, not a blanched cheek was to be seen; orders were given and executed with the coolness of every day manœuvring. Never did the writer feel so proud of his country's seamen as then. As we neared the breakers, each man awaited the fate which appeared inevitable, with a calmness and self-possession almost incredible.

At or near meridian, the helm was put down, and the laborer anchor let go; as she came to the wind, a heavy sea broke on board, throwing the brig upon her beam ends, shifting tanks, ballast, &c., in the hold, carrying away on deck, cabin, bulwarks, wheel, boats, &c., and washing overboard nearly every soul, but thrown aboard by the sea, as she righted half full of water, or clinging to fragments of the wreck, towing, all succeeded in regaining the deck, except our lamented commander, Lieut. Bache, and ten of the crew, whose names are subjoined. In a moment they were swept from our view, that moment showed them calm and composed, the determined spirit, which supported them on board seemed still to animate them.

One noble fellow, as he pressed astern, waved his hat in token of adieu, and the driving spray hid them forever from our sight. We supposed ourselves among the breakers, and that our unfortunate shipmates had but anticipated our doom—still it was a bitter pang to see them thus cut off from among us, and many an eye which had calmly confronted death, mistreated at their fate. They were among the flower of our crew, better seamen never trod a deck, and long will be cherished the memory of their generous, kindly nature. My pen is unequal to the task of paying a fitting tribute to the memory of our departed commander, to rare professional accomplishments, he added every virtue which ennobles the human character. Never was commander more sincerely beloved and respected by those who served under him; his duty was always uppermost in his mind, and the last words we heard him utter were addressing his officers when they stood upon the brink of eternity: 'Gentlemen, I hope you think I have done my duty—have used every exertion to save the vessel.' He had indeed done his duty, with the skill and courage which distinguished him—no mortal could have done more. Yet, when there appeared no earthly hope, God was mercifully pleased to succor us; the hurricane abated, our cables veered to the 'better end' (contrary to all expectation) held, and the anchors dragging checked her drift; soon after the wind suddenly shifted to the northward and westward, the sea went down considerably, and still dragging, the brig tailed off shore. She was lightened of kentledge, &c., the foremast cut away, and rode easily; at sunset Cape Hatteras was seen close aboard. Until the 12th, we rode to a heavy gale from the northward, with two anchors ahead—the stream cable had parted. Our cables bearing a heavy strain, we expected every moment to part, and the breakers upon the cape loomed astern. We were employed rigging jury masts, but having saved only a few light spars, managed badly. Upon the evening of the 12th the wind dying away, hove in on the larboard chain, and found the anchor gone. In heaving up the starboard one, when near the bows, its shackle bolt drew and it was also lost; made sail upon the jury masts and stood to sea. The next day spoke the brig J. Peterson, of N. York, and by her was kindly supplied with an anchor and a few spare spars, and the next day the steamer 'Palmetto,' obtained from her a small boat. Upon the 15th, walled by light airs from the southward, got within thirty miles of Cape Henry, when the wind again coming out fresh from the N. E. were again in great peril—barely succeeded in weathering 'Hatteras Shoals,' and again were blown into the Gulf Stream, where she lay 'till in a gale from the northward and eastward, until the 17th, when it abated, and in the afternoon, to the great joy of all hands, a man-of-war, showing American colours, was descried standing towards us. As she neared us, we recognized with emotions of pride and pleasure, the well known figure-head of the 'Constitution.' We were immediately boarded and taken in tow by her, and upon the evening of the 21st, exchanging with her gallant crew three hearty cheers, we cast off and stood in to the Capes of the Delaware, where we anchored upon the 22d, accompanied by a pilot boat. We were nearly destitute of water, and of every comfort, when we fell in with 'Old Ironsides,' and shall long remember with gratitude the kind of sympathy extended towards us by her officers and the alacrity and generosity with which they supplied all our wants.

The following is a list of those who perished upon the 8th:—Lieut. Com'g. Geo. M. Bache, Benjamin Derloff, John Fishbourne, James Dorsey, quartermasters; Henry Schroeder, sail-maker's mate; Thos. Hanford, Francis Butler, Lewis Maynard, William Wright; seamen; Peter Hanson, and Edward Greenman, ordinary seamen. The surviving officers of the Washington are John Hall, R. N. Stembel, J. R. M.

Mullany, Lieut.; S. D. Trenchard, Acting Master; E. J. Rutter, Passed Ass't Surgeon; Edward Donaldson and J. K. Murray, Passed Midshipmen; J. J. Rickles, Captain's Clerk; B. F. Ricketson, Master's Mate.

## The Army under Gen. Wool.

The New Orleans Delta has two letters from San Antonio de Bexar, dated Sept. 3 and 5, from which we extract the following:

Col. Harney, with a detachment of the 2d dragoons, consisting of Brevet Major Beall's, Capt. Howe and Blake's companies, returned from the Presidio de Rio Grande on the 26th ult., having been absent about one month. Since their return, Capt. Howe's company has been consolidated with Major Beall's & Capt. Blako's companies. Capt. Howe will probably go upon the recruiting service.

Gen. Wool is up early and late, and is fast bringing the volunteers into form.—He is still in town, but to-morrow or next day, will pitch his tent, with the troops, in camp Crockett, as will every officer, whose constant business does not make it necessary to remain in town.

I have no doubt that the General will take possession of the Capital of Chihuahua some time in the month of October.—The distance to the Rio Grande is calculated at about 140 miles, and from thence to Chihuahua, ~450 miles, making our march nearly 600 miles over a lovely country.

Since writing to you on the 5th instant, Capt. Washington's company of the 4th U. S. Artillery arrived here from Carlisle, Pa. They entered the city yesterday, and passed through in full uniform, with four six pounders and two twelve pound howitzers, with their caissons, travelling forge, baggage train, &c., &c., which made quite a formidable appearance for this part of the country, and much astonished the Mexicans here, they never having seen so great an artillery display in an army, and believing that nothing could equal that of the Mexicans. They encamped on the San Pedro, about two miles from the city.

Lieut. Rogers, of the 2d dragoons, (who was left by Col. Harney with three companies of Texas troops, under the command of Capt. Cady, at Presidio de Rio Grande,) and Mr. Callahan, arrived this morning, and reported the remainder of the command near at hand; their provisions being damaged and condemned, it became necessary to procure more—and as the inhabitants on the Presidio professed to be very friendly, they sent a small boat, with nine men, over the river, to bring the articles purchased. After the men had pushed off their boat they were attacked by a body of Mexicans, secreted in the chapparral on the bank of the river. Three of our party were killed, the remainder jumped overboard, and reached the bank on this side.

During the afternoon the Mexicans kept up a fire from their muskets, and succeeded in killing one mule and slightly wounding another. The troops having no means of crossing over the river, took up their line of march for this place, being already under orders to that effect. Undoubtedly by this time, this signal victory is heralded through Mexico, as giving additional lustre to the arms of the 'magnanimous and exalted people.' Before leaving, the provisions and other stores, together with a stock of goods belonging to Mr. Callahan, were burned, being unable to transport them to this place.

Surgeon E. B. Price, formerly of Baltimore, is ordered to headquarters as Medical Director.

We are fast approaching the day of marching, and every man is anxious to be off. We anticipate a pleasant trip, tho' there are some who fear that little fighting will be done. The troops are generally in good health, and those who brought disease with them are fast recovering.

Cut FODDER.—Every farmer, and others keeping horses and cows, should have a straw cutter. We are now and ever have been of the opinion, that from a fourth to half of the food usually consumed by our animals in winter might be saved by chopping. Corn butts, straw, and refuse hay, if cut, moistened with water, and sprinkled over with a handful of meal and a little salt, answers the purpose of the best hay, and is much cheaper.—Cultivat.

Wanting Workmen Back Again.—The proprietors of the Cotton Mill, in Schuylersville, N. Y., who reduced the wages of their hands, a week or two since, says the Schuylersville Herald, twenty five per cent., are now, and have been for several days, endeavoring to induce them to return to their work, at the old wages; but they are too late, as most of them are engaged to work in other mills.

A newspaper in a family is equal to three months in a school each year.—Go into the family where a newspaper is taken, and into those who 'cannot afford it,' and mark the difference in the intelligence of the children, and be convinced.

The Bank of Newstown has resumed specie payments; and its notes are received at par by the Bank of Penna.