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BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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THE BANNER

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POETRY.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

Oh! show me where He is,
The high and holy One,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And pray'st, "Thy will be done!"
I hear thy song of praise,
And lo! no form is near:
"Thine eyes I see these rains,
But where dost thou appear?"
Oh! teach me who is God, and where his glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.

"Gaze on that arch above;
The glittering vault admire,
Who taught those orbs to move?
Who lit their countless fire?
Who guides the moon to run
In silence through the skies?
Who bids that dawning sun
In strength and beauty rise?
There view in nature's bosom,
The sun, the moon, the stars, his majesty declare."

"See where the mountains rise;
Where thundering torrents foam;
Where, veiled in lowering skies,
The eagle makes his home;
Where savage nature dwells,
My God is present too;
Through all his wildest dells,
His footstep I pursue.
He reared those giant cliffs, supplies that dashing stream,
Provides the daily food which stills the wild bird's scream."

"Look on that world of waves,
Where finny nations glide;
Within whose deep, dark caves,
The ocean-monsters hide:
His power is sovereign there,
To raise, to quell the storm;
The depth his bounty shares,
Where sport the scalpy swarms;
Tempests and calm obey the same almighty voice,
Which rules the earth and skies, and bids far worlds rejoice."

"No human thoughts can soar
Beyond his boundless might;
He swells the thunder's roar;
He spreads the wings of night;
Oh! praise his works divine—
Bow down thy soul in prayer,
Nor ask for other sign,
That God is every where.
The viewless spirit, He—immortal, holy, blest—
Oh, worship him in faith, and find eternal rest!"

WOMAN.

How soulless is woman—
That painter can trace
The varied emotions
That gleam on her face?
And what art can portray
The feelings that lie
In the heaven of her bosom,
The glance of her eye?

How tender is woman—
The watcher at night,
Who leaves not the blossom
On account of the light,
An angel of mercy,
She soothes us in pain,
And smiles in our gladness,
When health comes again.

How lofty is woman—
Deep, deep is her ire,
When light words kindle
The spark on the pyre;
Majestic she towers,
Man quails from her view,
Till her wrath, like the cloud,
Soon dissolves like the dew.

How loving is woman—
How fragile she clings
To him she hath chosen,
Whatever he brings,
Through all he can utter
Are words to deceive,
Confiding—the loves him,
Though false—will believe.

How childlike is woman—
How winning her ways—
She strives for our pleasure,
Through long weary days,
No ill can afflict her,
No shade on her brow,
She seeks but to lead us
To sunshine and joy.

From the Washington Union.

Interesting Scenes in the Far West—Gen. Kearney & the Army of the West.

We have been favored with the following extract of an unofficial journal of 1st Lieut. Emory, of the Corps of Topographical Engineers. Lieut. Emory is chief of the engineer staff of Gen. Kearney's command.

We are pleased with the opportunity of laying before our readers such scenes as are here described, with so much novelty and freshness around them. The author of the journal, Lieut. Emory, is distinguished for his superior intelligence as an officer and a man.

Extracts from the Journal, commencing August 8th.

Remained in camp all day to allow Doniphan's regiment and the artillery to come up. Observed at night for latitude and time, and found our chronometers preserving their rates admirably. Light hurricanes of wind, and clouds discharging rain to the west. Capt. Sumner drilled his three squadrons of dragoons, and made quite an imposing show.

August 9th.—At 2½ broke up camp, and marched with the colonel's staff and the 1st dragoons 10½ miles and encamped under the mountains, on the western side of the Canadian river, on the banks of a small stream, a tributary of the Canadian. Grass short, but good; water in small quantities and in puddles. Here found a trap dyke, course N. 3 W., which shows itself also on the Canadian, about 4 miles distant, in the same course. Six miles from last night's camp the road forks: one running from the mountains to the west, but nearly parallel, with the old road, and

never distant from it more than four miles, and almost all the time in sight of it. The army was here divided: the artillery, infantry, and wagon train ordered to take the lower road, the Missouri volunteers and 1st dragoons the upper. The valley here opens out into an extensive plain, slightly rolling, flanked on each side by ranges of perpendicular hills covered with stunted cedar and the pinon. In this extensive valley or plains may be traced, from any of the neighboring heights, the valleys of the Canadian and its tributaries—the Vermijo, the Poniel, the Cimaron, the Rajado, and the Ocate. Saw great quantities of antelope, deer, &c.; cactus in great abundance, and a plant which my friend, Dr. DeCamp, pointed out as being highly balsamic. He collected quantities of it in his campaign to the Rocky mountains, and tested its efficacy with entire success as a substitute for balsam copaiva.

Observed a great many insects at the camp to-night, the first of any number since leaving the Arkansas. Scarcely a bird, however, to be seen, the cow-bird always excepted, which has been in great numbers on the whole route, and very tame, often lighting on your horse. The horned frog is also numerous, and has been the whole distance from here to beyond Bent's Fort.

August 10th.—Col. Kearney, dissatisfied with the upper road, determined to strike for the old, which we did. After reaching the Vermijo, 9½ miles, in a diagonal line, and reaching the road at the Cimaron, where we found the infantry encamped; total distance, 20½ miles; grass good, and water plenty, though not flowing. Another trap dyke, parallel nearly to the last; both strewed with fragments of ferruginous sandstone, crystallized carbonate of lime. A Mexican came into camp, from Bent's Fort; reported Lieut. Albert Touché. Col. Kearney allowed him to pass to Taos; for which place, 60 miles distant, by a bridge path, he set out to reach to-night. The colonel sent by him copies of his proclamation, letters to the alcalde, padre, &c.

Five Mexican spies were captured by Bent's spy company, who had been sent over to reconnoitre us, with orders to retain all persons passing out of New Mexico.—They were mounted on diminutive asses, and cut a ridiculous figure, alongside of the thumping big men and horses of the 1st dragoon. Fitzpatrick, our guide, who seldom laughs, became almost convulsed when he turned his well-practised eye upon them.

Tonne, an American citizen, came to headquarters, when at the Vermijo, and reported himself just escaped from Taos. He reports that the proclamation of Governor Armijo reached there, calling the citizens to arms, and placing the whole country under martial law. He stated that Armijo has assembled all the Pueblo Indians, above 2,000; all the citizens capable of bearing arms; that 360 Mexican dragoons arrived in Santa Fe the day Armijo's proclamation was issued; and that 1,200 more are hourly expected. That the Spanish Mexicans, to a man, are anxious for a fight, but that about half the Pueblo Indians are indifferent on this subject, but will be made to fight.

A succession of thunder storms passed yesterday to the north and west of us, but nothing reached us. The ground showed recent rain, and so does the grass, which looked as it does in the spring, just sprouting.

The hills to the left are, as near as I can judge, the same as in the Raton, of different colored sandstone, regularly stratified, and dipping gently to the east. The growth, on the mountains, pinon and cedar; on the plains, scarcely a tree can be seen, and those along the edges of streams. Observed at night for latitude and time.

August 11th.—Made a long march to-day, with the advanced guard—the 1st dragoons, to the Ocate, 31½ miles. The road approaches the Ocate at the foot of a high bluff, to the north, and runs through a canon, making it inaccessible to horses. We followed it four or five miles. Where the road crosses the river is dry, and we ascended the stream about a mile from the road, and found good grass and running water.

The scenery to-day was very pretty, sometimes approaching to the grand,—road passes through a succession of valleys, and crossed numerous divides of the Rayado and Ocate. The Rayado is a limpid running stream, 10 miles from the Cimaron, and although we have been in the midst of mountains for some days past, this is the first stream that has anything the look of a mountain stream. The grass, however, is not good. Two and a half miles further on, at the foot of the mountain, there are springs. At the last place they halted. About 5 miles before reaching the Ocate, the road descends into a valley overlain by confused and rugged cliffs, which give promise of grass and water; but on going down, we found it had no outlet, and that this beautiful valley terminated in a salt lake, which is now dry, and the bed encrusted with a thin coat of white substance, (see specimen.)

Here the road is indistinct, and takes a sudden turn to the left; at this moment we discovered, coming towards us, at full speed, Bent's spy guard. All thought they had met the enemy. I rode forward

to meet him, followed by Mr. Fitzpatrick and two dragoons. It turned out to be a false alarm. Like a set of silly fellows—or as Mr. Fitzpatrick called them, d—d fools—they got off the road, which we were not aware of, and were now galloping back to it in full speed.

The hills are composed of what I take to be trap, and a porous volcanic stone, very hard, with a metallic fracture and lustre. It is underlain by sandstone. From the uniform height of these hills, one would think they originally formed the table land, and that the valleys had been washed, and their limits determined by the existence or non-existence of the hard crust.

Things are now becoming very interesting. Five or six Mexicans were captured last night, and on their persons were found the proclamation of the prefect of Taos, based upon that of Armijo, calling the citizens to arms to repel the Americans, who were coming to invade their soil, and destroy their property and liberties; ordering an enrolment of all citizens over 15, and under 45, and a list of arms and ammunition. It is decidedly less bombastic than any Mexican paper which I have yet seen. Col. Kearney assembled these prisoners altogether, some ten or a dozen; made an admirable speech to them, and told them that when the rear guard of the army had passed, that they be released. In his speech he informed them that he considered New Mexico a part of the United States; that he intended to extend our laws over it, and substitute laws for the arbitrary will of one man; that he came as the friend of the people; that he would protect them in the exercise of their religion, and of their property; that he would defend the weak against the strong, and the poor against the rich. This brightened their faces, as far as such poor, downcast, unmeaning faces could be brightened. They were not deficient in form or stature. Their faces expressed good nature, but almost idiocy. They were mounted on little donkeys, or jennets, and guided by clubs instead of bridles; the whole turned out contrasting in a way with our large, well-mounted dragoons, that was very ludicrous. The colonel said to me, "Emory, if I have to fire a round of grape into such men, I shall think of it with remorse all my life."

To-night two more Mexicans were captured, or rather came into our camp, who were severely cross-questioned by the colonel. Their story was that they came out by order of the alcalde of the Moro town to look out for their standing enemies, the Eutaws, who were reported in the neighborhood; that they had heard of our coming some time since. They believed us at the Rayado, twenty-two miles back, but seeing our wagons, and having faith in the Americans, they rode without hesitation into our camp. When they said they had faith in us, the colonel, with great quickness, ordered them to shake hands with him. He then told them pretty much the same that he told the Mexicans this morning. These men appeared to be of a higher class, and listened with profound attention. The colonel told them, in conclusion, that he must keep them for a day or two; for it was quite evident to all of us that they were spies, who had come too suddenly into the little ravine in which we were camped.

They appeared well satisfied. One of them, with the guard, turned back, and presented the colonel with a fresh cream cheese.

Collected a great variety of new and beautiful flowers. The hills sparsely covered with cedar and pinon. Antelope and horned frogs in abundance; no other animals seen.

August 12th.—The colonel discharged the oldest Mexican, giving him two proclamations—one for the alcalde, another for the people of the town. He sent a message to the alcalde to meet him at the crossing of the Moro with several of his head men. The other Mexican was detained as a guide. About 12 o'clock, the advance was sounded, and the Colonel, with Sumner's command, marched twenty miles, and halted in a beautiful valley of fine grass and good pools of cool water. The stream, when flowing, is a tributary of the Moro. From the driftwood, &c., found in its wide, well-grassed bed, I infer it is subject to great freshets. In crossing from the Ocate to the valley of the Moro, the mountains become more rolling, and as we approach the Moro, the valley opens out, and the whole country becomes more tame in appearance. Ten miles up the Moro is the Moro town, containing, as the Mexican informed me last night, 200 houses. It is off the lower road but a tolerable wagon road leads to it from our camp of last night.

The plains were strewed with a red porous lava-like substance. (See specimen 30.) The hills to the left, covered with white. (Specimen 31.) The plains are almost destitute of vegetation—the hills covered with a stunted growth of pinon and cedar. Rains have fallen here recently, and the grass in the bottoms is good. The gramma now constantly appears, but very thinly scattered over the ground. Saw, to-day, some prairie dogs, with stripes on their sides; resembling the common prairie dog in everything else. A flight of birds to the south, but too far to distinguish them. Antelope and horn-

ed frogs as usual. Attracted to the left by an object supposed to be an Indian; on reaching found it a sandstone block, three feet long, standing on end, and topped by another, shorter. A mountain man, who was along, said it was in commemoration of a talk and friendly smoke between some two bands of Indians.

August 13th.—At 12 o'clock, as the rear column came in sight, the call of "boots and saddles" were sounded, and in twenty minutes we were off. We had not advanced more than one mile when Bent, of the spy guard, came up with four prisoners. They represented themselves to be an ensign and three privates of the Mexican army, sent forward to reconnoitre, and ascertain our forces. They said 600 men were at the Vegas to receive us, and give us battle, or treat us as friends, according to our intention towards them. They told a great many different stories, and finally delivered up a paper, being an order from Captain Gonsales, to the ensign, to go forward on the Bent Fort road, and ascertain our position and numbers. They were severely cross-questioned by the Colonel, and told very much the same that all the rest have told. They were retained for the present as prisoners.

As soon as we commenced descending into the valley of Moro creek, Col. Kearney's orderly, who carried his telescope, reported a company of Mexicans at the crossing. Col. K. ordered me to go forward with 12 dragoons, and reconnoitre the party, and if they attempted to fly, to pursue and capture as many as we could. As we approached this company, it seemed wondrous still and motionless; but a few steps dispelled the illusion, and showed the pine stakes of a corral. The dragoons were sadly disappointed; they evidently expected a fight or chase. A few minutes brought us to the first settlement we had seen in 77½ miles. The first object I saw, was a pretty Mexican woman, with clean white stockings, who came to me, very cordially shook hands, and asked for tobacco. Fitzpatrick said I was singled out for my large red whiskers; but I was at the head of the party, and that was the reason of the honor done me.

The next house, and out popped a live American, and soon after, his wife. This was Mr. Boney, who has lived here for some time, owns a large number of cattle and horses, which he keeps to defiance of wolves, Indians, and Mexicans. He is a perfect specimen of a generous, open-hearted adventurer, and is in appearance what I have supposed Daniel Boone to have been. He drove his herd of cattle into camp, and picked out the largest and fattest, which he presented to the army.

Below, about 2 miles, at the junction of the Moro and Sapilla, is another American—Mr. Yells, of North Carolina. He has been here but six months, and from his gay dress might have been taken for a sergeant of dragoons, with his blue pantaloons with broad gold stripes on the sides, and his jacket trimmed with lace. I bought of him at four bits the pound.

We halted at Sapilla, distance 9½ miles from our last night's encampment, in a tremendous shower. Grass indifferent, having been eaten up by the cattle from the ranchos. Wood and water plenty.—At this place an American came into camp from Santa Fe, on foot, with scarcely anything on his back; except from three night before last at Mr. Houston's request, to inform Col. Kearney that Armijo's forces were assembling to the number of 8,000 or 12,000, and that he might expect vigorous resistance; and that a place called the Canon, 15 miles from Santa Fe, where I had before predicted the battle would be fought, was being fortified, and advising the colonel to go around it.

The canon is a narrow defile, easily defended, and of which we have heard a great deal. A conflict now is inevitable, and the advantages of ground and numbers will, no doubt, enable the Mexicans to make a stiff fight.

Miserable grass, and the camp ground inundated by the shower of to-day, which was quite a rarity with us, although we understood the rainy season had commenced ten days before, farther in the mountains.

August 14th.—The order of march to-day was the order of battle. After proceeding a few miles, we met a queer cavalcade, which at first we thought was the looked for alcalde from Moro town; but it turned out a messenger from Armijo. A lieutenant, one sergeant, and two privates, of Mexican lancers. The men were good looking enough, and evidently dressed in their best bib and tucker. The crosses in their pantaloons were quite distinct. Their horses were moan in the extreme, and the contempt with which our dragoons were filled was evident.

The messenger was the bearer of a letter from Armijo, in answer to the colonel's. The army was on tip-toe to know the contents of the letter. The colonel communicated it to but few, myself amongst the number. It was a sensible, straightforward letter, and if written by an American, or by an Englishman, would have meant this; "You have notified me that you intend to take possession of the country I govern.—The people of the country have risen in mass to my defence. If you get the country, it will be because you prove the strongest in battle. I suggest to you to stop at the Sapilla, and I will march to the Vegas.

We will meet, and negotiate on the plains between them."

The artillery were detained a great while in passing the Sapilla. This kept us stowing in the plains for four hours, but it gave the colonel time to reflect on the message with which he should dismiss the lancers. There were apprehensions that Cook was detained, and this made our discharge a matter of reflection: Sixteen miles brought us in sight of the Vegas, a village on a stream of that name. A halt was made at this place, and the colonel called the lieutenant and lancers, and said to them: "The road to Santa Fe is now as free to you as it is to myself; say to my friend, General Armijo, I shall soon meet him, and I hope it will be as friends. I come here as the friend of the whole Mexican people, and not as their enemy. My government considers New Mexico a part of the United States, and I intend to extend her laws over it. All who obey me, and do not resist, I will respect, and make secure in their property, their persons, and their religion. All who take up arms against me, I will treat as enemies."

A great deal more was said; but the conversations which followed with other people were so much more significant, that I will not repeat what passed. At parting, the lieutenant embraced the colonel, Captain Turner, and myself; this was the first man hug that I ever encountered, and if God spares me, it shall be the last.

The country to-day was a rolling, almost mountainous prairie; the grass on the hills beginning to show a little. The soil was good enough, apparently, but vegetation was little or nothing, from the want of rain.

As we emerged from the hills into the valley of the Vegas, our eyes were saluted, for the first time, with waving corn. The stream was full, and the little drains, by which the fields were irrigated, full to the brim. The dry soil seemed to drink it with the avidity of our thirsty horses.

The village, at a short distance, looked like an extensive brick-kiln. On approaching it, its outline presented a square, with some arrangements for defence. Into this square they are sometimes compelled to retreat, with all their stock, to avoid the attacks of the Eutaws and Navajos, who pounce upon them, and carry off their women, children, and cattle. But a few days since, they made a descent upon the town, and carried off 120 sheep, and other stock. As Captain Cook passed through the town, some ten days since, a murder had just been committed on these helpless people. Our camp extended for a mile down the valley. On one side was the stream, and on the other the cornfields, with no fence or hedge interposing. What a tantalizing prospect for our hungry and jaded nags!

The water was free, but the colonel posted a chain of sentinels to protect the corn, and gave strict orders that it should not be disturbed. Capt. Turner was sent to the village to inform the alcalde that the colonel wished to see him and the head men of the town. In a short time, down came the Alcalde, two captains of militia, with numerous servants, prancing and carrying their little nags into camp. The colonel stated to them that he was ordered by his government to take possession of the country, and annex it to the United States—to extend over it the laws of the United States, and the protection of her troops. He hoped to effect this object peaceably; but if need be, had the power, and would do it forcibly.—That he had no doubt of his ability to do it peaceably, if the people of the country could be brought within the sound of his voice, and made to understand the advantages they were to derive, in the protection of their lives and property from the savages, and in the just administration of the laws. That he desired the alcalde to assemble all his people in the plaza, where he would address them at 8 o'clock next morning.

All went on smoothly, except with one of the captains of the militia, who was very surly, and said he always understood the Arkansas was the boundary of the United States, and soon after rode off abruptly, leaving the party. The old alcalde was very confidential, begged the colonel, in a whisper, to allow no trespass upon the corn. The colonel pointed him to his chain of sentinels. The old man then pulled out a bottle of vile Taos whiskey, and requested us to drink with him. The dose was bitter, but taken with plausible grace.

(We must close our extracts for this evening's "Union." The first step on the next morning brings our army into Santa Fe. We postpone till to-morrow evening the transactions which took place in the city—the capital of New Mexico.)

It's Just a Fashion.—The pious Mr. —, who, by the way, is suspected of being no better than he should be, notwithstanding all his professions, a short time since rebuked a well known merchant of this city for using profane language.

"Your language is ungentlemanly, and impious," said Mr. —, "you should break yourself of such an abominable practice."

"I know it," returned the dealer in cotton bales and profanity; "but most men fall into some error or another unknown to themselves, yet they are entirely innocent of all intention to do wrong, notwithstanding their inaccuracies; now, I swear a great deal, and you pray; a great deal, yet neither of us, I am confident, means any thing by it!"