

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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THE BANNER

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POETRY.

SONNETS.

BY BENJAMIN HALLECK.

To love and be beloved again--to feel
That one heart beats responsive to our own;
To cherish joy that words can ne'er reveal,
Gentle and lovely as the dying tone
Of far-off music, to go strong and forth
On life's rough journey, girl with Woman's love,
And woman's truth, jewels of priceless worth
That sorrows dim not, trials can but prove;
To stand with her beside the shrine, where lie
Our household gods--to feel her true hand press
Our own in silence, while with her eye
Glistens the tear of holy tenderness;
To listen to a voice whose every tone
Tells us, that we on earth are not alone.

To see the worm feed on the pallid cheek,
Where shines the star presaging swift decay;
To tremble with a fear we may not speak;
To bid adieu to hope's declining ray;
To know that she who loved and prize must die,
Even in the opening of her spirit's dream--
That the deep love that flashes from her eye,
Is doubly bright with life's last hectic gleam;
To find beside that loved one's grave and feet
Life's bitter tears, or memory's waste--no kneel
Beside the dwelling of our cherished dead--
Sending the bruised spirit forth to trace
Beyond the sky, her peaceful resting place.

To stand upon life's desert and to know
The love-lit radiance of woman's eye
Is not for us; to watch the flowers of life
That on another's breast must blushing lie;
To cast affection on one shrine and blush
There's no divinity to feed the flame;
To feel the brain throbs and the senses reel,
When'er we hear the loved and cherished name
Of one whose heart can give no other look,
Into the voice of our own burning prayer:
Whose eye could beam on our cheerless track
Serve but to show the depth of our despair,
Where crushed to earth hope perishes in gloom,
And memory weeps in pleasures living tomb.

These are the lights and shadows of man's life,
The fretwork woven by the hand of fate
With the mix'd web of a thrilling warshipper;
With grief and gloom; yet onward thus we wait
A thousand ministrants, to dry the tears
Of deepest sorrow, or estrange the mind
From love's first throb, breathing in his ears
Spells more enchanting than he leaves behind
A thousand streams gush forth to sweep away
The dim memorials of joy and grief,
Beneath whose waves, unseen, unnoted, lay
Affection's garlands, withered--flower and leaf--
While other gods, Ambition, Wealth, or Fame,
From his changed heart a fleeting homage claim.

But love, first love, is woman's life--to her
No second flame is deep, abiding long,
At one she shares a thrilling warshipper;
Fearful, yet trusting, her young spirit clings,
Unchanging, unchangeable, that altar round,
Thro' veal and wine--thru' glory, grief or shame,
Till death, whose hand alone can quench the flame,
O'er the crushed heart spreads the gray shroud,
Should fatehood's hand except the living lyre
Of young affection, that but once can pour
Forth from the heart its melody and fire,
She droops the riven strings in sadness weep,
And like the faded bird of southern skies,
Enamored of its own sweet music, dies.

Who are Gentlemen?

In our intercourse with society, we are often surprised to notice what despicable and contracted sentiments are yet abroad in the world, in respect to the characteristic marks of a true gentleman. There are thousands of individuals who aspire to the reputation of a gentleman, or who perhaps fancy themselves to be really such, yet whose highest and most comprehensive notions of the character are confined to mere external accomplishments. There are many females, too, who seem not once to have a distant idea of such a person, unconnected with coxcombery of demeanor, and that polished, courtly exterior which is so often assumed by heartless, abandoned libertines, to hide the foul rottenness of their characters, and the baseness of their designs. Why also do we so frequently see individuals of the other sex who claim to possess the most spotless character, to give tone to society, receiving into their parties and caressing, nay, not hesitating to promenade in public, arm in arm, with depraved and profligate wretches, as their honored associates--debauchees who are known to be dissolute, yes, odiously licentious in their habits--and this without a blush! Why do ladies of quality, instead of scorning even the approach of such wretches, and repelling their presence as an insult and affront to their sex, even evince a preference for their society over men of exemplary characters--apparently delighting in their attentions, if they happen to be talented, rich and fashionable, even though they may have been guilty of the deepest baseness to other women? Why, too, do the young of the gentler sex so often manifest such an eagerness to draw around them the butterflies of ours, beings of mere tinsel and foppery, to the exclusion of the meritorious and deserving, who seek companions for life, and not the glittering playthings of an hour? Why is it that men may practice with impunity vices which, in the other sex, will not be tolerated for a moment; or that abandoned libertines, addicted to the vilest species of profligacy, and, worse than all, who do not pretend to disguise their evil habits, yet hold up their heads in society as gentlemen while the female who is even suspected of the slightest deviation from the rules of chastity, is consigned to everlasting infamy and disgrace? The undeniable fact is, that the old and just maxim of Pope, that "worth makes the man," has sunk into oblivion; new standards of char-

acter have been set up; and the fundamental qualities which enter into the modern fashionable idea of gentlemen, have less relation to innate honesty, and worth, than to the length of his purse, the texture of his cloth, and the scrupulous exactness of his grimaces and bows.

We believe that true gentlemen are confined to no walk or rank in life. The sturdy blacksmith, with his dandy garments, his open honest countenance begrimed with smut, and his rough, hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war, has an immeasurably higher claim to that honorable name than the shallow pated fop who skips through college with kid gloves and a rattle, cultivates the graces before the glass and the ladies, and takes his diploma with all his blushing honors on his head. It is a false and contemptible notion, that unless a man can boast a high descent, or rolls majestically along in a coach emblazoned with arms, his name should be stricken from the list of gentlemen. Which class has from time immemorial conferred the brightest honors on the human race--the haughty aristocrat, who shrinks with strong convulsions from the touch of the honest poor man, and moves with a step that seems dainty of the soil it treads on, or the humble peasant who claims no merit but nobility of soul? Whence come the great lights of the intellectual firmament--the stars that form the brilliant galaxy whose beams dazzle the eye of every beholder? In the vast majority of instances, they have emerged to eminence from the chilly depth of obscurity, destitution and want.

Whose voices are oftentimes in successful vindication of human rights, and float over mountain and plain, over ocean and land, till they vibrate on the ear of the remotest dweller of Christendom? Who are they that Pluck bright honor from the pale faced moon,
Or drive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathomed line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks?

The scions of noble blood? The worshippers of Bacchus and Venus, who fritter away the hours granted by Heaven for self-improvement, in the study of the contemptible and puerile forms of fashion? No! They are men of low parentage--men who have buffeted the billows of fate without dependence, save upon the mercy of God and their own energies--the gentlemen of nature, who have trodden under foot the "painted lizard" of society, and worked out their own distinction with an ardor that could not be quenched, a perseverance that considered nothing done while anything remains to be done.

Yankee Blade.

THE PROSTRY-SOUL RUSSIANS.

In this desolate region I saw men old with grey hair and ruddy faces, who had lived through sixty dark winters and as many shadeless summers, and seemed contented, if not happy. But utter forgetfulness seems to be their highest pleasure. When the Russian peasant has earned enough to afford the luxury, he goes to town when all the church bells are ringing, to hail some saint's day; he solemnly attends the ceremony of worship, and goes through all the required forms of kneeling, prostration, and making signs of the cross. This done, he hastens to the Brandy shop,--there he wastes no time but pulls out his money and buys as much brandy as he can afford. He does not toy with his liquor, but swallows it down at once, and in a few minutes falls senseless upon the floor. The tavern keeper takes his satisfied customer by the heels and draws him out into the street there to lie till the next morning. Frequently as we entered a town after the celebration of a festival, we saw a score of these brandy drinkers lying senseless by the side of the road. Even love in this country seems to have caught some frost from the climate. We continued on as far as Ustjug-Weliki, and here we found an amusing instance of national taste. In the market-place stood a long row of stout, honest looking, ruddy-cheeked peasant girls, each with a basket upon her arm. They had come up the river to sell themselves! It was a market for wives, with their dowries in their baskets! The young men of Ustjug-Weliki walked along the tempting line of faces, in a very apathetic way, and seemed quite as earnest in peeping into the baskets, as looking on the faces of these willing girls. I and my companion made an appraisal of the charms thus freely exhibited, and I think we noticed two or three that might have served us as excellent wives, had our circumstances allowed of such a speculation. Positively, there was something to me quite charming in this plain business-like arrangement of matrimony, as contrasted with the same thing done in our fashionable circles, in such an indirect, round-about, and hypocritical style.--Work of a late Traveller.

REFLECTION.

As we look back on our past lives, we regret many a bargain we have made, and many a step we have taken. Here we went too fast; and there too slow--one day we lost by our folly, and the next by our pride and extravagance. In reviewing the past, we thus see causes for regret and repentance. But there is one thing we are never sorry for, let us live as long as we may--we never mourn over a correct and virtuous

life. When pillowed for the night, we have no reproaches for a good deed or a kind suggestion. When the world has no attraction for us--when its prospects and its glories are fading from our gaze, and the visions of an eternal state are bursting upon us--it is then we think of an honest and upright life. Who, with the hour of death in view, would ever perform a wicked act? One hour of serious reflection will unfit us for any vicious society or unholy career. How strange is it that amid the dying and the dead, mankind will so far forget themselves and their Creator as to pursue a career of folly and crime, when the next breath of disease may sweep them to destruction.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed crowd around that short sentence, 'Saturday Night.' It is but the prelude to more pure, more holy, more heavenly association, which the tired frame and thankful soul hail with new and renewed joys at each successive return.

'Tis then the din of busy life ceases; that cares and anxieties are forgotten; that the worn out soul seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns--with joy looking to the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficially set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

The tired laborer seeks his own neat cottage, to which he had been a stranger perhaps the past week, where a lovely wife and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses.

Here he realizes the bliss of hard earned comforts; and, at the same time, perhaps more than others, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of 'Saturday night,' and as gladly sees in the clustering vines nourished by his parental care, the realization of those joys which are only his to know at these peculiar seasons and under these congenial circumstances--so faithfully and vividly evinced by this periodical home of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow, too, who has toiled on day after day, to support her little charge, how grateful does she resign her cares at the return of 'Saturday Night,' and thank her God for these kind resting-places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

But on whose ear does the sound of 'Saturday Night' strike more pleasantly than the Christian's? He looks up amid the blessings showered upon him, and thanks God with humble reverence for their continuance.

APPLES OF THE DEAD SEA.

After a weary ride of seven hours, we reached the site of ancient Jericho, and pitched our tents for the night beneath some straggling trees which served as pickets for our horses. No signs of human habitation now remain there except an old ruined tower, and the vestiges of an Arab village, which had been burned to the ground by the retreating army of Ibrahim Pasha in the late Syrian war; and, a little further removed, a deserted cemetery--so long deserted, that it is abandoned even by the wild dog and the chaco. The sandy soil produces no sort of vegetation, except a species of thorny shrub, which grows to a considerable height, and like the orange tree, bears flowers and fruit at the same time. The flowers are of a pale, purplish hue, and resemble those of the potato, but are somewhat larger; the fruit is a pod about the size of a pigeon's egg, but perfectly round, and of a bright gold color when ripe. We gathered some of them, and upon breaking the rind of one to ascertain what it contained, the sudden effort caused the explosion of a dark-colored, acid powder, which flew into our eyes, and caused us the most intolerable anguish. I can only compare the pain we endured to that inflicted by vitriol; and this circumstance, coupled with the beautiful appearance of the fruit, so tempting and deceptive in its exterior, yet all ashes and bitterness within, convinced us that we had fallen upon the far-famed apples of the Dead Sea, and that they are not as many have supposed, a fable, but a bitter and wounding reality.

CHARITY.--Men measure their charities by a peculiar standard. A man who has but a dollar in his pocket would give a penny for almost any purpose. If he had one hundred dollars he might give one; carry it higher and there comes a falling off. One hundred dollars would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand, while a present of one thousand would be deemed almost miraculous from a man worth one hundred thousand--yet the proportion is the same throughout, and the poor man's penny, the widow's mite, is more than the rich man's high sounding and widely trumpeted benefaction.

A traveller in one of the Western States, requested the hostess of an inn where he stopped, to send the butter and eggs to the table on different plates, as he preferred the privilege of mixing them himself.

Federalism and the War.

The Boston Post, in an able article upon the existing war, after urging upon the volunteers of Massachusetts the patriotic duty of immediately filling up the regiment required from that State, indulges in the following remarks upon the question, in the new aspect it has assumed, in consequence of Federal opposition, and sympathy with Mexico:--[Penn'n.]

"Aside from the origin of the war, (the responsibility of which the administration and its friends have no desire to shun,) now comes up the national question of the honor of the country in pushing the enemy to a speedy peace. This is no party question, and instead of taking up the taunt of some of the whig presses, that the democrats made the war, and therefore should do all the fighting, we rather put it on the national ground, that it would be unjust to exclude any participating in it. The sneers of fanatical politicians and superannated Hartford conventionists, who dishonored Massachusetts in the last war, cannot repress, to any considerable extent, the ardor of the young men of Massachusetts, who love their country because she is their country.

The odium which was visited upon the enemies of the government here and elsewhere, during the last war with Great Britain, is a lesson and a warning that will not be unheeded now. The men who were for dissolving the Union on account of the war of 1812, and went so far as to select their military leader to establish a northern confederacy, as Mr. John Quincy Adams informs us, may contemplate treason again; and their disciples, who boast of living and dying in the faith of the Hartford convention, combined with the abolition fanatics, who rejoice only in the successes of the enemy and long to see the Union broken into fragments, may resort to the same means that were used at that time to weaken the defences of the country and disgrace her in the eyes of the world; but they will be impotent for evil, except to themselves and all who embrace their treasonable purposes.

We take no pleasure in rebuking the spirit of a portion of the press and of the federal party in their attempts to deter the citizens from enlisting in the service, but England had her partisans in the revolutionary struggle, and her apologists and well wishers in the war of 1812, and Mexico has them now. The patriotic press of the day will mark these men now, and posterity will write their epitaph, 'unwept, unhonored and unused.'"

The Boston Courier sneeringly calls upon the democrats of Massachusetts to fill up the regiment, and impliedly exhorts the whigs to hold back.

The whig Vermont legislature, like the federal Senate in Massachusetts in 1814, have voted down a resolution of thanks for the victory of our arms at Monterey. The piebald abolition and Hale legislature of New Hampshire, in June last, refused to pass a vote of thanks to General Taylor and his gallant army.

The Boston Journal mourns over the success of our arms, justifies the Mexicans for only "defending their own," and denounces the government as "having incurred the censure of all christian nations."

The Worcester Spy, the same Tory press that in 1812 exulted in the burning of the capital by the British, denounces the regulation of the President as a call for a "regiment of volunteers from Massachusetts to perish and rot on the pestiferous plains, or to be slaughtered in the mountain passes or fortified towns of Mexico."

The Springfield Gazette endeavors to deter all whigs from enlisting in the Massachusetts regiment, and wishes to leave the fighting exclusively to the democrats, who sustained the annexation of Texas.

The New York Tribune prates of "the scandalous defiance of the law of nations and the faith of treaties," and grieves over the victories of its country, in the same spirit that the conspirators of the Hartford Convention did at the moral victories of the war of 1812.

But these unpatriotic attempts to defeat the mustering of sufficient troops to form a regiment in Massachusetts, will fail, as like efforts failed in 1812, to break down the spirit of the people and disgrace the government. They will be followed now, as they were then, by a terrible retribution of popular indignation against all who in time of war, come as it may, side with the enemies of their country.

On the other hand, the democratic press, and an honorable and high minded portion of the whig press, are doing their duty, and cheering on the vigorous prosecution of the war to a speedy conquest of peace. We should be pleased (if we had space) to extract from some of our contemporaries the earnest and patriotic appeals they are making to the sons of Massachusetts to rally in response to the nation's call. They speak timely and in the right spirit, and we will not doubt that a large majority of the whig press will obey the dictates of patriotism, and join in the call, to stand by their country, and maintain her honor as their own.

The honor to be achieved in defending the country in war, belong to no party exclusively, and we will not willingly join in drawing this line between the friends and the opponents of the administration.

The democrats are doing, and will do their duty, here and throughout the Union; but if it is to come to this--if the whigs really mean to take the ground as a party, that, because war was declared by a democratic congress, (although all but sixteen whigs in that congress voted for it,) none but democrats are to be called upon to fight their country's battles--then let them, if they dare, bide that issue before the people, and take the fate that awaits the "moral treason" they are about to perpetrate.

When it comes to this, that soldiers cannot be raised except from one party, the democracy will be found strong enough and ready enough to stand by their country, and, if need be, whip the traitors at home, as well as the foe abroad. But it is not in the power of a reckless party press to draw such a line between the people and their government. In the defence of the republic, where her honor is concerned, the great mass of both parties will hold, with Jefferson, that we are all democrats, all whigs, and know no party but our country, no friends but her friends, no foes but her enemies."

FROM SANTA FE.

From the St. Louis Republican, Dec. 5.

SANTA FE, Oct. 21, 1846.

Our regiment is under marching orders for Chihuahua, and would have been off before to day, if Gen. Kearney had not sent back orders, after he had gotten ten days from here, requiring us to go into the Butaw and Navajo countries, and bring both these wars to a close before we left here. We have made a permanent treaty with the Butaws--Major Gilpin having penetrated far into their country. Our whole regiment will march into the Navajo country immediately; this lies between the Del Norte and the waters running into the Pacific. Major Gilpin goes up the Chanas; Lt. Col. Jackson up the Puerco of the West, (there being two of them); and Gen. Doniphan, (our command,) up the Junes. As soon as we return, we will start with the traders to Chihuahua. Col. Price and all his regiment and separate battalion, will remain here this winter. Today, John P. Campbell, of Springfield, arrived here, and brings our first positive information that 1000 Infantry were on their way for this point, and that our provision trains were all breaking down and giving out, and that few of them could reach here this winter. Hon. Willard P. Hall left with Capt. Cook for California.

All the papers from the upper part of this State contain letters from Santa Fe, of late date, and all of them refer with much solicitude to the prospect of a scarcity of provisions. A letter to the Palmyra Courier, written on the 11th October, says that Col. Doniphan is unable to get off, for want of money to purchase provisions on his route south, and the Quartermaster has not the provisions or means of transportation for a regiment. "It will take almost all the means of the different departments here to fit out the Mormon Battalion for California, and should the regiment of Infantry ordered here arrive, there will be serious apprehensions of suffering for want of provisions this winter, as the country can furnish but little, and that in cattle. The soldiers are now upon part rations, expecting supplies daily from Bent's Fort.

A short residence here satisfies the most curious, who visit this far-famed town of mud-houses, filthy streets, and still more filthy people. The Mexicans show but little disposition to mix with the Americans, and are evidently not satisfied with the powers that be. Many of them, and among them the most wealthy, have left and are daily leaving. The intercourse is confined to the lower class, who find ready sale and good prices for what corn and meat they have to sell. The fandangos the only public amusement here, and generally free to all--are a promiscuous assembly of whites, blacks, and copper-colored, and but a grade higher than a negro dance in Missouri, and not as amusing. The dreams of rich signers, with beautiful, languishing signaturets, brunettes, with black eyes, &c., vanish into dried up, half-breed Indians and Spaniards, in blankets, and swarthy, mulatto, slip-shod wretches, without modesty or regard to common decency. If we remain here, we will have a dreary time this winter; but we hope for a better luck, and having come this far, we think we deserve it."

Cut Down.--The patronage left to the Governor of the great State of New York, is the appointment of an Adjutant General, also a private Secretary and door-keeper, and no more. All the rest, the new Constitution hands over to the people.

Condemnation of Barque Coosa.--This vessel, which as a legal prize of war, off Alvarado, has been condemned by the U. S. Court at New Orleans. No claim was made to either vessel or cargo.

Heavy Failure.--There is a rumor in Wall street (says the New York Commercial Advertiser) that a failure has occurred in Boston of a house whose liabilities amount to some three millions of dollars!

Like Them.--The Navy officers of the Gulf squadron have determined to present all their prize money now due to them, to the widow of the late Lieut. Merrie, who fell at the attack on Tobasco.