

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

CLEARFIELD, PA. JANUARY 9, 1847.

NEW SERIES--VOL. I. NO. 46--WHOLE NO. 1844.

TERMS

The "DEMOCRATIC BANNER" is published weekly, at \$2 per annum—or \$1 75 if paid in advance. No paper can be discontinued (unless at the option of the editors) until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements, &c., at the usual rates.

POETRY.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.
WINTER.

BY GEMSBY ELKE.

Old Winter—cold Winter is coming at last—
Spring, Summer, and Autumn, are over and past!
The birds are all gone to a sunnier clime,
And the flowers closed up, till another Spring time.
He comes with a rapid and gliding stride,
Wrapped up in his mantle of snow and of pride;
And he laughs at the cold, icy frost of his breath,
With an every green thing, and gives it to death!
He comes in his glory, he comes in his might,
Bedecked with iron-diamonds, and ice-jewels bright;
And coldness, and freezing, and whirlwinds, and
snows,
Are with him forever, wherever he goes.
He enters the dwellings of rich men and poor,
In villages or cities, on mountains or moor;
But whether to country, to village, or town,
He ever with freezing and silence comes down.
He beads the poor, nor their pitiful cry,
No tear of compassion e'er dimmeth his eye;
He cares not a straw for their shivering tears—
His heart is cold as the mantle he wears.
The bond, and the freeman, the high and the low,
The prince and the beggar before him must bow;
The lake and the river, the forest and plain—
Are bound in his fetters,—acknowledged his reign.
Oh! Winter, dread tyrant!—twere folly to call
On thee,—making money,—shouldst cruel to all;
No rest is within thee, no good in thy heart;
And that which thou hast not thou canst not impart.
But Father!—our Father, who liveth in Heaven,
By whom every blessing to mortals is given,—
On Thee we would call, unto Thee we would bow,
Thine arm of protection stretch over us now.
And oh, may we lean on that Infinite arm,
In health and in sickness, in sunshine and storm,
And feel, that our souls Thou art willing to save,
From the winter of death, from the frost of the grave!
East Palestine, N. Dec. 1, 1846.

Adventure of a Bashful Lover.

One of the witty correspondents of the New York Spirit of the Times gives the following humorous dilemma of a certain "bashful lover."

His name was Danphale—we used to call him "Jack" for short. Heaven help me if he ever should see this story. I hope he don't take the "Spirit." Among his many misfortunes—for he was cock-eyed, red-haired, and knock-kneed—he numbered that inconvenient one of bashfulness; nevertheless he was fond of the ladies, although when in their presence he never opened his mouth if he could help it, and when he did speak he used both hands to help him talk; in fact, he was a young man of "great action." Jack, one warm day, fell in love; he had just graduated at college, and began to think he must seek the ladies' society; he was getting to be a man, and it looked manly to have a "punch." So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, most hoydenish girl in the square; but how to tell his love? there was the rub. He had heard a good deal of the "language of the eyes," and he accordingly tried that; but whenever he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the opposite side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch their eye. He has despised expressive eyes ever since.

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times; but she was obliged to leave the city for a season, and as each interval had only increased his ardor, he finally determined upon "going it alone." Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons; black cassimere pants, (said pants being a "leelle" tighter than the skin) and a spool-less vest. The journals of the day state as an item of information that the thermometer ranged from 75 to 80 degrees. Jack swears it was a hundred! As the hour drew gradually near, Jack found his courage and perspiration oozing out together, and he almost determined to pull off and stay at home. He concluded, however, he'd take a walk past the house and see how he felt. By the time he reached the mansion, he firmly concluded not to go in; but on casting an eye towards the parlor window, and perceiving no signs of life there, he thought it probable that no one was "at home"; and since he had proceeded so far, he'd proceed farther, and—leave his card. No sooner determined than concluded. In a reckless moment he pulled the bell—the damned thing needn't make such a "cussed" noise.—The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant politely asked him to walk in. "Miss Emily was all alone in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him."

Oh Lord, here was a fix! Go in a dark parlor with a pretty girl alone! It was too late to retreat; the girl had closed the parlor door where "Miss Emily was sitting all alone." Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked, or rather slid.

All was perfect chaos to his eyes for a moment, but only for a moment; then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice: "bidding him welcome, and to draw near." To obey the order was but the work of a moment, as he supposed; he dreamt of the obstacle Fate had thrown

in his way. He knew full well the stream of love had made ripples, but full grown swags entered not into his calculation.— Judge, therefore, of his astonishment at being tripped up, almost at the fair one's feet, by a flat stool with plethoric legs, which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on his way to happiness. Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed for an extra tension of muscles and sinews, he not only "procured" a tumble, but also a "compound fracture" of the black parts aforesaid, said fracture extending all across that point which came in closest contact with a chair. Having picked himself up as well as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily "not setting him forward any," he at last succeeded in reaching a chair, & drawing his coat tails forward to prevent a disagreeable exposure, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would be expected to exhibit when requested to dance on nettles. The young lady, who was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad mishap of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him, and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark. And on this rock he split; for just at the moment she discovered that she had lost her handkerchief. "What had become of it?" She was sure she had it when she came in. Haven't you got it under you, Mr. Danphale?" Jack said sure that couldn't be so; but poor Jack, in venturing an answer, could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must drop the coat tail. In his anxiety to receive the missing "viper," he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor.— As he did so the fracture opened, and behold there lay, as the lady supposed, her property. It was the work of an instant to seize the corner and exclaim: "Here it is, sir; you needn't trouble yourself.— Raise a little, it's under you." Alas! the tail was told; no escape; nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could save his shirt. But what should he do? Another and another, a stronger pull, evincing on the part of the lady a praiseworthy determination to obtain the lost "dry goods," coupled with the request: "Get up, sir; you're sitting on it," determined him, and in the agony of the moment, grabbing with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen which encircled his neck, he exclaimed in heart-broken accents, "For God's sake, Miss Emily, leave my shirt collar!"

INDIA RUBBER.

The substances called India Rubber, or Caoutchouc, was not known in Europe until the beginning of the eighteenth century. It was originally brought as a great curiosity from South America. Europeans continued ignorant of its origin, until a deputation of the French Academicians took a voyage to South America in 1835, for the purpose of taking a correct admeasurement of a degree of the meridian. These philosophers did not confine their attention to the one great object of their pursuit, but, among other interesting discoveries, made themselves acquainted with that peculiar substance—the Caoutchouc. These Academicians discovered at Emeralds, in Brazil, trees called by the natives *hevea*, whence flowed a juice, which, when dried, proved to be what is called India Rubber. The *hevea* was found growing in Cayenne, and on the banks of the Amazon River. It has since been discovered that Caoutchouc may be obtained from another species of tree growing in South America, called *Jatropha elastica*. If these trees are punctured, a milky juice flows out, which, on exposure to the air, thickens into a substance of a pure white color, having neither taste nor smell. The hue of the Caoutchouc of commerce is black in consequence of the method employed in drying it. The usual manner of performing this operation is to spread a thin coating of the milky juice upon the moulds made of clay, and fashioned into a variety of figures. These are then dried by exposure to the heat of a smoke-fire; another layer is then spread over the first, and dried by the same means; and thus layer after layer is put on, until the whole is of the required thickness. While yet soft it will receive and retain any impression that may be given to it on the outside. When perfectly dry, the clay within is broken into small fragments by percussion, and the pieces are drawn out through the aperture, which is always left for the purpose. The common bottle of India Rubber, therefore, consists of numerous layers of pure Caoutchouc, alternating with as many layers of soot.

The natives of those parts of South America to which these trees are indigenous, convert the juice to a variety of purposes. They collect it chiefly in the rainy season, because, though it will exude at all times, it flows then most abundantly. Boots are made of it by the Indians, through which water cannot penetrate; and the inhabitants of Quito prepare a kind of cloth with it, which they apply to the same purposes as those for which oil-cloth or tarpaulin is used here. This, no doubt, is similar to the cloth now prepared with this substance in America, the use of which yields so many important advantages.—*Youth's Gazette*.

—*Trying times*," as the toaster said on entering the Criminal Court!

Wreck of the United States Brig Somers.—Great Loss of Life.

From the New Orleans papers of Dec. 22.

Passed Midshipman Rogers, of the Somers, was taken prisoner while, in the most daring manner, making a reconnaissance in the neighborhood of the magazine at Vera Cruz, a few nights before she was lost. We give a full account of his enterprise in another part of our paper.

We hasten to give the following full account of the loss of the Somers, furnished us by one of our attentive correspondents, together with other letters giving additional details of the melancholy calamity: U. S. SQUADRON ANTON LIZARDO, Dec. 9, 1846.

GENTLEMEN:—I have been requested to make a statement of the circumstances attending the melancholy loss of the U. S. brig Somers, while maintaining the blockade off the harbor of Vera Cruz. The writer of this was a witness of most of the occurrences detailed, and the narration may be regarded as every way authentic.

On the evening of the 7th inst. the Somers had taken shelter under Green island, there being the usual appearances indicating a nother. Early in the morning of the 8th a sail was reported from a point off the harbor of Vera Cruz. The writer of this was a witness of most of the occurrences detailed, and the narration may be regarded as every way authentic.

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making strenuous exertions to relieve her of her masts, but it was a fruitless effort, for the brig was so far over that there was no strain upon the weather rigging. The small larboard quarter boat was in the mean time cleared away and dropped carefully round leeward, and manned by her usual complement of five or six men. Midshipman Clarke, who had gained the main-top by swimming from the steering hatch, was ordered by Capt. Semmes to take charge of the boat. Finding that there was no chance of saving the brig, and that she was fast sinking, Capt. S. ordered Mr. Clarke to shove off with Dr. Wright and seventeen men, besides Purser Steele (who reached the boat by swimming as she was clearing the wreck, first inquiring if there was room in the boat for another,) to pull for Green island about half a mile distant, and immediately to return if possible and save more lives. This order was at once executed, but not until some of those in the boat had solicited, by name, each of the officers left on the wreck to come with them. These officers resolutely declared that they would wait and take their chance with the brig. Passed Midshipman Hynson, who had been partially disabled by a bad burn received in the firing of the Creole, was particularly implored to go into the boat. A lad by the name of Nutter jumped out of the boat and offered his place to Mr. Hynson, and a man by the name of Powers did the same thing. Mr. Hynson refusing both offers, those men then declared that others might have their places, and that they would abide on the wreck with Mr. Hynson. Capt. Semmes, who was in impaired health, was also entreated to go, but refused. Lieut. Parker answered a similar solicitation by saying he would drown with the brig. Lieut. Claiborne and Acting Master Clomson held the same language. It is a remarkable circumstance that three of the officers and all the men who acted thus nobly are saved. When the boat shoved off, the gale was blowing with great violence and a heavy sea running, so that for some moments it was a matter of doubt whether the boat would live. Purser Steele at one time proposed to leave the boat for a fish-davit he saw floating by. The boat, however, reached the island in about twenty minutes.

As soon as the men were landed, Mr. Clarke, disregarding the most strenuous entreaties, resolutely shoved off again, with a volunteer crew at the imminent hazard of their lives. Less than three minutes after the boat left the brig, Capt. Semmes, finding the vessel settling under them, gave an order for every man to save himself. All simultaneously plunged in to the water, and grasped the posts, gratings, spars, coops, and other floating objects at hand. Many must have gone down from the want of any support whatever; others struggled on frail floats to be finally drifted on the reefs and dashed in pieces. Some were driven to the sea to be heard of no more, and others encountered the worst fate which could be apprehended, in being devoured by sharks. Of near sixty who plunged from the wreck, only seventeen escaped.

Through all this appalling scene, the greatest composure was observed by men and officers. There was no appearance of panic, no exhibition of selfishness.— Those who could not swim were particularly enjoined to go in the boat. A large man by the name of Seymour, the ship's cook, had got into the boat. Lieutenant Parker commanded him to come out in order to make room for two smaller men, and he obeyed the order, but was afterwards directed to go in the boat when it was found he could not swim. Captain Semmes and Lieut. Parker were picked up by Mr. Clarke from a grating, and Jacob Hazard, yeoman, was rescued swimming near them. Those who survived have told many instances of heroic self-devotion. The acting master, Henry A. Clemens, was struggling on a small steering sail-boom, with five others, two of whom could not swim. He found that all could not be supported, and he left and struck out alone and unsupported. He was seen for the last time upon a sky-light and probably perished in the surf. The five men he left were saved, the two who could not swim being supported by their comrades, Amos Colson and John Williamson. This completes the history of our own efforts; but with grateful hearts we have yet to mention the daring and devoted exertions of the foreign men-of-war. There were lying at Sacrificios, about two miles to leeward of the wreck, her Britannic majesty's ships Endymion and Alarm, and the brig Daring, commanded respectively by Captains Lambert, Franklin, and Mercure, Captains Dubut and La Voyaire; and the Spanish corvette Louisa Fernandez, Captain Puente. As soon as the accident was discovered, the boats of all these vessels were simultaneously called away. The crew of the Endymion to the number of two hundred came aft and volunteered. There was the most noble emulation as to which vessel should use the greatest expedition and persevere in the most strenuous exertions. The violence of the gale was such at that time that none of the boats could pull against it, and it was with the deepest regret that Captain Lambert and others in authority felt it to be their duty to make signals recalling

their boats. An hour or two afterwards, when there was a slight abatement of the gale, they again put forth at the peril of their lives, and succeeded in saving fourteen persons, and bringing from Green island those who had landed there. The first lieutenant of the Endymion, Mr. Tarleton, rescued the first lieutenant of the Somers from Pajaroa reef, which he succeeded by a miracle in reaching safety, but where his situation was most critical. The most gallant and well directed efforts were made by the officers and crew in the boat of the Mercure. She rescued ten men at sea to leeward, on a spar. One hardly knows which to admire most, the forethought or the daring of this noble adventure. The risk was incalculable.— Five boats, representing each of the foreign vessels, reached the island, and took off 23 persons to their respective vessels, where they were received with a degree of kindness and delicate consideration which I cannot adequately describe, but which none of us will ever forget. They gave us refreshments and supplied us with clothes. I regret that I do not know the names of all the generous and brave officers who were in charge of the boats of the different vessels. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning such as I have learned, viz: Lieut. Wood and the gunner of the Endymion, and Midshipman Saliz, of the Pylade.

The strange vessel proved to be the Abrasia, bound for the squadron at Anton Lizardo. She passed very near the Somers, but the catastrophe was so sudden that she failed to discover it. As soon as the boat reached Green island, Dr. Wright took the colors and had them hoisted in the most conspicuous place, in order to attract the attention of the Abrasia, so that the accident might be reported to the squadron. We were however to-day the bearers of our own sad story.

The Mexicans saw the accident from the mole, and cheered and exulted for a long time. The brig had been for a long time engaged in the blockade, and had done more to interrupt the commerce of the port than almost all the other vessels together. Within the last fortnight both town and castle had been kept in a state of constant alarm by the burning of the Creole, and other demonstrations which I presume you will hear of in due time. I have no doubt the Mexicans were relieved when they saw her sink into the ocean. I append a list of the lost and saved—30 men saved; 37 lost. One officer, Mr. Rodgers, passed midshipman, and one man, John G. Fox, were captured by the Mexicans two days before while reconnoitering an important point, in company with Dr. Wright—the latter escaping to witness the catastrophe of the brig.

J. H. W.

List of officers and men lost in the Somers. Henry A. Clemens, acting master. John R. Hynson, passed midshipman. Wm. G. Brazier, Ebenezer Terrel, O. H. Haven, James Ryder, James Thompson, Charles Lowe, Thomas Young, William Gillan, Mathias Gravel Major Cann, Dennis Kelly, Alexander Anker, Charles McFarland, James Fennel, Charles True, John Day, William Purdy, Edward McCormick, William Elmsley, Wm. Quest, John Hargrave, William W. Cardy, John Christopher Myers, Clement C. Willen, Thomas McGowan, Joseph Antonio, Adolphe Belmonte, Manuel Howard, William W. Powers, Henry W. Spear, Jas. Chapman, Lewis Johnson, Ignatius Leopold, Thomas Jefferson, Wm. H. Rose, Peter Hernandez.

List of those saved. R. Semmes, lieutenant commanding. M. G. L. Claiborne, lieutenant. John F. Steele, purser. John H. Wright, passed assistant surgeon. Francis G. Clark, midshipman. Edmund T. Stevens, purser's steward. Jacob Hazard, yeoman. Amos Colson, William Johnson, Matthew Buck, John McCargo, John G. Van Norden, Charles Seymour, John Williamson, John Pollen, John Smith, Henry Strommel, Thomas Mulhollen, George Wakefield, William Keys, Erasias Haire, William Toland, Wm. F. Thompson, Christopher Lawrence, Joseph Todd, Stephen Maynard, Samuel Bennett, Thomas D. Burns, William Power, Joseph Skipey, Joseph Jones, Chas. Nutten, Washington Cooper, William Dix, Francis A. Waldron, James Chambers.

The Newburyport Herald tells the following Post Office anecdote: A rap at the delivery. Postmaster—"Well, my lad, what will you have?" "Boy—"Here's a letter, and she wants to have it go along as fast as it can. 'Cause there's a letter wants to have her here, any she's courted by another letter what sits here, and she wants to know whether he's agoon' to have her or not."

Having delivered his message with great emphasis, the boy departed, leaving the Postmaster so convulsed with laughter that he could make no reply.

The very last curiosity we have seen spoken of in the papers, is a "wheel" that came off a dog's tail when it was "dragged." The man that sent it in has retained it entirely from public life!