

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

CLEARFIELD, PA. JANUARY 30, 1847.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I. NO. 49—WHOLE NO. 1047.

THE DEMOCRAT

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 editor) until all arrearages are paid.
Advertisements, &c., at the usual rates.

POETRY.

TRY MOTHER.

Cling to thy mother—for she was the first
To know thy being, and to feel thy life;
The hope of thee through many a pang she nursed,
And when, 'midst anguish like the parting strife,
Her babe was in her arms, the agony
Was all forgot, for bliss of loving thee.

Uphold thy mother—close to her warm heart
She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest;
Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,
Exulting in the fledgling from her nest;
And now her steps are feeble—be her stay,
Whose strength was thine, in thy most feeble day.

Cheer thy mother—broad perchance to the time
May be, that she will claim the care she gave;
Passed are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime
Of joy on earth; her friends are in the grave;
But for her children, she could lay her head
Gladly too among her precious dead.

Be tender with thy mother—words unkind
Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang
To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined.
In love unutterable, more than fang
Of venom'd serpent; would not her strong trust
As thou wouldst, hope for peace when sin is in the dust.

Remember! oh, may I ne'er forget,
Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,
The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt
I owe thy love; but find my sweet employ.
Ever, through thy remaining days, to be
To thee as faithful as thou art to me.

From the New York Enquirer.

Mexican Cavalry Officers.

We alluded recently to an article in the *Courier des Etats Unis*, upon the Mexican army, which stated that "Santa Anna had for his lieutenants, men of approved capacity,"—and that among them were Cortazar, Guzman, Torrejon and Mican, who command ten thousand cavalry, posted in the vicinity of San Luis de Potosi. From information drawn from private sources, we have reason to believe that the officers named are indeed men of more than ordinary bravery and military skill.

Cortazar is a member of one of the first families in the department of Guanajuato—a family that has always taken a leading part in the affairs of Mexico. He received the rank he now holds in 1841—being then the Governor of Guanajuato. In the year just mentioned, Santa Anna pronounced against the President Bustamante, who, doubting the loyalty of Cortazar, sent him the General's sash, as an inducement to be faithful. But the present had not the desired effect; or rather, as some say, it arrived at Guanajuato a day or two too late.

Cortazar is a good cavalry officer, but inferior to the other three Mexican generals, whose names are mentioned by the writer in the *Courier*.

And foremost amongst them is Guzman. There is scarcely a cavalry officer in the Mexican army, who has seen more service than he has. It was in 1839, or in 1840, that Guzman received the rank of Gen. of Brig., which was not the reward of political intrigue or tergiversation. It was won by hard fighting. In the department of Morelia he maintained for nearly three years, and with but little assistance from the Government, a harassing war with the Federalists, defeating them in several engagements, and finally compelling them to sue for peace. More than one act of daring has been attributed to this officer. It is said, that during the emeute, he galloped towards a gun which the artillerymen had deserted, and for a few minutes, alone, kept the insurgents at bay.

Torrejon is a mestizo, or half breed, and like most mestizos, is by no means distinguished for personal beauty. Like Guerrero, and other Mexican officers who have had a large admixture of Indian blood in the veins, Torrejon is very cunning. In laying traps for an adversary, he is remarkably expert; and, as will be remembered, it was he who surrounded and took prisoner Captain Thornton's command of forty men.

Gen. Jose Maria Minon is in most respects the opposite of Torrejon. Both are men of courage; but there is something chivalric in the courage of Minon;—nothing in that of Torrejon. Torrejon rarely attacks an enemy, except by means of an ambush. Minon would almost scorn to vanquish an enemy in that way. They are as unlike in person as they are in mind. Minon has a fine figure and expressive features. He is a great favorite in the Mexican army, who like him for his chivalric courage—and style him the "Murat of Mexico." He is now forty-six or forty-eight years of age—or in the prime of life. He was made a general of Brigade in 1828, having distinguished himself at the battles of Acoteje. He served during the campaign in 1836, but was not present at the battle of San Jacinto. When conversing with Englishmen or Americans, he descends to the highest terms, upon the valor displayed by the Texans throughout the campaign in question. Amongst the instances of that valor which he relates as having come under his own observation is the following:

During a skirmish Minon saw a Texan pursued by five Mexican foot soldiers. The Texan finding his pursuers gaining on him, turned suddenly round, and shot the Mexican dead. Then clubbing his rifle, he withstood the assault of the others;

Two of them he struck dead; but in doing this, he broke his rifle, and at that moment, the remaining Mexican stabbed him in the back and killed him.

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES AND GLOVES ON.—The following, from the *Boston Courier*, is one of the cleverest essays we have met with for many a day. Similar in style, it is not inferior in point, to Franklin's best:

When I was a boy it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writers term "the bracing air of poverty." My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality, which overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearance and the pinching gripe of necessity, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, we are told, some would smile, and some, to whom they would teach their own experience, would sigh. But let me not disturb that veil of oblivion, which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion, it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbor in better circumstances than ourselves, and therefore it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect.—Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and by way of throwing over my equipment a certain savor & sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our own dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation, and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes—the very ones on which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a dare-devil swagger in his gait, of "I'm as good as you' leet in his eye—the very whelp to throw a stone at a well-dressed horseman, because he was well-dressed; to tear a boy's ruffles, because he was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, "A path on both knees and gloves on!"

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. I parody a celebrated line of the immortal Tuscan—

"That day I wore my gloves no more."

But the lesson, thus rudely enforced, sank deep into my mind; and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice and self-discipline and control, rather by example instructing them in evil-speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see a family in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with the glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which should furnish the hospitality of a whole year, upon the profusion of a single night, I think of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see the public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honorably the posts to which they aspire, I recall the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich carpets, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their nature, and so perverting their humanity, that that which was sought as a means, indignantly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, "A patch on both knees and gloves on!"

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity, when I see fine la-

dies be-satin'd and be-jewell'd, cheapening the toils of dress makers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence; when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of the tables would afford them a feast, I think of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

THE MARCH FROM VERA CRUZ TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The New York Commercial publishes the following sketch of the Mexican cities on the route from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, which will be read with interest:

VERA CRUZ.—The city of Vera Cruz is walled around, with a fort at each extremity of the water front; the walls on the land side are loopholed for musketry. Parapet guns have been recently mounted on the walls. The city walls are very thick, of solid rock; the walls of the houses are usually 2½ feet thick, and the roofs are flat. Each house has a siphon or system of rain water. The city is well paved.

FROM VERA CRUZ TO MEXICO.—About ten miles from Vera Cruz is a stream 200 yards wide, crossed at a ferry in scows, or by swimming horses over. The next stream, about 30 miles from Vera Cruz, is fordable, and is also spanned by a wooden bridge called *Puerta del Rey* (the King's bridge,) and also the national bridge.—Near it on the right is an eminence of about 60 feet, on which is a fort completely commanding the approach and bridge.

Between these bridges and Jalapa the road passes near several heights, from which the natives can annoy invaders on the road.

CITY OF JALAPA.—This city stands on a very elevated ground, yet for many miles the ascent is quite gradual. From the city Vera Cruz is visible, as is also the sea, 90 miles distant. The city itself is upon a high hill—highest in the centre, so that the streets incline considerably; so much so that no wheeled vehicle can pass along any of them except the main street or road, which has a considerable rise and descent. The city is surrounded by a wall, and has a strongly built Church near the Western gate, which could be converted into a citadel. The streets are paved. The houses, as in other Mexican towns, are of stone, with flat roofs and iron barred windows. Opposite the city, on the left of the road, is a hill from which the road might be annoyed, and shells thrown into the town. For the distance of six or seven miles before reaching the town the road is a handsome and substantial structure of chiquered pavement, and must have been very costly.

PEROTE.—At the base of a high mountain, bearing the same name, some distance from the road on the left, is a cluster of houses, with a church called Perote.

CASTLE OF PEROTE.—Opposite, on the right of the road, and commanding it in every direction, stands the Castle. It is upon a flat, sandy plain, strongly built of stone and encircled by a deep dry fosse or ditch. The main entrance is by going over a *cheval-de-frize* by a stile, descending some twenty-five or thirty stone steps to the bottom of the fosse and crossing it to the gates, which are on a level with the bottom.

CITY OF PUEBLA.—This city is walled and fortified. It is built of stone and the streets are well paved. Contains about 100,000 inhabitants. Here water is abundant, but from the national bridge to this city no water can be obtained—the natives substituting *pulque* as a beverage.

From Jalapa to Puebla there are occasional heights near the road, which, if fortified, might annoy invaders. In fact from Vera Cruz to Puebla this is the case—the travel being alternately over broad and unobstructed roads and narrow passes, commanded by heights. The road passes through Puebla. The Pueblanos have a peculiar character, they are cunning and courageous, and the most expert robbers and assassins throughout Mexico, where there is no lack of such. If an offender is brought before an alcalde, or any where else, and is known or ascertained to be a Pueblano, his condemnation is sure. *Cardova*.—A small walled and garrisoned town, through which the road passes.—Beyond Puebla the road is good till it reaches the mountains of Cordova, about midway between the former and the city of Mexico, where the ascent is very rugged and steep, though without defiles.—Near the road, at the foot of this mountain passes the *Pio Rio*, or cold river, which has its rise in the neighboring mountain of Popocatepetl, 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. A work on some of the heights of Popocatepetl would command the road.

After leaving the mountain of Cordova the road is good and unobstructed, with plenty of water, to the city of Mexico.—For several miles before reaching that city the road is delightful, passing between parallel canals and rows of Lombardy poplars.

THE LAKE OF TEZUCO.—This lake commences on the right of the road, near the city, into which its waters are carried by a canal, the latter serving also to drain the gutters, &c., into the lake. The enclosed lake is a large, long, and very irregularly shaped basin, shallow, and containing numerous small islands, and covered by myriads of wild ducks. The

depth of water varies with the season; in the rainy months the basin is filled, and then it assumes the appearance of a large lake. Being the receptacle of all the drainage of the city, it is very filthy. The canal from the city passes through it, fed by its waters, five or six miles in a south-east direction to the small fort of Chalco, at the extreme margin of the basin in that direction. This canal is used for transporting produce into the city, and for pleasure excursions in gondolas, &c.

CITY OF MEXICO.—Like all other Mexican cities this has walls and houses built of stone with flat roofs, &c. It is well paved, a gutter four feet wide passes through the centre of each street, covered by broad flag-stones, removable at pleasure. All the gutters are drained into the canal or lake. The city has many large and strong Churches, and other great buildings, easily converted into fortresses. If its walls were repaired and mounted with cannon, and well garrisoned, it would make a formidable resistance to besiegers.

During the festival days, which are very numerous, the haciendas for twenty or thirty miles around send into the city not less than 10,000 mounted peasantry of the better class, most expert horsemen. They are courageous and skilful in the use of the lance, lasso and mechele, which is a large and heavy knife. Nothing more would be necessary than for the *padres* to go forth into the streets of the principal cities, particularly Puebla and Mexico, elevate their crosses, and appeal to the bigotry of the population, to rally an immense force of bold, active and desperate men, who would make fierce resistance to an invasion. And if invaders should force their way in, assassination by the hands of so many expert murderers would soon make fearful inroads on their numbers.

Important from Rio Janeiro. Difficulty between Mr. Wise, Minister of the United States, and the Brazilian Government.—Arrival of the California Expedition.

The brig *Reindeer*, at New York, brings Rio papers to the 20th of November. All the vessels of the California Expedition, under Col. Stevenson, had arrived safe at Rio, viz: U. S. transport ships Susan Drew, Loo Choo, and Thomas H. Perkins, with the United States sloop of war *Preble*. The officers and men were all in good health. The Expedition would sail in a few days for its destination.

Mr. Wise, the United States Minister at Rio, had a difference with the Brazilian Government, originating, according to the *New York Sun*, in the arrest of two men from the United States ship *Columbus*, who were on shore while the vessel was at anchor at Rio. The men got intoxicated, and while proceeding through the streets to go on board, were taken to prison.—Lieut. Davis, of the *Columbus*, was on shore with the men. Being at some distance at the time of their arrest, he followed, calling on them to accompany him. Before he got up, they were taken into the fort. On arriving at the fort, he drew his sword, in evidence of his authority as an officer of the United States, and demanded their release.

The guards then beckoned to him to come in, and supposing them desirous of having an interview with him in relation to the men, he did so, but immediately found himself and his men prisoners. Mr. Wise being apprised of the occurrence by Commodore Rousseau, of the *Columbus*, opened a correspondence with the Government, demanding their release. The reply being deemed unsatisfactory, was answered by another communication from the Minister, informing them that the *Columbus* would open her batteries upon the city in two hours, if Lieut. Davis and the men were not released within that time.—The Lieutenant was promptly released, but the men were detained under the plea that being found intoxicated in the streets, they were amenable to punishment by the civil authorities. Further correspondence ensued, the men still remaining in custody.

A day or two after the occurrence, the Emperor's youngest child, the infant Isabella, was christened, the ceremonies being honored by salutes from vessels of war, and the illumination of the dwellings of the foreign Ministers. The *fete* lasted a whole week. But Commodore Rousseau and Mr. Wise declined to join in any ceremonies of this character, until full reparation had been made for the insult offered to their country. The authorities requested the Commodore to fire a salute, which he declined doing. Mr. Wise and other Americans did not illuminate their dwellings, and have consequently been subject to repeated insults. The son of the Consul was assaulted in the streets and seriously wounded. The subject was taken up in the National Parliament, then in session. The House of Commons passed a bill requesting the withdrawal of Mr. Wise, but the Upper House rejected it, and the Commons tendered their resignation in a body. Thus the affair rested at last, the men being still in prison.

Miss Alta Californis Harris—the daughter of Quartermaster Sergeant Harris, who was born on the passage out of the *Stevenson Squadron*—was christened after the arrival of the ship at Rio with great pomp, as a part of the consular ceremony in

honor of the Brazilian Princess. Mr. Wise was the god-father.

The volunteers were allowed full privileges on shore, but there had not been a single desertion. Col. Stevenson made a speech to them in relation to the difficulties, and every man expressed his readiness to join in storming the City of Rio, if necessary to sustain the honor of their country's flag.

THE IRISH HEART.—Jacob Harvey, Esq., states in the *New York Courier*, that he has taken the pains to call upon all the houses in that city, who are in the daily practice of drawing small drafts on Ireland, and has received from them an accurate return of the amounts received for these small drafts during the year 1846, and also during the last sixty days.

The result is so creditable to his own countrymen, that he cannot avoid publishing it, as an incentive to those who have, as yet, done nothing, "to go and do like wise." Total amount remitted by laboring Irish, male and female, during 1846, from New York, \$808,000, of which there went in November and December, 1846, \$175,000.

These remittances are sent to all parts of Ireland and by every packet, we may judge of the relief afforded to a very large number of poor families in a year, when they are cut short of their usual food, the potato. It has required no public meeting, says Mr. Harvey, no special address, to bring forth these remittances from the poor, nor do they look for any praise for what they have done. It is the natural instinct of the Irish peasant to share his mite—be it money or potatoes—with those still poorer than himself; and he thinks he has but done a Christian duty, deserving of no special applause.

It is fitted to exalt our estimate of human nature to record such a proof of the self-sacrifice and severe self-denial through which alone such a sum as is here stated, \$808,000, could in one year be remitted from their savings by the Irish at labor and at service, in and around this city, Of what other people in the world under like circumstances, can such a fact be truly stated?

I. A CONICS.

There are some women we like very much to talk with, and yet we should by no means fancy to marry—for the same reason that we would not like to make a dinner off of spices.

Because men like to walk with a pretty woman in the streets, it does not follow that they should all want to marry her.—Everything has its uses, and even a woman who is merely pretty, and nothing more, has hers.

According to the natural order of things ugliness of body and of soul should always be found together, and to a certain extent it ever is so. For though Satan, or the evil mind, may enter, as of old, into "the most beautiful of the beasts of the field," in a short time it must lose its erect position, and begin to crawl.

Time is well represented in the ancient Egyptian legend as a flight of steps, which continually falls away from behind him who ascends them. Men talk of the present, but there is no present—there is only a past and a future. Man may say, "I have been" or "I will be,"—God alone can say "I am."

Nothing can be had in this world without paying its price. The foolish mother fears to let her son pursue the natural sports befitting his age, lest he should be run over or drowned. She will not pay the price for bravery and manliness, and therefore her child grows up a cowardly booby.

That old scripture about the camel passing through the eye of the needle, hangs over many a rich man's head like the hair suspended sword over that of Democles. They fear the shock of death may break that slender hair.

None but fools love flattery, but all men love praise—and the most delicate flattery is only valued because it is mistaken for honest and well-deserved praise.

The good man sees in his own heart the shadowy phantoms to which the bad man has allowed himself to be brought under subjection. But he avoids thinking of them, much more holding converse with them, for in proportion as this is done do they become more distinct and real, until at length they grow into palpable deeds, and all men cry out, "an evil spirit is born into the world."—*Saturday Post*.

MORAL PROGRESS is a career open to all, and to the humble and despised in preference to the distinguished. We do not gain any thing by going out of our station, but by conforming to it; and the less aid and the more obstacles we meet with, so much more merit we obtain. Let not the eminently excellent, therefore, walk before us in vain. Let not their lives merely charm us in description, or affect us like a dramatic scene. Endowed with the same nature, called to the same ends, creatures of the same God, why should we not aspire to share their destiny? We doubt our own strength, we say. Have we really tried it?—*Digest*.