

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

### WOMAN'S TRUE GLORY.

I am no more a child; the days are gone,  
The lovely days, which distance brightens now,  
When fondness clustered round my being's dawn,  
And read the future on my smoother brow,  
And shielded me from harm, I knew and recked not how.

None stand between me and the cold, cold world;  
I've launched me out upon a treacherous sea,  
Beside the one I love, and closely folded,  
Our little span of snowy soul must be,  
To meet the bitter blasts of rude adversity.

Ho whom I love stands ever at the helm;  
Erect and firm, far looking to the sky,  
If mountain wave be rolling on to whelm,  
Our fragile bark, where softly cradled lie  
The dearest ones, this little boy and I.

So when the skies are blue, the water calm,  
We gently sail, beneath his watchful care,  
Delighted with the breeze that breathes like balm,  
And joyeth with thy soft and curling hair  
Around thy brow my darling bold and fair!

But when the storm arises, and the spray  
Of this most vexed and billowy sea of life  
Fleeth the air, I may not turn away,  
And hide me from the fury and the strife,  
For I am standing forth, a Mother and a Wife!

And I must fold my baby to my breast,  
And shelter him as others sheltered me;  
And of my husband's side unshaken rest,  
To bear our lot, whatever that may be,  
With patient hope at digh solemnity.

Such is a woman's duty; and her aim  
Should be to find in this her joy and pride,  
She may not ask the uncertain breath of Fame  
To scatter her poor deeds afar and wide;  
A queen within the circle of her home,  
There let her reign, and never wish to roam!

## ADDRESS.

Delivered by J. F. WEAVER, Esq., at the Presentation of a Bible, by the Ladies of Clearfield, to Clearfield Division, No. 143, of the Sons of Temperance.

### FRIENDS & BROTHERS:

This, to me, is a solemn occasion—one which has impressed me with feelings I cannot suppress. If I have ever felt sensible of my own weakness; if I have ever felt a burden of duties, more than I am equal to, I do it to-day. In casting a glance over this assembly, I recognize many counterexamples that are familiar. On the one hand I see the Ladies, who have been instrumental in conveying us here to-day, with countenances bright, tranquil, and serene—with hearts filled with virtue, dignity and honor. On the other hand, I see the associated fraternity of the "Sons of Temperance," wearing the insignia of Love, Purity, and Fidelity, all too, I trust, worthily. Here we have all met to witness, and mingle in, the exercises of the occasion. Some, perhaps, have been led here by curiosity—some for pleasure—some for instruction, and I hope that all may go away gratified—all retire pleased. We have met within the walls of this sacred place, not in honor of a victory achieved on the bloody field of battle—not to triumph on the acquisition of spoils—not to commemorate the accomplishment of a vain revolution, whose conquest can be traced in innocent blood—which but substituted one condition of servitude for another, more abject, and more severe. No glittering display of pageantry allures us hither—no base plot—no unhallowed cause winds us in this laudatory unison. We come not to witness the coronation of a King—not to see the diadem of a Caesar placed on the head of a being as weak, as blind, as mortal as ourselves; but, to stand up erect in the conscious dignity of equal freedom, clad in the habiliments of temperance, virtue and truth, to witness the presentation of a Bible, by the Ladies of Clearfield, to the Clearfield Division of the Sons of Temperance.

See this assembly in one happy, kindred association—the donors and receivers together. Here are our mothers, our wives, our sisters, our daughters, presenting, publicly, in a spirit of kindness and love, A BIBLE, to their fathers, their husbands, their brothers, their sons, the richest, as well as the most precious gift among men. What a splendid exhibition is this! What a solemn, what a sublime occasion! Is there one heart here unmoved with gratitude? Is there one bosom here too cold, too indifferent to appreciate this gift? I trow not. Methinks I see the slumbering embers of Love, Purity and Fidelity firing the bosom of every Son of Temperance with generous emotions, and kindling again their countenances with modest animation, whilst the silent monitor within is prompting them to persevere in well-doing—bidding them up to renewed exertions in their errand of mercy and love—to cement closer, firmer, stronger, the social compact of Temperance, Benevolence and Brotherhood—promising increased fidelity to the cause we have espoused, as well as a higher esteem for your sex. Do you require any freer acknowledgments than these—any fuller assurances of our grateful acceptance of your gift? No—you have manifested your confidence in us, whole, and entire, and without qualification. Then accept our thanks, as we do your gift; and in the name of the Division—in the name of the cause which we essay to promote, permit me to thank you.

Here, Ladies, I would borrow a tribute of respect to your sex from a very great, and a very learned man, not in adulation

of your sex, but as a reward of merit.—"Under God I owe my early education, nay, all that I have been, or am, to the counsel and tutelage of a pious mother. It was her monitory voice that first taught my young heart to feel that there was danger in the intoxicating cup, and that my only safety lay in total abstinence." This confession, ladies, I know, and feel, would be echoed from every bosom present, were it demanded. Then, ladies, you who stand in the responsible relations of parents and teachers, whose delightful task it is to bring forth the unfolding germs of thought, and "teach the young idea how to shoot," let your counsels be that of pious mothers, and with the first lisping of the prattling infant, let it be taught Temperance: while dandling on the knee, or nestling in your arms, instill into the tender mind total abstinence—and in mature years they will arise and call you blessed—attributing all that they are, and all that they expect to be, to the culture and admonitions of a pious mother. I would not, if I could, persuade those of the sex who hear me, to become the clamorous advocates of Temperance. It is not yours to wield the club of a Hercules, or bend the bow of Achilles. The sceptre of empire is not the power that best befits the hand of woman—nor is the field of carnage her field of glory. Home, sweet home, is her theatre of action—her throne of power.—We all know full well that by woman came the apostasy of Adam; and by woman, the recovery by the Saviour. It was a woman that imbued the mind and formed the character of Moses, the deliverer of Israel. It was a woman that led the choir which went forth to celebrate the overthrow of Pharaoh on the banks of the Red Sea. It was a woman that put Sarcina Right—she composed the song of Deborah and Barak, and judged in righteousness for years the tribes of Israel. It was a woman that defeated the wicked counsels of Haman, and delivered pious Mordecai, and saved a whole people from utter desolation. It was not woman who slept during the agonies of Gethsemane. It was not woman who denied her Master at the palace of Caiaphas. It was not woman who deserted His cross on the hill of Calvary. "But it was woman that was found fast at night, and first in the morning, at His sepulchre." Time has neither repaired her kindness, shaken her consistency, or changed her character. Now, as formerly, she is most ready to enter, and most reluctant to leave, the abode of misery. Now, as formerly, it is her office to stay the fainting head, wipe from the dim eye the tear of anguish, and from the cold forehead the dew of death. This is not unmerited praise. It is the influence of their approbation. We feel that we receive to-day, their open, willing, visible example, enforced by that soft persuasive eloquence which, in retirement and chosen moments, exerts such controlling influence over the cold heart of man, especially over a husband's, a son's, or a brother's heart. It is this influence which we need—an influence chiefly known by the gradual transformation of character it produces; and which, in its benign effects, may be compared to the genial influence of spring, shedding, as it advances, renovation over every hill and dale, and changing throughout the whole region of animated nature winter's rugged and unsightly form into the forms of vernal loveliness and beauty.

Now, the object of our association, as abstinence men, as a federal body, a unit, is not to aggrandize self—not to create sects in other associations, founded on truth and justice—not to promote the secular interests of party, or sect—not to militate against any organization, either moral or political, within the wide spread range of civilization. Men of all political parties, whatever may be their grade, either of distinction or humility—Christians of all denominations, whatever may be their calling or persuasion, here meet on common ground, like members of one great family, with the glad and joyous recognition, "Hail, Brother!" Yes, the Christian world is with us; and this is the brightest star in the temperance constellation;—this is our highest hope—and, ladies, this should be your strongest assurance, your chief source of reliance, that with us, "all is well." All ages, all sexes, all conditions of men, wield an influence in this temperance reformation. All are objects of our most anxious care—our most profound solicitude. Yet among these, perhaps, our chief ambition should be to secure the youth of both sexes.—This security, which is so much called for, and which, when realized, will be at once the earnest and the anticipation of millennial glory.

Oh that we could gain, and secure, the young and rising generation—the young, who have no inveterate prejudices to combat—no established habits to overcome! Could we gain the young, we might, after a single generation had passed away, shut up the dram shop, the bar-room, and the rum-selling grocery; and by shutting these up, shut up, also, the poor-house, the prison-house, and one of the broadest and most frequented avenues to death. Yes, by thus gaining the young, and winning them over to abstinence, we would erect such a mighty fulcrum, on which to plant that mortal lever of power, to raise a world from degradation. Then how would the

clouds of temperance scatter, the prospect brighten, and the firmament of hope clear up, could the young be gained, intoxicating liquors banished, & total abstinence, with its train of blessings introduced throughout the earth.

Then, youth, permit me to address you in the warm feeling of a brother: you are the hope of our fathers, the stay and prop of the country. The high and responsible places now filled by venerated heads will soon be vacated, to be supplied by you. The humblest birth is made necessary to the most exalted eminence. Then how important that we, in this, the vestibule of life, should have our character based upon principles stable and creditable—that we should have our compass and chart to guide us to the most worthy and honored haven. See our happy country unfolding her broad bosom in our prospect, inviting our ambition thitherward, bidding us a cheery welcome to her flower fields of art and science, where we may indeed "gather the fruit of that tree which ripens for eternity."

Look you at America as she is: a vast extent of country washed on one side by the far stretching Atlantic—thence traversing hill and dale to "where rolls the Oregon in sullen stillness, and naught is heard to disturb its quiet save the rippling of its own waters," until it is again lost in the broad waters of the Pacific—comprising within her boundaries every variety of climate and production of soil, from the ever-blooming fruits of the tropics to those of the short-lived north. She has, too, almost every species of the animal and vegetable kingdom, by a description and analysis of which volumes upon volumes have been filled to furnish libraries and embellish the cabinets of naturalists and philosophers of distant nations. Her seaboard cities have their harbors studded with foreign vessels, bearing thither the productions of remotest countries. Her Navy, second only to one in number—in valor she has no superior—let the famed lion of Great Britain roar in contradiction, if she dare. Her flag is respected on every sea—her vessels are hailed with welcome at every port within the wide range of the commercial world. And where, let me ask, is the nation under the broad canopy of Heaven, exalted higher in the scale of being, than we? Where does the arm of industry pursue her toil with a greater zeal, than here? Where does the mechanic ply his implements with more celerity, than here? Where does the farmer drive his team, whistling a metric tune, than here? Where do bare tars wind the matted rigging of our men-of-war with more skill and tact, "singing the merry woman's song," than here?

It is asked, Why is this? Here is the answer: Because all are conscious they are freemen. Freemen politically, and I hope soon, morally. Because here, every subject is a sovereign. Because all are joint heirs to the great inheritance of national honor—national liberty, and national independence. This is America, as it is.—This patrimony is ours. Here we are in full and free possession of all the rights and immunities of our inheritance. How are we to sustain it, and perpetuate it unshaken to posterity? Certainly not by closing our eyes with a stoical indifference, regardless of all the duties of men and citizens. Shall we bow the knee to sensual baseness? Shall we prove coward, knaves? Shall we suffer the fair escutcheon of our country's glory to be tarnished, when it has been consecrated to liberty, by the best blood that ever coursed through human veins? If we do, shades of the great departed forgive the insult. Now that our country is invaded with a fiercer foe than Britain's lion—an enemy more despotic than any monarch absolute—a tyrant that not only exacts our property and our rights, but takes away our good name, and makes us poor indeed—Intemperance, the bane and terror of moral action. It has penetrated every avenue, whence flows the life-blood of our free and happy institutions—threatening destruction to all we possess that is good and lovely; whose rage is as the tornado—whose breath the milldew of destruction. It has insinuated itself into the legislative halls, and there asserted its unhallowed sway. It has palsied the tongue of the advocate, at the bar of justice. It has unnerved the arm of industry. It has polluted the sacred ermine of the judiciary. It has intruded its admission to the pulpit, and there corrupted its sacred dignity—"stole the livery of high heaven to serve the devil in." It has fished our pockets—exhausted our resources, and murdered our citizens ten fold more than war, pestilence and famine.

To redress these wrongs, and rid ourselves from the dominant sway of this hydra-headed monster intemperance, is the end and object of the temperance reform. No phraseology of mine can heighten its importance; no eulogy of mine can exalt its grandeur. It stands, stripped of all ornament, towering and commanding in its own magnificence, the isolated monument of its own priceless worth: Who then will hear, or who will forbear? Who will not say amen to the efforts of temperance men? Who will not bid the enterprising God-speed? Let temperance be practiced and taught in every circle of society; and on all occasions let it be regarded, not only as a social question, but

as a national question. Let it be incorporated, if needs be, in our National Motto. Yes, blend Temperance with "Virtue, Liberty and Independence," not only in name, but in real substance; for without Temperance, our Virtue is but a shadow—without Temperance, our Liberty is but a mockery—without Temperance, our Independence is a lie. But connect these in one golden chain—in one kindred association, and then our common country, and her wholesome institutions, shall slumber on in tranquil repose. No internal commotion shall disturb her proud fabric. No external violence can sweep her from the path of moral rectitude: But she shall withstand the surges of time—she shall endure while endless years their courses run;—she shall abide "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." And Temperance, like

"Truth crushed to earth, will rise again.  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
Whilst error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among her worshippers."

## An Affecting Tale.

McCulloch's Rangers, after a hard day's ride, had bivouacked one night last summer in a beautiful mesquit grove between Reynosa and Camargo, a barranca protecting one side of the encampment from a surprise, while the steep banks of the Rio Grande served the same purpose on the other. The horses had all been watered, fed and curried, the first relief of the guard posted, and the Rangers, after drinking their coffee, were reclining about on their blankets, spinning long yarns of their adventures, when Bill Dean told a story that wound up the entertainments of the evening, in theatrical parlance, and caused an outbreak at the termination that came night stampeding the entire cavallada. Bill had joined McCulloch's men for the trip, and the recollection of his humorous tale about chasing the prairie fire a mile and a half, trying to cook his horse meat, secured him a most patient hearing.

Those who know anything about the emigration of Germans into Texas, are well aware that thousands of them have made Indian Point, near Port Lavaca, a grand rendezvous before leaving for the interior settlement of New Braunfels, or the frontier stations on the Pinedalles, the Llano or the San Saba. Bill said that he visited the Point last spring, when some five thousand Germans were encamped there, and was present at one of the most thrilling and heart-rending scenes it had ever been his lot to witness. So far as his individual knowledge went, neither ancient nor modern history made mention of any case which might be considered as anywhere near parallel.

Among the emigrants, remarked Dean, was a young, pretty, red-checked girl, the pride of the party, who strolled out alone one day to gather wild flowers in the chapparal. Her ramblings carried her farther than she intended, and when she returned to retrace her steps she found that she was lost, poor thing—bewildered and perplexed in a tangled maze. In vain she strove to recollect the position and bearings of the camp she had left, all so joyous, a short time before—reason had fled its throne. In an agony of doubt she ran to and fro in the chapparal, every step taking her farther from her friends, and darkness at length found her completely exhausted, and crazed with thoughts of Indian peril and of starvation. Her sufferings during that dreadful night, continued Bill, you must fancy for yourselves—I shall not attempt to depict them.

With the early morning light she was again on her feet. She gazed in every direction, she ran in every direction; but no sight of her friends gladdened her long vision. While thus engaged she was discovered by a Mexican girl, whose father had a small rancho some five miles from the Point; and now when sunset was at hand the lost one fled at its approach. The Mexican girl called upon her in soothing terms, but she heeded her not. The former then went to her father hard by, and told him that some poor straggler from the camp of the stranger was in the bushes, and to all appearance lost and bereft of reason. The old man mounted his horse, went out in search, and soon came up with her; but she fled at his approach as from one of the wild denizens of the prairie. The old man, in the kindness of his heart, with soft accents attempted to arrest her flight; but she understood him not, for she heeded him not. He knew that she must belong to the German camp, that she was lost, that she was crazed, and he determined to rescue her. Coiling the lariat or leather rope which hung to his saddle in his hand, he set off at full speed after the bewildered and frightened fugitive threw it gently over her head, and thus checked her flight. To call his daughter thinking that she might better assist in soothing the poor girl, was his first impulse; together to proceed with her to the camp of her friends, and deliver her safely to those who must be but too anxious for her, was his second.

Great was the joy of her relatives, glad indeed were the hearts of all who knew her, as she was brought into camp; but soon these emotions were changed to bitter sorrow, as one by one they discovered that the fairest flower among the emigrants was crazed. The sweet carresses of her mother and sisters she avoided

only with a vacant stare; the kind offices of those who crowded around were unrecrued for, unregarded. Her half-frantic lover, as he uttered words of comfort and endearment, was answered with a look that told plainly she recognized him not, that he was forgotten. Restoratives of every description were resorted to, but without effect. A favorite little dog, as he wagged his tail in joy and endeavored to lick the hands of his mistress in token of gladness at her return, was spurned as a stranger. Songs that she had loved in childhood fell in soft cadence upon her ear; yet she heeded them not. Presents from her lover—gifts that she had treasured in her heart of hearts—were passed over as idle toys. Her once bright eye, so full of intelligence and life, was now glazed, vacant and lustreless—her round, full face, once so radiant with intellect, was now a meaningless blank—and as her friends gazed upon her they wrung their hands in sorrow, and with sad misgivings that the reason of the poor girl was lost forever.

At length, continued Bill, an elderly matron left the melancholy group, and started off as if intent on making one more effort at restoring the crazed one to her senses. Presently she returned, with a large plate of hot, smoking sour-crust in her hand. Following her way in among the snowing crowd she presented the dish to the girl, and—

"And with what effect?" ejaculated a Ranger who had been listening all the while, and who now dashed away a tear which had gathered in his eye. "With what effect?"

"As-ton-ishing!" slowly ejaculated the wag. "It brought her right to just like a shot; and the way she skived into that crust showed that twenty-four hours' hard exercise in the chapparal was a great help to the appetite!"

It took at least twenty minutes to collect the scattered horses that broke their ropes when the laugh that succeeded this termination to a sad story first burst upon them.—N. O. Picayune.

## From Tampico and the Army.

By the schr. St. Paul, at New Orleans 17th ult. from Tampico, dates from that city to the 8th ult. have been received. In addition to our telegraphic despatches of yesterday we make the following condensation of the news before us. The St. Paul brought out \$6,500 worth of plate and \$2,300 in specie.—Peina'n.

The force at Tampico on the 8th was about 7,000 troops—regulars & volunteers, the whole under the command of Major Gen. Patterson.

Mr. Lumsden, of the Picayune, writing from Tampico, says:—A Mexican, said to be worthy of belief, has arrived here, and reports that Gen. Cos had arrived on Thursday last, the 4th inst. from Tuspan, off the wreck of the ship Ondiaka, with 400 troops, consisting of 250 of the battalion of Tuspan, the rest National Guards and cavalry; that on his way Gen. Cos was joined by 120 men from Tamiagua, 150 from Papanita, and 230 from Omolma—his whole force amounting to 900 men, with four pieces of artillery; that after summoning Col. De Russy to surrender his force as prisoners of war, which summons was promptly rejected, an engagement took place which lasted till 10 o'clock, P. M. after the Mexican left, and the result was not known. Gen. Cos had stationed an advance of 80 cavalry and 50 infantry at a pass to prevent reinforcements arriving from this place.

A letter dated 6th inst. says:—A most foul and cruel murder was committed here last night in the Plaza near the church.—The victim was a young man named James D. Bowlin, formerly of Maryland, who had been here since about Christmas last (he came out in the schooner Fulton, from New Orleans. Two men are now in jail on suspicion of being concerned in the bloody deed; one a Mexican, who, it seems pretty certain, inflicted the fatal wound, the other a white man named Grater—so spelled to me—supposed to have instigated the murder.—The murder was committed with a large knife, the blade piercing the breast bone and penetrating several inches, which must have caused instant death. We find nothing further in relation to the wreck of the Ondiaka, or the fate of the volunteers on board. A passenger on the St. Paul states that as the vessel was coming over the bar on the morning of the 9th inst. the propeller James Cago was seen returning from the wreck of the Ondiaka. The Cago had no other persons on board than her regular crew, and as she took down Capt. Magruder and his command, it is certain that he had effected a landing. We must remain in suspense in regard to the fate of the volunteers until another arrival. If they have two hundred guns and a tolerable supply of ammunition, we have great faith that they will beat off the Mexicans; for at least hold them in check till the arrival of Gen. Pillow, who had been despatched by Gen. Patterson, with three companies of Tennessee volunteers, two foot and one mounted, and four companies of artillery.

The Delta contains a letter from one of the wrecked volunteers, dated from Cape Roxo, January 20. Here the ship was ashore, which says:—Most of the men ar-