

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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TERMS

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POETRY.

SONG OF THE RIDER.

[Grace Greenwood quotes the following magnificent poem in a recent letter to the Home Journal.—She does not state who is the author, but it is so much like what Grace herself might be expected to write, that were it not for her assertion to the contrary, we should put her name to it without hesitation. It reminds us of Fringle's "Aur in the Desert."] Saturday Post.

When troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When faint, 'neath its burdens, and shrink from its
burden,
When its fruits turned to ashes, are mocking my
state,
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste;
When come ye not near me, my sad heart to cheer
With friendship's soft accents, or sympathy's tear—
No counsel I ask, and no pity I need,
But bring me, oh, bring me, my gallant young steed!
With his high arched neck and his nostrils spread
wide,
His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!
As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
The strength to my spirit returns, again!
The bonds are all broken which fettered my mind,
And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind!
My pride lifts its head, for a season bowed down,
And the queen in my nature now paws on her crown,
Now we're off like the winds, to the plains, where'er
they came,
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame,
On, on speeds my course, scarce priming the sod,
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod!
On, on, like a deer, when the hounds' early bay
Awakes the wild echoes, away, and away!
Still faster, still faster, he leaps at my cheer,
Till the rush of the startled air whirrs in my ear!
Now long a clear rivulet lies his track,
See his glancing hoofs tossing the white pebbles
back!
Now a gleam, dark as midnight—what matter—we'll
down,
Through shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us
frown—
The thick branches shake, as we hurry through,
And deck us, with spangles of silvery dew.
What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish
hand,
Such a steed in the night of his strength may command!
What a glorious creature! Ah, glance at him now,
As I check him awhile on this green hillock's brow,
How he tosses his mane, with a shrill joyous neigh,
And paws the firm earth, in his proud stately play.
Hurrh, off again, dashing on, as in ire,
Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing with fire,
Ho, a ditch—shall we pause? No, the hold leap we
dare,
Like a swift winged arrow we rush through the air,
Oh, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,
Nor the wildering waltz in the ball room's blaze,
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race;
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase;
Nor the sail-high heaving the waters o'er;
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,
Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed.

"Low me to toat yer Bar Skin.—The Baltimore Western Continent tells the following good one, combining gallantry and greenness:—

Some two weeks since, a young gentleman from one of the southern States came to Washington, to endeavor to obtain an appointment in one of the new regiments about being raised for Mexico. It was his first trip to the north, and having travelled straight through from Atlanta to Washington, without stopping on the road, he had better opportunity of feeling than seeing the effect produced by the change of climate. On the day after his arrival he was introduced by the member from his district to several young ladies, with one of whom it fell to his lot to walk from Godby's to the capitol.

The lady was provided with a ponderous muff, now so fashionable an article of dress at the north. Our hero was in a dilemma—what to call it, or for what purpose it was used, he did not know. But one thing he did know, and that was that it was any thing but polite for a gentleman to allow a lady to bear such a burthen. He scrutinized it with much uneasiness for some time—he could not divine what it contained, but he was perfectly familiar with the "kiver," and unable longer to restrain his gallantry, he extended his hands, saying,

"Miss Julia, 'low me to toat yer bar skin for you?"

"Thank you, sir—don't trouble yourself," replied Miss Julia, blushing very red.

"Oh, 'tain't no trouble in the least!" replied our hero, insisting on relieving her of her burthen.

The merry girl at last consented, rather than enter into so embarrassing an explanation; and taking the muff under one arm, our hero offered the other to his fair companion, with whom he marched boldly along the avenue to the capitol to the no small wonderment of the passing crowd.

It is needless to add that he soon discovered his mistake, or that he has from that hour held all ladies' muffs in utter abhorrence.

Too Much Truth.—A young lady lately observed, "When I go to the theatre, I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church, am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves."

The aristocracy are prone to ridicule the elevation of the middle class to high official situations, not reflecting that it is easier to transmute men of talents into gentlemen than it is to convert mere gentlemen into men of talent.

From the Olive Branch. A Chapter for Gentlemen.

BY OLIVE.

Much has been said and written for the benefit of young ladies; but seldom is the pen wielded in a like manner for the opposite sex. Now it cannot be that they need it less than the female portion, but that the pen is stayed from mere force of habit. Certainly, this is not right; for they also, are deserving of the benefit of censure and advice; and therefore let the reader please pardon my effort to 'deal justly with all.'

There are many gentlemen in society, who, if we may take their actions for a criterion, have a very low estimate of female character. This may be entirely foreign to their own views; for they certainly strive in all ways, say they to render themselves agreeable. Reader themselves agreeable, forsooth! Well, this is just the point. But how is it to be done? Will it be bowing just so nicely, calling forth just so many smiles, and saying all sorts of 'most pretty things' to them?—By no means. Let him who would obtain the good will of a sensible lady, approach her like a reasonable being. Let him talk to her as though she had a mind as well as himself. It may be that such things are indeed rare among the female portion of community; but if so, does the present state of things tend to make them more prevalent? Certainly not. On the contrary, it serves to lessen and enervate them; yet they go on in the same beaten track from day to day, praising, flattering and the like, and then complain of weakness. Weakness, indeed! Well, be it so; but with them lies the sin. What if 'his said the ladies do care more for external appearance, and a smattering of accomplishments, than for things useful?—Do not very many gentlemen encourage it? How often, think ye, would a lady's reason be called into exercise, even were she so fortunate as to possess it? 'Twould be too much like a flower among noxious weeds, choked and concealed.

Indeed, it seems to be looked upon in too many classes of society, as a thing of course, that where ladies are present, trifling and vain, unmeaning words shall be the order of the day. Now this idea must certainly have originated with some one, who, to conceal his own weakness, flattered theirs. Poor mistaken mortal! Most sadly did he miss his aim; for his cloak has fallen off. True it is that females, as a class, seem to be regarded by many of the opposite sex as destitute of both mind and heart. But let them look into their own souls, and they'll find they have been glancing through the mists of darkened eyes.

Yes, gentlemen, 'tis even so. You flatter, you praise, you kneel to them, compromising your true dignity when it were far better you sustained it. Instead of endeavoring to engage a lady in sensible conversation, you usually spin a web of flattery of which the fillet thereof is vanity. And while this state of things continues, need one wonder at the result?—No—go you as gentlemen, as honorable men in the sight of Heaven, and do your duty, and what a change? There would be a complete moral revolution. Much is yours to do towards raising the standard of female excellence. Then let benevolence prompt you to the work. Be not always content with light and vain conduct, lest you fall irremediably into the error. When you approach a lady, let it be in truth and honesty. Remember she is not faultless, neither is she all fault; but of flesh and blood, good and evil, even like yourselves. Then seek her acquaintance as such; and speak with her of faults as well as virtues. He who tells of only one is but half a friend, and his acquaintance little worth.

With you, who have the stronger minds, if you please, rests in a great measure the forming of theirs. See to it, then, that you nobly fulfil the high duties devolving upon you. Then, and not till then, may you in safety "cast the first stone."

The Upper Mississippi.—The St. Louis Reveille of May 1st, says:—"Every boat which departs at this season for the Upper Mississippi, is freighted with American (eastern) immigrants, destined for the rich prairie lands of Missouri, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin. A healthful stream of population is settling those regions; many of them bearing along all the necessaries for ease and comfort, as well as the useful implements of husbandry. Some of them are very prudently taking with them fine specimens of stock—cattle of the best English breeds, Saxon and Merino sheep, and pigs of the real Berkshire stock. The wildest prophecies in regard to the increase of that country (or what ten years ago was considered wild) have been fulfilled; and observing now the vast produce pouring through the avenues of trade from their rich soil, the query naturally arises, what will it be when this steady stream of population subdues the whole surface to tillage? The valley of the Mississippi may then, indeed, be called the granary of the world."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF ERROR.—A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

The Effect of American Sympathy in Ireland.

The following article from the *Dublin Nation*, of the 3d of April, will be read with interest by every American, as well as Irishman, in the country. It deserves the especial attention of Americans, as showing the gratitude of the Irish people for the contributions forwarded to them from this country:

"While English statesmen are devising daily plans for the increase and protection of pauperism in this long loyal and long-suffering Province of Ireland, American statesmen, regarding this country as even in its wreck, worth being saved, are accumulating their voluntary tributes for the relief of our necessities. While the chief journals of the English capital are daily teeming with invectives against our people, high and low, American journals, from Houston down to Eastport, are reviving reminiscences of Irish merit, in order to hasten the kindly interference of their country in behalf of ours. While the popular divines of England can see in pestilence and famine only judgements from an angered Deity, smiting Ireland on both cheeks for her idolatry, the favorite preachers of America perceive but an opportunity for the exercise of active charity. This nation's position resembles that of the man in the Gospel who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. America is our Samaritan. When our wounds are bound up, and we are able to go our destined way, we will know to whom our gratitude is due. 'A certain Levite' shall also be remembered.

"Out of this famine will come many results—one of the greatest of which may be, if we desire it, the establishment of 'a cordial understanding' between us and the United States of America. It is an axiom of the closest observers of human nature, that conferring benefits on any object endear that object to the benefactor; so in domestic life, adopted children are usually the dearest. And, at this hour, America, like the Grecian daughter, feels from the warm bosom of her youth, the aged, and alas! shackled nation, to which her infancy owed protection and support. Never, indeed, did the world behold a finer spectacle. Sentence of death had gone forth from Babylon on millions of our people. The European continent was dumb, except where, near the extreme South, the Pontiff Liberator of Rome searched his hollow coffers after a mite for Ireland.—France was silent; Austria was silent; Russia did not cry out 'shame!' A diplomatist rules in Paris; and the ancient friendship between the countries of Sarisfield and Court Save, of Huche, and of Tene, has withered beneath this rule. A diplomatist rules at Vienna, and the services of our great soldiers at Austria, our Kavanaghs, Macs, and O'Reillys, never weighed a feather on the power of the balancing brain of Metternich. Even the Bear of the Pole has turned diplomatist, and grumbles in cartels. Italy, except Rome, and all Spain, lies the helpless and bleeding prey of this same accursed diplomacy. From Continental Europe then, we could gain no aid against England; for Europe is ruled by heads, not hearts—by profits, not principles—by 'the laws of nations,' not 'the laws of God.'

"But America, happily, has thus far escaped the incubus; and America, in a national sense, has become Ireland's friend—her chief friend among the nations.—Now England, our governor, alternately hates and fears America; and America returns hatred for hatred, and scorn for scorn, but feels no fear of any earthly power.—Let us follow the three nations into the future, as far as human sense can see.—To begin—England, in the years 1846 and 1847, had the government of Ireland in her own hands. In those years, 2,000,000 of the Irish people died for want of food, while there was plenty of credit in England, and plenty of food for the leeching beyond seas. America, in the spring of 1847, hearing of Ireland's distress, made a magnanimous effort to save her, and succeeded in preserving nearly 1,000,000 of Irish lives, by assistance rendered in Ireland, or to Irish emigrants in America. All ye who may survive this English famine, note down in the new leaf of your memories this contrast. Let us speculate a little farther: Suppose, in the year of our Lord 1850, that Ireland, with a population reduced to 5,000,000, begins to recover from this awful ordeal—that her peasants till the land again, and her artisans resume their labors. Suppose this done under a wiser policy among Irishmen, and less injurious imperial laws, this island will even then be a power in Europe, though still a province. But suppose it then being, or about to be, a free nation, governing itself by certain moral laws, having and cultivating certain foreign relations, what will be its position in regard to America? Why, this;—America needs friends in Europe, and our relations have always been of a friendly kind; but from this year forth no Irishman will willingly draw a trigger against her. Our harbors are nearer to America than England's, and more accessible. The merchants of New Orleans alone have lost millions of dollars in St. George's Channel, because they followed the arbitrary current of British commerce, flowing into that sink of the old slave trade, Liverpool. Until the late abolition of the corn laws,

Great Britain could in a measure control America's commerce; but now America, the great producer of one of the materials of manufacture and the food of the manufacturer, can turn not only her own, but British commerce, into such channels as she pleases. Moreover, America must be, before many years, the intermediate agent between Asia and Europe. From London to Canton, around Cape Horn, is more than 6,000 miles—from the same place to the same, via Panama or Oregon, less than 5,000. America will then more and more require an ally on the West of Europe, and we hereby, after full deliberation, advertise Ireland as a candidate for that employment, whose qualifications excel that of all others.

"Our object in this speculation is to keep the Irish in Ireland. If we are starved, colonized, or otherwise swindled out of it, the English will quietly remove here their government and other machinery, even as the Tyrians of old removed to Carthage, or Duke William and his vassals from Normandy to England; and they will become to Europe all that we might have been. The Irish name and nation will fade from the face of the earth, and the island of our ancestors become the home of a new people, ruling and enjoying where we have starved and died. Good Providence, to think of this! To think that our oppression is to end only in banishment, and our struggles to cease but in death.—To think of this land, sprinkled all over with the holy blood of freedom's martyrs—gemmed with fields of glory like an Emperor's shield—monumented, sanctified, song famed through the world, given up at last to men without one sympathy for it in their hearts, or one fact about it in their memories! Tradesmen, tenant-league, landlords, clergymen—Irishmen, must this be?"

A later number of the *Dublin Nation* speaks in the following indignant strain of eloquence:

"THE LAST RESOURCE.—It is calculated by the English Ministry, as the *English Spectator* declares, that this year's famine will kill two millions of the Irish people. Two millions! Do men realize to themselves that tragic fact? Do they know what it means? Does it picture to their minds one man out of every four living in Ireland when the English Parliament met to legislate for our 'estate as dead or doomed to death?' One out of every four! Of every hundred, twenty-five; and an entire fourth of all this Irish race dying in the unspeakable pangs of hunger. No, we believe they do not know it. A vague feeling of the enormous calamity floats in men's minds, but a full sense of that desolation and all its consequences no man seems to have realized.

"Two millions! If all the human beings living in Scotland—men, women and children—had died of some sudden plague and left that populous kingdom one wide wilderness, without the face of man, the loss of human life would only equal what has fallen on us. If death had swept over some other main branch of the British empire—over Wales or over Canada—Canada, so strong that men watch to see her spring into the attitude of a new Western empire, another self-manumitted slave of England—the loss of life would but amount to half what we sustain. The Swiss Republic, the Kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, Saxony, Hanover, Tuscany, Greece—any of all these sovereign states might be depopulated to the last man, and still fewer of God's creatures be lost than we have flung into the grave, with accursed apathy, in this single year. The plagues which made fearful epochs in the history of the human race—the wars which men regarded as visible scourges of God—the revolutions which shook to pieces forever some ancient and formidable tyranny—none of them all swept over a single land with such desolation as English rule has brought upon us in this one fearful season.

"And the fever is coming in the track of the famine—the lever which strikes dead the rich, not the poor. It kills, says Dr. Carrigan, in language of terrible significance—It kills one of two of the wealthy, for one out of ten of the poor. This scourge is coming, and which of us all can promise himself immunity for a month? Who can be assured that he will not be the next victim of England?"

"To the proud merchant and the upright trader there is, truly, 'something more terrible than death itself—the loss of credit.' Is not this, too, come or coming?—The inevitable progress of scarcity and confusion from the low to the high, has followed its appointed course, and aggravated by ignorant laws it threatens to wrap us in a common ruin. Poor Laws, BENTINCK clauses, and GREGORY clauses, the natural alarm of English merchants, the spring-tide of emigration drawing an enormous capital and labor from our shores, the thousand confusions that fall like curses on a State without a Government, come to make this ruin complete and signal.

"Two millions of our workers dead—fever coming like an avenging angel among the slothful rich—commercial panic and ruin begun—priests and physicians wanting the necessaries of life in the midst of quadrupled labor—our landed gentry beggared by public works over which they had no control—our rural shopkeepers about to be robbed of their natural custom-

ere, henceforth to be fed and clothed by English contractors at their cost—a time fast coming and inevitable, if we do not stop and forbid it—when this ancient Ireland, robbed of its gentry, its clergy, its professional and mercantile classes, its industrious farmers and skillful artisans, shall present to the eye of the stranger one wide gang of paupers and pay-clerks, slaves and slave drivers.

"Oh, God of Justice and Mercy! to whom our fathers were faithful in peril and persecution, must we endure this?—'Out of the depths we have cried to Thee, oh Lord; Lord hear our voice: let Thy ears be attentive to the voice of our supplication.'

"When God led his people out of the land of bondage, through such terrible vengeance, their sufferings had not equalled ours. When the Romans meditated abandoning their noble city after its sack by the Gauls—when the brave Dutch nation prepared to go into their ships and sail away from their country forever, rather than endure the desolating dominion of a foreign conqueror, their case was not more desperate than ours at this hour. But still, in the last extremity, some brave voice was heard, exhorting them to one more struggle—one more struggle for their dear country; and the one more struggle, served with a last desperate hope, was still triumphant. Oh, if some potent voice awoke our people to their condition, the same success is still to be won. Men would hail it as the voice of one commissioned of Heaven to speak a divine truth. Why should not such a one now—now, in this hour of our extremity, say for Ireland what Ireland will say—in God's name this has lasted too long; we cannot endure more, and we won't. You may send your lawyers to prosecute us, or your soldiers to kill us; but, by Heaven's justice, our people shall die tamely of your law no longer. First take our lives. You drew away our resources to your own country; you feed your soldiers plentifully among us, while the native people of the land starve; you leave us pensioners on the alms of a foreign country, your enemy and conqueror; you scoff at our wants, our hopes, our ancient nation—by God's eternal justice, this must end now."

Influence of the United States in Europe.—Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, says, in one of his letters from Europe, that the Mexican war and the subscriptions for the Irish, leave the European mind in a state of amazement. Many are beginning to perceive that new and startling elements are at work in the U. S. States, and every arrival is watched for with the preliminary exclamation—"I wonder what the devil the Americans will do next!" The truth is, that the United States are beginning to exercise a mighty influence in Europe. From the height the Republic has now reached, no one can tell the limits of her power, progress, or preponderance. One of the leading London journals says, half in joke, half in earnest—if the Americans go on at this rate, feeding one hemisphere and fighting the other, the time may come when a Louis Philippe will be a prospect in Paris, under the authority of Mr. President Polk, and a Sir Robert Peel will be happy to become the collector of the port of London or Liverpool, under the like authority. The capacity, the versatility, the growing power of the American Republic, for everything—for war, commerce, navigation, agriculture, art, manufactures—seem to beget a general astonishment and an undisguisable dread in all those connected with the present governments in France and England. A new arrangement and modification of the powers of Europe seem to be on the eve of development. In fact, the United States as a nation, is rapidly entering into the European system, and is actually disturbing their old visions of the balance of power.

Alexander's Messenger.

GEN. MEJIA'S SON.—Among the Mexican prisoners per steamship *New Orleans*, in charge of Maj. Bennett, we observe First Lieut. Henry Mejia, aid de-camp to Gen. de La Vega. Lieut. Mejia is the son of the late Gen. Mejia, well known to our old citizens as leader of the federal forces in Mexico, opposed to Santa Anna of the central party. He is quite a young man, and behaved very gallantly at the battle of Cerro Gordo, having his horse shot from under him and being wounded. Like La Vega, he was found at his post. General Brooke received his parole of honor, and he is now residing with his mother, a resident in this city, until further orders.—*N. O. Delta*.

A GENTLEMAN, who at breakfast the other morning broke an egg, and disturbed the repose of a sentimental-looking biddy, called the waiter, and insinuated that he did not like to have a bill presented, "all he had done eating."

GROWING VIRTUOUS IN OLD AGE.—When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

It is a remarkable peculiarity, with debts, that their expanding power continues to increase as you contract them.

All men think their enemies ill men.