

Democratic Banner.

B. V. MOORE & THOMPSON.

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TERMS

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POETRY.

THE FEMALE HEART.

The following lines were addressed by a young lady to a Gentleman, who being requested to write in her Album, had instead, deigned the Female Heart, and subdivided it by the various passions; the prominent of which were--Dress, Vanity, Frivolity, and Scandal.

And who art thou, canst thou portray,
The female heart--
I pity thee, unhappy youth,
Who o'er thou art.

For thee no pleasant memories paint,
Domestic bowers,
No tender mother could have watched
Thy childhood's hours.

Oh! no, thou never couldst forget
Her sacred love--
Her midnight watch, her ceaseless care,
All praise above.

No gentle sister could have raised
Her trusting eyes,
Fraught with the love that fondly says,
"Thou art my prize."

Alas! it never has been thine,
In life to tend
Her gaze of love, which wins the smile
Of dearer friend.

Of woman thou hast only known
The weaker part;
Else thou couldst never thus have drawn
The female heart.

Have Love and Friendship such small share
In woman's heart?
Have Fortitude, and Hope, and Faith,
No little part?

Have Heavenly Charity and Truth
No resting place--
Alas! poor youth, if these are lost,
Heaven help thy race.

Is woman vain? "Thou man that lights
The spark of an
To praise the gilded case, not care
For gems within.

Farewell--forgiveness kindly prompts
The fervent prayer,
That e'en thy life may yet be blessed
By woman's care.

Short Patent Sermon.

By POW, JR.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
Myself, it said unto me,
Beware of thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.

My hearers:--That this is a selfish world, every one finds out, about as soon as he ceases sucking and begins to watch for bread and butter. Even the little pig-know it as they root each other aside, and scramble over one another's backs to get at the swill trough. The lame chicken, too, feels it most lamentably as he hobbles along far in the rear of his flock, and arrives in time just to be too late for the last crumb; and when a hungry hawk darts among them, he must look out for himself or he is a gone chicken. What do the other chickens care for his safety or welfare? Not a gravel stone. In the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, you behold, my friends, a dark picture of selfishness, illuminated by a single ray of mutual kindness or common sympathy--and mankind presents one equally as dark. The thistles of selfishness overspread the whole social, moral, political and religious world; and as for eradicating them, you might as well undertake to dig the "root of all evil" [the love of money] from the human heart with the pick-axe of theoretical piety.

My friends--years ago--after wandering about the world, and inspecting its complicated machinery--often foolishly putting faith in professed friendship--and often having discovered the main-spring of all human actions--I sat down upon the stump of consideration, and I talked to myself, myself talked to me, and we both talked together. We came to the conclusion that, as the devil was after everybody, everybody must look after himself. So I buttoned up coat, took out my jack-knife and cut me a stick of independence and trudged along--caring a fig for nobody, for nobody cared a pumpkin seed for me. What is friendship, my friends?--It is a bee that sucks only when there is honey to be got, and carries treasure to its own hive; a shadow upon the dial--present when shines the sun of prosperity--and absent when lower the clouds of adversity; a useless dog--always about when not needed, but out of whistling distance when wanted the most. In short, as my friend Goldsmith says, friendship is but a name; a charm that lulls one into a dangerous sleep; a shade that follows Wealth and Fame; and leaves poor draggle-tail Poverty to get out of the mud and mire the best way she can.

The world was made to progress people--and the Almighty never intended our first parents and their children to be pent up in a little garden patch, with nothing to do but lounge, sleep, and stay their stomachs with the spontaneous productions of the earth. Were it so, how much higher position should we now occupy in the scale of being than the brute creation?--Not two inches. No, it is intended that we would advance, spread, expatiate; and so the God of Nature has implanted in each individual ambitious desires, a love of self-aggrandizement, and an ardent desire to rise, in some way, superior to his

fellow mortals around him; and all he wants is plenty of elbow room, a clear track, and no favor from your dull, plodding philosophers, who, because they can't keep up themselves, insist upon all taking hold of hands and jogging on together.

My young friends--I wish to impress it upon your minds that others don't care so much for you as you may imagine. They no doubt would like to see you do well in the world; but they are not going five miles out of the way to do you a good turn. So if you wish to attain the summit of honor, wealth, and distinction, you must spit upon your hands, stick in your toe-nails, and climb away, without waiting for somebody to give you a lift. You can accomplish a great deal, if you have only a mind to try; and the best way to make you try, is to convince you of the fact, that you can never fatten upon the friendship of a hollow and deceitful world; which is so freely bestowed because it costs nothing, and is worth nothing to nobody. As soon might you think of getting a corporation by inhaling the steam from a dinner pot, or going to bed and dreaming of doing homage to the beauty of a beef-steak. I say unto you my friends make an effort to take care of yourselves individually, and you'll probably do it; but should sickness come upon you unawares, and hang on like a bull-dog--should you sink deeper and deeper into the mire of misfortune at every effort to extricate yourself--while patience is perishing and hope is dying, then call upon Heaven for fortune; upon Charity for a penny, and upon me for advice; and verily you shall be attended to. So note it be.

READ THIS.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A TRUE MAN.

We want every person who takes up this paper, to read the following extracts from a speech by General Low, recently made at a patriotic meeting at Concord, in New Hampshire.

Who is Gen. Low? A soldier in the war of 1812. The leading man upon the Whig Electoral ticket for New Hampshire, in 1844. A man who puts country before party now, and renouncing the latter, declares for the former.

Such a man speaks--listen, you warm-hearted and true-hearted young men and old men of the Keystone and elsewhere. Hear what he says, and think upon what you hear:--*Harrisburg Argus.*

"Our government did not desire war with Mexico. We had endeavored by all honorable means to avoid it. But when it was found that a resort to arms was determined upon by Mexico herself for the purpose of conquering Texas, which had been admitted as a sovereign State of our Union--when it was found that the enemy was already making hostile demonstrations on our borders--when our army was first attacked and our citizens cruelly murdered by the Mexican troops--then, and not till then, our Congress declared that 'war existed by the act of Mexico.' The glorious results and the heroic achievements of our brave little army on the 8th and 9th of last May, followed these attacks and barbarities. The gallant acts of these two days will be remembered so long as the history of our country endures. The unequalled heroism and the feats of daring performed by our noble sons on these occasions add lustre to our history and reflect honor upon our arms. The charge of Col. May with his brave little squadron of only 50 men has been scarcely if ever equalled in the annals of history. But the gallant deeds at Monterey render still more glorious the name and fame of our American soldiery. But, Mr. President, I rejoice to meet here in this assembly, one of the brave officers [Lieut. Potter] who stood at the gun during the bombardment while storming one of the Mexican batteries near Monterey. [Loud and protracted cheering.] I honor him, sir. I am glad that New Hampshire was represented on that glorious occasion, not only by him but by many other of her heroic sons. [Cheers.]

As soon as the news of the invasion of our territory reached Washington last May, Congress being then in session, immediately passed a bill declaring that, 'whereas, by the act of Mexico, war exists between that country and the United States,' appropriating ten millions of dollars to carry on the war, and granting the enlistment of 50,000 volunteers. Why was this done by the representatives of the people? (The President did not declare war.) The answer is plain, it was a plain direction to the President, the means being placed in his hands, he was to prosecute the war as far as those means would enable him. I am sorry to hear people talk about this being 'the President's war,'--that 'the President made it,' &c. Congress had the power to put a stop to the whole proceeding by withholding supplies; but instead of doing this, and after acknowledging that war existed, 'by the act of Mexico' herself, Congress gave the President directions to pursue it with vigor by voting appropriations and supplies.

We all regret that blood should be shed--money is nothing in this matter. We all regret the suffering that the war produces. But when the foe forces us into a war, it is our duty--the duty of every good citi-

zen--to defend our country, our boundaries and our rights, and to obtain as soon as possible a fair and honorable peace.

Mr. President, my mind reverts to the war of 1812. That you, sir, will recollect was denounced as 'cruel and unjust'; it was called 'Jim Madison's war.' In like manner, the present war also is denounced as 'unjust,' 'cruel,' 'Jim Polk's war.' I truly believe, sir, that the speeches and newspaper articles that have been published in this country, denouncing our government and its course, defending and applauding, and wishing success to Mexico, have been more powerful aids to that country than any thing else. These articles, sir, have been published in the newspapers of Mexico, and to them, and the hopes they give to the people of that country, may be well ascribed the pertinacity with which the Mexican government opposes peace. [Sensation, and cries of 'That's true!']

Santa Anna is even now encouraging his soldiers by saying, 'Hold on--hold on--the people of the United States are opposed to the war. See their newspapers! It is only their army on the Rio Grande that is in favor of it. Hold on--hold on, until the warm weather comes, and they will quickly die off. We can then recover Texas, cross the Sabine, catch the President and dictate just such terms of peace as we please.' [Laughter and loud cheering.] The Mexicans have never been ready to treat upon honorable terms. And now when they receive 'aid and comfort' from the enemies of our government at home, they demand as a preliminary to negotiation--what? That we re-cross the Rio Grande? More--that we re-cross the Nueces? More than that. We must leave Texas, come to this side of the Sabine--and then perhaps if we will pay them twenty millions of dollars besides, they may be ready to treat with us.

Mr. President, if we had all stood by our country in her need--if we had all rallied to her defence when her rights and those of her citizens were invaded--if we had stood up as one man around the flag of our country, and defended, by deeds and words too, her honor, her reputation and her rights, the war would have been even now ended, and we should have been rejoicing in an honorable peace. But it was said that Mexico was a 'poor country'--that she was not able to pay us what she owes us--that she could not raise enough to pay even what she had stipulated by treaty. Mr. President, when I hear that said, I wonder that those who utter such sentiments forget that she is able to raise an army of 30,000 in one spot, and of more than 50,000 in all, and that she is also able to equip and support them. Can't pay us! She can do it, and would do it, if treachery and disregard of our rights did not pervade the whole Mexican government.

Gen. Low then eloquently referred to the last war and some of its incidents. You, sir, Mr. President, well recollect the scenes of September, 1812. Provost was advancing on Plattsburg with an army of 12,000 men, while we had but 1500 to meet them. The British Commodore on the lake with a fleet superior to ours in tonnage, metal and men, was sailing down upon us. Messenger after messenger hastened to Gov. Crittenden, of Vermont, begging him to send on the Vermont quota of troops; and what did he do? Why, he issued a proclamation commanding the Vermont troops not to go to the scene of action, and recalling any who might be out of the borders of the State. Yes, while our brave soldiers were bleeding and suffering, Governor Crittenden refused the assistance which he was bound by his oath and by his station to render. BUT HE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO REPENT OF THE ACT IN SACK-CLOTH AND ASHES, AND SO IT WILL BE NOW. Those who are now rendering 'aid and comfort' to the enemy, denouncing our government and discouraging enlistments, will live long enough to repent of it IN THE DEEPEST HUMILIATION--IN THE MOST PROFOUND REGRET--IN SACK-CLOTH AND ASHES.

But, sir, without thanks to Gov. Crittenden, in the words of the brave and accomplished Perry, our little army and navy 'met the enemy, and they were ours.' And now, sir, we must meet the enemy and they must again be ours--but ours only to make restitution for the wrongs they have done our citizens and our nation, and hereafter to respect and maintain their pledged faith and solemn treaty stipulations. In Massachusetts it is said the war is unpopular. It may be so here. But minorities have no terror to my mind. I was in the minority of my native State in the war of 1812--I have been in the minority for the last nineteen years, and as it is now said that a vast majority are opposed to the prosecution of the present war, I am likely to be in the minority still. Be it so. I nevertheless think it my duty to stand by the government in the crisis, and now, in this hour, when foes assail her from without, and enemies attack her at home, I SHALL BE FOUND WITH THE PARTY WHO GO FOR SUPPORTING THEIR COUNTRY AND ITS FLAG FROM INSULT AND DISHONOR, and if I am found acting in opposition to those who opposed me in 1812, I SHALL NOT REGRET IT.

I take my stand on the side of my country--patriotism orders it, duty directs it. The party which supports my own government RECEIVES MY SUPPORT. [Tremendous cheering.] And if all will stand by their country, a peace honorable to its flag will be sure to follow. The enemy will not negotiate--they have refused to do so unless we will comply with provisions of theirs which would be disgraceful and dishonorable to us.

It is said that this is a war of the President's. I say it is a war of Congress, almost unanimously declared. And now if members of Congress, instead of shaking off the responsibility on to the President, and saying, 'I didn't do it,' and 'I didn't do it,' had said 'I DID DO IT,' and will do more if you do not at once make restitution for the wrongs you have done us; and regard our rights for the future,' my word for it, sir, they would not now find occasion to charge the failure of the campaign upon one or the other.

Every one who lends his aid to protract this war will regret it. We should all exert ourselves for its honorable conclusion; but, whatever may be its results, we should be found on the side of our country. Under its flag we are protected, and under its flag we should protect and defend our soil. I have not, in all my political life, been a seeker after office; and although frequently before the public, have never gone into conventions, and asked this man or that, to go for me for any place or position. I have nothing that I seek for or ask for now, but duty and patriotism tell me that it is better and more honorable to sever party ties than to be found in opposition to the cause of my country and its government. [Great applause.]

Now, what heart does not respond to those sentiments? Who will fail to say with this soldier of the late war--this late Whig elector--'I TAKE MY STAND ON THE SIDE OF MY COUNTRY--PATRIOTISM ORDERS IT--DUTY DIRECTS IT--the party which supports my own government, receives my support.' It is a noble sentiment. It should be learned by heart--printed as a motto upon banners--acted upon in word and deed. Let such sentiments prevail, and there is no dishonor can stain our flag--no factious treachery paralyze our power to maintain the country's cause.

Why, sir, you talk of the eloquence of Tom Corwin in his pious plea for Mexico in the Senate. Will anybody but a Mexican in heart pretend to compare it, in that respect, with the direct, truthful, and more than that, PATRIOTIC language of this old soldier. The comparison fails utterly. Throw all the meritorious ornaments you may about a false-hearted argument against your country, her cause, her honor and her arms,--yet the true-hearted old soldier who says, 'I go for my country--patriotism commands it--duty directs it!' breathes a nobility of sentiment, compared to which the Senator's partizan arts are mere sounding brass, and as tinkling cymbals.--*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

And no one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. Even the father cannot realize it thus. There is a vacancy in his home, and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at set times comes round with its broken link; there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection. But the mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministrations. Every gradation of feature has developed before her eyes. She has detected every new gleam of intelligence. She has heard the first utterance of every new word. She has been the refuge of his fears; the supply of his wants. And every task of affection has woven a new link, and made dear to her its object. And when he dies a portion of her own life, as it were, dies. How can she give him up with all these memories, these associations? The timid hands that have so often taken hers in trust and love, how can she fold them on his breast, and give them up to the cold clasp of death? The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly, how can she see them straightened to go down to the dark valley? The head that she has pressed to her lips and her bosom, that she has watched in burning sickness and in peaceful slumber, a hair of which she would not see harmed, Oh! how can she consign it to the chamber of the grave? The form that not for one night has been beyond her vision or her knowledge, how can she put it away for the long night of the sepulchre, to see it no more? Man has cares and toils that draw away his thoughts and employ them; she sits in loneliness, and all these memories, all these suggestions crowd upon her. How can she bear all this? She could not, were it not that her faith is in her affection; and if the one is more deep and tender than in man, the other is more simple and spontaneous, and takes confidently hold of the hand of God.--*Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

Do well while thou livest; but regard not what is said of it. Content thyself with deserving praise, and thy posterity shall rejoice in hearing it.

Later from the Army.

We give below in detail the intelligence received at New Orleans on the 26th ult. from Vera Cruz and the army. The account of the capture and re-capture of Nautla, is thus given by Capt. Buisson, of the schr. Fraternity:--

On the 8th of May left Vera Cruz in company with the sloop of war Germantown and arrived at Nautla on the 10th. The captain of the sloop of war fired a gun soon after our arrival, and hoisted a white flag, soon after which the authorities of Nautla came on board the sloop and signed all the documents necessary to place the town in possession of the Americans.

This being done, the Germantown sailed for Teoculia, and the Fraternity remained for the purpose of disposing of her cargo.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 13th, about three hundred armed Mexicans arrived at Nautla from Misautla and took possession of the town. They also seized the authorities of the place, together with Mr. Henry Godet, supercargo of the 'Tholmitz, Mr. Derbes, a passenger, and five of my crew, all of whom were bound to Misautla. Two of my crew were on shore with me at the time, and the other three were taken from my vessel, which was lying outside the bar, two miles from the shore. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the next day she was boarded by about thirty armed men, who ran the vessel on shore, stripped her of her cargo and set her on fire.

A letter to the N. O. Delta, written at Vera Cruz, 22d ult. just as the Palmetto was leaving, says:--'One hundred and twenty Quartermaster's mules, loaded with flour and pork, on their road to rendezvous at Santa Fe, were attacked late last evening, three miles from here. The muleteers were fired upon, but I cannot learn whether any were killed. Most of the muleteers have just returned, and report that the entire train was captured. This is no rumor. I have the facts from the quartermaster here.'

It will be perceived from Mr. Kendall's letters, which we copy, that Gen. Shields slowly improves. His friends expected on the 21st that he would be sufficiently recovered to leave for the United States on the 10th inst.

Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune.

JALAPA, Mexico, May 16, 1847.

The order is out for the marching of General Twiggs' division. It is to move on Tuesday towards Puebla, Gen. Scott accompanying it. A garrison remains behind under Col. Childs, composed of both regulars and volunteers, every way able to hold the position against any odds the enemy may bring.

There is no mistake that Gen. Scott's proclamation, which went directly home to every reflecting Mexican, is doing a great deal of good.

May 18.--Among the foreigners, there are those who believe that Santa Anna is only pushing on towards the capital to control the elections and help himself, by force, to the highest office; and then he will come out in favor of peace with the United States. Others, and among them those that pretend to great knowledge of the country and its public men, say that Santa Anna will never give up as long as he can draw around him a force sufficient to make any kind of a show against 'los Yankees,' he himself always taking care to be in a position where he can save his own precious body in case of a reverse.

Gen. Scott, owing to the non arrival of a train expected this morning, will not move for two or three days to come.

May 19.--We have reports in relation to Gen. Worth's entrance into Puebla, although, as yet, there is no official or positive information. A German who arrived from the city of Mexico last night, and who appears to be an intelligent man, says that when the advance of Gen. Worth had reached a point a few miles this side of Puebla, on the 15th inst., Santa Anna was in the city distributing shoes to his soldiers; that to delay the advance of the Americans he sent out a party to skirmish with them; that this party was attacked by Gen. W., driven into the city with the loss of several killed and wounded, besides many horses, and that so hotly were they pursued, that Santa Anna was obliged to retire without having time to shoe all his men. Such is the report, and it looks reasonable enough. Gen. Worth entered the city at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday the 15th. As the gentleman left Puebla about that time, he could not say whether Santa Anna was pursued or not.

Other accounts say that Santa Anna fell back as far as San Martin Desemulcan, which he intended to fortify; while others will have it that a grand stand is to be made at or near Rio Frio. The former is situated on a plain, and there nature has given little or no strength of position; while at the latter there are several very strong points, one in particular, which may be fortified. If Santa Anna, too, can get up another excitement at the capital--and he can do almost anything with his countrymen--he can obtain immense assistance in the way of throwing up works. Rio Frio, if my memory serves me right, is but ten or twelve leagues this side of the city of Mexico; yet it is said there is a road which turns it completely. Be this as it