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POETRY.

SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

Speak not harshly—much of care
Every human heart must bear;
Enough of shadows andly play
Around the very sunniest way—
Enough of sorrows vainly lie,
Veiled within the merriest eye.
By thy childhood's gushing tears—
By thy griefs of after years—
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another's woe.

Speak not harshly—much of sin
Dwelleth every heart within;
In its closely covered cells
Many a wayward passion dwells;
By the many hours mispent—
By the gifts to error lent—
By the wrong thou dost not shun—
By the good thou hast not done—
With a lenient spirit scan
The weakness of thy brother man.

Love's Desperation. A ROMANCE OF REALITY.

Beautiful, peerlessly beautiful is the lady Manuelita, the only daughter of Rosas, the famous and powerful President of the Argentine Republic; powerful in the strength of his mind, and in the iron resolution of his character, which has enabled him to control and sway a people whom none save him can keep in order, and to defy the united attempts of England and France to break up his commerce and bend him to their terms.

We say that the lady Manuelita is beautiful, but her talents, graces, and accomplishments, alone sustain and render her beauties perfect and harmonious.

It almost seems a subject of surprise that this fair lady, so attractive in manners, and so elevated in her position, should have arrived at the age of twenty-five years, without a thought of approaching the hymeneal altar, yet so it hath been; not, however, from lack of solicitation and opportunity; for many a noble and brave cavalier has knelt and sued for the love and hand which might bless a King, but because:

First—of all her suitors, not one, when weighed in the careful balance of her discriminating judgment, but lacked some of those qualities of head and heart which alone could win and fix her pure and lofty affections.

Second—Had any cavalier presented himself, possessed of all the qualities which would gain her love, she could not leave her father's side, for as necessary as dew is to the flower, as light in darkness is to man, was she to him. She has ever acted as his adviser and confidant; she alone can guide and sway his stern will, she alone can soften his stern heart when it is frozen in its stern resolves. He could not live without her. She receives his company, writes his private and important documents, keeps watch and ward over his interests and safety, and becomes even as it were a second self unto him. But to our story:

A short distance up the river above Buenos Ayres, General Rosas has a beautiful country seat, where often in the warm summer time he and his daughter retire to enjoy the fragrant perfumes which arrives with the evening breeze from the groves of peach, lemon, and orange, which cover it. A few years ago during a heavy gale, a ship was driven high and dry by the winds and swollen waters into the very midst of this favorite plantation of the President's, and when the gale abated she was left in a position from which it was found impossible to remove her.

To please his daughter, General Rosas bought this vessel and refitted her beautifully, to serve the lady Manuelita as a summer house, and a unique and beautiful one did it make; imbedded not in the azure waves of the ocean, but in a perfect sea of flowers and fruits. In the elegant cabin of this vessel occurred the first scene of this brief but true story.

It was on a lovely afternoon in summer; the lady Manuelita sat by the stern window of the vessel, enjoying the sweet-breathing zephyrs as they came to her from their homes amid the fragrant flowers.—She was alone, and as she sat and gazed out upon the waving trees and bright-winged birds which flew from branch to branch she sighed; as if she felt she had not been formed for loneliness.

At the same moment the door towards which her back was turned, was cautiously opened. She heard it not. Then, between the rich velvet hangings which hung in crimson folds before it, quietly stepped a noble-looking cavalier; and as he slowly advanced towards her, there could be read in his face the written poetry of love, age, even to a passionate idolatry of her who was before him. He was young, not more than twenty-five, his features regular as Apollo could have desired, his eyes dark and bright as gazelle's, his lofty brow and neck, as white as alabaster, was wreathed by dark and curling masses of jet and glossy hair; a glossy moustache and beard, soft and curling as the hair which swept down upon his broad shoulder,

contrasted with the rich rosy hue of health worn upon his expressive and pleasing face. His tall, manly form, was dressed in a rich uniform, which betokened that he had a commission in her father's cavalry.

Slowly and cautiously the young officer approached the young lady, still unseen and unheard by her.

Again she sighed. He knelt by her side, and gazed upon the snow white hand, which, with its taper fingers covered with jewels, hung down against the arm of the ottoman upon which she reclined. Again she sighed. The cavalier bent down his noble head; and the lady started to her feet as she felt a warm kiss impressed upon her hand.

Not terror stricken did she turn to fly as other maidens would have done, but with flashing eye, reddened cheek, and frowning brow, as she drew up her stately form in queenly dignity, she proudly exclaimed,

"Who dare intrude?—but ere she finished the exclamation, she saw the sad and respectful gaze of the youth, who still knelt at her feet, and her anger seemed to vanish, and her tone softened, as she continued:

"Ah! is it you, Don Edvardo! I might have known none other would have dared the liberty which you have taken."

"Pardon, lady, I could not have gazed upon the hand which I so long have coveted, and refrain from telling it how much I loved its mistress."

"Rise, Edvardo!" said the lady, sadly; "I wish you would never speak of love to me again, at least while—white—"

The lady blushed confusedly, and paused. The youth observing it, eagerly and passionately exclaimed:

"White!—Oh, what mean you by that word? even it gives light to the hope which alone keeps my heart alive. Oh, lady, for the love of holy Heaven, tell me, have I cause to hope? Am I more to you than the many others who kneel in homage to your charms?"

"Were you not, do you think I would permit him to live who has dared the familiarity for which you but now crave humbly my pardon?"

"Oh, lady, then am I blessed indeed! Oh! when may I call you mine?"

"When I am free from my present engagements."

"Free! present engagements! Lady, it is cruel to trifle with a burning heart!"

"I do not trifle, Edvardo. I am willing to acknowledge that I love you, but it may be long before we can unite. I have a duty, a sacred, imperative duty to perform, which love, nor pleasure, nor ought on earth can induce me to forego. If you love me, your love will not fade, like yon summer flowers, with age. My father cannot alone bear the cares, fatigues, and vexations of his office. He cannot spare me, and I cannot marry while he is in office—indeed, he never will consent to part with me, so necessary have I now become to him."

"Lady, cruel, cruel, would be the delay!—Know you not that while he lives the people will have no other President? He alone can please and govern them; they will have no other—oh, for the love you have but now confessed, decide not so, else years and years will roll away, and we will still be as now! His death alone—"

"Oh! speak not of that, Edvardo," said she, as the large dew-drops of the soul rose to her lustrous eye; "I love my father."

"Lady, I must obey, and await my time," said the youth, and as he spoke a wild strange light beamed from his eyes, even as if some desperate conceit had entered his mind. She did not observe it, but rising, said:

"You may now escort me back to the city, Edvardo. The evening dew will soon begin to fall, and I must dress for the tortulia which I give to-night—you will be there?"

"I will angel mia!" responded the cavalier as he led her forth.

It was the still hour of midnight, and Gen. Rosas was in his private chamber, seated beside a table filled with papers and documents, now reading and signing one, and then another. Yes, while his people were enjoying the quiet rest which nature demands, he, the greatest among them, was toiling for their benefit, laboring both in mind and body for their good.

His daughter was beside him, busily engaged in copying a private letter for her father, but started, as a gentle tap at the door announced a visitor.

"Who is there?" said the stern General, as he laid his hand on a richly mounted weapon which lay near him.

"The sentinel!" was the answer in a low, respectful tone.

"What is wanted?"

"I bear a present for your excellency, which has just been left, with strict orders to be delivered to your excellency a Jone."

"Enter!—this, methinks, is a strange hour for a present. From whom doth it come?"

"I know not, your excellency," said the soldier, as he laid a neat square box of rose-wood upon the table, and placing the key on the card which was fastened on its top, departed.

"Open it, daughter, I have not time," said the General, as he again turned his eyes to a military report which he was reading.

"Oh, I know who it is from! It is in his handwriting!" exclaimed she, as she glanced at the card upon its top. Oh, what present could he have destined for the father of her whom he loves?"

"He, whom, daughter?"

"Father, the superscription on this card is in the well-known handwriting of the brave cavalier, Don Edvardo Escudero, and he has in this delicate way sent you some kingly present, I'll warrant me."

"Well, well, open the box, my child, and satisfy your curiosity."

"The lady took the key and turned it in the lock, but as she raised the lid the report of a volley of pistols almost deafened her, and with one wild scream she reeled and, fainting, fell to the floor, amid a cloud of smoke from the now open box."

In an instant the President sprang to her side.

"Oh, God! my daughter is slain!" said he in agony—but his heart was cheered again as he spoke.

"No—no, not slain, my father, but he— he would have slain you to win me!" and again she fainted. By this time the room was filled with soldiers and officers, drawn thither by the report of arms, and a hasty examination of the infernal machine, for such it was, explained the plot against the General's life, a row of loaded pistols had been so placed along the box that any one standing in front of it to open it, would receive the contents in his body. It had been sent to Rosas, at this late hour, in expectation that he would open it himself.

Narrow had been the escape of the daughter. She had stood beside, instead of in front of the box, when she opened it, but the fair hand, which her lover had kissed but so shortly before, was now stained in several places with blood where the balls had grazed it, her arms and laced sleeves were blackened with the smoke; but worse than all was the wound her pure heart had received in the discovery of this horrible attempt upon her father's life, by one whom she loved and trusted, and who would have made her an orphan to hasten her marriage. But she had named him to her father, and within one hour after the discovery of the plot Edvardo Escudero was arraigned before a drum-head court-martial. Her danger, confession, and the discovery of his hand-writing, had so thrown him off his guard, that when interrogated he made no denial. Brief was the trial. He was sentenced to be shot on the Retiro, or military Plaza, at sun-rise. With haughty composure he heard his sentence, for he yet dreamed that she—she who was all-powerful with her father, loved, and would intercede for, and save him.

But he knew not her high, stern sense of duty, if he thought that love and pity would have pardoned him who would have murdered her father. In vain he sent to seek an interview with her. Her answer to his message was brief, but she would deign no other.

"Tell him to ask God's mercy—there is none for him earth! No, not were he my brother."

And when at the morning's first light, the weeping mother and sister of the condemned knelt at her feet and prayed for one word of intercession, (for they knew that even yet she could save the son and brother, if she would but ask his life of her father,) when in the agony of their souls they spoke of his youth—beauty—and bravery—all now about to be buried in the tomb of disgrace, with a cold, stern look, as if her innermost veins were frozen, she answered:

"He would have made me fatherless!"

And while in that energy of despair that would not listen to a refusal, they yet knelt in their tears and supplications, the first ray of the morning's sun cast its soft light upon her pale cheek, a quick, rattling volley of musketry was heard in the direction of the Retiro. As its sound struck her ear she gasped, her tall and graceful form quivered like an aspen leaf amid the gale, she staggered toward the window, and as she saw the white wreaths of smoke rise lightly toward the sky, over the spot where now lay the corpse, she murmured:

"God have mercy on his soul!" and fainted.

Duty had triumphed over love and mercy, but terrible had been the struggle.

THE POWER OF A GONG.—On the day of the opening of the New England House, the harsh tenor of a Chinese gong for the first time mingled its war with the busy din of the city. It so happened that at the time the gong went off, there was a band of lately imported Irishmen, busily at work in front of the house, with pick-axe and wheel-barrow. And didn't every mother's son of them disappear, even as though a Mexican bomb were about to explode in their very midst? One poor fellow was trundling a vast pile of earth, and taking fright at the noise, he ran furiously down the hill with his loaded barrow, smashed it to splinters against a pile of griststones, precipitated himself into the river, swam to the opposite shore, and has not since been seen. The last words he spoke as he rushed off the dock, were, "starvation at home and the devil in Amiriky!" They say this was so.—*Cleveland (O.) Herald.*

From the Cleveland Daily Herald.

Melancholy Disaster!

Collision between the steamer Chesapeake and schooner John Porter—both Vessels and several Lives Lost.

The steamer Chesapeake and John Porter came in collision about half past twelve o'clock Thursday morning, when some four or five miles off Conneaut. The moment they struck the officers and hands on the Porter jumped on board the Chesapeake. The boat and vessel soon separated, the boat backing off. The Porter was not supposed to be seriously injured, and the boat of the Chesapeake was lowered to put the crew on board the schooner, when the vessel went down.

About this time it was found that the Chesapeake was fast filling, and unsuccessful efforts were made to stop the leak.—The boat was headed to the shore and all steam crowded. The pumps were set a going, and efforts were made to keep down the water by bailing. Captain Warner had the jib lowered over the bow, which was drawn into the opening and partially aided in staying the rush of waters. Notwithstanding every effort, the water gained so rapidly that the fires were soon extinguished, and when about a mile and a half from shore the boat lost her headway. The wind was blowing quite fresh from the west, considerable sea was running, and the anchor was let go to prevent drifting into the Lake.

The Chesapeake's boat was immediately manned, and filled with as many passengers as it could carry. Four of them ladies, and started for Conneaut for assistance. The wind was so heavy that the boat drifted some two miles below the pier. Mr. Shepard, Clerk of the Chesapeake, ran up the beach, and reached the pier just as the steamer Harrison was entering the port. Capt. Parker promptly went to the rescue of the sufferers with the Harrison, took off the survivors on the wreck, and picked up all that could be found afloat in the lake on hatches, cabin doors, &c. A small boat from the shore rescued some who were nearly exhausted from long buffeting of the waves, upborne on these forlorn hopes of drowning men.

After the Chesapeake was brought to anchor she continued to sink gradually, notwithstanding every possible effort by pumping and bailing to keep her afloat, and at half past three o'clock, the hull went down bow foremost in 40 feet water. The upper cabin parted from the hull, and the upper deck remained out of water.—On this such of the persons on board as had not previously left the boat were gathered and saved. None were lost who followed the advice of Capt. W. and continued with the wreck. But as the boat sunk deep in the water, and it became certain that she must go down, a number prepared floats and took their chance for escape on them. Of these, eight are known to have been drowned, and it is feared that others met with a melancholy fate.

The passengers numbered between forty and fifty, an unusual proportion ladies, and several children. No ladies or children were lost. The presence of mind, energy and fortitude of the ladies throughout the trying scene is described as remarkable. Perilous as was their situation they heeded the advice of the officers, at their request urged their protectors to go below and assist in keeping the vessel afloat, and made no outcry until it was apparent that the Harrison in passing had not discovered the wreck—when one of them asked permission of the Captain to also hail their best hope of rescue, with the remark that woman's shrill voice could be heard farther than man's. Woman's cry of agony, too, was lost, in the voice of the louder sounding sea. The lady of Captain Warner was on board, and before the boat went down she was taken to the mast head, and remained there until the Harrison came to the rescue.

As the books of the boat were lost, it is impossible to obtain a full list of passengers at present.

It is greatly feared that Mr. D. M. Folsom, of Rochester, N. Y. formerly of this city, is also among the lost.—When the small boat was leaving the wreck, he urged his wife to enter it with her child. She was unwilling to do so without her accompanied her. With true and noble disinterestedness he refused to embrace the opportunity to save himself so long as ladies and children were left on board the sinking craft, but knowing the mother's yearning heart toward her tender offspring, he placed the child in the boat. The mother clung to it and he bade her farewell from the gangway. Soon after Mr. Folsom, in company with a young man, a hand on board, entrusted himself to the waves on a hatchway and plank fastened together. His companion was rescued after daylight, so nearly exhausted that life was restored with difficulty. He stated that after floating some time Mr. F. said he thought they could sooner reach shore if their floats were separated, and when last seen Mr. F. and his hatchway were in advance of the plank and its lone voyager. It is hoped that he either reached land, or was picked up by a passing vessel.

Mr. Van Doren was a merchant at Lower Sandusky, and leaves a family to mourn their unexpected bereavement. He committed himself to a raft with four others, which stood the buffeting of the waves for some time, but at last sank to sleep in

their cold embrace. We knew George well, for we were boys together. A good heart was entombed with our early friend.

The officers of the Chesapeake did everything men could do to inspire confidence and exertion, and to save life in the terrible exigency. Mr. Andrew Lytle, steward of the boat, was particularly active in preparing floats for the use of any who chose them, and barely escaped. When the boat sunk he struck out on a state-room door, but soon after saw the safer place was on that portion of the wreck still above water. The wind and waves drifted him so rapidly that he could not return, and lying flat on his buoy he continued to struggle and float, the waves frequently dashing over him, until picked up after daylight, nearly exhausted.

Passengers lost all their baggage, not a single trunk being saved. The mail to Sandusky City was also lost. About 80 tons of freight, mostly dry goods and groceries, for Sandusky city on board. The Clerk's books, and about \$8,000 in money in his charge, sunk with the boat. The Chesapeake belongs to Messrs. D. N. Barney and Co. The Porter was loaded by Messrs. A. Seymour & Co. with 4,000 bushels of corn and 70 bbls. of pork. It is a singular circumstance that three vessels should be run down the same night in the same vicinity—the Rough and Ready, the Chesapeake, and the Porter. The night was gusty, clear above but misty on the water, and seamen say approaching lights appeared much farther distant than they really were.

A FRENCH ROMANCE.

A Paris letter-writer, alluding to the approaching marriage of General Lamoriciere, says that the intended bride, "one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom, gifted, moreover, with youth, beauty and great intelligence, had long been solicited by her friends, and persecuted by her relations, to consent to divers marriages proposed by them in turn, and all of course of unique and unexceptionable parts.—Worn out with these repeated annoyances, disgusted and disappointed with the failure of the various tests to which she had submitted the divers suitors for her hand, she at length declared to her astonished relatives that she had taken her own course in hand, and selected a husband for herself. If the astonishment was great at this avowal, how much greater did it become when it was known that the choice had fallen upon Gen. Lamoriciere, who was serving in Africa, whom she had never seen, and knew only through report.—However, there was no remedy; the young lady is her own mistress; her fortune entirely at her own disposal, so Lamoriciere was written to immediately, and, although not among the least wonderers at his own good fortune, was nothing loth to profit by it. He immediately obtained leave of absence, and the affair is settled to the satisfaction of all parties."

WHAT THE SOLDIERS SAY.

We met by accident, a few days ago, (says the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian of the 3d inst.) a wounded soldier from the fearful field of Buena Vista. He walked with difficulty & with pain—for his wound had been as severe as his gallantry had been daring. Wherever the shots fell thickest—wherever the blows fell fastest—his white plume might be seen lowering in the advance. Such a man has a right to speak of the friends and the opponents of war, and we wish, the language of the intrepid hero could have been heard far and wide. He said that the course of the Federal party in denouncing the administration and in obstructing the war, was the main obstacle in the way of a prompt and an honorable peace. He declared that the speeches of such men as Corwin and other opposition leaders did more than anything else to encourage the Mexicans, and that these speeches, aided by the efforts of the Federal press, had completely succeeded in poisoning the popular mind in Mexico against this country, or rather against the Democratic party, and that the leaders, there looked forward to a period, now not far distant, when a peace would be made that would be perfectly satisfactory to them. He repeated that these facts were daily operating most powerfully upon the army, and would not fail eventually to produce the most important effects upon the volunteers. Of course it is out of our power to give the name of this gallant soldier. He spoke warmly and bitterly of these things, because he had himself felt some of the practical effects of their truth.

CENSURE.—Public censure does not attempt to correct the offender, but to make him an example to others. It visits its unfortunate victim with undue severity, and excuses the injustice on the plea of expediency. To deter hundreds, it sacrifices one. Such is the apology made for those bursts of vindictive feeling which from time to time are raised in the land. Base minds deem themselves enabled by usurping the divine prerogative, and self-created judges, estimate their authority by the harshness of the punishment they dispense. Mercy is an ostentatious virtue, and seldom finds a votary.

A lion has no legs and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.