

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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THE BATTLE

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Battle of Huajuquilla.

The New Orleans Commercial Times has a letter from Tampico, dated July 18th, which gives a full description of this battle, which we copy entire.

GENTLEMEN:—Considerable excitement has existed in this city for the past two weeks, in relation to the detention, by General Garay, at the town of Guautla (pronounced *Wahoutla*) 140 miles from here, of one hundred and eighty Americans who were recently liberated in the city of Mexico, and sent towards this city with a small escort. They were those taken last February at Encarnacion. The renowned General Garay, in true Mexican style, pretended that their passports were not correct, and that he would be under the necessity of detaining them at Guautla, until he could hear from his government.

Six of them made their escape, and arrived in safety in this city, and immediately communicated the above facts to our Governor, Colonel Gates. An expedition was fitted out on the 8th inst. by order of Col. Gates, and the command of it given to Col. DeRussy, of the Louisiana regiment. The expedition consisted of one hundred and twenty men, and one six pound field piece; forty men third artillery; commanded by Capt. Wyse; forty dragoons, mounted on untrained mustang horses, and commanded by Captain Boyd and Lieut. Tonnehill, late of the Baltimore battalion; and forty mounted men from the Louisiana regiment, commanded by Captains Mace and Seguire—Lieutenants Lindenburger, Campbell and Heimberger, of the Louisiana regiment, accompanied the expedition to act in such capacity as may be required.

Their march for four days was uninterrupted, passing through the towns of Puebla-Viejo, Tampico-Alto, Ozuama and Tanyocua, in all of which the people made professions of friendship, and had got within seven miles of Guautla, eight miles beyond the last mentioned town, and one mile from Rio Calabasa. Here the Colonel met an Indian, who informed him that a large force of Mexicans, under the command of Garay, had heard of his approach, and was in ambush on both sides of the river. Col. DeRussy immediately despatched Lieut. Lindenburger, and Adjutant, with an order to halt the column (advanced guard) under command of Captain Boyd. The Captain had halted at the river for the purpose of watering his horses, and while in that act, he received a destructive fire from an unseen enemy. As I said before, the horses were all mustangs and at the report of the musketry they became unmanageable, threw most of the riders, and created great confusion. Captain Boyd dashed across the river, followed by his Lieutenant and six men. In crossing the Captain was shot in the head, and of course died on reaching the opposite shore. Three of the men were also killed. All this took place before Lieut. Lindenburger reached him. The remainder succeeded in recrossing the river, and joined the main body. Thus fell one of the bravest and finest men that ever lived.

On hearing the report of the musketry from the opposite bank of the river, the Mexicans concealed on this side, commenced firing on the main body of the expedition, from every side, when Captain Wyse came gallantly into action with his field piece, and opened a destructive fire on the enemy, with grape and canister. At the same time, Capt. Mace and Seguire charged the enemy on the right and left, in the most spirited manner. The battle now raged with great fury on both sides for an hour, when the Mexicans sounded a retreat, at least that portion of them in front.

The Colonel, now discovered a large body of lancers approaching him in the rear, but before he succeeded in getting within reach of them they captured a portion of the pack mules and then took to their heels. During the engagement Lieut. Tonnehill was mortally wounded, a ball passing through his thigh and breaking the bone. The seven men of the cannon were all severely wounded; three bullets passed through Col. DeRussy's coat, and as many through Capt. Wyse's. Capt. Mace was struck twice with spent balls, but not hurt.

After the engagement, to the astonishment of all, only one round shot and one charge of canister was left for the gun, when our troops, having fired away the greater part of their ammunition, it was deemed prudent to fall back on Tanyocua, which was accordingly done.

The road from the river to Tanyocua lay through a narrow defile, the summits of the mountains nearly hanging over the heads of the men as they passed through it. The deep and precipitous sides were covered with a dense chaparral from base to top. Here the enemy rallied, and descending themselves from view, poured a destructive fire down upon our gallant band, which, from the nature of the ground they were unable to return.

On approaching Tanyocua, in which

they had encamped the previous night, and from which they had started peacefully that morning, our men found, to their surprise, that the plaza, church & streets, were crowded with lancers and other troops. They marched up boldly to the enemy, until they got within a few hundred yards of the plaza, when they opened to the right and left, and gave Captain Wyse an opportunity to discharge his last round shot. It did some execution, killing and wounding some three or four, and also making a tremendous hole in the walls of the church. Col. DeRussy, with Capt. Seguire, at the same time made a charge up the street, when the Mexicans, for the second time, took to their heels, returning only a few scattering shots. The lowest estimate I have heard made of the Mexicans engaged in this affair was 1000.—Some say as many as 2000 and 3000.—Our troops now took possession of the town, and encamped on the same ground they had occupied the previous night, (Sunday, the 11th inst.)

A detachment was now sent through the town to search for ammunition, and they succeeded in finding enough to make five rounds of canister, which, at this time, was an invaluable prize.

A number of the men, contrary to orders, broke open both stores and houses, and helped themselves to every thing valuable they could lay their hands on, and foremost among them were the Mexican muleteers who accompanied the Colonel. They appeared to be old hands at the business.

After our troops encamped, they could see large bodies of the enemy moving to the rear of them for the purpose of cutting off their farther retreat, but both men and horses were so exhausted that it was determined to remain in their present position for a short time to rest.

Near dark, Gen. Garay's aid-de-camp, and a Major of the staff, came near Col. DeRussy's camp with a flag of truce.—The Colonel did not allow them to enter his camp, but met them a short distance outside of it. The Colonel was accompanied by Capt. Wyse. The aid handed the Colonel a letter. The Colonel told him, in substance, "that it was too dark to read it, and that he had no candles or light, probably he, the aid, could tell him the purport of it." The aid, (who spoke English fluently) replied, "that it was a summons for an unconditional surrender, as General Garay had sufficient men and means to conquer him, and he wished to spare an effusion of blood." Col. DeRussy immediately returned the letter, unopened, to the aid, and he told the aid to "tell Gen. Garay that the idea of surrender had never entered his mind, and he therefore declined any correspondence on that subject"—when the aid and Major, after the usual compliments, retired.

Col. DeRussy now ordered camp fires to be made, and all the horses to be unsaddled, and everything had the appearance, to the Mexicans of his remaining there all night. In this, however, they were deceived, for the Colonel took up his line of march at 2 o'clock A. M., during one of the heaviest rain storms ever experienced, and passed silently through the city. They took the road for Penuco, passing in a contrary direction to the one they came by, and on which Garay was encamped, and was ten miles from Tanyocua, when daylight overtook them.

At 10 o'clock, a. m., the lancers and guerrillas again came in sight, and hung in the rear of the detachment all day, spearing and shooting down, without mercy, such unfortunate persons as straggled off from the main body. On one occasion a large body of lancers collected in a group, when Capt. Wyse gave them a salute with a charge of canister, and made great havoc among both horses and riders, killing and wounding about thirty men, and from that time they kept at a respectful distance.

The Mexicans followed our little detachment for two days, occasionally exchanging a few shots. Lieut. Lindenburger was shot in the arm during the retreat the first day. When Col. DeRussy got within 15 miles of Penuco, he despatched Mr. George Lester, an old citizen of this place, in Colonel Gates, giving him an account of his position, and informing him of their being entirely out of ammunition, and a large body of the enemy in his rear.

Col. Gates immediately despatched Lt. Col. Marks to his relief with 160 men, two pieces of cannon and plenty of ammunition. Lieut. Col. Marks went to Penuco with his command per steamboat, where he met Col. DeRussy and his command, completely tired out, and almost without a cartridge. As there was an attack anticipated the following night, on this city, both parties returned.

Thus ended one of the most brilliant affairs for the numbers engaged in it, (terminating with a masterly retreat,) which has taken place during this war. Col. DeRussy was every where in the hottest of the fight, and pointed his solitary gun several times, while bullets were falling around him as thick as hail.

Capt. Wyse behaved in a most gallant manner, and fully proved himself to be a most skillful officer. Captain Mace, after Lieut. Tonnehill was mortally wounded, placed the latter on the gun carriage, amidst a shower of bullets. Capt. Seguire

has shown himself to be a brave and efficient officer.

I should do great injustice to two humble but brave men, did I pass them unnoticed—Michael Fury, of Co. A, and Forrest of Co. B, Louisiana Volunteers. They were in every charge, and behaved in the most gallant manner.

Our loss on the occasion was about thirty killed, wounded and missing, while that of the Mexicans is set down at 150 killed and wounded.

The following are the names of the killed, wounded and missing:

CAPT. BOYD'S DRAGOONS.—Killed,—Captain Boyd, Sergeant Barker—Private Cuviere, Corporal Bruner. Wounded—Lieutenant Tonnehill, Privates Laxon, Wilson. Missing—Privates H Brown, P Burke, Marshall and Mulligan.

THIRD ARTILLERY, Co. D.—Wounded—Privates C S Allen, Peter Russel, James Russel, John Ball. Missing—Thomas Mason.

LOUISIANA REGIMENT.—Killed—Privates John Brown, company A; Gustavus Colson, company C; Guilub Schmidt, company B; Henry H Scott, company G; Rose, company K; G Teuet, company E; L Lambino, company E. Wounded—Lieutenant Lindenburger, company E; John Duerneggs, company C. Missing—John Davis, company C.

The above are all the names, so far as I have been able to ascertain; there may be a few more missing, not yet reported. It is generally believed that all the missing have been murdered. The expedition returned on the 16th inst.

P. S. I have this moment learned that official report have been received in town, that the number of Mexicans engaged in the battle was 1850. So you may judge for yourselves of the gallant defence of 120 men against such odds. I had nearly forgotten to mention that we lost thirty horses killed in the battle. Yours in haste.

THE MATIN BELL.

A TRADITION OF PORTUGAL.

There were great rejoicings in the city of Lisbon when Dennis of Portugal, the warrior and poet king, celebrated his nuptials with the young and lovely Infanta of Castile. The monarch's popularity was at its height; the multitude, who had already conferred on him the title of "Father of his People," were roused to the most enthusiastic loyalty by the feasts and largesses bestowed on them; and the nobles, whose national pride was gratified by the alliance, found an additional source of satisfaction in their young sovereigns prudent dismissal of the queen's train of Castilian attendants, which prevented the possible influence of foreign favorites—over one whose beauty and grace rendered it more than probable that she would become their "ruler's ruler." At the queen's request, however, a young page, whose insignificance appeared to make his presence or his absence of little moment, was retained.

With all external circumstances thus conducive to happiness (for her royal husband was as courteous and accomplished as he was brave and politic,) Isabella of Castile had just cause to rejoice in her brilliant destiny; and during the first two months of her residence in her new home, not a shade obscured its brightness. At the expiration of that period, however, her quick perception detected the one infirmity of Dennis's otherwise noble nature.—He was most painfully jealous. He could endure no rival in her thoughts, not even the natural and pious love of her kindred and her country. A cloud ever rested on his brow when she spoke to him of Castile, of her parents, of her youngest and favorite brother; nay, when with the candor of her nature, she told him of her regret at parting from the friends and associations of her childhood, he had answered her with harshness. Isabella was very young and very timid. From that moment she avoided all mention of her family and her native land; but by a natural consequence, they obtained a stronger hold on her affections. Fear of awaking her husband's displeasure, on the queen's side, and a jealous doubt on that of the king, that the marriage of policy had not given him the love he craved, produced a constraint in their intercourse which was painful to both; and Isabella, chilled by the want of sympathy with her feelings in all around her, sought it at length with her young countryman, the page Gonzales. He could talk to her of dear and distant Castile; he could sing the songs doubly sweet now to her ear from their association with the past. Whenever the young queen sat alone with her ladies at their embroidery, the Castilian was summoned to beguile the time with his guitar, or with reminiscences of his royal lady's childhood; and this imprudent and somewhat undignified intercourse between the queen and her attendant was partially excusable, from the fact that Gonzales was the son of a noble Castilian lady, to whom the care of her own youth had been confided. He had been reared from infancy in her father's palace, and shared her own and her brother's pastimes. And then Gonzales was so unlike the generality of pages! He was so gentle, so pious, so refined and humble in manner, that he found favor in the eyes of even the gravest and most prudish of

the ladies of honor. He was of a slight, delicate figure; and though very handsome, it was less the beauty of feature than of expression, which won the admiration, and even the affection, of those who gazed on his calm, thoughtful eyes and open brow. People in this evil world cannot, however, be more than ordinarily excellent, or more than usually beloved, without incurring envy; and the gentle virtues of Gonzales were not likely to make him popular with his wild young comrades, the pages of the palace. The greater number came to the conclusion that his true vocation was the cloister, and suffered him to pursue his own course with a contemptuous pity; but one, who was far beyond them in intellect and forethought, and whose future fortunes depended almost wholly upon the royal favour, beheld with all the bitterness of an envious and vindictive nature the Castilian page.

Bernardo di Silva had sought with unwearied diligence the notice of his queenly mistress. She was devout; he became most earnest in his attention to her confessor; in his attendance at mass. His conduct was exemplary, his services performed with grace and never-failing care. Nevertheless he failed in his design: nature had not bestowed on him the power of winning love. He gained but a cold approval—the homage paid to the semblance of virtue—no more.

No marvel, therefore, that he hated Gonzales, and with the inconsistency of our nature, looked on his unconscious rival as his enemy—as one who stole from him the favor of his queen. Of a more vindictive spirit than even the generality of his countrymen, he mentally resolved to avenge what he considered his wrongs on the young Spaniard; and the opportunity came at last. When is there ever an occasion wanting to do evil?

It was a bright autumnal morning; the Tague glittered like liquid silver in the dazzling sunbeams, as Bernardo stood gazing on its waters from the window of the queen's ante-chamber. It was a scene to gladden the heart, and raise the thoughts in devout gratitude to the Giver of the sunshine and the sweet air; but no joy, no peace, was expressed on that young countenance, dark with unhalloved passions. He saw not the dancing stream, the clear and cloudless sky; he heard not the music of the far-off lark, nor the glad voices of the boatmen; his mind dwelt only on the scene within the inner chamber which he had just witnessed—the queen and her ladies listening with the approving smiles to Gonzales, as he sang to them a lay of his native Castile. And very sweetly came the voice and guitar of the page on his ear at that moment as he sang one of the fine old ballads of the Moors; but the sweet tones were discord to the diseased mind of the listener. He was still wrapt in his "web of bitter fancies," when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning with a start, he beheld the king, whom he had believed absent at the chase, standing beside him. Stammering an apology for not having seen the sovereign enter, Bernardo moved forward to open the door of the queen's chamber; but Dennis detained him, and in a low voice bade him follow him into the adjoining corridor. "Who sings in the queen's apartment?" was the king's instant question as they gained it.

"Her Grace's Castilian page, sire."

"Does he often beguile her royal leisure in this minstrel fashion?"

"Ay, sire, whenever it pleases your majesty to hunt or ride abroad without the queen."

"Ha!" exclaimed the king, with a frown; "what sayest thou?"

Bernardo's quick eye marked that frown and he saw at once the feasibility of the plan which had come to his thoughts, like a very inspiration of evil. He paused in affected confusion.

"Not exactly; that is—I pray your grace to pardon me; the queen will be displeased," he faltered.

"Displeased!" exclaimed Dennis, impatiently; "and wherefore? Speak the truth, sirrah, without fear, and faithfully. This minion is, then often admitted to the queen's presence?"

"He is, my liege," replied Bernardo, still with affected reluctance. "Her Grace loves to talk of Castile with my comrade, he tells me."

"To talk of Castile with him—to talk with her menial!" exclaimed the monarch angrily. "By all the saints!" he continued, making a movement toward the royal apartment, "he shall suffer for his presumption, in daring to assert such a falsehood. Out of my path, sirrah!" Bernardo, however, throwing himself on his knees, immediately before his sovereign, implored him with well feigned fear, mingled with seemingly honest boldness, to pause.

"Beseech you, sire," he said, "punish not my comrade without due inquiry. He is young; he hath had some cause for pride in our royal mistress's favor; beseech you turn not to his hurt the words I have uttered at your command. Expose me not to the queen's anger."

Greatly agitated, the king listened to him; but ere he could command his voice to reply, the now distant music ceased, and the page's step was heard in the ante-chamber. Dennis motioned Bernardo to rise, and removing his hand from the hilt

of his dagger, gazed sternly on the object of his wrath, as he entered the corridor, who, surprised at seeing the king there, paused, and made his usual low and graceful obeisance. The young musician's cheek was flushed; there was a happy smile on his lip; and in his hand he held both his guitar and a small bunch of roses, which Denis at a glance recognized as the bouquet he had seen in the queen's bosom that morning. With a muttered ejaculation he turned from the boy, and then harshly desiring Bernardo to follow him, proceeded to his own apartment.

We will not repeat the conversation held there between the deceived sovereign and the deceiver. It will be sufficient to inform our readers that the art with which Bernardo wrought on the mental infirmity of the unhappy king was but too successful. Numberless unmeaning, and trifling incidents apparently confirmed the slander. At Isabella's request, the page alone of all her suite had been detained in Portugal; he had been her companion from childhood; these remembrances, and the young wife's own imprudence, were more than enough to confirm the ready belief of jealousy. Denis, enraged as he was, preserved, however, a lingering pity for his queen—a just sense of the injury public investigation or vengeance might do to his own honor—and charging Bernardo, as he valued the favor his fidelity thus far had deserved, not to reveal aught that had passed between them, he shut himself up in his chamber for the remainder of the day, and the page withdrew to meditate upon the singular and perfect success of his vindictive malice.

Twilight was fast deepening into night as Denis of Portugal, attended only by the page Bernardo, left the palace, and rode rapidly across the wide plain beyond the city walls. He urged his noble charger on with a mad speed, as if he sought by the rapidity of its motion to banish the terrible and agonizing thoughts which filled his mind. They had proceeded to the distance of about a mile on their apparently aimless course, and Bernardo had begun to entertain serious doubts of his liege's sanity, when a sudden glare of red light broke on the gloom of the darkening sky. Towards this spot Denis at once turned, and in a few minutes reined in his steed beside a huge furnace, round which a number of powerful and swart laborers were moving. One of them came forward as the horseman paused, and asked in a rough voice "whose business?"

"Rather who are ye, and what do ye here?" demanded the king, sternly.

"Truly, Sir Cavalier," replied the man, with a rude obeisance, for the majesty of the speaker's manner awed him, "we are burners of lime for the new palace our king is building."

"Your good king will give you other fuel for your fire," said Denis, with a fearful laugh. "Hark ye! I am Denis of Portugal, your king. To-morrow, at day-dawning, I will send you a trim page; throw him into your furnace!" A low murmur of surprise and horror ran through the group as they saw from their attitude of rude homage.

"How! do you dare hesitate to do my will!" exclaimed the king, fiercely. "Take heed ye feed not the flames yourselves."

"There was a brief pause. 'Sire,' said the first speaker at length, 'we are poor, but honest: our office is to burn lime, not men: we beseech your Grace, make us not your executors.'"

The bold remonstrance would not, at another time, have been made in vain to the "Good King Denis"; but it was, at the present moment, addressed to one whose reason was as little under his control as that of a maniac. Harshly, and with threats that, if they dared disobey his will, they should themselves suffer the doom they were unwilling to inflict upon another, the king reiterated his command, and received a sullen and reluctant assurance that it should be executed.

"But how, may it please your Grace," asked the lime-burner, "shall we know the page for the right one?"

"Ye have not often visits from royal pages methinks," said the king, impatiently; "but to give you full assurance, the traitor will ask ye, 'If the king's will be done?' and then see that ye do it, or beware!"—As he finished his stern injunction, Denis rode away from the spot, leaving his amazed and awe-stricken subjects to discuss, in fear and trembling, the strange mandate they had received from him, whom they had fully recognised as their popular and hitherto merciful sovereign.

Our readers have of course divined that the fatal message was intrusted to Gonzales, who at early dawn left the palace, in obedience to the royal behest, though all unconscious of its purport. The opening day was even more than usually beautiful, and his path, which at first lay through the groves surrounding the palace, was strewn with crystal dew-drops. The page's mind was keenly susceptible to beauty, and the holy voice of nature never spoke to his heart in vain. Thoughts, and aspirations that were not of the earth awoke under the influence of the fresh balmy air and the music of the birds; and when the matin-bell, from a Syrian chapel joined the general song, he started, and felt a sudden awe mingle with his thrill of delight. His feet lingered on the sod. "The sweet yet sel-