

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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## TERMS

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## POETRY.

### THE MOTHER.

A softening thought of other years—  
A feeling link or both our own,  
When all was all too bright for tears,  
And hope and woe were wreathed with flowers,  
Memory of affections fled,  
Voices heard no more;  
And in my spirit when I read  
The name of fondness o'er.

O mother! in that magic word  
What love and joys combined!  
What hopes, too oft, alas! deflected!  
What watchings—griefs—were thine!  
Yet, never, till the hour we roam,  
By worldly thralls oppress,  
Learn we to prize that holiest home,  
A tender mother's breast.

Two thousand prayers at midnight poured  
Before our couch of woes;  
She wailing weariness endured  
To soften our repose;  
While never murmur marked thy tongue,  
Nor foils relaxed thy care;  
How, mother, is thy heart so strong,  
To pity and forbear!

What filial fondness o'er repaid,  
Or could repay the past!  
Alas, for gratitude decayed!  
Regrets that rarely last!  
'Tis only when the dust is thrown  
Thy blessed bosom o'er,  
We muse on all thy kindness shown,  
And wished we'd loved thee more.

'Tis only when the lips are cold  
We mourn—with late regret,  
'Mid myriad memories of old—  
The days forever set;  
And not an act or look or thought,  
Against thy meek control,  
But with a sad remembrance fraught,  
Wakes anguish in my soul!

On every hand, in every clime,  
True to her sacred cause;  
Filled by that influence sublime,  
From which her strength she draws,  
Still is the mother's heart the same,  
The mother's lot is tried,  
And O, may nations guard thy name  
With filial power and pride.

### The Death-bed of Paine.

The U. S. Catholic Magazine publishes the following extract of a letter of Bishop Fenwick to his brother at Georgetown College:

A short time before Paine died, I was sent for by him. He was prompted to this by a poor Catholic woman, who went to see him in his sickness; and who told him among other things, that, in his wretched condition, if any body could do him good, it would be a Roman Catholic priest. This woman was an American convert, (formerly a Shaking Quakeress) whom I received into the church but a few weeks before. She was the bearer of this message to me from Paine. I stated this circumstance to F. Kohlmann, at breakfast, and requested him to accompany me. After some solicitations on my part, he agreed to do so, at which I was greatly rejoiced, because I was at the time quite young and inexperienced in the ministry, and was glad to have his assistance, as I knew, from the great reputation of Paine, that I should have to do with one of the most impious as well as infamous of men.

We shortly after set out for the house, at Greenwich, where Paine lodged, and on the way agreed on a mode of proceeding with him.

We arrived at the house; a decent looking elderly woman (probably his house-keeper) came to the door, and enquired whether we were the Catholic Priests; 'for,' said she, 'Mr. Paine has been so much annoyed of late by ministers of other different denominations calling upon him, that he has left express orders with me to admit no one to-day but the clergymen of the Catholic Church.' Upon assuring her that we were Catholic clergymen, she opened the door and showed us into the parlor. She then left the room, and shortly after returned to inform us that Paine was asleep, and at the same time expressed a wish that we would not disturb him; 'for,' said she, 'he is always in a bad humor when roused out of his sleep; 'tis better to wait a little till he awakes.' We accordingly sat down, and resolved to wait a more favorable moment.

'Gentlemen,' said the lady, after having taken her seat, 'I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine, for he is laboring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his physicians that he cannot possibly live, and must die shortly. He sent for you to-day, because he was told that if any one could do him good, you might. Possibly he may think you know of some remedy which his physicians are ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries, when he is left alone, are heart rending.

'O Lord help me! he will exclaim, during his paroxysms of distress; 'God help me!—Jesus Christ help me!' repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house.' 'Sometimes he will say, 'Oh God! what have I done to suffer so much.' Then shortly after—'But there is no God! and again, a little after—'Yet if there should be, what will become of me hereafter?' This he will continue for some time, when all a sudden he will scream out in terror and agony, and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, which are very frequent, I went to him, and inquired what he wanted. 'Stay with me,' he replied; 'for God's sake, for I cannot

bear to be left alone.' I then observed that I could not always be with him, as I had much to attend to in the house.—'Then,' said he, 'send even a child to stay with me, for it is a hell to be alone.' 'I never saw,' she concluded, 'a more unhappy, a more forsaken man; it seems he cannot reconcile himself to die!'

Such was the conversation of the woman who had received us, and who probably had been employed to nurse and take care of him during his illness. She was a Protestant, yet seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in his state of abandonment, bordering on complete despair. Having remained thus sometime in the parlor, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining room across the passage way, which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room, had awoke. We accordingly proposed to proceed thither, which was assented to by the woman; and she opened the door for us. On entering we found him just getting out of his slumber. A more wretched being in appearance I never before beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent of itself, but at present besmeared with filth; his look was that of a man greatly tortured in mind; his eyes haggard, his countenance forbidding, and his whole appearance that of one whose better days have been but one continued scene of debauch.

His only nourishment at this time, as we were informed, was nothing more than milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state. He had partaken undoubtedly but very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth exhibited very unequivocal traces of it, as well as of blood which had also flowed in the track, and left its mark on the pillow. His face, to a certain extent, had also been besmeared with it. The head of his bed was against the side of the room thro' which the door opened. F. Kohlmann having entered first, took a seat on the side near the foot of his bed. I took my seat on the same side near the head. Thus, in the posture in which Paine lay, his eyes could easily bear on F. Kohlmann, but not on me easily without turning his head.

As soon as we had seated ourselves, F. Kohlmann, in a very mild tone of voice, informed him that we were Catholic priests, and were come, on his invitation, to see him. Paine made no reply. After a short pause F. Kohlmann proceeded thus, addressing himself to Paine in the French language, thinking that as Paine had been to France he was probably acquainted with that language, (which was not the fact), and might understand better what he said as he had at that time a greater facility, and could express his thoughts better in it, than in the English.

'Mons. Paine, j'ai vu votre livre, intitule l'Age de la Raison, ou vous avez attaque l'ecriture sainte avec une violence, sans bornes, et d'autre de vos ecrits publies en France, et je suis persuade que—' Paine here interrupted him abruptly, and in a sharp tone of voice, ordering him to speak English, thus:—'Speak English, man, speak English.' F. Kohlmann, without showing the least embarrassment, resumed his discourse, and expressed himself heartily, as follows, in English:—'Mr. Paine, I have read your book entitled the Age of Reason, as well as your other writings against the Christian religion, and am at a loss to imagine how a man of your good sense could have employed his talents in attempting to undermine what, to say nothing of its divine establishment, the wisdom of ages deemed most conducive to the happiness of man. The Christian religion, sir—'

'That's enough, sir, that's enough,' said Paine, again interrupting him.—'I see what you would be about; I wish to hear no more from you, sir. My mind is made up on that subject. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies, and Jesus Christ to be nothing more than a cunning knave and impostor.'

F. Kohlmann here attempted to speak again, when Paine, with a lowering countenance, ordered him instantly to be silent and trouble him no more. 'I have told you already that I wish to hear nothing more from you.'

'The Bible, sir,' said F. Kohlmann, still attempting to speak, 'is a sacred and divine book, which has stood the test and criticisms of abler pens than yours; pens which have made, at least, some show of argument, and—'

'Your Bible,' returned Paine, 'contains nothing but fables; and I have proven it to a demonstration.'

All this time I looked on the monster with pity, mingled with indignation at his blasphemies. I felt a degree of horror, at thinking that in a very short time he would be cited to appear before the tribunal of his God, whom he so shockingly blasphemed, with all his sins upon him. Seeing that F. Kohlmann had completely failed in making any impression upon him, and that Paine would listen to nothing that came from him, nor would even suffer him to speak, I finally concluded to try what effect I might have. I accordingly commenced with observing—'Mr. Paine, you will certainly allow, that there exists a God, and that this God cannot be indifferent to the conduct and actions of his creatures. I will allow nothing, sir,' he hastily replied; 'I shall shake my gun-ess-

essays.' Well, sir, if you will listen calmly for one moment,' said I, 'I will prove to you that there is such a being; and I will demonstrate, from His very nature, that he cannot be an idle spectator of our conduct.' 'Sir, I wish to hear nothing you have to say; I see your object, gentlemen, is to trouble me; I wish you to leave the room.' This he spoke in an exceedingly angry tone, so much so, that he foamed at the mouth. 'Mr. Paine,' I continued, 'I assure you our object in coming hither, was purely to do you good. We had no other motive. We had been given to understand that you wished to see us, and we are come accordingly; because it is a principle with us never to refuse our services to a dying man asking for them.—But for this, we would not have come, for we never intrude upon any individual.'

Paine, on hearing this, seemed to relax a little; in a milder tone of voice than he had hitherto used, he replied, 'I can do me no good now—it is too late. I have tried different physicians, and their remedies have all failed. I have nothing to expect (this he spoke with a sigh) but a speedy dissolution. My physicians have, indeed, told me as much. 'You have misunderstood me,' said I immediately to him. 'We are not come to prescribe any remedies for your bodily complaints; we only come to make you an offer of our ministry for the good of your immortal soul, which is in great danger of being forever cast off by the Almighty, on account of your sins; and especially for the crime of having vilified and rejected his word, and uttered blasphemies against His Son.' Paine, on hearing this, was roused into a fury; he gritted his teeth, twisted and turned himself several times in his bed, uttering all the while the bitterest imprecations. I firmly believe, such was the rage in which he was at this time, that if he had had a pistol he would have shot one of us; for he conducted himself more like a madman than a rational creature. 'Begone,' says he, 'and trouble me no more. I was in peace,' he continued, 'ill you came.'

'We know better than that,' replied F. Kohlmann, 'we know that you cannot be in peace—there can be no peace for the wicked. God has said it.' 'Away with you and your God too; leave the room instantly,' he exclaimed; 'all you have uttered are lies—filthy lies; and if I had a little more time, I would prove it, as I did about your impostor, Jesus Christ.' 'Monster,' exclaimed F. Kohlmann, in a burst of zeal, 'you will have no more time.—Your hour has arrived. Think rather of the awful account you have to render, and implore pardon of God; provoke no longer His just indignation upon your head.—Paine here ordered us again to retire in the highest pitch of his voice, and seemed a very maniac with rage and madness. 'Let us go,' said I to F. Kohlmann; 'we have nothing more to be done here. He seems to be entirely abandoned by God; further words are lost upon him.'

Upon this, we both withdrew from the room, and left the unfortunate man to his thoughts. I never before or since beheld a more hardened wretch.

This, you may rely upon it, is a faithful and correct account of the transaction. I remain your affectionate brother,  
(Signed,) BENEDICT, Bp. of Boston.

From the Washington Union.

### Events of the War in Mexico.

We have received, from an authentic source, the following description of the expedition under the command of Major Lally, from Vera Cruz to Jalapa; and as several of the accounts heretofore published have in some respects disagreed, we give it a place in our columns.

The train consisted of seventy wagons, guarded by a force of one thousand undisciplined troops. The expedition was to have been commanded by Col. Wilson, of the 12th infantry; but, on the 6th of August, the day appointed for the train to leave Vera Cruz, that officer was seized with the vomits, which prevented him from assuming the command; and Major Lally, who was himself but just convalescent of the same disease, was ordered to proceed with the train. A report had gone abroad by this train, a million of dollars; and it was determined by the Mexicans to employ the strongest force which could be raised to capture it. The first regular attack was made on the 10th of August, although hardly an hour passed, while we were upon the road, but we were fired upon from the thick chapparal or some hill top. This attack was made from a hill which commanded the road, by an advance guard of about 400 men. Little damage was done to the train, and the Mexicans were easily driven from their position by a charge. But, in about two hours, at a place called Paso Ovejas, we were attacked upon our whole line, covering about a mile on the road, by a force of at least 1,500 Mexicans. Their heaviest fire was at first on the centre and rear of the column, which was more destructive to the teams than to the men; their object being to cut off the wagons. A number of horses and mules were killed, and considerable confusion created in the train. Major Lally rode down to the rear, and ordered a charge in the chapparal, which dislodged the enemy, and silenced the fire on the centre and rear. But the action in front

continued to be obstinately contested—our right wing being hotly engaged with the enemy in a meadow at musket range.—The Mexicans having the advantage of a hill and some old stone buildings, Major Lally, on coming up, ordered a charge, which was executed in a most gallant and effective style, under the lead of Capt. Alvord, of the 4th infantry, who was acting as adjutant. The enemy's position was carried after a determined resistance. In this charge, two as brave and excellent officers as ever wore a uniform—Captain Caldwell, of the Voltigeurs, and Captain Cummings, of the 11th infantry—were shot down, both severely wounded. Two field-pieces, under the direction of Lieut. Sears, were skillfully managed and did good execution. Our loss was one killed and nine wounded. Having so large a train to guard, we were unable to bring into action over 400 men.

On the 11th we rested (if it may be so called) while a heavy volley of musketry was constantly being poured in upon us. On the 12th, we resumed our march, and were incessantly annoyed by attacks upon different parts of the line until noon, when we arrived at the National Bridge. This is one of the strongest passes upon the road to Mexico. The bridge crosses the river just above the junction of two rapid streams, and curves around a high hill on the left, which is crowned with a castle that commands the bridge. On the right, on the opposite side of the river, there is a perpendicular bluff, along the edge of which they had breastworks. It certainly appeared to us a formidable fortress to capture with new recruits. Major Lally, with his staff and a strong body of voltigeurs, advanced upon the bridge to reconnoitre, but could not discover a man of the enemy. But, on the farther end of the bridge, they discovered a strong breastwork, which appeared as if the enemy intended to defend at that point, and to reserve their fire until they could decoy our whole train on to the bridge and the valley leading to it.

One company was ordered ahead as an advance guard and storming party, followed by two pieces of artillery and three companies of infantry. On reaching the centre of the bridge a most deadly fire was opened upon us; and our advance guard, being thrown into some disorder, faltered, notwithstanding the exertions of the officers. Maj. Lally then ordered the two pieces of artillery to open upon the barricade (from which the fire principally proceeded) with round-shot, while the men covered themselves as well as they could. But, on perceiving that this did not produce the desired effect, he ordered the whole body (with the exception of one company of infantry, which was partially sheltered) to retire; which was done in good order.

Finding the enemy in so large force, Major Lally determined to attempt the capture of the castle before crossing the bridge. For this purpose, he selected two strong companies, and placing them under the command of the brave Lieutenant Ridgely, of the 4th, directed him to pass down and ford the first stream, ascend the height in the rear of the castle, and storm it. He then attached ropes to a six pounder cannon, and, with a hundred men, he raised it to the top of a high hill on the right of the road, and on one side of the bridge. This somewhat astonished the Mexicans, as they had supposed this height inaccessible. The gun being planted and carefully directed, a fire was opened upon the castle with great effect, and the Mexicans soon began to leave it; and when they discovered Ridgely's storming party, they rushed out in double quick time. The castle being thus taken, the remaining two companies of infantry and one of cavalry charged across the bridge, carrying the barricade, and routing the enemy in every direction.

The time occupied in this affair was six hours. Our loss was considerable.—Mr. Twigg, acting in the staff of Major Lally, a noble and gallant young man, was killed; and Capt. Clark and Lieuts. Winder, Adams, and Creonor, all officers of great worth, were severely wounded. Eleven men were killed or mortally wounded, and upwards of forty wounded not mortally. The enemy were 2,000 strong, and their loss was great. They were commanded by Gen. Soto in person, an officer of experience & high reputation, who was taken prisoner at Vera Cruz, and was on his parole of honor not to serve in the army until duly exchanged. Several other officers, also on their parole, were with him. How many times must we conquer these outlaws! How absurd to extend a parole to such barbarians! At this battle, too, did these "officers on parole" display the black flag intending to intimidate our men by giving them to understand that no quarter would be shown them. It had, however, a contrary effect; for, on its being displayed, the Major ordered three cheers to be given, which was heartily responded to.

Our wounded and sick had now so much accumulated, that we remained at the bridge on the 13th, with little molestation, to give them proper care and attention.—We moved on again on the 14th, and as usual, were fired upon all day. We reached Plan del Rio in the evening, and found the river with little opposition. On

the morning of the 15th Major Lally ordered all the wagons to be packed, had all the sick & wounded taken into the church, and everything prepared for their defence. He then selected from the best and most reliable troops about 400 infantry, two pieces of artillery, and a squadron of dragoons; with which, leaving behind the train and wounded, we marched for Cerro Gorco, where we understood the enemy were to be in great force, and expected to capture us. The march was about four miles. When we reached the entrance of the gorge, we were met by a hot fire of round and grape shot. Very little damage, however, was done, our distance being so great. The Major then placed one hundred and fifty picked men under the gallant Ridgely, with orders to storm the fort on the height on the left. At the same time he ordered Captain Hornsby, with four companies of infantry, to enter the wood on the right, cross the ravine, and clear the heights on that side, which were covered with Mexicans. The voltigeurs and one company of the 5th infantry, with the artillery under Lieutenant Sears, were kept in reserve. They had, however, some amusement by an occasional volley at the enemy, who attempted to get in the rear of Lieut. R.

On the right, the chapparal was very thick, and the day being hot, the men were much exhausted when they reached the hill; and, though under the fire of the enemy, were obliged to rest a short time.—On the left, for some distance, Lieut. R. found a path; and, though the distance to the fort, after leaving the road, is more than two miles, up a steep hill, the men no sooner came in sight of the enemy, and within 300 yards of the fort, than they formed in line, gave three cheers, and carried it at a dash. This was done so quickly that the Mexicans, who had two 9 pounders, had time to discharge but one of them. Almost simultaneously with the taking of this work, the cheers from the right announced that Captain H. had not been less successful, and the Mexicans were seen flying in all directions. Had our force been greater, we could have captured them all, by cutting them off on Twigg's road. In this brilliant affair our loss was only two killed and eight wounded. The Mexican cowards, by their own account, numbered 1,400, and their loss was severe—we could not stop to count them. They calculated to get the train at this pass, if nothing more; but, to their surprise, none came up until we were in possession of the heights. In this affair we took and spiked three pieces of artillery.

After this, up to the 19th, we had no regular fight. Although continually annoyed by their cowardly shots from the hills and woods, we did not meet them until that day, when, within about a mile and a half from Jalapa, at a place called Las Animas, about a thousand of them, from a strong position on a hill and behind some stone walls, opened their fire upon us. Major Lally ordered a discharge of grape, followed by a charge, which drove them before us like sheep. In this skirmish, Major Lally, while rallying the cavalry, which was much annoyed by the fire of the enemy, received a shot, which struck him about half-way between the chin and the turn of the jaw-bone, & passing along the jaw without injuring the bone, and so along inside of the large muscles to the back of the neck. He refused to leave the field, but had the ball cut out by the surgeon on the ground. He did not appear to mind it at first; but it bled profusely, and in a short time his neck, from the contraction of the muscles, began to be crippled down, when he was placed in a wagon by direction of Dr. Howard, who insisted on his remaining there. At dark we arrived at Jalapa, and sent in messengers of peace, who, to our surprise, were fired at and charged upon by a body of lancers, and one man badly wounded.—We had not expected this; and it was the most discouraging period of our whole route. Our horses and men had been 24 hours without food, and there was none in the train to give them. To be completed, under such circumstances, to take a city like Jalapa by storm, was no joke.—However, there was no alternative. The artillery was planted in a commanding position, and everything prepared for an attack in the morning; for, you know, 'hunger will break through a stone wall.'

Fortunately for all parties, they sent us messengers of peace in the morning, and we marched in without opposition, while their forces retired on the other side.

We are daily threatened with attacks, but we feel perfectly secure against any force they can bring against us. We consider ourselves good, against 4,000 Mexicans.

**A Durable and Cheap Cement.**—Take two parts of fine and clean ashes, three parts of pure clay, and one part of sand; mix all well together; then add linsed oil, and have all intimately mixed to the consistency of thin mortar. This, if well applied will resist the inclemency of the weather, and will be found useful to stop the leaks in gutters on roofs of houses, and where buildings join together.

—*Prairie Farmer.*

'That's part of the sinking fund'—as the chap said when a box of Mexican dollars went to the bottom of the river.