

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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TERMS

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ADDRESS

Delivered by Rev. P. P. LANE, before the Washingtonian Temperance Society, of Clearfield, on the evening of the 23d of February. Published by request of the Society.

(Concluded.)

From the reign of the Henry's to the youthful Victoria, Ireland has bled at every pore, and so far had she gone on in the road of drunkenness, that it appears from official reports to the British Parliament, that she consumed annually the enormous quantity of 23½ millions of gallons of strong drink. This consumption was attended with a yearly expense of 40 millions of dollars. Every fifth shop in the city of Dublin, was a dram shop, and the whole country groaned beneath 40 thousand grogeries! A minister of the established church writes from Dublin; "It would really appear this night with out exaggeration, that the flood-gates of hell were opened in our city, so fiendish, so tumultuous, and so virulent were the wicked rotaries who issued from these dram shops." And with such an extra taxation upon a poor population, and with such facilities for drunkenness, Ireland was reduced so low, that two millions of her inhabitants were left without the adequate means of subsistence, and for thirty weeks of the year, were dependent upon charitable aid, or else on depredations upon their neighbors property.

With such accounts and statistical facts before us, we are able to read the true cause of Ireland's perpetual adversity and suffering. Her writhings were caused by the fires of the distillery, which had transformed her beauty into one vast Golgotha. Whose heart did not sink and sicken within him as he went from city to city, and from cabin to cabin, everywhere surrounded by squalid wretchedness, and everywhere beholding the fiery deluge rolling on? Who, that was not wrung to tears of sympathy for poor, oppressed, degraded Ireland? Ever restless under oppression, but never prepared for liberty; always galling beneath the yoke, but never able to throw it off; with all her vitals on fire, and the poison of Alcohol in all her veins, she has become the reproach of the world, and her sons the scorn & pest of every country.

The history of the aboriginal inhabitants of our own continent, furnishes another fearful instance of the ravages of intemperance. The American Indians certainly were a noble race of people. With a kindness and hospitality such as nobles and dignified humanity, they welcomed the priest-ridden and oppressed of the East to a habitation and a home amid the cool shades and hunting grounds of the forest. Peace, harmony and comparative happiness pervaded the length and breadth of their extended territory. But little did they suspect that they were fostering the serpent whose poisonous sting should be their ruin. With an ingratitude that shall forever remain as the foulest stain upon the character of the colonial settlers of America, intoxicating drinks were introduced, not so much as an article of trade, as a means of imposition upon their benefactors. Deception, villainy and outrage, one instance after another were committed, until the Indians were provoked to revenge. Open hostility was declared. But having unstung the savage mind and unnerved the savage arm, by exciting and indulging their love for strong drink, and bringing against them instruments of warfare of which they were totally ignorant, besides goading them on to intestine disturbances and domestic wars, the hosts of Indian warriors have been swept away like the grass of their own prairies before the fire of the hunter. All along the borders of the Atlantic, their wigwam fires have been quenched, and the shrill war-whoop, and the death song have been entirely hushed. Provoked by perpetual hostility, and enervated and enfeebled by intemperance, the red man has been driven from river to river, and from forest to forest, whilst the current of civilization, not unlike the gulf-stream, which knows no reflux, still bears upon his receding steps. Soon he shall be known no more, but in history; his name will be blotted out from under heaven, and his savage howl be eternally hushed. Soon will the ploughshare have overturned all his forests, and his scattered bones lie bleaching on the plains! But when the fires shall have burnt out from the last camp—when the last noble chief shall have fallen, let the monument erected over his ashes bear upon its front the deep inscription, which all future generations may read: Here lies the last of the mighty race, whom the hand of intemperance, and the treachery of friends, have brought down to an ignominious oblivion!

And if we examine the annals of our own country, we shall find in the history of the last forty years enough of the appalling effects and degenerating influences of intemperance. According to a statistical table, compiled from official returns and authentic documents, by R. M.

Hartley, Esq. Secretary of the New York State Temperance Society, it appears that the citizens of these United States have consumed on an average every year, from the late war up to 1830 and longer, more than 80½ millions of gallons of spirituous liquors. That is, for each man, woman and child, 4½ gallons! The annual cost of this consumption have been nothing less than 35½ millions of dollars. And what has been the result? In the little state of Maryland, the costs of intemperance to the commonwealth have been ascertained to exceed the revenue from grogery licences 1½ millions of dollars, just about the amount of unpaid interest on the public debt.

And drunkenness, and nothing else, is the secret cause of her spirit of repudiation, that foulest of stains upon public honor. Nor has Maryland suffered more from intemperance than any of the other States, in proportion to population. The curse has been felt throughout the whole Union alike, and fifty thousand men, voters, yearly went down to the drunkards grave and the drunkards hell!

Thus generation after generation passed away, whilst rivers of blood and countless lives were sacrificed at the inglorious shrine of intemperance, filling the land with the weeping of widows, and the wailing of helpless orphans. All the nation's pulses were infected with the poison. The plague visited every haunt; passed thro' consecrated graves, and entered the most sacred enclosures; chilled many warm & patriotic hearts; & entered the very doors of our capitol, and left the stain of its polluting touch upon our nation's glory. The monster raged rampant over the States, strewing his path with poverty and blood, and spreading destruction and death at every step. A dark cloud at length began to gather over the national firmament, threatening a speedy and general desolation. Our ships of commerce carried with them the evidences and stains of American debauchery to all the kingdoms of the earth. Foreign nations, and even the heathen lifted up the notes of our defamation. And all the world united in branding us "a nation of drunkards." The shout of liberty began to lose its talismanic power over the hearts of the vassals of monarchy. The beacon light of the world's redemption had well nigh expired. And the morning star of universal freedom was veiling herself in tears and blood. And had it not been for the timely interposition, and manly efforts of those, whose names stand high upon the list of patriots and philanthropists, our country must soon have been either a tributary to foreign power, or the theatre of anarchy and fratricidal wars. And even now, after all that has been done to correct the public taste, and to arrest the evil, though the sun of our national glory still lives, yet all will admit that it shines but dimly, as though it suffered an eclipse. Our flag still rolls out its happy folds over the high places of the nation, but its staff rests upon the heaving sides of a burning mountain, through which the fire is bursting out and blazing around. Our ship of State still moves gallantly on, but is passing straits filled with rocks and shoals upon which many have wrecked before her. The difficulties, distresses and dishonor, under which our country has been laboring, and is now laboring, are most certainly traceable for the most part to intemperance as their cause: It is not so much the work of aspiring politicians and hot-headed partizans, as the neglect of our own citizens to put forth their efforts to have a sober and thoughtful population, who might consult the public good, form their own opinions by impartial investigation, and advance such persons to office, whose untiring endeavors shall be directed to the promotion of the country's highest interests. We need Temperance more than organized political parties to secure our welfare and our nation's honor. And all the facts and instances which have thus far engaged our attention, go on to prove that there is but one remedy for irregularities in our political economy, and that Temperance is the only salutary principle which will prevent its entire decay.

What say you then, my countrymen, as to action in this matter? Shall the facts presented in the history of the past fail to make an impression on our hearts? Should not the misfortunes of others furnish us with lessons for improvement? I have given you a brief and necessarily hasty sketch of the ravages of intemperance on nations; But shall all these illustrations fall powerless as infancy upon your minds, neither touching our patriotism, nor exciting our fears? Will not similar causes, under similar circumstances, produce similar effects? Have the pillars of our national edifice nothing to fear from the giant arm which has overthrown the mightiest powers and kingdoms of the past? Are our liberties to be deemed secure from the shameful tomb which has swallowed up many a promising republic? Ah! rather let the voice of history be heard. History is philosophy, teaching by examples; rather let its unerring precepts be heeded. Let the ruins of ancient greatness, and the fragments of shattered kingdoms and nations, built up in one great pile over the spot of their fall, and blazing their beacon fires far and high, furnish us a warning to

shun the fearful rock on which they split, and flee the awful whirlpool amid whose dread thunderings they were overwhelmed. Fearful voices are bursting out from the ancient desolations; the ghostly shades of departed heroes are whispering the alarm; and the stiff and languid tongues of the dead are speaking out in tones of warning. The past and the present, and the cries of future posterity, conjure us by every thing sacred and honorable, to beware—beware! There is not a consideration which does not urge every noble-minded man to come up to the help of Temperance. Every motive of patriotism, honor, interest and religion prompts to decisive action. And in the name of our glorious cause, and our common country, I say to one and to all—come and help us. The pale ghosts of your revolutionary sires, bid you come—the immortal shade of Washington, bids you come—the children that prattle around your fire-sides, bid you come—God and your country, all bid you come, and strike for Temperance and Liberty.

"Strike, till the last armed foe expires—
Strike, for your altars and your fires;—
Strike, for the green graves of your sires—
God and your native land!"

I have thus far considered the ravages of intemperance exclusively under a national point of view. I shall now detain you yet a little while, with a few remarks upon the individual and private distress and misery attending this evil. And though truths have already occupied our minds, which might touch our sympathies and rouse our feelings, the facts discovered under this view of the subject are enough to break up the fountains of any soul. When we contemplate intemperance in the full prosecution of its work of death; tormenting and murdering families; severing the tenderest ties of relationship; poisoning the sweetest cups of joy; blighting the fairest virtues; extinguishing the most flattering hopes; consigning the high and honorable to infamy and perpetual disgrace; furrowing many cheeks with grief; wringing the bloodiest tears; burying thousands to a disgraceful grave, and a woful eternity; and rending the heavens with the piteous screams of ruined innocence and helpless orphanage—my heart cannot fail to be touched or my sympathies moved. And to see the deprecations made upon human happiness by intemperance, and its triumphs over the high orders of intellect and moral worth, whose heart does not increase the rapidity of its pulsations, or start the tear of sorrow? All the crimes on earth, says Lord Bacon, "do not destroy so many of the human race, or alienate so much property, as drunkenness." There is not another evil in the world, so terrible as this. Intemperance has shouted its victories over the great, the mighty, and the learned.—It can point to kings, poets, orators and statesmen, as its victims. All the goodness and exaltation that man has ever collected around him on earth, have not been able to lift him beyond its grasp. There have been no stages of earthly greatness and renown which it has not invaded, and classes of society from which it has not plucked its victims.

Looking up the stream of time, we see an Alexander proudly hailed as the conqueror of the world, and lifted up to an eminence from which he saw the nations prostrate at his feet, and kings waiting to do his pleasure, yet with all his mightiness was made to bow to the sceptre of intemperance, and fell the conquered subject of its gloomy realm. We see there a Shakespeare, the glory of the British drama, before whose name panegyric sinks, and whose name is destined to go down to the end of time as the great master of his art, worshipping the same idol, and perishing in the same infernal embrace. We see there a Pope, whose name is found high up on the list of poets, yielding up a willing slave and martyr to the same power which brought the bard of Avon to a dishonorable grave. We see there a Byron, too, of whom probably his most gifted eulogist has said,

"He touched his harp,
And nations heard entranced,
As some vast river of unending source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
When fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home
Where angels bask in blissful light."

Others, though great,
Beneath their argument, seemed struggling
whilst
He from above, descending, stooped to touch the
lottiest thought;
And proudly stooped as though it scarce de-
served his verse,
As some fierce comot, of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed—
So he, through learning and through fancy, took
His flight sublime, and on the top
Of fame's dread mountain sat."

Yet, to that sublime and fearful eminence did intemperance dare to lift her impious arm, dragged down England's favorite bard, to the disgrace of a drunkard's grave, and at the age of 76 put an end to the brilliant and miserable career of the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth

century. Cowley, Burns, Dryden, Moore, and others, who rank as stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of literary worth, were all stricken down from the meridian heights of their glory by the same destructive arm. And thousands of lofty intellects and noble geniuses, whose brilliancy would have sent forth their effulgent streams through succeeding ages, have been blighted and entirely quenched in debauchery.

How many have we seen falling around us year after, amid all the horrid forms of insanity and delirium? How many of wealth, standing and intellects, whose shame and disgrace still cling to their memory, and linger around their graves? How often, too, have we seen intemperance nip the flower of intellect and promise in the very bud? How many a noble youth, the only comfort of an aged mother—the only prop of the declining years of his father—whom his sisters caressed with a proud fondness as their only but bright hope of future respectability—whom, Alas, his country, and his God had marked out for high and honorable service, and the smiles of friends, and with the canvass swelling with the joyous gales of fortune, moored out from the harbor his gilded bark upon the ocean of life; but who, ere he proceeded far, heard the enchanting voice of the siren, eagerly listened to her flattering promises of happiness, and yielded, Alas, to her much fair speech!

"And in the dark still night,
When God's unsleeping eye alone can see,
He went to her adulterous bed.
At morn, I looked, and saw him not among the
youths.
I heard his father mourn—his mother weep;
For none returned that went with her. The
dead
Were in her house—her guests in depths of
hell.
She wove the winding sheets of souls, and lay'd
Them in the urn of everlasting death!"

But when the victim of intemperance falls, he falls not alone. His is not an isolated ruin. Like the vessel on the ocean, when he sinks he carries all his dependents with him. Like the mighty oak of the forest, when torn up by the storm, crushes all the tender shrubs, and blades, & flowers, that sought shelter beneath its sturdy boughs; so the drunkard, when he falls, overwhelms and ruins all those little innocents who looked to him for shelter and support. The unfortunates can neither escape the wreck, nor shun the galling infamy. Intemperance, in its remorseless strides, crushes them at once beneath its bloody heel!

And such being the woes of intemperance, who that possesses the spirit of a man, can remain neutral and inactive?—Who that has one spark of benevolence or patriotism in his heart, and will not lend a helping hand? We need the assistance of all, and the appeal is made to all. As men—as reasonable men—as men of sensibility and moral feeling—can you look the untold horrors of drunkenness fairly in the face, and remain unaffected and unmoved? Is there nothing to stir your sympathies or enlist your feelings in our cause? Were the same amount of misery and distress produced in any other way—by the sweeping pestilence, or the ravages of a foreign foe—it would fill the nation with trembling, and spread consternation and alarm to all its borders.—And why not take cognizance of the plague as it is, and put forth our united efforts to stay its further progress? We can shudder at the accounts of the cruelties and horrors of heathen worship, and weep over the dark pictures of the sacrifice of infants, and the burning of widows. Why not then be touched with a gracious impulse for the relief of multiplied thousands of sufferers in our own land, of our own citizens, who are writhing, bleeding and dying under the curse of intemperance.

The matter is before you. The spirit of virtue, and the genius of liberty invoke your attention and generous action. No apologies or equivocations will relieve you of your responsibility. Come, then, and help to push forward our victories, until Temperance shall be renowned for glorious achievements, in comparison with which, all the victories ever won on the field of battle, will seem but visionary triumphs of a frenzied imagination. With the best assurance that the God of heaven will prosper us, let us arise and build, and continue to build on the walls of our consecrated edifice, until the Temple of Sobriety shall bask its heaven-extended spires in the light of an unsetting sun, and the ransomed nations kneel around its snowy altar!

Nature has scattered around us, on every side, and for every sense, an inexhaustible profusion of beauty and sweetness, if we will but perceive it. The pleasures we derive from musical sounds, and the forms of trees, are sure not given us in vain; and if we are constantly alive to these, we can never be in want of subjects of agreeable contemplation, and must be habitually cheerful.

He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

THE HOUR-GLASS AND TIME

Mark the golden grains that pass
Swiftly through the crystal glass;
Busy, till each sand has sped,
To fall another hour has fled.
Then let some hand invert its frame,
And all its powers return the same;
While any golden grains remain,
'Twill work its little hour again.
But none can turn the glass for man,
When all his golden grains have run;
None can collect the scatter'd sand,
Dispersed by Time's unsparing hand.
Thou, reader, since the truth is plain,
'That time, once gone, ne'er comes again,
Improved bid every moment pass—
See how the sand rolls down your glass!

A DOMESTIC PICTURE.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the thankful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

[By Request.]

"The *L. Roy* (N. Y.) *Gazette* says the Adventists, or Millerites, have been holding a protracted meeting in that village, which has been well attended. It appears that May next has now been fixed upon by these people as the time of the second advent when, according to their calculations, the world will be just 6000 years old."

The above paragraph is being extensively circulated in the papers. In reference to it we would say, such a conclusion is not arrived at by Mr. MILLER or the second Adventists who believe with him.—The Adventists have no definite time in the future, for the termination of its prophetic periods. They look for the advent as an event which now may at any time be expected, but for which a definite time cannot be assigned. The Adventists are not responsible for individual indiscretions, where confidence is proportioned to a want of familiarity with the difficulties to be surmounted to fix upon a definite time.

Advent Herald.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

We have often been impressed by the deep significance of the phrase which Dickens has given as a title to one of his Christmas stories, "The Battle of Life." It is full of solemn meanings. All our hours, from the cradle to the grave, are but a series of antagonisms. Hunger, fatigue, sickness, temptation, sin, remorse, sorrow—these are the strong powers with which we must wage continual war. Foes beset us from without and from within, and make life one long and earnest battle. But there are victories to be won on the field, more glorious than those which crimsoned Marathon and Waterloo. Evil habits may be subdued—fiery passions brought under the control of principle—temptations resisted—self denial cheerfully sustained, & life itself consecrated to high and holy purposes. To triumph over the infortunes of a perverted nature, and render life, once deformed by passion and stained by sin, beautiful with love made manifest in deeds of beneficence, is worthier of our ambition than all the blood wrought heroisms that ever linked a name to a world's remembrance. Every day witnesseth triumphs such as these—yet Fame proclaims them not. What matters it? In the serene depths of these all-conquering spirits, God's peace abides, and harmonies are heard, such as the angels make when they welcome the victorious soul from the conflicts of this, to the raptures of the heavenly world.

FATAL EXPERIMENT WITH CHLOROFORM.—A young lady, daughter of Mr. Macdonald, a baker in Catharine street, in this city, recently met her death in the most awful manner, from the use of this now fashionable, but most dangerous preparation. About three weeks ago, the ether was employed to allay the toothache; but subsequently the sufferer was supposed to die, from what cause does not appear. The apparent death, however, was only a trance, or protracted swoon; for, on opening the coffin a day or two ago, the unfortunate girl had turned round upon her face, and in her agony and desperation had actually destroyed two of her fingers, on recovering from her temporary death by ether. The coroner's investigation should elicit the fact as to who prescribed a remedy which produced this most frightful result.—*N. Y. True Sun.*

Profit or pleasure, there is none in swearing, nor any thing in men's natural tempers to incite them to it. For, though some men pour out oaths so freely, as if they came naturally from them, yet surely no man's born of a swearing constitution.

A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably.

Laconic.—Parson Milton, of Newburyport, an eccentric divine, was once called upon for a prayer at a Fourth of July dinner, and gave—"Oh Lord, deliver us from sham patriots—Amen."