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From the Columbian Magazine.

Cutting an old friend.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

Many years ago, the good ship Cleopatra arrived in Baltimore, with a hundred stow-away passengers from the Emerald Isle. Among the number were two young men from Tyrone, who had married just on the eve of sailing, and had come with their buxom brides to seek their fortunes in America. The latter had grown up side by side from girlhood, and were intimate as sisters. The former were no less intimate and attached to each other.

The names of these adventurers were Terence Leary and his wife Margaret, & Andy O'Shane & his wife Biddy or Bridget. The first idea of coming to America had been suggested by Leary, who was a quick, intelligent young man, and had conceived the notion that a fortune was to be made in the new country across the Atlantic, from which ever and anon were coming the most inspiring intelligence to the enterprising and ambitious. He had been, during two or three years, gardener for an Irish gentleman, in whose family Maggy, his wife, had, for some time before their marriage, acted as a waiting maid. O'Shane was a draper's clerk; he had been better educated than Leary, both as regards school and home education; and the same could be said of Bridget in comparing her with her friend Margaret. Notwithstanding this difference, the young men and their wives, as has been said, were very intimate friends, and when the matter of going to America was decided upon by Leary and Maggy, O'Shane and Biddy were not long in making up their minds to go with them.

After settling for their passage and entering the vessel in which they were to sail, their joint wealth consisted of about twenty sovereigns. This was to be the basis of their fortunes in the New World. Leary, who was more talkative than his friend, had a great deal to say about what they would do on arriving in America.—He proposed that they should unite their interests and stand by each other in all good or evil fortune.

"Heaven knows, Andy," he would sometimes say, "that I'd divide my last crust with you, any day. And Maggy has the same feeling for Biddy, bless her sweet soul!"

To expressions of this kind the more thoughtful and reserved, but equally warm-hearted Andy, would reply, that while he could lift a hand or earn a penny, the friends of his early years should be as the members of his own household.

With such feelings, and in mutual confidence, the young emigrants landed in Baltimore, where they soon made the acquaintance of some of their own countrymen, and gained a little information in regard to business and the prospect before them. Neither of these were found to be very encouraging. Leary was the first who obtained employment; it was in the capacity of a common laborer in digging out cellars and foundations for houses about being erected. This was several weeks after their arrival, and when their few sovereigns had become much fewer than when they set their foot in a land of strangers. It was some time after this before O'Shane got any thing to do, and this was not until he had seen nearly his last farthing. During the discouraging period that elapsed between the finding of work by Leary and the getting of employment by O'Shane, not a word was said by the former, who had become reserved toward O'Shane, about dividing his last crust with him and Biddy.

A single sovereign remained of the ten which made up the entire wealth of O'Shane when he landed in the U. States, and his chances of getting something to do seemed no better than at first. This sovereign he determined to invest in sundry small wares, and try what he could do in peddling them about from house to house. In this he was more successful than he had expected; his profits were, from the first, enough to meet his small expenses, and afterward to gradually increase his stock in trade, which from being only the value of a sovereign at first, was, in the course of a few months, worth thirty sovereigns.

The digging of cellars was hard work, much harder than attending to a gentleman's garden, and Leary, as soon as he saw that O'Shane was doing very well at peddling, became so much dissatisfied with his employment that he determined to give it up, and to try what he could do with the "pack." He had still nearly five sovereigns laid by, and was about investing these, under the advice of his friend O'Shane, in goods suitable for the trade of a peripatetic dealer, when he was taken sick, and lay ill for some weeks. His expenses and doctor's bill during this time took away all of his little capital, and he was about returning with a soured spirit to his spade and mattock, when O'Shane generously offered to loan him enough to

make a fair start as a pedler. With grateful feelings this kind tender of his was accepted.

The interest of the two young men being now more really united than they had yet been, and as both were really required to be much from home, a small house was taken between them, and their families united in order to lessen expense. This arrangement continued for about a year and a half, during which period both Leary and O'Shane reaped a very fair harvest on their labors. At the end of this time, the former having saved about three hundred dollars, laid by his pack and opened a grocery and liquor store. About the same time a situation at the south, with a very fair salary, was offered to O'Shane, and accepted by him. At this point, the ways by which the two friends were to travel in the world, diverged. They parted with many sincere expressions of friendship, and mutual pledges to aid each other in any further extremities, if the power to do so remained.

With three hundred dollars, shrewdness, industry, and economy, in personal and family expenses, success in the grocery and liquor business was a thing certain. Six years from the day Leary put up his sign he sold out his shop and commenced the business of a wholesale dealer in groceries in general, but rum and whiskey in particular, on Bowley's wharf. He was then worth some ten or fifteen thousand dollars, and deemed it but due to his increased importance as a merchant, to assume a style of living rather more imposing than the back rooms and second stories of a grog shop. But even in gratifying his pride, Leary was cautious not to put the main chance in jeopardy. A house at four hundred dollars rent, and five or six hundred dollars laid out in parlor and some additional chamber furniture covered the length and breadth of his extravagance at this era in his history. During the whole of this period he had heard nothing from O'Shane, except that on his arrival at Charleston, the place of his destination, he had found all as had been represented to him, and that the situation he had accepted would enable him, if he kept his health, to lay up some little.

The change that had passed over Terence Leary in ten years was quite remarkable. When he landed from the "Cleopatra" he was a fair specimen of a rough healthy, coarse young Irishman, and retained this appearance until he got behind his own counter, at which time a gradual process of transformation commenced. The corduroy trousers gave way to cassinet pants, the coarse roundabout to a long-tailed coat, and the seal-skin cap to a black beaver with a shining surface; the stout, well greased brogans that had carried him many a mile, over rough roads as well as smooth ones, were thrown aside, & boots well blacked worn in their stead; they were the first blacked boots that had ever covered his feet. In this new dress Leary, at first, scarcely knew himself, but he was not long in forgetting that he had ever worn any garments of an inferior quality. The constant attendance upon customers, with the necessity of handling himself all the various commodities he had to sell, prevented Leary from making any further material alterations in his every-day external appearance, until he ceased to be a retail dealer and wrote himself a "merchant."

At this period the change in the man was very apparent. He stood at least two inches higher; the reason was, his chin had become elevated precisely that much farther above the point where the collar bones rest on the sternum. He shaved or was shaved every morning; there was a time when once or twice a week was deemed sufficient. His linen was faultless, and renewed every morning; his black coat & pants guileless of any sign of hard service.

A few years more and Terence Leary, Esq., was a man of wealth, standing, and importance; one of "the first merchants" of the city; to his equals exceedingly polite, but to his inferiors in station, overbearing and offensive. A porter, laboring man or clerk was treated by him more like a dog than a human being. He had no sympathies whatever with the poorer classes; actually despising everything not possessed of golden attractions.

One day, it was twenty years from the time the ways of the young Irishmen became divergent, Leary was sitting in his counting-room, when two natives of the Emerald Isle, a man and a woman, entered the store. They were plainly but not roughly dressed. Leary recognized them in an instant; they were his old friends, Andy and Biddy O'Shane. The sight of them did not give him much pleasure, especially as there were present in his counting-room two or three merchants of the first standing.

"Go and see what those people want," he said abruptly and in a tone of command, to one of his clerks. "If they ask for me, tell them I'm engaged and can't see them now."

The clerk met Andy and Biddy half way down the store.

"Is Mr. Leary in?" asked O'Shane.

"He is engaged at present."

"No matter, he will see us," replied O'Shane pushing on past the clerk, who tried but in vain to keep him back.

To the consternation of the merchant, O'Shane and Biddy entered boldly into his

counting-room, the former extending his hand as he advanced to him, and saying in a voice of pleasure,

"Terence, mon! how are ye?"

But Leary fixed a cold, repulsive look upon his old warm-hearted friend, and declined taking his hand.

"Don't ye know me, mon? don't ye know Andy O'Shane? Didn't we come from old Tyrone? Bless the dear soil! and wasn't you a gardener's man there and I a draper's clerk? And wasn't Biddy, here and your own wife, Maggy, as intimate as born sisters? Terence Leary, mon, don't ye know me now?"

The Irishman spoke with enthusiasm.

"Go 'way, d'ye say, Terence Leary?" he replied; "Go 'way it is, now! It wasn't so, Teddy, when ye got the fever from hard work in the hot sun, diggin' cellars, and spent all y'r money with the doctors. Oh no, it wasn't go 'way then, Teddy! It wasn't go 'way when I loaned ye two sovereigns to fit ye out for a tramp with the pack, and helped ye on till y'r feet afother the sickness! Oh no, it wasn't go 'way then, Taddy. But never mind; the world is wide, and so, good-bye till ye come, Biddy."

And O'Shane turned and walked slowly away with his wife.

Leary was angry and mortified beyond measure at this interview, "by which former low associates and former low occupations were exposed to two or three dignified merchants, who, pitying his embarrassed position, soon withdrew and left him to his no very pleasant reflections.

Mrs. Margaret Leary was no less outraged by the assurance of their old acquaintances, when her husband related what had happened, than had been Mr. Terence Leary himself.

"We'll have 'em thrusting themselves in here upon us, I suppose, next thing,—Biddy was always bold and forward and never had any sense of propriety; but she will not want to come here twice if she comes once, I can tell her."

A few hours after this remark was made, Mrs. Leary was informed that there was a woman in the parlor who wished to see her.

"Who is it?" was asked.

"She says her name is O'Shane."

The color instantly mounted to the lady's face.

"Tell her I'm not at home."

The servant went back to the parlor.

"Mrs. Leary is not at home," he said.

"But you told me," returned Mrs. O'Shane, "that she was at home."

"I know," said the waiter, rudely, "but I find that she is not at home to you."

"You told her my name?"

"Yes."

"What did you say it was?"

"Mrs. O'Shane."

"You are certain?"

"Yes, sure of it."

The visitor retired slowly, with her eyes cast down. There were bitter feelings at her heart. The friend of her early years, the companion of her early trials, the partner of her early hopes and fears, to meet with whom, and to find affection unchanged, had been the dear hope of many years, had turned coldly from her.

"Not at home to me," she sighed to herself as she walked away from the handsome dwelling of her old friend. "Not at home for me. Tried and found wanting. Ah, well! better to know this than take by the hand a false-hearted friend."

Leary and his wife were no little disturbed by the occurrences just related.—The assurance of O'Shane and Biddy in supposing that they could now have any association with them, was surprising; and their presumption in thrusting themselves forward an unparadise offence.

Days and weeks went by, but O'Shane and his wife came not again near the old friends of other days, who wished to forget them. This was a relief to the Learys, who for some time after lived in dread of another visitation.

In the western part of the city among a number of elegant houses in the process of erection, one larger and more indicative of the substantiality of its owner went steadily up from basement to cornice, and stood forth to the eye an object of admiration, and a proof of wealth in the building.

"That will be a splendid edifice," said Leary to a mercantile friend with whom he happened to be walking one Sunday afternoon. "I wonder who it is for?"

"It is said to be for a New Orleans merchant of great wealth, who has retired from business and intends residing here for the purpose of educating his younger children."

"Ah! do you know his name?"

"I heard it, but do not remember it now."

"I like to see men of wealth coming to our city. It is one of the most beautiful in the country. He must be a man of considerable property to build a house like that."

"They say he is worth half a million."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Like yourself, he started; I am told, with nothing, and made his own fortune."

The allusion to himself, as having started with nothing, was not entirely agreeable to Mr. Leary. He did not want people to know that he had come up from the

lower classes in society, and fondly imagined that this was a secret known to but few. A reference to the fact, therefore, was like throwing cold water upon him.

"Have you met him?" he asked, because it was necessary to say something.

"Yes. He is a plain but very gentlemanly man. There is nothing ostentatious about him; nothing that marks the purse-proud rich man—no upstart arrogance in his character. I wish I could remember his name; but, no matter. It is O' something. O', O', O'—no, I can't make it. By the way, Mr. Leary, I believe he is a countryman of yours, and that reminds me of a first rate story I heard of him. It is capital! One of the best things that has occurred for some time.—Have you heard it?"

"No."

"Well it is first rate. Some twenty or thirty years ago, this gentleman arrived in this country, with his wife, green from Ireland. They came in company with another young couple of the same grade in society; one, I believe was a gardener, and the other had been in a draper's store, and came to seek their fortunes. A few sovereigns each were all they possessed. Both the men and wives had been friends from early years, and were attached to each other. In coming to this country, they pledged a lasting friendship and a lasting interest in each other's welfare. For a time their ways in life lay side by side; but there were some things in the conduct of the friend of this O'—O'—what is his name? O'Shane! Yes, now I have it! O'Shane is his name, Mr. Leary."

The merchant was so full of the good story he did not observe the marked effect the announcement of the name had upon his auditor. He went on:

"O'Shane noticed some things in the conduct of his friend that he did not much like; as, for instance, when fortune smiled a little upon him, he was distant toward O'Shane, and said nothing about dividing his last penny with him as before, but when things looked dark with him, and bright with O'Shane, he was exceedingly glad to bask in his friend's sunshine.—Still, notwithstanding this, O'Shane was attached to him, and their wives were like sisters. They started in the world as pedlars, O'Shane loaning his friend, who had spent all his money in sickness, enough to get a well-filled pack. In order to lessen expenses, they rented a small house, and their wives lived together while they were away."

"At length the friend saved enough to set up a grog-shop, and O'Shane accepted a situation at the South. They parted, and never met again until six months ago—twenty years having elapsed since they separated. The friend made enough in a few years, by selling grog, to get into a more respectable and profitable business. He became a wholesale dealer, and is now, I am told, one of our wealthy merchants. But he is represented as being exceedingly proud of his position in society, at the same time that he is haughty and overbearing to those in humbler circumstances. With him I suppose, as with too many others, money, not worth, makes the man."

"O'Shane, who was a far worthier man, pushed ahead at the South; not by selling rum, however—he was above that—but by fair and honorable trade. Ten years ago he went to New Orleans, having amassed about fifty thousand dollars in Charleston, and entered into the cotton brokerage business, from which he retires with half a million honestly made. But now for the gist of the story. O'Shane had not seen nor heard direct from his friend for fifteen years; but he knew how he was getting along, and ascertained when he arrived in Baltimore that he knew nothing of his altered fortunes. So what do you think he does? He knew that if he came as the possessor of half a million, he would be received with open arms, and he would never know whether a spark of old and true regard remained. He, therefore, determined to test his friend. In order to do this, a few days after his arrival in the city, he called, in company with Biddy his wife, both plainly, but not meanly dressed, at the store of the merchant, and claimed acquaintance. Two or three persons happened to be present at the time, and I am told, the scene was rich beyond anything they had ever seen. The merchant did not know them, and O'Shane, to refresh his memory, reminded him, in an assumed brogue, of old Ireland and what they had been there, and of their early toils and struggles in this country. It is said he spoke with much feeling.—But the outraged merchant bid him be gone in a towering passion."

"After that, O'Shane's wife called to see the friend of her early years, hoping that she might not be as badly changed as her husband. She sent up her name, and received for answer that the lady wasn't at home; or, as the servant said, not at home to her!"

"It was enough. O'Shane saw that his old friend was unworthy of his regard, and will treat him hereafter as a stranger."

Leary and his communicative companion were walking along, the former with his head bent down and his eyes upon the pavement, in order to conceal the expression of his face. After the narrative was closed, and while smarting comments were being made thereon, Leary looked up and

found himself almost face to face with O'Shane and his wife, both with the appearance and bearing of people who moved in and were used to good society.—They looked at him with the look of strangers, and his eyes dropped beneath their gaze. "That's the very man, now," said Leary's companion, as they passed on.

Leary knew it too well. And he also knew very soon after that his conduct had become notorious, and that people despised him for his purse-proud arrogance; while O'Shane was respected for his sterling qualities as a man—his true heart and sound head—as much as for his wealth. He never forgave O'Shane in his heart for what he had done; but his anger was impotent. He sometimes met him in society, but O'Shane's bearing was that of a perfect stranger. Every now and then people would introduce them, when they would bow with cold politeness, as if they had never seen each other before. Mrs. Leary and Mrs. O'Shane also met occasionally, but it was Biddy and Maggy no longer.

A FRAGMENT.

Soon will the roses of the spring
In virgin beauty wave,
And sweetly bud and blossom o'er
My early welcome grave.
And say, bidding their joyous songs,
Their joyous songs of love,
And earth be seen in garb of green,
And skies be blue above.
And balmy winds will breathe upon
My low and lowly bed,
And through the long bright days, the sun
A flood of glory shed
And Cynthia, through the evening hours,
With all her glittering train,
Fling her soft silvery rays on it,
And light it up again.

A PICTURE OF HUMAN MISERY.

St. Giles', London.—The following is a description of a single lane, called Church Lane, in the city of London, within the limits of St. Giles. Not long since the London Statistical Society appointed a committee to examine the sanitary condition of this lane. A member of that committee furnished the London correspondent of the Christian Citizen, (Elithu Burrill's paper,) with the following facts:

"The lane is 300 feet long, and contains 32 houses. It is lighted by three gas lights, and water is supplied three times a week, but no tanks or tubs were to be found.—I will simply give two or three houses that he visited, as fair average of the whole.—Many things are too disgusting to enter the columns of a newspaper, & therefore I shall only give some of the leading facts. The first house that the committee visited contained 45 persons, only 6 rooms and 12 beds!—windows broken in—filth abundant. In the second there were 56 persons and only 13 beds. In the third there were 61 and 9 beds, averaging nearly 7 persons to a bed. And these of all ages, sexes and conditions! This is as horrible a state of things as ever one could imagine to exist, and as it is a real, stern fact, there is no virtue in shutting one's eyes to it. A majority of the windows were broken, and the cold night winds could not fail to sweep in and inflict colds and consumption upon the inmates. The occupations of this miserable class are of great variety—some are fruit dealers, some sweeps, some knife-grinders, some mendicants, some crossing sweepers, some street singers, and many thieves and prostitutes.

"The committee say in their report:—In these wretched dwellings all ages and both sexes, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, grown up brothers and sisters, stranger adult males and females, and swarms of children—the sick, the dying and the dead—are herded together with a proximity and mutual pressure which the brutes would resist; where it is physically impossible to preserve the ordinary delicacies of life, where all sense of propriety and self-respect must be lost.—Such is the state of Church Lane! Would that it were alone in its noisiness! Alas! there are many others quite as bad. But how much these poverty-stricken things are to blame for their state, is a solemn question to answer."

SUICIDE.—Miss Caroline E. Field, a young lady of Whitfield, about 25 years old, committed suicide at the house of the father of her intended husband in Southampton, by taking arsenic, on the 3d inst. Miss Field had always maintained an excellent character, but for a short time past had, either from mental derangement, or some other cause, manifested a distrust of her lover's fidelity. In a frenzy of excitement, she repaired to his house on Monday, and in the evening committed the desperate act which speedily terminated her life.—Springfield (Mass.) Gazette.

Lord Grey, speaking in the British House of Lords upon the London riots, applied the term "fellow citizens" to the populace. Hitherto it has been "fellow subjects," or "the lower orders." His lordship has probably heard of the French revolution, "Straws, &c."

Texas flogged a man before she was of age, and then married a man sixty years older than herself.

It is said that Lieut. Col. Fremont is about to leave Washington with his family for a residence in Oregon.