

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

CLEARFIELD, PA., JUNE 24, 1848.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I, NO. 26.—WHOLE NO. 1.

TERMS:
The "DEMOCRATIC BANNER" is published weekly, at \$2 per annum—or \$1 50 if paid in advance.
No paper can be discontinued (unless at the option of the editors) until all arrearages are paid.
Advertisements, &c., at the usual rates.

NOTICE.
Time has taught us the truth embodied in the following poem, a truth which we hope to see recognized by all.—*Neal's Gazette.*

TIME TO ME THIS TRUTH HATH TAUGHT.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
(This a truth that's worth revealing.)
More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling;
If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it.
If we're but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it.
On unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching.
That a word or accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking;
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been smoothed or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness.
Many a beautiful flower decays,
Though we tend it'er so much;
Something secret in it preys,
Which no human aid can touch.
So in many a lovely breast
Lies some cancer grief concealed,
That if touched is more oppressed,
Left unto itself is healed.
Time to me this truth hath taught,
(This a truth that's worth revealing.)
More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.

The Runaway Match;

Or, how the School-master married a Fortune.

BY MAJOR JOSEPH JONES, OF PINEVILLE.

It's about ten years ago, sense the incident that I'm gwine to tell tuk place. It caused a great sensation in Pineville at the time, and had the effect to make fellers monstrous careful how they run away with people's daughters without their consent ever sense.

Ebenezer Doolittle was the abominablest man after rich gals that ever was. He hadn't been keepin' school in Pineville but'n six months, before he had found out every gal in the settlement whose father had twenty niggers, and had courted all of 'em within a day's ride. He was rather old to be poplar with the galls, and somehow they didn't like his ways, and the way they did bluff him off was enough to discourage any body but a Yankee schoolmaster what wanted to get married, and hadn't many years of grace left. But it didn't seem to make no sort of difference to him. He undertook 'em by the job. He was bound to have a rich wife out of some on 'em, and if he failed in one case, it only made him more perseverin in the next. His motto was—"Never say die!"

Betty Darling, as they used to call her—old Mr. Darling's daughter what used to live out on the Run—was about the torn-downest mischief of a gal in all Georgia. Betty was rich and handsome and smart, and had more admirers than she could shake a stick at, but she was such a tormentin little coquet that the boys was all afraid to court her in down earnest.—When Mr. Doolittle found her out he went right at her like a house-a-fire. She was just the gall for him, and he was determined to have her at the risk of his life.

Well, he laid a siege to old Mr. Darling's house day and night, and when he couldn't leave his school to go and see her, he rit letters to her that was enough to throw any other gall but Betty Darling into a fit of high stericks to read 'em. Just as every body expected, after encouragin him just enuff to make the feller believe he had the thing ded, she kicked him flat. But show! he was perfectly used to that, and he was too much of a philosopher to be discouraged by such a rebuff, when the game was worth pursuin.

He didn't lose a miniti's time, but just brushed up and went right at her again.—Every body was perfectly surprised to see him gwine back to old Mr. Darling's, after the way he had been treated by Betty; but they was a good deal more surprised, and the boys was terribly alarmed in about a month, at the headway he seemed to be makin in his suit. All at once, Miss Betty's conduct seemed to change towards him, and though her father and mother was terribly opposed to the match, any body could see that she was beginnin to like the school master very well.

Things went on in this way for awhile, till bimeby old Mr. Darling began to git so uneasy about it, that he told Mr. Doolittle one day, that he mustn't come to his house no more; and that if he ketch him sendin any more love letters and kisses verses to his daughter by his nigger galls, he would make one of his boys give him a n-fired cowhidin.

But Mr. Doolittle didn't care for that neither. He could see Miss Betty when she came a shopin in stores in town, and ther was mor'n one way to get a letter to her.—What did he care for that old Darling? His daughter was hed and heart in love with him, and was just the gall to run away with him, too, if she was opposed by her parents. And as for the property, he was certain of that when once he married the gall.

One Saturday, when there was no school, Mr. Doolittle went to old Squire Rogers, and told him he must be ready to marry a couple that night, at exactly eight o'clock.

"Mum," ses he, "you mustn't say a word to nobody, Squire. The license is all ready and the party wants to be very private."

Squire Rogers was one of the most accommodatin old fellers in the world on such occasions. Mrs. Rogers was a monstrous cranky, cross old lady, and nothin done the old Squire so much good as to marry other people, it didn't make no odds who they was. Besides Mr. Doolittle was an injured man and a great scholar, in his opinion, and belonged to the church.

Mr. Doolittle had arranged the whole business in first rate order. Miss Betty was to meet him at the end of her father's lane, disguised in a ridin dress borrowed for the occasion, when he was to take her in a close one horse barouche and "fly with her on the wings of love," as he sed he would, to the Squire's office, whar they was to be united in bands of wedlock before anybody in the village know'd any thing about it. He had made arrangements at the hotel for a room, which he sed fixed up himself for the auspicious occasion; and he had rit a letter to a friend of his down in Augusta to be that the next week, to take charge of his school, as he thought it might be necessary for him to keep out of the way of old Darling for a few weeks, till the old feller could have time to come to.

All day Mr. Doolittle was bustlin about as if he wasn't certain which end he stood on, while the sunshine of his heart beamed from his taller coloured face in a way to let every body know that somethin extraordinary was gwine to happen.

Just after dark he mought have been seen drivin out by himself in a barouche towards old Mr. Darling's. Everybody expected somethin, and all hands was on the look out. It was plain to see Squire Rogers' importance was swelled up considerable with somethin, but nobody couldn't git a word out of him.

Mr. Doolittle didn't spare the lash after he got out of sight of town, and with strainin eyes and palpitin heart, he soon reached the place appointed to meet the object of his consumin affections.

Was she thar? No! Yes! Is it I?—Yes thar she is!—the dear creature. The skirt of her nankeen ridin dress, what set close to her angelic form, flutterin in the breeze. She stands timidly cruchin in the fence, holdin her vale close over her lovely face, tremblin in every jint for fear she mought be discovered and torn away from the arms of her devoted Ebenezer!

"Dearest angel!" ses he in a low voice.

"Oh, Ebenezer!" and she kind of fell into his arms.

"Compose yourself, love."

"Oh, if father should—"

"Don't fear, clearest creature. My arm shall protect you against the world." And he was just gwine to pull away her vale to kiss her—

"Eh?" ses she, "didn't I hear some one comin?"

"Eh?" ses he, lookin round. "Let's git in, my dear."

And with that he helped her into the barouche, and contented himself with imprintin a burnin kiss that almost singed the kid glove on her dear little hand, as he closed the door. Then jumpin on the front seat, he drove as fast as he could to town, encouragin her all the way and swearin to her how he would love her and make her happy, and tellin her how her father and mother would forgive her and think just as much of her as ever.

Poor gall! she was so terribly agitated that she couldn't do nothin but sob and cry, which made Mr. Doolittle love her more and swear the harder.

When they got at the Squire's office, and the boys that was on watch seen him help her out of the barouche, everybody know'd her at once, in spite of her disguise, and sich another excitement was never seed in Pineville. Sum of the fellers was half out of their senses, and it was necessary to hurry the ceremony over as quick as possible, for fear of bein interrupted by the row that was evidently bein.

"Be quick, Squire," ses Doolittle, handin out the license, and shakin like he had a ager, for Miss Darling is very much agitated."

The squire hardly waited to wipe his spectacles, and didn't take time to enjoy himself in readin the ceremony slow, and puttin demi-semi quivers in his voice like he always did. The noise was gittin louder out of doors, and somebody was knockin to git in.

"On!" ses Betty Jeanin on Mr. Doolittle's arm for support.

"Go on," says Doolittle, pressin her to his side, his eye on the Squire, and his face as white as a sheet.

"Open the door, Rogers," ses a hoarse voice outside.

But the Squire didn't hear nothin till he pronounced the last words of the ceremony, and Ebenezer Doolittle and Elizabeth Darling was pronounced man and wife.

Just then the door opened. In a rush old Mr. Darling and Bill, and Sam Darling, followed by a whole heap of fellers. The bride screamed, and fell into the arms of the triumphant Doolittle.

"Take hold of her!" ses old Darling, flourishin his cane over his hed. "Take hold of the huzzy!"

"Stand off!" ses Doolittle, throwin himself in a real stage attitude, and supportin his faintin bride on one arm. "Stand off, old man! She is my lawful wife, and I claim the protection of the law."

"Knock him down!—take hold of him!" ses half a dozen; and Bill Darling grabbed the bridegroom by the neck, while Squire Rogers jumped up on the table and hollered out:

"I command the peace! I command the peace in the name of the State of Georgia!"

"She's my wife!—my lawful wife!" shouted Doolittle. "I call upon the law."

Just then the bride got over her faintin fit, and raised her droopin hed—the vale fell off, and—oh, cruel fate! Mr. Ebenezer Doolittle stood petrified with horror, holdin in his arms, not Miss Betty, but Miss Betty's waiting maid, one of the blackest niggers in all Georgia, who, at that interestin crisis, rolled her eyes upon him like two pealed onions, and throwin her arms round his neck, exclaimed—

"Dis is my dear husband what Miss Betty gin me her own self!"

"Such a shout as did follow!"

"Go to the devil, you black —" ses Doolittle, tryin to pull away from her.

"Stick to him, Silla," ses the fellers, "he's yours accordin to law."

Old Squire Rogers looked like he'd married his last couple, poor old man, and hadn't a word to say for himself. The boys, and the young Darlings, like to laughed themselves to death, while old Darling, who was mad as a hornet, was gwine to have Doolittle arrested for nigger stealin right off.

Poor Doolittle! He made out at last, to git loose from his wife, and to find the back door. He hain't never been heard of in Pineville from that day to this

Western Continent.

Another Convert.

RUSSELL W. MURRAY, Esq., a leading "Whig" in Jefferson City, Missouri, comes out for the Democratic party in the *Jefferson Inquirer*. His reasons are such as will impress every honest man:

"Our officers and soldiers while nobly vindicating the rights and honor of the nation, in the midst of the greatest hardships and privations, which were endured almost without a murmur, instead of being aided and encouraged by the leaders of my party, were denounced as MANAULDERS, ROBBERERS AND PIRATES—and the Government of the United States, after bearing for years the indignities of Mexico, was accused with waging an unjust and unholy war upon an injured and innocent people. These things my party leaders did, they cried out at the top of their voices against this war, notwithstanding they had voted in Congress that it existed by the act of Mexico. Nor is this all, they voted supplies to these marauders and robbers, and thus enabled them the more successfully to accomplish their nefarious and wicked purposes, and to cap the climax of folly, and make their inconsistency or insincerity manifest, the leaders of my party have announced to the world, that the only man capable of conducting the affairs of this great nation faithfully and honestly, was Gen. Taylor, one of these marauding and piratical chiefs, whose hands are still stained and dripping with the blood of our injured & innocent people!!! These things induced me to pause and reflect, I looked more clearly than I had done previously, to the actions and professions of the two great political parties, and the result was a settled determination never again to give my aid and influence, however small, in raising a party to power, that in the day of trial and difficulty, can take sides against its country. Let others be what they may, as for me I can no longer be a Whig.—I had rather be right than President."

Here's to you, Gov. Jones.

Brownslow, the celebrated Whig preacher and partizan of Tennessee, and editor of the *Jonesboro' Whig*, gives the following proclamation of his own purposes towards Gen. TAYLOR:

"If Gen. Taylor is nominated for the Presidency by all the conventions that can meet in this life, and if he is the last and only candidate that ever the Whigs have between this time and the day of judgment, we will not support him or vote for him."

The *Franklin Review* of the same State, says that this declaration of Brownslow expresses the determination of a large number of East Tennessee Whigs.

Pennsylvanian.

THE "CHURCH BURNERS."

The growth of this faction, says the *Trenton News*, is extraordinary. A few weeks ago they numbered about 10,000, all told, in the city of Philadelphia, with 1 organ, (*the Daily Sun*) and a full electoral ticket pledged to the support of General Taylor for President. Now, having swallowed up the Federal party, they come into the field with 500,000 voters, and a formidable array of daily and weekly journals. But can they digest their prey?—Will conscientious Whigs lend themselves for the purpose of carrying out the nefarious purposes of faction? We shall see.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ELEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Important Intelligence.

Excitement in Ireland—Chartist Disturbances in England—Tranquillity in France—Battle between the Danes and the Germans—Commercial and Financial News.

The steamship America, Capt. Judkins, from Liverpool, June 3d, arrived at Boston on Tuesday, in the remarkably short passage of ten days and eight hours, including a detention of eight hours off and at Halifax. We have the following synopsis of her news by the telegraph:

IRELAND.

On Saturday last, the 27th of May, in Dublin, Mr. Mitchel, convicted of treason upon the previous evening, was sentenced to fourteen years transportation, and immediately removed under an escort squadron of cavalry to a steamer of war, which was in waiting to convey him to the convict depot, at Spike Island, in the Cove of Cork. His destination is Bermuda, whither he has already sailed, to be incarcerated on board a dock-yard hulk. Intense excitement prevailed in Dublin, up to Sunday night, but has since given way to a deep and solemn silence, which denotes stern preparation and resolve. A liberal provision will be made by the nation for the convict's family.

The *European Times* says: When the verdict of guilty against Mr. Mitchel was delivered, a scene of great confusion ensued in the court, but the tranquillity of the city of Dublin was not materially disturbed.

On the following day, the 27th ultimo, Mr. Mitchel was brought up for sentence, and after some speeches, equally defiant as his previous conduct, of all authority whatsoever, he was sentenced by the court to fourteen years' transportation.—On the same day, he was conveyed, in the ordinary prison van, to a government steamer lying close to the quay.

We forbear to touch here upon all the tender and affecting circumstances of the sudden parting of this unfortunate man with his wife, children and confederates. The sternness of ambition yielded before the overpowering claims of nature, and hurried away as he was from the theatre of his crime, few can have felt more painfully than Mitchel the deep anguish of seeing one's native land receding amidst the growing waters. This has been a stunning blow to the confederate party. A great clamor has been raised about the packing of the jury. It has been attempted to impeach the legality of the conviction by showing that Roman Catholic jurors were struck from the panel, and in the cases of O'Brien and Megher, no doubt this was the fact; but it seems to have been done in direct contradiction to the instructions of the government.

By a vote of the Repeal Association, the wife and children of Mr. Mitchel are to be adopted by the people of Ireland, & their comfort and education provided for at the public expense, out of a subscription to be raised for the purpose.

The types of the *United Irishman* newspaper were immediately seized by the government, and his property sequestered. That paper is accordingly at an end, but arrangements are in progress for bringing out a new journal, of a similar tendency, under the sovereign style, title & dignity of the *Irish Felon*.

The language of Mr. John O'Connell, at the Repeal Association, when urging the members to adopt the family of Mitchel, and in expressing indignation against the Attorney General, was particularly exciting. He called upon all Irishmen never again to speak to the Attorney General, but to spit upon him as he had spit upon the Catholics—not to expose themselves to be struck down singly, but to band themselves together as determined and united Irishmen.

Mr. Mitchel arrived at Spike Island, Cork, on Sunday night, and was instantly handed over to the Governor. He will immediately assume the convict dress, & be treated in every respect like an ordinary convict.

From the declaration of Sir Geo. Grey, in the House of Commons, it appears that the government has determined on carrying out the sentence against him of transportation beyond the seas. In consequence, however, of the bad state of health under which the unfortunate man is suffering, they have relinquished the intention of sending him to Norfolk Island, but have ordered him to be conveyed to Her Majesty's dock-yard at Bermuda, & there, on board the Thames convict hulk, to undergo his first year's sentence.

Her Majesty's steam sloop Scourge, of six guns, Com. Wingrove, left Portsmouth on Monday morning, for Cork, to take on board the unhappy Mr. Mitchel, and other prisoners, and to proceed immediately to Bermuda.

ENGLAND.

Some partial disturbances have taken place in London, at Bradford, Manchester, Leeds, and other places. Chartists have been the chief instigators of these tu-

mults, which, in every case, have been almost instantly suppressed.

On Monday evening a large assemblage of chartists collected in Clerkenwell, in London, but at midnight they quietly dispersed. On Wednesday evening similar meetings took place, but the arrangements of the police, aided by a demonstration of the military, were so complete, that the mob, whenever it appeared, was speedily scattered.

The special force was called out to guard the outskirts, and the same alacrity in turning out to preserve order and property was exhibited by the middle classes as on the 10th of April.

At Bradford, a collision took place between the Chartists and the police, and a great riot ensued; but the military restored order, and enabled the police to capture the principal ringleaders many of whom have been committed for trial at Manchester.

After various meetings of confederated clubs and Chartists, a grand meeting was organized, to be held on Wednesday, comprising large bodies from the surrounding districts, but the magistrates issued a proclamation forbidding it. They also prevented the Oldham Chartists from entering Manchester. A large body of military and police were drawn up, and the multitude was compelled to retreat.

There can be no doubt that very deep seated misery prevails amongst immense bodies of the unemployed people. Mr. Mitchel's conviction is the general theme of declamation by the orators who address the people on these occasions. The evil is becoming so great, that we should not be surprised if the government, throwing overboard all their preconceived principles, were suddenly to adopt some extensive scheme of emigration. Certainly efforts were being made to stimulate such an enterprise, but the government is quiet, passive as yet, with regard to any comprehensive measures of relief. The price of bread is very low, which, doubtless, mitigates much distress, but the mercantile derangements of last year are now telling deeply upon the working classes of England generally.

FRANCE.

During the past week tranquillity has been maintained in Paris, under the vigorous administration of General Carvaigac, with a large body of regular troops under his command. The attempts which have been several times made to create disturbances have been at once suppressed.

The National Assembly, surrounded by an immense military force, sit daily, and appears by degrees settling down to the business of practical legislation.

The determination of the Assembly and the executive to break up the system of organization of labor, set on foot by M. Louis Blanc, has occasioned deep resentment among the recipients of the wages of the State. The executive first struck a blow at the directors of the *ouvriers*, M. Emile Thomas, who succeeded M. Louis Blanc in the administration of the *ateliers nationaux*.

On the night of the 26th ult., M. Emile Thomas was suddenly sent for by a Minister of the Public work, and superseded in his office by two civil engineers, and having been compelled to sign a resignation, was sent off in the custody of two agents of police, to Bordeaux, or the neighborhood.

The workmen demanded the reinstatement of M. Emile Thomas in his functions, and since that time the *rappel* has been beaten almost daily.

Large assemblages of workmen have been drawn together in various parts of Paris, but being kept in check by the overwhelming force both of regular troops and National Guards brought against them, all the efforts made to disturb the peace have been abortive. The persons actually receiving the wages of the State cannot be fewer than 120,000. It is intended to draft a portion of these into the provinces, and thus break up the confederacy.

The police have at length succeeded in capturing the redoubtable Blanqui, and also Flotte. Whilst these notorious conspirators were at large it was felt that no security existed for public tranquillity, the talents and indomitable audacity of Blanqui rendered him especially dangerous; but the trial of the prisoners now confined at Vincennes, together with the dismissal of the *ouvriers*, has put the power of the executive to a severe test. If, however, a good-understanding prevails between the executive and the National Assembly, we have no doubt they will survive this ordeal. The relations between the executive and the Assembly are at length settled. The members of the executive must attend the Assembly when forty members require it. They have, however, a special right to be heard, but they are exempt from general attendance.

The article relating to the measure of defence of the Assembly, has been finally passed by specifying in the clause that the President of the Assembly has a paramount right of issuing the proper commands in case of urgency and necessity. This contest has thus ended by the declaration that the Assembly shall protect itself, and not owe its protection to the executive authority. Lamartine, perceiving the feeling of the Assembly, acquiesced in the decision.