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POETRY.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper.

LINES

IN MEMORY OF MARGARET B. CARLISLE, Of Chambersburg, Pa., who died August 12th, 1848.

BY H. J. NECK.

I do not, cannot, think thee dead,
My cousin, young and fair;
How could the dews of earth be shed
Upon thy sunny hair?
By memory's light I see thee still,
And life, with all its joys,
Is sparkling in thine eye the while,
I mark the sweetness of thy smile,
The kindness of thy voice—
They say that voice and smile are fled,
And yet I cannot feel thee dead.

We parted when the April showers
Had roused her infant train,
With many a scheme to pass the hours
When we should meet again;
How we would hear the echoes ring,
And call the forest's wealth,
And for our wreaths the blossoms bring
While the glad wind would stir our sing,
And in thy brow to health—
In skies so bright what eye could see
The shadows o'er our destiny!

I little dream'd, ere summer wreath
Had bent the forest bough,
A hand, far mightier than the breeze,
Would rest upon my brow—
And flowers that wither'd not, or smiled
In thy pale grasp or mine,
Would shed their leaves and fragrance wild
Above a heart as young and mild,
As young and true as thine—
Would bloom above thy quiet clay,
Faded with the beautiful away.

I feel, beneath the starlight pale
Of yon unclouded blue,
As though a breath might part the veil
That hides her from my view—
The glories of that City bright
I fain would hear her tell—
Ah, would she look on earth to-night,
Whose eyes have caught their flaming light
From the Invisible!

Sweet is the thought to human love,
Whose precious chain is riven,
That every link unites above,
To draw our hearts to heaven—
Our voyage soon will end—our night,
A few short years at most,
When day has put the shades to flight,
We too shall hail the land in sight,
And moor upon the coast,
Which her frail bark and lighter oar
Had gained a little time before.

From the Columbian for October.

THE ORPHAN BRIDE.

BY CHARLES OLDHAM, ESQ.

"A fine elegant establishment, that," said I, to my friend Manton, as a splendid carriage, with an elegant pair of bays, drove on the ferry boat just in advance of us, as we were crossing for a drive to Greenwood.

"And a lady to match," said he, "if you could only see her; and what is more, I happen to know her, and it would do you good to hear a bit of romance that I could tell you, if you were not such a hater of all that sort of thing."

"I do hate romance," I answered with some spirit, "when, as in most cases, it is admired because the like of it never did happen and never will. I hold that nothing is worth being pleased with but truth, and as to your glorious creatures of romance, that were born in the brain of the poet or novelist, and painted on paper for so much a page, I think they are well enough for girls of seventeen; but for full grown men to be pleased with them, or even to tolerate them, is out of the question."

"Stop, stop," says Manton; "you have no idea, have you, that the beautiful girl in that carriage was born in the brain of a poet, and painted for so much a page?"

"Well, don't you have me now," I had to answer; "but you do not mean to say that your romance is about the mistress of that establishment? You did not tell me so, at first, and I was simple enough to suppose that it had only suggested a story of your own or somebody else's invention. If you have anything in the way of a true tale, that will suit a matter of fact man like me, tell on, I listen."

"I hardly think I will, you seem to be so fearful of being pleased. At any rate, I shall save the story till another time."

The boat was not crowded, and Manton reined his horse to the right, and let him come up to the coach, and again, as if by accident, he pushed him on a step and brought the tumbler to his side. The lady recognized him instantly, and I caught sight of her as she bowed, and asked him where he was driving. Fortunately she was bound for Greenwood too, with her sister, who was visiting her from the country.

"Could anything be more delightful?" asked Manton, turning to me, as we were driving off the boat. "You shall see her, and perhaps you will then be willing to hear the story."

"I am ready to hear it, now," I said, "but you shall wait until you have seen her."

be punished for doubting the truth of what I was going to tell you."

We rode on in silence, and as we were in front of the cemetery, and waited its arrival. The ladies preferred to ride over a part of the Tour, and would then join us in a ramble through the more picturesque and secluded portions that could not be reached on wheels.

I confess that I grew impatient; not so much to hear what Manton had to tell me, as to hear the lady herself, who had excited my curiosity not a little, Manton and I had come down for a stroll in the cemetery, and having secured our horse, walked on for a short time in company with the carriage, and then taking a short cut across the grounds, took a seat in the shade to wait the coming of the ladies. As we had saved half an hour by crossing, I begged he would improve the opportunity by giving the promised bit of romance.

"Well, she was pretty, was she not?" he asked as I pressed him to begin.

"She was more than that, she was very beautiful," I said. "In truth, I have rarely seen so much sweetness and simplicity in a face of such striking beauty. It seems to me that she is not a city girl; she reminds me of those I knew fifteen or twenty years ago, when I was a young bachelor in the country, and not an old one as I am to day."

"Then it makes you feel young again, does it, to meet such a woman, and yet you have been merely pleased with the first sight. I wonder what would happen if you should find her as sweet as she looks, an angel in heart as you think she is from the lustre of her eyes?"

I had to submit to my good friend's humor, and let him go on in hopes that he would soon begin to relieve my curiosity; so I told him I was too old to think of falling in love, and I wished him to skip all allusions to any such future possibility.

He said he would prefer to wait till we returned home, as he feared the lightness with which we had been speaking would be a poor introduction to the serious story he was about to give. However he would indulge me.

"You know," he began, "that I spent the summer, two years ago, in the country, but you may not have known that the most of the time I was quietly domesticated in the beautiful village of F—, in Massachusetts. I was in search of health and rest, and found just the spot that I wanted, in the house of the village pastor, an excellent man, with a large, warm heart—an uncle of my mother. One morning, at breakfast, he told us of a painful scene that he had been called to witness the night before, and which had so much affected his feelings that he had scarcely slept since he had returned from the house to which he had been called."

"Mrs. Norton was a widow and poor, and the mother of five children, the eldest seventeen, the youngest nine. She had been born to affluence, but her father had been reduced in his circumstances while she was yet a child, and she married early in life a young man who was struggling to acquire a competence, but found the labor beyond his strength, and with a numerous family growing poorer every year, finally sunk under the weight of anxiety, and the pressure of a business that brought no relief. He died while he was yet comparatively young, and left his wife with a family of little children almost without any means beyond a small house and lot he had contrived to save when he saw that the most soon leave them to the care of Providence in a heartless world."

"Mrs. Norton's parents had been some years dead; the friends of her father had disappeared with the fortune that had bound them to him, and she was compelled to feel that her dependence under God must be upon her own exertions. The sympathy of the kind-hearted around her would be a comfort in her bereavement, but would furnish little or nothing in the way of pecuniary support. Nor did she wish charity, as that cold word is understood in this cold world. She preferred to help herself if she could, and was willing to endure arduous efforts rather than depend on the reluctant aid that others might bestow. Her eldest child was a sweet girl of only eleven years, but very efficient for her age, and able to assist her mother much in caring for the comfort of the younger children, and attending to the house and neat little garden in its rear. Mrs. Norton engaged with a courageous heart, in the attempt to earn a livelihood for herself and five children who looked to her for daily bread. She had been well instructed in the best of village schools, and was able to give her little ones as good an education as she had received, so that she was at no expense in this important part of the training of a young family. Her resort, as the chief and almost only means of acquisition, was her needle, the best of all inventions for woman, when without a husband or a father upon whom to lean; and this proved to be enough, and no more than enough. The garden and the needle yielded her enough to feed and clothe herself and the five children who were growing up around her, the solecuse well as the care of her life. Everybody loved Mrs. Norton's children. They grew in comeliness as in years. There was a gentleness and grace in their whole aspect and deportment that

won all hearts. You would have known that their mother was a lady, if you had never seen her. Not that their manners were formed after any of our city models, or that they took upon themselves any airs that marked a distinction between them and the children of the village. It came to them in the natural way to be genteel. Mrs. Norton had been used to good society in her youthful days, and took pleasure in moulding the manners of her children, as she knew full well that on their deportment must depend all her hopes for their success if she should be taken from them. She was a Christian, too, and her children were early taught to fear God, and keep His commandments; to put their trust in Him, and love him in the days of their youth. Now all this was very well, and as the children were universal favorites, and every one loved to make them happy, and they always seemed to be happy; none knew the struggles that in that widow's cottage, struggles that made inroads upon the heart and health of Mrs. Norton, as she toiled day and night to maintain her offspring. In these efforts she derived more and more aid every day from her eldest daughter Mary, who seemed to have imbibed all her own energy, and to possess excellencies that gave dignity to the humble walks of life, and exalted the retired and lovely girl into a heroine. She assumed the burdens of life as if they were her highest pleasures, and went cheerfully to the severest duties with the sweet consciousness that she was lightening the cares of her dear mother, and blessing the home of her younger sisters and brother. Her needle was the best friend of Mary, as it was of her mother. If it must be confessed, our pretty heroine had learned a trade, and actually 'went out' to work by the day, making clothes for children. She was a tailoress. Alas for romance, you will say."

"Go on, I beg you. I like it all the better for the real life of the story. Go on."

"I will. You read of the heroism of character that high life at all times develops, where the eyes of the world and the applause of the world are the excitement to lofty action, sublime self-devotion, and toilsome efforts, that seem to demand more resolution and energy than belong to ordinary mortals; but there is more real heroism in the silent, steady unflinching performance of duty by an obscure country girl, with such a load on her heart as Mary bore, and such an object before her as Mary kept in view, than in the brilliant Quixotism of the Maid of Orleans."

"Nearly six years had elapsed since the death of Mrs. Norton's husband, and it was becoming painfully apparent that she too was soon to sink into the grave. Her constitution, never vigorous, had proved inadequate to the increased responsibilities laid upon her at his death, and now she was about to follow him. It was at her dying bedside that my host, the worthy pastor, had been the night before, and he was now describing the scene through which he had passed.

"The children were around her in an agony of grief that melted all who saw them. The neighbors had flocked in to proffer kindness and assuage the anguish of that dreadful hour; and the pastor came to bring the consolations of the gospel to console their breaking hearts. The dying mother and her daughter Mary, deeply as they must have felt, were the calmest persons in that mourning house.

"Mrs. Norton was evidently drawing near her end. She took her children one by one and gave each a mother's dying blessing, and committed the younger ones to the care of Mary, to whom they were to look up and submit as they had ever done so dutifully to the mother, who was leaving them. Never did Mary seem so lovely as when she put her arms about those little orphans, and, restraining her own measureless grief that she might soothe the clamorous sorrows of the children, told them to trust in God, and all would yet be well. Mrs. Norton said to her good minister, that she had committed them all to the care of Him who had said, 'Leave thy fatherless children with me: I will keep them alive; and let thy widows trust to me; and she was willing to trust that gracious promise, even in death."

"She died that night, and there even before the dead was laid out, while they stood around the yet warm clay, to which the children clung as if they would not be parted from the dust of her they loved—even here the friends and neighbors of Mrs. Norton, in the fullness of their hearts, provided homes for those dear children. Whatever dispositions might have been made by will of the little property left, it was obvious that it would do comparatively nothing to supporting the family now that its energetic head was gone; and it was thought best that they should all at once leave the homestead, and derive what aid they could from leasing it. Mary and Ellen, the two oldest, would take the youngest with them to a room which was immediately offered by one of their friends. Edward, a boy of fifteen, was pressed to make his home with the village teacher, who would give him his schooling; and find him a situation in business as soon as he was old enough; and there were so many who desired the company of the only one left, a sweet girl of a dozen summers, that it seemed diffi-

cult to decide who should have the privilege of her adoption.

"You remember the old saw, 'so shines a good deed in a naughty world;' but you never heard of a more beautiful instance of doing good than this. It was the spontaneous action of warm hearts, and when those children went to bed towards morning, they all felt that if they were orphans they had a Father in heaven, who had raised up friends on earth for them in the season of their darkest trial.

"Mary kept an eye on her little charge. Seldom did a day pass without her seeing all of them, and Sundays they spent together at Mary's room, and at church, cherishing the memories of maternal instruction, and strengthening each other in holy purposes of living, as they had been taught to live by her whose hands they still felt on their heads, as she laid them out that night when she left them.

"And now when I tell you that the ladies in that carriage are Mary and her sister Ellen, and that Mary is the mistress of that establishment and a house up town to correspond with it, and that she lives here in the city in style, and shows herself a lady 'to the manor born,' you will want me to go through a long story to tell you how it all came about. But I shall make a short one of it by simply telling you, what is the simple fact, that while Mary was at work at her trade in the family of Mr. Wiley, a retired merchant from the city, who had left his son in business here, and had established himself in a fine mansion overlooking the village of F—, his son saw her, and had sense and taste to fall in love with her; and as everybody in and about the village knew that Mary Norton was as good as she was beautiful, instead of envying her when she became the bride of Henry Wiley, the neighbors all said he was a lucky man to win such a prize, worthy and elegant and wealthy though he was. Indeed, they were as handsome a couple as they stood together in the village church, when they were married, as your old bachelor eyes ever looked on. When Henry Wiley laid his heart and his fortune at her feet, Mary Norton told him with all frankness that there were objections to their union she could never remove; she had promised her dying mother to be a mother to her sisters and brother; they were dependent on her for counsel and her care; and she could not leave them to become the wife of one who would take her to a distant city, and remove her from the trust she had received. But not only did he hear this magnanimous resolution with patience but delight, and immediately proposed such arrangements for the family that they were all included in provisions for the general happiness. A home in the country was secured them during that part of the year which she would spend in the city, and the summer she was regularly to pass in the midst of her old friends.

"There they come now. I shall introduce you, and you will agree with me that 'truth is stronger than fiction,' when you know the worth of that poor girl, an orphan child, working for her living but two years ago, and now not twenty years of age, the wife of a rich merchant, and the centre of a circle in which wealth and fashion and true worth revolve."

"I saw her, walked with her, rode with her, received a very cordial invitation to call with Mr. Manton at her house, and have since found my new friend, Mrs. Wiley, to say nothing of her sister Ellen, among the very pleasantest of my acquaintances.

"I love to repeat the story of Mary Norton, as a contrast to those cases we so often meet with in which those reared in luxury are brought down by sudden changes of fortune, and compelled to drink the bitter waters of adversity. Such is often the result of pride or perversity, and comes upon its victims as a just judgment. But so beautiful an illustration of the care which Providence takes of those who put their trust in God, I have seldom met with; and the longer I have known my friend Mary Wiley, the more I have admired the way by which she has been led through the paths of simple duty, and a long way of self-denying labor to the effluence and influence that virtue only either merits or can appropriately enjoy.

"My friend Manton and I often meet at Mr. Wiley's, where Ellen is spending a few months, and he frequently insists, as we are walking home, that Ellen is the finest woman of the two. He thinks so, and I am half disposed to believe that he is right. If Manton did not think so, and does not tell her so too, old as I am I verily believe I will."

"It is a fact worthy of note (says the Boston Post) that General Cass when Governor of the territory of Michigan performed more useful labor—endured greater privations—negotiated more treaties, and obtained more valuable acquisitions of land than any other Territorial Governor since the formation of the government up to the present time.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—The steam propeller Go-liath, is believed to have taken fire and blown up recently on Lake Haron. She had a large quantity of gunpowder on board, (about two hundred kegs), intended to be used in mining operations. There were about twenty persons on board, and all are supposed to have perished.

America the Workshop and Granary of the World.

We have said that steamships can be built in the United States superior, in every respect, to those constructed in England, for half the money and in half the time; and that our ocean steamers will hereafter excel those of every other nation in the same ratio that our river steamers now excel the best ever constructed in England. Our new ocean steamers have already demonstrated the ability of our ship and engine builders to fulfil these predictions, and having now ascertained what we can do, let us survey the resources at our command for yet more glorious achievements in this vast enterprise.

Our supplies of timber, iron, coal, and provisions are inexhaustible. Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, furnish the best of iron.—In Pennsylvania the coal beds now being worked contain, by actual survey, equal to fifty miles square and eighteen feet in depth, of the purest anthracite coal. In the immediate vicinity of these beds are inexhaustible supplies of iron, and every facility for communication with the seaboard. In this State, mines of iron are being worked, which furnish ore so pure, that in the first operation of reducing it to iron, it produces the finest quality of cast steel, which makes axes superior to the best imported. The Swedish iron, of which England consumes so much, is far inferior to this. In Connecticut they are manufacturing iron of the very best quality & far superior to Sweden. In New Jersey and almost all the States north of Virginia, there are rolling mills in operation, manufacturing railroad iron. On the Ohio alone, there are four hundred miles of navigable coast upon which furnaces may be erected amidst vast mines of coal, supplies of timber, and the most productive farms in the world. Missouri, also, contains one mine of iron, adjoining a vast coal region, which by professor Silliman's estimates contains iron enough to supply two hundred millions of people for several thousand years. Bituminous coal in endless quantities has been found in various States, sufficient to supply the world for ages to come.

In no other country are the supplies of iron, coal, timber, and provisions, found in such immediate proximity, as in our own. Nowhere are the facilities of navigation so admirably located for the development and improvement of these resources. And yet we are comparatively ignorant of the vast power which a bountiful Providence has thus placed in our hands. Yankees, though we are, we have strangely neglected these immense sources of national greatness, and the profits which we should have reaped from them for the past quarter of a century, have been lost to us, to the advantage of other nations. But a new era is approaching. Our citizens have discovered the mines of wealth at their command, and we look forward with pride and satisfaction to the results of their enterprise.

Let our young mechanics take off their coats. Let our miners, farmer, and laborers pursue their avocations with renewed zeal and energy. New foundries are to be put in order, new steamships to be built, new coal mines worked, and more forests cleared. The field of enterprise is wide as the world itself; for all nations must ere long come to our workshops for steamers—to our granaries for food. And to the oppressed of every nation, we offer an asylum, in which labor ensures independence and affluence, where man is free as the air of heaven. No narrow selfishness controls our happy country. The bounties of providence which we have improved by unceasing toil, are shared with every member of the human family who arrives at our shores. In this the world may see a guarantee that the coolness of the new world, while firm and uncompromising in the defence of her rights, is attaining power and greatness not to curse mankind with oppressive wars and devastating conquests, but to bless, enlighten, and elevate humanity.—N. Y. Sun.

OLD ZACK AGAIN IN THE SLAVE MARKET.

A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from New Orleans, says: "It appears that a gentleman, a resident of this city, entered into a negotiation with him [Gen. Taylor] to sell him a slave, and for which he was to have paid the sum of 1400. He took the slave who was a blacksmith, on trial, and sent him to his plantation near Baton Rouge. After having him some time, he found fault and refused to take him; but previous to delivering him up to the owner, he sends the slave into the river to perform some work to which he was unused, being, it is supposed, to clear away brush. The slave gets drowned, and now he refuses to pay for him. It is said a law suit is likely to grow out of it. How beautiful will it tell, eh! A candidate for the presidency refusing to render justice to the fellow man; even though it is for the value of a slave! You will thus see that he is yet buying negroes here, if not in Washington."

The Lodi Democrat says that there is a little girl in his office, 12 years old, who sets 6,000 ems per day. She has worked as a business girl for many months.