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BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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The Rebellion in Ireland.

(One of the Irish leaders, Mr. M'Ghee, who has recently arrived in Philadelphia, gives the following explanation of the causes of the failure of the late rebellion in Ireland.)

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times: CONGRESS HALL, Oct. 12, 1848.

DEAR SIR:—Several gentlemen of this city, who have long felt a deep interest in the affairs of Ireland, (of which number you have not been the least active,) desire that I should give some public explanation of the causes which led to the unexpected failure of the late revolutionary movement in that country.

I feel bound to meet their wishes, as being theirs, and for this other reason that no honest statement of the matter can be made at present in Ireland, where the right of meeting and the liberty of the press have been both annihilated by the British authorities. Were it not my fortune to arrive in your city, I should have felt it my duty to have made the Executive Directory of New York the medium of this statement. But being detained here, and hearing so many anxious inquiries daily made, I have yielded to the general desire to make it public without delay. In doing so, I fear I may try your patience much, but I am certain none of your readers will consider the final fate of seven millions of a generous and gifted race a subject of indifference to them, as men or as Americans.

In what I say I shall speak from my own knowledge, for, though I went on a mission into a neighboring country toward the end of July, I was back in Ireland the first week in August, and was engaged there till September.

There are three dates to be borne in mind in reference to this movement: the month of February, when the continental revolutions began—the 24th of July, when the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and the Harvest time, which, in Ireland, does not come till September.

In February last, the Irish parties who sought a change of Government, were two—"the moral force Repealers," and Young Ireland. These parties originated in July, 1846, when Young Ireland seceded from the Repeal Association, on the lawfulness of shedding blood to achieve political rights. Before that event, Daniel O'Connell was as absolutely the ruler of Ireland, as Nicholas Romanoff is of Russia. The old honored him for his cautious tactics, the young, because England feared and hated him; many Protestants co-operated with him for his liberality; the Catholics revered him as the man who rebuilt their altars, and loosed the tongues and arms of their Priesthood. Two thousand Catholic clergymen, quartered at every hamlet and at every cross-road, were his captains and his magistrates. His word was the only law in the land, and children were baptized with his name as with the name of a Saint.

This man, so powerful and so well beloved, taught in his last days the doctrine that "no amount of liberty was worth the spilling of one drop of human blood," and the great majority of the clergymen and the people adopted it implicitly. But there was an undergrowth of a new generation in Ireland, who desired self government, and who thought its cause worth fighting for—who, indeed, wished to fight for it, provided it could not otherwise be had. O'Connell introduced, in July, '46, his test of membership in the Repeal Association, known as "the Peace Resolutions," and Young Ireland, knowing that such a course would be fatal to success against such an enemy, seceded. In January, 1847, they formed "the Irish Confederation," out of which the heat of the Continental events produced this late attempt at insurrection.

In 1847, Young Ireland was busy gaining over the inhabitants of the towns from "moral force," and with the examples of June, the Ninth, and the revolutions of last Spring, we succeeded. At any time during the last six months the towns' people of Ireland were, in terms, committed to attempt a forcible expulsion of the British power.

This township organization consisted of 500 Clubs, in the total of about 30,000 men of the fighting age. Of these, less than half were more or less armed in July, and the other half were acquiring arms as fast as they could where money was scarce and military weapons dear. I have known half-employed tradesmen to stint themselves of their daily meals in order to buy a gun. Each Club was divided into sections of ten men, with a Master to each section, who, knew, personally, each of his ten men. And let me assure our generous American friends that although the clubs, as clubs, do not meet now together in Ireland, these sections nearly all exist, and form a nucleus of future movement which cannot be reached or crushed. I assure them of this both from knowledge of the system and from the fact that under the Disarming Act, twenty stands of arms have not yet been captured from the Confederates.

But the Confederate principles did not pervade the rural population up to the last hour. For this there are many causes.—The famine of '46 and '47 had left a lassitude after it like that which follows fever. The Peasantry could not retain the heat that Mitchell, Duffy, and Meagher, would infuse into them. They felt the electricity as a shock—and it passed thro' them.

The Government saw—it was a patent fact—that we had converted and organized the towns but had not reached the heart of the country. They knew that the club system, formidable where population was grouped, was unequipped to the rural districts. They, therefore, opposed the insurrection with two weapons; they concentrated their forces on the towns, and used every art to prevent the junction of the Catholic clergy with the Revolutionary leaders.

In this latter enterprise they were materially assisted by the opposition of Mr. John O'Connell to the formation of the "Irish League." That League, devised and advocated by the best clergymen and citizens, was intended to swallow up both the Repeal Association and the Confederation. Its actual result would have been to bring together Young Ireland and the Priesthood—the two vital elements of Irish politics at that period. Mr. John O'Connell opposed it by a succession of small artifices, unworthy of any man, and which were only tolerated because, being his father's son, he was necessary to the union of parties. He asked a delay of a fortnight—of a month—and of six weeks. Finally, when the six weeks were expired, & for very shame he could ask no more, he openly assailed it as illegal, and intended to be on Catholic. The Catholic clergy, with the exception of the courageous Bishop of Derry and his clergymen, abandoned the League, and so the Confederates were left alone, face to face, & foot to foot, with the Government.

Any one who knows Ireland, socially, will know how indispensable the Priesthood are to discipline and movement in the rural parts. In many parishes the Priest is the only educated man; in nearly all he is the only one who feels and toils for the people. Ireland has no middle class, and it would be well for her if she had no gentry. But the Priesthood is everywhere, and revered everywhere. And this reverence has been the reward of unchanging devotion. Through the entire seventh century the Priests and people fought side by side; Bishops commanded armies, and Priests conducted sieges. In the penal eighteenth century the flock upon the mountains stood sentinel for the shepherds, and many bloody corpses bolted the paths by which they escaped. I am satisfied that if the Church had been involved even ever so little in 1848, we would have beaten the English. But the Bishops and dignitaries opposed the movement, or what had just the same effect, prophesied its failure, and argued its ruin. The secondary Clergy and the Curates who were more favorable to it, in submission to their order, were silent.

In taking that course, the Irish Clergy did not leave themselves without arguments. The bloody days of June in Paris—the lamentable anarchy in the City of Rome—the comparative unpreparedness of the people—the slaughter that would be made—the partial failure of the harvest—are all reasons for their course. But, assuredly, they made the revolution fail by preaching that it would fail. At Carrick, at Castleleagh, in Tipperary, Limerick, & Clare, they preached against an appeal to arms, and made converts.

Now the concentration of the troops in the towns and cities, compelled the Confederates to choose a Guerilla war or none. The situation of an Irish town, in August last, may be understood from this instance: In Dublin, as in most Irish towns, there is an old and a new town. The Government people live in the new town, and command its open and angular streets from strong public buildings. Filling every vista and dwellinghouses nearly as strong. In the old town live the hereditary rebels who could be destroyed by a shower of shells which might be so directed as not to injure the old quarter. In Dublin, the garrison was, on the 27th of July, 15,000 men, & it averaged throughout 10,000. The object of making the warfare a Guerilla one, was to drag these concentrations to pieces, as the Spanish patriots did Napoleon's armies of occupation, and by bringing them into districts where only infantry could act with ease, to put them more on a level with the raw levies of the people. The remainder of the course that might be taken would be to burn the towns and cities, as the Athenians did Athens, and the Russians Moscow. This, I believe, would have been the result, on the news of the first royalist blood being drawn in the rural districts, whether these considerations, and the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, had driven our leaders. But the rural districts would not move without their Clergy, and the Clergy were openly adverse or inactive.

It is not fair to assume that there was no system of operations agreed on among the Confederates. There was a feasible and well understood plan. What it was, it is not advisable for me publicly to explain. Beside, I had rather a future success should publish it than I. I have no objection—quite the contrary—to explain it to any Committee or circle of the friends in Ire-

land, but printing it would serve no purpose except to arm the enemy.

The conclusion I draw, from all I know of this attempt, is this—that the clergy of the people made a grave political mistake, and that that mistake was fatal to the insurrection in its incipient stages. It would be unfair and false to say that they cannot allege strong grounds for their course; but I am, for one, fully convinced, that if they had headed the peasantry, we would have renewed the miracle of St. Patrick. I know there would be slaughter, but Fever and Famine, now under the protection of the British flag in Ireland, will destroy more lives, and with worse weapons, than the sixty thousand armed men could have killed. And then to compare the two results!

I left Ireland at the beginning of September, despairing of any immediate National movement. But I do not, and never shall despair of the country. The people are not to blame that there has not been a revolution. Next time they must trust in local leaders, like the Rapparees and the Catalonian chiefs, fierce men and blunt, without too many ties binding them to the peace. They must choose, too, the favorable occurrence of a foreign war, an event which is likely to precede the settlement of the newly awakened races of the Continent. The extermination of the Irish people is not to be apprehended; they cling to the soil like grass, and while they cling, they hate England. The numerous emigrations of them make scarcely any sensible diminution in the parent stock.—Their two strongest political feelings are hatred to England, and a sanguine hope in Ireland.

Until the good day of victory comes, all individuals of the Irish nation must only strive the more to make their names respectable by doing noble deeds—by honesty, by courage, by gentleness, by genius, to save the national spirit from barrenness and the national character from disparagement. If this late movement has produced nothing else, it has wedded the Irish cause once more to disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and next to such ages as Washington, the life most valuable freedom, is a life like Emmet's offered up upon her holy altar, the scaffold. Such offerings have been freely made of late in Ireland by the self-immolation of John Mitchell and his faithful friend John Martin, by Mr. Meagher and Mr. O'Gorman, the sons of two of our richest merchants, by John Lillon and Smith O'Brien, men whom much fortune and many friends would in vain from "the thorny path of duty." In other revolutionary attempts, leaders are usually less exposed to danger than the people; in this they have openly adventured fortune, home, friends, and life.—"The country that can bear even a few such men will not readily degenerate into a nursing mother of slaves. For

Freedom's battle once begun,
Requested from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

That it will be won in Ireland, and sooner than many, even among her friends, dare hope, I believe. The vice of loyalty is gone at the root, and it but needs a little more of Time's teaching to make a Democratic Revolution, which will wait for no leadership to strike, to make Ireland as free as the freest—even as free as this parent land of liberty itself.

Requesting your indulgence, for this too long letter, I remain, my dear sir, yours, very truly,

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE,
(A Traitor to the British Government.)

Important from Oregon.

BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS

Intelligence from Oregon City to the 3d of April has been received by the New York Commercial, from which we condense the following summary of news:—

Governor Mason, of California, had sent to Oregon for a regiment of eight hundred men, but in the existing condition of the territory, none could be spared. Money and ammunition were much wanted to carry on the war against the Cayuses.

The Oregon Spectator notices a tobacco box of pure copper, from virgin ore discovered in the territory. Lead mines of the richest quality have been discovered in the Cowlitz neighborhood, by Mr. M. H. Kellogg, who had worked in the lead mines of Illinois, and is now opening a bed of stone coal near the Cowlitz river. Several barrels of this coal have already been shipped to California.

The dwelling house and goods of the chief of the Molalas had been burned by some of the whites, in revenge for a small theft committed upon a settler; and several of the Calipoolas had been severely whipped for stealing cattle.

Advices were received on the 23d February, from the Commissioner, sent to treat with the Indians, by the return of Messrs. Newell and Palmer. Having succeeded in procuring the neutrality of the Nez Percés, Walla Wallas, a small part of the Cayuses and the Backamons, and assurances of friendship from the Flatheads, Spokans, and upper country Indians, they returned to the Dalles, and after a long talk with the De Chutes Indians, the latter declared that from that time

they were the friends of the Americans. The Indians in the field then consisted of two hundred warriors, of Cayuses and vicious and reckless persons from neighboring tribes. These were pursued by Col. Gilliam and party, until the 14th March, when the little army came in sight of the hostile Indians. The following is an account of the succeeding battle:—

When within 400 yards of their camp, we were met by an old man, unarmed, with one hand on his head, the other on his heart—assuring us they were friends, the people of the Yellow Serpent, and would not fight us. That the murderers were gone, and our only resource would be to take their stock, with which the hills around were covered. We went into their camp—found them all painted and armed, but from the repeated assurance of friendship we ordered not to fire, but to proceed to the hills and collect in their stock.—When we reached the highlands, we saw Snake river just below, full of their stock, swimming over, and thousands ascending the opposite bank. We succeeded, however, in securing about 500 head of horses and cattle, and proceeded about one mile on our route to the fort, when we were attacked in rear by a large party of Indians—those we had just spared, and Pelouchas, to the number of about 400. We continued a very warm marching fight till about dark, when we encamped on a small stream without food or fire. They were shooting into our camp all night, and annoyed our guard so much that we turned out our stock. At daylight we renewed our march and with it the fight, as vigorously as the day preceding, until within about two miles of the Toosha river, where the enemy charged at full speed to the river, to get possession of the brush at the ford, in which, owing to the swiftness of their horses, they partially succeeded.

The history of savage warfare contains few instances of greater Indian prowess and daring than the scene which followed. The struggle for the ford was obstinate for some time, the fire of the combatants mingling together evincing the obstinacy of the combat. And here I must say, had it not been for the bold and decided stand of a few men at the most vulnerable point, the army must have sustained heavy loss in crossing the stream, perhaps been thrown into confusion and cut to pieces. In an hour the sound of our rifles had hushed. The long battle had ended. We were all over the river alive, and but nine or ten were wounded, none mortally. It was not so with our enemy. The deafening roar of their musketry, which had been sounding in our ears for 30 hours, had died away—their shrill warwhoop was changed to the melancholy death song—while a number of their lifeless brothers, who lay on the field, heard not their mournful elegy.

They called off their warriors—more anxious to leave the ford of the Toosha than they had been to gain it. We moved on to the fort, at which place we arrived on the evening of the 16th, worn down with fatigue and hunger, having eaten nothing but a small spit for three days.—Two days after, a council of officers was convened, in which it was resolved that we had accomplished all we could without more men and ammunition, and that it was best for 150 of us to proceed forthwith to this place, and remove up a sufficient quantity of ammunition and confer with you on the further movements of the army. Col. Gilliam was accompanying us in pursuance of this resolution when the fatal accident of his death occurred, at the spring this side of the Umatilla river.—The death of Col. Gilliam was produced by the accidental discharge of a musket.

The intelligence of this battle and of the death of the Colonel, produced a great excitement in the settlements. Governor Abernethy immediately issued a proclamation calling on the citizens to aid in raising and equipping a force sufficient to put a stop to the Indian depredations.

Major Lee was chosen Colonel in the place of the lamented Gilliam.

Accounts from the camp represent the men to be in a very destitute condition—some almost without clothing, and many without horses. The term of enlistment of some was about to expire. There was very little ammunition and no bread.—Some of the volunteers had also learned that their farms had been taken possession of by unprincipled fellows, who had stayed at home instead of joining in the common defence. Indeed, the disbanding of the army appeared to be inevitable, although many friendly Indians had offered to join the whites against the Cayuses, and would no doubt have done so had there been means to encourage them.

In this condition of the little army it may be well to observe that our accounts speak of an abundance of food; but they also say, significantly, that "very much of the ready means of the country is in the hands of British subjects." The British subjects alluded to are the officers, agents, and employees of the Hudson's Bay Company.

A chap in Albany, complains that having married a factory girl, she has been on a strike ever since he took her to his heart and home, as the vicinity of his eyes will testify.

Hearts may agree, though heads differ.

In this region, the leading advocates of the election of Gen. Taylor, urge his election on the ground that he is "a Southern man with Northern principles." This is done for the purpose of deceiving the Abolitionists into the support of one of the most extensive Slave-holders of the South.—In order, therefore, to exhibit in its true light, the hypocrisy and double-dealing of the Federal party, we present the following as Gen. Taylor's SOUTHERN FACE—consisting of extracts from Southern Whig addresses, speeches and newspapers:

General Taylor's Southern FACE.

"An eventful, thrilling, and highly dangerous crisis has been forced upon the country by *Locofoco Demagogues*, regardless of the sanctity of that Union, which is so dear to every patriotic American citizen. *The Wilmot proviso, as it is called, has opened a fearful mine beneath the foundations of the sacred constitution. That mine may explode at the hour of midnight, and forever destroy the proudest fabric of human genius & virtue.*

To avert this THREATENED EVIL, to close the MIGHTY CHASM that begins to yaw between the free and slave States, is a duty we owe to ourselves, to our posterity, to the memory of the illustrious dead.—How shall this be done?

"We must elect a man for President of the United States who lives in our own sunny South; who is willing to peril all for the Constitution; who loves the South and her cherished institutions, and yet will do ample justice to the North.—And last, though not least, we must, to ensure success, support a candidate for the Presidency, of such an overshadowing popularity, of a reputation that lowers as the Himalaya mountains, above all others."

"Such a man is General Zachary Taylor. He lives in the South, and makes twelve hundred bales of cotton on the banks of the Mississippi. His INTERESTS, HIS FEELINGS ARE ALL WITH US."—Alabama Whig.

"We rejoice at the selection, because we feel that under such leaders victory is certain—because we feel that the interests of the country will be protected by him who has declared that his sole aim will be the country's good—because we feel assured that our rights as Southern men may safely be trusted to one, who is himself a Southern man and a Slaveholder."—Florida Advertiser.

GENERAL TAYLOR AND THE WILMOT PROVISIO.—The Matagorda (Texas) Tribune, on the 22d of May, has the following emphatic paragraph with respect to General Taylor and the expected benefits of his election:—

"If elected, our institutions—we speak out—SLAVERY, will be under the protection of his eagle eye and his giant arm. Who does not know that that institution is in some shape or other under daily discussion in Congress, and that at this moment the Southern members are ill at ease in consequence of new and fearful movements being made in relation to it? The old Nestor of the South, Mr. Calhoun, warns us that we are approaching a crisis pregnant with danger, and that before long we will have to toe the mark."

"We know that, in this great paramount and leading QUESTION of the RIGHTS of the SOUTH, HE [General Taylor] is OF US, HE IS WITH US, and HE IS FOR US!"—Resolution of a Taylor meeting in Charleston, S. Carolina.

In regard to the conversation had with General Taylor, I have to say, we did not talk on the tariff—we did on the war: he said he was decidedly in favor of prosecuting it VIGOROUSLY, till they should yield an honorable peace; he was for indemnity certain, and that territorial; was not wedded to any line particularly, but thought perhaps, as a kind of compromise with the Wilmot proviso, we had better go up to 32 degrees, making the Rio Grande the western boundary up to that degree; & said the South should never agree to the provisions of the Wilmot Proviso; although he did not believe there ever would be slavery there, yet if the country was acquired, the citizens should be left free on that subject.—He says all Mexico will eventually come into our government by degrees; THAT IT CANNOT BE AVOIDED. On the subject of politics, he said he was no politician; had been three-fourths of his life in the army; devoted his time and mind to that service, and paid but little attention to anything else."—Statement from one of the Committee of the Mississippi Legislature appointed to invite Gen. Taylor to visit that State.

"The charge carries such absurdity on its very face, as not to deserve a serious refutation. Gen. Taylor, a Southern man, the destiny of himself and children identified with that of the South, his immense wealth CONSISTING IN SLAVERY—land which has to be cultivated by slaves to render it valuable—he an enemy to the South! he in favor of prostrating Southern rights and interests!"—THEY MIGHT AS WELL SAY THAT GEN. TAYLOR IS A FREE NEGRO! They would be believed just as soon, and exhibit it fully as much reason and truth in making the charge."—Marion (Alabama) Review, Taylor paper.

"Glorious news. The Union preserved."