

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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TERMS

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POETRY.

PLEASURES OF LIFE.

What are riches, glory, pride,
Laurel-wreath, or jewelled crown,
When upon life's troubled tide,
Weary, way-worn man goes down—
What are mankind's dearest pleasures,
But the fitful meteor's gleam?
What his grandeur—what his treasures?
Moonlight on a mountain stream.

Soon we quit life's busy path,
For the silence of the grave,
Soon the banner, mighty death,
O'er the proudest head shall wave—
Soon the dweller in the hall,
And the child of peasant birth,
Like the forest leaves shall fall,
Mingling with their mother earth.

Prince and peasant, priest and king—
Like the little flowers that blush
On the bosom of the spring—
Time's unspurring foot shall crush,
What! Oh what is pleasure then?
Can it hush our woes to sleep?
Can it still the throbs of pain,
Rankling in the bosom deep?

When the brightest cloud that swims,
Vision-like across the sky,
Stays the summer's burning beams,
As it floats unhooded by;
Then shall glittering gems of earth
Bid our sorrows cease to flow—
To the joyous laugh of mirth,
Change the thrilling pang of woe.

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

BY EDITH WOODLEY.

Let the singing sing
With vocal voices most vociferous
In sweet voliteration, out-victorious
Vociferation's self.

Last Wednesday evening we all went to singing school. It was the first we had this season, and though the teacher, Master Quaverton, mentioned very particularly that it was for beginners, and that he should attend to nothing the first evening except recitations of the rules and reading and falling of the notes, Seraphina and my cousin both declared it would be such a novelty, that they must certainly attend. The horses and sleighs were, therefore, soon in readiness, and fifteen minutes drive brought us to the school-house, the place of meeting. As we entered, we were greeted with such an overwhelming push of sound, that I involuntarily raised my hands to my ears. Fa, sol, la, were poured forth from the united voices of about forty young persons, whose lungs were apparently in the roughest condition; and though for the most part they harmonized, there were a few extremely erratic in their wanderings; while one voice, a kind of shrill tenor, approaching to treble, neither rose nor fell a single semitone. Master Quaverton was walking rapidly up and down the aisle between the two tiers of seats, singing loud enough to be heard above all the rest, and swinging both hands up and down with great energy by way of beating time, and occasionally dodging his head so as to bring his mouth on a level with the ear of some unfortunate pupil whose mouth was guilty of emitting false sounds. On reaching either extremity of the aisle, he turned on his heel so briskly, that his swallow-tailed coat (Master Quaverton could not afford to purchase a new coat every time the fashion changed) flew out horizontally and described a semicircle, much to the annoyance of Ruth Kincaid, who, as she sat at the end of the upper seat but one, invariably received a brush in the face. Having at length, tearful wisdom by experience, she leaned back in time to avoid being made the tangent of the circle of which Master Quaverton was the unconscious centre.

He had at our entrance, waived his hand towards some seats reserved for spectators, which were opposite those occupied by the singers, where we had sat only a few minutes before we were joined by Mrs. Dawkins—her husband, who was with her, taking a seat near the door.

"I guess we've got finely ketched now," said she, whispering to me. "It's singing school they've got here, ain't it?" Mr. Dawkins and I had come over to trade a little trifle with Hopson, for we'd a few bushels of beans to spare and thought, as they bore a good price, we might as well turn 'em for tea and sugar and other necessities; and when we come out of the store, we see lights in the school-house, and thought may be there 'was goin' to be a discourse on 'etymology, or some such useful subject; so I says to Mr. Dawkins, 'we're never too old to learn; and though 'twas some agin his inclination, he concluded at last to leave the horse & sleigh in the shed and come over with me. Now, there's Miss Notable never had any curiosity to anything new. I altho' think, when I see her to meetin' Sabba' days, that she begrudges every munit of the time. But there, perhaps I judge her too hard. I heern you were all there 't'other arternoon a visitin'. I couldn't help it when I tho't of her intertainin' Boston ladies by tellin' 'em every individual thing about her housework. Now, she's got her ideas so narrowed down, that she duzent know but

that it's as divartin' to pairsons of larnin' and refinement as it's to her. If anybody should have the humanity to tell her on't 'twould be jest the same, for she's so far-fal consoited that she thinks she knows more than all the rest of the world put together. Not that I have anything agin talkin' about domestick affairs at table times and seasons—I touch upon 'em myself very often, when I have company; but then you see I know how to time my discourse. When lit'rary pairsons are present, I'm kerful to give it a good sprinklin' of sich ideas as they naterally have a taste for. But, massy on me, it seems as if my head would split with their sol-fa-lar-in'. Ain't you near about stounded? Why, all the young folks in town are here, I b'leve, 'thout Nabby and Jeemes. Do tell me, if you can, who that youngster is that sets next to Jonathan Beady, with a tow colored wig on and that flashy waist-coat, and them yellar gloves? He's had a lever, s'pose, and bin so onfortunate as to lose his hair, so he's obleeged to wear a wig; but I wonder at his fancy, young as he looks to be, in getting a tow-colored one. It looks as much like one old Grand-sir Dawkins used to wear, as if it was the same.

"Why, he has't got a wig on," said Eucice, who, as she sat next to me, had heard her remarks; "it is his own hair." Seraphina says it is all the fashion for young gentlemen to wear it so.

"What? All the fashion to have it so long as to river their ears up, & to stand out all of a frizzle furder than their coat collars? Well, it's a fashion I am determined Jeemes shan't follow. But you haven't told me what the youngster's name is."

"We don't any of us know," said Eucice. "I guess, though, he came up in the stage yesterday."

"I wonder if Master Quaverton don't know," said Mrs. Dawkins. "The next time he comes this way, I'll ask him, or my name ain't Peggy Dawkins."

She accordingly beckoned to him as he approached near us, but he was too much absorbed in discharging the duties of his vocation to notice her. She is not a person to be readily fooled, so the next time he came near where we sat, she rose, and bending forward over the breast-work in front of us, she succeeded in catching his coat-tail, while making its usual gyrations at the termination of the aisle. Fortunately, the coat was of firm material; and though somewhat surprised at having his progress so suddenly and unceremoniously arrested, Master Quaverton broke off in the middle of a note with a smile and a bow.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Master Quaverton, for interruptin' you," said she, "for I've a great mind to find out who that 'ere youngster is that sets at the end of the seat next to Jonathan Beady."

"That is Mr. Noodle, ma'am—Mr. Nibbles Noodle."

"What! old Gin'ral Noodle's son that moved to the furder end of York State, or else to the Jarsies, I don't remember which, a good many years ago, & bought a great track of land big enough to make a town on, and called it Noodleville, after himself?"

"The same, ma'am."

"Well, I wonder I couldn't 'ave guessed who he was, for now you told me his name, I can see the old gin'ral's looks in him plain as day. He's here on a visit to his Uncle Beady's, I s'pose. The gin'ral's wife was a Beady. Folks alos called him a gin'ral, you know, though he wasn't a bit more of a gin'ral than I am. They called him so out of respect, partly 'cause he got together sich a great property, and partly 'cause he served the town a good many years as first siltick man. He was called a great talker later, for all anybody would thought by his looks he didn't know B from a broomstick. He never opened his mouth, you know, without grinnyin', which naterally made him have a desput shaller look; and his son is just like him in that particlar."

"You'll excuse me, ma'am, said Master Quaverton, making a more decided effort to break away than he had before ventured on, 'for you see they have most all stopped singing because they don't hear my voice, and I must see that they don't lose any time, as I am responsible for their improvement."

"Sartinly," said Mrs. Dawkins; "I'm much obleeged to you for your information, and won't keep you another munit. Don't you observe, said she, whispering in my ear, 'how Mr. Noodle keeps castin' sheeps eyes at Miss Feeswind? I rally beleve he takes a notion to her."

It was true, that from our first entrance, his attention—whenever he imagined himself unobserved—had been directed towards Seraphina; and she was not a person to be regarded of such silent homage. She had been too distant from Mrs. Dawkins and Master Quaverton to know that he had been the subject of their remarks, and her curiosity was at length so much excited that she made signs for me to come and sit next to her, that she might have an opportunity to make a few confidential inquiries.

Having complied with her wish, 'who is that genteel-looking young man, said she, that has such a sweet smile on his countenance all the time?"

It was with difficulty that I forebore

smiling myself, when I thought of the simper, which Mrs. Dawkins had described as a grin, being softened down, by passing through the alchemic of Seraphina's romantic mind, into a sweet smile.

"Newdelle? said she interrogatively, though to herself rather than to me, after I had replied to her question. "I like the name of Newdelle, strongly accenting the second syllable. 'Oh, how I wish that I could hear him sing some sentimental song! I know by his appearance that he would give it the true expression."

This last remark was too much for my already excited risibility. Longer to preserve my gravity exceeded all power of face; for I had sometime before ascertained that it was Mr. Noodle's voice that went onward and onward, but never aware. Seraphina, however, though she pretends to have a good ear for music, was not aware that the voice which so undeviatingly kept on the even tenor of its way, instead of rising and falling with the rest, was Mr. Newdelle's. I was, obliged to pretend to be assailed with a sudden disposition to cough, in order to veil my mirth, as there are but few—and I had no reason to suspect that Seraphina was one of them—who ever cordially forgive being laughed at.

Mr. Dawkins now approached the place where his wife sat.

"Come, Miss Dawkins, said he, I guess we'd better be jugin'—for if it is music you're arter, I can make twice as good with the fire shovel and tongs, when we git home, as any we've heern here."

"Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Dawkins, said she. I want to git a chance to speak to old Gin'ral Noodle's son afore we go. We used to be well acquainted with the gin'ral, and I was hand and glove with his wife, you know—she that was Patty Beady. He's on a visit to his Uncle Beady's and accordin as I look at things, it won't be nothin' more than common politeness to invite him to try and make it in his way to come and see us afore he goes home."

"Well, I should be glad to have him come, I'm sure, said Mr. Dawkins. I altho' had a regard for the gin'ral, for it was't his fault if he was a little hair lack in the upper story."

He knoved enough to look out for the main chance, said Mrs. Dawkins, & that's more than everybody knows; and maybe his son takes arter him, for all he don't look very sharp."

Just then, Mr. Noodle looked at his watch; whereupon Master Quaverton looked at his, and then all who had watches looked at theirs.

"Do your watches agree, Mr. Noodle? said Master Quaverton. According to mine it wants fifteen minutes of nine."

"Yours is three minutes too slow, then, replied Mr. Noodle, for I set mine with a Boston clock. I stayed a day and two nights in Boston when I came on."

This information was followed by a second general drawing forth of watches; the owner of each being ambitious to have his watch agree with the Boston time.

"You will be dismissed precisely at nine, said Master Quaverton; and to wind up with, it is my request the next time we raise and fall the notes, for all to beat time, the ladies as well as the gentlemen."

A smile and a half audible murmur of disapprobation passed round among the more bashful portion of the girls, or those whose sense of the ludicrous was perhaps keener than that of the rest; but this made no impression on Master Quaverton, who previous to commencing, was careful to see that every hand was placed in a proper position to be raised at the right moment. He then stationed himself at the foot of the aisle, and touching the palm of his left hand with the fingers of the right as he pronounced each word, said, one, two, three, in a solemn and audible tone of voice.

Mr. Noodle, in addition to placing his hand so that he could raise it at a moment's warning, kept his mouth open and his eyes fixed on Master Quaverton, so that he might catch the first note the instant it began to issue from Master Quaverton's mouth. These precautionary preparations on the part of Mr. Noodle, resulted in the most complete success, (except his continued inability to vary his voice,) which caused Master Quaverton to point him out as an example worthy of imitation, which in its turn caused Mr. Noodle to look around with an air of great satisfaction and laudable triumph. It was not until after several trials, that Master Quaverton succeeded in inducing all on the female side of the house, to raise their hands to the proper height and with an air of sufficient energy.

"Till you can show, said he, that you are engaged heart and soul in what you are about, it will be impossible for you to ever make first-rate singers. We'll now adjourn, gentlemen and ladies, till next Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock precisely."

Mrs. Dawkins stood ready to intercept Mr. Noodle the moment he had put on his hat and outside garment, the latter, as he voluntarily informed those who stood near, having been purchased in Boston—a piece of information which Ralph Stebbins secretly communicated to his sister Peggy, so that she might, should opportunity present, take pattern of it, or at least, steal one with her eye.

"Mr. Noodle, said Mrs. Dawkins, seiz-

ing his hand and shaking it the moment he came within her reach, said how do you do? I'm rally glad to see you. I 'sposed, in a likely way, you don't know me.—My name is Dawkins—Peggy Blazo that was. You've heern tell of Major Blazo, I take it, well I'm his oldest darter."

"Do toll, said Mr. Noodle.

"It's sartin as rates. Now, I want you to toll me how your father & mother were when you left home."

"Well, they were pretty middlin smart. And your grandmother Noodle—was she cleverly, too?"

"Yes, ma'am; the old lady was s'pry as a cricket."

"Well, now, how glad I am to hear it. How long do you calkerlate to stay in the place, Mr. Noodle?"

"Well, I don't know exactly how long, but grandmarm told me that when I was about it, I had better stay and make a good long visit."

"I hope you will, I'm sure, for I shall depend on your comin' and spendin' a week, if no more, at our house. You're about the same age as our Jeemes—two years older than my darter Nabby."

"Come, Miss Dawkins, ain't you a most ready to start home? said Mr. Dawkins, contriving to get a peep through a group of some dozen or more, who were listening to the colloquy between his wife and Mr. Noodle.

"Yes, I'm comin' right along, said she. This is Mr. Noodle, Mr. Dawkins, that I was tellin' you about. Ain't you goin' to speak to him afore you go?"

Mr. Dawkins now shook hands with Mr. Noodle over Jonathan Beady's shoulder, saying, at the same time, "I hope to see you well, Mr. Noodle. To which Mr. Noodle replied—"Thankee, sir; I hope to see you well."

As we stepped from the school house door, Dr. Mixum drove up, and jumping from his sleigh, made a low bow by way of general salutation, and another still lower, intended particularly for Judithina, to whom he presented his hand, which she most graciously accepted, as well as an invitation to take a seat in his sleigh.

My brother John, with, as usual, Seraphina on his arm, probably did not notice that she turned to take a parting look of Mr. Noodle, as she reached the door, who stood following her with Irie eyes.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Arrival of the America.

O'Brien not hanged!—His Sentence changed to Banishment for Life!—Meagher found Guilty, and Sentenced to Banishment!—O'Donoghue and McManus Exiled for Life!

The Steamship America arrived on Thursday morning at two o'clock at her wharf in New York, after a remarkably short passage of eleven days and four hours.

IRELAND.

From Ireland we have intelligence that the patriots O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, and O'Donoghue have had their sentence of death commuted to transportation for life.

When asked whether he had any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, Mr. Meagher, with great fluency and remarkable firmness of manner, thus addressed their lordships:

"It is my intention to say a few words. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time should be of short duration, nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a state prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might indeed avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear—the country will judge of these sentiments, and that conduct, in a light, I think, far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them; and perhaps the sentence, you my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth.—Whatever may be the language in which that sentence may be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made for what I conceived to be a just and noble cause, I ascribe no vain importance; nor do I claim for them any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever so happen, that they who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak their efforts may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and the blessings of its people. With the country, then, I leave my memory, my sentiments, my acts, proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I was indicted; For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment against them; influenced, as they must have been, by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they, perhaps, could have returned no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations upon it, I sincerely feel would ill befitt the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of

you, my lord—you who preside upon that bench—when the prejudices and passions of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and ask of it—was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown? My lords, you may deem this language unbecomingly me, and perhaps it may seal my fate; but I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing that I have ever done—to retract nothing that I have ever said. I am not here to crave, with lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it.—Even here—here where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust—here in this spot, where the shadow of death surrounds me, and from which I see so early grave in an unappointed soil open to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, that hope which beckoned me to the perilous sea on which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, and enraptures me. No! I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can now do no more than bid her hope. To lift this Island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity instead of what she is, the meanest beggar in the world—to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England I know this crime entails the penalty of death. But the history of Ireland explains my crime and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal—and turning round towards his fellow prisoner McManus—you are no criminal, (and to O'Donoghue,) you are no criminal, and we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I have been convicted, loses all its guilt—is sanctified as a duty—will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my lords, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I feel to be my duty—having spoken now, as I did on every occasion during my short life, what I felt to be the truth, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death that country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I sought to still—whose intellect I prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a pledge of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy and an honorable home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs, and I trust I will be prepared to hear it, and meet its execution. I trust, too, that I shall be prepared with a pure heart to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a judge of infinite goodness, as well as of infinite justice will preside; and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed."

The conclusion of this address was received with murmurs of applause.

The Lord Chief Justice Doherty then proceeded to pass sentence on the prisoners.

Escape of Dillon.—The friends of Mr. John Dillon have received positive information of his escape from the port of Galway, in a vessel called the Gem, bound for New York. He was disguised in the garb of an Arran Fisherman; previous to this he had been traversing the country dressed in the habit of a religious order; his appearance never exciting the slightest suspicion.

State of the Country.—The Mayo Constitution gives a deplorable picture of the state of the country, through the failure of the potato crop, the meagre grain crop, the want of employment, and the disposition of the people to make off with the produce of the land, regardless of the payment of any rent or taxes. The *Meath Herald* says: "The spirit of emigration was never more ripe even during the spring of the year, than it is now, though we are on the brink of winter. Scarcely a day passes in which strangers are not observed wandering their way towards the seaports of Drogheda or Dublin—flying from the misery which threatens to visit their homes upon the arrival of winter."

FRANCE.

The new ministry of Cavaignac has already sustained a signal defeat. Upon an amendment to the Constitution offered by it, for the purpose of purchasing substitutes for the army, the Assembly defeated the Ministry by a majority of 523.—The discussion on the Constitution terminated on the evening of the 23d. The contest for the presidency is very keen. The ultra democrats of all shades are making desperate efforts to produce unanimity among partisans as to their candidates for the presidency. Lamartine has declined being considered as a candidate for that office. On the 25th M. Marrast presented a decree for the election of President, and after a brief discussion the result was—in favor of decree, 557 against it, 232. Majority for decree, 325. The election will take place on the 10th of December. The result excited the greatest surprise. It was stated that important changes are about to be introduced into the French infantry. All soldiers are to be trained to the artillery.