

# Democratic Banner.

BY MORE & THOMPSON.

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## POETRY.

### I WANT A BEAU.

I want a beau!—I want a beau!  
To sweeten, if I can, my life;  
To soothe, or cheer, or calm, or row,  
With him you mean to marry.

And then—but O! it must be sweet  
To have one kneeling at one's feet,  
And hear him there his vows repeat!  
By Jove, but I will marry!

I'm old enough to have a beau!  
And oft I tell my mamma so;  
As often she replies to me, "Oh, no!"  
You are too young to marry!"

Odd looks! 'tis always thus with those  
Within whose bosoms coldly flows  
The streams of love to bolles and beaux  
Who have a mind to marry.

Maids who have their hearts for sale,  
Some forty years—whose charms are stale,  
May—and they have cause to rail!  
At those who wish to marry!

And ma's who, by experience taught  
Know all the bliss with which a fraught  
The wedded life, I think should nought  
Object when girls would marry.

### A MESS OF PI!

#### A Journeyman Printer.

At the Typographical Celebration in Rochester, a few days since, Mr. WM. A. WELLES, a journeyman, gave the following sketch of his life, which is the greatest "mess of pi" that we ever heard of.

Mr. PRESIDENT—It has often been remarked, that the fortunes of the members of the Typographical profession have been more diversified and precarious than that of any other class of men. The changes constantly taking place in their circumstances, render them an easy prey to all the vicissitudes of life.

The printer is an intellectual being.—No class of men, in any age of the world, have given evidence of so great versatility of talent, universal knowledge and variety of reading, as the body Typographical.—The biography of many printers would be both amusing and instructive. By way of illustrating the above declaration, I offer the following crude, rambling recollections, of a somewhat adventurous journey thus far through life; not that I would, in so doing, claim any notoriety for my many "hair-breadth 'scapes," but from an inclination to let my fellow craftsmen read a page of my story; and if any good should result from my experience, to bequeath the record of the incidents of my times, for the amusement of others.

I served nearly seven years, apprenticeship in the office of the late Alderman Seymour, 49 John street, New York. In this office, associated as fellow workmen, were the late Commissary General of this State, A. Chandler, Mayor Harper, of New York; General George P. Morris, now editor and publisher of the "New York Mirror," John Windt Elliott, the Foreman, (one of the notorious "Miranda Expedition"), and your humble servant.

About this time, I pulled the first number of the "New York American," then edited by Charles King, James H. Hamilton and Julian C. Verplanck. The first edition of "Salmagundi," was also printed in this office, about this time, from the MS. of Washington Irving; in the composition of which I assisted. In Van Winkle's office, afterwards, I set up the three first numbers of the "Sketch Book," by the same gifted author.

In Boston, I worked upon the "Columbian Centinel," for "Old Ben Russell," who discharged me from his office for drumming "Yankee Doodle," as I beat the last sheet of the inside of his paper one morning, after having worked off eleven tokens, imperial, within the preceding ten hours.

From Boston, I went to Fagg & Gould's office, Antwerp, Massachusetts, and was employed in setting up, from his MS., Gibbs' "Hebrew Lexicon," which contained nine different languages, including those usually styled "dead." At this period of my history, I procured a Midshipman's warrant, and went to sea in the frigate Brandywine, Commodore Morris.

The ship sailed from Hampton Roads, in September, 1825, having on board, as passenger, that illustrious statesman and patriot, Gilbert Motier Marquis de Lafayette. During a voyage of twenty eight days, I saw much of this great, good man. The General conferred a particular favor upon me, by entrusting to my care, a *rattle-snake*, an *opossum*, a *gray squirrel*, a *cock-robin*, and a *poodle dog*—the last a present from a lady in Philadelphia. I was on board the Brandywine, on the night of the memorable 25th of September, 1825, upon which occasion was thrown overboard, more than \$50,000 worth of property, to lighten the vessel while in the head of the bay of Biscay.

When in Portsmouth, (England,) I had the honor of being a guest, on board the Brandywine, at a dinner given to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, then Lord High Admiral of the British Navy, Lady Noel, wife of Lord Byron, his little daughter, Ada, Admiral Lord Bellingbrooke, and several other dignitaries of the British Realm.

From England we proceeded to Gibralt

tar, and joined the Squadron under Commodore Rodgers. From Gibraltar we sailed up the Mediterranean, on the European shore, touching at such ports as Cadiz, Port Mahon, Naples, Pisa, Palermo, Malia, the coast of Calabria, &c. &c.; then crossing to the Asiatic and African side of the Mediterranean; then running down to Gibraltar. From the Rock, we took the trade winds, and made the Cape de Verde Islands, and the Cape of Good Hope. From thence to Ascension and Elba Islands. After cruising upon the coast for six weeks, the ship ran over to Staten Land, off the patch of Cape Horn. I have visited the cities of St. Paulus, the Island of St. Catharine, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo and Mouldindo, on the river La-Plata; St. Salvador, at the head of the bay of All Saints, Olinda and Pernambuco; Maranh and Para, on the Amazon. I have also been in all the ports in the United States, excepting N. Orleans and Charleston.

In my land cruises, I have wrought as a printer in Portland, Maine; Concord, New Hampshire; Boston, Massachusetts; Hartford, Connecticut; more than twenty years ago, (in the office of my old friend, P. Cranfield, now present) New Haven, New York; Newark, New Jersey; and Philadelphia. In this city, in "Billy Brown's" office, in Wagner's alley, I assisted in setting up from his MS. Prince Lucien Bonaparte's work on American Ornithology. I was also employed by Mathew Carey, one of the oldest printers and publishers in the United States, in the establishments of Poulson, Mrs. Lydia R. Bailly, John Bioren, Doane, "Billy Fry," &c.

One dark, gloomy night, in 1819, I found myself in the (now) city of Buffalo, in a bar room, with but a single "Fork-shilling" in my pocket, about half sick, and completely tired of printing and the world. While I was discussing the ills of life, and the inconvenience of being 400 miles from home, in the wilderness, listening to the surges of Lake Erie and the cravings of an empty stomach, a gentleman tapped me upon the shoulder in a good-natured manner, and asked me if I were a printer? I answered him in affirmative. He wished to know whether I would go with him to Geneva, and take a situation in his office? I accepted his offer—he slipped a \$10 bill into my fingers—and I accompanied him to Geneva, and was in his employment, until my wages amounted to \$150, with which I renewed my adventures.

I have been confined in the same dungeon in the Carcel, of Buenos Ayres, with don Manuel Rossas; the latter gentleman for treason, and your humble servant for slipping a disk into the ribs of a Goncho, who attempted to take his life. I have dined in the Tortullo, with Madame Col. Coe, daughter of Governor Balcarce—and eaten cassava root with the negroes of the coast of Africa, from a cocoa-nut shell. I have had an audience with Governor Balcarce, in the Castle of Buenos Ayres, as one of the suite of Commodore M. Woolsey, then commanding the United States Squadron on the coast of Brazil, and Acting Charge at the court of Don Pedro. I have built a saw-mill and dam across Bear Lake, western Michigan, and been in every station in the printing business from Devil to the Editor and publisher of a city Daily.

I was elected Vice President of the first Harrison State Convention ever held in the United States, at Niblo's Garden, N. York.

As Editor of the Washington County Post, I wrote the first editorial in favor of Harrison, for the Presidency. I have sipped matts, and kicked up my toes, amidst the giddy throng of Buenos Ayres taverns, upon the Pampas of San Isidro; and have been dashing along the Passa of the Alameda, on the banks of the La Plata, in company with Mrs. Hallet, (the accomplished lady of Stephen Hallet, printer to the Buenos Ayres Government) in his coach and-four, who was at the time, the richest man in Buenos Ayres.

Printers have been proverbial, in all ages of the world, for their notoriety. As an instance of the fluctuations of their fortunes, I might cite the case of that exalted patriot, statesman, and philosopher, whose natal day we have this evening assembled to commemorate. I speak of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a Practical Printer, who by his virtuous life, and high order of intellect, rose from the humble condition of an apprentice-boy to the most exalted station in life.

How True.—A very eminent writer has said, that although we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honor; then to retire. The sufferer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated and the next quarter day; the politician would be content to lose three years of his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will occupy after such a revolution of time; and the lover would be glad to strike out of his existence, all the moments that are in pass away before the next meeting.

## FANNING'S MEN; OR, THE MASSACRE AT GOLIAD.

"Blackwood" is publishing a series of extracts from a work—"A Campaign in Texas"—which appeared last year in Leipzig, from the pen of Von J. Ehrenberg, a young German, who served through the brief but terrific struggle in 1835, between Texas and Mexico, and who took part in some of the most fearful scenes of that campaign, being likewise one of the three or four who escaped from the treacherous massacre at Goliad, where Fanning's men were murdered in cold blood by order of Santa Anna. Ehrenberg gives the subject-matter account of the scene, which we think will be read with interest, though the incidents are in some sort already familiar:—"Neal's Gazette."

"After the names had been called over, the order to march was given, and we filed out through the gate of the fortress, the Greys taking the lead. Outside the gate we were received by two detachments of Mexican infantry, who marched along on either side of us, in the same order as ourselves. We were about four hundred in number, and the enemy about seven hundred, not including the cavalry, of which numerous small groups were scattered about the prairie. We marched on in silence, not, however, in the direction we had anticipated, but along the road to Victoria. This surprised us; but upon reflection we concluded that they were conducting us to some eastern port, thence to be shipped to New Orleans, which, upon the whole, was perhaps the best and shortest plan. There was something, however, in the profound silence of the Mexican soldiers, who are usually unceasing chatters, that inspired me with a feeling of uneasiness and anxiety. It was like a general march, and truly might it so be called. Presently I turned my head to see if Miller's people had joined, and were marching with us. But to my extreme astonishment, neither they nor Fanning's men, nor the Georgia Battalion, were to be seen. They had separated us without our observing it, and the detachment with which I was marching consisted only of the Greys and a few Texan colonists.—Glancing at the escort, their full dress uniform and the absence of all baggage, now for the first time struck me. I thought of the bloody scenes that had occurred at Tampico, San Patricio, and the Alamo, of the false and cruel nature of those in whose power we were, and I was seized with a presentiment of evil. For a moment I was about to communicate my apprehensions to my comrades; but hope, which never dies, again caused me to take a more cheering view of our situation. Nevertheless, in order to be prepared for the worst, and, in case of need, to be unencumbered in my movements, I watched my opportunity, and threw away amongst the grass of the prairie a bundle containing the few things that the treacherous Mexicans had allowed me to retain.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed since our departure from the fort, when suddenly the command was given in Spanish to wheel to the left, leaving the road; and, as we did not understand the order, the officer went in front to show us the way, and my companions followed without taking any particular notice of the change of direction. To our left ran a musket hedge, five or six feet in height, at right angles with the river St. Antonio, which flowed at about a thousand paces from us, between banks thirty or forty feet high, and of which banks the one on the nearer side of the river rose nearly perpendicularly out of the water. We were marched along the side of the hedge towards the stream, and suddenly the thought flashed across us, "Why are they taking us in this direction? The appearance of a number of laggards, cowering about in the fields on our right, also startled us; and just then the loud soldiers, who had been marched between us and the hedge, changed their places, and joined those of their comrades who guarded us on the other hand. Before we could divine the meaning of this manoeuvre, the word was given to halt. It came like a sentence of death for at the same moment it was uttered, the sound of a volley of musketry echoed across the prairie. We thought of our comrades and of our own probable fate.

"Kneel down!" now burst in harsh accents from the lips of the Mexican commander.

No one stirred. Few of us understood the order, and those who did, would not obey. The Mexican soldiers, who stood at about three paces from us, levelled their muskets at our breasts. Even then we could hardly believe that they meant to shoot us, for if we had, we should assuredly have rushed forward in our desperation, and, weaponless though we were, some of our murderers would have met their death at our hands. Only one of our number was well acquainted with Spanish, and even he seemed as if he could not comprehend the order that had been given. He stared at the commanding officer as if awaiting its repetition, and we stared at him, ready, at the first word he should utter, to spring upon the soldiers. But he seemed to be, as many of us were, impressed with the belief that the demonstration was merely a menace, used to induce us to enter the Mexican service.—With threatening gesture and drawn

sword, the chief of the assassins again ejaculated the command to kneel down. The sound of a second volley, from a different direction with the first, just then reached our ears, and was followed by a confused cry, as if those at whom it had been aimed, had not all been immediately killed. Our comrade, the one who understood Spanish, started from his momentary lethargy, and boldly addressed us.

"Comrades," cried he, "you hear that report, but cry. There is no hope for us—our last hour is come! Therefore, comrades—"

A terrible explosion interrupted him—and then all was still. A thick cloud of smoke was wreathing and curling towards the St. Antonio. The blood of our lieutenant was on my clothes, and around me lay my friends, convulsed with their last agony. I saw nothing more. Unhurt myself, I sprang up, and, concealed by the thick smoke, fled along the hedge in the direction of the river, the noise of the water for my guide. Suddenly a blow from a heavy sabre fell upon my head, and from out of the smoke emerged the form of a little Mexican lieutenant. He aimed a second blow at me, which I parried with my left arm. I had nothing to risk, but every thing to gain. It was life or death. Behind me a thousand bayonets, before me the almost powerless sword of a coward. I rushed upon him, and with true Mexican valor, he fled from an unarmed man. On I went, the river rolled at my feet, the shouting and yelling behind.—"Texas forever!" cried I, and, without a moment's hesitation, I plunged into the water. The bullets whistled round me as I swam slowly and wearily to the other side, but none wounded me. Our poor dog, who had been with us all through the campaign, and who had jumped into the river with me, fell a last sacrifice to Mexican cruelty. He had reached the middle of the stream, when a ball struck him, and he disappeared.

Whilst these horrible scenes were occurring in the prairie, Col. Fanning, and his wounded companions were shot and bayoneted at Goliad, only Dr. Thackerford and a few hospital aids having their lives spared, in order that they might attend on the wounded Mexicans. Besides Mr. Ehrenberg, but three of the prisoners at Goliad ultimately escaped the slaughter.

Having crossed the St. Antonio, Mr. Ehrenberg struck into the high grass and thickets, which concealed him from the pursuit of the Mexicans, and wandered through the prairie, guiding himself, as best he might, by sun and stars, and striving to reach the river Brazos. He lost his way, and went through a variety of striking adventures, which, with some characteristic sketches of Texian life and habits, of General Sam Houston and Santa Anna, and a spirited account of the battle of St. Jacinto, at which, however, he himself was not present, fill up the remainder of his book.

## GOODNESS.

Have no faith in that species of goodness which is unwilling to pay its debts—"fine fellow," "whole souled fellow," and that sort of thing—it is all nonsense, leading to a belief that honesty and honor may be dispensed with, and that affection and esteem may be secured without them. I see a "good fellow," for instance, who frolics and enjoys himself upon a money which really belongs to other people? And in that "whole soul" which, while the washerman pines and suffers for want of that which is due to her by the individual with the "whole soul," goes flouncing about in gay attire from carnival to carnival, and from one place of enjoyment to another? Have no faith in it, and neither suffer yourself to think well of those who have fine houses, fine furniture, and fine parties, and are slow to pay for them, and slow likewise in paying for other things. Depend upon it that this open heartedness as people call it, and would have you admire, is all selfishness, narrowness, and dishonor—selfishness the most intense—so intense that when its own gratification is concerned it can deny itself nothing, no matter how duty may remonstrate. He is a much better fellow than all these, who goes to the theatre and refuses indulgences, until he can stand square with the world, though reckless profusion may deride him as mean; for you may rely upon it that he assumes no responsibilities except from a well founded belief that he will be able to meet them. He is the man that pays his debts, if a possibility exist of paying them; and we strongly incline to the conviction that a debt-paying man is one of the best members of society, and that he should thus be honored. Let us all, then, "pay our debts."

Simplicity.—The more I see of the world, the more I am satisfied that simplicity is inseparably the companion of true greatness. I never yet knew a truly great man, who did not possess a certain playful, almost infantile simplicity. True greatness never strutts on stilts or plays the king on the stage. Conscious of its elevation, and knowing in what that elevation consists, it is happy to act its part as other men, in the common amusement and business of mankind. It is not afraid of being under-valued.

Vice stings us, even in our pleasures.

## A Snake Story.

The New York Spirit of the Times tells a funny story of an Irishman, who was exceedingly afraid of snakes,—especially "old ones"—and who had thrust himself upon a hunting party in Tennessee. When awake he was odious—when asleep he snored so loud that nobody else could get a ny rest. On the second night of his intrusion he made himself more than usually obnoxious. But after awhile, he got asleep, and then commenced his thundering snoring. It soon grew fast and furious—loud and long; occasionally a sort of half snort, half grunt, terminated with—"snakes, by jabsers, blast their souls!" This continued till about day-break, when Jim W., whose stock of patience had long since evaporated, unrolled himself from his blanket, saying in his usual quiet way, "Humph! I'll stop that infernal concert or start the maker of it, see if I don't! humph!" He then awoke the rest of the party, when a plot was laid and carried into execution.

W. got his hunting knife, and going to where the offal of a large deer had been thrown, he cut off about seven feet of entrail, and securing the ends with twine to retain the contents, he tied one end of it fast and tight to a corner of Paddy's shirt that had wandered through a "rint" in the seat of his breeches, coiling it all up smooth by his side, snake-like and true. All things thus arranged, the conspirators laid down again, and at the conclusion of one of the stage horn snores with the "snakes' souls" variation, Jim A. roared out at the top of his voice, "Hu wee! Hu wee! snakes! snakes!" giving the Irishman, with every word, a furious dig in the side with his elbow, with a running accompaniment on his shins with his heels! Of course, all this noise and hurting awoke him quick and wide; in his first movement he laid his hand on the nice cold coil of entrail at his side. Hissing out a "blazes" from between his clenched teeth, he made a bound that carried him some ten feet clear of the camp, and with a force that straightened out the coil, and made the snake's tail crack like a cart whip!

Casting one wild, blazing look behind he tore off with the rapidity of lightning around the camp in a circle of some forty feet across, and at every bound shouting, or rather yelling, "Saze 'im! saze 'im by the tail! Oh! howly Vargin, stop 'im! Och! Saint Patrick, tare 'im in till jab-lets! A wha! awa! Bate 'im to smithereens wid a gun, can't ye? He's got me fast howld by the body! Och, he has, by jabsers! an' he's a mendin' his hullt! a wha! Howly Father, he's got a shark hook on his tail! Och, murder, he's forty fut long!" On making this last circuit he ran through a part of the smouldering camp fire, and the twine at the end of the snake took fire; this brought a new terror, and added a strong inducement for him to put on more steam and increase his rate round and round he went. "He's a fiery sarphint—och, murder! Howly Vargin, he carries a light to see how to bite by! Och, help, I'm swallowed (jumping a log) intirely all but me head. He's saxty fate long, if he's a fut. Threat on his bloody, fiery tale, will ye? They to save me!" then as if inspired with new life and hope, he roared out, "Shoot 'im—shoot 'im! but don't aim at 's head! shoot, shoot!"

Now here was a picture! There stood the Judge, hugging a sappling with both arms and on his leg, his head thrown back, emitting a scream after scream; here lay Jim W. on his back, with his feet against a tree, his arms elevated like a child's when he wants you to help him up, and it was scream for scream with the Judge.—All sounds, at all like ordinary laughter had ceased, and the present notes would have rendered immortal the vocal strains of a dozen panthers. Yonder stands Jim A.—"fat Jim," with his legs about a yard apart, his hands on his hips, shouting at regular intervals of about five seconds,—"Snake—snake—ssake!" at the same instant on, but so loud that the echoes matted each other from fifty crags, and "Snake! snake!" reverberated loud and long among those mountain slopes, while his eyes carefully and closely followed the course of poor Paddy round the camp.—After running round it about thirty times, the persecuted one flew off in a tangent into the dark woods, and the medley sounds of "Snake, murder, help, fire, saxty fut, Howly Vargin, &c., gradually died away in the distance, and the hunters were alone.

"Umph," said Jim W., after stopping his laughing hiccough, "umph, I thought that entrail would stop snoring at this camp at least. Umph!" The next evening the Patlander was seen travelling at a mighty rate through Knoxville with a small bundle under one arm and a huge shillalah in the other hand, poked out ahead of him in a half defensive, half exploring attitude. When he was hailed by Archy Mc— "Which way, Paddy?" casting round at the speaker a sort of hang-dog, sulky glance, he growled forth, a word at a step, "Straight to Ireland, by Jabsers, where there's no snakes!"

Notice.—The partnership heretofore existing between John Bull and Brother Jonathan in the occupation of the Oregon Territory, will be henceforth conducted by Brother Jonathan, solely on his own account.