

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

From Alexander's Express Messenger. "PATER PATRIA."

Within the solemn precincts of the vaulted tomb,  
Near to Potomac's placid waters, there rests,  
In the grim and silent majesty of death, the sacred form  
Of him who, when living, was a model of earthly greatness.

He was the chosen warrior of his age,  
A matchless hero, and a Statesman sage,  
All-wise in council, brave, discreet, in war,  
His country's beacon-light, her guiding star.  
No age our country can his equal find--  
He stood alone for pure and peerless mind;  
The soul of virtue, honor, truth, and love,  
A God-like mortal, sent from realms above.

Flattered by all whose actions stamp them great,  
Foremost in war or matters of the State,  
In every land upon the roll of fame,  
Stands boldly forth his great and honored name.  
Unequaled man! on earth to thee 'twas given  
To concentrate in one all worth combined,  
All moral greatness--nobleness of mind,  
Immortal Washington! thy name will stand  
Forever foremost in the native land,  
Forever greatest in historic page--  
Forever known in every clime and age.

## Santa Anna.

As this gentleman has become an object of much interest since he has succeeded in regaining power in Mexico, we have thought that the above portrait, [which we believe to be a correct one] together with the following sketch of his personal appearance and character, taken from Waddy Thompson's Recollections of Mexico, published some months ago, would prove interesting to our readers.—*U. S. Nat Post.*

General Santa Anna is now fifty-four years of age. He is about five feet ten inches high, with a finely proportioned person. His complexion is of an olive cast, but not indicating any mixture of blood, although I believe he is not of pure Castilian lineage. I do not know that I have ever seen a more striking and finely formed head and face; there is scarcely a feature or a point in either that Spurzheim or Lavater would desire to change. I remember to have heard a distinguished American statesman remark when Santa Anna was in Washington, that he had rarely seen a face indicative in a higher degree of talent, firmness and benevolence; and when I say, as I do, that I think that his face is an accurate index to the volume of his character, I beg the reader not to start and lay down the book before he has read a few incidents which I propose to narrate, and for most of which I vouch, as they have passed under my own observation. I am well aware that I should better satisfy the great mass of readers both in this country and in Mexico, by speaking in a different vein of this great man; but it would be both unjust and ungrateful for me to do so. I trust that I may without impropriety say, that the history of my mission will show that I never stopped to flatter General Santa Anna when at the height of his power, neither can I find it in my heart to traduce him now. He has, at different times, at my instance, released from imprisonment more than two hundred Texan prisoners, and has so often afforded me that highest of all happiness, that of making others happy, that I should be gratified to know that in his fallen state anything that I have written of him has given him one moment's gratification. I shall not, however, be betrayed by this desire into writing one line which my own deliberate judgment does not approve.

Mr. Poinsett had an interview with General Santa Anna in 1822. He saw and judged of him free from the false glow of high position and extended reputation. Santa Anna was then only a colonel of a regiment. Mr. Poinsett was particularly struck with his high bearing and polished manners. M<sup>rs</sup> Calderon de la Barca bears the same testimony to the grace, ease and naturalness of his manners, and the thoughtfulness and repose which are so striking in his countenance; and on this subject there is no authority so conclusive as that of a well bred and accomplished lady. I have seen no countenance, except that of General Jackson, whose range of expression was so great, where there was so great a difference between the quiet expression of the face when at rest and in a gentle mood and its terrible ferocity when highly excited. The mildness of the lamb and the fierceness of the enraged tiger would not much too strongly express this difference. Such is his character, by nature kind and affectionate, but subject to bursts of passion fiery and fierce. He is a Spaniard; a race which, with its many noble traits of character, is everywhere regarded as more than ordinarily sanguinary; perhaps not more so by nature than others. The Spaniards have been from the earliest period engaged in civil wars, and civil wars are every where sanguinary to a proverb. That between the Goths and Moors lasted for eight hundred years, and there were elements in that protracted contest calculated to increase even the characteristic ferocity of civil wars. It was a religious war, and more even than that, it was a war of races. The civil war between the mother country and Mexico,

in which Santa Anna was bred, was not the best possible school for lessons of clemency. No quarter was generally the law of that war, at least on the part of Spain, and almost the only law which Spain respected. It would be strange indeed, if one brought up in a school should not have committed some acts not strictly conformable to our notions. Yet, I believe, that with the exception of his conduct in Texas, and the order for decimating the Texan prisoners of Mier, his character is free from stain in this particular; whilst his military career has been illustrated by many acts of noble clemency which would do honor to any commander.

There were some occurrences which passed under my own eye, and for the truth of which I vouch, which will better illustrate the character of General Santa Anna than any general dissertation of mine, and which will be entitled to more consideration than my own individual opinion. When Santa Anna was a prisoner in Texas he was put in chains. The proud spirit of a soldier and a Castilian could not bear this indignity, and he attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum. He was relieved from its effects, and otherwise kindly treated by Dr. Phelps of Texas. On the arrival of the prisoners taken at Mier, Santa Anna ascertained that there was one whose name was Phelps. He sent for him, and asked him if he was related to Dr. Phelps of Washington, Texas; when the young man replied that he was his son. Santa Anna ordered that he should be released, sent an aid de camp with him into the city, and purchased two or three suits of clothes for him and gave him a room in his palace.—I was informed of all this, and as there was an American ship of war at Vera Cruz, about to sail to the United States, I wrote a note to Santa Anna, offering young Phelps a passage. He replied, thinking me for the offer, but declined it, saying that he felt himself fortunate in having it in his power to return, in some degree, the kindness of Dr. Phelps to him, when he was a prisoner in Texas, and that he preferred sending his son home at his own expense; which he did, giving him also a draft on his factor in Vera Cruz, for whatever sum of money he might ask for.

Among the prisoners taken at Mier, was a very shrewd and handsome boy, of about fifteen years of age, John Hill. On their arrival in Mexico, this boy was not closely confined as the other prisoners were, and he came to see me, and requested that I would ask the President to release him.—I told him to go himself, and I was sure that Santa Anna would be more apt to do it on his own application than on mine.

A few days afterwards the little fellow returned to my house very handsomely dressed, and told me that he had been liberated, and gave me the following account of what had passed between himself and the President. When he requested Santa Anna to release him, the latter replied:—“Why, if I do you will come back and fight me again. The Santa Fe prisoners were released on their parole of honor not to bear arms against Mexico, and it was not three months until half of them had invaded the country again; and they tell me that you killed several of my Mexicans at Mier.” The little fellow replied that he did not know how many he had killed, but that he had fired fifteen or twenty times during the battle. “Very well,” said Santa Anna, “I will release you, and what is more, I will adopt you as my son, and educate and provide for you as such.” The boy was sent to the house of General Tornel, the Minister of War, and was really adopted on a full footing of equality in his family, and treated with the most parental kindness. He was afterwards placed at the principal college in Mexico, where he was pursuing his education when I left the country. General Santa Anna not only paid the charges of his education, but in all respects cared for him as for a son. Some time after his own discharge, little Hill came to me, to request that I would obtain the release of his father: I told him no, that he was a more successful negotiator than I was to try his own hand again. He did so, and obtained at once the release of his father, and afterwards of a brother, who was also among the prisoners.

During the war in Yucatan, the government of Mexico was in a great exigency for thirty or forty thousand dollars. Mr. Hargoods, an American merchant at Vera Cruz, advanced the money upon the personal pledge of Santa Anna, that it should be paid at a stipulated time at the custom house in Vera Cruz. Mr. Hargoods, at the time appointed, presented his order and was refused payment. A few days afterwards, Santa Anna was in Vera Cruz, and Mr. H. called to see him, and informed him that he had presented the order which he had given him, and that payment had been refused, the officer of the custom-house saying that he did so by the orders of Santa Anna—which Mr. Hargoods said he did not believe. Santa Anna said that he had given such orders, that there was no money in the treasury to pay the army, not enough even to purchase their rations, and that he must wait until it was more convenient to pay him. Hargoods, very much excited, said, “You know, sir, that I would not have advanced this money, except upon

the pledge of your word of honor, which I have not known violated before; I have been your friend, sir, in more trials than one, and have respected and confided in you; henceforth these feelings are changed; good evening, sir.” Santa Anna called him back, and said to the military friends by whom he was surrounded, “Gentlemen, have you heard the language which this man has used to me?” Hargoods said, “I come from a country where no station protects a man from being told the truth. Is not what I have said true?” “Yes, sir,” said Santa Anna, “it is—and I respect you for your firmness in saying what you have; I have flattered enough about me, but few who will tell me the truth.” The money was paid immediately.

The reader will judge whether a man can be wholly bad who is capable of such acts. I am by no means an indiscriminate admirer of General Santa Anna; he is not what Coleridge calls a “model man.” He has many great faults and some vices both as a public and private man; but many high and generous qualities also: most of his vices are attributable to his country and education. He commenced life ardently in favor of a Federal Republic, but very soon became convinced that his country was not prepared for such a government—an opinion, in which I think most intelligent foreigners who have visited Mexico agree with him. I believe he is a patriot; his great vice is avarice, and he has at last fallen a victim to it. The total want of all real responsibility of all public officers, not only in Mexico, but in all Spanish countries, offers the most dangerous temptation to peculation and bribery. If I may believe the half of what I have heard, he is not free from these vices. With this exception, and it is a great and damning one, I think that the general course of his administration was patriotic and wise. I dare say that both with reference to its internal concerns and the maintenance of the public faith, as well as in conducting its foreign relations, that Mexico has never been better governed than during his last presidency, when he was literally the state, and sincerely desiring, as I do, the welfare of that country, I should be glad to see him again at the head of its government—an event not impossible.

## Life in New York.

The following extracts are from the Monthly Report of the Office and Register Department of the American Moral Reform Society, in New York city:

“July. A poor very respectable woman whom we well know, and whose husband has been out of work ten months, called for advice in certain matters. I expressed a wish to see the work she had obtained, which she was reluctant to show me; it was a jean coat, with one pocket and four button-holes, and ‘must be well done, or she would get no more.’ It was long before I could prevail on her to tell me the price she obtained for making it, saying, ‘the man would give her no more if she sold—’ he gave as much as others— and was better than others, as he was kind and good.’ She had walked two miles to obtain it—must do the same to return it—and was to receive five cents only!—Who would dare to buy or wear a garment so made?”

The same man had given out, as she told me, the week before, seven hundred shirts to make, for five cents each, and then was obliged to send twenty poor, starving creatures away without any.— These customers speak highly of his justice and endeavors to serve them. At No. — street, a Jew gives ten cents for making fine shirts with ten plaits in the bosom, neatly made, and four button-holes. She made one, going for it and returning it the same distance; but found she should have done it at that, and declined taking any. She had to buy her own thread, costing two cents, which he did not allow, and two days were required to make the shirt.”

Here follow several accounts of poor women seeking work, and suffering for want of it, including one who had been driven to insanity for want of a home, who is again alluded to as follows:

An applicant for a home, of some thirty years of age, who is known to us, and whose character for integrity and truthfulness is unimpeachable, was present and in tears at the interview of the 23d. After the girl had, who gave us an account of three others, who, from similar circumstances had become lunatics. One of these instances occurred last winter. The poor girl could get no place.— She had no home, no friends in the country who could help her. Want approached, and reason fled. She was taken to the Lunatic Asylum, at Blackwell's Island and in five months, was so much better, that her sister, at service in a neighboring county, came and took her to a place where she is doing well.

Two others, sisters, recently were taken there, at one time, from a respectable boarding house in Mulberry street, who became delirious for the same cause. Their board bill was accumulating; they had no home, no place, and no money. It so wrought upon the mind of one, that she became insane; and this grief, in addition to their previous distress, unsettled the intellect of the other, and both were taken

at one time to the island—one of them so ravaging that she was necessarily tied into the wagon.

“Of the six hundred whose names have been added to our Register since the first of June, one-third at least are friendless girls under twenty. In consternation at approaching want, houseless, friendless, afraid of perishing with hunger, and afraid of the dangers that beset them from other quarters.

“What wonder is it if they sicken and die—or, become a lunatic host? A colony of paupers, swell the list of criminals in our prisons; or, worse than either, add a few more hundreds to the already crowded dens of vice? Have we not reason to fear that we shall be visited for these things?”

And not only in New York but in all our large cities do such scenes of want and wretchedness abound—for large cities are but hot-beds in which may be early seen the certain universal fruit of a prevalent civilization. It is time that the attention of men was drawn to this subject, and that they should perceive that we, with all our republicanism, are but following in the footsteps of the old world. Now is the time for action, while our country is yet young and plastic—for certainly there must be some help for these things. At least it does not become the sons of revolutionary sires to sit down without a struggle, and witness the sure approach of a day, when excessive wealth be seen on the one hand and excessive poverty on the other, and luxury and want, those unbrotherly sisters, corrupt the virtue and religion of our land.—*U. S. Nat Post.*

IRELAND.—Extract from a letter of an American abroad, to the Philadelphia United States Gazette:

In Dublin itself, alone, there are fewer tokens of poverty than I had supposed.— Indeed it was a common remark among us, that it would be easy to find in the southwestern part of our own city, neighborhoods more repulsive from squalid poverty than any portion of Dublin. It is on the whole, a magnificent city, having the tokens of great wealth, and improvement among the better class. Beggars are by no means numerous, but they are more clamorous and importunate and more thoroughly unsettled in appearance than any I had before seen. They are accustomed to take their stand before closed windows and doors and scream at the inmates for charity. Their emaciated forms, their tattered garments, their deep, shrill, and semi-tone applications are most striking and painful to a stranger. They continue always to mingle a little blarney with their cries for alms. One old blind beggar was often before our hotel. He said nothing for himself, but always repeating a prayer, that “his might become like him, lose the light of the world.” Another hoped that “God would save us from the awful diseases as had come upon her husband.” They were not “thankful for little.” I gave one screaming supplicant a half-penny. He dropped his beggar tone and said previously, I thought a gentleman of your look would have given us a sixpence.

Of the deportment of the better class in Dublin towards strangers, it is necessary to say nothing except to repeat what has been often said by tourists, that they unite in general courtesy with a frank and generous hospitality. If in a certain sense the head of the British nation is in England, every traveller will aver that its heart is in Ireland.

Our journey from Dublin to Belfast was marked by no incident worthy of notice. Everywhere we saw the same beautiful highly cultivated country—the same miserable mud cottages sit in contrast with the splendid mansions of the nobility—the same evidence that the many existed for the few. I rode as usual with the driver. We met multitudes of ragged cheerless looking men and women vending their way to the sea-side to find employment. At Dundalk a fair had collected thousands. Instead of the usual hilarity and lun of the Irish on such occasions, there was a universal aspect of sadness over the multitude. Indeed the Irish peasantry generally, in their own country, bear on their countenances the aspect of a crushed and degraded people.

At Newry, 20 miles from Belfast, we began to see a decided improvement in the people. Little children, tolerably well dressed, were coming in the streets.— Further south it was rare to see a sportive child, but here human nature seemed to be released from its chains and rising to enjoyment. The great linen manufactories, &c. of the north of Ireland, combined with other causes, has diffused the means of comfort among the mass.

Belfast is a noble city. Its linen “merchants” are not only “princes” but they know how to exercise princely liberality. Its exports are immense, and on its imports it pays an annual duty of \$3,000,000. Its college, its botanic garden, (one of the most beautiful in Europe,) its numerous and well-filled churches, and its distinguished literary men indicate its claim to a high place among European cities. For the first time here I was invited out to breakfast, and during my stay of two days was allowed to make but one solitary meal at my hotel. This was Irish hospitality:

I left Ireland with regret, for I had experienced in it nothing but kindness, and had left unexplored its most beautiful scenery. I am glad that I belong to a country which has opened its arms to receive “the exiles of Erin.” My prayer is that a change of circumstances at home may render their emigration less strongly imperative.

From the Washington Union.

## What Next?

We copy the following most remarkable passage from an article in the New York Courier and Enquirer of yesterday on the war with Mexico, and we ask for it the special attention of our readers.— As a revelation of whig views, made deliberately by the leading whig journal of New York, it is altogether noteworthy. “We cannot look further into futurity than others; but we venture to predict that there is to be more fighting before we have a peace with Mexico, and that no American army will ever reach the city of Mexico via Monterey. We must conquer a peace by marching to the capital from the sea coast; and this can be done; or we must purchase a peace by giving Santa Anna and his friends a few millions for their private use.

“Under any circumstances we look forward to a large national debt; and if the whole affair should be brought to a close, and California and northern Mexico be annexed, with a well-defined boundary to the shores of the Pacific, we shall not regret the amount of the debt. Experience has shown, that a NATIONAL DEBT IS TO US NO INJURY. All our difficulties have arisen since the payment of the last debt; and if, as all admit, stability in our legislation be all important for our prosperity, A NATIONAL DEBT IS ROUSHLESS NECESSARY. GIVE US A NATIONAL DEBT OF A HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS, and the wants of the treasury will insure us a stable tariff for revenue, which will give us all the protection that can be desired—not the tariff of 1842, but one of a discriminating character based upon specific duties and minimums, with the rates of duty but little if any higher, than the new bill of Mr. Walker. Such a tariff, permanently established, would be worth to the country all of a hundred and fifty millions; and we, therefore, look forward to better times and to greater national prosperity, growing out of this war with Mexico, and the debt it will leave upon the country. It is death to all free-trade notions and to the present tariff; and as the money is spent among our own citizens, we do not perceive how the continuation of this war can, in any way, affect the national prosperity or injure the money market and business generally. Ultimately it will do good in the manner we have mentioned, and we are willing to permit the administration to have its own way.”

We lay out of view, as unworthy of consideration, the conjectures about the operations of the war and its results. But we call attention to the following articles of the whig creed as here plainly set forth: 1st. “A national debt is doubtless necessary.” 2d. “To be fully useful, such a debt should amount to one hundred and fifty millions.” 3d. “The tariff wanted by the whigs is a tariff of specific duties and minimums, with about the same rates of duty as the tariff of 1842!” 4th. “The whigs confess that the war with Mexico will increase the ‘national prosperity.’” 5th. “For these reasons the Courier is ‘willing to permit the administration to have its own way.’”

“The ‘way’ of the administration, we hazard little in saying, will not lead to the results so much desired by the Courier.— Far from it. But it is worth while for the people to consider what are the blessings (!) which, according to their own avowal, the whigs would secure for the country, if they had the power—a national debt of \$150,000,000 to buy us a tariff of specific duties and minimums! Long live the policy of the whigs! And meantime, let us rejoice that the whigs feel that they no longer need trouble themselves to get up a tariff panic.

Pennsylvania Income.—It must be highly gratifying to those who feel an interest in the prosperity and credit of our State, to learn that, notwithstanding the damages occasioned by the extraordinary floods of last spring, and the consequent detention of navigation, there is every probability that the tolls of the year will exceed those of the last in an amount sufficient to pay all the expenses of the extra damages. The net proceeds of the public works last year, after paying all expenses, was between six and seven hundred thousand dollars. We may therefore calculate on about the same amount this year, notwithstanding the severe damages to which we have been subjected. Had no extraordinary casualties occurred this season, there is every reason to believe that our net revenue from the canals and railroads would have been in the neighborhood of \$900,000.—Harrisburg Union.

A correspondent of the Picayune has such a cold in his head, that he can't wash his face without freezing the water.