

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

CLEARFIELD, PA. SEPTEMBER 26, 1846.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I. NO. 33—WHOLE NO. 1031.

## THE BANNER

The "DEMOCRATIC BANNER" is published weekly, on Wednesday mornings, at \$2 per annum in advance. No paper can be discontinued (unless at the option of the editors) until all arrears are paid. Advertisements, &c., at the usual rates.

## POETRY.

### THREE STAGES OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

There is a love in early life,  
Which shuns parade and worldly strife,  
And seeks, contented, the princely dame,  
In humble cot a happy home.  
More gorgeous than the pomp of kings,  
The coral and the pearl it brings,  
And all the glory of the skies,  
In living diamonds—beauteous eyes.  
The rose's bloom it yields to view,  
And lends its fragrance with its hue;  
The gladdening smile, the blimpy kiss,  
With looks of fondness, thoughts of bliss,  
Feelings that scarce know worldly leaven,  
And dreams of ecstasy and heaven,  
Life's dull anxieties above,  
Such, such, is woman's early love!

There is a love of elder growth,  
Less dazzling than the love of youth,  
Where gentle looks and an anxious care  
Aspire the husband's joys to share;  
Which seeks its solace and employ,  
Providing for her children's joy,  
Which owes its happiness complete,  
'Till they are healthy, clean, and neat,  
Which strives to spare the humble store,  
And make their little something more;  
Love, which, the frugal table spread,  
Blessing the bread, the daily bread,  
Which, securing fiery and pride,  
Exalts in comfort self-denied,  
And teaches man 'tis vain to roam  
For pleasure to compare with home,  
This calm, as that the heart could move—  
And this is woman's second love!

There is a love in a later stage,  
When pain and sickness grow an age,  
When he no longer, once, and gay,  
Perceives approach his closing day;  
When failing strength and tottering limb,  
And sunken cheek and eye grows dim,  
And faltering voice and visage wan  
Have to a spectre changed the man;  
Then, love, by the fond wife possessed,  
Too vast, too grand to be expressed,  
Delights assiduously to ply,  
And soothes with tender sympathy;  
Consoles the mourner for the past,  
And fondly soothes him to the last.  
This love, in hours the most forlorn,  
Surpasses that of youth's bright morn;  
Different from that which marked life's prime,  
'Till not so brilliant, more sublime;  
This love, from heaven derived its birth,  
Consoles no sleep of earth,  
It hits the sufferer from his woe,  
Above the care of things below,  
And points to brighter scenes above,  
And this is woman's final love.

### A Tale of Oregon.

#### The Midnight Ride.

Some years ago, when the American Fur Company and the Hudson's Bay traders carried on a powerful opposition in the wild and rocky Oregon Territory, little forts were erected, whence a commerce in peltries was made with the Indians. One of these, in a beautiful valley, by a little stream, near the Grand Bayou Salade—a great resort for game of all kinds—was called Spokan Fort. Its owner and governor, James McPherson, a Scotchman, had left home a poor lad, but with the characteristic perseverance of his countrymen had acquired wealth. Pushing into those wilds, his enterprise and sagacity had enabled him to compete with all his rivals in their exciting and hazardous trade. It is the constant study of opposition companies and traders to out-general each other, and these efforts give rise to almost superhuman exertion, tending to sharpen the wits of all concerned in a sensible manner. He who shows the greatest knowledge of Indian tastes, of haunts of the beaver and buffalo, of times to move and times to go into winter quarters, is sure to make the best campaign.

It was about two years after the establishment of the fort, and when all were in activity and bustle, that Edward Ray, a Louisiana, obtained an appointment under the owner, and had conveyed from N. Orleans a cargo of merchandise for the company. In addition, he had taken, to rejoin her father, Miss McPherson, with a female attendant. So long and peculiar a journey—up the Mississippi, and across the bluffs and grassy plains, and over the Rocky Mountains—necessarily made the young people intimate, and unreflectingly, a mutual affection had arisen between them. Arrived at their journey's end, Ray became a clerk, and the heiress presided over her father's establishment. Whatever were her feelings, the poor clerk never sought to learn; and so reserved and taciturn was he that the young girl thought herself deceived in him. Ray was not of a sanguine turn, and seeing no means of rising to a level with his master, he allowed despondency to unnerve his spirit. Faithful to his trust, he made no advances.

Some months after his arrival, a time approached for a regular meeting with the Indians, when the whole fortunes of the year would be decided. It was usual to appoint a place for the natives to collect their beaver and other skins, where the traders repaired, and whoever offered the best prices obtained the best market. Two days before the appointed time, the Indians of the fort were seated at their evening meal. McPherson, his daughter, Ray, and three other clerks, were heartily discussing the wild delicacies spread before them, when a bustle was heard without, and soon a half-breed hunter appeared on the threshold.

What news, Nick? said McPherson, who recognized in the intruder a scout sent out to learn the proceedings of the rival traders.

Bad, said Nick, Master Sublette got ahead of Spokan; Indians at camp, plenty of beaver. Master Sublette buy up all, but him got no tobacco, so he send away to Brown for some—they smoke and buy all the beaver.

Why, that is good news, said the trader, if Sublette has no tobacco, all is right. We have plenty; and not an Indian will sell a skin till he has had a good puff at the pipe of peace. So up my men! you must away and out-general Sublette, by taking Johnson a good supply of the weed.

All very fine, said Nick, shaking his head, but Sublette know a trick or two of that; a hundred Blackfeet laying in the woods; not get through them till the market is over.

The Blackfeet? then we are beat!—What's to be done? cried McPherson.

How many bales will you ask Ray? If Johnson, our agent, had but one, replied the desponding trader, all would be right. It is impossible, however, and this year is lost to me.

By no means, said Ray, rising, all his native energy beaming in his eye. Johnson shall have a bale, or my scalp will hang in a Blackfoot hut before morning.

Edward! exclaimed Mary McPherson with an alarmed glance.

Are you in earnest, Mr. Ray? said McPherson gravely, even sternly.

I am, sir. Give me wild Polly, and trust me to accomplish your wish.

You will go alone, then?

I will. McPherson ordered his favourite mare to be saddled, and in half an hour, Ray, with two bales of tobacco, before him, and armed to the teeth, sallied forth from Spokan amid the plaudits of the party. Mary hastily retired to her room, to find relief for her overburdened heart in a flood of tears—the gate was shut slowly as the young adventurer passed out of sight, the sentinel was posted for the night, and the chief, seated by his fireplace, smoking, became gradually absorbed in deep meditation.

Ray rode slowly down the valley, as he thought of his journey of seventy miles, among blood-thirsty Indians, who would delight in taking the pale face prisoner, with his mare and bales of tobacco. He felt his was a doubtful, nay a rash enterprise; but under the circumstances, and bethinking in whose presence he had undertaken it, he desisted to turn back.

Half an hour brought him to the edge of a vast plain. He could see under the light of the moon no track of the Blackfeet, and delighted with travelling thus, thousands of miles from civilization, he put spurs to the mare, which trotted swiftly in the direction of the Indian trail. By the sagacity of the animal, Ray avoided an encampment of savages in the border of a forest. Skirting along it for some distance, he dashed slowly in, and had nearly passed through, when the silence of the night was broken by a loud and fierce yell, and immediately after he descried a party of Blackfeet in full and eager pursuit. To drop his merchandise he would not, and swiftly and unflinchingly the gallant breast bore him onward—so fiercely and determinedly was the pursuit kept up, that an hour's hard riding did not increase the distance between the pursuers and the pursued.

Ray's path now lay through a cane-brake, where the reeds rose ten feet high, dry and parched, and where he hoped to rest himself and mare; but suddenly a dark form stood at the very entrance to the brake, mounted on a stout horse. Seizing a pistol, the clerk sped his course directly towards the seeming savage, who just in time to save himself, hastily cried out, "All right—it's saucy Nick!"

No time that for greeting, and together they hastened on, but not till the half-breed had fired the reeds, which soon arose a wall of flame between them and their pursuers—a magnificent spectacle—but terrible to the beasts and birds which it aroused from their slumbers, and whose cries mingled with the roar of the dazzling fire as it crept to the right and left in sparkling and brilliant chains.

Nick, said Ray, as side by side, they dashed across the prairie, how met we? I left you at the fort?

No; Nick started half an hour first.—Would not let brave pale face go alone; found him chased by the Blackfeet; but Indian no take Master Ray; Nick know a trick worth two of that. But, hush! Blackfeet in valley?

A dash, and the crack of guns fired in haste, showed that Nick was right; giving a volley in reply, without pausing to discover its effect, the pair galloped onwards, and once more emerged upon the plain. Nick led the way, and diverging from the ordinary route, entered a stream, the course of which they kept until satisfied that pursuit was baffled when they retook the ordinary track.

By daylight they reached the great camp, where the Indians had pitched their tents to traffic with the rival whites. To the right was seen the wagons of Sublette; to the left those of Johnson, McPherson's agent, who they found in low spirits, as his opponent expected a supply of tobacco the afternoon, when all chance for Spokan would be over; but as Ray detailed his object and success, the agent's eyes glistened, and he exclaimed, "Bravo, Mr.

Ray! I'd just like to be in your shoes, for if you have not made old Mac's fortune, my name ain't Johnson. Such prime beaver's you never saw. By the head of Gen. Jackson, but you're a lucky dog!" Ray, delighted, partook of a hasty dish of food, and the day's work began. First the chiefs were summoned, and regaled, to Sublette's consternation, with a liberal smoke, and it was then extended to every Indian present. Seated around Johnson's tent, the Spokan, Kanloops, Chaudievs, Sinnaboines, and other tribes, enjoyed their luxury with unmixt satisfaction; and, when the barter commenced they disposed of their skins in an equally liberal manner. Such was the activity of the Spokan agents that when Sublette's supply of tobacco arrived not a beaver or a coon skin remained for a market!

Aware that the Blackfeet, when discovered, would draw off, Ray and Nick after a short repose, mounted fresh horses, and after an unsafe and disagreeable journey over the yet smouldering grass were received with open arms at Spokan fort. McPherson forthwith drew Ray to his counting-room, motioned him to a seat, installed himself at his ledger, with pen in hand. Ray related his dangers, his escape, modestly but fully, and also their extraordinary success.

Know, lad, said the delighted old man, you have brought me the best year's trade I ever had, and I count it no small thing to beat Captain Sublette!

I am much gratified, sir, that I have been instrumental in serving you.

That is very well, said the trader, pushing up his spectacles, but tell me why you, generally so slow and cold, should suddenly do so much for me?

It was the first opportunity I had of doing what others would not do.

Do you expect to share in the great advantages of last night's adventures?

That I leave to you, sir.

Now, Mr. Ray, I wish you to be thoroughly frank. You must have some motive in thus suddenly risking your life for me; what is it? You have doubled my fortune, let me do you some service in return.

Ray saw that the worthy merchant was still in the dark, and smiling, said, "My ambition has been to share your good fortune, and did my hopes equal my wishes, I might say I had hoped one day to possess all you now hold!"

What—a partner? The idea is a bold one, but after what you have done, I see no insuperable bar to it.

Sir, said Ray, hurriedly, I am content to be your clerk, if you will, all my life; but you have a daughter—

Who? cried the astonished merchant, sits the wind in that quarter? And pray, sir, does she know of this?

You recollect a long journey when we were inseparable companions—

Oh, I recollect all; but, pray, does my daughter encourage you?

She'll speak for herself, dear father, exclaimed Ray, who at that moment entered; I did encourage him, for I thought him worthy of it. Of late Mr. Ray almost discouraged my resolution, but his late devotion to your interest convinced me that it was the same Edward Ray I had travelled with from New Orleans.

And so, said the trader, pettishly, you have arranged it all, it seems, and I am to have no voice in the matter.

We have arranged nothing, dear father, but leave it all to you.

It will readily be believed that Edward Ray and Mary McPherson had no great difficulty in arranging the matter with the good Scotchman. In a few weeks, Ray was not only son-in-law but partner at Spokan; and I believe none of the parties have yet had cause to regret the midnight ride over the bluff-surrounded prairies of the wild Oregon.

### George Wilson.

A few years since, as the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary first sight appearance, but whose fine intelligent eye fixed the gentleman's attention, as the boy inquired, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him & learn to read? "Whose boy are you, & where do you live?" "I have no parents," was the reply, "and have just run away from the work-house, because they would not teach me to read." The reverend gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read. Nor was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates, by his faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed the use of his friend's library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary after a while, that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprentice to a cabinet-maker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won for him the favor of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room finished for him in the upper part of his shop; where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. Here he made large attainments in the mathematics, in the French language and other branches.

After being in this situation a few years, as he sat at tea with the family, one evening,

he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France. "Go to France!" said his master, surprised that the apparently happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation—"for what?" "Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea tomorrow evening," continued George, "and I will explain." His reverend friend was invited accordingly, and at tea-time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscript in English and French. "In the time of Napoleon," said he "a prize was offered by the French government for the simplest rule for measuring plain surfaces of whatever outline. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered." He then demonstrated his problem to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to Hon. Lewis Cass, then our Minister at the court of France. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of the king, nobles, and plenipotentiaries, the American youth demonstrated his problem, and received the plaudits of the court.

He received the prize which he had clearly won, besides valuable presents from the king. He then took letters of introduction, and proceeded to the court of St. James, where he took up a similar prize offered by some Royal Society, and returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery, by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at St. James, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit. He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and is now Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the Autocrat of all the Russias! This narrative the writer has never seen published, but the gentleman who related to him the circumstances, attributed the wonderful success of young Wilson to his integrity and faithfulness.

N. E. Puritan.

### A Tale of Horror.

We meet daily, says the N. Y. Mirror, with accounts of crime, the result of cupidity, in our own country; but we have yet some steps to advance before hopeless poverty will lead to such horrors as are enacted in Europe. At Kleinzell, in Hungary, a widow lady who was in the habit of coming annually from Pesth, to attend the Fete Dieu, bringing with her her little daughter, an only child, missed the little girl in the crowd, and after all possible effort, was obliged to return home without her, giving her up for lost. This year she went again to this religious ceremony, and as she passed through the street, recognized the poor little thing, all in rags, holding out her hand to receive charity and deprived of both eyes! Behind the child sat an old woman, who, upon the mother's reclaiming her daughter, pushed her away, and resisted violently her attempt to communicate with the child. The police interfering, all were carried before a magistrate, where the old woman confessed that she had stolen the child during the procession, and torn out its eyes with a knife, in order to attract compassion and gain the money by her begging. The woman is a Moravian, aged 68 years, and was formerly a domestic. The punishment for her crime is being broken alive upon the wheel. The unfortunate mother is said to be in a dying state, broken hearted under this dreadful misfortune.

TRYING HIM.—A universal genius, who had tried his hand at dentistry, animal magnetism, etc. without success, turned schoolmaster, and went out west, where he supposed the people were as "green as grass." He had, however, to undergo an examination, and his examiners were farmers, whom he conceived in his ignorance to be clodhoppers.—although several of them, from the Eastern States, had graduated at college—he fancied there would be no difficulty. The first question put to him was: "In what era did Napoleon Bonaparte live?"

"Eh?" he exclaimed, putting his hand to his ear, "I don't understand. How is that?"

"In what epoch did France's great general, Napoleon Bonaparte, live?"

"Well," he replied, "I guess you've got me there."

"Was it," said the second of his examiners, (lancying that his memory for dates might be defective) "before or after the time of our Saviour?"

"Before or after who?" replied the man ready for all trades—fit for none.

"Before or after the time of Jesus Christ?"

"Well, I declare, stranger, you've got me again." The examination was ended.

He's too Hasty.—No matter. We had rather see a man with some nerve, who occasionally runs against a post and tumbles over a bank, than one dumplish as a sculpin and as lazy as a pastor settled for life.—The hasty man may sometimes miss it—but he always does something worth talking about. The lazy man never does.—Portland Tribune.

The following article from the Pennsylvania, so clearly expresses our opinions and principles on the Tariff question, and the position of the Democratic party, that we cannot better define our position than by transferring it entire to our columns:—

### Clay's Compromise Tariff & the Tariff of '46.

In 1841 the question in regard to the Tariff was not, as is asserted by some politicians, whether the Democratic party was in favor of the Tariff of 1842, without qualification or amendment. We stood then, as we stand now upon the broad platform of Democracy and truth. We approved of the principle of discrimination contained in that bill, but disapproved of many of its details, because we believed them to be a practical violation of that principle, and of the doctrine of universal protection. We said then, as we say now, that the Tariff of 1842 was as safe in the hands of James K. Polk, as it would be in the hands of Henry Clay. We compared the political life and actions of the one with the political life and actions of the other—and taking the past as the just and proper criterion, in judging of the future, we asserted, and asserted with confidence, that we had much stronger grounds to expect discrimination in favor of all the great interests of the Union, and of our State, from the clear, untainted and steady policy of the people's candidate, than we could reasonably hope for from his opponent.

We said this, because we knew that Henry Clay had already put upon paper his master piece on the Tariff question, which yet remains amongst the archives of the nation, a living monument of his principles. We knew that, when the proposition was made to him by a prominent Senator, to extend the time for the reduction of duties till the year 1848, he rejected it, and adhered to his original plan of cutting down in 1842 all duties to 20 per cent, by large, speedy and dangerous reductions.—We knew how ardently he desired to preserve, unaltered, the principle and spirit of that act. We knew that, for this, his Whig friends christened him "the father of the American system." We knew, too, that, at the most critical point in the history of protection in this country, when the fate of the protective policy was to be settled, he abandoned his position in the Senate of the United States, and left, not only the iron and coal interests of Pennsylvania, but the whole system of protection, to the tender mercies of his enemies. We knew his course through life. We knew the alliance between him and the monopoly interests of the country. We knew how his plant disposition could bend to the caprices of the money power. We knew, also, that many of his friends had been, and still are, rank, unqualified free-traders. We remembered, in particular, the former course of a prominent and ably conducted evening Whig journal of this city, and its many home-thrusts at the doctrine of protection; and we had no guarantee that any vital change had ever been wrought in the sentiments of those who gave it position and tone. We knew all this. On the other hand, we knew that James K. Polk was an honest man, and would not forget his promises; and for this reason, we believed Mr. Polk was, at least, as good a Tariff man as Mr. Clay. This we asserted, and submitted the issue to the people for their decision; and most nobly did they confirm our opinion. Let us see whether we were right or wrong.

There is a Tariff bill on record of Henry Clay's making. A better Tariff than that he did not desire, for he refused to have the time for reducing the duties under that bill extended, when the offer was generously made by the leading champions of the South. He wished, too, that that act should not be disturbed. There is also now in existence the Tariff of Mr. Polk's administration—the first that he, since his triumphant election in 1844, has had an opportunity of sanctioning. The former is truly and emphatically the Whig free-trade Tariff; the latter is, so far as the circumstances would permit, just what Mr. Polk promised to the nation—a revenue Tariff with incidental protection to all the great interests of the country." The first reduced the country to bankruptcy; the latter was devised with the honest intention of doing justice to all classes, high and low, rich and poor. It is before the people, and requires but the test of time, to show whether it is adapted to that end or not.—And now that these two great acts of these two great men are plainly before us, we ask the Democracy of the State at least to examine their respective merits, and then decide if we have deceived them in saying that "James K. Polk is as good a Tariff man as Henry Clay." For this purpose we give below a comparative statement of the duties on most articles of general use under Henry Clay's Compromise bill of 1840, and those to be levied under the Tariff of 1846:

Names of Articles.	Clay Tariff '33.	Tariff '46.
LUXURIES.		
Wines, of all kinds,	20 per ct	30 per ct
Carpets, Wilton and Turkey;	20 per ct	30 per ct
Glass, Plates polished, glass shades and cut glass,	20 per ct	30 per ct
Silk, Manufactures of, and of fine silk as a component part, from all countries, to pay 20 per ct	20 per ct	30 per ct
Bleached and unbleached linens, napkins, & linen cambric, &c., worsted stuff, goods, shawls, &c.	all 42, afterwards to pay 20 per ct	25 per ct