

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

CLEARFIELD, PA. FEBRUARY 17, 1847.

NEW SERIES--VOL. I. NO. 50--WHOLE NO. 1048.

TERMS

The "DEMOCRATIC BANNER" is published weekly, at \$2 per annum—or \$1 75 if paid in advance. No paper can be discontinued (unless at the option of the editors) until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements, &c., at the usual rates.

POETRY.

I TURN TO THEE IN TIME OF NEED.

BY T. H. BAYLEY.

I turn to thee in time of need,
And never turn in vain
I see thy fond and fearless smile,
And hope revives again.
It gives me strength to struggle on,
Whatever the strife may be—
And if again my courage fails,
Again I turn to thee.

'Thy timid beauty charmed me first—
I breathed a lover's vow—
But little thought I found the friend
Whose strength sustains me now.
I deemed thee made for summer skies—
But in the stormy sea,
Deserted by all other friends,
Dear love, I turn to thee!

Should I ever some keener sorrow throw
A shadow o'er thy mind—
And should I, thoughtless, breathe to thee
One word that is unkind—
Forgive it, love, thy smile will set
My better feelings free,
And with a look of boundless love,
I still shall turn to thee!

From the Army.

The New Orleans papers of the 24th, contain detailed accounts from the army at Victoria and Tampico, but we find in them no very important facts, that were not embraced in our telegraphic despatch yesterday. From the correspondence of the *Delta* and *Picayune*, however, we make a number of extracts which will be read with interest. A correspondent of the *Delta* attached to Gen. Taylor's division, writing from Victoria, gives a daily account of many incidents connected with their march from Monterey, which place they left on the 23d December. On the 28th he writes as follows:—

Dec. 26th.—Capt. May's squadron of dragoons, after accompanying the general to Morales, left the road again and struck in towards the mountains, in order to examine their gorges, and to find out if there was any pass through which the enemy could make a descent into the lower country.

Dec. 27th.—The day's march was about 18 miles, and, being performed on new ground, offered some little excitement to the tired troops, and they seemed to get along better than any day since we left Monterey. The journey was mostly on the banks of a river, or within gunshot of one, and the greater part of the road was as level as a ball room floor, enabling the teams to keep up with the column the whole time. At noon we reached an old ranche, in front of which the river ran, and here we halted. The day was quite warm, and Gen. Taylor, who had passed us during the day, had pitched his tent near a large cypress. It was here that we first learned that there was another Richmond in the field—Gen. Scott's letter informing the Old Rancho—far such the Mexicans persist in calling our Commander, that he had arrived in the country having reached him to-day. What effect this news may have on others I cannot, at this moment, tell, but I must say so far as my own feelings are concerned, I had rather Gen. Taylor had been left entirely in command, to have ended the work he has made such glorious progress in.

Dec. 28.—When preparations were being made for a start this morning, three horses and four mules were found dead. Having nothing to feed them on but new corn, many are afflicted just now with the "scours," and in numerous instances they die in less than twenty-four hours of the sickness. One thing is peculiarly annoying, and that is, the very best American horses are the greatest sufferers. The places of the dead horses were supplied by reducing other teams, and we were enabled to reach Linares, some 16 miles, about 1 o'clock. Our visit to Linares was a perfect windfall to its citizens. Mules that would not command \$10 in the morning, were sold to the United States at night for as much as \$30—and so it is with everything we buy from the Mexicans in all parts of this country. From a loaf of bread up to a horse, they will demand double the amount from an American that they do from a native. If the early part of our visit to Linares was a source of benefit and pleasure to its people, the latter part of it was anything but agreeable to them. Gen. Taylor had learned while at Monte Morales, that the government of Mexico had \$2800 in funds and a quantity of tobacco and cigars deposited in Linares, and he ordered one of the Assistant Quarter-masters to demand and receive it, in the name of the United States, from the Alcalde—constructing the soothing system of our government in such a manner as to give him the right of taking public property, if nothing else. But when the call was made upon the Alcalde, he denied that there was anything belonging to the government in Linares. He was told that the Alcalde of Monte Morales had stated that the property above mentioned was there, and that it must be given up. He confessed then that such property had been there, but said that an officer of the Mexican army, with a party of soldiers, came into town after Capt. Gra-

ham left it, and took it away. Gen. T.'s orders then were for the Alcalde to obtain the money by some means and hand it over before 12 o'clock. After a great deal of remonstrance, he went out and brought in \$1,000 of his own money, and then ordered the shop-keepers to produce the remainder. This he did by causing his Secretary to draw on each for the sums he named. One man he mulcted for \$500, another for \$300, and so on until he got to sums of \$20; and it was finally made up, handed over, and hauled off in one of our wagons; but you never saw longer faces than those worn by the mulcted. This day's march summed up 13 miles.

Dec. 29.—Made an early start this morning, but got on the wrong road, which caused us to travel 15 miles, when we could have reached the same place by going 12 on another road.

Dec. 30.—Arrived at the hacienda of Don Pedro at 8 o'clock, and took in corn and fodder for the night. It was the intention in the morning to make no stop in Villa Grande, but when the General reached it, he concluded to stop for the day, and the soldiers were not at all displeased to see his tent pitched when they crossed the river.

Dec. 31.—This being the last day of the month and last of the year, the regulations of the army make it incumbent upon the commander to halt and muster the men. Every person is inspected, and from a musket down to a brush and pitcher, every thing is carefully examined, and if any of the accoutrements are old and unfit for service, they are turned in and new ones taken. It is also pay-day, and every article that is missing from a soldier's outfit is charged to him and deducted from his pay.

Last night the signal fire, that has been kindled opposite our encampment every night since we have been on the march, blazed up on a high peak of the mountain, and had not the moon given out so much light, would have lighted up Villa Grande. A number of officers had assembled around the camp fire of Gen. Twigg's, amongst whom was Gen. Taylor, and when this fire on the mountain was first lighted up, the conversation turned to it. The opinion was pretty general that the fires were raised each night to show our whereabouts; but there were some who expressed their belief that it was a mere matter of accident, and Gen. Taylor was of the latter opinion. While they were discussing the subject, an express came in from Captain May, stating that his rear guard with the pack mules had been taken by the enemy, between Monte Morales and Linares.

Jan. 1, 1847.—Our march was pretty much an up and down hill business to-day, and about half past 2 P. M. we had measured 20 miles, when we halted and pitched our tent. We obtained an abundance of corn, fodder, and grass here, and the Alcalde having sent to Villa Grande to know what we desired, it was gathered and carted to our camp by the time we reached it. Three or four days feeding with fodder has stopped the disease noticed before as spreading amongst our horses, and they are improving fast.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock, P. M. Capt. May got in with his dragoons. He reports the loss of 11 men and their horses, and 7 pack mules. As far as I can gather the particulars, and they come from Captain May, they are these:—Between Monte Morales and Linares Capt. May ascertained that there was a pass in a gorge of the mountains, and determined to ascertain the nature of it. His command consisted of two companies of dragoons—some 70 or 80 men. On approaching the foot of the mountain, every precaution was used to guard against surprise. A Lieutenant with 12 men acted as the rear guard and guard of the pack mules of the command, who remained some few hundred yards in the rear, and in this way they progressed slowly and carefully, until they found out the pass, which was so narrow that it was with much difficulty a single horse could go through it. But May was determined to traverse it, and make what discoveries he could on the other side. Dismounting himself and men, he led his horse and the way, and after experiencing much difficulty in getting from rock to rock, the command ultimately succeeded in getting through.

On the right hand side of this pass there is a perpendicular cliff of some 600 feet, or so high, as some of the men say, "that a man up there looked like a little boy." On the left hand, after 10 or 12 feet of perpendicular, there was a gradual slope to the top, on which an enemy could run down, fire a piece, and then return. It is represented as being the most dangerous path to a daring enemy that is known, and one where a dozen men could stop the advance of thousands. After going as far on the other side as was thought necessary, they turned to come back, and the main body retraced their steps with the same caution observed in effecting the first passage. But the rear guard were not so lucky in getting through this time, for it appears after the Lieutenant and Sergeant got through a large body of men, who stationed themselves on the perpendicular side, showered down stones from the top so fast and so heavy, that their advance was completely cut off; and that they were either killed, taken prisoners, or made their escape to the other side. It

seems that Capt. May was not taken by surprise, for he was continually urging vigilance, and left his best bugler in the rear to sound the alarm in case of accident as though he anticipated an attack. A rumbling sound in the pass caused him to halt for the rear guard; but they not coming up when he thought it was time for them to reach him, he wheeled about and went in the direction of the pass again at full speed. He shortly met the Lieutenant and a Sergeant, and immediately demanded of the former, "Where's your men?" The answer of the Lieutenant was, "close at hand," at the same time turning his head around as if with the expectation of seeing them just behind him. But there were none there save the Sergeant, and the truth immediately flashed upon the commander that something was wrong with them. As quick as thought, and as fast as the nature of the path would permit, they dashed off for the pass, and when they reached it found that a large number of stones had been thrown down, and discovered traces of blood along the defile. They followed up as fast as possible, but it was of no avail; they could make no further discoveries, nor learn anything of the fate of their companions, so they sorrowfully retraced their steps, and reached here as above noticed.

May has put the Lieutenant under arrest, and many blame him for being in advance of his guard when his post was in the rear of it. As to his travelling on without discovering that his command was absent, will be readily credited by any one who is familiar with travel in a chaparral country, or in any narrow pass where two abreast cannot proceed. In coming through the pass, the men were necessarily 15 or 20 feet apart—their safety demanded this—and with the noise on the stones, made by his own horse's feet and those of the Sergeant's horse, and this in coming down a declivity, it is not strange, at least to me, that he did not miss them; and as to his looking back to see them, that may have been out of the question, as it is natural to suppose he needed the constant use of his eyes to guide his horse over the rugged path. Military discipline, no doubt, demanded this arrest, but censure should be reserved until the whole statement of the mishap is made known by some one who witnessed it. Up to this time I do not believe that Gen. Taylor is possessed of more detail than is here set down.

It is not thought that any regular soldiers of the Mexican army had a hand in this business. Rancheros and bandits, actuated more by plunder than any thing else, are believed to have cut them off, thinking probably there was more of value than what they obtained. In the hands of such men, the fate of the prisoners is doubtful, though they would be perfectly safe in falling into the hands of an officer of the army.

Jan. 2.—This day we reached the hacienda of *Santegracia*. There were 200 Mexican cavalry at this place a few days ago, but they left it on the morning of the day that Quitman's Brigade came in.

Jan. 3.—We are near Victoria now, and this day's march of five leagues leaves us within four of that town. A short time before night a Mexican pointed out to one of our officers a countryman, of his, whom he represented as being a Lieutenant in the Mexican army, and prowl about our camp for no good. The fellow was arrested, confessed that he held a commission from his government, but stated that his only object in visiting our camp was to look after a lot of mules and horses which had strayed off in that direction. He was released.

Jan. 4.—About ten o'clock this morning we reached Victoria, which, according to my account, is 202 miles from Monterey; and this was performed in the short space of 12 days. Taking everything into consideration, the march to and from Monte Morales (on return march) the long train of wagons, the pack mules, and the Mexican ox carts, and I do not believe better time was ever made by an army. It was agreeably disappointed at Victoria—being a larger and prettier town than I looked for. The houses generally, are not as good as they are in Monterey, but those about the principle squares are neat and comfortable.

Gen. Quitman arrived here on the 20th, and the Mexican cavalry—about 1200—all to their rear guard, left on the 29th, for Tula, and they moved off at 2 A. M. on the 20th. It is said that Santa Anna sent in orders to his troops to fall back whenever an American force should come up. After Gen. Q. got into the town, several bodies of Lancers showed themselves on different points of the mountains, but they were well aware he had no cavalry to pursue them or they would have found better use for their time. By getting together all the horses of the officers and their servants, a number of men mounted to pursue them, but they put off and have not showed themselves since.

We have now at this point an effective force of about 5,700 men, being about the same number that are now with Butler at the other pass.

A correspondent of the *Picayune* writing from Tampico under date of Jan. 13th, relates the following incident which occurred on the 10th, when an expedition against Tuxpan was contemplated:—Gen.

Shields wanting mules for his expedition, sent an officer with some 20 men to Altamira, and demanded of the alcalde 300 mules, for which full payment should be made. The alcalde did not wish to send the supply, and told the officer that there was not a mule within 40 miles of the place, as Canales had been there but a few days previous, and stolen them all. The officer replied to him very politely, that he was sorry, more on account of the alcalde than any other, as he, the officer, would be compelled to take the alcalde to Tampico, and his horse not being able to carry two persons, the alcalde would be compelled to walk. Upon this, his honor desired a few hours, and after deliberation with his council, furnished easily the quantity of mules desired.

SOLILOQUY OF A BANK PRESIDENT.

Extract from Lippard's new Work, entitled "The Nazarine."—Yes, we flood the city with specie, silver and gold, at our pleasure; or else we raise a hue and cry about the "Currency," the "Tariff," or any thing else that may serve our turn—and lo! the country is declared to be in a state of panic. Credit is lost; confidence is lost. From the Aroostook to the Sabine, this great Union is convulsed like an idiot, seized with an epileptic fit.

And we do all this, we: the aristocracy of the banks. We first create the ruin and then reap the harvest. Talk of Democracy; what is it, so long as we hold the veto of salvation over the people? They pass a law in Congress that we do not like; we veto that law. How! manufactures indebted to us in every city in the Union. Either discharge your laborers by hundreds and thousands, in order to create a panic, or we will protest your paper. A panic is created. The members of Congress who voted against us, never to return to Congress again. We supply their places with our MEN; we, the Banks, do this, and we veto to the people.

"HE WAS A MAN! Well, I remember the day I waited upon him. He sat there, in his arm chair; I can see that old warrior's face, with his snow white hair, even now. We told him of the public distress—the manufacturers ruined, the engines shrouded in crape, which were borne at the head of twenty thousand men into Independence square. He heard us all. We begged him to leave the deposits where they were; to uphold the GREAT BANK at Philadelphia. Still he did not say a word. After one of our members, more fiery than the rest, intimated that if THE BANK were crushed, a REBELLION might follow. Then the old man rose—I can see him yet. "Come!" he shouted in a voice of thunder, as his clenched right hand was raised above his white hair—Come with bayonets in your hands, instead of petitions; I am ready for you all! By the Eternal! with the people at my back, the honest yeomanry whom your gold can neither buy nor awe, I will string you up around the capital, each rebel of you; on a gibbet; high as Haman's!"

"When I think," says the author, "of that ONE MAN, standing there at Washington, battling with all the powers of Bank and panic combined, betrayed by those in whom he trusted, assailed by all that the snake of malice could hiss, or the head of falsehood howl; when I think of that one man placing his back against the rock and folding his arms for the blow, while he uttered this awful vow, "By the Eternal! I will not swerve one inch from the course which I have chosen!" I must confess that the records of Greece and Rome—Napoleon, the proudest days of Cromwell or Napoleon, cannot furnish an instance of a will like that of ANDREW JACKSON, when he placed life and soul and fame, on the hazard of a die, for the PEOPLE'S WELFARE."

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE—THE BODY OF LIEUTENANT INGE LOST.

We are indebted to the *Mobile Register* for a slip containing the subjoined account of another distressing steamboat disaster. It will be seen that the remains of Lieut. Inge, who gloriously fell in battle in Mexico, and which had been brought home for interment, were lost by this sad catastrophe:

The steamer *Tuscaloosa* left our wharf about 8 o'clock on Thursday evening, on her way to Tuscaloosa, and after proceeding about ten or eleven miles up the river, an explosion of two of her boilers took place, which instantly killed several of the passengers and many of the boat's crew and officers. From a passenger on board, we learn that the explosion completely tore up the boiler deck, and shattered the after part of the boat (below deck) considerably. Immediately after the explosion, such of the passengers as were unhurt, set themselves to alleviating the sufferings of those who were injured but not killed; while, at the same time, a portion of the saved were making every possible arrangement to land all on shore who could be found.

The boat, after the explosion, swung to the shore and grounded, her stern remaining nearly in the centre of the river. A line was made fast ashore from the stern,

and an effort made to bring her stern ashore, so as to land her passengers, but owing to her grounding, these efforts were unavailable. The ladies were then all lowered from the cabin by a rope to the lower deck, and from thence sent ashore in the yawl—all were saved unhurt.

Those of the male passengers, who were uninjured, saved themselves and many of the wounded, by constructing a temporary raft of loose planks, and such articles as were close at hand. On this they reached the shore in safety. On landing it was found impossible to obtain a dry footing, as the banks of the river were overflowed. In this condition, those who were able, climbed trees, where they remained in view of the burning ruins for about three hours, when fortunately the steamboat *James Howitt* hove in sight, and was shortly alongside the wreck, when assistance was immediately given to all within reach. The Howitt returned to the city with all the survivors.

The number of killed and wounded has not as yet been ascertained, but it is feared, that of the former, there are not less than twenty; and of the latter a like number. The body of Lieutenant Inge was on board, and was lost.

Since the above was in type, we have learned the names of the following persons, killed and wounded:

Killed.—Wm. Tannehill, C. Chilcote, and P. F. Beasley, of Eutaw; W. R. Hassel, of Greensboro; Blue Pastier, second clerk;—Clark, 1st mate, and Arthur McCoy, 2d engineer; Abraham Flynn, volunteer from Green Co., and several negro deck hands.

Badly Wounded.—Capt. E. P. Oliver, (not expected to survive.) George Kirk, 1st clerk, and acting captain of the *Tuscaloosa*; and Col. Wm. Armstead.

Famine in Ireland.

The English papers are filled with shocking details of the misery caused by a want of food in Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland. We can scarcely realize the existence of such suffering as is described, and which is brought upon the unfortunate victims by no fault of their own:

Appalling Distress.—We entreat our readers attention to the following shocking description of the state of Skibbereen, and the surrounding district of West Carbery, in the county of Cork, premising that it is only an aggravated epitome of the sufferings of the poor starving peasantry in other districts. It is by Mr. Cummins, a county magistrate, who thus writes to the Duke of Wellington:

I went on the 16th inst. to Skibbereen, and to give the instance of one townland district which I visited, as an example of the entire coast district, I shall state simply what I there saw. It is situated on the eastern side of Castlehaven harbor, and is named South Reen, in the parish of Myross. Being aware that I should have to witness frightful hunger, I provided myself with as much bread as five men could carry, and on reaching the spot I was surprised to find the wretched hamlet apparently deserted. I entered some of the hovels to ascertain the cause, and the scenes that presented themselves were such as no tongue or pen can convey the slightest idea of. In the first, six emaciated and ghastly skeletons to all appearance dead, were huddled in a corner on some filthy straw, their sole covering what seemed a ragged horse cloth, their wretched legs hanging about naked above the knees.

I approached in horror, and found, by a low moaning, they were alive—they were in fever, four children, a woman, and what had once been a man. It is impossible to go through the details; suffice it to say, that in a few minutes, I was surrounded by at least 200 of such phantoms—such frightful spectres no words can describe. By far the greatest number were delirious, either from famine or from fever. Their demoniac yells are still ringing in my ears, and their horrible images are fixed upon my brain. My heart sickens at the recital, but I must go on:

In another case, decency would forbid what follows, but it must be told. My clothes were nearly torn off in my endeavors to escape from the throng of pestilence around, when my neck cloth was seized from behind by a grip which compelled me to turn. I found myself grasped by a woman with an infant, apparently just born, in her arms, and the remains of a filthy sock across her loins—the sole covering of herself and babe. The same morning the police opened a house on the adjoining lands, which was observed shut for many days, and two frozen corpses were found lying on the mud floor, half-devoured by the rats.

Another, herself in fever, was seen the same day to drag out the corpse of her child a girl about 12, perfectly naked, and leaves it half covered with stones. In another house, within 500 yards of the cavalry station at Skibbereen, the dysentery doctor found seven wretches unable to move, under the same cloak. One had been dead many hours, but the others were unable to move either themselves or the corpse.

Equally disheartening is what follows from the *Monaghan Standard*:—

The state of destitution in this neighborhood is absolutely frightful. In every street, at every corner, lean and cadaverous beings meet your eye, famine in the face,

and an effort made to bring her stern ashore, so as to land her passengers, but owing to her grounding, these efforts were unavailable. The ladies were then all lowered from the cabin by a rope to the lower deck, and from thence sent ashore in the yawl—all were saved unhurt.

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