

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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TERMS

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From the Pledge and Standard.

What a pair of Andirons cost.

"Peter," said my uncle, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and laying it on the corner of the mantel piece, and then fixing his eyes on the andirons, "Peter, those andirons cost me one thousand dollars!" "Dear me!" exclaimed my aunt. "Oh, father!" cried the girls. "Impossible!" said I.

"True, every word true. One thousand did I say?—yes—two thousand—full two thousand dollars." "Well, well," said my aunt, folding up her knitting for the night, "I should like to know what you are talking about."

My uncle bent forward and planted his hands firmly on his parted knees, and with a deliberate air, which showed no doubt of his being able to prove his assertion, he began: "Well, you see, a good many years ago, we had a pair of common old andirons. Your cousin Letty says one day, 'father, don't you think those old andirons are getting too shabby?' Shabby or not, I thought they would hold the wood up as nicely as if they were made of gold. So I paid no attention to Letty. I was afraid she was growing proud. Soon after that, Peter, continued my uncle, 'your aunt took it up—'

"There it goes," interrupted my aunt, "you can't get along without dragging me in." "Your aunt took it up, Peter, and she said 'our neighbors could afford brass andirons, and were no better off than we were.' And she said 'Letty and her sister Jane were just getting old enough to see company, and the stinky looking old andirons might hurt their market.' I knew that women will have their own way, and there was no use in objecting, and so I got the andirons."

"The price of them was four dollars and a half—"

"Ah, that's more like it," cried my aunt; "I thought you said two thousand dollars."

"My dear, I wish you would not interrupt me. Four and a half. Well, the first night after we had got them, as we all sat by the warm fire talking over the matter, Letty called my attention to the hearth stones of which were cracked and uneven. The hearth was entirely out of keeping with the new andirons, and I thought I might as well have it replaced first as last. The next day a mason was sent for to examine it. He came in my absence, and when I returned home, your aunt and cousins all beset me at once, to have a marble slab. The mason had convinced them the hearth would not look decent without a marble slab, and they put their heads together."

"La me!" exclaimed my aunt, "there was no putting any heads together about it. The hearth was a real old worn out thing, not fit for a pig-pen."

"They put their heads together, Peter, as I was saying, and continued till I got a marble hearth, which cost me twenty dollars. Yes, twenty dollars, at least. Then I thought I was done with expenses, but I thought wrong. Pretty soon I began to hear my bins thrown out about the brick work around the fire place not corresponding with the hearth. I stood out for a month or two against your aunt and the girls, but they at length got the better of me, and I was forced to have marble instead of brick. And then the old wooden mantel-piece was so out of character that I was forced to get a marble one. The cost of all this was nearly one hundred dollars. And now that the spirit of improvement had got a start, there was no stopping place. The new marble mantel put to shame the old white-washed walls, and they must be painted, of course, and to prepare them for paint, sundry repairs were necessary. While this was going on, your aunt and the girls appeared to be quite satisfied, and when it was done, they had no idea the old parlor could be made to look so spruce. But this was only a short respite. The old rag carpet began to raise a dust, and I found there would be no peace—"

"Now, my dear!" said the old lady, with a pleasing smile, accompanied by a partial rotation of the head—

"Now, father!" exclaimed the girls— "Till I got a new carpet. That again shamed the old furniture, and it had to be turned out and replaced with new. Now, Peter, count up, my lad—twenty dollars for the hearth, and one hundred for the mantel-piece, and thirty for repairs. What does that make?"

"One hundred and fifty, uncle."

"Well, fifty for paper and paint—"

"Two hundred."

"Then fifty for a carpet, and one hundred at least for furniture—"

"Three hundred and fifty."

"Ahem! There's that clock, too, and the blinds—fifty more—"

"Four hundred exactly."

My aunt and cousins winked at each other.

"Now," continued my uncle, "so much for this one room. No sooner was the

room finished, than the complaints came from all quarters, about the dining-room and entry. Long before this I had surrendered at discretion, and handed in my submission. The dining room cost two hundred more. What does that count, Peter?"

"Eight hundred, uncle."

"Then the chambers—at least four hundred to make them rhyme with the down stairs."

"Twelve hundred."

"The outside of the house had to be repaired and painted, of course. Add two hundred for that."

"Fourteen hundred."

"Then there must be a piazza in front—that cost two hundred."

"Sixteen hundred."

Here aunt began to yawn, Letty to poke the fire, and Jane to twirl over the leaves of a book.

"A new carriage came next, Peter, that cost two hundred dollars."

"Eighteen hundred."

"Then there was a lawn to be laid out and neatly fenced—a servant to be hired—parties given occasionally—bonnets and dresses at double the former cost, and a hundred other little expenses in keeping with the new order of things. And all this grew out of those very andirons. Yes, Peter, I was entirely within bounds when I said two thousand dollars."

The opposition was silenced. My aunt immediately rose and guessed it was bed time. I was left alone with my uncle, who was not inclined to drop the subject. He was a persevering man, and never gave up what he undertook, till he had done the work thoroughly. So he brought out his books and accounts, and set about making an exact estimate of the expenses. He kept me up till after midnight, before he got through. His conclusion was that the pair of andirons cost him twenty-four hundred and fifty dollars.

From the Democratic Review for June

State of the Country—Peace or War.

At no period in the history of our country have we had occasion to congratulate ourselves more on our national prosperity, than the present. In the midst of war, we have increased in wealth; with diminished taxes our revenue has augmented. War, that great calamity of nations, scarcely touches us with its withering effects. It seems to be but another sphere of enterprise to our daring population, and a means of distinction to our gallant soldiers. It is a war not of our seeking, and in which the administration has engaged with great reluctance. It is a war, produced by the vanity of our enemy, and his utter depreciation of our character and resources.

The Mexicans, but a few months ago, looked upon us with the same supercilious pride with which the people of the continent of Europe were once in the habit of looking on the English—as a nation of shopkeepers, more fit for tape and bobbin than military enterprise. We had to show the Mexicans that a people, without being military, may be war-like; that martial bearing does not consist in the marching and countermarching of liveried marionettes. The Mexicans are now undeceived in regard to our national qualities; but they hate us in consequence, with the hatred of wounded self-love; they would try to avenge their battle of Lepic at Buena Vista, and their Waterloo defeat at Cerro Gordo, and the military adventures of Mexico would play patriots; but they cannot rouse the better part of the population to any respectable show of resistance.—The Mexican patriot who takes up arms in defence of his country must be paid, and the government has no money; the purveyors of provisions, the armorers, the manufacturers of gunpowder want to be paid, and the government has no money. The President of the Republic, Santa Anna, is himself a fugitive, surrounded only by a military mob, without discipline or organization, and he, too, entreats the government to send him money; but there is none to be had in Mexico.—The mere mention of forced loans has buried private capital; all kinds of business is brought to a stand, labor itself has become worthless; and the means of supplying the empty national coffers with the property of the clergy, have proved utterly inadequate to the emergency. Money, like water, finds its level everywhere. It does not follow the attraction of patriotism; it seems a profitable investment; and the Mexican bankers are more willing to advance loans at 6 per cent., to the officers and commanders of our army and navy, than to their own government.

The last resort of the men now in power in Mexico, is to lash the fanaticism of the Indians into frenzy; and where are the men to lead them? and by what means are they to be supported and armed? A guerrilla warfare has been proclaimed, and partially commenced; but what does it amount to, and how is it to be maintained? The Mexicans can only organize, or rather gather together hordes of highway robbers and midnight assassins, who are quite as dangerous, (if not more so,) to the well-disposed people of their own country, as they are to our troops, or rather, unless and baggage-wagons. They will infest the public highways, and in default of A-

merican booty, pray on their own countrymen. They will prove to the good people of Mexico, what privateers prove to the trade of their own merchants—a school for pirates, who will continue to harass their ventures, and tax their navigation, long after the cause which has called them into existence has been removed.

And what have the clergy to expect from this introducing anarchy into the State? Will they afterwards be able to master the wild passion for murder and plunder which they now invoke in the name of the Divine Mediator? Will they strengthen the church by the blood which they cause to be shed to no purpose, but to render the humiliation of their country more complete and to perpetuate the military despotism, that is the cause of all the misfortunes which have befallen Mexico? The priesthood must necessarily comprehend the magnitude of the principles here at stake; and if the priesthood were to overlook the church, the hierarchy—the perpetrator of church discipline—would understand the true principles of religion and morality too well, to plunge into so fatal a delusion.

But the Mexican clergy has no cause to dread the presence of our troops. Their places of worship have been held sacred by our commanders and soldiers; their priests have been respected, and General Scott, now Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Invasion, has himself had a favorite daughter, who finished her earthly career in a Catholic convent. The Catholics are a large and prosperous sect in the United States, and the Catholic citizens of any part of Mexico that may come under the dominion of the United States, would receive the same treatment as those of other States of the Union. The Mexican hierarchy will be made to understand this by every possible means at the disposition of the government, and receive every reasonable pledge of the religious fulfilment of our solemn engagement to that effect.

Another reason why the organization of guerrillas will be attended with insurmountable obstacles, is to be found in the prosperous condition of that portion of the Mexican territory which is now under the military dominion of the United States.—Wherever our victorious arms have been carried, the arts of peace have followed them. Instead of destroying, we have built up commerce; instead of impoverishing, we have enriched the country with our enterprise and our wealth. The pitching of our tents proclaimed the reign of law and order; and the watchword of our sentinels was "protection to life and property." In vain may the annals of history be searched for a similar war. It was not the Goths and Vandals invading the fertile plains of an educated people; but the pioneers of civilization exploring a country of boundless wealth, teaching and persuading as they went on. This, the more enlightened of the Mexicans already feel and understand, though their pride may prevent them from publicly acknowledging it, and hence the little response, on their part, to the impassioned call "to arms!"

But while it has been, and still is, the steady policy of our government to avoid whatever might unnecessarily displease or exasperate the Mexicans—while we have subsidized our army and navy from our own states—while we have respected the lives, property and religion of the inhabitants of the country, and thereby made it the interest of the invaded people to treat us rather as friends and deliverers from their own military despots, than as enemies to their country and religion, we are not lacking the means of the most powerful coercion, and possess in our volunteers, a guerrilla force, far superior to any that Mexico, or any other country on earth, can bring in the field.

Our Texan Rangers and Mississippi riflemen are all marksmen. They deal out certain death at a distance of two or three hundred yards, and palsy the arm of the poor Ranchero long before he has a chance to raise his lance. From their habits of life and early training they are inured to every fatigue; and, though craving much more food than the Mexicans; care but little of what it consists. But, above all things, they are superior to the Mexicans in intelligence, quickness of perception, and firmness of purpose. Here it is where the qualities of the race weigh fearfully in the balance. The Anglo-Saxon tree has, on this continent, struck its roots deep in the north, while its branches are overhanging with the most luxurious southern foliage. We combine the iron of the Scythian with the temper of the Castilian—strength and chivalry—Nimrod and *el cid Conqueror*.

The two parties, opposed to each other in this war, are too unequal for the contest to be a long one. A mere military occupation of the country might exhaust the resources of our government; but such is not contemplated by the President and his cabinet. Our people are eminently a colonizing people, and the territory which we now hold, and especially that which we mean to retain, will be explored, settled and improved, with scarcely more inconvenience to our troops, than is caused by the Indian depredations occasionally committed on our border settlers.

We are already in possession of nearly every Mexican seaport on the Atlantic, and command the great arteries of her

commerce. Her principal means of raising revenue are in our hands, and we may, if we insist on it, make ourselves paid for every dollar of the cost of this war. But is it wise and generous for us to do so?—Shall the whole Mexican people suffer for the delusion of its leaders? We believe that this is not the intention of the administration, and that the latter, in view of the necessity of living hereafter in peace and amity with our sister republics, and for the purpose of setting the world an example of republican moderation, is now willing to conclude a peace with Mexico on the same terms as those proposed after the battle of Monterey. We have reason to believe that this moderation on the part of the administration is principally owing to the mild and statesmanlike counsel of Mr. Buchanan, who has succeeded in making his views prevail in the Cabinet of the President.

That there is a party, and a strong and growing one, which is for retaining the whole of the conquered territory, and that if the war continues, a party may spring up in favor of subjugating the whole of Mexico, can hardly be called in question. But the administration is straining every nerve to oppose it; and it will doubtless succeed in its efforts, if success attends its present offers of peace. There is, nevertheless, danger in delay. A moving party in a republic is always a growing one, and is sure to acquire in the end, a momentum sufficient to overcome the inertia of government. The administration seems to feel this, and hence its anxiety to stem the torrent; and to make peace on the most moderate terms.

We believe, in the first place, that the administration is willing to make to Mexico every possible concession in point of form, and to allow the defeated party in the war to prescribe its own rule of diplomatic etiquette in settling the preliminaries of peace. It has for this purpose clothed Gen. Scott, the commander-in-chief of the American army, with power to treat with the authorities he may find in Mexico, and sent Mr. Trist, the Second officer in the State Department, down to aid and instruct him in carrying out the views of the President. Nay, should the Mexicans desire or consider it a special mark of attention, Mr. Buchanan, the distinguished Secretary of State, will himself go down and negotiate in the city of the Aztecs.

As to the cession of territory demanded of the Mexicans, the administration will not claim it as a forfeit, but offer to pay for it, so as to acquire it by purchase.—We want a clear title of it; and the administration considers purchase the very best of all titles.

The expenses of the war we will not claim from the Mexicans; and the indemnity which she owes our citizens, will be assumed by the government of the United States. We shall then claim no money from Mexico in any shape, and are willing to accept land in payment of our just demands.

As to the territory to be ceded or sold to us by Mexico, we are of opinion that it will comprise more than Upper California and New Mexico, and that our government will not insist, as a condition of peace, on the right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; but rather make this a subject for subsequent friendly negotiations between the two sister republics.

The carrying out of these measures may require a United States loan, but with the certainty of peace, the improved credit of all the States (Pennsylvania taking the lead) the eradication of the absurd and wicked doctrine of repudiation, and the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial condition of the country being fully equal to the most sanguine expectations of the friends and supporters of the low tariff of duties, one or two hundred millions of dollars may easily be borrowed without rendering the government dependent either on domestic or foreign capitalists.

The specific information contained in this article, touching the intentions of the Administration towards Mexico, may be relied on as strictly correct; having reached us at the latest moment from a source at Washington entitled to our most complete confidence.

THE NEWSPAPER.—It was a saying of the renowned Dr. Franklin, that he never took up a newspaper but that he discovered in it something that he did not know before, and which it was profitable and interesting for him to learn; so we can say, there is no paper published, which does not contain, either in its editorial or selected department, matters or sentiments which have a living interest, and which plead with mute but touching eloquence for an unmarred record and an enduring existence.

"Madam," said a doctor to an old maid—"you stand in need of the sun and air. Till you have them, you cannot get well."

"Law! doctor, I have no objections against having a son and heir, but I must get a husband first."

A newspaper in a family is equal to three months school each year. Go into the family where a newspaper is taken, and into those who "cannot afford it," and mark the difference in the intelligence of the children, and be convinced.

America.

BY FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

I cannot express the solemnity and emotion with which all that I see in the Italian States impresses my mind with regard to America. Here, on these great hearths, heaped with the ashes of many civilizations;—here, where one national existence after another has been kindled, burned brightly and been extinguished;—here where the fine Etruscan race was ground out beneath the iron heel of Rome;—here, where the deluge of Northern barbarism swept the degenerate Roman Empire down;—here, where the huge conception of spiritual dominion took body in that great church supremacy, which is vanishing like the ghost of a giant before the breath of the Almighty Truth, the immortal, Universal conqueror of these later days of the earth;—here, amid these stupendous memories and thoughts, how often do I muse upon that wonderful world beyond the Atlantic! Dowered with a natural wealth unparalleled; the latest born of Time; peopled by the descendants of the freest and wisest nation now on earth; not led through doubtful twilight ages of barbarous savagery and feudal semi-civilization, but born like Pallas from the head of Jove, inheriting the knowledge of all previous times; endowed with the experience of all former nations; whose heroic age boasts of but one victory, the victory of Freedom—but of one demigod, Washington. Oh! if wisdom and virtue should yet by times govern the counsels of that people; if the consciousness of their unexampled position, betokening a ministry of infinite importance in the world, should ever appear to them in all its most majestic significance; if the spirit of that nation should ever fit the gigantic material proportions and incalculable physical resources of their country; then, indeed a glorious Christian commonwealth may arise, and that kingdom of God for whose coming all Christ's followers daily pray, begin to manifest itself in the holy national existence of a people who have made Christianity a government. How much these speculations on the possible glorious future destinies of that wonderful country are darkened by the mean and miserable manifestations of the present spirit of its people, I can hardly say; my perception of the one is equal to my anticipation of the other. And when I remember the God-gifted earth and sky, the huge expanse of territory, the variety of climate and soil and produce, the free and noble theory of government, the free and wholesome action of the spirits of men, the marvellous rapidity of progress, the portentous mental and physical activity at work among all these mighty elements—admiration, astonishment, disgust, dismay, and fear and hope, alternate in my mind, till all resolves itself into earnest prayer that God will save that people from becoming, by the light of their own great gifts and great promises, the despair instead of the hope of the world.

FATHERS and mothers, you stand at the fountain with the lightest trace of your finger on the yielding soil, you can give a direction to the infant stream, you can send it gliding down through verdant fields and flowery lawns, imparting new fertility and beauty, and anon contributing its strength to propel the complicated machinery of industry; or you can send it dashing, foaming over precipices to join with other impetuous headlong streams, carrying devastation in their course; or you can suffer it to roll its sluggish way into some stagnant pond, affording refuge for loathsome reptiles, and poisoning the atmosphere with its pestilential vapors. In infancy and at home, the deepest and most lasting impressions are made; your children may have able and faithful instructors, but there are many lessons of practical wisdom which are not taught in the schools. The mind of your child is constantly busy—he will be learning a lesson of you when you least think of it.

To your child your remark is wisdom; your observation, experience; your opinions, sound doctrine; and your word, a law—your child is learning a lesson from every look and action—but most of all, your example is educating your child. Lay a book constantly before him, and which he is constantly studying. Be careful, anxious father, and you find mother, that you insert no page which hereafter you may wish to tear, no line you may wish to blot; be careful that you admit into that much read volume, no sentiment which you are unwilling your child should transcribe on the fair tablet within his own innocent bosom.

Teach them to reverence God and to love work—neither despise labor nor husbandry, which the most high God has appointed. Teach them to bear the yoke in their youth, and to do with all diligence whatever their hands find to do; so shall you secure for them the competence and happiness of which the mischances of this world cannot deprive them. And when you shall have performed all life's duties, and enjoyed life's pleasures, when your earthly tabernacle shall fall in ruins, when your wearied frames shall find a quiet repose beneath the soil you have faithfully cultivated, and when your spirits, like shocks of corn fully ripe, shall be gathered into storehouses not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—your grateful children shall arise and bless your memory—they shall be living monuments, which shall bear record that you laid for them in early life, habits of patient, cheerful and contented industry, the foundation for a manly, virtuous and honorable independence.