

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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TERMS

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POETRY.

PARTING.

BY W. ROSCOE.

How painful the hour that compels us to part
With the friends that we cherish as gems of the heart;
But ah! more severe which the parting is told
With a voice unaccompanied, an aspect that cold;
When the sigh rises no sigh from an answering
"Adieu!"
When the hand pressing warmly vainly aches to be
press'd;
For then "tis not absence alone we deplore,
But friendship decay'd and affection no more.
From the friends that we love when we wander alone,
Our thoughts unexpress'd and our feelings unknown,
Whatst hope survives in vain through futurity's gloom
To destroy one bright moment in season to come;
But then if a sigh, be it heard from the breast,
If the hand pressing warm in requital be prest,
Some soft recollections will still be in store,
Though in parting we feel we may never meet more.

CHOICE OF A WIFE:

I ask not beauty—'tis a gleam
That tints the morning sky;
I ask not learning—'tis a stream
That glides unheeded by.
I ask not wit—it is a dash
That glitters in the eye;
I ask not gold—'tis glittering trash
That causes man to sigh.
I ask good sense, a taste refined,
A candor with prudence blended—
A feeling heart, a virtuous mind,
With charity attended.

The Mines of Mexico.

The progress of our armies in Mexico, and the probability of their being compelled, in vindication of our national rights, to hold at least temporary possession of a considerable portion of that country, make the condition and productiveness of her mines a subject of no little interest at this time. That those mines are very rich in the precious metals, and have produced vast amounts of treasure, is well known to all persons of ordinary information; but we believe there are many who have only a vague impression on the subject, and do not possess any definite idea of the quantities of gold and silver taken from them since their first discovery.

Humboldt, who was perhaps the most accurate and scientific of travellers, visited many of the American mines; he enjoyed not only the advantage of personal observation, but had access to their records and statistics. He estimates the total yield of gold and silver from all the mines of America, since its discovery in 1492 to the year 1800 at five thousand one hundred millions of dollars, of which the Mexican mines produced more than one half. The yield was greatest during the last century—averaging \$23,000,000 a year during the first half, and \$35,000,000 a year from 1760 to 1800. Of \$43,000,000 of gold and silver, produced in 1800, Mexico yielded 23,000,000; the rest of America 14,000,000; and all Europe only 5,000,000. In 1805 the mines of Mexico yielded \$27,000,000, and from 1790 to 1809, \$495,000,000. But subsequently to 1810, the produce of her mines has fallen off more than one half—owing to her revolutions, civil wars, and consequent insecurity of property and discouragement of industry.

Among numberless similar cases, one alone, cited by Ward, late British minister in Mexico, and a good authority, will serve as an example of the sudden and immense wealth acquired by mining. He states that Father Flores, a Spanish priest, in 1778, tempted by the rumored riches of the Catorce district, purchased a small piece of land for 700 dollars, and commenced digging. About fifty feet from the surface he came to a "Boveda," or vaulted chamber, and about sixty feet lower to another chamber or deposit of silver ore. Both of these earth chambers were full of a loose metallic earth or dust, so richly impregnated with silver that it was shoveled into bags and sold to the smelters and refiners on the spot for one dollar a pound for the crude ore. His share of the profit on the silver earth thus dug out, amounted to three and a half millions in two years, and the profits of the "Rescatados," or refiners, to whom he sold the ore, are known to be still greater. It is upon record, says Ward, that \$64,000 worth of silver ore were often sold by him from this mine in a single day. This priest, somewhat blasphemously, called this mine, and it was known afterwards as "Balsa de Dios Padre," or purse of God the Father. In the year 1787, Zuniga, a molester, purchased a mine in the same district, for \$2,000, and by sitting upon rich veins and deposits of silver, gained a fortune in four years which enabled him to bequeath \$4,000,000 to charitable institutions—this being a part only of his immense gains. In 1836 two Mexican Indians found a vein of silver ore, from which in two months they extracted \$270,000. The mine of El Carmen, in Durango, yielded millions of dollars to the Marquis of Bustamante in a few years, during which a mass of solid silver was extracted from it, weighing 17 arrabos, or 425 pounds. On the custom house books of Durango, are registered eleven millions

of dollars paid by Zambrano, as the duty, or King's fifth, of the silver mined by him in that province, during 25 years, which would give a total product of \$55,000,000.

Such are some of the incidents of mining in Mexico, and they might be multiplied to any extent from authentic accounts. They are more wonderful than the wildest flights of romance, or the inventions of poetry, and render it nearly certain that Mexico contains as much of the precious metals, (at least of such as are within the reach of human industry) as all the world besides. In Mexico as yet only the surface of the earth has been scraped. Few of the deepest excavations exceed a hundred yards below the surface. As soon as they came to water, many of the richest veins have been abandoned from necessity, for want of steam engines to drain them. The process used for reducing and refining the ores has been generally of the rudest and most imperfect kind. The Germans, by their superior art, will make a profit out of ore only one-fifth as rich as that which the Mexicans reject by the cart load as worthless, owing to their ignorance and inferior skill in extracting and refining. Many of the richest Mexican mines have been abandoned, and the rest are not half worked, and many new ones remain unexplored, because their barbarism, the feebleness of their laws and the rapacity of their rulers, such that the miner is no longer secure of the fruits of his labor. Property is without security—industry has ceased to be guarded by the law, and enterprise no longer enjoys protection against pillage and unjust exactions.

From all this it follows that if these inexhaustible and magnificent mines should come under the control of American labor, with its unbounded energy and intelligence, aided by all the improvements and appliances of science, they will become infinitely more productive than they have ever yet been, even during their most fruitful periods.

Nantucket Whalers.

A most striking picture of the privations and sacrifices of this hardy and peculiar race of men is given by Mr. Abbott: "A man was speaking a few days ago of the emotions with which he was overwhelmed when he bade adieu to his family on his last voyage. The ship in which he was to sail was at Edgarton, on Martha's Vineyard. The packet was at the wharf that was to convey him from Nantucket to the ship. He went down in the morning and saw all his private sea stores stowed away in the sloop, and then returned to his home to take leave of his wife and children. His wife was sitting at the fire-side struggling in vain to restrain her tears.

She had an infant a few months old in her arms, and with her foot was rocking the cradle, in which lay another little daughter about three years of age, with her cheeks flushed with a burning fever. No pen can describe the anguish of such a parting. It is almost like the bitterness of death. The departing father imprints a kiss upon the cheek of his child. Four years will pass away ere he will take that child in his arms. Leaving his wife sobbing in anguish, he closes the door of his house behind him. Four years must elapse ere he cross that threshold again. One sea-captain upon this island has passed seven years out of forty-one upon the land.

A lady said to me a few evenings ago, "I have been married eleven years, and counting all the days my husband has been at home since our marriage, it amounts to but three hundred and sixty days." He is now absent, having been gone fifteen months, and two years more must undoubtedly elapse before his wife can see his face again, and when he shall return, it will be merely a visit to his family for a few months, when he will again bid them adieu for another four years' absence.

I asked a lady the other day how many letters she wrote to her husband during his last voyage. "One hundred," was the answer. "And how many did he receive?" "Six." The invariable rule is to write by every ship that leaves this port or New Bedford, or any other port that may be heard of, for the Pacific ocean. And yet the chances are very small that any two ships will meet on this boundless expanse. It sometimes happens that a ship returns, when those on board have not heard one word from their families during the whole period of their absence.

Imagine, then, the feeling of a husband and father who returns to the harbor of Nantucket, after the separation of forty-eight months, during which time he has heard no tidings whatever from his home. He sees the boat pushing off from the wharves which is to bring him tidings of weal or woe. He stands pale and trembling, pacing the decks with emotions which he in vain endeavors to conceal. A friend in the boat greets him with a smile and says, "Captain, your family are all well." Or perhaps he says, "Captain, I have heavy news for you, your wife died two and a half years ago."

A young man left this island last summer, leaving in his quiet home a young and beautiful wife and an infant child. The wife and child are now both in the

grave. But the husband knows not, and probably will not know it for some months to come. He perhaps falls asleep every night, thinking of the loved ones left at his fireside, little imagining that they are both cold in death.

On a bright summer afternoon, the telegraph announces that a Cape Horn ship has appeared in the horizon, and immediately the stars and stripes of our national banner are unfurled from our flag-staff, sending a wave of emotion through the town. Many families are hoping that it is the ship in which their friends are to return, and all are hoping for tidings from the absent. Soon the name of the ship is announced, and then there is eager contention with the boys, to be the first bearer of the joyful tidings to the wife of the captain, for which service a silver dollar is the invariable fee.

And who can describe the feelings which must then agitate the bosom of the wife? Perhaps she has heard of no tidings from the ship for more than a year. Trembling with excitement she dresses herself to meet her husband: "Is he alive?" she says to herself, "or am I a widow and the poor children orphans?" She walks about her room unable to compose herself sufficiently to sit down. Eagerly she is looking out of the window and down the street; sees a man with hurried steps turn the corner, a little boy hold of his hand.

Yes it is he; and her little son has gone down to the boat and found his father. Or, perhaps, instead of this, she sees two of her neighbors returning slowly and sadly, and directing their steps to her door.—The blood flows back upon her heart.—They rap at the door. It is the knell of her husband's death; and she falls senseless to the floor as they tell her that her husband has long since been entombed in the fathomless ocean.

This is not fiction. These are not extreme cases which the imagination creates. They are facts of continued occurrence—facts which awake emotions to which no pen can do justice.

A few weeks ago a ship returned to this island, bringing the news of another ship that was nearly filled with oil; that all on board were well, and that she might be expected in a neighboring port in such a month. The wife of the captain resided in Nantucket, and early in the month, with a heart throbbing with affection and hope, she went to greet her husband on his return.

At length the ship appeared, dropped her anchor in the harbor, and the friends of the lady went to the ship to escort the husband to the wife from whom he had been so long separated. Soon they sadly returned with the tidings that her husband had been seized with the coast fever upon the island of Madagascar, and when about a week out, on his return home, he died, and was committed to his ocean burial.—A few days after, I called upon the weeping widow and little daughter in their destined home of bereavement and anguish.

From the Pennsylvania.

The Bankrupt Law and General Irvin.

A few weeks ago, the *North American*, in dealing one ponderous blow at the whole cordon of "Loco loco" charges against Mr. Irvin, the Federal candidate for Governor, or, thus, in its own opinion, destroyed the accusation against that gentleman in regard to his votes in favor of the Bankrupt Law.

Another charge, & here the full quiver of Loco-foco malice is spent, is, that Gen. Irvin voted in favor of the Bankrupt Bill. So he did. And who voted with him? Henry Clay, and with a very few exceptions, every distinguished member of the Whig party. The entire Whig party was in favor of the bill. But these are far from all the facts upon the subject. The bill was carried by Democratic votes; and the man who, more than any other, labored to effect that result, by his speeches, influence, and vote, was Robert J. Walker, the present Secretary of the Treasury. To have sustained that bill has never been urged as an objection to any man by either party. The country demanded it and all parties united in its support. Will the *Pennsylvanian* denounce Sec'y Walker on that account? Will the Whigs complain of their own illustrious and honored champions, those whom they have ever delighted to honor? If not, let us hear no more of this objection to Gen. Irvin.

The attempt to play off Mr. Walker's vote on the Bankrupt law against the consistent advocacy of the same measure, by the Federal candidate for Governor, is one of those expedients to deceive the people, for which the opposition politicians are famous. But what are the facts? Mr. Walker, as a Democratic Senator, professing to be bound by instructions, voted in obedience to the nearly unanimous instructions of the Legislature of Mississippi.—During the progress of the discussion prior to the passage of the bill, he advocated and voted for the amendment for including banks and other trading corporations in the provisions of the bill, and, as the records will show, voted reluctantly for it, after the failure of that amendment.—When the Legislature rescinded its instructions, which it subsequently did, Mr. Walker voted for the repeal of the law itself.

How was it with Mr. Irvin, the Federal candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania? He was one of the most active friends of the Bankrupt Law, and not only voted for it in all its stages, but also VOTED AGAINST ITS REPEAL, remaining constantly in his seat, and manifesting the utmost anxiety to prolong its pestilential existence. We refer those who doubt on this subject to the Congressional records. Not only did Mr. Irvin vote for the law, at a time when its creation was not called for, save by a very small portion of the people, but even when its repeal was demanded by all sections of the Union, and even when NUMBERS OF OTHER FEDERAL MEMBERS, voted for its repeal, he persisted in his constant efforts to prevent its overthrow.

What was the Bankrupt Law for which James Irvin voted? Let us give the powerful picture drawn of its provisions by the Hon. James Buchanan, in his magnificent speech prior to the passage of the bill, on the 24th of July, 1841, in which he made the remarkable prophecy, that "it would produce the greatest excitement ever witnessed in this country. It would be repealed in as short a time as that of 1800, [which was repealed before its time had half run out, by a vote of 99 to 13 in the House, and 17 to 12 in the Senate.] In the meantime there would be a rush upon the courts with business, which would so clog them as to arrest their ordinary functions."

This prophecy has been startlingly realized, as thousands in this country can bear evidence to. But to Mr. Buchanan's opinion of the Bankrupt Law for which Mr. Irvin voted. After going to show that he was in favor of such a Bankrupt Law, as "could be carried into execution by the Courts of the United States," he proceeds:—

"Under the present Bankrupt Law, the debtor must be discharged, unless a majority in number and value of his creditors, who have proved their debts should file their written dissent thereto." Now he should put a case, and many such would occur under the present bill. A merchant in Philadelphia had a debtor in Mississippi who owed him \$20,000. This debtor applies to the District Court of that State for the benefit of the act. The merchant believes he has been guilty of fraud, and determines to oppose his discharge. He goes or sends to Mississippi for this purpose. I ask you, sir, what chance he would have to obtain the necessary proof in a country where thousands were at the same time applying for the benefit of the bankrupt law? The task would be hopeless; and consequently the attempt would be made in very few cases. Had the law required the express assent of two thirds, or even of a majority in number and value of the bankrupt's creditors, the merchant would have had one security left. The debtor must have satisfied him that he had acted honestly before he could have obtained his assent. Now the debtor would be discharged unless a majority expressly dissent. The ancient rule had been reversed, and instead of an express assent being required to produce his discharge, there must now be an express dissent to prevent it.—And if the majority did dissent, what would be the consequence? Was this conclusive, and would the debtor still remain liable? No, sir, no! The Philadelphia merchant would then have to enter upon a new law suit. Notwithstanding this express dissent, the question would, under the bill, be referred to a jury, and if they decided in the bankrupt's favor, he was discharged from his debts forever, even against the dissent of all his creditors. Truly this bill was a measure to relieve all debtors who might decide to cut loose from their debts, without any adequate provision for the security of creditors."

This picture, if regarded either as a prediction, or as a detail of the results of experience, is equally correct. How many thousands in Pennsylvania could certify to its startling faithfulness!

Mr. Bayard, Federal Senator from Delaware, opposed and denounced the bill.

Mr. Archer, another Federal Senator, did the same.

Mr. Graham, the late Federal Governor of North Carolina, voted against it.

Mr. Prentiss, a Federal member from Vermont, voted against it.

Prior to its passage, it was denounced by Mr. Benton as a Federal Whig measure. The country will long remember his vehement and powerful denunciations of its provisions.

In the face of all the arguments against it, however, JAMES IRVIN voted for the Bankrupt Law.

When the bill to repeal this law was before the Senate, Mr. Bayard, a Federal Senator from Delaware, said: "It had no penalties, but simply the desire of relief from responsibility, on refusal of the surrender of property or concealment. Considering the law, as it now stands, wholly unconstitutional & inexpedient, he should vote for its repeal."

Mr. Morehead, of Kentucky, a Federal Senator, could not resist the influence that demanded the repeal of the Bankrupt Law.

Mr. Huntingdon, another Federal member from Connecticut, said that the opinion which he demanded its repeal was general throughout the country.

Mr. Phelps, Mr. Mangum, Mr. Rives,

Mr. Sprague, and Mr. Wilcox, all Federal Senators, voted for its repeal.

When it came before the House, Mr. IRVIN was one of the seventy-one who voted to retain this odious law on our statute books.

Mr. Benton, of Missouri, prior to the vote on the repeal, characterized this law in these emphatic terms:

"The law was unconstitutional, and therefore, he would not sanction its being kept alive in any shape or form. It was nothing under God Almighty's heaven but a pure and simple compilation of insolvent debtors' acts from the reign of George the First to the present day, for the abolition of debts without the consent or authority of creditors. And no one act ever yet invented, in itself, amounted to such a wholesale repudiation of debts, as this law."

Mr. Buchanan was anxious "that it should no longer be a blot upon our statute books—that it should no longer produce the injustice, iniquity, and fraud, which had startled the minds of the American people, and caused them to demand its repeal."

It has been variously estimated that under this infamous law, one of the boasted measures of the party which came into power in 1841, from four to six hundred millions of debts were cancelled. The excitement it produced will long be remembered. It compelled the same Congress which created to repeal it. All classes, all parties, were aroused against it, and while there can be no doubt that its provisions were beneficial to many honest and good men, yet the glaring fraud and injustice to which it opened the door, excited universal alarm. It operated alike against the merchant, the mechanic, and the laborer, and hundreds who were supposed and believed to be perfectly solvent, shielded themselves behind its provision, and evaded their just debts. Mr. Irvin, the present Federal candidate for Governor, who was then in Congress, was deaf to all these powerful circumstances, and manifested as much bitterness in resisting its repeal, as he had manifested willingness to fasten it upon the statute books, before it had been required by the people. No man was found in his seat so constantly as Mr. Irvin, when this law was under discussion, and no one displayed more anxiety to have it passed, or showed more opposition to its repeal. We know there are in this State thousands who only desire to be satisfied of these things to make them oppose his election.—If the facts here thrown together do not suffice, we have only to ask them to take up the proceedings of Congress and examine for themselves.

The Toll-Gate of Life.

We are all on a journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like a turnpike—all along which Vice and Folly have erected toll-gates for the accommodation of those who choose to call as they go—and there are very few of all the host of travellers who do not stop occasionally a little at some one or another of them—and consequently pay more or less to the toll-gatherers. Pay more or less, we say, because there is a great variety as well in amounts as in the kind of toll exacted at these different stopping places.

Pride and fashion take heavy tolls of the purse. Many a man has become a beggar by paying at their gates. The ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road that way is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road in the outset. She tempts the traveller with many fair promises, and wins thousands—but she takes without mercy. Like an artful robber, she allures, till she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and of money, and turns him off, a miserable object, into the very worst and most ragged road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He's the very worst toll-gatherer on the road; for he not only gets from his customers their money and health, but he robs them of their brains. The man you meet in the road, ragged and ruined in fame and fortune, are his victims.

And so we might go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through, at least tolerably well, you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of those places. The plain common sense man, who travel straight forward, get thro' the journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things, it becomes every one in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he gets in with. We are all apt to do a good deal as our companions do—stop where they stop, and pay toll where they pay. Ten chances to one, then, but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid due regard to a prudent choice of companions, the next important thing is, closely to observe how others manage—to mark the good or evil that is produced by every course of life—to see how those who do well manage, and trace the cause of evil to its origin in conduct. Thus you will make yourself master of the information, most necessary to regulate your own conduct. There is no difficulty in working things right if you know how—by those means you learn. Be careful of your habits. These make the man. They require long and careful culture, ere they grow to be of a second nature. Good habits we speak of. Bad ones are most easily acquired—they are spontaneous weeds that flourish rapidly and rankly, without care of culture.