

# Democratic Banner.

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## POETRY.

### ETERNITY.

Thou'lt thou, Oh! deep, unmeasured sea,  
Thy length and depth a mystery profound;  
Days, weeks, years, centuries--in immensity  
Pass on, nor leave a footprint on a sound.  
Thou'lt thou, up to the smooth, unbroken brow,  
Beyond the limit of our dimmest thought,  
A shoreless space--where ages multiply bow,  
Like bubbles on thy bosom, and are not  
Awafted from thy face, we see a throng  
Of generations rushing through the gloom;  
They rise, and others rise, and all are gone,  
They ebb, and others ebb, and all are found;  
To thee--but thou, thy young, untried, art evermore  
One all-perpetuating presence--a sea without a shore!

### INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

A man of subtle, unobtrusive  
A woman of the internal evidence  
That pips his Bible true  
The terms of disputative power  
Had never reached his ear  
He laid his hand upon his heart,  
And only answered "HERE."

### The Mother and Child.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the evening of a hot and sultry summer day, Maria, a poor widow, sat at the open window of her little chamber, and gazed up upon the neat orchard which surrounded her cottage. The grass had been mown in the morning, but the heat of the sun had soon dried it. She had already gathered a little hay, and the sweet smell of the hay now blew into the chamber as if to refresh and strengthen her after her labor. The glow of sunset was already fading upon the border of the clear and cloudless sky, and the moon shone calm and bright into the little chamber, shadowing the square panes of the hall window, together with the grape vine which adorned it, upon the nicely paneled door. Little Ferdinand, a boy of six years of age, stood leaning against the window frame; his blooming face and yellow locks, with a portion of his white, clean shirt sleeves and scarlet vest, were distinctly visible in the moonlight.

The poor woman was sitting thus to rest herself, perhaps. But oppressive, as had been the labor of the sultry day, yet a heavier burden weighed upon her bosom, and rendered her forgetful of her weariness. She had eaten but a spoonful of two of their supper, which consisted of bread and milk. Little Ferdinand was also greatly disturbed, but did not speak, because he saw that his mother was so sorrowful, having observed that his mother, instead of eating, wept bitterly, he had laid aside his spoon, and the earthen dish stood upon the table almost as full as when served up.

Maria was left a widow in the early part of the previous spring. Her deceased husband, one of the wealthiest men in the village, had, by industry and economy, saved a sum of money, sufficient to purchase the little cottage, with its neat meadow, though not entirely free from encumbrance. The industrious man had planted the green and cheerful field with young trees which already bore the sweet fruit. He had chosen Maria for his wife, although she was a poor orphan, and her parents were able to give her nothing more than a good education; he had chosen her because she was known as the most pious, industrious and well-behaved maiden in the village. They had lived happily together. But the typhus fever broke out in the village, and her husband died. Having nursed him with the greatest tenderness, she herself was attacked with it, after his death, and barely escaped with life.

Her husband's sickness and her own had thrown them much behindhand; but now the most eventful part with her little cottage. Her deceased husband had long hoped for the richest peasant in the country, a man by the name of Meyer. The peasant, who highly esteemed him on account of his fidelity and industry, had lent him three hundred crowns to purchase this cottage, with the ground belonging to it, upon the condition that he would pay off fifty crowns yearly, twenty-five in money and twenty-five in labor. Until the year that he was taken sick, her husband had faithfully performed his agreement, and she had now amounted to but fifty crowns. Meyer knew all this very well. Meyer now died of the same disease. The heirs, a son and daughter-in-law, found the note for three hundred crowns among the papers of the deceased. They did not know a word about the affair, the old man had never spoken of it to them. The terrified woman assured them, calling Heaven to witness, that her deceased husband had paid off the whole except fifty crowns. But all this was of no avail. The young peasant talked her a shameful liar, and summoned her before a court of law. As she could not prove that anything had been paid, it was decided that the whole claim was valid. The heirs intended upon payment, such as poor Maria had been able to give, and she was now left with nothing but her cottage and grounds.

this little property must now be sold. She had fallen upon her knees before the heirs, and had prayed them not to turn her out of doors; little Ferdinand wept with her--but wept, but all was in vain. The following morning was appointed for the sale. She had heard this an hour before, just as she had finished her day's work. A neighbor had called out over the hedge and told it to her.

It was for this reason that she now sat so sorrowful by the open window, gazing now upward to the clear sky, now upon Ferdinand, and then gazing steadily upon the floor. There was a sad silence. "Alas!" she said to herself, "I have to-day, then, raked hay from the orchard for the last time. The early yellow plums which I picked this morning for Ferdinand, are the last fruit which the poor boy will eat from the trees which his father planted for him! Yes, this may be the last night we may spend beneath this roof. By this time to-morrow, this cottage will be another's property, and who can say but we will be turned out at once. Heaven alone knows where we shall find a shelter to-morrow. Perhaps under the open heaven! She began to sob violently. Little Ferdinand, who until now had not moved, came forward, and weeping, said:

"Mother, do not cry so bitterly, or else I cannot talk to you. Do you not know what father said, as he died there on that bed? 'Do not weep so,' he said, 'God is a father to the poor widows and orphans. Call upon him in thy distress, and he will aid thee.' This is what he said, and is it not true then?"

"Yes, dear child," said the mother, "it is true."  
"Well," said the boy, "Why do you weep so long, then? Pray to God and he will help you."  
"Good child, thou art right!" said his mother; and her tears flowed less bitterly, and comfort was mingled with her sorrow. She folded her arms, and raised her moist eye towards Heaven, and Ferdinand folded his hands also, and looked upward; and the bright moon shone upon the mother and child.

And the mother began to pray, and the boy repeated every word after her. "Great Father in Heaven," she said, "look down upon a poor mother and her child--a poor widow and a poor orphan raise their eyes to thee. We are in great need, and have no longer any refuge upon the earth. But thou art rich in mercy. Thou hast thyself said, 'Call upon me in the day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee.' Oh, to thee we pray. Thou art not far from this dwelling--take not from a poor orphan his only little inheritance. Or, if in thy mysterious but still most wise and benevolent purposes, thou hast otherwise decreed, prepare for us a resting place upon the wide, vast earth. Oh, pour thy consolation into our hearts, lest they break as we wander forth, and from yonder hill turn to look for the last time upon our house!"

Subs interrupted her; weeping, she gazed towards Heaven, and was silent. The boy, who yet stood with folded hands, suddenly exclaimed, with outstretched finger--

"Mother, look! What is that? Yonder moves a light! Yonder flies a little star. Look, there it hurries by the window! Oh, see, now it comes in! How bright, how beautiful it shines! Look, only look! It has a greenish light. It is almost as beautiful as the evening star. Now it moves along the ceiling. That is wonderful!"

"It is a fire fly, dear Ferdinand," said his mother. "In the day time it is a small, unsightly insect, but in the night it gives out a most beautiful light."

"May I catch it?" said the boy. "Will it not hurt me, and will not the light burn me?"

"It will not burn thee," said the mother, and she laughed, while the tears steamed down her cheeks.

"Catch it and examine it close, it is one of the wonders of God's almighty power."

The boy, entirely forgetful of his sorrow, at once tried to catch the sparkling fire fly, now on the floor, now under the table, now under the chair.

"Alas, what a pity!" said the boy; for as he stretched out his hand to catch the bright insect, it flew behind the great chest that stood against the wall. He looked under the chest.

"I see it plain enough," he said; "there it is, close against the wall; and the white wall, and the floor, and every bit of dust near it, shines as if the moon shone upon it; but I cannot reach it; my arm is not long enough!"

"Have patience," said the mother, "it will soon come out again."

The boy watched a little while, and then came to his mother and said, with a still imploring voice--

"Mother, do you get it out for me, or move the chest a little from the wall; and I can easily catch it."

it and the wall, fell upon the floor. She uttered a loud cry as she picked it up. "Ah," she exclaimed, "now all our trouble is over. That is last year's account book, which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought it had been destroyed or of no value, by strangers, perhaps, while I lay senseless during my illness! Now it can be shown that thy father paid the money that they demand of us. Who would have thought that the account book was stuck behind the great chest which we took with the cottage, and which has not been moved since we bought it!"

She at once lighted a lamp, and turned over the leaves of the account, while tears of joy sparkled in her eyes. Everything was correctly put down--the sum which her deceased husband owed of three hundred crowns at the beginning of the year, and what he paid off in money and in work. Below stood the following lines, written in Meyer's own hand:

"I have settled accounts with James Bloom, to-day, (St. Martin's day), and he now owes me fifty crowns."

The mother struck her hands together with joy, embraced her child, and exclaimed with delight--

"Oh, Ferdinand, give thanks to God, for we now need not leave home; now we can remain in our cottage."

"And I was the cause, was I not mother?" said the little fellow. "If I had not begged you to move the chest, you never would have found the book. It might have laid there a hundred years."

The mother stood for a while in silent astonishment, and then said--

"Oh, my child, it was God's doings. I feel a thrill of awe and reverence when I reflect upon it. Look! as we both prayed and wept, there came the sparkling fire fly, and pointed out the spot where this book was concealed. Yes, truly! God's hand is in all things, however trifling. Nothing comes by chance. Even the hairs of our head are numbered, not one of them fall to the ground without his knowledge. Remember this for thy life long, and put thy trust in him especially in time of need. It is easy for him to aid and to save. He does not need to send a shining angel to us. He can send us help by a winged insect!"

"The mother could not sleep that night for joy. Soon after the break of day, she took her way to the judge, who at once sent for her. He came. He acknowledged the writing as genuine, and was much ashamed of having slandered the woman before the Court, and having called her a liar. The judge declared he owed her some recompense for the shame and great sorrow which he had caused her. The man was not unwilling to make atonement for his injustice.

But when the poor woman had related the whole account of her evening prayer, and the appearance of the fire fly, the judge said--

"That is the finger of God; he has visibly helped you!"

"Yes, it is so. God is the father of the widow and the fatherless; and their avenger also. Pardon me for harshness towards you. I release you from the payment of the fifty crowns, and if at any time in need, come to me, and I will assist you. I now see clearly that those who trust in God he will never forsake--and that confidence in him is a safer dependence than great riches. And if I ever come to want, or my wife should be a widow and my children orphans, may he help us also as he has helped you."

Trust always thus in him, and be as upright as this poor widow, and help will not be wanting to you in time of need.

### SILAS WRIGHT.

From Sacket's Harbor, I descended the St. Lawrence to Ogdensburg, and from thence by stage to Canton, to visit Governor Wright.

Gov. Wright and myself are personal friends--besides, we both belong to the democratic party; and though he was at the head of it in the State, and I somewhat nearer the cradle extremity, still extremes, at times meet--and I took a friend's privilege to visit him socially. In the morning after my arrival I accompanied him to the hay field, and admired the ease and dignity with which he adorned his translation from public to private life. Ah, sir, could you have seen him with his cool straw hat, and his cooler low pants, and noted how dexterously he handled the scythe and heathily laid his swath! Visions of Roman austerity and simplicity--Cincinnatus behind the plough, the noblest of them all--danced before my sight, and then swelled out into all the pomp and circumstance of a glorious reality. I could not but wish that I had a degenerate type apparatus at hand to catch the portrait as it was for the benefit of some future Livy, to illustrate and adorn his text. His excellency was in the best style of health--the scurvy tricks of fortune had party do not rattle him a particle.

Corr. Syracuse Star.

A writ was issued in New York on Friday week, at the suit of Edward Fox, the father of Mary Fox, against Martin Hare, the individual who seduced Mary. The damages laid in the case are \$30,000, and the court held Hare to bail in the sum of \$5,000.

### The Tennessee Squire OF THE OLDEN TIME.

There flourished for many years in a certain village in the good State of Tennessee, an eccentric old fellow who rejoiced in the name of Peter Izard; and for eleven years he filled the important office, known in various parts of the Union as Magistrate, Alderman, or Justice of the Peace. Whether so restricted by law, or whether it was owing to the little business done and credit given in his neighborhood, we know not; but it is a fixed fact, that there was never a case before him of more value than \$10, and that case is now presented to the public. Dating the long term of his official career, 'Squire Izard' was equally celebrated for his inflexible integrity, and his singular manners. Yet, strange to say, he held office only by the so called fickle *aura populi*, for it was an elective office. But he kept all the liquor and was the only man who could write in the town. In those halcyon days newspapers and common schools were unknown. His honesty was also proverbial; millions could not have tempted him to have wronged his bitterest enemy of a dime, or to have decided a case with common politeness. And, on the whole, he was popular, for so that the decision was just and upright; what mattered the uncouth phrase in which it was couched? The shell was rough and bitter, but the kernel was sweet. We will now give an example of Squire Izard's mode of proceeding.

A gentleman by the name of McMurrin, of the place, was riding through C---, where the horse cast a shoe. For replacing it, the blacksmith, whose name was Bildo, charged the cool sum of an eagle--or rather two sovereigns. Naturally indignant, our traveller refused to pay such an exorbitant demand, and while he was cooling his bile and his stomach at the 'General Jackson'--the tavern (*par excellence*) of the town, he was arrested at the suit of the son of Vulcao. There being no other resource, Mr. M. was conducted to the magistrate's office, back of the bar.

It should have been mentioned, that Squire Izard not only filled the office of Justice, but he was the tavern keeper besides. The sign that swung before his door, displayed on a blue ground a figure supposed to resemble a human being. A very large red face was depicted, surrounded by a white halo, and surmounted by a chapeau, with three waving plumes. To this was appended a blue coated body, with very diminutive legs attired in large jack boots and intensely yellow pantaloons. One hand flourished a sword, the other rested on a canon spontaneously belching forth very red flame, very blue smoke, and a ball like a black wafer, plainly visible. The artist had commenced at the head, and being cramped for room ere he finished, like another Procrustes, he accommodated the rest of the picture to suit circumstances. This work of art was supposed to bear a striking personal resemblance to the Hero of New Orleans. The other side bore the legend 'Entertainment for Man and Beast, by P. Izard.' But to proceed.

After being introduced into the august presence of the squire and the charge stated, the following dialogue occurred.

"Well, sir, what's your name?"  
"McMurrin, sir."  
"Humph, Mr. McMurrin, no other name?"  
"John McMurrin, sir."  
"No, Mr. Curgen--no alias?"  
"Of course, I have not, sir--I've no need of none."  
"Where do you live, Mr. Curgen?"  
"My name ain't Curgen--I told you it is McMurrin."  
"Well, Mr. McMurrin, did you make any bargain for shoeing your horse?"  
"No, sir."  
"Then, Mr. Burton, you acted, sir--excuse me, sir, like a fool?"  
"I didn't come here to be insulted, sir--and no man shall talk so to me," cried poor Mac.

"I know you did not, Mr. Fulton--keep silence, sir, or I'll fine you. You acted, sir--don't contradict me--like a perfect fool; and let this be a warning, sir, never to trust such a scoundrel as Bildo (the smith) farther than you can swing a bull by his tail. You, sir, (to the plaintiff) I mean you--you skunk! You'd steal the coppers on your dead mother's eyes, you poor no-souled hog. The sentence of this court is, that you, Enos Bildo, shall have two times for your work, which is all it's worth; and if you say another word, I'll knock you down. Clear this court."

Fully satisfied with the verdict, and highly amused with his adventure, Mac went on his way rejoicing.

This confounding of names was a favorite hobby of the 'Squire's' and he was quite an adept in the art. On one occasion when he was summoned as a witness before a State Court one of the lawyers undertook to pay him off in his own coin.

"When the Squire took the witness stand, the following dialogue occurred:

"What's your name, sir?"  
"Peter Izard, sir--Izard!"  
"How old are you, Mr. Izard?"  
"My name is Izard--Peter Izard."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gizzard--but I am a little hard of hearing this morning!"

"Izard, sir--Izard!"  
"Ah, I understand! Well, Mr. Buzard, how old are you?"  
"Now look a here, Mister, that's not my name, and I won't answer."

"You won't answer my questions, Mr. Trizzle? We'll see about that! Now, sir, what's your age, Mr. Drizzle?"  
The witness maintained a dignified silence.

"Perhaps he had better spell his name for you, brother," said the Court, chokating with laughter.

"Eye," cried the witness--"zed ay-ard-ee!"  
"Well, your honor, I called that name all along--Weasel!"  
"Any fool might know it spells Izard!" shouted Peter.

"May it please the Court," interposed the Attorney, throwing himself up with an air of wounded dignity, "either this witness Meazles must be removed, or I shall withdraw from the bar."

"Go to -- you rascal," belowed the infuriated Peter.

"Sheriff! take charge of the witness!" cried the court, stifling for a moment its mirth--for the only sober faces in the assemblage were those of the lawyer and the witness.

"You be--" bawled out Squire Izard, "you and the court, too! you loud-tongued vagabonds!"  
A mittimus to the jail for three days and \$25 fine, cried the court.

Here the Sheriff came up to Peter to carry him off.

"What's my name, Tom?" called the Squire, as he was led out.

"Pete Izard!" was the prompt response.

"You're a trump, by the holy poker--Come, let's liquor!"

The following day, the Squire was pardoned, and his fine remitted, but never afterwards did he venture to use the weapon that had been so effectually turned against himself.

### Important from Santa Fe.

Murder of Some Americans--Another contemplated Inurrection--Captivity & Burning of Los Vias--Difficulty between Col. Price and Chief Justice Houston, &c.

An extra of the Jefferson (Mo.) Inquirer of the 10th inst., has the following highly important news from New Mexico. The Inquirer says:

By the politeness of a gentleman direct from Santa Fe, (who left on the 6th July, and passed down the river on the steamer Bertrand,) we gather the following intelligence. He came with Captain Den's company of volunteers. He left them at Fort Leavenworth.

On the night of the 26th June, the Mexicans made an attack upon the camp of Capt. Horine's company, and succeeded in stealing all the horses of his company. On the 28th, Lieut. Brown, of his company, and private Quessaberry and McLanahan, and a Mexican, as a guide, were sent in pursuit of the horses. They were to have returned next day, but did not. Suspicion then arose that they were murdered. On the 5th of July, a woman came into camp and stated that three Americans had been murdered and one Mexican. Major Edmondson, who was then in command of a small force at Los Vegas, immediately put out a picket guard with orders to let no person in or out, without having authority to pass, in order to catch some of the revolutionary spirits. One of the guard arrested a Mexican on the 6th of July, and brought him into camp. By orders of Maj. E. he was hung up by the neck three different times, in order to compel him to make a confession. The first and second time, he denied knowing anything, on being let down the third time, he stated, he heard at mass, at church, the Sunday previous, that three Americans and one Spaniard had been murdered, and burnt by the Mexicans of Los Vias. It was then near night.

Maj. Edmondson then ordered twenty mounted men, and 33 as infantry taking a howitzer, to be ready at 12 o'clock at night, to march to Los Vias 20 miles distant. At that hour, he started with his small command; after travelling a few miles, he found the infantry could not keep up, he ordered the mounted men with despatch, and the infantry to come on as fast as possible. Maj. Edmondson reached the town just at day break. He charged upon the right of the town at the head of 14 men, and Capt. Horine, and Holloway, on the left with 15. Maj. E. had some difficulty in getting into the town in consequence of some ditches. He however made his entrance. The Mexicans fled in confusion. They were pursued, and in the pursuit 10 Mexicans were killed and several wounded. No loss on the American side. The charge of Maj. E. and Capt. Horine and Holloway is said to have been gallantly performed--50 Mexicans were taken prisoners. The whole town was burned and destroyed, by order of Maj. Edmondson, wherever stolen goods were found. Two or three houses were left to shelter the women and children. Plenty of corn was obtained for the horses of the troops, and chickens, hogs, &c. for the men to eat. By orders of Major E. a mill within half a mile of the town, belonging to an alcalde, was burned down. It was ascertained he was at the head of the whole affair. Several