

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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## TERMS

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## HOME EDUCATION.

### A Story of Every day Life.

"Come, Kitty, you must stir about lively to-day—there's baking to do, the front to clean, and dinner to get, besides a host of other things; and after all's done I want you to take the children to the square for a couple of hours this afternoon."

"Yes mam, I'll try to get through in time, though I don't feel quite as smart as common this morning as I was up so late last night ironing."

"Now, Kitty," said Mrs. Makedoo, "that's the very time to work, when you don't feel like it, make that a rule through life, and you will always find yourself doing something you don't like to; it will be such a satisfaction to you to know how much you can accomplish in that way."

"The dear knows," said Kitty. "I've had to practice that hard rule from necessity long enough, but what shall I do about bringing down the breakfast tray, as Miss Araminta has not yet breakfasted?"

"So she has not Kitty, and I guess I might as well run up and wake her now, as it's ten o'clock. Poor thing, she came home so late last night from the party, that I told her to sleep as long as she could this morning; I really wonder if the dear girl ever gets well rested; I'll go and see if she wants her toast and coffee in her room?" With these remarks the dutiful mother ascended the staircase on her errand of inquiry.

In the meanwhile Kitty makes loud and impatient music with her pots and kettles, and thus soliloquises—

"Yes, baking to do, dinner to get, the front to clean, it's all mighty easy talking; then when my fine lady gets up, she's got to be waited on; very likely she'll send me on some errand to the 'unlinese', and when I come back she'll want a dress pressed in a minute, to walk out in. Yes, Kitty can do it, it's nothing for Kitty, but I guess if she had Kitty's weak back and tired feet, she'd lay a bed a week and send me for the Doctor—"

"Kitty," screamed her mistress at the top of her voice from the head of the stairs. "Mam."

"Are there any eggs in the house?"

"No mam; (there it is again, now I just wonder what they want with eggs this time a day.)"

"Step out somewhere, Kitty, and buy a few, Araminta thinks she could eat one on her toast."

"Yes mam; but how can I leave the bread that's just ready to bake?"

"Oh! be right quick, Kitty, and the bread won't suffer."

Away went the distracted housemaid for the eggs, and when she returned she cooked one and took it up to the young lady's room, where she had the satisfaction of hearing from that individual that it was 'at half done; and more than that, she had waited so long that her appetite was all gone and she could not bear the sight of it.

Well, after much labor, the work was pretty well through with, and dinner served at the usual hour. Araminta managed, with the help of her mother, to dress herself, and thereby was enabled to make her appearance in the dining room with her heavy blue eyes and dress to match, about the time of her father's entrance; her appetite being unusually good, she contrived to smell a bit of roast beef, and succeeded in eating three Lima beans, after graciously taking the skin of each one.

"Pa," said she very languidly, "I heard some one at the party last night speaking of a delightful ghost story—Hamlet, I believe, is the name of the man that saw the spectre, and I do wish you would get it for me; if it is in two volumes you need not mind about it though, as I should never get time to read it—who knows but what it is as interesting as Dombey?"

"It would not be to you," replied her father, very gravely.

"Then don't trouble yourself about it, Pa. You know my taste, and can easily judge, but I do wish another number of Dombey would come—I'm so anxious to know if sweet Florence has heard from her beau, Walter Gay, and if he ever intends to come back again; where was it he went Pa, to Mexico?"

"Mexico fiddlesticks, child! no, he went to the Indies, and I know where I have a notion to send you."

"O where, Pa? this is delightful weather for travelling."

"To school," replied her impatient father, for you mortify me to death with your stupidity. However, your mother tells me to-morrow will be your eighteenth birthday, and I suppose you will expect a handsome present. Now, as you have an idea of being married before a great while, 'tis quite time you understand the practical part of housekeeping, and my gift to you shall be either a good sized broom or a scrubbing brush, which I shall insist on your using."

But Araminta had fainted before the conclusion of his sentence.

"Only see what you have done," exclaimed

med his wife as she ran in haste to her daughter's assistance.

"Don't disturb yourself," said her husband, she has only fainted, and I'll warrant she comes in time for this evening's concert. If she would take more healthful exercise she would hardly stop the circulation at so short a notice, and with this consoling speech Mr. Makedoo went to his counting house. Kitty was called again to bring the cologne bottle and fan from Araminta's room, beside other jobs which left little time for the kitchen department; but by dint of hard labor and perseverance, she found time to take the children a walking, and then hurried home to get supper.

At the table, Mr. Makedoo said the bread was sour. The blame, as usual, rested on Kitty, who was immediately summoned to account for it. When she made her appearance, she gave a piteous detail of the morning—how she had to do many errands after the bread was all ready for baking, that she could not help it.

Her mistress said that was no excuse whatever, as she might have hurried more than she did, and then the bread would have been sweet and good.

Mr. Makedoo looked frowningly at his wife and daughter. "Susan," said he to the former, "if Araminta had at least been taught to wait on herself a little, and give some slight assistance in the house, Kitty would not be thus imposed on; as it is, you have absolutely ruined your child; yet if you would dress her less foolishly & expensively, you would then find yourself able to keep more help on your own account."

His wife put her laced pocket handkerchief to her eyes, and his daughter was looking for a convenient place to swoon, and for fear of another scene, the unhappy husband and father left the apartment.

Mrs. Makedoo went below to give that lazy Kitty, as she termed her, a complete blowing up.

"It seems to me, Kitty, you complain a great deal about nothing—pray where did you live before you came here?"

The poor girl being fairly roused, replied that she lived with Mrs. Harris, who was something like a lady, and never expected too much from her.

"I used to know her very well, pray why did you leave her?"

"Because her oldest daughter had left school and she said she wished her to learn to work; but while there was so much help in the house, she hadn't half a chance; so as Nancy, the other girl, had been there longer than I had, she sent me away with kind words and useful presents. I can't think," answered Mrs. Makedoo, "that Mrs. Harris would do so ungentle a thing as to oblige her daughter to do housework; and I'll call there soon and find out for myself."

True to her word Mrs. Makedoo called to see Mrs. Harris on the following Tuesday, and Lucy Harris, the eldest daughter, answered the bell; which somewhat shocked her ideas of propriety. "Why Lucy dear," she said, "how flushed you look—have you a fever, or what is the matter?"

Lucy, radiant with health and good humor said she was entirely well, but had been ironing all the morning, and as Nancy was sweeping the third story she told her she would tend to the bell in her absence.

Mrs. Harris now entered the parlor, and Lucy, after excusing herself, returned to her work.

"How do you do, my dear Susan," said Mrs. Harris cordially, shaking her hand to her welcome guest.

"I'm very well, I thank you, Mary."

"And how is Araminta and the children?"

"O, dear, the children are well, but troublesome as usual, though I don't know much about them. Araminta is often dull, and has no appetite at all. Poor thing, as Mrs. Chick said of old Dombey's first wife, I fear she will never be able to make an effort. 'Tis hardly worth while to ask after Lucy, she looks so very rosy, almost too much so to suit my taste; by the way, I heard from my Kitty that you had put her to work, and one reason for my calling was to know the truth of it—have you really done such an out of the way thing?"

"I am very happy to answer in the affirmative, Susan; when she left school, her occupation seemed gone; she became listless and languid; her appetite left her, and in our anxiety we consulted a physician in regard to her health. He told us the best thing for her was daily and regular exercise, though moderately at first until her strength could bear more. So after, Mr. Harris and myself had talked the matter over, I dismissed one of the girls, and went hand in hand for a while with Lucy to encourage her. She now makes all the beds in the house before breakfast, sweeps the chambers occasionally, always helps iron the clothes, and frequently assists in cooking, you must drink tea with us soon and taste some of her bread, it is so delicious."

"But don't she dress herself in her best, and walk out every day?"—my Araminta could not exist without that."

"She is always neat in her dress, but seldom walks out merely for a promenade. She is interested in every household de-

partment, and has sufficient exercise indoors for her health. Her appetite and spirits are both good, and we are glad that we had the firmness to make her useful and thereby happy; her needle, too, is not idle, as I am frequently indebted to her for much assistance with the children's garments."

"What will Araminta think of all this?" said Mrs. Makedoo; why, Mary, we only keep one girl, though I often think there's enough work in the house for two; but it never entered my head to call on my daughter for help. Dear me, she is the one most waited on in the family."

"I hope you will be encouraged, Susan, to do as I have done, and bestow a little of the care on her that your mother bestowed on you; for fashionable as you have become, you cannot disguise the truth that you were taught to work as well as me. Do you remember when we lived neighbors in the country, the many useful lessons our mothers gave us; and when our present husbands courted our favor, do you suppose they thought the less of us for being industrious?"

"It is different in a city, Mary."

"The difference, Susan, is only in our own minds, and arises from false pride. I have chosen to stick to first principles, believing it will save my child much unhappiness in future. The fate of nations depends, in a great measure, on a mother's training; and parents cannot be too much alive to their great responsibilities. I beg you will consider this subject deeply, and pray for right wisdom to direct you."

Mrs. Makedoo had listened in silence. Then her thoughts went back to her childhood's home, beautiful and refreshing to her memory, as to herself when her innocent thoughts and childish sports had made an Eden of that secluded spot: when the gay song of the early birds awakened her from health breathing slumbers, & she arose with the dawn, light-hearted and happy, to perform her daily duties; trifling they were, perhaps in reality, but rendered important and regularly exacted by a mother anxious for her daughter's welfare, and ever watchful to direct her youthful footsteps in the way that brings peace here and happiness in the world to come; alas! alas! where stood she now? It seemed as though all those early lessons and sweet counsels had been buried in the grave of her departed mother: The rank weed had come up and smothered the young buds of promise; how, thought she, have I fulfilled the trust toward the immortal soul committed to my care. The ways of high life in a fashion-bound city have blinded my judgment and better knowledge; my child has grown up beneath my eye ignorant of all that truly ennobles and exalts our natures—vanity and love of dress the only aim of her existence.

"Tis too late now, Mary," said Mrs. Makedoo, as she rose in haste to take her departure, 'tis too late to undo the deep injury I have done my daughter; if she lives she will have plenty of trouble, like the rest of us, and in her hours of trials she will, perhaps, and justly too, blame her mother for not teaching her better how to meet and how to bear it. I will go home and talk to my husband; I know his heart will gladden at the prospect of a reform in this matter; he will encourage me to do what is yet in my power for Araminta—and I promise you, my dear Mary, to try and take the rest of my children in good season for their improvements."

Mothers, who read this, go ye and do likewise.

## The Clergy of England.

Mr. Horsman, who delivered a speech in the last House of Commons, against the creation of new bishops, while the working clergy were unprovided for, has enlarged his speech and given his views to the world through the press. He states that out of the 12,000 ministers of the Church of England, 4,606 are destitute of appropriate residence—3,525 possess an income of each less than £150 per annum, some having less than £20 the year, and others as low as £10. The gross income of the 12,000 ministers is about three millions sterling per annum. The population presumed to belong to the Church of England covers 75,000 square miles, and are enumerated at twelve millions, giving one clergyman only to each 1,000 inhabitants occupying a square of five miles. Six millions of the population are stated by Mr. Horsman to be entirely destitute of religious instruction from any source.

Neither happiness nor misery is stable, and it is, perhaps, the very knowledge of their instability that enables us to bear excess of either. When we have reached the summit of our wishes, we feel that short resting time is allowed, and while on the giddy height, require more exertions to maintain our footing than we did in ascending to it. Our position is never stationary, and we are often obliged to hurry down the declivity with quicker steps than we made the ascent. The fear of coming sorrow tempers the violence of present pleasure, and hope, the sole comforter of the miserable, subdues the intensity of actual grief.

Life does not consist merely in breathing, but in action.

## The Battles at Mexico.

Since our last publication we have received full particulars of the battles which followed the armistice and ended with driving the Mexican army out of the city and the occupation of the Palace of the Montezumas by Gen. Scott and his army.

We give the details in the following letters:

Copy of a letter written by a Foreigner to one of his countrymen in Vera Cruz. (a Frenchman.)

MEXICO, Sept. 28, 1847.

My Dear Sir: I avail myself of the departure of the British courier to sketch you the scenes it has been my luck to witness in the capital and its environs.

The Mexicans having been beaten at all points and in every way from the 8th to the 13th inst., Gen. Santa Anna left the capital on the evening of the 13th, and took the road for the interior. On the 14th, in the morning, the Americans entered the city in a very quiet manner, and General Scott was already in the palace, when, on a sudden, the people of the low classes commenced throwing stones on the Americans from the tops of the houses, and from all the streets, whilst individuals of a better standing fired from the windows and balconies on the Yankees, who were far from expecting such treatment.

Gen. Scott ordered immediately pieces of artillery to be placed in all directions, and soon swept the streets with grape-shot; but this proved insufficient to subdue the insurrection. Gen. Scott then sent a few companies on divers points, with orders to break open every house out of which they should fire, to put to the sword those found within, and, lastly, to sack the property therein contained. This order, which was executed with great moderation, (thanks to the secret instructions of Gen. Scott!) but in some cases with stern energy, soon put down the insurrection. These scenes lasted three long and sad days—from the 14th to the 16th; and I assure you we were much alarmed during the whole of the time.

All foreigners (including those imbued in other respects with prejudice towards the Americans) agree in one point—that the American army has not done the hundredth part of the injury it had a right to do, and which European armies would have done in similar circumstances. A foreigner myself, and having seen warfare in Europe towards the end of Napoleon's military career, I, judging by comparison, give it as my sincere and candid opinion, that if a continental army had been stoned and fired upon by the population of a vanquished city, the inhabitants would have been dealt with rather roughly. Now we are tranquil; but it is a sad tranquility, as we fear new disturbances.

Our precarious situation will not change for the better until peace be concluded, or the Americans send about 15,000 men more. The army of invasion is really too small; for figure to yourself 7,000 men in a city of upwards of 200,000 hostile souls, and in Puebla less than 1,500, to maintain a population of more than 50,000.—This is really too little.

The Americans have covered themselves with glory in all the battles fought in Mexico. They are all and each of them heroes. It is a great thing to see a handful of Americans cut their way through 300 miles of dense population, and hoist the star-spangled banner on the domes of this capital.

General Herrera, ex President, has gone to Queretaro, where a Congress is to assemble next month. He took with him 4,000 men, and Santa Anna fell back upon Puebla with 2,000 horsemen. These two bodies of troops are the remnants of 20,000 regular troops who defanded the city no longer than two weeks ago.

Some people hope that peace will be advocated by several members of the next Congress at Queretaro; but, for my own part, I do not believe it. The folly of these people is not yet at an end. When will they open their eyes to their true interests? Never. This is my fear.

All communications with the interior are cut off.

Editorial Correspondence of the Freycune.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 8, 1847.

Forenoon, 10 o'clock.—I have just returned from another battle field—one on which the victory of the American arms was complete, and on which our troops contended against an enemy immensely superior in number and strongly posted. Gen. Worth commenced the attack at early daylight, and in less than two hours every point was carried, all the cannon of the enemy were in our possession, an immense quantity of ammunition captured, and nearly 1,000 men, among them 53 officers, taken prisoners.

For more than an hour the battle raged with a violence not surpassed since the Mexican war commenced, and so great the odds opposed, that for some time the result was doubtful. The force of the enemy has been estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000, strongly posted behind breast-works, and to attack them our small force of scarcely 8,000 was obliged to approach on an open plain and without the least cover; but their dauntless courage carried them over every obstacle, and notwithstanding the Mexicans fought with a valor rare for them, they were finally routed from one point or another until all were

driven and dispersed. The defeat was total.

But to gain this victory our own loss has been uncommonly severe—it has been purchased with the blood of some of the most gallant spirits of the army. The 5th Infantry has suffered the most. This regiment, along with the 6th and 8th, was engaged in the attack upon a strong work on the enemy's right, and was opposed to such superior numbers that it was compelled to retire along with the others.—

The celebrated Colonel Martin Scott was killed in this attack, along with Lieuts. Burwell and Strong, while Colonel McIntosh and many other officers were badly wounded. The worse than savage miscreants in the fort, after our men retired, set up a yell, and came out and massacred such of our wounded as were unable to get off. In this way poor Burwell lost his life. Fully were they avenged, however, for within half an hour Duncan's battery, aided by the fall of another of their works, drove the dastardly wretches in full flight across the fields. No one knew or even surmised the strength of the place, it was an old fort, constructed long, and was one of the main defences of the line of works.

On the enemy's left, and nearer Chapultepec, our loss was also great, although not as severe. It was here that Colonel Wm. M. Graham, as brave a spirit as ever lived, was killed; Captains Merrill and Ayres also fell in this part of the field.— The wonder now is how any one could come out safe under such a terrible fire as the enemy poured from his entire line of works. Nothing but the daring and impetuosity of our men, who rushed onward while their comrades were falling thick around them, gained the victory—had they once faltered, all would have been lost.

The broken ground on the right of the enemy, cut up by deep ravines, saved many of Santa Anna's troops in their flight; yet as it was, our dragoons killed and captured many of the fugitives. Large bodies of the Mexican cavalry approached the scene of strife several times, but they were driven like sheep by Duncan's battery.

The Mexican loss has been even more severe than our own. Gen. Balderas, Gen. Leon, and many other officers, are numbered among the dead, while the interior of their works, the tops of the houses from which they fought, and the ground over which they fled, are strewn with lifeless bodies. Such was the panic that many of our officers say that a few fresh troops might have taken Chapultepec itself almost without a struggle, but other than a few shots fired at that point from some of the captured cannon, no demonstration was made.

After the battle was over, Gen. Scott came out accompanied by his staff, and also by Mr. Trist. The Mexicans at the time were throwing shells at some of the wagons Gen. Worth had sent out to pick up the dead and wounded. They had placed a howitzer in position on Chapultepec at the close of the action, and now seeing the enemy within reach, the cowardly wretches opened upon the ambulances and those who were gathering the bodies of their wounded and lifeless comrades. On seeing this worse than savage outrage, one of our officers, with a sarcastic expression of countenance, asked whether Mr. Trist had any new peace propositions in his pocket. Macintosh did not come out after the battle to gain more time for his friend Santa Anna, no warm our fresh intelligence of the strength and movements of our army, in order that he might be of service to the Mexicans by communicating it.

The Mexican prisoners say that Santa Anna himself was on the ground in the rear of their works, but left at the commencement of the rout. They admit that their entire force was 15,000; it is certain that including killed; wounded, prisoners and dispersed, their loss has been near 5,000. Many of them were regulars, the 11th and 12th Infantry Regiments suffering most. The commander of the latter, Col. Tenorio, is a prisoner in our hands; some 14 officers belonging to the former are also prisoners, but the commander, Gen. Perez, escaped.

The laundry, in which several mounds for casting cannon and other apparatus were found, was entirely demolished; and, after ascertaining this, Gen. Scott, not wishing to hold the position, ordered all the forces to retire. The whole affair, as a military movement, is severely criticized by many of our officers. They contend that no result has been gained commensurate with the immense loss that we have sustained in the battle. This is a matter I do not feel myself qualified to discuss, but it must be certain that the morale upon the Mexicans, of a defeat so disgraceful and so disastrous, must be important. They have now (it is 5 o'clock in the afternoon) returned to their positions; & if Santa Anna was on the ground, as is stated, and can find no one to lay the blame upon, he may twist the whole affair into a victory—on paper. It will not be the first time he has done this thing.

Since I commenced this letter I have been out endeavoring to obtain a full list of killed and wounded officers, but so far have been unable. Knowing the deep anxiety felt in the United States by the families of all, this shall be my first care.— The entire loss of Gen. Worth's division,