

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEPARTED.

BY E. CURTIS HINE.

Why weep for the departed?
For the captive spirit free?
The loved ones, and true-hearted,
Who have crossed life's wintry sea?

Ye say that they have faded,
Like the early hours of spring,
And that their graves are shaded
By the willow's drooping wing:

'Tis that reptiles now are creeping
In the midnight dark and lone,
Where the friends ye loved are sleeping,
Where the night winds make their moan:

And ye weep that youth and beauty
In their bloom should thus decay,
That *Dæmon* should do his duty,
And summon them away?

Know ye not that withered flowers,
When the winter's storms are o'er,
Bloom again, in beauty's bowers,
On the laughing streamlet's shore?

Know ye not that voiceless rivers,
Bound with winter's icy chain,
Bright rosy spring deliver,
And that they sing again?

From Noah's Messenger.

Eventful Death of a Tory of the Revolution.

Of all the grades of tories with which this country was afflicted, that which herded with the savages, was the worst. So long as the man of Saxon blood kept among his own kind, and was conscientious in his adherence to the cause he professed to embrace, there was no damning error to be attached to him, save one of judgment, or of unfortunate physical conformation. But the moment he attached himself to savages, and became their leader, or one of their counsellors, he lost his individuality as a descendent of the Saxon race, and became even more despicable than the common traitor or the petty spy.

This grade of the tory was more numerous in the State of New York than in any other, and one of them was one Donald McDonald, who did not hesitate—as, in fact, few of his kind did—to perpetrate every enormity, providing the existing political troubles gave the shadow of a legitimate excuse for it. In reality, it seemed that the greater outrages he committed, the better he was pleased. It was a task of no difficulty, to incite the Indians to acts of the most barbarous nature, and many was the miniature Wyoming in which Donald McDonald, and such as him, revelled. Of course the odium of these horridifying transactions was instantly accorded to the "infernal savages," while the pale-faced demons who stood, the authors of all, in the back ground, escaped both general public condemnation and personal injury. But, in the end, these gentlemen usually found a bloody grave, to which they were sacrificed by vengeance. Among the chivalrous feats of Donald McDonald were those of holding "rebels" on pitchforks over fire—leading the quadruped denizens of the forest with "rebel" infants—making persons who did not burrah for the king, run the Indian gauntlet—occasionally tarring and feathering the wife of a patriot—robbing farm houses, and many other glorious doings, that served his majesty and pleased those who directly represented the power of the crown in the colonies. Like the rest, Mr. McDonald carried the pitcher to the well once too often, and, sad to say, got it broken.

At a place called Shell's Bush, which was situated near Herkimer, in New York, was the house of a Whig, named John Christian Shell, who was a stern and courageous man, ready to shed the last drop of his blood in favor of liberty, and willing to face any danger when it became necessary for him to do so. The miserable and cowardly tories who knew him, were exceedingly afraid of him. He made no secret of his hostilities to their welfare, and kept an eye so watchful upon the movements of the doubtful ones, that they were effectually held in check. It may reasonably be supposed that they were exceedingly anxious to rid the country of him, and to do this they denounced him at headquarters as one of the king's most inveterate enemies. He was accordingly marked for sacrifice. These circumstances threw him into a number of dangerous rencontres, and served to make for him a multitude of personal enemies. Among the enemies most hostile to Shell was Donald McDonald, who had twice essayed to take his life, and had sworn to have it eventually.

It was in the autumn of 1781 that McDonald determined to execute this vow, he being then near Herkimer with a small band, or party of cut-throats, equally composed of Indians and white scoundrels. We should have mentioned that Shell's wife was as staunch a liberty man as her husband, and that his children, of whom he had several, (how many, the source of our information does not specify,) were also thoroughly alive to the importance of the contest, and, of course, ranked under the same banner with their progenitors. He always kept his family armed as well as the exigencies of the times would permit. The house was small, but compact,

and capable of enduring a heavy assault. It was built of rough-hewn logs, strengthened by mortar plugs in the chinks, and pierced by loopholes large enough to permit the egress of fire-arms. Our readers need not wonder at this. Many of the houses that stood in the time of the revolution were decorated in this style, and not a few of them were well scarified by bullets. Balls have been extracted, in any quantity, from some of the old tenements in this city.

Having settled to assault and murder Shell and his whole family, McDonald ordered his satellites to follow him, and started for the place of his enemy's abiding, which he reached in due time. He had explained to his comrades the motive which actuated him. There was little plunder, but plenty of revenge to be had, and no doubt the loyalists would pay well for the contemplated slaughter, if it was accomplished.

Arrived before Shell's dwelling, McDonald's first step was to endeavor to surprise the inmates; but that was impossible, and the attempt failed. He then demanded their instant surrender. Shell demanded to know who was there, and McDonald savagely answered—

'It is I, Donald McDonald, half Indian and half white'—Indian in my feelings and white in blood.

'Why do you wish my surrender?' asked Shell. 'If you have any old scores to settle with me, why not deal with me alone? What have my family to do with our affairs?'

'I will settle with you,' answered McDonald, 'but my companions are the king's servants, and they will punish your family for rebellion.'

'King's devils!' growled Shell, who was not particular in his choice of phrases and epithets; 'if you want plunder you may as well travel farther, for here there is none; if you want to shed our blood, and gain favor with the fops of the continentals, you must fight, that's all.'

'Then you won't give in?' said McDonald, as if he wanted to be satisfied beyond doubt, ere he struck a blow of hostility.

'Any body that knows John Christian Shell, wouldn't ask that question twice,' replied Mrs. Shell in a loud voice.

There was a sound as of additional barricading within, and the tory leader immediately ordered his men to force an entrance where they could, an order which they proceeded to obey with alacrity and some noise. The first one who approached the only window in the face of the dwelling, fell by a shot aimed from within. This exasperated the assailants, and they became zealous in their efforts to break into the house. At last, after a quarter of an hour's skirmishing and hard work, McDonald called for a cessation of hostilities, to which Shell of course could offer no objection, being the party on the defensive, and the weaker of the belligerent forces. McDonald then informed him that, unless he consented to deliver himself up to their mercies, they would fire the house.

'Then you must do so, inhuman monster!' abruptly exclaimed the heroic wife—'for he shall not yield, if I should take his life to prevent him.'

'Ah! madam,' said McDonald, 'we'll have you out. We do not wish to burn, only to smoke you. I shall try to obtain an entrance, cost what it will.'

The tories then began to prepare to fire the house; and while they were engaged at this task, their leader, who really possessed courage of the animal order, took a crowbar with which they were always supplied, and boldly going to the door, began to deal rapid and powerful blows upon it. By this time poor Shell's little stock of powder was exhausted, and he was at a loss for a method of effectual resistance. Suddenly a thought was conceived. It was one of those bold expedients which men in desperate positions so frequently bring to their relief, in an instant, when all cause for hope seems to have vanished. Hastily removing the bars and bolts that still resisted firmly the faithful prying and pounding of McDonald, he opened it, as the matter-of-fact chronicler who furnishes the crude fact says, 'quick as a flash of lightning.' He at once seized the astonished, and all but exulting tory, and drew him into the house, and before any of the gentry outside knew of the transaction, Donald McDonald was a prisoner! He was disarmed and bound, but not until after some slight resistance. He was then made to give, by a confession that it was his will to do so, all the ammunition he had on his person, to be fired against his own comrades!

'McDonald,' said Shell, quietly, as he helped his family load the pieces, 'you come here to murder us, who never offended you or yours. Mere cruelty dictated this blood-thirsty attempt of you and your brother savages. They are now firing my house. The very instant smoke becomes perceptible to our nostrils, I will set fire to your clothing, and if my bones are to crumble to ashes here, yours shall moulder beside them.'

'Oh, God!' cried the tory, affrighted by the contemplation of death which he knew Shell would surely inflict, 'let me order them to stop and extinguish the fire they have already made.'

'This was a favorite saying of his—so says the historian.'

'Certainly,' replied Shell, as he coolly fired through the loopholes.

McDonald soon alarmed his band by his cries, and signified to one of the whites the nature of his peril, begging that the flames, if engendered, might be instantly 'put out.' The man answered that they should be put out; but that get in, or kill Shell and his family, they were determined, as he had killed three of their men and wounded four others, one severely.

'Then there are but eight left to do service,' said McDonald, with rage in his features.

'So I guess we are a match for that number yet,' was the remark of the intrepid patriot.

The outsiders were really determined to do some execution, for after crying to McDonald to shield himself if he could, they thrust five musket-barrels through the loopholes. Mrs. Shell seized a hatchet, and, before they were withdrawn, ruined every one. Only two were even fired.—By one, the heroine was badly wounded in the left arm, and the ball from the other, strange to say, struck McDonald in the leg. He shrieked with pain.

Shell now informed the marauders, whose zeal seemed to have become thin and watery, by a dilution of fear or wonder, that there were too many in the house for them, and in their turn they (the inmates) would sally out and attack them, knowing their strength from McDonald. It was signified that the assailants did not credit Shell's assertion.

'Tell them,' said Mrs. Shell, holding the hatchet over McDonald's head, 'how many there are here—strong, able-bodied men.'

The prostrate tory eyed the hatchet, and the frightful appearance of the woman who held it. He then looked upon shell, who held his hands up, with the fingers and thumbs outstretched. McDonald took the hint. He replied, speaking to his men—

'There are ten here, besides Shell, his wife and a daughter.'

'Yes, we heard you was coming,' exclaimed Shell's eldest son, a lad of eighteen, 'and now you had better be going.'

A pause was observed. The party outside consulted. There was some wrangling, which soon subsided, and at last they moved off. Mrs. Shell's wound was dressed, which occupied some time, and then Shell commanded his family to prepare for instant flight. He said he knew they would return, and they should be disappointed in finding any body but their own wounded leader. All the articles of use, arms, &c., that could be carried, were hastily gathered together, and in an hour or two after the retirement of the foe, Shell and his family were ready to decamp.

'I should like to have something to remember to-day by, and my victory over you,' said Shell to McDonald, who was groaning with the pain of his wound, 'let me see if I can find a memento.'

He searched the person of the tory, and found a silver-mounted tomahawk, of exquisite workmanship, for which he was notorious. It was a sort of badge of his inlany.

'I'll take this,' was Shell's remark, as he secured it in a belt which he wore.—

'And now, McDonald,' he continued, as he approached the threshold of the door, 'there is one favor you must do me as an old friend.'

'Oh, yes,' stammered McDonald, sneering, as energetically as his condition would permit, 'I know—yes—what is it?'

'Why,' was the response, 'just be kind enough to shout for General George Washington.'

'No. Kill me, but don't trample on me, now that I am powerless.'

'What were you going to do with me, and my wife and children, too, eh?' cried Shell, passionately. 'Shout, or this is the last of you.'

'Well, hurrah for Gen. George Washington! There, will that do?' he groaned.

'Yes, and so good bye,' Shell and his family departed, and made their way, with all the speed they could command, to Fort Dayton, which they reached in safety, and without hindrance. 'True to their vindictive instinct, the tories returned with a reinforcement. They found their leader bleeding and with his leg terribly shattered. After chopping up and destroying every thing in the house—they took McDonald and bore him to the dwelling of a loyalist near at hand. It was found necessary to amputate the wounded limb. Heaven is just. The hemorrhage could not be stopped, and one of the worst tories, whose name has descended to posterity, was no more.'

Shell counted, on McDonald's tomahawk, thirty scalp notches, which showed that he, a white man and civilized, had scalped that many of his brethren, and they contending for their political rights. This is sufficient to obliterate any sympathy that might be felt for his discomfiture and death.

When honest industry raises a family to opulence and honors, its very original townsmen sheds lustre on its elevation; but its very glory fades when it has given a wound, and denies balsam to a man as humble and honest as its ancestor.

Every thing that conveys useful information is a fit subject for liberal curiosity.

ANOTHER DONIPHAN.

From the Pennsylvanian.

LETTER FROM COL. F. M. WYNKOOP.

FRANCIS W. HUGHES, Esq., of Pottsville, to whom the following letter was addressed, has kindly placed it at our disposal. It expresses the frank opinions of a gallant soldier in phrase so direct as to prevent all misconception. A perusal of it will make our Federal friends regret the course they have pursued, and rejoice the hearts of every true lover of our country—her glory and her institutions. Col. W. was a "Whig" at home, but the conduct of the leaders and the organs of the Federal party in their "aid and comfort" of the enemy, has been so glaringly unpatriotic, that it has converted him into a good Democrat, white abroad—a patriot he has always been, as his conduct fully proves.

CASTLE OF PEROTE, Sept. 9, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR:—Having a little leisure from my daily occupations, and remembering warmly and freshly several acts of kindness towards me, it gives me pleasure to address, knowing that you entertain some interest for my welfare. I am now in command of this military department, and am kept quite busy with continual skirmishes with Guerillas, and an occasional sharp fight with large forces that gather between here and the coast in order to oppose trains. The health of my garrison is good, and I have hopes that the great mortality which has existed in the army is decreasing.

This is a hard, laborious, and precarious service. Many of our best men have died, and I truly consider the climate itself a much more formidable enemy than the Mexicans. A noble and self-denying spirit of endurance actuates the men, and complaint of any kind is rare. Contented to do their duty, they risk everything in the effort, and with a cheerfulness which is gratifying to those who command, step readily to any work, no matter what the chances. It is, as I have before remarked, a hard service, full of toils, privations and danger—but it is willingly encountered and bravely endured. Judge, then, of the effect upon our good men here, when they look back over the distance which separates from their friends, in an effort to find at home some proper appreciation of their self-sacrificing conduct!—It is bitter and humiliating. I tell you, sir, there is a spirit abroad among the good Americans engaged in this war, which will not sleep during futurity—a spirit which awaits but their return to thunder down upon the mouthing, scribbling sycophants of a most unjust party, the full measure of an honest indignation. It is the same that brooded over our land during the war of the Revolution and the last war; and men of the present day, sated with age, have lived to curse, with tears of repentance, the hour when she, with scornful finger, marked them for life as the rontes of their country. We, here, can see no difference between the men who in '76 succored the British, and those who in '47 gave arguments and sympathy to the Mexicans. This kind of language from a man who came into this campaign a Whig in policy, may sound strange to you, but I have again and again been compelled to listen to & to suffer that which would have changed the disposition and alienated the affections of the most determined partisan. Even now, I do not object to the leading and main principles of my old party, so much as I curse and deprecate the tone of its acknowledged leaders and supporters. There is any reason which will prevent General Scott from effecting an honorable peace, commanding, as he does, the whole city of the Aztecs, with his powerful battery, it is the spirit of treason which I unhesitatingly say is promulgated by the leading Whig journals at home.—In a sortie upon some ladrones of Jalapa, a short time since, I possessed myself of all the late newspapers published in that place, and upon examining them I find that in that place, same as in Mexico, the strongest arguments published against our army are selected from Whig papers in the United States. I send you a late copy of the "Boletín de Noticias," in which you will perceive that the first article is an extract from the National Intelligencer.

Your friend,
F. M. WYNKOOP.

You may publish this if you please. I have become so disgusted with what I have seen, that I have no care for the consequences which this kind of truth may produce.

Lorenzo Dow.—Every body has heard of the eccentric Lorenzo Dow. He once called the pulpit as a sort of alarm bell to call the attention of his auditory to the fact of an immaterial fire existing for those who seemed to be more apprehensive of the material flame. Lorenzo observing a considerable portion of his congregation nodding, suddenly ceased preaching, and shouted aloud, 'fire! fire! fire!' A number of those who were given to church somnolency started upon their feet and eagerly enquired, 'Where?' 'In hell for sleepy sinners,' quietly responded the minister. The sweet charms of sleep were broken, and the rest of the sermon was heard by all present.

Envy is destroyed by true friendship, as coquetry is by true love.

A Story of Shipwreck.

The following deplorable account of the sufferings of the survivors of the wreck of the schooner Caroline, bound from Savannah to Bath, was furnished to the editors of the Boston Traveller, by the Captain of the Caroline. After describing the wreck, Captain Smith says:—

'Our provisions and water were all stored in the trunk cabin on deck, save one barrel of water in the run. By the disaster, both provisions and water were carried overboard, save that below, which it was impossible to get at. Thus we were without food or drink.

'Our only shelter was one berth, which remained of the cabin on deck, the hold being full of water. Three days after, Henry Hughes, one of the crew, went on deck, and was never seen afterwards; he was probably washed overboard.

'On the 3d inst., we caught water enough from rain to last twenty-four hours. From that time to the 10th, were totally without water or food, and began to feel as if death was very near us. The gale had lasted eight days. We had nothing to eat for ten, or to drink for six days.— We then began to discuss the question of drawing lots to see who should suffer death to save the lives of the others.

'It was agreed that we should use sticks. We drew, and it fell to the lot of an Irishman, named Charles Brown, who had S. D. marked on his arm. He was a large athletic man, weighing about 175 or 180, had shipped at Savannah, & was unknown to the rest of the crew.

'He alone was armed with a sheathe knife, which he drew, and declared he would plunge it into the heart of the first one who approached to carry out the fatal chance. Upon this the Captain retired to the cabin, saying he would have nothing more to do with the affair, thinking that they were all near their end.

'At this moment a boy, named Hughie Rose, of Bangor, Wales, aged 19, spoke up and said that the youngest should die first; this free-will offering was about to be accepted by Brown, as the Captain with the boy went into the cabin. Capt. Smith states that as he threw himself upon the berth, his eye was attracted to a handle sticking up near, which he thought belonged to an adze. He told the boy to fetch it, and it proved to be an adze.

'Thinking that something wrong was about to be enacted on deck, he followed the boy when he returned, and saw the boy seized round the waist by the now desperate Brown, with the intention of making him the victim. At this moment the Captain states that he felt gifted with extraordinary strength, stepped forward, and drove the adze twice into the head of Brown, and he fell dead upon deck.

'It is supposed by Captain Smith, from the fact that S. D. was marked upon the arm of Brown, that he shipped under a feigned name. He was about 35 years old. After he was dead, the Captain bled and dressed him. His flesh was partly cut into thin strips, and laid upon the deck to dry. But the crew did not hunger for food, water being their chief desire. His blood was used for drink until the morning that they were taken off, when about a pint remained, which had turned black.

'On the morning of the 13th, early three vessels hove in sight, one of which, the brig Tampico, Captain Row, bound from New Haven for the West Indies, took off the three survivors, viz:—Wm. Smith, of Biddeford, Maine, the captain, Horace Smith, of do., the mate; & Hughie Rose, of Bangor, the boy preserved from death by the action of the captain. The two former were transferred to the British schooner Splendid, and arrived at Philadelphia.

'The boy was retained on board the Tampico, the captain promising to take care of him. Captain Smith states that if Brown had submitted quietly to his fate, they would not have had the heart to have killed him; but he did not think it right that the boy, after running one chance for his life, should after all become the victim, and he appears to think that he was suddenly gifted with strength to save him.

'An idea may be formed of the nearness of death to this unfortunate crew from the fact that the captain's feet and nails both turned black, and his nails have not as yet obtained their natural color. The blood of Brown probably saved their lives, as they subsisted on it two whole days.

'The Caroline is a total loss. She is insured at the Neptune Office in this city, for \$5,000.'

PRETTY GOOD.

A young couple were sitting together, undoubtedly in some romantic spot, with birds and flowers around; at least the reader is left to infer that they had all these appliances and means to boot!—when the following conversation ensued:—

'My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most gladly would I lay it down at thy feet.'

'Oh, sir, you are too kind! but it just reminds me that I wish you would gratify me by discontinuing the use of tobacco.'

'Can't think of it. It's a habit to which I am wedded.'

'Very well, sir; since this is the way in which you sacrifice your life for me, and as you are already wedded to tobacco, I'll take care that you are never wedded to me also, as it would be bigamy.'