

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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## NOTICES

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## POETRY.

From the Washington Union.

### STANZAS.

BY JESSE R. DOW.

The brazen trumpet calls to arms:  
The flag of battle waves—  
Young Valor flies from Beauty's charms,  
And every danger braves.  
Thro' dreary wastes and pathless woods  
The volunteer goes forth,  
And shouts amid the solitudes  
The war-cry of the North.

Above the dead of other days  
The glittering files advance;  
In paces wild, their cannons blaze  
On many a gleaming lance;  
O'er lofty towers and dizzy heights,  
On ramparts sown with death,  
The Eagle of the North alights,  
And braves the battle's breath.

They go, the generous and young,  
Their fathers' pride and stay;  
They fling the patriot's oath, and sung  
The hymn of glory's day;  
The sword of Seventy-six they bear,  
The old drums lead them on,  
The starry flag—Oh! it is there  
As when its fame was won.

They fight—they bleed—they win—they die—  
They sleep on every hill—  
The Axite maid, with streaming eye,  
Above them watches still;  
Their names to mountains tell,  
And Fame repeats to other lands,  
How Freedom's soldiers fell.

They fight—they bleed—they win—they live—  
They tread the royal halls—  
Their open hearts, rich blessings give  
To Fealty's and Thralls;  
Their stars flag floats high and free  
O'er Superstition's cells,  
The valleys thunder liberty,  
And high the anthem swells.

Whomst with thorns the soldier's way?  
Who calls him back to shame?  
Who scorns the brave in glory's day,  
And brands his honest name?  
Who bids the conqueror's banner trail?  
The lion-hearted turn!  
Oh! NAME THEM NOT!—but draw a veil  
Around their living urn.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1847.

From Noah's Messenger.

### Tale of the Revolution.

#### COURAGE OF A REBEL PARSON

The regions of the Delaware are noted for their natural elegance, and have always been famed for their romantic attributes and delightful general disposition. In the revolution, when the Delaware and every thing thereabouts were even more beautiful than now, the extreme rage of politics was seen in all places. Here, where nature was so lavish of her charms, and where one might have been tempted to say, in the words of Moore—

"If there's peace in this world to be found,  
The heart that's so humble might hope for it here,"

some of the bloodiest scenes of the tragedy of the new continent were enacted and devised. Notorious loyalists lurked there, with their hirelings, like the snakes and other unclean things, which chose the loveliest flowers to hide beneath, & watch for prey.

Among the bands of Tories which quartered in this vicinity through 1782 and 1783, was one called "The Plunderers," led and commanded by a Captain Brooks. This man united the size of a pigmy with courage that for disregard of results, was unequalled. His strength, for one as small as he was, astonished all who witnessed its scope. He could bend a bar of iron, half an inch thick, across his knee, (so say the chroniclers,) and hold an antagonist so firmly that resistance was substituted by tame or constrained submission. His character was singular. At one time he would be all ferocity and cruelty, at another he was as docile and generous as the most peaceful of the community. To-day he would take a man's hand as his friend—to-morrow burn his house and slaughter his family. Those who knew him intimately pronounced him to have been partially insane, which, no doubt, he was. His great strength may have been from the unnatural tension of the muscles so frequently visible in those whose wits are disordered. Religion was his scorn, and to profess adherence to any faith was to make him your bitterest foe.

The Methodist itinerant clergymen who flourished during our war, were, with few exceptions, anti-loyal, and animated the people to resistance whenever opportunity offered, bidding them fight against the king's representatives in obedience to the will of the Almighty. Not unfrequently the preacher would be found with a prayer-book in one hand, and a sword in the other. The Methodist clergy, at that day were rare divines. They would sermonize and fight, as opportunity offered, and were quite as capable of cutting short a man's mortal career as of charging him with a proper consideration of the destiny of his moral attributes. Joel Sawyer, who lived along the Delaware, was one of the finest specimens of this politico-religious class, and Captain Brooks hated him with more than a deadly spite of malice. The captain and Joel had never encountered each other, however, where there was hope of strife; and, although their names and characters were familiar to them, they did not know each other's persons. Brooks had sworn to kill Joel, and Joel declared that he meant to keep out of his

way, and prevent him from indulging in that luxury. Fate, however, would not permit the preacher to escape so easily.

One day, in the summer of 1783, he was journeying, solitary and alone, in the wood in the vicinity we have spoken of, & suddenly came upon a man who instantly demanded to know his name.

"My name is Joel Sawyer," answered that person, meekly.

"Oh! Hum! Mine is Capt. Brooks. Your time has come. I've been looking for you these two years."

"Man, meddle not with me," cried Joel, with a sanctimonious snuffle, "for we are but two, and I may give thee a sharp tussle."

"We'll try as to that," said the captain, as he seized the minister, who had taken off his coat.

At it they went, and tore and tugged until they were both in rags and contusions, perspiration and scratches. Neither had resorted to other aid than that which nature's weapons allowed them, until Brooks felt Joel's gripe about his throat, when the former, feeling for, and obtaining his pistol, struck the latter just back of the ear, and felled him. He then blew a whistle which hung about his neck, and waited patiently after repeating the signal several times, until his men should arrive. They came in about five minutes, when Joel was beginning to recover from the stunning effects of the blow.

"Here!" cried the captain to his comrades, who numbered four, "the Plunderers have got the canting preacher, Joel Sawyer, at last. What shall we do with him?"

"Kill him—that's all!" said one of the fellows, who seemed prepared to accomplish that laudable suggestion with a short sword which he flourished.

"Not yet," said the captain, interposing, "he fought with me, and he must enjoy a little honor for that, before we swing him."

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord!" snuffled Joel, who had regained his feet.

"If it be his will that I shall now yield my unworthy life, so be it."

"D—n it, no preaching!" exclaimed one of the men.

"Yes, that's it," shouted the captain in an ecstasy of delight; "he shall preach. He shall preach us a sermon, and he shall preach it against the whigs, too. Hurrah! a sermon is a novelty, and we'll hear it."

"Preach against my brethren?—denounce my own cause? If I do I am not Joel Sawyer."

"You will," exclaimed the captain, energetically, "or I'll whip you to death!"

"I will not!" was the prompt reply of the wounded preacher.

"We'll try and make you!" was the equally prompt response of his enemy.

Accordingly he was seized and stripped. His wrists were made fast together, and he was faced up against an oak of respectable dimensions. A long grape vine rope was tied to his wrists and fastened to the tree in such a manner that he stood upon his toes, with the principal weight of his body upon his hands. A number of heavy switches were now procured, and a revolutionary flagellation was begun. Joel was then asked if he would preach against the Congress. He was firm in his refusal. Again the cruel switch fell, and the quivering back exhibited bluish red streaks. Two dozen blows had fallen, yet he would not yield. Three dozen!—No answer. The blood was streaming to his heels, and oozing from beneath his blackening finger nails. Sixty! And yet his only answer to all questions put to him was—"I will not preach against the Congress!" Seventy strokes had been given ere he fainted. The murderous torturers did not unbind him then—not they, indeed. In the true spirit of torism they ran for water, procured it, and dashed it over him until he revived. Still he was firm in his original determination not to belie his sentiments.

"Will you preach a sermon without making allusion to the war, then?" inquired Captain Brooks, who appeared exceedingly anxious for a sermon of some kind.

"No, I will not disgrace the Word of God, and my calling by expounding a holy text to such as these!"

"By G—, I'll make you!"

The captain then laid on thirty lashes with all the terrible effect of his unnatural strength, and again the poor Methodist fainted. The salutatory process of restoring the wounded man was at this juncture employed without effect. He was insensible, bleeding, and, as the Plunderers thought, dying.

"Let's finish him!" suggested the gentleman with the sword, who had before spoken of killing.

"No!" was Captain Brooks' remark; "if you do, I'll finish you!"

He was impulsively generous. One of his fits of magnanimity was upon the tory leader, and he determined that he would break his vow recorded against the life of Joel Sawyer. He ordered his men to put Joel on the grass, to untie his wrists, and bathe him with rum, which they had in their flasks. This treatment partially restored him to his senses, but his mental faculties were in too obscure a state to serve him. The Plunderers could make him understand nothing, and so they left

him, Captain Brooks declaring that preachers were a great deal better men than he had taken them to be. All that day & night, and until late in the following day, the poor itinerant Methodist lay where his tormentors had left him. It was not until the evening of the next day that, lacerated, clothingless, and half famished, he was enabled to crawl to a place of shelter and human succor. Four months after his flogging he travelled into Pennsylvania, after the story of his courageous resistance had reached every "rebel" fire-side, and it was his good fortune to preach, with a beneficial effect, it is to be hoped, to the largest kind of congregations. Revivals were the result—revivals throughout the State. Captain Brooks never forgot Joel, and after peace was ratified he sought him, and entreated his friendship. Joel, who "never bore malice," he said, gave the tory his hand, and retained it with a friendly hold until the movements of the authorities compelled the captain to fly, with others of his villainous, bloody and anti-republican stamp, to the British province of Nova Scotia.

From the Hartford Daily Times, Nov. 15.

### Capt. Walker,

THE BRAVE TEXAN RANGER.

Samuel Hamilton Walker was born about the year 1815, in Prince George county, Maryland. His brothers and other relatives now reside in Washington city. During the Seminole Indian war he enlisted in the United States service as a private, and was one of Colonel Harney's picked men to penetrate the everglades of Florida, where foot prints of the white man were never before seen. In that hazardous expedition, which effectually put an end to the Florida war, by conquering the Indians around their own council fires, young Walker greatly distinguished himself. He was a favorite of the daring Harney, whose quick perception never failed to select the most energetic and bold.

At the close of the Seminole war, Walker went to Texas and joined Col. Hay's company of Rangers. In the summer of 1844, he was one of the fifteen of Hay's men, armed with revolving pistols, who attacked 80 Comanche Indians, and defeated them, leaving thirty-three dead Indians upon the field; and from the number of dead and dying carried off, it was believed that more than half the Comanche force was slain by these fifteen Rangers. In this fierce battle Walker was pierced through the body by the spear of an Indian, the spear pinning him to the ground! He was left in that condition by his companions, who supposed he was dead. After the battle, he was found with the spear still sticking through him, though he succeeded in getting it out of the ground. His companions relieved him from it, and found it had not touched a vital part. He recovered.

Walker was also one of Col. Fisher's three hundred men who marched against two thousand Mexicans, stationed at Mier, and was captured by the Mexicans previous to that battle, as he made an excursion among them. After the defeat of the Mier expedition, he was marched, with other prisoners, to the castle of Perote. These prisoners received the inhuman treatment which no other people on earth, save Mexicans and cannibals, inflict upon those within their power. At Salado, the Texans resolved to make their escape. Walker was foremost. It was arranged that he should seize and disarm one of the guard, and that Cameron, a Scotchman, should serve the other in the same way. At the signal, the guards were disarmed in a moment, and the Texans, 214 in number, rushed into the outer court, where 150 Mexican infantry were guarding a quantity of arms and ammunition. The Texans soon had command of this post, and armed themselves. Whilst doing so, 300 Mexicans, cavalry and infantry, formed outside of the gates. The Texans rushed upon these, and defeated them, killing ten of their number, and losing five. The company then escaped, but finally became lost in the mountains, and suffered greatly from hunger. As Walker expressed it to a friend, after his return, their eyes became so sunken, from hunger and fatigue, that they appeared like auger holes in the head.

In this condition they were re-captured by the Mexicans, and taken back to Salado. Here the blood-thirsty Santa Anna demanded the life of every tenth man, and the company was marched out to draw the black beans—one black bean for every tenth man being placed in the bowl, and all who drew them were shot. Young Torrey, of this city, got one, and was killed on the spot. Those who drew the white beans were subject to intense sufferings. Walker, with eight others, however, finally escaped from Mexico, and returned to Texas. He then joined the Texas revenue service, where he exhibited his usual efficiency.

When Gen. Taylor marched into Texas with his army of observation, and matters were wearing a hostile appearance, Walker at the head of a company of Texas Rangers, armed with Col. Taylor's patent revolvers, offered his services to the United States, and was accepted, and aided in defending Point Isabel. He was stationed between that place and Gen. Taylor's ad-

vance camp, with instructions to keep the communication open, if possible. This service was perilous, but Walker's bravery and rapid movements overcame all obstacles. On the 28th of April, 1846, he ascertained that quite a large body of Mexicans, intended to surround Gen. Taylor's camp, and be at once sat out with seventy-five men, to communicate with the General. After proceeding twelve miles, he encountered fifteen hundred Mexicans, and most of his men being inexperienced, fell back, at the approach of such an overwhelming opposition. The few that remained around their bold commander, firmly received the attack of the Mexicans, and gave them battle for about fifteen minutes, killing about thirty of them. They then retreated, and were pursued to within half a mile of Point Isabel. It was reported that Walker was slain, but at night he came into the fort, and with that indomitable spirit for which he was distinguished, at once offered to communicate with General Taylor, provided he could have four men as companions. This proposition, under such circumstances, with the enemy in force, and lurking in every path and thicket, was considered rash. But six Texans volunteered, and after several bold adventures, in one of which they charged through a large body of Mexican lancers, whilst they were preparing to forage their horses, they reached the camp of Gen. Taylor in safety on the 30th.

Walker was among the brave men who joined the gallant Col. May, and accompanied him in his famous charge, when Gen. La Vega was taken prisoner. The government, without solicitation, rewarded his services and signal bravery by a Captain's commission of the new regiment of United States mounted rifles. Thus promoted, he repaired to Maryland, and soon rallied around him, principally from Maryland and Kentucky, 250 volunteer Rangers, whose services were accepted by the government. With this company he went to Vera Cruz, and was employed to keep the guerrillas at bay, and open communication. The bold feats of himself and his confident followers struck terror into the prowling guerrillas, and this class of highway robbers, always well armed and well mounted, were sure to leave a clean path when "Walker and his Rangers" were on the track. His services have been most valuable to the government, and all will regret his fate. A braver or nobler fellow never fell upon the battle field. He was the fast friend of improvements in the art of war, and his experience and keen perception led him to adopt the best arms and equipments that could be had. Old customs and old fashioned arms, unwieldy and ineffective, found no favor with him, so long as radical improvements were within his reach.

In the death of Capt. Walker the country has lost one of its bravest and most valiant sons, and we cannot but sympathize deeply with the family and friends.

### Col. Fremont's Celebrated Ride in California.

The National Intelligencer has the following account of the ride of Col. Fremont, which has been alluded to in the proceedings of the court-martial now sitting in Washington:

It was at daybreak on the 22d March, 1847, that Lieut. Col. Fremont, his friend Don Jesus (pronounced Haisous) Pico, and his servant Jacob Dodson, sat out from La Ciudad de los Angeles (the city of the Angels) in the southern part of Upper California, to proceed in the shortest time to Monterey, on the Pacific ocean, distant full four hundred miles. The way is over a mountainous country, much of it uninhabited, with no other road than a trace, and many defiles to pass, particularly the maritime defile of El Rincon, or Ponto Gordo, fifteen miles in extent, made by the jutting of a precipitous mountain into the sea, and which can only be passed when the tide is out and the sea calm, and even then in many places through the waves. The towns of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, and occasional ranchos, are the principal inhabited places on the route. Each of the party had three horses, nine in all, to take their turn under the saddle. The six loose horses ran ahead, without bridle or halter, and required some attention to keep to the track. When wanted for a change, say at distances of twenty miles, they were caught by the lasso, thrown either by Don Jesus or the servant Jacob. None of the horses were shod. The usual gait was a sweeping gallop. The first day they ran one hundred and twenty five miles. The next day they made another one hundred, and twenty-five miles, passing the formidable mountain of Santa Barbara, and counting upon it the skeletons of some fifty horses, part of near double that number which perished in the crossing of that terrible mountain by the California battalion on Christmas day, 1846, amidst a raging tempest, and a deluge of rain and cold more killing than that of the Sierra Nevada—the day of severest suffering, say Fremont and his men, that they have ever passed.

At sunset the party stopped to sup with the friendly Captain Dana, and at nine at night, San Luis Obispo, was reached, the home of Don Jesus, and where an affectionate reception awaited Lieut. Colonel Fre-

mont, in consequence of an incident which occurred there, that history will one day record; and he was detained until 11 o'clock in the morning receiving the visits of the inhabitants, (mothers and children included,) taking a breakfast of honor, and waiting for a relief of fresh horses to be brought in from the surrounding country. Here the nine horses from Los Angeles were left, and eight others taken in their place, and a Spanish boy added to the party to assist in managing the loose horses. Proceeding at the usual gait till 8 at night, and having made some seventy miles, Don Jesus, who had spent the night before with his family and friends, and probably with but little sleep, became fatigued, and proposed a halt for a few hours. It was in the valley of the Salinas, (Salt River, called Buena Ventura in the old maps), and the haunt of marauding Indians. For safety during their repose, the party turned off the trace, issued through a *canada* into a thick wood, and laid down, the horses being put to grass at a short distance, with the Spanish boy in the saddle to watch. Sleep, when commenced, was too sweet to be easily given up, and it was half-way between midnight and day, when the sleepers were aroused by an *estampe* among the horses, and the calls of the boy.

The cause of the alarm was soon found—not Indians, but white bears—this valley being their great resort, and the place where Col. F. and thirty-five of his men encountered some hundred of them the summer before, killing thirteen upon the ground. The character of these bears is well known, and the bravest hunters do not like to meet them without the advantage of numbers. On discovering the enemy, Capt. F. felt for his pistols, but Don Jesus desired him to lie still, saying that "people could scare bears"; and immediately hallooed at them in Spanish, and they went off. Sleep went off also; and the recovery of the horses frightened by the bears, building a rousing fire, making a breakfast from the hospitable supplies of San Luis Obispo, occupied the party till daybreak; when the journey was resumed. Eighty miles and the afternoon bro't the party to Monterey. The next day, in the afternoon, the party sat out on their return, and the two horses rode by Col. F. from San Luis Obispo, being a present from Don Jesus, he (Don Jesus) desired to make an experiment of what one of them could do. They were brothers, and a grass younger than the other, both of the same color (cinnamon), and hence called *el canelo* or *los canelos*, (the cinnamon, or the cinnamonos). The elder was then taken for the trial; the journey commenced upon him at leaving Monterey, the afternoon well advanced.

Thirty miles under the saddle done that evening, and the party stopped for the night. In the morning the elder *canelo* was again under the saddle for Colonel F., and for ninety miles he carried him without a change and without apparent fatigue. It was still thirty miles to San Luis Obispo, where the night was to be passed, and Don Jesus insisted that *canelo* could easily do it, and so said the horse by his looks and actions. But Colonel F. would not put him to the trial, and, shifting the saddle to the younger brother, the elder was turned loose to run the remaining thirty miles without a rider. He did so, immediately taking the lead and keeping it all the way, and entering San Luis in a sweeping gallop, nostrils distended, snuffing the air, and neighing with exultation at his return to his native pastures; his younger brother all the while running at the head of the horses under the saddle, bearing on his bit, and held in by his rider.

The whole eight horses made their one hundred and twenty miles each that day, (after thirty the evening before) the elder cinnamon making ninety miles of his under the saddle that day, besides thirty under the saddle the evening before; nor was there the least doubt that he would have done the whole distance in the same time, if he had continued under the saddle. After a hospitable detention of another half day at San Luis Obispo, the party set out for Los Angeles on the same nine horses which they had rode from that place, and made the ride back in about the same time they had made it up; namely, at the rate of 125 miles a day. On this ride the grass on the road was the food for the horses. At Monterey they had barley; but these horses, meaning those trained and domesticated, as the *canelos* were, eat almost anything in the way of vegetable food, or even drink, that their master uses, by whom they are petted and caressed and rarely sold. Bread, fruits, sugar, coffee, and even wine (like the Persian horse) they take from the hand of their master, and obey with like docility, his slightest intimation. A tap of the whip on the saddle springs them into action; the check of a thread rein (on the Spanish bit) would stop them; and stopped short, at speed, they do not jostle the rider or throw him forward. They leap on any thing—man, beast, or weapon, on which their master directs them. But this description, so far as conduct and behavior are concerned, of course, only applies to the trained and domesticated horse.

Society, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive us.