

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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## TERMS

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## POETRY.

### From "Our Day."

#### THE REWARD.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,  
Sees not the spectre of his mispent time?  
And through the shade  
Of funeral cypress, ploughed thick behind,  
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind  
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of Passion's evil force?  
Who abhors thy sting, oh, terrible remorse?  
Who would not cast  
Half of his future from him, but to win  
Walketh oblivion from the wrong and sin  
Of the sealed Past?

Alas! the evil which we vain would shun,  
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone:  
Our strength to-day  
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;  
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all,  
Are we always.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,  
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,  
If he hath been  
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,  
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,  
His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outrage, or let in  
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;  
If he hath lent  
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,  
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed  
Of hue, hath bent?

He has not lived in vain; and, while he gives  
The praise to him in whom he moves and lives,  
With thankful heart,  
He gazes backward, and with hope before,  
Knowing that from his words he never more  
Can henceforth part.

## Michigan Financiering.

A TALE OF "THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S" PURSES.

Mississippi has been famed for her banking. The story of her financial greatness, in the manufacture of paper promissories, has been the theme of story and of song. Her financiering is not unknown, and never will be, as long as the Brandon and other banks give a living illustration of the truth of Sam Patch's remark, that "some things can be done as well as others." With the swiftness almost of the enchanter's wand, paper has turned into bank notes, and every one knows that a little generous confidence makes bank notes money. Mississippi banking has been said and sung—recited and re-recited, until it has become an old and thrice told tale.

While thus the southern financiers—ardent as a Mississippi sun could make them—have had their poets and letter-writers and newspaper paragraphists to sound their praises, Michigan, her great financial rival, has not had one. Had her banks continued a little longer, she could have beat Mississippi "all hollow," but there came a frost, which nipped her rising greatness.

The time of which we speak was about the close of the speculation which commenced in 1836. Every body had grown rich, and everybody wanted to grow richer. Men calculated their fortunes by millions and half millions. The State Legislature had enacted a general banking law, wisely and safely guarded, as all new banks are, and banks innumerable had gone into operation, and their notes, "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," were in the pockets of bank officers, their favorites and dependents.

Among those appointed to watch these institutions was Alpheus Felch, the late Governor, and one of the present United States Senators from Michigan. When the general banking law was enacted, he stood almost solitary and alone in opposition to it; and after it went into operation he viewed them with suspicion. As one of the four Bank Commissioners, he had one quarter of the banks to attend to, and was bound to examine them in person. He marched one day into one of the banks in Detroit, and demanded to see their specie. The bank officers, who had expected his coming, were all smiles and affability; and cracked their jokes, and smoked their regalias, and drank their champagne, with an air that but few, except bankers, can assume.

The Commissioner found the entire specie capital of the bank in gold. Among the coins were some pieces of an old date, and these, from their antiquity, excited considerable attention. At bank No. 1, all things were found right—the coin was there, and the books showed that the issues of notes was but three dollars to one.

At bank No. 2, as at No. 1, the specie capital was also in gold, and strange as it may appear, the amount lacked but a few dollars of being the same; and what was stranger still, a number of gold pieces, of similar antiquity, were there found. The Commissioner, anxious to see if the curious coincidence would hold out, quietly took a memorandum of the number of the pieces, and of their date. At bank No. 3, the gold pieces were there, and no where else, and the number and dates corresponded. The Commissioner drew down his spectacles, chuckled a little, and thought how the bankers had entrapped themselves, in attempting to outwit him; but he kept his own counsel, and went on his way. At the other banks, making in

all some twenty or thirty, the same quantity of gold—the same quantity of ancient coins, with dates corresponding with the memorandum, were found, and of course the Commissioner had to pass on. Inquiries were always made as to the next bank to be examined, and Mr. Commissioner Felch, proverbial for his politeness, could not refuse to answer.

The Commissioner was about closing his inspection of a bank in a remote county, and there remained but one more to visit. It was late at night, and he was anxious to get home, but the last bank being distant, and the roads bad; he concluded to wait till morning. The cashier thought this much the best plan, and volunteered to take him over in his buggy. In the morning, about the time the buggy was brought out, the Commissioner stepped into the bank and told the cashier, then behind the counter, that he would like to have a peep at "that gold" again. The cashier colored red, and the teller and the directors present looked blue, while the president of the bank looked as though he expected Sunday to come more than one way. They tried to laugh it off as a good joke. The "principles" and the "regalias" were again produced and a new champagne bottle was uncorked. The Commissioner said that he had smoked their proceedings, and he would not smoke any thing else; and as for champagne, he didn't use the article, and if he did, he felt too much real pain at the exhibition of rascality he had just witnessed to make him want any other kind.

The bankers grew indignant—outragedly so. "Oh! Mr. Felch come there to insult them? They would not put up with such base insinuations—that they wouldn't"—and the president blotted out his cheeks and looked fierce—the cashier cocked his hat on one side, and looked fiercer than the president; and the directors and the teller, and dependents, looked like little dogs when two big ones are going to have a fight, ten times fiercer than the combatants.

The Commissioner was resolute. He had seen bankers mad before, and he knew that they were a kind of dog that never injured a body, unless a body got into their clutches. He had taken a strange fancy to look at that gold again, and look at it he would, or else he would stop the machine from grinding out more promises. The gold had gone off the previous night, and was then in another bank, and it could not be shown; and despite the threats of the president and cashier, and the big looks of the lesser fry of bankers, the concern was closed, and the assets paid, as usual, nothing on the dollar.

The speed with which the warning torch of Roderick's benchmen traversed clan Alpine, was scarce a circumstance to the speed of the Bank Commissioner, as he traversed the road back again, in search of the lost gold. He went to all the banks he had previously examined, but like the flea that the Irishman thought he had got, when his hand was upon it, it wasn't there. The vaults of the banks were filled with promises, and "nothing else." The gold was then in the last bank, waiting to be counted, for the twentieth or thirtieth time, by the Bank Commissioner, while that functionary was hunting for it in the vaults of banks that never owned a penny of it.

Readers, (if of the masculine gender,) you have often, when boys, amused yourselves by setting up bricks on one end, some inches apart, and then kicking down the first, which falls against the second, and upsets its gravity, and in like manner it keeps over a third, &c. In just the same manner, you might have seen the Michigan banks topple and fall, while the Commissioner was in pursuit of that gold. Every one he entered, blew up in short order, and in the course of two or three days, every bank in that bank district was numbered among the things that "used to was." The gold, however, was found at last. In the first bank examined, there it was, safe and sound. Word was conveyed to the last bank, of the trick played off by the Bank Commissioner, and an express sent off with the gold, which arrived at the bank in Detroit some fifteen minutes before the Commissioner, and that bank saved its life a few days longer.

Fierce and bitter were the threats let off against Mr. Bank Commissioner Felch, for playing bankers so scurvy and ungentlemanly a trick, and there is no doubt but that the bankers would have redeemed their promises; had not the object of their hate been soon after transferred to the supreme bench of the State, where he ended in pronouncing the whole law an infringement of the constitution, and therefore null and void. While yet on the bench, he was nominated for governor, and before his time was out, was elected by an overwhelming majority to the United States Senate.

It was the year after that gold; and the decision of the Supreme Court against the law, which gave the finishing touch to Michigan banking, and prevented financiers from placing the whole tribe of Mississippi bankers in the shade. She entered the race for immortal fame in banking, and lost it by accident. She was a Midshipman Rogers has returned to his home in Delaware.

## Awful Scene in a Menagerie.

On Wednesday of last week the city of Philadelphia was thrown into a state of terrible excitement by an accident which happened at Raymond & Waring's Menagerie, followed by the most deplorable consequences. From the Daily News of Thursday morning, we copy the following extended notice of the tragedy.

The large and well known elephant "Columbus" became restive about one o'clock yesterday afternoon, as his keeper, Wm. Kelley, was preparing him for the afternoon performance, and in consequence of being struck, seized Mr. Kelley with his trunk, and raising him into the air, dashed him twice to the ground with the utmost violence, breaking his right leg & thigh in almost shocking manner, and causing many other very serious injuries. The peculiar cry of the enraged animal as he seized Mr. Kelley warned those in the other part of the building of what was going on, and rushing to the quarter where the elephant was kept, they succeeded in snatching the wounded man out of the way as he was about being seized a third time. The elephant then commenced a general demolition of everything within his reach, tearing a number of cages to atoms, and hurling their fragments in every direction. At this time the utmost terror and excitement prevailed. The furious animal, on first coming from his quarters, proceeded round the room, as if in search of some one, and then returning, seized with his trunk a large cage containing two hyenas, a wolf, a jackal and some twenty monkeys, and carrying it into the room, after whirling it into the air, dashed it into a thousand fragments upon the floor, scattering the animals and killing some of the smaller ones. Some ran away and hid themselves, while others, terror stricken and furious, ran about the room howling hideously. Two elephant dogs were then procured and thrown into the ring. These dogs are used in India to hunt the elephant, and are there trained to avoid his feet and trunk, while they actively fly about attacking him in the most vulnerable parts, and holding him until he can be secured. But on this occasion they were both struck by the elephant, and so maimed as to be entirely useless. They were accordingly removed, and preparations made for shooting the animal, by order of Mayor Swilt, who having been sent for shortly after the accident to the scene with a large body of police. A great crowd had by this time assembled around the doors both on Walnut street and George, and the large police force was hardly sufficient to keep back the crowd, who, despite the danger, seemed anxious to rush in and witness the terrible scene of havoc.

In the meantime the elephant was doing great damage to all the fixtures of the establishment within his reach, tearing down railings, demolishing the arena, and shivering everything like wood-work to atoms. Herr Driesbach, who was present, used every effort to intimidate and subdue the animal by his well-known voice, but in vain. A grappling hook, with a strong rope attached, was thrown into the ring, with a view to catch it in the animal's hide, the thickness of which, however, proved impervious to the assault. Thirty or forty muskets had also been procured from the armory of the Washington Greys in Franklin Hall, and these were loaded and kept in readiness for use, in the city Watch-house, in George street, adjoining the back of the Menagerie, in the event of the animal's escaping, as his vicious character was well known. Loaded muskets were also placed in the saloon of the building for the use of those who were in the side boxes endeavoring to catch the elephant. At length a plan was suggested by Mr. J. J. Nathans of Welch's National Circus, which proved successful, being similar to that used in Charleston a few years ago. A strong rope was tied in a running noose in such a position that the elephant, in running at those who placed it in its position, must tread in the noose. This he did, and immediately the persons who had hold of the rope pulled, and succeeded in catching him by one of the fore legs, when a strong force, was at once mustered, and efforts made to pull him to the recess at the south-west corner of the building; but the animal, now more furious than ever, ran towards the boxes which descended from the front gallery to the arena, and in endeavoring to ascend, crushed the steps, &c., to atoms with his immense weight, tearing up the benches on either side of him as far up as one-fourth of the ascent, hurling the pieces at the same time in every direction, and leaving the place a perfect wreck. Finding that it would not sustain his weight, he retreated into the arena; where after some trouble, a number of large hooks attached to ropes, were very adroitly fastened into his ears, and he was then hauled up into the recess before mentioned, where, by the self-possession and courage of Herr Driesbach, he was completely subdued.

While these things were going on in the interior, the intelligence of the occurrence had rapidly spread, and an immense crowd, numbering some thousands, had assembled both in Walnut and George streets, expecting momentarily to see the elephant

make his egress. The roof of the Institute was also crowded with eager spectators, and all was excitement, not unmixed with much alarm. Meanwhile, that the animal might not escape, Mayor Swilt had sent to the Arsenal for a couple of six-pounders, which arriving with ammunition, &c., were properly manned, when one was planted in front of the side-door on Walnut street, and the other in George street. The pieces were fully loaded, & the crowd kept in waiting, expecting some great result, until about three and a half o'clock, when it was announced that the animal had been secured, and an order given for the cannon to be removed, which was accordingly done, but the crowd still lingered, many forcing themselves into the building, the police force at the doors being weaker than the curiosity of the crowd. The elephant, once confined, became less restive, and finally stood still, and was strongly chained and numerous ropes placed about him, when he was dragged out into the arena where the letters were all removed, excepting the chains upon his feet, and after some little trouble Herr Driesbach succeeded in getting him to lie down. He roared fiercely at first, but at length submitted, and with a degree of grace, did his master's bidding. The animal being thus entirely subdued, the crowd, which had assembled in the interior, bestowed enthusiastic plaudits upon Herr Driesbach, who thereupon mounted the elephant's head as the animal lay in the arena, & addressed the assembly, returning his thanks, and remarking that that was the proudest day of his life.

The wrecks were cleared away as well as possible, and it was announced to the crowd, both inside & out, that there would be a performance in the evening as usual.

The Bible.—How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system, than all other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinions of mankind—has banished idol-worship—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of woman—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home—and caused its other triumph, by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passion obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue?—Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed; many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good—leavening society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolations—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?—Dr. McCullough.

GOOD FEELINGS AND GOOD ACTIONS.—"We once heard a man much praised for his good feelings. Every body joined and said the man was possessed of excellent feelings.

"What has he done?" asked an old genius.

"Oh! in every thing he is a man of fine benevolent feelings," was the reply.

"What has he done?" cried the old fellow again.

By this time the company thought it necessary to show some of their favorite's doings. They began to cast about in their minds, but the old man still shouted—"What has he done?" They owned that they could not name any thing in particular.

"Yet," answered the cynic, "you say that the man has good feelings; fine benevolent feelings. Now gentlemen, let me tell you that there are people in this world who get a good name simply on account of their feelings. You can't tell one generous action they ever performed in their lives, but they can look and talk most benevolently. I know a man in this town that you would all call a surly, rough, unamiable man, and yet he has done more acts of kindness than all of you put together. You may judge people's actions by their feelings, but I judge people's feelings by their actions."

LOVE OF LIFE.—How tenaciously man clings to life!—Though few and fleeting are his years, he forms schemes, & makes engagements, just as he would if life were immortal. The older a person grows, the more strongly does he grasp at the shadow. A man climbing a tall tree takes a firmer hold, when near the top; so does the aged individual cling stronger to life the nearer he approaches its termination. He is never ready to die, until he feels he can no longer remain. He then makes a virtue of necessity and expires.

## Wynkoop and Walker.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia "Ledger," writing from Puebla, under date of October 18, mentions the following interesting facts:—

"I heard a touching anecdote of Colonel Wynkoop and Captain Walker yesterday, which I fear I cannot give as I received it. It is known probably in the United States, that difficulties had existed between these gentlemen, which their mutual friends have always regretted. They had, I believe, preferred charges against each other, but when Col. Wynkoop heard that Capt. Walker was seriously wounded, and not likely to live, he sent a staff officer at once to beg an interview with the dying chief. Becoming impatient before the return of his messenger, the Col. hastened to where the Capt. lay & found him dead. The shock to him was overwhelming, and he could scarcely utter a word. In a few moments, however, he said, with much emotion, "I would give six years of my life for one word with that man!"—and turned from the corpse to ask of Gen. Lane the command of Walker's troops, that he might dash upon the retreating enemy and revenge the death of the gallant trooper. The General refused this request, as Walker's men had been reduced, and those not killed were much exhausted, and Col. Wynkoop returned to his command with a heavy heart.

Those who know the impulsive character of both officers, will readily forgive the rashness that made them, for a time severe enemies, but it is a matter of deep regret that they were both too sensitive, on the point of honor, to effect a reconciliation before it was too late.

## A PATRIOT BOY.

We have lately received a letter from JOHN F. BAUMANN, now in the city of Mexico, which is filled with accounts of the hard-fought battles before the Mexican capital. The subject of this paragraph is a mere boy, about 16 years of age, who one year ago was an apprentice to the Printing business in this office. Urged by a natural spirit of adventure, he wanted to join the Wilkesbarre Company, under Captain Dana, of the 1st Regiment, in company with an older brother. But his parents deeming him too young to withstand all the hardships of war, refused to let him go. When the 2d Regiment however was called out, he took the slip and joined Capt. Miller's corps of "Stockton Artillists." He was engaged in the Bombardment of Vera Cruz in the battle of Cerro Gordo. At the famous taking of Chapultepec, he tells us that he fired 28 balls, feeling pretty certain that each ball took a man; and was one of the first to mount the rescued battlements, and when our men pursued the retreating enemy, he took four prisoners himself, by surrounding them. He shot one fellow who attempted to run away & marched the other three to safe quarters. After our army arrived in the city of Mexico, our young hero obtained permission to doff his soldier's clothes and assume the citizen's apparel, to work in the office of the North American, published in the Capital. He has thrown down the shooting iron and taken up the shooting stick. What can the Mexicans expect from an army of such boys. We feel proud of him.—Easton Argus.

Curious Historical Fact.—During the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those called tub-women. The brewer, observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing was dropped, and Mr. Hyde was recommended to the young woman, as a skillful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

General Jackson's Family.—William Grimshaw, of Philadelphia, writes to the editors of the Pennsylvania, that after some research in Ireland, he has ascertained the birth place and ancestry of Gen. Andrew Jackson. He says:—

"Andrew Jackson, father of General Jackson, was son of Thomas Jackson, of Ballyregan, near Dundonald; a comfortable farmer, possessed of a freehold property, now of considerable value. Thomas Jackson's house is now occupied by a person named Trotter. There are several collateral relations, living still in the neighborhood—but the descendants of the oldest branch of the family have all died off; the great-grandson of Thomas Jackson having died about three years ago, without leaving any family."

When the sacrifice which you request of a friend to make is greater than the benefit you obtain thereby, your duty is to be courteous.