Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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Translated from the French for the Golden Rule. Making a Will after Death.

A STRANGE TALE IF TRUE.

The following marvellous story is very charmingly related by the Paris correspondent of the Courier des Etats Unis; we translate it for our readers as we find it, to ask of thee. leaving them to form their own conclusion 1especting it.

Let me narrate a history to you which that I am dead. I heard a few days ago, at the country. house of M. Auguste Maquet, the cotaborer of Alexander Dumas, who has formed any observation. for himself one of those peaceful retreats beloved by poets and philosophers, where the quiet of nature assists the inspirations cammands to the old servant. of the soul. In this house, from which have issued so many entrancing chapters, and so many dramatic scenes, were asesembled on the occasion to which I refer. a large company of young men, all interested in literary pursuits, either from taste. or by profession.

It was the hour for careless chat, and the effusions of friendship, ; that is to say, supper was drawing to a close. We had raised himself on his elbow, reached his things besides ; glanced at politics, touch. ed upon philosophy, blended the anecdotes of the day with social considerations whose profoundness had charmed the genius of Charles Fourier; disserted upon several systems of literature, and, from the matters of lact of every day, when the conversation, by one of those freaks of vivacity peculiar to the French character, acies to a grandson whose mother was tasy; it passed from Rivarol to Hoffmann.

men who have grown pale over books, & entire, the old notary's death excited, in have drawn poetry from the fountains of science, took upon himself to be the Fa- that he was unable to obey wishes, which, ther Mathurin of the evening. At his though he had partly divined them, he did first words we all grew silent; at the third eentence half his auditors believed in the in the truth of magnetism.

This is the tale, or the history, which found in so high a degree in the Danse Macabre. His recital needed only the frame-work of an old chateau surrounded The son looked at the servant as one by woods, swaying and sounding in the who does not comprehend. tempest; but there are excellent pictures that yet have no frame, and this, to use an haps it is a sacrilege, but I have sworn; I expression of M. de Musset, was a drama must obey." in an arm chair.

There lived in Paris, a few years ago, an old notary who was indeed one of the since the visit of the Italian Count. most respected inhabitants of the first arrondissement. He possessed the confidence of the richest and most respectable that what my poor father has demanded the handsomest man that aver wore boots families. His name was the synonym of of thee, can possibly be of any use? probity; he was one of those excellent citizens who, by the severity of their morals, and the rectitude of their principles, reanind me of the virtues of ancient days -He exercised his function like a magis-

This notary, whose name it is not imasked him if he had made his will, the old head of men. notary replied, with a singular smile, that ter his death. The friend looked at the heart beat no longer. Stiffness had enterold man, fearing that he had suddenly ta- ed into the limbs when the vital warmth ken leave of his senses. The notary smi-

"I understand your thoughts," said he, found, I have already told you so; I shall tion. make my will when I am dead.'

subject, but recounted this conversation eyes and sat up. to the notary's son, who did not seem to be at all surprised at it.

· Lam aware of it,' said he, 'it is a point on which one cannot argue with him; my lather believes that he has a secret by which he can bring himself again to life. It is an illusion which has always astonished me in a man of such rare intelli

This answer very much astonished the friend; and, curious to know what this secret could be, he asked the notary's son he knew what it was?

Persectly well, replied he; tit is a thing within reach of the poorest purse .-This marvelous receipe is sold at the corner of every street in Paris, and usually costs from seventy-five cents to a franc-My father learned it from a stranger to whom he had rendered an important service; an Italian Count, a descendant, perhape, of Cagliostro, and whom it seems to me I can still see with his tall figure, his gray hair, his noble bearing, his black head. eyes, which shone with a surprising fire, and his decorations, His only payment write. was the revealing of this mystery, and my

felt himself stronger than the tomb.

Some time after this, the old man expeienced one of those inexplicable sensaions which, to certain powerful organiza tions, are a presage of death. He called is servant, an old Breton, who had waited on him for forty years, with the path the flare of a torch which had been blown she asked you " to do on some more." tience of a beaver, & the fidelity of a dog. out.

'Jean,' said he, laying his hand on the shoulder of his ancient servitor, 'remember well what I am going to say to thee. and awear to me to do what I am going

"I swear it!" said the Breton.

The Breton, accustomed to passive obe-

From that day, every evening during a

One morning the notary was struck with apoplexy. The physician declared perhaps. that every remedy was useless, and that it would be impossible to call him to life again, even for five minutes.

The rattling in the old notary's throat was frightful.

His bloodshot eyes stared upon the Breton with terrific fixity. For a moment he And I've thought, as the dear little rubics ye spoken of everything, and of a good many hand toward the servant, and said to him in a voice which seemed like the last cry Sun,-If you swear by the charms that you'll ev of the death agony, 'Remember!'

And he fell back on the pillow a lifeess mass. He was dead.

It was known that the notary had many arrangements to make; he had frequently stated his intention of leaving leg arrived, at a bound, in the domain of tan dead, and to several of the servants. In The bibliophilus Jacob, one of those for the paternal authority was preserved this patriarchal family, in which respect the mind of his eldest son, a pious regret not clearly comprehend.

truth of the fantastic, as Dumas believes ber of death, that terrible silence which is A protound sitence reigned in the chaminterrupted only by subs. Jean, kneeling

When he had done praying he arose. " Monsieur,' said he to his son, this is the moment.

'Yes monsieur,' continued Jean; 'per-

The son suddenly remembered the belief which the old notary had entertained . Thou art a brave, a worthy servitor,

said he to Jean; but dost theu believe

· I believe in God, replied the Breton ; if my action is criminal, I have prayed must do as I promised.

'Go then,' said the son.

an ice upon a tray. He approached the I have been informed, by those that have portant to mention, had a numerous fami- notary's bed, and raised the sheet which tried, that kissing is delightful enchantly and an ample fortune. At eighty years a pious hand had thrown over the face .- ingly, Edenly, heavenly, that it seems to of age he had retired from business, leav- The features were already stamped with dissolve the heart to a jelly-fills the buing his practice in the hands of his eldest that character of serene grandeur and ma son. One day when an officious friend jesty, which death imprints upon the fore- sets the soul a scampering like a cock-

he would have time enough to make it af- breast; it was already cold as marble; the about to breed a multitude of those little departed.

The old servant opened the lips of the but I take my four meals a day; I walk tween his teeth. Jean himself was as pale much for his delicate nerves; and being dead, and slipped a spoonful of ice bewithout a stick, I read without spectacles, as the corpse of his master. He continu. so unaccustomed to the act as he was, it shire. He raised himself above the proand I have more wit than the greater part ed his work, which borrowed, from the is surprising that he didn't incontinently in this age when there is so little to be acter of mystery, solemnity, and expectaend which he proposed to himself, a char. expire in an agony of bliss.

His friend said nothing farther on the the frame of the notary; he opened his

loward the bed.

*My son, I am dead, said the notary. raising his cold and livid hand; trouble not this hour. Bring a notary; go, my

second life will last but one hour! The voice of the dead man had an ac so full of fire, his gesture so adthoritative, that the son obeyed. A cold sweat

stood upon his brow. 'Jean,' resumed the corpse of the notary, thanks; get ready quickly a table.

pens and ink; set a chair; good, The son entered, followed by a notary, who had been intimately acquainted with the patriarch of the company.

When he had finished, he raised his sweet as the sweetest smack that ever ex-

Very good, said the corpse, now

lather felt quite contented with this quit | sound of a light hammer striking on a plate | rub itself against her, if you are anywise

When he had finished, he took Jean and his son by the hand, sighed deeply, and fell back heavily upon his bed.

His mouth was closed, and the blazing

was interred.

take an ice as soon as it shall be evident were ready to guaranty its authenticity.

Will it not be called an anecdote drawn from the pages of Lewis author of the dience, promised to do so without making Monk? But it seems that the Chaussee d' Antin, also, must have its legends!

Those who call themselves strongminwhole month, the notary repeated his ded, and such are often among the weakest, will smile. Among the thinkers, however, many, like Montaigne, will say,

Short Patent Sermon. My text may be found somewhere in

these words . IE.—I ne'er on those lips for a moment have gazed But a thousand temptations beset me;

How delightful 'twould be-if you'd let me.

And that no other damsel shall get you,

By the stars that rell round yonder summit of blue Perhaps, sir-porhaps, sir-I'll let you.

My Hearers .- 1 am a believer in mag netism. I am; all sorts of magnetismmaterial magnetism, and celestial magnetism. Why should I not be? We know ble if I don't seriously think there are un- diers in the field. seen railroads, invisible telegraph wires, Gen. Pierce also named Brown & Swett,

for entre-nous hugging and kissing; and

My hearers - when we see a pretty, rosy, pouting pair of lips of the right genthat the fault may rest with me only. I der, we feel an irresistible desire to get at them. We instantaneously feel surcharged with electricity, and are anxious Jean went out, and soon returned, with to let it off by a tangible communication, roach upon a hot griddle, and causes the Jean fold his hand upon the notary's flesh to creep and quiver as though it were red ants that form settlements in the neighborhood of sweet cake and sugar boxes. No wonder, then, when Jacob

My hearers-kissing has been univer-Suddenly, a shudder passed through first billed and coned beneath the bowers es and sat up.
'My father!' cried the son, springing human nature, and nature ought never to after receiving six severe wounds, continor moralizer-whenever he comes across a beautiful young femenine, with bloom ing cheeks, tell-tale eyes, and rose buddy lips, he can't belp swallowing that spitcent so clear and so firm, his glance was the in his mouth, and inwardly exclaim, "How delightful 'twould be if you'd let me!" But this is a mere matter of imagination after all. You would derive as bussing a ribbed nosed baboon as the dar-

> buck and the somest wench, are just as ploded among the angels in heaven. My dear masculines-when you are

of steel, he dictated his last wishes. His decent looking, and if you swear eternal The friend insisted no longer, and the eyes shone like phosphorus, and neither love and constancy—if you can manage to HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. notary continued to live like a man who Jean nor his son could bear their bril encircle her correts with your coat sleeve, and look the whole English language from Extracts from the remarks of Mr. JAMIE your eyes, there is no fear but you can soon go to work and gather a golden harvest of kisses. She'll let you in a moment, and ere the excitement of the molustre of his eyeballs had disappeared like ment is over you need nt be surprised if

All this kissing, my friends, is very Two days afterwards the old notary well in its way; but I want you to salute one another with a holy kiss. Let all Such is the history, monsieur; and the sects, schismy, parties and factions unite, ed before Congress and before the country. bibliophilus Jacob added that the notary embrace, bug and be confounded in one. And this question, with all I intend to who had drawn up the testament of the Let love be the queen of the world. And deceased. Jean, the son himself, and ten all mankind her dutiful subjects. Then war portion of the Executive message.-If I should die suddenly, make me other persons belonging to the family, the earth would be a paradise, and life an The question is this: Will our country elysium. So mote it be. Dow JR.

How they Died.

The following extract from some remarks made by General Pierce, of New Hampshire, at his public reception in Concord, on the 26th sult, shows how many of our brave soldiers died in Mexico:

And Concord, too, was well represented among them. There was Henry Cald well-one of the bravest and most determined soldiers in the army. There was last breath flowed, he whispered to medo the boys say I behaved well? If I

upon which run our thoughts from one to of Connecticul, as particularly distinguish. who, to be sure, had some hand in produanother. But the magnetism that I am a ed; and Captain Cady and Lieutenants bout to speak of, is that existing between Potter and Dana, of the old line. Nor did ny fine articles in a book called the Fedthis is the tale, or the history, which the Breton peasants drink in rious something, composed of nothing, who fell at the head of his column, and but this man, after the Government bad the sexes; and there is certainly a myste- he forget Sergeant West, of Manchester, eralist, (1 wish it had some other name;) that draws a he and a she together; that was always there when there was any figh- endured for more than a quarter of a cenno philosopher can explain, nor I account ting to be done. But in mentioning the tury, brought us into the greatest danger for. Now this semi-physical magnet- men of New Hampshire, or of New Eng. of an unconstitutional and a wicked war. ism requires opposites to be exhibited in land, he would claim for them no super. Thus, sir, we were wrong in the Revolufull force. Girls don't care an apple seed ority over others. The sresent army was tion, wrong under the elder Adams, and exchange rawish, unadurable busses for the new levies, representing every State of ison had the audacity to do the same thing; economy's sake; but what I mean to say the Union, and it was not in the power of and I see a man over there (looking toward is that they have no electrical inclination man to say which had done the best ser. a part of the hall where Mr. Clay stoud we men have no natural desire for any great surprise that the new levies should audacity to sustain him. (I wish he would such fabial includgencies among ourselves. have fought as they had done. But it is only do the same now.) In some portions For my part, I'd rather kiss an old sun in the race. He would take from the au- of the country this war of 1812 was deemburnt, time scratched orange woman, than dience before him a regiment who would ed so wicked that they kept their militia do the same. In executing manouvres; marching round and round the boundaries enemy, by wheeling, countermarching, cross the line. The war was so impious. &c., old soldiers are undoubtedly better; so wicked, so against all the precepts of but when it came to close fighting, as in Christianity, so Heaven daring, that it was storming or charging, it was the man that wrong for a moral and religious people to did the work and not the manœuvring; and in such work the men who had never be | Sir, the war was declared wrong from the fore been under fire or handled a bayonet, stood well side by side with the long train

ed soldier. brave and accomplished officer of the ten our gallant little barques entered on the new regiments-Colonel Ransom. He broad field of the acean that they might be kissed Rachael, he lifted up his voice and shot dead at the head of his column. The kept pressing up-pressing up-ull he was taken. tection of a wall. A brother officer beg ged him not to expose himself unnecessaof Eden; and it was superlative fully to his back, deliberately placed his cap upon because he proclaimed that if this was conpreach and say aught against it. It is his breast and died. Colonel Graham, tinued there must be war. be opposed. I don't care who he is ; let ued on at the head of his men, and upon receiving a seventh, through the heart, so saying, he died.

THE GREAT WEST. The correspondent of the Baltimore Sun much pleasure, for the time being, in gives some interesting items of intelligence from the forthcoming reports of Mr. Burke, plasters upon the right "critter." Kiss- at 540,000,000 bushels, which, at a value Make haste, my dear D, exclais same. There is a vast difference between dollars, or about four times the value of Andrew Jackson and his Secretary of med the dead man, I count the moments. a tender, nicely cooked beef steak, and a the whole production of cotton. If this State, Mr. Forsyth) has had the audicity pen in ink, and commenced the preamble kisses enjoyed by the blackest Eth opian nations of Europe need not be questioned.

When he signed the treaty ceding Louisians to the United States, Napoleon, rub to the resolution of the gentleman from bing his hands, exclaimed, "There! I Virginia, (Mr. Botts,) is in the right, the With a voice clear and sonorous as the loveliness, and your itching soul longs to years will master her."

30th Congress.

Tuesday, Jan. 18, 1848. son. (of Missouri,) on the motion to refer the President's Message to the

various appropriate Committees. "In starting out, (said Mr. J.,) in making the remarks I purpose to make before this committee, I shall start in a form and fashion of my own; and I shall propose to myself in the outset a sort of text, or a question, which I desire should be presentever be in the right?

This is a very important question for our wise men to look into; and for the reason that, as through more than threescore years and ten of our national existence we have never once been in the right, it is highly important for them to consider whether they can form or devise any plan by which we may, at some time, be right for once. It is a questionfor the counsels of our wise men. For seventy-two years we have never yet been right, but always Sergoant Stowell, who was shot plump vise some way or means by which, for one time we may get in the right. We may go back to the days of Washington and the boys say t behaved went have, write home to my people. Then man there—and the days of Madison and there was Sergeant Pike, who had his leg Jefferson, and all the departed patriots of swept by three batteries. The amputa they said, because they all denied the our Revolution, and listen a little to what were performed, and a third was deemed vine right of kings to control the people. hopeless. Die he must, it was thought. Yes, sir, they had the audacity to come I know better than they do, he said. I'll out and to proclaim to the world that we try another; and when they cut it again I the Old Thirteen-we have a right to hope they will cut it so that it will stay be free and independent, and we will Mecut. A third amputation was performed, knowledge your divine right to control us there is a my sterious, non-understanda. and he lived through it. He and the oth- no longer. Yes, they did this. But in ble attractive influence existing between ers named were printers. In the new leve all this they had their opponents then, ies, the printers exceeded by twenty per who looked upon the ground taken by in a magnetism between mind and mind? cent., those of any other vocation; and on these Presidents and sages as wrong, as between mortals and immortals? between account of their intelligence and high spirit wicked, as against the authority of Heaven, and who thought that it was all done

under the frown of the Almighty. made up of artillery, cavalry, the army and wrong again in 1812, when the man Madvice. To many it had been a matter of among some of his friends) who had the and forming combinations in front of an of their own State, but forbade them to rejuice in the victories of our own armies. pulpit, wrong from the stumps, wrong every where -all wrong, all wicked. Sir, not only that; so wrong was it held to be Another cause of the success of our that they held a Convention at a place troops, new and old, was the conduct of called Hartford, to take sides against their the officers, who, from the highest to the own country and in favor of the enemy. lowest, led and cheered on their columns. It was held by people so religious that Hence the disproportion in the loss of offi they raised blue lights on their coast to cers and men. Hence the loss of that most give notice to the enemy whenever one of

Sir, it was held most wicked for that same was true of Col. Martin Scott, the wicked President to take the ground that Great Britain had no right to clear the decks of our ships of what men she chose to select, and take them by force into her own service. They claimed the right to sally practised ever since Adam and Eve er stooped." The next moment a shot a stronger fleet than we had. The Presrily. He replied, "Martin Scott has nev. board our vessels of war because she had

And now I say the question arises, (and I want the country to keep it in view,) Shall we ever be in the right? We were slowly dropped from his horse, and as he not right in the Revolution, we were not fell upon the ground, eaid-" Forward, my right in 1812, and we are still further from men! my word is always, forward!" And being right now. The Mexican Government (I have all the documents here, but I cannot stay to read them) has only committed, for a course of twenty-eight years in succession, one hundred of the most outrageous depredations on our flag and on all the rights of our people. Yes, sir; ling of your heart, if you only supposed, Commissioner of Patents. Mr. Burke es. 1845 they have committed only one hopthey have only done that. From 1816 to: [in the dark] that you were putting the timates the corn crop for the present year dred of the greatest outrages that were es, when analyzed are found to be all the of lifty cents a bushel, gives 270,000,000 Jim Polk (and on the same ground stood The notary took his sent, dipped his hall petrified piece of salt junk; but the statement be correct, our ability to feed the to say that outrages like these formed just cause for immediate wir. What Jackson said of them Polk has repeated. But here we are wrong again. Mexico, according tempted by a female paragon of beauty & have given to England a rival that in fifty United States in the wrong. Polic his but taken the ground which Jackson took,