

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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THE BANNER

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KILLING, NO MURDER.

I am a sober, middle aged, married gentleman, of a moderate size; with moderate wishes, moderate means, a moderate family, and every thing moderate about me, except my house, which is too large for my means, or my family. It is however, or rather, alas! it was, an old mansion, full of old things, of no value but to the owner, as connected with early associations and ancient friends, and I did not like the idea of converting it into a tavern or boarding house, as is the fashion with the young heirs of the present day. Such as it was, however, although I sometimes felt a little like the ambitious snail who once crept into a lobster's shell and came near perishing in the hard winter, I managed for ten or twelve years to live in it very comfortably, and to make both ends meet. My furniture was of the best, a little out of fashion, and here and there a little out at the elbows; but I always persuaded myself that it was respectable to be out of fashion, and that new things snatched of new men, and were therefore rather vulgar. Under this impression, I lived in my old house, with my old fashioned furniture, moderate sized family & moderate means, envying nobody and indebted to no one in the world. I had neither gilded furniture, nor grand mantel glasses, nor superb chandeliers; but then I had a few fine pictures and busts, and flattered myself they were much more genteel than gilded furniture, grand mantel glasses, and superb chandeliers. In truth, I looked down with contempt not only on those, but on all those who did not agree with me in opinion. I never asked a person to dinner a second time who did not admire my busts and pictures, considering him a vulgar genius and an admirer of gilded tinsel.

But let no man presume, after reading my story, to flatter himself he is out of the reach of my infection of fashion and fashionable opinions. He may hold out for a certain time, perhaps, but human nature can't stand forever on the defensive. The example of all around us is irresistible, sooner or later. The first shock given to my attachment to respectable old fashioned furniture and a respectable old four square double house, was received from the elbow of a modern worthy, who had grown rich, nobody knew how, by presiding over the drawing of luttetier, & who came and built himself a narrow four-story house right at the side of my honest four square double mansion. It had white marble steps; white marble door & window-sills; folding doors and marble mantle-piece, and was as fine as a fiddle, in doors and out. It put my rusty old mansion quite out of countenance, as every body told me, though I assure my readers, I thought it excessive tawdry and in bad taste.

But, alas! such is the stupidity of mankind, I could get nobody to agree with me.

What has come over your house lately," cried one good natured visitor; "somehow or other it don't look as it used to do."

What makes your house look so rusty and old fashioned?" said another good natured visitor.

"Mr. Blankprize has taken the shine off of you," said Mrs. Sowerby; "HE HAS KILLED YOUR HOUSE!"

Hereupon the spirit moved me to go out and reconnoitre the venerable mansion. It certainly looked a little like a chubby, rusty, old fashioned quaker by the side of a first rate dandy. I picked a quarrel with it outright, which by the way was a very unlucky quarrel. I was not rich enough to pull it down and build a new one; and it is great folly to quarrel with an old house until you can build. I can paint—thought I, and put at least as good a face on the matter as this opulent lottery man, my next door neighbor. Accordingly I consulted my wife on the subject, who, whether from a spirit of contradiction, or to do her justice, I believe, from a correct and rational view of the subject, discouraged my project. I was only the more determined. So I caused my honest old house to be painted a bright cream color, that it might hold up its head against the sturvy lottery man.

"Bless me!" quoth Mrs. Smith—"What is the matter with this room—it don't look as it used to do?"

"Why, what under the sun have you done to this room?" cried Mrs. Brown.

"Protect me!" exclaimed Mrs. White—"Why I seem to have got into a strange room. What is the matter?"

"You've killed the inside of your house!" said Mrs. Sowerby, "by painting the outside such a bright color."

It was too true; this was my first crime. Would I had stopped here!—but destiny determined otherwise. It happened unfortunately that my front parlor carpet was of a yellow ground. It was, to be sure, somewhat faded by time and use; but it comported very well with the unpretending sobriety of the outside of the house, under the old regime. But the

case was altered now, & the bright cream color of the outside killed the dingy yellow carpet within. So I bought a new carpet, of a fine orange ground, determined that this should not be killed. It looked very fine, and I was satisfied. I had done the business effectually.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mrs. Smith—"what a pretty carpet."

"Save us!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown—"Why you look as fine as twopence!"

"Protect us!" cried Mrs. Sowerby—"What a fashionable affair!" Then casting a knowing look around the room, she added, in a tone of hesitating candor—"But don't you think, somehow or other, it kills the curtains?"

Another murder! thought I—wretch that I am, what have I done! What is done cannot be undone; but I can remedy the affair. So I bought a new suit of yellow curtains. I'll twig Mrs. Sowerby now.

Mrs. Sowerby came the very next day. Well, I declare now this is charming!—I never saw more *tasty* curtains. But, my dear Mr. Sowersides, somehow or other, don't you think they *kill* the walls? Murder again! four stone walls killed at a blow! But I'll get the better of Mrs. Sowerby yet. So I got the walls colored as bright as the curtains, and bade her defiance in my heart the next time she came.

Mrs. Sowerby came as usual. Her whole life was spent in visiting about everywhere, and putting people out of conceit with themselves.

She threw up her eyes and hands—"Well, I declare, Mr. Sowersides, you have done wonders. This is real French white"—which by the way, my readers unlearned, should know is yellow—"But" continued this pestilent woman—"don't you think that these bright colored walls kill the chairs?"

Worse and worse! there were twelve innocent old arm chairs, with yellow satin bottoms and backs, murdered in cold blood by four unfeeling French white stone walls! But there is a remedy for all things but death. I forthwith procured a new set of chairs as yellow as custard, and snapt my fingers in triumph at Mrs. Sowerby the next time she came.

But alas! what are all the towering hopes of man? Dust, ashes, emptiness, nothing. Mrs. Sowerby was not yet satisfied. She thought the chairs beautiful. "But then, my dear friend," she said, after a solemn and appalling pause—"my dear friend, these bright yellow satin chairs have killed the picture frames!"

And they had, as dead as Julius Cæsar; the picture frames looked like old lumber in the midst of all my improvements. There was no help for it, and a way went the pictures to Messrs. Parker & Clover. In good time they came back, redeemed, regenerated, & disenthralled. I was so satisfied now that there was nothing left in my parlor to be killed, that I could hardly sleep that night, so impatient was I to see Mrs. Sowerby.

That pestilent woman, when she came next day, looked round in evident disappointment, but exclaimed, with great appearance of cordiality,

"Well, now I declare, it's all perfect; there is not a handsomer room in town."

Thank heaven! thought I—I have committed no more murders. But I reckoned without my host. I was destined to go on murdering in spite of me. The spring was now coming on, and the weather being mild, the folding doors had been thrown open between the front and back parlors. This latter was furnished with green, somewhat faded I confess. I had therefore considered it the sanctum sanctorum of the establishment. It was only used on extraordinary occasions, such as Christmas and New Year days, when all the family dined with me, bringing their children with them to go maddened very well by itself; but alas! the moment Mrs. Sowerby caught sight of it, her eye brightened—fatal omen!

"Why, my dear Mr. Sowersides, what has got into your back parlor? It used to be so genteel and smart—Why, I believe I'm losing my eyesight—the green carpet and curtains look quite yellow I think—O, I see it now the front parlor has killed the back one!"

The d—! here was another pretty piece of business. I must either keep the door shut all summer and be roasted, or be charged with killing a whole parlor, carpet, curtains, chairs, sofas, walls, & all!

It would be but a mere repetition to relate how this wicked woman again led me on from one murder to another. First the new carpet 'killed' the curtains, then the new curtains 'killed' the old satin chairs—and so by little and little all my honest old green furniture went the way of the honest old yellow.

"The spell is broke at last," cried I, rubbing my hands in ecstasy. Neither my front or back parlor can commit any more assassinations. Blasted with the idea, I was waiting on Mrs. Sowerby to the front door, when suddenly she stopped short at the foot of the old fashioned winding staircase, the carpet of which, I confess, was here and there infested with that abominable—a dain. It was moreover rather dingy and faded.

"Your back parlor has killed your hall," said Mrs. Sowerby. And so it had—

Coming out of the splendor of the former, the latter had the same effect on the beholder as a bad set of teeth in a fine face, or an old rusty iron grate in a fine room.

I began to be desperate. I had been accessory to so many cruel murders that my conscience became seared, and I went on, led by the wiles of this pestilent woman, to murder my way from the ground floor to the cockloft, without sparing a single soul. Nothing escaped but the garret which having been for half a century the depository of all our broken or banished household goods, resembled Hogarth's picture of the 'End of the World,' and defied the arts of that mischievous woman, Mrs. Sowerby.

My house was now fairly revolutionized, or rather reformed after the old French mode, by a process of indiscriminate destruction.

I did not, like Alexander, after having thus conquered one world, sigh for another to conquer. I sat down to enjoy my victory under the shade of my laurels.—But, alas! disappointment ever follows the heels of fruition. It is pleasant to dance until we come to pay the piper.—By the time custom had familiarized me to my new glories, and they had become somewhat indifferent, bills came pouring in by dozens, and it was impossible to kill my duns as I had done my old furniture, except by paying them, a mode of destroying these troublesome vermin not always convenient or agreeable. From the period of commencing housekeeping until now, I had never a single occasion to put off the payment of a bill. I prided myself on always paying ready money for everything, and it was an honest pride. I can hardly express the mortification I felt at being now occasionally under the necessity of giving excuses instead of money.

I had a miserable invention at this sort of work of imagination, & sometimes, when more than usually barren, I got in to a passion, as people often do when they don't know what else to do. More than once I found myself suddenly turning a corner in a great hurry, or planting myself before the window of a picture shop, studying very attentively in order not to see certain persons, the very sight of whom is always painful to people of nice sensibility.

Not being hardened to such like trades by long use, I felt rather sore and irritable. Under the old regime it had always been a pleasure to me to hear a ring at the door, because it was the signal for an agreeable visitor; but now it excited disagreeable apprehensions, and sounded like the knell of a dun. In short I grew crusty and filigetty by degrees, insomuch that Mrs. Sowerby often exclaimed,

"Why what has come over you, Mr. Sowersides!" Why I declare somehow or other you don't seem the same man you used to be!"

I could have answered, 'The new Mr. Sowersides has killed the old Mr. Sowersides.' But I said nothing, & only wished her up in the garret, among the old furniture.

My system of reform produced another source of worrying. Hitherto my old furniture and myself had been so long acquainted, that I could recline on the sofa of an evening or sit on one of the old chairs, and cross my legs on another, without the least ceremony. But now, forsooth! it is as much as I dare to do, to sit down upon one of my new acquaintances; and as for a lounge on the sofa, which was the Cleopatra for which I would have lost the world, I should as soon think of taking a nap in a fine lady's sleeve. As to my little rattlepate boys, who had hitherto leared neither carpets, chair or sofa, they have at length been schooled into such awe of finery that they walk about the parlor on tiptoe; sit on the edge of a chair with trepidation, and contemplate the sofas at a distance with the most profound veneration, as unapproachable divinities. To cap the climax of my new system of reform, my easy old shoe friends, who came to see me without ceremony, because they felt comfortable & welcome, have gradually become shy of my new chairs and sofas; and the last of them was the other evening fairly locked out of the house by a certain person, for spitting accidentally upon a new brass fender, that shone like the sun at noon day.

I might hope that in the course of time these evils would be mitigated by the furniture growing old and sootiable by degrees, but there is little prospect of this, because it is too fine for common use.—The carpet is always protected by an old crumb cloth, full of holes and stains; the sofa and chairs are in dingy cover-suits, except on extraordinary occasions, and I fear they will last forever—at least longer than I shall. I sometimes solace myself with the anticipation that my children may live long enough to sit on the sofa with impunity, and walk on the carpet without going on tiptoe.

There would be some consolation in the midst of these sore evils if I could only blame my wife for all this. Many philosophers are of opinion, that this single privilege of matrimony is more than equivalent to all the rubs and disappointments of life; and I have heard a very wise person affirm that he would not mind being ruined at all, if he could only blame his wife for it. But I must do mine the

justice to say, that she combatted Mrs. Sowerby gallantly, and threw every obstacle in the way of my system of reform; advocating the cause of every piece of old furniture with a zeal worthy of better success. I alone am to blame in having yielded to the temptations of that wicked woman, Mrs. Sowerby; and as a man, who has ruined himself by his own imprudence is the better qualified for giving good advice, I have written this sketch of my history to caution all honest, sober, discreet people against commencing a system of reform in their household.—*Let them beware of the first murder!*

The Dead Sea.

The Dead Sea, in whose waters no living thing is found, is at present attracting considerable attention in the United States, in consequence of an expedition gotten up by our government, for the purpose of exploring it and the country around it.—Lieut. Lynch, of the United States navy, has charge of the expedition, and was, at the latest accounts, pursuing his mission with courage and determination, and had, so far, met with no insurmountable barriers to frighten him from the enterprise.

Christians have always read the scriptural story of the Dead Sea with the profoundest awe, and have looked upon it as one of the remnants of God's wrath, left to warn them from falling into the excesses which caused the Omnipotent Justice to crush the people of those cities over which this dreary and nauseous sea of water rolls.

According to the best authority, this sea is fifty-five or fifty-six miles long, and about twenty miles wide. Its water is dark and unwholesome. No habitation is discernible near its shores, and no man or beast can survive the pestilential vapors that arise from its vile and nauseous bottom. Every thing around it, as well as itself, bears the marks of God's wrath.—The atmosphere about it is contagious, and will not admit of animal existence.—No vegetation is ever found for miles near its shores; all is dark, gloomy and blasted, the sight of which creates an unnatural sensation in the breasts of all who witness it.

On this identical spot, now covered by this huge sea, there once flourished populous cities, fit to be the seats of government for mighty empires. Surrounded they were by valleys, hills and plains, and all about bore the impress of nature's bounteous hand.

Christianity has endeavored to prove, by ocular demonstration, the proof of the holy record which transmitted to us the story of this impenetrable enigma. But those who have attempted its exploration have not survived the undertaking. Miss Martineau, in her writings, speaks of a young Irishman who attempted to explore it, but who, ere he succeeded, contracted diseases the most fearful, and died of them in great agony, in Jerusalem. She also mentions a Lieutenant Molyneux, of the British navy, who once undertook to explore this sea. We copy the following in relation to him, as it reveals the undertaking which Lieut. Lynch and our gallant seamen have before them:

"On the 20th of August last, says a report which we notice in a late English literary journal, Lieut. Molyneux landed from the Sparta, at Acre, and with three volunteers, an interpreter, some camels and their attendants, and the ship's dingy, he proceeded on his journey. The traveling was, on the whole, difficult, and Tiberius on the lake of that name, about eighteen miles in length, was reached the next morning. The party embarked, crossed it, and made the descent of the river Jordan, which was accomplished with much difficulty, the waters being shallow, the stream tortuous and muddy, and much interrupted by water falls and weir of stone, where immense quantities of fish are taken. To these difficulties impeding the navigation, and often compelling the seamen to transport their boat over the carry places, was added the strenuous opposition of the native Sheiks. Large sums were demanded of Lieut. Molyneux for permission to pass; frequent quarrels occurred, and it was only by occasional threats on his part, and the appearance of a resort to arms, that he forced his way along.

"On the 3d of September he reached the Dead Sea. As he reached its waters, and made sale on the dingy, the breeze freshened, and large patches of white foam were passed. The sea rose, and with it came an unearthly roar of the waves, like that of fearful breakers ahead. At two o'clock, P. M., says the log, to the belief that the boat was nearing the southern extremity of the sea, it was hauled to the wind, and the lieutenant stood for the western coast, which was crowned with exceedingly high mountains, with faces almost perpendicular. Having arrived at what was apparently the deepest water, soundings were obtained at 225 fathoms, and the armature of the lead brought up some pieces of rock salt. The water itself was of a dirty, sandy color, rapidly destroying metals, and producing an unpleasant greasy feeling to the touch, with an extremely disagreeable smell. Every one and every thing in the boat was covered with a nasty shiny substance; iron

was corroded and covered as if with coal tar. No living thing was found in the waters. A long line of bubbling foam extended the whole length of the sea, over which at night a white line of cloud was visible.

"Having reached the termination of the lake, to which there is no outlet, although it receives five streams, the dingy was mounted on the backs of two camels, and the party proceeded to Jerusalem. This was the first time the boat of a man-of-war ever entered the holy city. Lieut. Molyneux returned to the coast of Jaffa, and joined his vessel. But he almost immediately took sick and died."

We trust that our own countryman, Lieut. Lynch, may be spared such an untimely fate as seems to be the conclusion of similar expeditions.

THE SOLDIER'S REPLY TO THE WHIG APPEAL FOR HIS VOTE.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

Give you my vote! No I not to save
This shattered body from the grave.
Your perjured party I disclaim—
'Twas in nature, Whig in name.
To those who would my reason know—
'Tis this—I've fought in Mexico.

While thro' our ranks swept grape and shell,
And yield none—though hundreds fell—
While each who sank in the advance
Was spitted by the brigand's lance.
While we our country's colors bore
Triumphant through the battle's roar,
You gave the murderous faman aid,
You whotted each soldier's blade,
Yes: to the coward's courage gave
Heaped curses on your country's brave;
And now you change at once your note;
And ask a soldier for his vote!

Think you your voices could not reach
To Vorn Cruz's conquered beach;
Or that your curses died away
Before the walls of Monterey?
Not so; in every conquered town
The language quoted was your own;
In every printed Attec sheet,
Your speeches we were sure to meet.
I vote your fraudful ticket! No!
For I have fought in Mexico.

You say that Taylor leads you on;
My vote for Taylor must be thrown;
He wears the soldier's laurel leaf,
He is the soldier's honored chief.
'Tis true. His honors are his own—
He won them by the sword alone.
But where the honor to command
Of traitor Whigs a revenue band,
Who hopped dishonor on the cause
In which he won the world's applause?
To bring him from his proud estate,
Elect him as your candidate,
But do not ask a soldier's hand
To stamp with the foul Whig brand.
Against his fame I strike no blow—
I fought with him in Mexico.

Give me the men who true and bold
Their country and their flag uphold;
Whatever force our shores assail;
Whatever war cry fills the gale;
Stoop not to wry from high or low,
An insult answer by a blow;
Who make our flag on shores and seas
The proudest flag that floats the breeze.
Give me the Democratic creed,
Bold men in word and brave in deed,
No traitors, sycophants and knaves,
None who dishonor soldiers' graves;
None who when evil days befall
Are over on the foe's man's side;
Who gallant hearts heap insults on;
But cheer them when the victory's won.
[Nay—shrink not friend—I mean no harm—
In Mexico I left an arm—
Peace has been ratified you know,
And Mexicans are all safe now.]
Seek some deserter, would you win
A vote to help your party in;
Or better still for voters go
To Riley's men in Mexico.

QUESTIONS WELL ANSWERED.

A concealed fellow wishing to puzzle Thales the Milesian, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him in rapid succession, the following difficult questions. The philosopher replied to them all, without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety and precision, our readers can judge for themselves:

What is the oldest of all things?
'God, because he always existed.'
What is the most beautiful?
'The world, because it is the work of God.'
What is the greatest of all things?
'Space, because it contains all that is created.'
What is the 'quickest of all things?'
'Thought, because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.'
What is the strongest?
'Necessity, because it makes men face all the dangers of life.'
What is the most difficult?
'To know yourself.'
What is the most constant of all things?
'Hope, because it still remains with man after he has lost everything else.'

Population of Pennsylvania.—It appears by the return of the Commissioner of Patents that the increase of population for the last seven years, in the three largest States, is as follows: New York, 351,079; Pennsylvania, 400,076; Ohio, 340,534. The increase of Pennsylvania is more regular and healthy than that of most other States, and it is not improbable she will in a few years overtake New York.

Of Virginia, once the first State in the Union, nothing is said in connection with the present leading States. She has lost her place in the first class, and will not regain it until she rids herself of slavery, which she cannot and will not attempt to do until fanatical abolitionists cease their agitation.

A great meeting of the friends of Ireland was held in New York on Tuesday night, to express the sentiments of the people regarding the British treatment of Michael, the Irish patriot.