

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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POETRY.

From the Dublin Journal.
THE KINGS OF THE SOIL.

Black rain may nestle below a crest,
And crime below a crown;
As good hearts' nests a fustian vest,
As under a silken gown;
Shall tales be told of chiefs who sold
Their sinews to crush and kill,
And never a word be sung or heard
Of the man who reaped and till;
I bow in thanks to the sturdy throng
Who greet the young morn with toll;
And the burden I give my earnest song,
"Shall be this—THE KINGS OF THE SOIL!"
Then sing for the kings who have no crown—
But the blue sky o'er their head—
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they.
To withhold or to offer bread.
Proud ships may hold both silver and gold,
The wealth of a distant strand;
But ships would rot, and be valued not,
Were there none to till the land.
The widest heath, and the wildest brake,
Are rich as the richest field;
For they gladden the wild birds when they wake
And give them food to eat.
And with willing hand, and spade and plow,
The gladning hour shall come,
When that which is called the "wasteland" low,
Shall ring with the "Harvest Home"
Then sing for the kings who have no crown,
But the blue sky o'er their head—
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they.
To withhold or to offer bread.

A TAILOR 'DONE BROWN.—The New York "Spirit," that perennial fountain of good things, has the following nice little story by a Boston correspondent, showing just how it was "once on a time," that a certain knight of the shears was "done brown." A most beautiful "brown" it was truly:

Not many years since, there lived in the "moral" city of Boston, two young bucks, rather waggish in their ways, and who were in the habit of patronizing, rather extensively, a tailor by the name of Smith. Well, one day, into Smith's shop these two young bloods strolled. Says one of them—

"Smith, we've been making a bet; now we want you to make each of us a suit of clothes—wait till the bet is decided, and then the one that loses will pay the whole."

"Certainly, gentlemen; I shall be most happy to oblige you," says Smith, and forth, with their measures were taken, and in due course of time the clothes were sent home. A month or two passed by, and yet our friend, the tailor, saw nothing of his two customers. One day, however, he met them in Washington street, and thinking it almost time the bet was decided, he made up to them, and asked them how their clothes fitted.

"Oh! excellently," says one; "by the bye, Smith, our bet isn't decided yet?"

"Oh!" says Smith, "what is it?"

"Why, I bet that when Bunker Hill Monument falls, it will fall towards the south! Bill here took me up, and when the bet is decided, we'll call and pay that little bill."

Smith's face stretched to double its usual length, but he soon recovered his wonted good humor, and says he—

"Boys, I'm sold; let's go to Brigham's and take a 'snifter'—and, I'll tell you what, boys, say nothing about it, and I'll send you receipted bills, this afternoon."

A TOUGH YARN.
There is a place in Maine so rocky, that when the down casters plant corn they look for crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grains in with a musket; they can't these ducks there no how, for the stones are so thick that the ducks can't get their bills between them to pick up the grasshoppers, and the only way the sheep can get at the sprigs of grass is by grinding their noses on a grindstone.

But that ain't a circumstance to a place on the Eastern Shore—there the land is so poor that it takes two kids to say a kid, and on a clear day you can see the grasshoppers climb up a mullein stalk, with legs in their eyes over a fifty acre field; and the bumble bees have to go down on their knees to get at the grass; all the mosquitoes died of starvation, and the turkey buzzards had to emigrate.

But there is a county in Virginia, which can beat that;—there the land is sterile that when the wind is at the southwest, they have to tie the children to keep them from being blown away; there it takes six dogs to see a man, and when the dogs bark, they have to lean against the fence; the horses are so thin that it takes twelve of them to make a shadow, and when they kill a hee, they have to hold him up to knock him down!

The Hour of Ireland's Destiny.

From the Dublin Nation, of July 27.
The last plank has now, indeed, been shivered, to which we clung with such despairing faith. The last drop added to the full cup of insult and misery, and it has overflowed. Men of Ireland, the hour of trial and deliverance has at last been struck by Providence. Calmly contemplate all that God, humanity, and your outraged country now demand of you, and then resolutely date, heroically conquer, or bravely die. What have you to fear? Nothing in Heaven, for you are justified before God. You may kneel by your lifted battle flag, and call him to witness how you have patiently endured every wrong—suffered, unrevenge, every infamy—and sought redress only with streaming eyes and clasped hands, and passionate prayers for Justice! Justice!

That cry has gone up to heaven, and entered into the ears of the Lord Sabaoth, but it could not melt the heart of man. We appeal to God, then, in the day of battle; we claim His vengeance for our wrongs; for has He not said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord?" Do you fear the Judgment of men? Look round the earth—every nation cheers you on with words of hope, and sympathy, and encouragement. Uplift your battle flag, and from the two hemispheres, and from across the two oceans, not words alone, but brave hearts and armed hands will come to meet you.

Ireland! Ireland! it is no petty insurrection—no local quarrel—no party triumph that summons you to the field. The destinies of the world—the advancement of the human race—depends now on your courage and success; for, if you have courage, success must follow. Tyranny, and despotism, and injustice, and bigotry, are gathering together the chains that have been flung off by every other nation of Europe, and are striving to bind them upon us—the ancient, brave, free, Irish people. It is a holy war to which we are called—a war against all that is opposed to justice, and happiness, and freedom. Conquer, and tyranny is subdued forever.

It is a death struggle now between the oppressor and the slave—between the murderer and his victim—Strike!—Strike! Another instant, and his foot will be upon your neck—his dagger at your heart. Will he listen to prayers?—will he melt at tears? God help us! We have looked to heaven and earth, and asked, "Is there no way to save Ireland but by this dark path?" We have taken counsel of Misery, and Famine, and Plague, and said, "Will not ye plead for us? Will not Horror grant what Justice denies?" But they die!—they die! The strong men, and the mothers, and the pale children, down they fall, thousands upon thousands—a death rain of human corpses upon the earth; and their groans vibrate with a fearful dissonance through the country, and their death-wail shrieks along the universe, but no pity dims the eye of the stern murderer who watches their agonies!

God has not utterly forsaken us. He has left one path, but one. That path is broad, and clear, and open to us now.—There is no other. You must march on it or aid the ruin of your country. The death of the living and the vengeance of the unavenged dead will be upon your soul. But here solemnly we acquit the English people of all participation in forcing upon us this dreadful alternative—slavery or war.

Rise, then, men of Ireland, since Providence so wills it. Rise in your cities and your fields, on your hills, in your valleys, by your dark mountain passes, by your rivers and lakes, and ocean washed shores. Rise as a nation. England has discovered the bond of allegiance. Rise, not now to demand justice of a foreign kingdom, but to make Ireland an independent kingdom forever. It is no light task God has appointed you. It is a work of trial and temptation. Oh! be steadfast in the trial—be firm to resist the temptation!

You have to combat in justice, therefore you must yourselves be just. You have to overthrow a despot power, but you must establish order, not suffer anarchy. Remember it is not against individuals, or parties, or sects, you wage war, but against a system. Overthrow—have no mercy on that system. Down with it—down with it even to the ground—but show mercy to the individuals who are but the instruments of the system. You look round upon a land—your own land—trodden down, trampled and insulted, and on a persecuted, despairing people. It is your right arm, must raise up that trampled land—must make her again beautiful, and stately, and rich in blessings. Elete that despairing people, and make them free and happy, but teach them to be majestic in their force, generous in their policy, noble in their triumph. It is a holy mission. Holy must be your motives and your acts if you would fulfill it. Act as if your souls' salvation hung on each deed, and it will; for we stand already within the shadows of eternity. Far us is the combat, but not for us, perhaps, the triumph. Many a noble heart will be cold, many a throbbing pulse be stilled, see the cry of Victory! will arise. It is a solemn thought that now is the hour of destiny when the letters of seven centuries

may at last be broken, and by you, men of this generation—by you, men of Ireland. You are God's instruments; many of you must be Freedom's martyrs. Oh! be worthy of the name; and as you act as men, as patriots, and as Christians, so will the blessing rest upon your head when you lay it down a sacrifice for Ireland upon the red battle field.

Interesting from Cuba.

The following is the copy of a letter to a member of Congress from Florida, written by a gentleman of high character at Pensacola, & can no doubt be relied upon:—
Washington Union.
Pensacola, July 27, 1848.

At this moment, just before the departure of the mail, I snatch the little time I have to say that, by the arrival of the schooner General Bennett from Key West, we received accounts of an insurrection at Havana, island of Cuba. Five hundred of the insurrectionists were killed. It seems their plot was discovered before it had fully matured. Finding that their conspiracy was detected, they forcibly possessed themselves of ammunition from the stores, after an engagement with the regular troops, & retired to the mountains.

This is the beginning of what must follow, and foreshadowing what it will be necessary for our government to do in relation to this great way to our southern and western commercial interests. [We publish the letter as we find it, without professing to understand precisely the import of the last paragraph, or passing any opinion at all upon the subject.—*Union.*]

FOUR DAYS FROM KEY WEST.—INSURRECTION AT CUBA.

We learn by Captain Thomas E. Minor, of the schooner Governor Bennett, that a snuck arrived at Key West the day on which he left for this port, and reported that an insurrection was to have taken place at Havana on the 20th of this month. But fortunately the governor became apprized of it, and took precautionary steps to arrest it. The insurrectionists, on perceiving that the conspiracy was detected, broke into the stores, and forcibly possessed themselves of ammunition, &c.—Whereupon the governor called out the regular troops, and the insurrection was suppressed, after the slaughter of five hundred of the insurrectionists; the remainder were driven to the mountains.

A PAINFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.—*Telegraphic Mistake.*—It is known, says the Albany Journal, that a son of Mr. Burt, of this city, four years old, has been missing over two years. The parents have always believed that the child was taken away by a circus company. Mr. Burt received information, a few weeks since, that led him to believe that his son was with a circus company in western Pennsylvania, whither he went in pursuit.

He found the company near Bedford, Pa., but the boy (though obtained at or near Schenectady, and of the same age) was not his, and he sent a telegraph despatch from Bedford, to his wife, saying, "not our child. Will be home by Wednesday." But the telegraph note, as received by Mrs. B., reads: "Met our children. I will be home by Wednesday." The mother, supposing her lost child had been found, communicated the intelligence to her friends. But this morning, when Mr. B. returned, these joyful anticipations were cruelly disappointed.

MAJOR NOAH'S AGE.—The Major thus answers a correspondent:—"Clara H. begs to know our age. How is it that the ladies take greater interest in the fate of an old fellow than they do of the young? We have no particular objection to telling our age. We are ten years younger than Mr. Ritchie, of the Washington Union, and he is the most sprightly, active, and extraordinary man of his years in the country. We are younger than Mr. Van Buren, who has not yet arrived at the age of discretion."

Beautiful Superstition.—Among the superstitions of the Senecas, there is one which for its singular beauty is already well known. When a maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song; and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over the grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings, nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit-land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved, and lost. It is not infrequently, says the Indian, that ten or twenty or thirty birds loosened at once over one grave.

Our thoughts, like the waters of the sea, when exhaled towards Heaven, will lose all their bitterness and saltiness, and sweetness into an amiable humanity, until they descend in gentle showers of kindness upon our fellow-men.

Man Murdered by his Wife.—A man by the name of Elias Davis was shot in his own house, in Arkansas, on the 4th ult., it is supposed by his own wife, aided, it is believed, by a man named William Pepper. Pepper and the wife of Davis are in jail at Helena, Ark.

[The author of the following address was President of the last Whig State Convention of Illinois. He has the moral firmness to renounce error when convinced that he is in error. Were others as honest in their political opinions, and had the boldness to avow it, there would be many such "lose screws."]

Another Convert to Democracy.

THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE WHIG CONVENTION
TO MY OLD WHIG FRIENDS.
GENTLEMEN: Under ordinary circumstances, I should scarcely venture to intrude any effusion of my feelings and sentiments upon the public attention. If any apology is required, let it be found in the columns of the Journal of Monday last, which assails, not only my political, but my private character and business, in a style of ungentlemanly abuse and low vulgarity, excelled only by the base falsehood of its statements.

This attack of the Journal upon me is doubtless intended to terrify and beat into submission other whigs, who, like me, are leaving their ranks. They are welcome to make an example of me. All I ask, is the right of explaining to my whig friends the reasons which induce this change in my political sentiments and aspirations. It is well that we live in a land of liberty & republican institutions, where the intolerant and proscriptive spirit manifested by the Journal is compelled to confine its vengeance upon those who dare to spurn its dictation to impotent words.

I need not say that, in advocating the principles of the late whig party, I honestly believed the recognition of those principles in the administration of the government to be essential to the welfare of our country; and, with equal sincerity, regarded the principles of the democratic party as mischievous in their tendency, & destructive in their application to the management of national affairs.

But I consider the experience of the last twelve years sufficient to convince every candid mind—as it has convinced my own—that the principles and measures of the democratic party are drawn from the true theory of republican government, best calculated to secure the perpetuity of our free institutions, and to attain that primary end of all government, "the greatest good of the greatest number."

The party with which I acted advocated a national bank as an indispensable agent in carrying on the financial operations of the government, in supplying a sound currency, and regulating exchanges. The democratic party rejected this principle, was triumphantly sustained by the people on repeated trials; and the independent treasury system now stands in vindication of the wisdom of its policy. For the fact is established in the face of all the world, and has become a settled principle in the minds of the people, that the system is better adapted to the safe and easy management of our financial affairs, affords a more sound currency, and keeps the exchanges at lower and more uniform rates than ever was, or can be, realized from a bank.

A high protective tariff is another article of whig faith—deemed necessary for the encouragement of American industry, and the protection of our manufactures from foreign competition. The people have decided against the whig party also in this. A tariff law, the offspring of democratic policy, is now in operation, and has now received the marked approval of the people. Under its mild and beneficent operation, the revenues of the country have increased beyond all precedent; American industry has been rewarded with abundant employment and high prices; manufactures have grown up all over the land as if by magic, making enormous dividends; and so far from quailing under foreign competition, our people are sending the products of their looms and workshops to Europe, underselling the English manufacturer at his own door.

To increase duties for mere protection, would only be to rob millions of consumers for the benefit of a few hundreds of rich producers.

I might refer to many other questions of policy, in which the deliberate judgment of the country has been given against the whigs, and in favor of the democrats. It is true, that success may not always be the criterion of merit; but when the people deliberately, year after year, and under every variety of circumstances, uniformly decide the same questions in the same way, the presumption is almost inevitable, that their verdict is right. And if any further reason were necessary for acquiescing in this fixed expression of the popular will, it may be found in the fact before referred to; that disaster, confusion, and speedy repeal have followed close upon the success of whig measures in Congress; while great national advancement, an uninterrupted career of prosperity and glory, in peace and war, & a popularity which insures permanency, attest the wisdom and fitness to the condition of the country and the spirit of the age, of democratic measures.

It is not time, then, that the principles of the whig party were repudiated? Acting for myself, I do repudiate them, and adopt others, which time and the experience of the country commend to my approval.

The whig party, too, coming to the same conclusion, conceived that the country will not endure whig principles, has formally renounced and repudiated them. By refusing in its national convention to reaffirm its old principles, by abandoning the great "embodiment" of them, & nominating a man confessedly destitute of both political principles and experience, it has decreed its own dissolution, and left every whig free, in the language of Judge Logan, to "wipe out and begin anew." The whig party, having become ashamed of its principles, and abandoned them, surely is not in a condition to condemn me for adding to my abandonment of whig principles an abandonment of the whig party.

I repudiate the whig party, because I cannot approve its course in reference to the late war with Mexico. I regard the war as just and unavoidable on our part; having been forced into it by aggressions and actual hostility on the part of Mexico. Instead of beginning an unjust, unnecessary, and unconstitutional war, as charged by the vote of the whig party in Congress, I regard the President acting all the while on the defensive, and solely to preserve our national rights and honor. I love my country more than Mexico; & while cordially approving the efforts of the administration to conduct the war vigorously and close it honorably, I cannot but condemn the factious opposition of the whigs, which has embarrassed the government, prolonged the war, and increased its virulence. I do not wish my vote to be placed by the side of the vote of Corwin, Giddings, and others, whose unpatriotic course in Congress and elsewhere identifies them with the torres of the revolution and the federalists of the last war with Great Britain.

I admire Lewis Cass as a great statesman and pure patriot. In war, he was a brave and accomplished soldier, and distinguished for his courage and patriotism. He stands among the most eminent of American statesmen, having spent the best portion of a long life in the service of his country. His prompt and effectual interference to prevent the consummation of the quintuple treaty, got up by England to enable her to seize and search American ships, and annoy American commerce, evinced the power of his intellect, the fervency of his patriotism, and the watchfulness with which he guarded the interests of his country. No man who assails Gen. Cass for this, and thus virtually condemns the principle for the maintenance of which we fought England, ought to receive the confidence of an American constituency. No such can receive my vote.

As a military man, I admire and love Gen. Taylor, and would rather add a thousand than pluck one laurel from his brow. But, according to his own statement, he has yet to begin to learn those things which pertain to the duties of the presidency. I believe that the democratic party appreciate his services as highly as the whigs; that it is not so much for attachment to the man, that the whigs support him, as it is from a hope that, by abandoning their principles, and converting his military reputation into electioneering capital, they can succeed in getting control of the spoils of office. Having no intimation either from his own declarations or those of the convention that nominated him, what principles he expects to adopt, or how he stands upon great national questions, I decline "going it blind," and prefer supporting Cass and Butler, whose lives have been spent in honorable public service—who are acknowledged to be pure, great, and good in all those attributes which constitute the patriot and citizen, and whose principles are known and read of all men.

A. R. ROBINSON.
SPRINGFIELD, July 20, 1848.
From the Democratic Union.
DEMOCRATIC THUNDER.
The Whigs claimed Lt. Col. Black as a Whig, and said, as he went so would go four-fifths of the 1st and 2nd Pennsylvania regiments. Let them think so, but hear what the Colonel says himself:
"Four-fifths are not for Gen. Taylor, but on the contrary, in at least that proportion, they go for Cass & Butler. (Reiterated cheers.) I never sought to find out their feelings on the subject; for I was more than satisfied in knowing that every where, and in every way, five-fifths of them did all their duty to our country."
How can it be otherwise? They were engaged in fighting a Democratic war, and the chief difficulty the volunteers encountered in conquering a peace was the "aid and comfort" the Mexicans received from their Whig allies in the United States. The above quotation from Col. Black's speech is in striking contrast with the following expression of opinion upon the same point in the New York Courier & Inquirer: "The Whigs are getting desperate when they undertake so licentious a course in the very face of discovery and exposure."
"It is a notorious fact, that forty-nine out of every fifty of the volunteers who served under Gen. Taylor in Mexico, now go for him heart and soul; entirely regardless of what their former political predilections may have been. Almost the only exceptions to this rule are to be found in scoundrels who have been punished for their villainy by General Taylor."