

Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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TERMS

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POETRY

REMEMBER, YOU MUST DIE.

When joy's bright sun is shining
Along the flowery way,
And pleasure's wreath is twining
That blooms but to decay—
When life's delicious morning
Beams o'er the unclouded sky,
Sad comes the mournful warning,
"Remember you must die."

When clouds are lowering o'er us,
And sorrow rends the breast
And all is gloom before us,
No home whereon to rest—
Welcome as dews of even
Beneath a torrid sky,
Whisper a voice from Heaven,
"Remember you must die."

TWO JERSEY GIRLS WHO DIDN'T SEE THE ELEPHANT.

One of the Jersey boats brought to the city of New York, on the 4th, two young, fresh and hearty girls, who had long before agreed to celebrate the Fourth of July together, in seeing the wonders and amusements of the city. They had made a trifle of money in picking strawberries at one penny a basket; were fast friends, and not half so green as the fields they were accustomed to roam in, albeit they were veritable country girls and had never read the latest work on etiquette. You may be sure they were in fine spirits, when, after swallowing a cup of tolerable coffee in Washington Market they walked up Fulton street to the American Museum, paid their two shillings each, and helped themselves liberally to a sight of the numberless curiosities which that popular establishment contains.

When according to their own estimation, they had got their money's worth, they went out, intending to make their way to the Battery, to see the military pageant. But they had scarcely left the Museum steps before a good looking well-dressed young man, quite accidentally stumbled against them, and quite as naturally apologised for the unpremeditated offence.

"There's no harm done," said Susan, "is there Jane? We are country girls, and don't mind trifles. Besides, you city people always walk with your eyes up to the tops of the houses. For my part I don't see how you get along so well."

"Then you are from the country, young ladies?" said the strange young gentleman with a bow and a smile.

"Yes, we are," answered Susan, "ain't we, Jane? We are from the Jerseys, just back of Shrewsbury. Were you ever at Shrewsbury, sir—down at the beach, I mean? It's a famous place along that shore, and people who are born there have their eye teeth ready cut, and their eyebrows buttoned back when they're away from home. Catch them napping! Why they were all what you call land pirates once, and didn't think any more of toiling a ship ashore, than a city sharper would think of cheating a country greenhorn."

"I am not from the Jerseys," the young man replied, "but I am a stranger in town, like yourselves, and if you have no objections should like to accompany you round for a few hours."

"I'm agreed," said Susan, "if Jane is. We are going to the Battery to see the sojers."

Jane said she was not the girl to break up pleasant company, and off the trio started—the two girls quietly exchanging glances as Susan whispered to Jane—

"He's one on 'em as we've read of in the newspapers, and now for some fun, Jenny dear."

Very pleasantly, arm in arm, the party worked their way through the crowd, and had got as far as Trinity Church, when with a sudden start and a loud exclamation, Susan declared that she had lost the purse containing the money both of herself and Jane. Jane looked sorrowful, while the young man appeared to be not a little embarrassed.

"I don't care," said Susan, after regaining her composure; "it was not much—only a few cents over five dollars; and I have a fifty dollar bill pinned in my sleeve, which I was to pay away for father. But I'll get that changed, and let father pay the next time he comes up." Saying which she presented a fifty dollar note, and asked the young gentleman where she could get it changed.

"All the brokers are closed to-day," he said, "and I have not more than fifteen dollars city money by me. If the balance in Southern money would answer—"

"Is it good?" asked Susan.

"Oh, perfectly good," was the reply, "although you must get it exchanged at the brokers."

"Father'll do that—give me fifteen dollars in city money—that's more than I want to-day—and the rest in Southern, as you call it."

The exchange was made, the Jersey girl pocketing fifteen dollars in good money, and thirty five in worthless bills, and the three resumed their walk to the Battery.

The sharper was very polite and attentive, and Susan and Jane as cordial as tho'

they had known him from childhood. But we have not time to follow this interesting party in their eight seeing on the Fourth.

They went down to one of the eating-houses, near Fulton Market, to dine, about two o'clock, and then the girls began to talk of moving for the boat which left at four. Their companion insisted that they should stay and see the fire-works in the evening, and said that he had an aunt who kept a fashionable boarding-house, where they could stay all night, and return home in the morning. Jane protested that they should go back that night, but Susan with a sly wink, said they could as well stay over, but they must go down to the boat, and send word by the Captain to her father, who would be waiting for them at the landing. Jane, with much apparent reluctance, assented, and away the three started for the boat. There they were obliged to wait, because Susan could not find the Captain, and it would not do to send the message by any body else. Three o'clock came; then half past three, then a quarter to four—still Susan could not see the Captain. They were standing by the gangway when the last bell rang. It told the ropes were cast off, when Susan with a wink at Jane, said, that on the whole, she believed she would go home, and the two girls stepped on the boat, just as they were pulling in the plank.

"Much obliged for your politeness," said Susan with a merry laugh, and speaking to the spark-gallant who stood on the pier—"remember me to your aunt!"

"And me, too," said Jane, laughing also; "and if ever you come down our way, tell us how you enjoyed the fire-works. I'm sure you won't forget us."

When the boat was under way the girls broke out into a real Jersey laugh.

"You didn't lose your purse?" asked Jane.

"Here it is," said Susan, "to speak for myself, and some of the rogue's money in it, too. Only think that fifty dollar counter-feit bill, marked counterfeit in big letters on the back of it, that father got when he was a grand juryman, and indicted the counterfeiters—to pass that off for fifteen dollars good money, (I know its gold), and have a handsome bean in the bargain!"

"But suppose," said Jane earnestly, "that we should be mistaken and he not the sharper we suspect?"

"Not a sharper! Why didn't he want us to go to his aunt's?"

"But the chap made a mistake—he's not had much acquaintance with Jersey girls, but he'll know 'em again when he sees 'em." And Susan put up her money in a way which expressed the satisfaction she felt at the result of her Fourth of July adventure in New York.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

VELOCITY.—The velocity of motion is estimated by the time employed in moving over a certain space, or by the space moved over in a certain time. The less the time and the greater the space passed over in that time, the greater is the velocity. Thus the space and time being given, to find the velocity, divide the space by the time. The time and velocity being given, to find the space, multiply the time by the velocity.

The uniform velocity of sound compared with the instantaneous motion of light enables us to determine the distance of the object from which the sound proceeds; as that of a cannon fired at a distance, or a thunder cloud, provided we can see the flash and hear the report. Multiply 1130 by the number of seconds between the flash and the report—the product will be the distance in feet. Divide the number of seconds by 4.5, and the quotient will be the miles, nearly.

Sound conveyed by means of water, mercury, or spirits of wine, moves 4900 feet in a second; conveyed by tin, 7800; by silver, 9300; by brass, 11800; by copper, 12000; by iron or glass, 17500; and by wood, from 11000 to 12000 feet in a second. According to the experiments of Sauveur, the lowest sound which the ear can appreciate consists of 12 1/2 undulations in a second, and the most acute of something more than 6000.

An Irishman went fishing, and among other things he hauled in, was a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl he placed it in her bedroom.—The next morning the first that bounced into the breakfast room was Biddy, with the exclamation of:

"Be Jabers, I've got the devil!"

"What devil?" inquired the head of the house, feigning surprise.

"The Bull Bed Bug that has been eating the children for the last month."

NOTHING IS FORGOTTEN.

It is a terrible reflection—nothing is forgotten. The oath you have just uttered will be remembered forever. In the long ages of the future it will echo through the caverns of despair, making more terrible the dismal abode. A good word you have spoken will vibrate on the ear, giving melody throughout eternity. Be careful how you speak. Take care what you do. The archives of heaven will never be destroyed. The scroll that you now pen with your acts and thoughts, will remain in living characters on the walls of nature, never to be obliterated. What volumes of oaths and falsehoods will be opened to the ever-

lasting condemnation of thousands! Who will not think right and act right, that the future may be written in golden words of love and kindness, mercy and truth? Let the terrible thought, nothing is forgotten, be so fixed in your mind, that you will never utter an oath—tell a falsehood—or speak a word, that you would not be willing for all the world to hear.

SPEECH OF

COL. FRANCIS M. WYNKOOP,
Delivered at the Democratic meeting in
Easton, August 21, 1848.

Fellow Citizens of Northampton County:
I am not a politician. I was a sort of pseudo politician before I volunteered and went to Mexico, but since that time I have had little opportunity of making myself acquainted particularly with the position of the two parties.

If I talk to you, I must speak generally; I cannot speak particularly of any of the great measures now agitating the public mind. It cannot be expected that I should speak to you of the votes had in Congress, for while we were in Mexico, we were often for months without seeing a newspaper, or anything from home.— Since my return, I have been visiting my old friends in different parts of the country, and have not had an opportunity of being looked up.

I WENT FROM HERE A WHIG.
I was elected Colonel and placed in command of the 1st Pennsylvania Regiment, a situation in every respect more honorable and comfortable, than private. For a time I thought of nothing but my duty.— I labored hard, my whole energies were given to my country. I thought not of my political principles or my party. It was all my duty. My whig principles were sound. I dated them from my birth, from my very infancy. All my efforts were those of a Whig.

As I said before, we were six months shut up in Mexico as it were, and never got a paper from home. We often thought of home, and were anxious, very anxious to hear or see something that came from home. After waiting patiently for weeks, at last there is seen in the distance, a long train. It comes. The soldiers are gathered around and anxious inquiries are made. They open the newspapers—they read the Whig speeches that were made in and out of Congress. Their eyes that were so brightened with hope but a few moments before, fall to the ground; with downcast eyes they go to their tents.— Yes, fellow citizens, for weeks we tried in vain to sleep off the effect of whig policy, and the course of the whig party in the United States—to smother and keep down the effects produced by those unyielding men, who were sitting at home in their cushioned chairs, doing all they could to disparage us. We saw that at home there was a Mexican party, who were doing all they possibly could to encourage the Mexicans and discourage us. Their influence was felt I can assure you, across the gulf, and in the city of Mexico itself. I had men in my ranks who had made great sacrifices. I had five prosecuting attorneys with me, and many of the best mechanics of our country, who for \$7 a month, had formed themselves into a bulwark of bristling steel, between their country and her enemies. Had they no reason to complain—to feel angry with their countrymen who behaved in this way?

When the army went to the city of Mexico they took possession of the Archives of the nation and found in the Halls of the Montezumas an immense number of speeches made by leading whigs in the United States, done up in pamphlet form, for distribution, and directed to every nook and corner of Mexico. Among these was H. Clay's Lexington speech, done up in very beautiful envelopes.

It has been said that the American people are a peculiar people, and indeed it would appear so. Our orators on the 4th of July have been accustomed to say, that although we were divided in parties upon principle, yet, when the tocsin of war should sound, we would all be found on the side of our country. What proof does the Mexican campaign afford us of these assertions? Do the Whigs stand by the government when it is involved in a war?

There is published in the city of Mexico a government paper called the *Monitor Republicano*. This paper was filled with extracts of their speeches in the U. States in context argument, to encourage the Mexicans. They were read every where and their effects were felt every where. Here were articles copied from the Tribune, the National Intelligencer and the North American, published in good Spanish. The Mexicans were urged to continue the war; it was Mr. Polk's war; he wants land and money for indemnity.—Keep up the war as your ancestors did against Spain. Organize and keep up your guerrillas. Let there be concealed in every bush a knife, and behind every rock a rifle. By and by, said they, this Whig party will get into power. Polk will be banished; then we can make peace without compensation. This, fellow-citizens, was the work of Clay, Bots, Calhoun, Giddings and Corwin. But they have their reward.

In this "*Monitor Republicano*," it was

also announced that these men and other friends of the Mexicans in the U. States, were elected honorary members of the Philanthropic Society of Mexico.

I have not come here to clap trap you. I tell you what I have seen and heard and what I have labored and struggled for 21 months to overcome; and you will believe me when I tell you these men are Honorary members of this society for the part they have taken in killing and destroying our fellow-countrymen, and this I can prove by some papers I have in my trunk at the American Hotel to any man who wishes to see them. I can't see the difference between a Tory of 1776 and a Tory of 1848. When the regularly constituted authorities of our government are involved in a war, and the invader's foot is upon our soil, our country is our mother, and the majority should rule. Every good citizen should stand between his country and the invader, and the man that refuses to do this and encourages the enemy, is as much a Tory as he who sold beef and flour to the British in the revolution. My relatives are whigs, and my father was a federalist, but notwithstanding, he, in the last war of 1812, shouldered his musket and fought for his country, and, as Commodore Perry said, "he was for his country right or wrong."

I have always believed our country was right. Suppose General Taylor should be elected as President, and the territory ceded by the treaty, again occupied by the Mexicans, and an army sent there to defend this territory, where will the Democrats be? Will they be found calling our soldiers "hired butchers?" We have thought of these things—we have felt these charges and felt them bitterly. We knew there were honest men at home, but we also knew there was a death-dealing party at home, assailing us in every manner. The dead bodies along the National road are evidences of the effect that has been produced by this opposition to the government. It is said that this is a free country, and as free and independent citizens, we have a right to express our opinions upon any measure of the government. But the effect should be looked to. It has caused the loss of life, and we who have suffered the consequences of this proceeding, have a right to complain.

I have little to say about the candidates for the Presidency. Gen. Cass is known to all of you, his history, his heart, his intellect, and the strength of his brain, is all known to you. He was a gallant soldier in the war of 1812, he had unbounded confidence as a volunteer.

Looking over a paper to-day I saw Tom Corwin's letter, in which he defines his position. He said that when asked how he could support Gen. Taylor his answer is obvious. Gen. Taylor was a regular soldier and regular soldiers must obey orders, if to go, he must go, if to come, he must come, and if charge, he must charge. But says Mr. Tom Corwin, this don't apply to volunteers. The government can't force them beyond their respective States. Volunteers are therefore responsible, regular soldiers are not. But fellow citizens the volunteers will take the responsibility and they will dig his political grave so deep that he will never get out of it. We need not offer to welcome him with bloody hands and hospitable graves. There is a condemnation so strong against him that he is already dead and buried to all eternity.

Gen. Butler, I know well; he was my commander, I know him to be a gallant man—a shoot from the old Hickory stock. He fought by the side of Gen. Jackson at New Orleans, and at Monterey there was no shower of leaden hail that could disconcert him, no stormy iron could terrify him.

During his occupation of the city of Mexico I witnessed his coolness, firmness and the effect of his majestic bearing.

As for Gen. Taylor, there is no man whose hand I would rather shake than Gen. Taylor's. He is as brave a man as ever lived. His country appreciates his gallantry. The National government has elevated him to the highest of military positions.

But does this require you to place him in the Presidential chair? Among the 900 men under my command I believe I had 800 as brave as he. Gen. Taylor has already been rewarded with all the honors a grateful country could bestow, and Maj. Gen. Taylor is a greater man than ever President Taylor can make him.

I might contrast the qualifications of Gen. Taylor with those of Gen. Cass, but I will leave that to others. I believe he is, politically, a man of straw, and unfit to sit to the Presidential chair. He has in fact made himself a nullity. He has said that if elected, he will be governed by the will of the people as expressed through their representatives in Congress. And he will not veto any bill they may pass. It matters nothing what kind of law it is if they can but get a majority in Congress in its favor. Gen. Taylor, according to the Allison letter will not exercise that high conservative power given to the President by the constitution. He is, in short, to be a mere club in the hands of others to do their bidding.

And now to the democrats of Northampton county—to the men who have always stood firm and true to their country—descendants of those who nobly sus-

tained our Fathers in the Revolution—to you I would say stand firm. The present contest is fraught with most momentous interest. The future character of our government depends very much upon the decision of the present contest. It is whether the government chosen by the majority shall have power to thwart and defeat the measures of the party.

I could tell you many incidents of noble deeds and hearing that I witnessed in the war, but they would be foreign to the objects of this meeting. On the battle-field of Cherubusco, our colors were entrusted to a gallant young man. He was told to keep them at his peril. He planted them in the van of our army & held them firmly in his right hand, until he received a shot which broke his arm. He shifted the colors to his left, and still maintained our noble flag, until that arm too was broken.— With both arms broken he still managed to keep his position, until he received a shot in the thigh, which brought him to the ground; writhing in agony, he still clasped his mangled limbs about the flag staff and supported it—when he received another shot which penetrated his brain—then did his noble soul, burning with patriotic devotion to the flag of his country, brighten for a moment his glazing eye, as he gave a last glance at the glorious banner streaming over him.

Then follow his example, fellow democrats, and stand fast to your principles in this battle against whiggery, and if you are to be defeated, (which is an impossibility,) fall like the noble soldier at Cherubusco, with your eyes on the banner of your country!

Col. Wynkoop was frequently interrupted with shouts of applause, and when he concluded, the meeting gave him twelve vociferous cheers.

From the Pennsylvania.

Astounding Disclosure!

Governor Johnston the Author of the Whig combination with the Nativists!

The mask is at last thrown off. The hideous features of the disgraceful union between Federalism and Nativism, are fully revealed to the public gaze. We gave, on yesterday, the city and county ticket—composed of equal parts of Whigs and Nativists—which was fixed upon by the so-called TAYLOR & FILLMORE Conference, on Thursday last, and we refer to it now as the only proof now wanting to establish the combination originated by the leaders in the Whig and Native American camp. But as if to make assurance doubly sure, we are at last enabled to point out the author of this shameless and abandoned scheme.

We have now in our possession an array of facts and undeniable proofs, going to show that WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON himself, the Federal, relief note candidate for Governor, is at the bottom of the whole nefarious plot. He came here on that errand from Harrisburg, although ostensibly to traverse the State upon an electioneering tour. He conferred secretly with certain Nativist and Whig leaders, with whom he laid the basis of this vile coalition—giving, in the mean time, carte blanche to certain few of the faithful to seal the contract in his absence. Of this there can be no denial. We have the names of the conspirators. We know the place of their clandestine conference. We have seen the circular calling them together. We can now all see the base offspring of this secret and abandoned intrigue. The basis of the arrangement made under the eye, and by the active participation of Johnston, was as follows:

In the 1st district, the Whigs were to be sold to the Nativists, and delivered over to the fraternal embraces of Lewis C. Levin. This part of the bargain has been carried out, so far as the leaders are concerned.

In the 2d district, and in the city, the Nativists were sold, body and breeches, to the bank aristocracy, who claimed the legislative, municipal, and Congressional nominations. These nominations have been made, and the Nativist city delegation has submissively ratified them by passing a resolution to make no Nativist city nominations.

In the 3d district, Mr. Campbell, the Nativist candidate for Congress, according to arrangement, is to withdraw in favor of Mr. Moore, the "Rough and Ready."—Native—Whig—pro-slavery—anti-slavery—candidate, in whose support the Whigs and Natives of this district are expected to rally, pell-mell.

In the 4th district, Mr. Jacob Broom, the Nativist candidate for Congress, was nominated with the understanding which instigated Campbell's nomination in the 3d district—as a sham candidate; but it now remains to be seen whether he will longer submit to be the instrument in the hands of the Nativist and Whig leaders.

In the county, under Governor Johnson's management, the nominations have been equally divided between the Whigs and Nativists.

In the city and county, the conspirators and his Agency arranged that the Nativists were to get the whole of the offices in the row, from Recorder down to Auditor.

The service which the Nativists were to render in return for these favors, was by casting their undivided vote for JOHN