

# Democratic Banner.

CLEARFIELD, PA., OCT. 12, 1848.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I, NO. 38.—WHOLE NO. 1118.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

**TERMS.**  
The "DEMOCRATIC BANNER" is published weekly, at \$2 per annum—or \$1.50 if paid in advance.

One paper can be discontinued (unless at the option of the editors) until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements, &c., at the usual rates.

**POETRY.**

**GENIUS.**

FRAGMENT, FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Oh does an unshaped glorious thought  
Rise in the ideal bliss,  
And like a dream for ever fade,  
Ere it can be expressed?

Just as the waves swarmed on the beach,  
With curl'd and foamy crest,  
Sinks down again in ocean deep  
To its eternal rest!

'Tis in the soul, where Gossius dwells,  
Those meteor thoughts arise,  
Like phosphorent light upon the wave  
That rolls 'neath sunny skies:  
This part of God—this unsex'd sun—  
Mankind too seldom prize:  
Yet does it oftimes gild a thought  
That never—never dies.

'Tis like a beacon on a hill,  
By its own path we find;  
'Tis like a light upon the sea,  
Fast shoals by it we wind;  
It sheds eth'ral universal light  
Throughout the world of mind;  
Imperishable, it remains  
"For all time" with mankind!

The Almighty said, "Let there be light!"  
And 'er the world it shone;  
He to dispel our mortal light  
Sent Genius from his throne.  
'Tis undefinable as space  
(The infinite unknown)  
Through it a revolution of  
Almightiness is shown! Wm Wilson.

**THE BURNING OF THE WILLOWS.**

An Incident of the Revolution.

This must be the house; the junction of two roads, and a brook in front, the banks covered with willows. This place meets the description exactly. Order the men to dismount, with the exception of a couple of patrols on each road.

The speaker was dressed in the blue & scarlet uniform of the British light horse, a corps that was formed after the landing of the English troops in New Jersey, as soon as horses could be obtained to mount the men. He was an officer of some rank evidently, and his carriage and demeanor were both haughty and aristocratic to the highest degree. Why not? He was the eldest son of the British Earl.

The house appears to be deserted, Col Harcourt, said his junior officer, as he dismounted.

We will see. This way, half a dozen of you," he said to his men. "Try the door yonder, if it is fastened, break it open, and report if any one is inside. If there should be, and they attempt to escape, shoot them down, but give them warning to surrender."

The men advanced to the door which they found to be fastened; and after demanding admission, to which they received no answer, they proceeded to break it open, which they did in some time, for the door was a strong oak one. This done they entered.

"Do you know the man by sight, lieutenant?" asked Col. Harcourt, while the men were busily ransacking the house.

"No sir; but there is a fellow I picked up on the road, now in the rear, that knows him well. He does not appear to owe him much favor."

"Order him to the front!" The captain had not a very prepossessing countenance. There was a bold surliness and cruel expression of features extremely displeasing.

"What is your name?" said Col. Harcourt, in his quick military manner.

"John Claisen."

"Do you know Peter Van Dyke?"

"Very well."

"Is that his dwelling?"

"Yes—though since his mother's death and his sisters getting married, it is hard to say where he keeps himself."

"Does he not bear the name of being a great rebel and a dangerous man to those who favor the king in his neighborhood?"

"Yes, from the Passaic to the Hackensack, and thirty miles round. If I had my way, he'd been hung long ago, and his house burned over his head. He is the leader of every rebel gang from the army, and points out to them honest farmers' houses who stand by their king, whose barns they plunder, and carry away the grain and cattle."

"Why, you tell a bitter tale about him. Has he ever injured you?"

"Injured me? He and a parcel of robbers like himself, came one afternoon to burn my house and hang me before the door, which they would have done, but for the arrival of a number of friendly neighbors well armed, when they went off in double quick time."

times had left it uncultivated, and gooseberry and currant bushes had grown up rank and untrimmed, & the briars stretched over the walls, covering the ground from sight.

Under this cover, and within ten feet of the colonel and Claisen, lay the very man they were talking of. He had barely time to escape from the house and conceal himself upon the approach of the British horsemen, whom he did not suspect were within ten miles of him.

Twice or thrice, on hearing the basses of Claisen, he was on the point of rising and confronting him; but a little reflection was left, and he thought that was not the occasion to place his life in jeopardy, which he certainly would do, since the party of troops had come out expressly to take him.

"Do you know with any certainty, Claisen, how long since Van Dyke has been seen in the neighborhood?"

"I heard that he was seen last night two miles from this, in a by path, through the woods, coming in the direction of his house."

"That's the information I received, and I am determined to capture him, sooner or later. If you can point out his whereabouts, or arrest him yourself, you shall have a reward of fifty guineas."

Claisen was avaricious and fond of money as he was wicked. Fifty guineas was a large sum indeed; particularly in those days, when gold was rarely seen.

"I will catch him, colonel, before he is three days older; I know one of his haunts."

"Why not lead us there then?"

"It would be no use this time of day. Besides, he may not be there for a day or two, and I shall have to be cautious in looking out for him."

"Well, secure him and the fifty guineas shall be yours."

Several of the soldiers now came from the house and stated that they had searched it from top to bottom, but they could find no one, although from appearances some person had been there recently.

The colonel, followed by Claisen, passed out to the house, while the fugitive quietly lay in his concealment.

It was a plain frame of middling size, built partly of stone in the old Dutch style and very comfortable within. There was but little furniture—a few tables and chairs, and some cooking utensils. The better part, Claisen said, had been taken away on the occasion of Van Dyke's sister's marriage, as her part.

"Here is a great coat, sir," said one of the soldiers, "that we found on the floor of the kitchen, near the back door. It must have been dropped in a hurry."

"Feel if there are any papers in the pockets," said Col. Harcourt.

"Yes, sir, here is a bundle of them."

The colonel took the package, looked at the superscription, and broke the seal, and, going to the window commenced reading them to himself with a countenance of surprise.

"So, so—here is a list of our troops, & their numbers in and around the city."

"At Powle's Hook, three hundred and fifty."

"At Elizabethtown and Newark, one thousand."

"Gen. Clinton leaves soon for Charleston with five thousand?—Why, these documents are indeed of importance. Who can play spy so thoroughly in our camp? This Van Dyke is a most dangerous fellow to be abroad. Men," he said loud, "and you Claisen, search every hole, and see if any more papers can be found."

"Nothing could give Claisen greater delight than this order. Curiosity and other reasons had long urged him to enter the house during Van Dyke's absence for this very purpose; but, the dread that Van Dyke might return while he was thus engaged, had heretofore prevented his undertaking it. He was now armed with proper authority, and protected."

What he found or discovered he did not report to Col. Harcourt, but made the same reply as the soldiers, that nothing more of importance could be found.

"Very well, we will now leave the place & return to the quarters at Powle's Hook. Hodgeson, place some dry wood in the middle of this floor, and when I give the word, apply the match."

"What! are you going to burn the willows, colonel?" said Claisen, his face beaming with satisfaction.

"Yes, I will burn the nest of this carrion bird. It is well he is not within my reach—he should swing for it. One such fellow, with secret spying and finding out, is of more injury to us than a regiment of rebels in an open field."

well seasoned timbers, dry with a century of preparation, could be heard a great distance.

"There will be one rebel shelter less to-night. It is a pity they were not all burned down; the king would have more friends this side the water. These rebels are like dogs, a good whipping makes them better natured. The house is nearly consumed, for the embers are beginning to fly before the evening breeze. By files to the right, face, trait!" & the horsemen wheeled into the road.

"Fifty guineas, you say, colonel, if I take Van Dyke?" asked Claisen again.

"Yes, fifty guineas."

"Then I will leave you here, and keep a watch around. He may possibly return here before a great while. Where shall you halt?"

"At the oaks," five miles off, and stop an hour or two for the foraging party. If any thing should occur within that time, you know where to find me."

The officer and troop rode away. Claisen lingered around, and gradually approached the building, which was, with the exception of the brick walls, a heap of ruins.

"So, John Claisen, you have glutted your vengeance upon me, and this is your work—viper—wretch!"

Claisen turned and beheld within six feet, Van Dyke, leaning on his musket.

"Na, no, Peter," the wretch muttered, trembling as he spoke, "it was the British officer—you know I wouldn't injure you."

"Speak not another word, har, or I shall forget myself and blow your brains out. I heard all. I am every thing that is bad. I came to burn your house down, but fled when your friends approached. Wretch, I saved your dwelling, and four worthless carcasses, and these ruins are my reward!"

"Peter, dear Peter,"

"Scoundrel, do not apply the word 'dear' to me. It sounds worse than the hiss of a snake. Listen, John Claisen; the chief reason of your animosity to me is because Kate Wessels preferred my hand to yours. Thank God! she and father are both safe from your persecution, for they are now within the American lines. Now hear me: I spare you this time, for you are unarmed; but when next we meet, be it in town or village, forest or road, at wedding or funeral, it is your life or mine. Go!"

Claisen waited for no second bidding, but disappeared in the direction taken by the soldiers in double quick time, his hair standing on end—for like all other rogues he was as cowardly as he was bad.

Van Dyke paused a moment, and thus pondered in his own mind: "That scoundrel will bring some of those horsemen back, for he will imagine that I may linger two or three hours around this old place."

Yes, yes, I will alter some of our lads, and prepare an ambush for them. Fifty guineas will draw Claisen anywhere, coward as he is, particularly, if backed up by the red coats."

It was not long before Van Dyke returned with his party, whom he gathered by a signal; and as night had fallen, they took their station amid the willows by the banks of the brook, where they could remain unperceived. For the space of an hour all was still, when the distant tramp of horses was heard on the road.

"Here they come," said Van Dyke. "Each choose his man, but leave Claisen to me; you will know him by the cap he wears. I will give the word to fire."

In a short time the party of horsemen rode up to the willows, and true enough they were red coats, headed by the lieutenant with Claisen.

"Fire!" shouted Van Dyke, "So sudden and deadly was the aim, that not more than half a dozen remained in their saddles, and they wheeled their horses and fled as quickly as possible. Van Dyke had intentionally aimed at the horse of Claisen, and he fell with his rider. To secure Claisen was the work of a moment."

"Now lads, bring out the rope & throw it over that willow branch. We have alarmed the enemy and they will be down upon us."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Claisen. "All in vain. The noise was slipped over his head, they struck him up, & there he was left a corpse. The burning of the Willows had been avenged.—Noah's Sunday Times.

GOD DESIRES TO SAVE.—God swears by himself that he hath no pleasure in your death. That he may prevail upon you to trust in him, he tries every expedient. He does all that tenderness can devise to remove your suspicion, & to cheer you on to a confidence in his good will.

He pleads the matter with you. He beseeches you to accept of reconciliation. He offers it as a gift. Rather than lose you forever, he sent his son, to pour out his soul unto death for you. And now that iniquity is put an end to; now that an everlasting righteousness is brought in; now that every attribute of his nature has been magnified by the great sacrifice; now that the weight of that heavy burden has been done away; now that there is nothing to intercept the flow of friendship from God to man—does it come down free as the light of day, and rich as the exuberance of heaven, upon a despairing world.

From the Washington Union.

**AN INCIDENT OF GEN. CASS.**

BY THE "BREAD BOY."

"Trifles oft speak the greatness of the heart."

During the Black Hawk war, and while the government troops were being transferred, it happened that Gen. Lewis Cass—the distinguished candidate for the Presidency, then Secretary of War under Gen. Jackson—travelled thro' the State of New York. You might not then, as now breakfast in the city of Albany, & step on board a railroad car, with a certainty in 20 hours of being at the board of a Buffalo Hotel, over 300 miles away; but rather by stage route, and packet on the Erie canal—which by the way, at five or six miles per hour at that day, was considered 'right smart' getting on by water.

It was in 1832, I think, the time which I speak, and summer. The rocky village of Little Falls, some 80 miles west of Albany, has ever been the wonder of those who travelling canalwise, have better opportunities of noticing the almost insurmountable obstacles of hill and rock, chasm and swamp, which were finally overcome in completing that mammoth channel.

The packet was passing through the village above named, when, as was his custom, a boy of some 9 or 10 years of age with a basket of brown bread upon his arm, dropped in among the crowd of passengers, making the best of his way to the steward's department. The 'Bread Boy,' as he was familiarly styled, having made sale of his brown loaves, was returning, but, upon hearing the name of Gen. Cass mentioned, turned to look upon the distinguished man who was directing all those troops, and the Black Hawk war. In his eagerness to catch a good view of the great man, he by accident dropped his purse into the canal, containing the proceeds of the entire sale—little, to many, but to him much. This was a loss which bro't tears to the eyes of the poor 'Bread Boy,' yet he silenced his feelings and looked upon the object of his admiration with tears still rolling down his cheeks.

The great man had witnessed the accident; and as the unfortunate boy turned to leave the deck of the boat, the heart of the General seemed to feel for the boy's misfortunes. Stepping towards him he said:

"My fine boy, you have met with a misfortune; what amount had you in your purse?"

"Three shillings and nine pence, sir," said the 'Bread Boy.'

"Well, little man, do not cry any more, here is a silver dollar to make up your loss."

And the 'Bread Boy' received from the hand of Gen. Cass a silver American dollar, the prompted gift of one whose goodness of heart ever moves him to 'feel for others' woes.' That generous disinterested act could never be forgotten. The manner in which it was done, proved that benevolence with him was not an act seldom performed, and the deed was better than the gift to the now smiling boy. He who was the 'Bread Boy' is one no longer now, nor has been for many long years, and although he has until recently done battle in the field of whiggery in more than one solid way, he is proud now to do battle for the democracy under the standard of the hero of 1812, the maintainer of 'free trade and sailor's rights,' against the English usurpation, and the patriot of his own State—the next President of the United States—General Lewis Cass.

Washington, Aug. 7, 1848.

BRADY'S LEAP.—Much has been said and written about M'Cullough's leap, when pursued by the Indians near Wheeling, in Virginia, but in temerity it does not excel that of Captain Brady, (a brother of the general,) who was celebrated in his day for his gallant feats upon the hostile savages along the frontier of Pennsylvania.

Approaching one of the forts occupied by the Americans, one day, Capt. Brady discovered, when too late to avoid it, that the savages had laid an ambushade for him. In front near the left, large numbers of armed warriors by concealed, watching for their prey. As Brady approached and got within the ambushade, the Indians in the rear closed in behind him; they all then rose and gave a terrible yell. He was surrounded on three sides, and on the fourth ran a river, the bank of which was eighty feet, of nearly perpendicular descent. The savages felt sure of their prey and rushed furiously on.

Brady saw at once the extent of his danger, but being mounted on a high mettled horse, he resolved not to be taken alive. He reined his horse toward the bank, gave him the spur and the rein; the gallant charger went off like an arrow and approached the bank with such tremendous speed that he could not stop on the margin; but with a furious bound sprang off, rider and all into the air. Fortunately there grew a large crab apple tree at the foot of the bluff, on the border of the river. The brushy top was thickly interlaced with a wild grapevine; into the top of the tree fell the horse and its rider. Their fall was completely broken. The Captain toppled into the stream, reached the opposite shore amid a shower of balls, and regained the shore in safety. Detroit Bulletin.

From the Pennsylvania

**Our Ruined Country.**

Before every general election a vigorous effort is made by the Federals to show that the country is ruined. We have never known these croakers to be more active and persevering, than they are at present. But let us compare for ourselves the effect of a Democratic administration with that brought into power by the votes of our opponents. Take the following figures, based upon official records, the three years ending June 30, 1846—including six months under the oppressive Tariff of 1846—and then tell us how far the alleged party has been to drive specie out of the country instead of bringing it in:

Imports of gold and silver during year ending June 30, 1845.	\$4,070,242
Exports of do do	8,606,495
Excess of exports of gold and silver, exceeding imports.	\$4,536,253
Imports of gold and silver during year ending June 30, 1846.	3,777,732
Exports of do do	3,905,268
Excess of exports of gold and silver, exceeding imports.	\$128,536
Imports of gold and silver during year ending June 30, 1847.	24,121,269
Exports of do do	1,059,410
Excess imports, do	\$23,061,879

INTERESTING TO THE IRON INTERESTS.

The following table, showing the amount of manufactured iron, received in Philadelphia, during the two years of 1846 and 1847, is drawn from reliable documents, and cannot be denied. It proves that the over-production had glutted the market, and it shows how little the tariff of 1846 had to do in preventing heavy investments by the manufacturers:

Amount of pig-iron and castings made in '46,	'47,	Excess '47, equal
67,392 tons.	82,640 "	15,248 tons, or 23 per cent.
Wrought Iron made in '46,	'47,	Excess '47, equal
17,681 tons.	32,257 "	14,576 tons, or 82 per cent.
Nails and Spikes made in '46,	'47,	Excess '47, equal
10,627,736 lbs.	19,559,777 "	8,932,041 lbs. or 84 per cent.

AN ITEM FOR ANDREW STEWART.

While Stewart's speeches are flooding the country—loaded with falsehoods against the Democratic party, and its candidates—the following statement of the monthly pay of Gen. Taylor, "the people's candidate for the Presidency," will not be out of place—if only as a contrast to the pay for extra services so much talked about by the opponents of Gen. Cass. The reader may rely that this statement is correct. Its correctness cannot be questioned:

Pay per month,	\$200 00
Quarters, 8 rooms at \$15 per room per month,	120 00
Fuel, 8 cords per month for self & 2-3 cords for 4 servants at \$3 per cord,	69 33
Subsistence for self, commanding a post, double ration; 30 rations per day at 20 cts. per ration,	180 00
Subsistence for four servants, four rations at 20 cents per ration,	20 00
Clothing for four servants at \$2.50 per month each,	10 00
Pay for four servants at \$8 each per month,	32 00
Forage for 7 horses at \$8 per month each,	56 00
Total amount per month,	\$691 33

The Essence of Humbuggery.—Taylor whiggery at the north utters incoherencies for which it is difficult to account, except upon the supposition that it is either deceived itself, or means to deceive others.

For instance: The New Bedford Mercury, a fierce Taylor whig paper, says:

"Gen. Taylor is pledged not to veto any constitutional act of Congress, and therefore he will not veto the Wilmot Proviso."

Per contra, Mr. Speaker Winthrop, in a recent speech at Boston, held this language:

"Gen. Taylor has not given a positive pledge with regard to the Wilmot Proviso; and for one, I do not hesitate to say that I rejoice that he has not done so. I rejoice that Gen. Taylor, if he comes into the Presidency, WILL BE UNPLEGGED UPON ANY ISSUE WHATSOEVER."

GEN. TAYLOR'S PROSPECTS, as set forth by Mr. Batts, the whig representative of the metropolitan district in Virginia in a recent letter to the New York Clay whigs:—"As matters now stand, admitting Gen. Taylor to be a whig candidate, (which I utterly deny,) the party is doomed to CERTAIN, INEVITABLE & DISGRACEFUL DEFEAT; and every man not willfully blind MUST SEE IT."

Coming out Nobly.—The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, says:—"We are glad to see our old friend, John M. Calhoun, son of Hon. John C. Calhoun, in the field, laboring in behalf of Cass and Butler."