

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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## TERMS

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## POSTAGE

The following hymn, written for the occasion, by N. P. Willis, was sung at the dedication of the House of Industry and Home for the Friendless, in New York, on Wednesday, 10th inst.

## TRUE POESY.

When God, to shield from cold and storm,  
Gave trees to build and fires to warm,  
He did not mark for each his part,  
But gave to each a human heart.

Each heart is told the poor to aid—  
Not told as thunder makes afraid—  
But by a small voice whispering there:  
Find thou, for God, the sufferer's share!

Oh, prompting faith, to careless view,  
For work that angels well might do!  
But wisely thus is taught below,  
Quick pity for another's woe.

The world is stored—enough for all  
Is scattered wide, 'twixt hut and hall;  
And those who feast, or friendless roam,  
Alike from God receive a home.

Each houseless one demands of thee,  
Can aught thou hast the poor man's be?  
And pity breathes responsive divide:  
Take what I have from God that a thing!

For child, for woman's fragile form,  
More harsh the cold, more wild the storm;  
But most they bless a sheltering door,  
Whom dark temptations urge no more!

A Home for these, O God, to-day,  
For blessing at thy feet we lay!  
And may its shelter, humbly given,  
Be but a far off door to Heaven.

From the National Era.

## The Little Iron Soldier: OR WHAT AMINIDAB IVISON DREAMED ABOUT.

Aminidab Ivison started up in his bed. The great clock at the head of the staircase, an old and respected, hen-lou-a of the family, struck one.

"Ah!" said he, heaving up a great sigh from the depths of his inner man, "I've had a tried time of it!"

"And so have I," said his wife. "There's been kicking and threshing about all night. I do wonder what ails thee."

"And well she might. For her husband, a well-to-do, portly, middle-aged gentleman, being blessed with an easy conscience, a genial temper, and a comfortable digestion, was able to bear a great deal of sleep, and seldom varied a note in the gamut of his snore from one year's end to another."

"A very remarkable exercise," soliloquized Aminidab, "very!"

"Dear me! what was it?" it quired his wife.

"It must have been a dream," said Aminidab.

"Oh! is that all?" returned the good woman. "I'm glad it's nothing worse. But what has thee been dreaming about?"

"It's the strangest thing, Hannah, that thee ever heard of," said Aminidab, settling himself slowly back into his bed. "Thee recollects Jones sent me yesterday a sample of castings from the foundry."

"Well, I thought I opened the box and found in it a little Iron Man, in regimentals, with his sword by his side & a cocked hat on, looking very much like the transparency over neighbor O'Neal's oyster cellar, across the way. I thought it rather out of place for Jones to furnish me with such a sample, as I should not feel easy to show it to my customers, on account of its warlike appearance. However, as the work was well done, I took the little image, and set him upon the table, against the wall; and sitting down opposite, I began to think over my own business concerns, calculating how much they would increase in profit, in case a Tariff man should be chosen our ruler for the next four years. Thee knows I am not in favor of choosing men of blood & strife to bear rule in the land, but it nevertheless seems proper to consider all the circumstances in this case, and as one of the other of the candidates of the two great parties must be chosen, to take the least of two evils. All at once, I heard a smart, quick tapping on the table, and, looking up, there stood the little Iron Man close at my elbow, winking and chuckling."

"That's right, Aminidab!" said he, clapping his little metal hands together, till he rang all over like a bell, "take the least of two evils." His voice had a sharp, clear jingling sound, like that of silver dollars falling into a till. It startled me so that I woke up, but finding it only a dream, presently fell asleep again. Then I thought I was down in the Exchange, talking with neighbor Lumpkins about the election and the tariff. "I want a change in the Administration, but I can't vote for a military chieftain," said neighbor Lumpkins, "as I look upon it unbecoming a Christian people to elect men of blood for their rulers." "I don't know," said I, "what objection thee can have to a fighting man, for thee, as friend, and hasn't any conscientious scruples against military matters. For my own part, I do not take much interest in politics, and never attended a caucus in my life, believing it best to keep much in the quiet, and avoid as much as possible all letting and hindering things; but there may be cases where a military man may be voted for, as a choice of evils, and as a means of promoting the

prosperity of the country, in business matters." "What!" said neighbor Lumpkins, "are you going to vote for a man whose whole life has been spent in killing people?" This vexed me a little, and I told him there was such a thing as carrying a good principle too far, and that he might live to be sorry that he had thrown away his vote, instead of using it discreetly.

"Why there's the iron business," said I, "but just then I heard a clatter beside me, and looking around, there was the little Iron Soldier clapping his hands in great glee. "That's it, Aminidab!" said he. "Business first, conscience afterwards!—Keep up the price of iron with peace if you can, but keep it up at any rate." This waked me up again in a good deal of trouble, but remembering that it is said that "dreams come of the multitude of business," I once more composed myself to sleep.

"Well, what happened next?" asked his wife.

"Why, I thought I was in the meeting house, sitting on the seat as usual. I tried hard to settle my mind down into a quiet and humble state, but somehow the cares of the world got uppermost; and before I was aware of it, I was far gone in a calculation of the chances of election, and the probable rise in the price of iron in the event of the choice of a President favorable to a High Tariff. Rap! tap! went something on the floor. I opened my eyes, and there was the little image red hot, as if just out of the furnace, dancing and chuckling & clapping his hands. "That's right, Aminidab!" said he. "Go on as you have begun; take care of yourself in this world, and I'll promise you you'll be taken care of in the next. Peace and Poverty, or War and Money. It's a choice of evils, at best, and here's Scripture to decide the matter. 'Be not righteous over much.' Then the wicked looking little image twisted his hot lips, and leered at me with his blazing eyes, and chuckled and laughed with a noise exactly as if a bag of dollars had been pushed out upon the meeting house floor. This waked me just now in such a fright. I wish thee would tell me, Hannah, what thee can make of these three dreams?"

"It don't need a Daniel to interpret them," answered Hannah. "Thee's been thinking of voting to-morrow for a wicked old soldier, because thee cares more for the iron business than for thy testimony against wars and fighting. I don't but wonder at thy seeing the Iron Soldier thee tells of; and if thee votes to-morrow for a Man of Blood, it wouldn't be strange if he should haunt thee all thy life."

Aminidab Ivison was silent, for his conscience spoke in the words of his wife. He slept no more that night, and woke up in the morning a wiser and better man.

When he went forth to his place of business, he saw the crowds hurrying to and fro; there were banners flying across the streets, huge placards were on the walls, and he heard all about him the bustle of the great election.

"Friend Ivison," said a red faced lawyer, almost breathless with his hurry, "more money is needed in the Second Ward; our committees are doing a great work there. What shall I put you down for? Fifty dollars? If we carry the election your property will rise twenty per cent. Let me see! you are in the iron business, I think?"

Aminidab thought of the little Iron Soldier of his dream, and excused himself. "Presently a bank director came tearing into his office—

"Have you voted yet, Mr. Ivison? It's time to get your vote in. I wonder you should be in your office now. No business has so much at stake in this election as your's."

"I don't think I should feel entirely easy to vote for the candidate," said Aminidab.

"Mr. Ivison," said the bank director, "I always took you to be a shrewd, sensible man, taking men and things as they are. The candidate may not be all you could wish for, but when the question is between him and a worse man, the best you can do is to choose the least of the two evils."

"Just so the little Iron Man said," tho't Aminidab; "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

"No, neighbor Discount," said he, "I've made up my mind. I see no warrant for choosing evil at all. I can't vote for that man."

"Very well," said the director, starting to leave the room, "you can do as you please; but if we are defeated through the ill-timed scruples of yourself and others, and your business pinches in consequence, you needn't expect us to help men who won't help themselves. Good day, sir!"

Aminidab sighed heavily, and his heart sank within him; but he thought of his dream and remained steadfast.

Presently he heard heavy steps, & the tapping of a cane on the stairs; and as the door opened, he saw the drab surtout of the worthy and much esteemed friend who sat beside him at the head of the meeting.

"How's thee do, Aminidab?" said he. "Thee's voted, I suppose."

"No, Jacob," said he, "I don't like the candidate. I can't see my way clear to vote for a warrior."

"Well, but thee doesn't vote for him because he is a warrior, Aminidab," argued the other; "thee votes for him as a tariff man, and an encourager of home indus-

try. I don't like his wars and fightings better than thee does; but I'm told he's an honest man, and that he disapproves of war in the abstract, although he has been brought up to the business. If thee feels tender about the matter, I don't like to urge thee; but it really seems to me thee had better vote. Times have been rather hard, thou knows; and, if by voting at this election we can make business matters easier, I don't see how we can justify ourselves in staying at home. Thou knows we have a command to be diligent in business as well as fervent in spirit, and that the Apostle accounted him who provided not for his own household worse than an infidel. I think it important to maintain on all proper occasions our Gospel testimony against wars and fighting; but there is such a thing as going to extremes, thou knows, and becoming over-scrupulous, as I think thou art in this case. It is said, thou knows, in Ecclesiastes: 'Be not righteous over much; why should'st thou destroy thyself?'"

"Ah!" said Aminidab to himself, "that's what the little Iron Soldier said in meeting." So he was strengthened in his resolution, and the persuasions of his friend were lost upon him.

At night, Aminidab sat by his parlor fire, comfortable alike in his inner and his outer man. "Well, Hannah," said he, "I've taken thy advice. I didn't vote for the great fighter to-day."

"I'm glad of it," said the good woman, "and I dare say thee feels the better for it."

Aminidab Ivison slept soundly that night, and saw no more of the little Iron Soldier.

**Shooting Affray.**—At Whitestone, in Long Island, on Sunday afternoon, a man who occupied part of a dwelling, fired a gun and lodged most of its contents into the back and head of the landlord, who had hired the remaining part of the house to another family. The former occupant barricaded himself within, and declared that no one should enter, or if they attempted it he would shoot them. While an attempt was making, he discharged the gun, which was nearly fatal to the man who received its contents. The wounded man was conveyed to Flushing, where the shot were extracted by Dr. Ab'm Bloodgood. He is out of all danger. The offender has been placed in confinement.

**Fatal Affray at San Antonio, Texas.**—The San Antonio Western Texian, of the 17th ult., says: "An affray took place in Commerce street, opposite Mr. Hummel's gunsmith shop, on Wednesday afternoon, between three soldiers belonging to the U. S. Infantry, now encamped on the Salado, and Lieut. John J. Glanton, of Capt. Benj. F. Hill's company of Texas Rangers, in which one of the soldiers received a mortal wound, of which he died shortly after, from a pistol fired by Lieut. Glanton. We are not apprised of the origin of the difficulty, and as Mr. Glanton surrendered himself immediately to the officers of the law, and the affair is undergoing legal investigation, we forbear for the present all comment."

**Poisoned under Suspicious Circumstances.**—An inquest was yesterday held on the body of a German named Jacob Herchel, who resided in 25th street, and died suddenly on the 9th inst., and was buried the next day. The body was subsequently disinterred, and on examining the stomach, two drachms of arsenic were found in it, which were doubtless the cause of death.

It was also ascertained that the deceased, who was a sober, industrious man, lived unhappily with his wife, who has absconded since the body was disinterred. The jury brought in a verdict that the deceased came to his death by poison, and that there is strong suspicion that it was administered by his wife.

**N. Y. Evening Post.**

**Arrest of an old New Jersey Highway Robber.**—Yesterday officers Smith and Shadbolt, in New York, succeeded in arresting a person named Post, implicated in a robbery committed some years ago near New Brunswick. The man robbed was almost murdered, and two of the perpetrators were then arrested and sent to the State Prison for a term of 15 years. Post escaped up till the present. He was sent back to New Jersey for trial.

**Newark Daily Advertiser.**

**Mexican Robbery and Outrage.**—We learn from a gentleman just arrived from Vera Cruz that the diligence was robbed about the 20th of the past month, a short distance from that place, and Mr. Black, the American Consul, very severely beaten. The utter want of protection of life and property in that country is evident from the fact that the passengers in a diligence were plundered within two miles of the city of Vera Cruz.

**N. O. Crescent, Dec. 4.**

**A Woman Burned to Death.**—A fire broke out, about half-past four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, in the building No. 52 Ann street, New York, in which a woman, whose name was not ascertained, was burned to death by her clothes taking fire. The house suffered but little damage.

## HORRIBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE IN NEW YORK.

The following account of an extraordinary case of love and jealousy, madness and murder, is abbreviated from the N. York Herald of the 23d December:

"The vicinity of Henry street and Walnut was yesterday, about noon, thrown into the most intense state of excitement, by the intelligence that a horrible murder and suicide had been perpetrated in a room situated in the upper part of the house, corner of Henry and Walnut streets, over a crockery store. The following account of this truly tragical and bloody murder, and suicide of the murderer, is as correct as could possibly be obtained. It appears that a German Jew, about 30 years of age, by the name of Frederick W. Marks, a pretty good looking man, of small stature, a tailor by trade, was in the habit of visiting for the last few months at No. 82 Walnut street, where he became acquainted with a very good looking German woman, by the name of Maria Spitzer, whose cousin keeps the house. Upon these frequent visits of Marks, some arrangement was made between them, in which they agreed to live together as man and wife; and for that purpose Marks hired a room over the crockery store at the corner of Henry and Walnut streets, in which the bloody affray took place. Maria and Marks commenced house-keeping together, on the 16th instant, during which time they were visited two or three times by Frank Geiger, a very genteel, fine looking fellow, of about 30 years of age, a German likewise, who, it seems, was in the habit of visiting Maria when she resided at No. 82 Walnut street. These visits at the house of Marks were evidently of a jealous nature, as many inducements had been offered on the part of Geiger, to get Maria to live with him; she, however, positively refused all his entreaties, which appears to have driven him to an act of jealous desperation.

"Yesterday Geiger, about 11 o'clock, was seen to leave one of the Dry Dock stages, and proceed directly to the room of Marks, where Marks was at work at his trade, and Maria was preparing the dinner. Geiger, on entering the room, maddened and frenzied with the sight of his rival, immediately drew a sharp dirk, about nine inches long, with a strong iron guard, and made a plunge at Marks, who, seeing the aim of the deadly weapon, put up his left arm to guard himself, and received the dirk in the palm of his hand, near the wrist, which, from the great force, severed the hand nearly in two. The next blow struck him on the right breast, passing into the lungs; two more were given in rapid succession, one dividing the muscles on the left shoulder, and the other, a most violent thrust, evidently driving the dirk to the hilt. Upon the infliction of this last blow, and being near the door, Marks escaped to the entry and ran down stairs to the landing next the street, where he fell and fainted from the loss of blood. Geiger then made the murderous attack on Maria with the same dirk, aiming a deadly blow for her heart, but taking an oblique direction, tore off her nipple and a portion of her breast; she then grappled with him near the window, and he with the rage of a demon struck her again, which felled her to the floor, inflicting a deadly wound about three inches below the breast, in the region of the heart. Seeing his victim deluged in blood and apparently in the agonies of death, he placed the dirk to his own breast, and by a repetition of five stabs through his over and under coats, two of which penetrated the body, one striking the heart, caused him to fall immediately insensible on the floor.

"The excitement and noise created by the fight, alarmed the neighbors and those who occupied the room below, which brought the aid of the police, and all three were seen writhing in their blood, apparently in the last agonies of death. Medical aid was procured, and the woman was picked up and placed on a bed, and was after a few minutes, so far restored as to be able to speak, and said that Frank, meaning Geiger, had stabbed her, and that Marks was not her husband. She then asked if Marks was dead, and when told that he was, she expressed much agony and faintness; the blood was then rushing up in her throat and mouth from the wound. It was then deemed improper to proceed any further, fearful that the excitement would cause her immediate death. Therefore, the Coroner at once ordered her to the City Hospital, where she now remains in a very dangerous state, and many doubts are entertained if she will survive until morning. A dirk knife was found upon with blood on it, evidently belonging to Marks; but from the nature of the wounds on Geiger, it had not been used, as the stabs bore the marks of the dagger. The bodies of the two men who expired a few minutes after the affair was discovered, are now placed in the same room, at which place an inquest will be held to-day, at 12 o'clock. The room and staircase very much resembled a slaughter-house, from the vast quantity of blood spilt. On the person of Geiger was found his passport and several letters, and pieces of poetry, all written in the German language, which, on being translated, will no doubt throw more light on this mysterious and tragical affair."

## From the Pennsylvania. Slavery in the District of COLUMBIA.

Our Telegraphic despatch of the proceedings in the House of Representatives on the 21st, informed us of the proposition of Mr. Gott, of New York, in relation to the sale of slaves in the District. To place the whole story before our readers, we copy from the *Globe* the following proceedings:

Mr. Gott offered the following resolution, and demanded the previous question thereon:

Whereas the traffic now prosecuted in this metropolis of the Republic in human beings, as chattels, is contrary to natural justice and the fundamental principles of our political system, and is notoriously a reproach to our country throughout Christendom, and a serious hindrance to the progress of republican liberty among the nations of the earth: Therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee for the District of Columbia be instructed to report a bill, as soon as practicable, prohibiting the slave trade in said District.

Mr. Haralson moved that it be laid on the table.

The question on the motion of Mr. Haralson was taken, & lost—yeas 82 nays 85.

So the House decided that the resolution should not be laid on the table.

The question then recurring on the demand for the previous question—

And the question, "Shall the main question be now taken?" was then put, & decided in the affirmative—yeas 112 nays 64.

So the House decided that the main question should be put.

And the main question, "Shall the resolution be adopted?" was then taken, & decided in the affirmative—yeas 98, nays 87.

So the resolution was adopted.

Mr. Fries rose, and desired to inquire whether there was not a rule of the House which required every member present to vote? And he stated that the gentleman from Connecticut, [Mr. T. Smith,] & the gentleman from Indiana, [Mr. Caleb B. Smith,] were present when the roll was called, and had not voted on the resolution which had just been adopted.

The Speaker said that there was such a rule, but was understood to add that there was no power to enforce it, except by a vote of censure.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, rose to a privileged question.

Mr. Smith, of Connecticut, rose & said that if his name was called, he was ready to vote.

The Speaker said it was too late to vote, except by unanimous consent.

Mr. Stuart now moved that the vote by which the resolution of the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Gott] had been adopted, be reconsidered.

Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, said that he had a suggestion to make, by which the necessity of any further motion might be superseded in a very easy manner. He proposed that every southern member should withdraw from the Hall, and leave the debate altogether.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll inquired whether the Speaker had decided the question of order?—being on permitting Mr. Stuart to address the House on his motion.

The Speaker. The Chair has decided that the motion to reconsider is not debatable to-day.

Mr. Ingersoll, I appeal from the decision.

So the Chair stated the question to be, "Shall the opinion of the Chair stand as the judgment of the House?"

The question was then taken, "Shall the decision of the Chair stand as the judgment of the House?" and was decided in the affirmative, yeas 116, nays not counted.

So it was decided that the decision of the chair should stand as the judgment of the House.

And, accordingly, the motion to reconsider was laid over until to-morrow.

[But to-morrow being private bill day, the Speaker, at a subsequent stage of the day's proceedings, stated that private business would, by the rules, have the preference; but that it would be for a majority of the House to decide whether they would proceed with that order of business.]

**Texas News.**—A letter from Austin, dated the 27th ult., gives the following as the result of the election in fifty-six counties that have been heard from:—Cass 8,795; Taylor 3,777. Majority for Cass 5,018. There are twenty-three counties more to hear from, among which are those on the Rio Grande, and also the county of Santa Fe, from which last no returns can be expected. Returns coming in after the 27th inst., would be invalid, and would not be received.

A handsome young Yankee pedlar made love to a burton widow in Pennsylvania. He accompanied his declarations with two impediments to their union.

"Name them," said the widow.

"The want of sufficient means to set up a retail store."

They parted, and she sent the pedlar a check for ample means. When they met again the pedlar had hired and stocked his store; the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment.

"I have another wife," cried the tricky notion pedlar.