

THE DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

BY W. T. GILES.

UPPER SANDUSKY, WYANDOTT CO., FRIDAY, SEPT. 12, 1845.

[VOL. 1. NO. 3.]

Business Directory.

COUNTING HOUSE ALMANAC
For the Year of Our Lord
1845.

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
January	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
February	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
March	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
April	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
May	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
June	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
July	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
August	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
September	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
October	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
November	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
December	7	8	9	10	11	12	13

POETRY.

Who has not read and admired for the twentieth time, and each time with increased admiration, the very beautiful lines of Park Benjamin, entitled 'The Departed?' We observe that the piece is among the selections which make up 'The Boston Book.' It is a rare gem; and as it has never yet been on-hinged in our casket, we give it place here.—*Woolster Standard*

THE DEPARTED.

'Tis sweet to believe, of the absent we love,
If we miss them below, we shall meet them above.'

The departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams;
And they glide above our memories,
Like shadows over streams:
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed—the departed
Can never more return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful—
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep;
Or where the mournful night-winds
Pale Winter's robes have spread
Above their narrow palaces
In the cities of the dead!

I look around and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In dismal ruin strown;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
From the leaves of withered trees,
For the voice of the departed
Seems borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each gay and careless strain,
I scarce can think Earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again:
The glad-song of the summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall;
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call:
I know that they are happy,
With their angel plumage on;
But my heart is very desolate
To think that they are gone!

MISCELLANY.

Wild Revenge.

On the shores of Moll a crag is pointed out, overhanging the sea, concerning which there is the following tradition:—Some centuries since, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbui, had a grand hunting excursion: To grace the festivity, his lady attended with her only child, an infant in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the bounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing, but the animals rushed with such impetuosity, that the poor forester could not withstand them.—In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death, but this punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of his clan, which, in those feudal times, was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of menials and the worst of crimes. The clansman burned with anger and revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbui, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood on an almost inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed may be easily conceived. Maclean implored the man to give him back his son and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had, in a moment of excitement, inflicted on his clansman. The other replied, that the only condition on which he would consent to the restitution was, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been! In despair the chief consented, saying he would submit to any thing if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed, begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demonic revenge, and lifting high the child in the air, plunged with him into the abyss below. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of Moll.—*Inverness Courier*.

Honesty and principle go together.

An Appeal in behalf of Public Education.

The following should be read by every parent in the State. It is a most graphic portrayal of the condition of the uneducated:

'Did you ever see that ragged little straggler?' 'Yes, God help him,' said my companion, 'God help him!' With such easy adjuration do we leave thousands and tens of thousands of human souls to want and ignorance, doom them while yet walking the path of guiltlessness to nature's devil—their own unguided passions. We make them outcasts, wretches; and then punish in their wickedness our own selfishness—our own neglect.—We cry, 'God help the boy,' and hang the man.

Yet a moment. The child still before us. Can we not see around it—contending for it—the principles of good and evil? A contest between the angels and the fiends! Come hither, statesman: you who live within a party circle; you who might fight some miserable fight; continually strive in some selfish struggle for power and place, considering men only as tools, the merest instruments of your aggrandizement, come here, in the filthy street, and look upon God's image in his boyhood! consider this little man. Are not creatures such as these, the noblest, the grandest things of earth! Have they not solemn natures—are they not subtly touched for the highest purposes of human life! There is no spot, no coarser stuff in the flesh before you that indicates a lower nature. There is no felon mark upon it—no natural formation indicating the thief in its tiny fingers—no inevitable blasphemy written upon its lips. It lies before you a fair unspiced thing, fresh from the hand of God. Will you, without an effort, let the grand fiend stamp its fiery brand upon it. Shall it, in its innocence, be made a trading thing, by misery and vice? Say; what with its awakened soul, shall it learn! What lessons whereby to pass through life, making an Eden of social life? Why, cunning will be its wisdom; hypocrisy its truth; theft its natural law of self-preservation. To this child, so nurtured, so taught, your whole code of morals, may your brief right and wrong, are writ in stranger figures than Egyptian hieroglyphics, and—time passes—and you scourge the creature never taught for heinous guilt of knowing might but ill! The good has been a sealed book to him; and the dunce is punished with the jail. Doubtless there are great statesmen; wizzards in bullion and bank paper; thinkers profound in cotton, and every turn and variation of the markets abroad and at home. But there are statesmen yet to come, statesmen of nobler aims—of more heroic action; teachers of the people, vindicators of the universal dignity of man, apostles of the great social truth that knowledge, which is the spiritual light of God, like its material light, was made to bless and comfort all men. And when these men arise—it is worse than weak, it is sinful to despair of them—the youngling poor will not be bound upon the very threshold of human life, and made, per force, by want and ignorance, life's shame and curse. There is not a babe lying in the public street, on its mother's lap—the unconscious mendicant to ripen into the criminal—that it is not a reproach to the State; a scandal and a crying shame upon men who study all politics but the politics of the human heart.—*Literary Messenger*.

Why should a Bank be authorized by law to receive interest on its own debts, any more than the Farmer and Mechanic?—*U. S. Journal*.

'The Bank is not authorized to receive any interest that any Farmer or Mechanic might not receive under the same circumstances.'—*U. S. Gazette*.

The U. S. Journal thus replies: 'Under the circumstances!' Precisely not.—But when did our legislatures ever place our farmers and mechanics under the same circumstances? When was there a law ever passed allowing the farmer and mechanic to receive interest upon all debts they owed, as the banks are now authorized to do? When was the farmer and mechanic allowed to circulate their debts as money; to loan their credit and receive interest for it? When was the farmer ever permitted to lock up all his real wheat in the granary, as the banks do the real money, and lend out their 'promises to pay' wheat, for the people to make bread of, and to charge six or eight times as much for the promise as the wheat itself could be purchased for, if it was not for the legislative charter creating the monopoly? 'Same circumstances!' Why friend Chandler, you must be dreaming.

Not Inappropriate.—Some mischief-maker one night pulled down a turner's sign, and put it over a lawyer's door; in the morning it read: 'All sorts of turning and twisting done here.'

"Yankee Doodle."

An American gentleman in Paris, after giving an account of the Fourth of July celebration, in that capital, adds—

'I must not forget to tell you how much we cheered, "Yankee Doodle." At home we should have heard it with pleasure, but without cheering. Here, when it was struck up, it touched the electric chain that binds us all to the pleasant land we have left, and all seemed to be inspired with one impulse, to "applaud again." I know not whether the tune in the abstract be good or bad, but music, like poetry, is to be praised according to the number of associations it awakens, or the images it renews. Yankee Doodle should have with us no parallel; and Von Weber never made such a strain in his life.

Take a Scotchman from his hills, and at the ends of the earth, trickle his ears with Auld Robin Gray, or Auld Lang Syne, and it annihilates time and space. He

'Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind.'

It is back in imagination, (which is really—as much as words are things,) to the friends, the haunts, the broom, the red plaid, the blue bonnets, the "honest men and bonny lassies."

Or grind in the hard cars of the Swiss on the Cumberland road, his unmusical *Rendez Vackes*, upon no sweeter organ than a cart wheel, and he is no longer in the Alleghanies.

He is among his Alps, in some rude log cabin with one end sunk into the mountain, and perched on a cliff as steep that he must ascend it with hands and feet.—Or he is beside some clear mountain lake, a little mirror of the Alps, or some waterfall or sheet of foam from the snowy summit.

I know not what are the images raised in the minds of others, by that good old tune, of which I spoke, but to me it is a glass of Surry's magic, and presents an image of beauty. It shows me a green land of long rivers, and broad lakes—a land flowing with milk and honey—a land of steady habits, white churches, red school houses and many newspapers.

COURTING.

A lawyer, whom we knew well, did his courting and had. He had got a good practice and high reputation as well for what his middle contained of Coke and Blackstone, as for being a very eccentric chip in all his ways, doings and sayings. His eccentricity got him into the notion it wasn't mere the woman should be alone, and so of a delightful summer's eve—when the roses smiled and cowslips laughed, Sunday evening, to a mind ye gentle reader, that

Delightful hour of witching love—he caught up his hat and was seen ascending the steps of the cottage beside the hill—where tripped

A lovely damsel bright and fair.

She opened the door, as he politely asked, 'is the Chief Justice within?' 'No,' said the pretty one, 'but will be shortly.' 'Ah, that's no matter,' said the lawyer, as he was curtsied within the door, 'I did not come to see the father, my client is interested only in the testimony of the daughter. My client, Maum, owns the mansion you see from yonder and the pith of his suit is to ascertain if you have any objection to become his mistress. I'll call next Sabbath evening for your answer.'

'Why sir, it won't be necessary to suspend the suit. I think your client's case is founded in justice, and I am sure he will win his point without any special pleading; but as father has been twenty-one years upon the bench, it would be decorous to see if his opinion does not confirm mine. Certainly madam,' said the lawyer, as the father entered the apartment.

It is needless to say that the full court did not reverse the decision—and the happy pair signed the bond and went into possession in four weeks from that night *Boston Courier*.

Expenses of the State of Texas.

The special committee on finance in the Texas convention have reported an estimate of expenditures of the new State government. They put the amount at \$44,000, allowing the Governor an annual salary of \$2,000; Secretary of the State, Treasurer and Comptroller, each \$1,000; three Supreme Judges, \$2,000 each; six District Attorneys, \$300 each; sixty members of the Legislature, \$3 per day each and mileage; Clerks and Chaplains the same. The executive department is put at \$6,000, the Judiciary a \$17,300, and the Legislature at \$30,600. The estimated revenue is \$47,492.52—by increasing the present tax on land 1-10th of 1 per cent, the revenue would amount to \$65,492.52. A provision in the constitution to secure a more prompt & efficient collection of taxes is recommended.

The New Daily Advertiser, recently told a pretty tall story of Sir Ererard Digby, who was executed in England for a political offence, the executioners took up his head by the hair, and setting it down on the block, exclaimed, 'there is the head of a traitor.' The head instantly replied 'that is a lie.'

This story reminds us of another, relating to the selection of an executioner by the Dey of Algiers, some 50 years since. It was the custom to make the selections from the prisoners of war, and the office was much sought, as the person selected thus obtained his liberty. On the occasion referred to, there were three candidates, a Frenchman, an Englishman and an American. The trial of skill was to be made in the public square of Algiers.

Three convicts were brought out and placed upon the stand, their necks and shoulders made bare, and a red thread drawn about the neck of each to mark the place of decapitation. The Frenchman advanced first, and with a single stroke of the sword, severed the head of his man so near the line, as to call forth the loudest plaudits from the delighted Algerines. The Englishman next came forward, and with inimitable grace and skill decapitated his subject. The acclamations were loud and long, from every side, and it seemed doubtful, to which of the two, the prize would be awarded, for, that it would be to one or the other of them, did not seem to admit of a question.

The American, however, was entitled to a trial, and took his position. When all things were ready, he gave a whisk of the sword, so sudden and so swift that it was hardly observed, and the convict exclaimed, 'Ah! you have missed me.' 'Have I?' said he, 'spit, then.' Leaning forward a little to spit, the head tumbled from the shoulders, and rolled away upon the platform, having been severed with such exceeding niceness, that the subject himself was not aware of it. The whole audience were silent with astonishment, and the office was awarded to the American.—*Worcester Spy*.

The following question is asked by the Cleveland American, (liberty,) when commenting upon the affair that took place a short time since at Lexington, Kentucky, between the Liberty and Slavery men. No direct answer need be expected from H. Clay. It is possible he will answer by saying, "Personally he has no objection."

Where was Henry Clay?

The inquiry will arise spontaneously in the mind of every one—Where was Henry Clay, with his boasted influence, and his vaunted love of Liberty, in this hour of peril to his kinsman and friend, who has done so much for him! Where was he at so important a crisis in the contest between Liberty and Slavery? Where was he in the time of this great trial of the adequacy of our institutions to protect men in the right to think and speak, and write, and print—being responsible to the law of the land for the abuse of that right? Where the music of his voice, and the power of his eloquence then exerted to quell the turbulent emotions that agitated the people? Was he present to aid the supremacy of the law, and shield the victim of disorder and violence? Or did he turn his back upon his friend and his home, to avoid all responsibility in relation to the subject? Let it be told only in a whisper, and with face averted in confusion and shame that after the transactions of Friday, and before the time for the assembling of the great adjourned meeting of Monday, as if to show his utter indifference to such a contest, and utter disregard of law and order, Henry Clay turned his back upon Lexington, and hastened away, in good health and spirits, says the Herald, to quaff sulphur water at the Springs.

The Poor.—Short but simple are the annals of the poor. When grief and death assail the great, a thousand eyes weep for them, and to their triumphs a thousand voices are ready to cry "Hail!" Fame waves a sun-bright banner before their closing eyes; and canopied, death is divested of one half of its terrors—Hearts beat thickly and fast in sympathy for all sorrow, save the poor. Hunger, and those diseases that arise from poverty, are vulgar sufferings; and the lowly tale which finds a historian may fail to excite a single throb of pity in the tenderest bosom.

The Best Yet.—It is stated of a tailor named Metzgar, residing in a flourishing inland town in Pennsylvania, that in one day, from sunrise till 8 o'clock, P. M., he made eleven pair of pantaloons, two waist coats, and a round jacket for a little boy. He was obliged to keep a bowl of ice water constantly by him, to cool his needle in.

Down with the Plunderers!

We notice in several papers a statement that the recent discredit of the Woolster, Sandusky and Norwalk Banks was brought about by the Alfred Kelley bankers who wished to drive these banks into bankruptcy under Kelley's monstrous bill, or break them. But they will hold out and refused to join the other Bank of Robbers.

Some time in February a whig leader came home from Columbus and intimated that the Red Dog Bank would burst in just three weeks from that time. It did burst but not for two months thereafter. Another whig who came from Columbus about the middle of March, cautioned a few of his whig friends not to touch the red dog as it would go down. This information was kept from the mass of the whigs and democrats until after the thing had exploded. Now put all these things together and you have pretty conclusive evidence that the Kelley clique at Columbus had a preconcerted plan on foot to blow up the St. Clair Bank and thus as they thought, create a vacuum in the currency which they could fill by their own rage. Well, they succeeded so far as the blowing up was concerned, and they and the Red Dog together swindled the people of half a million, all of which ought to be charged to the New Banking Law.—Whether they will succeed in blowing up the other three banks, remains to be seen. Some say they will; others not.

But what a spectacle do these swindlers present to the people, of villainy and fraud! We see them arrayed against each other, pulling and hauling for the mastery, and the privilege of flooding the country with their worthless rags. Matters not which clique succeeds. In the contest the people have, is the reflection that the farmers, mechanics and laborers have to toil the hill, and every year or two to be swindled out of half a million of their hard earnings; by the bursting up of one or the other of these swindling rag factories. Can honest men have confidence in Bank paper when they see such a state of things! Oh, no, never. What then is to be done? Why set your faces against the whole system. Unleash yourselves into a solid phalanx, and pledge yourself one to the other that you will not touch the swindling promises—raise the cry of "down with the plunderers," and when you see a bill introduced a set of farmers and mechanics who will not only repeal every bank law that will not protect and encourage these wholesale robbers, but also pass a Bank Law that will give us a sound currency secured by the individual liability principle and the penitentiary clause for rascals.—*New Philadelphia Daily*.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

PROSCRIPTION.

The Washington Union, in the course of a reply to the charge of "proscription" made against the administration, asserts that its proscription has been by no means as extensive as the proscription by the whigs in 1811, nor the title of what it would have been, if we may credit their orators had they succeeded to power in 1845. The "proscription" so much talked of, cannot have been very bloody, which has left little office to large a portion of whigs.

As an illustration of the point, it gives the removals of postmasters for the four months ending the 30th June, 1845, as contrasted with the removals made in the same period ending on the 30th June, 1841. It selects the two States in which the present or former Postmaster General reside, for the comparison as being perfectly fair, and sufficiently extensive for the purpose—

For four months ending June 30th, 1841, the number of postmasters removed in New York, amounted to	307
Removals in Tennessee same period,	31
Total,	338
For four months ending June 30th, 1845, the number of postmasters removed in New York, amounted to	41
In Tennessee, same period	3
Total,	44

CROCKETANIA.

About ten years ago, while Colonel Crockett was addressing the people in Wesley, a pert political opponent, with the view of confounding him, handed him a conch skin, asking him if it was good for him. The speaker, instead of flying into a passion, deliberately took the skin, blew it out, examined it, and turning to the owner, dryly remarked—'No, sir, it's not good for you; dogs would not run such a conch, nor bark at a man that was fool enough to carry such a skin.'

The poor fellow slunk away, and has not been heard of since.

Man's happy hour, is when out of his hat and his plenty to satisfy his appetite.

R. McKelby,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.
Office in the Land Office.

JOHN A. MORISON, Recorder.
Office at Col. McElvain's Hotel, upstairs; where he may at all times be found when not necessarily absent.
August 20th, 1845.

Clear the Track!

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES!

D. AYRES & Co. having established themselves in Upper Sandusky, Wyandott co., O., would respectfully call the attention of the public to their extensive stock of

MERCHANDIZE,

just received from the eastern cities, comprising every article asked for in a Dry Goods Store, such as Broadcloths, Satinets, Cassimeres, Flannels, Bleached & Brown Muslins, Tickings, Calicoes by the cord, of every price and color; Muslin De Lains, Alpaccas, Bombazines, Tylers, Merinos, Ginghams, Lawas, Ladies' Hose and Mitts, &c. &c. They have also a large and well selected assortment of

Fresh Groceries,

which, for quality and price, can't be beat this side of sun rise. They have Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Pepper and Spice, Tobacco, and every thing else that could be dreamed of in the grocery line. Also, Glass, Nails, Sole Leather, Queensware, &c., all of which will be sold at prices that will astonish the natives! Their store room may be found obliquely opposite Mr. Kirby's Hotel.
Upper Sandusky, Aug. 20th, 1845.

NEW GROCERY AND BAKERY.

THE subscribers would respectfully announce to the citizens of Upper Sandusky, and surrounding country, that they have opened a

Grocery & Bakery

in the above named place, one door south of Kirby's Hotel where they may at all times be found, ready, able and willing to sell Groceries as cheap as the cheapest. Among their assortment may be found, Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Powder, Shot, Lead, Confectionaries, Bread, &c., &c., and all other articles generally kept in a retail Grocery. They hope by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

J. & J. MYERS.
Upper Sandusky, Aug. 29, 1845.