

# DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

MINOR & MURRAY, Editors.

"SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX ESTO."

A. J. PICKENS, Publisher.

Volume 1.

BOWLING-GREEN, PIKE COUNTY, MO., SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1845.

Number 5.

## THE BANNER.

Wednesday, February 26, 1845.

### Texas, Disunion, and the Whig party of the North.

The great Massachusetts Convention, called by the *Godlike Daniel* and other master spirits of the whig party in that State, convened at Faneuil Hall, on the 29th January. The meeting was called to order by the Hon. S. C. Williams, C. F. Adams, the son of John Q. Adams, was appointed chairman of a committee, to report a set of officers for the convention. Judge Williams, together with a score of vice presidents, was selected to preside over their deliberations. *Abby Folsom* first attempted to speak. Then the Hon. S. C. Williams led off in a rampant speech against Annexation, Slavery and the Union. He reiterated the old argument of John Quincy Adams, that the annexation of Texas would of itself be a dissolution of the Union; and concluded by moving the appointment of a committee to prepare an address to the *free States* calling upon them to meet in convention to devise some plan of future action. The son of John Quincy Adams, too, acted a conspicuous part in the convention. He was opposed to annexation in any shape or form; and believed that if Congress dared to consummate the iniquitous measure, it would be the duty of the North to "push the South out of the Union;"—that "abolitionism" disconnected from every other issue, must be the great question with the whig party of the North—that they must make the question of "Slavery the great issue in the policy of the country." But it remained for the notorious William Lloyd Garrison to out Herod Herod in this work of Treason. He seconded the resolution of the Rev. Mr. Lavejoy, declaring in effect that if Texas was annexed it would be a dissolution of the Union; and calling upon the towns of Massachusetts to choose delegates for a second session of the convention to form a "new Union, a new Confederacy of such States as will not tolerate domestic slavery," so soon as the President shall make a proclamation of the annexation of Texas. Epithet, after epithet, of the blackest calumny and vituperation was poured upon the South and her institutions. But especially upon Virginia, that time-honored State—the birth place of democratic principles—the mother of Washington, of Jefferson, of Madison and Monroe. She was stigmatized as the slave breeder of the South, "the *Guinea of America*;" and rapturous applause followed the enunciation of such foul epithets. The burden of their song was "no union with slave holders," that same old cant sung by the abolitionists of the North, upon the floor of Congress hall for the last ten years. Whigs of the South and West! where now is your holy horror, your religious dread of disunion? Hear ye not this mingled cry of abolition and disunion from the North? Why sleep the thunders of your wrath now? A little while ago the *doughty* commander of a regiment of militia talked about a dissolution of the Union, and you were perfectly horrified. It shocked your nerves that you could not rest quietly for a moment. *Dissolution of the Union! Dissolution of the Union! Great God what sacrilege! QUACK-LEBERS!* Why there was murder and treason in the very name? Oh yes! then you could roll in terrific violence the thunders of your wrath across the political sky.

But now when the whigs of Massachusetts assembled in mass convention under the auspices of such men as Webster, Davis, Saltonstall, Reed, Williams and Adams, promulgate the doctrine of disunion in preference to a union with slave-holders, you are as quiet as lambs. Calmed is the voice of your wrath; and hushed is your thunder. Oh beautiful consistency! you were frightened to death at the voice of a few obscure individuals; but not alarmed at the action of a whole State. Though Massachusetts declared by legislative resolve, her solemn wish to destroy the compact upon which this Union was formed, and which alone it can now be maintained, you were perfectly insens-

ible to danger. Yes, though an ex-President of the United States declared upon the floor of Congress, that he came to that Hall for the sole purpose of destroying the very compact which gave being to the Union. You heard too the note of the old croaker, declaring that if Texas were admitted into this Union, it would be *ipso facto* a dissolution of the Union. You read his letter backed by other northern members of your party, calling upon the *free States* to resist it even to that extreme; and it never even ruffled your placid brows. Now too you hear the leaders of your party in the North menacing you with a dismemberment of the Union; threatening to push you out of the Confederacy if you dare to consult your own safety without their consent, and you are perfectly docile. The great lion of the North, forsooth, may roar as much as he pleases, but the little beast of the South shall surely dread your wrath.

But what think you of this affiliation of abolitionism by the whig party of the north? What think you of this harmonious action between the northern whig leaders and the northern fanatics?

The House of Representatives by a vote of 145 to 34 have admitted Florida and Iowa into the Union as States. The provision in the constitution of Florida forbidding the abolition of slavery was stricken out; and the question of boundary between this State and Iowa remains unsettled.

E. W. Clark & Brothers, of St. Louis, propose publishing a *Pink Note Report and Counterfeit Detector*. To our business men, such a publication will be highly useful.

We notice the death of General B. M. Lisle, a prominent lawyer of this State, at Jefferson city.

On the 12th inst., the two houses of Congress met in the Hall of the House of Representatives, for the purpose of counting the votes for President and Vice President. The proceeding occupied one hour and 15 minutes. The National Intelligencer furnishes the following just and appropriate remarks in relation to the scene presented on that occasion:—

"The scene had nothing of the pomp that would have blazed upon the eye at a ceremonial of such consequence in Governments differently organized from ours. Depending for its solemnity and its effect on the inherent greatness of the act to be done, to one who regarded it with a philosophic eye it had a solemnity approaching the sublime. Who that reflected on the struggles, the tumult, the battles, and the blood, which have so often accompanied the acquisition of a disputed throne in the Old World—or, indeed, of a disputed Chieftainship in the Governments of the New World—could look on this peaceful and tranquil assembly, remembering the purpose which had called it together and the event which it was virtually to consummate, and not be deeply impressed by the happy expedient here first devised for securing the succession to Supreme Executive Power by a delegated expression of a Nation's Will?"

A correspondent in the last Journal, under the signature of "Old Set-ler," thus disposes of the "Penitentiary System." We give only an extract:—

"I look on crimes as I do on fevers, a unit—prompted from one general cause—a dishonest heart: as the decomposition of vegetable matter produces a miasmata, a decomposition of animal matter produces a kind of miasmata which, by the inhalation of either, may produce any of the long list of types. Now, if my views are correct, that crimes are a unit, my plan is at once explained; nearly all the states have a prison, and it would be bad policy to make cow stalls of the cells. But if a person is found guilty of any crime, punishable by imprisonment, have but one degree, and be sure to set that degree to the first, and attach to a unit punishment for life. Oh me! says one, that is too bad: it would ruin the state to have so many old people there. To answer this, there are many men that make enough when young to support on when old, besides giving a fortune to each child, and I am sure if one man can do this the rule should hold good, that each man should support himself and make a surplus for the heirs at Jefferson or any other band of hungry officers.

### THE NEW ARRANGEMENT.

John Henry Brown, formerly editor of the "Missouri Journal," has disposed of his interest in that paper, which will henceforth be edited by Messrs. C. S. Brown & Jas. O. Broadhead, and published by Alexander S. Jackson.

With Mr. Brown, we are sorry to part; his conduct towards ourselves was ever marked by that courtesy and decorum so befitting a gentleman. May success attend him in the sunny clime of the South.

We know of but few individuals more suited from talent and ability to supply the place of the former editor, than Messrs. Brown and Broadhead. We welcome them to the editorial chair, and wish them as much success as is compatible with the cause which we advocate.

We return our thanks to the Hon. J. B. Bowlin, for sundry public documents.

A bill requiring the Supreme Court to sit at St. Louis, as well as at Jefferson, has passed the Senate.

### LAMENTABLE.

The following case of felicity is too directly in point to be lost, and it is too well depicted in the language by the news-paper in which we find it, to be improved by our hands. It is this:

"A young planter in the upper part of the State, lately married a beautiful and intellectual lady, after the honey moon had passed, he was pained to observe that his young bride looked thoughtful at times, and appeared to suffer much from ennui. Thinking this might be caused by the absence of female companions, he induced several young ladies, relatives, to make his house their home, in hopes thereby to render her completely happy. This arrangement had not the desired effect. His beloved, though apparently joyous and cheerful while conversing with him, as soon as conversation lagged, relapsed into the melancholy mood. Surprised at this, he fell to pondering the cause, and after a lengthy reflection, he came to the conclusion to send to New York for a piano, to be forwarded by the first ship bound for Natchez, or Grand Gulf. Well the musical companion at length arrived—and a splendid one it was—of beautiful mahogany—ornamented & poised, to the amount of a five hundred dollar bill. And then it discoursed such ravishing melody, as the young bride passed the key. The young planter was in raptures, and congratulated himself on having procured the identical one thing needful to his angel's felicity. Poor man! he paid but a poor compliment to his amiable partner's intellect, if he thought she could contentedly pass her leisure hours in strumming over a piano forte!"

He was mistaken. Though music hath charms, like love it is not the only delectation in the world; for a while it pleases the ear and touches the heart but ministers not to the mind. The lady seldom ever courted Apollo, and her husband had the mortification of feeling that he had not yet made his domicile a paradise to "her he adored." At last, to solve the riddle of her discontent, he asked her if she did not at times regret having entered the marriage state. "Oh no, indeed," she replied with great earnestness—"never for a moment have I been other than your happy wife, I sometimes—" Well, sometimes what dearest? "If I must tell you this, sometimes I regret that we do not take the Newspapers. Papa takes a half a dozen.

Let every young husband who loves his wife and who would keep her happy, and thus preserve an amiable temper, remember the case here cited, and steadily avoid the error pointed out.

Read.—Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it be but a single sentence. If you can gain fifteen minutes a day, it will be left at the end of the year.

The Boston Post has the following:

"Are you injured Madam?" inquired a gentleman of a lady whom he saw fall upon the ice so near him that he might have prevented her descent. "No, thanks to my bishop," was the rather stern reply.

### SHORT PATENT SERMON.

The following words by Mrs. Sigourney, will compose my text for this occasion:

"Ah! what avails, with giant power To wrest the trophies of an hour; One moment write with sparkling eye Our name on castle turrets high, And yield, the next, a broken trust, To earth, to ashes and to dust."

My hearers:—It makes a person's supper sit cold and heavy on his stomach, and sinks the thermometer of his spirits below zero, to reflect upon what we have all to come to at last; to think that when the strings of vitality are snapped, and life's contents spoiled upon the ground, what a pretty mess we shall make of it! Earth amalgamated with earth, dust mingled with dust, and ashes indented with ashes, compose the mould of mouldering morality, in which the purest virtue and the filthiest vice are compounded together, without regard to the value of the or the worthlessness of the other. It is melancholy, my friends, to meditate upon this paltry pile of dirt, from which the mortals were moulded, & to which we must finally return; and yet it is fit that we should now and then squander a few thoughts on this subject, in order that haughty pride may sometimes look downward towards the tomb, and climbing ambition measure the distance it is to fall from the towering step of fame, to the sepulcher that yawns at its base.

Ah my dear friends! you have all got to come to the scratch at last.—The grave is the common receptacle for all that mass of corruption which the soul destined to drag about for a time, over the hills and the rocks, through the mud and the storms of a precarious existence; and into his repository for the refuse of humanity you must all be dumped, sooner or later, by that dirt cart of Death, which we so often have seen standing at the doors of relatives, friends and acquaintances; and we know not how soon it may halt to receive a shovel full or two of dust, which had once been alive in our own mansions. At the father extremity of life's winding vale, is a secluded spot, surrounded by the gloomy umbrage of the weeping willow and the mourning cypress, with small apartments to admit a few cheering rays from the sun of immortality. Here is written upon a slab of marble, and in legible characters, "The death bed of Vanity and the end of Ambition;" and at this forbidding spot, every poor mortal must eventually be robbed of all he ever possessed, save that bright jewel of hope which he is permitted to carry with him into the kingdom of everlasting glory.—What else, I ask, is the corporeal portion good for, when the soul, that preservative principle has forsaken it forever? It is doomed to decay and return to its original dust; and dust, after all, is nothing more than dust—no matter how holy and sacred are the associations that connect it with that which is now living in cohabitation with mind and feeling.—And I advise you my friends, not to expend too much money, nor to sacrifice a great amount of morality for the sake of bodily appearance; for depend upon it, there is something in man, which like an oyster, is a great deal better than it looks to be; and all the outward attractions you can bestow upon it will prove to be of no more value in the end than application of gold leaf to the shells of said oysters.

What then, my friends, can human exertions avail? Nothing at all, I answer for the want of an echo.—The night-dews of the grave are sure to take out all the starch from the stiff dicker of pride—ambition must get down from its stiles, and crawl like a reptile beneath the turf that now affords shelter for worms and the vilest of earth's vermin—while a blast from the trumpet of fame will be as dead a failure as a broken pair of bellows puffing at the phosphorescent glow of a putrified shad. You may with the nerve and power of a giant, wrest from the world and appropriate to yourselves the bright and valuable trophies of an hour; but they are of no use so long as Death runs rapid among us, unmuzzled and uncontrolled by fear or favor. You may one moment climb to the very tip top of the tower of renown, and write there your names in letters of gold, to be read and revered by all, and perhaps ere that moment has scarcely flown, down you will go like

a lot of china, broken, smashed and destroyed—not worth the patty required to patch the pieces together again.—Yes, my friends, Death will have his prey—and there's no use in trying to manufacture wings with which to escape to heaven; for the body is fit for nothing but to be milled over again in the grave, to assist in the manufacture of generations that are yet to be exhibited upon the stage of prosperity.

My hearers—you may bait your hooks with beauty—fish after fame—or angle in the troubled waters of ambition as much as you please—but recollect that the fish you thus catch, although sweet to the taste, are full of little bones and troubles me to masticate. You had better throw out your lines into the calm lake of humanity, and go home laden with praise as well as perch; so when at last you are yourselves caught in the net of death, he can neither say, I have caught a sucker, a shark nor a scullion. At any rate you are all rapidly approaching that common goal to which the multitude are hastening with the flight of a flock of pigeons; and I advise you to choose for yourselves which of the two routes is the best—that which leads over the mountains, through thorns and beside the dangerous precipice of ambition, or that which is plain level & flowery—the path of humility and virtue, which gently declines to the tomb, and grows more lovely and pleasant as you journey in its course. So mote it be!

DOW JR.

### More Thieving.

Constables LANE and SCHWENKER, apprehended three individuals by the name of Daily and Saturday the 8th inst. for stealing corn at Watson's place, two miles South East of this city. They were brought before Justice KELLY, on the evening of the same day, and upon examination, two of them were committed to the county jail for trial at the Circuit Court. One of them was discharged—and subsequently, more proof came to light which strongly implicated him in the theft—and upon the constable visiting his premises, it was found that he was among the missing. These men were lately from Nauvoo, and call themselves *Mormons*; and it is reported that when they came down, they brought with them a considerable amount of goods—which have all disappeared, with the one which was discharged by the magistrate. We mention the circumstances of their robbery for the particular benefit of brother Orson Hyde, and those elders who maintain, that the *Mormons* are too good to commit crime, or do any other unlawful act.

We also learn that five *Mormons* were apprehended in Lima last week for stealing corn and Bee Hives.—They were pursued twenty miles, and the Hives found in their wagon. We did not learn the result of the investigation before the magistrate—whether they were held to appear at the Circuit Court, or be committed.

We think brother Hyde, after this, had best "acknowledge the corn," as his brethren appear to have a peculiar fondness for that kind of grain—to say nothing of the Honey.

[Quincy Whig.]

### LEGAL ABSURDITIES.

Maj. Noah thus shows up the absurdity of some of our legal technicalities.

Why cannot we simplify the language of the law—why not banish its old blackletter Vandalism? "Sir I give you this orange," and I do give it—should not that declaration and transfer be deemed an absolute conveyance. Yet to make it perfectly legal, it must run thus—

"I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage, of and in that orange, with the rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pipe, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, on fully and effectually as I, said A. B., am now entitled to bite, suck, cut, or eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pipes, anything heretofore or hereafter, or in other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of whatever nature or kind soever to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding"—with much more of the same effect.

I'm getting fat, as the loafer said when he was stealing lard.

### MYSTERIES OF LIFE.

Why is it that the purest visions of earth flash forth on the dark pathway of life, and then go out forever? Why is it, that the sweetest flower of the field leaps up from the soil, in all the beauty and the gracefulness of inanimate nature, only to fade and wither, to pass away? Why is it, that the young forest tree—the glory of the grove—graceful in proportion—kingly in the coronal of its own rich foliage, is so often found withering when it should rejoice in its freshness—shedding leaf after leaf, and fading—still fading—until, in the stillness of the night time, it falls, and its elements are resolved back to their kindred dust? "Why is it,"—in the beautiful language of another,—that the rainbow and the cloud come over us, with a beauty that is not of earth; and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness; and why, ah! why, are the bright forms of human beauty only presented to our view, and then taken away from us forever? Why is it, that Consumption, the arch-fiend to our race, has so long been suffered to ravage the fairest portions of human existence; eluding the skill of surgical science with a subtlety which defies detection, and a ravening for blood which knows no satiety? Why seize the loveliest of our species, in all the blitheness and brightness of life; and then only to reveal its terrible purpose, when, like a viper, it has wound itself into the heart, and its poisoned tooth is crimsoned with the living blood of its victim?—Why does "dark delirium" so often steal upon the spirit of man—flinging its blighting, withering shadow over intellects the purest and the noblest? Ambition, too, misguided, infatuated ambition,—why is she so long permitted to whet her vulture-beak and to plume her blood-steeped pinion, only to wing a wider flight among the children of men, and to sprinkle abroad the milderew of a deadlier destruction?

Alas! Our world is a *Ruin!* Many an agonized bosom has been convulsed by mysteries it could never develop; and many a heart is yet to be wrung with a misery that can know no cure!—[Gazette.]

### WOMAN.

Perhaps a more just and beautiful compliment was never paid to a woman than the following from Judge Story:—

"To the honor, to the eternal honor of her sex, be it said, that in the path of duty no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honor, innocence, and religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded; but the voice of affection, never. The chamber, of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman.—Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage which knows not the consequences. Then she displays the undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them, that resignation which neither utters murmurs or regret, and that patience in suffering which seems victorious over death itself.

A Text.—If the clergy should be in want of a text, any time within twelve months, they can do no better than to take it from the book of Hezekiah—Hezekiah Niles we mean—in these words:

"Pay the Printer, for no man labors so hard to enlighten his fellow creatures. He works day and night, and often gets more kicks than copies."

Original of Fashion.—Grandpa, where do people get their fashions from?

"Why, from Boston."  
"Well, where do Boston folks get them from?"  
"From England."  
"Ah, where do the English get them?"  
"From France."  
"And where do the French get them?"  
"Why, right straight from h—!"  
There now stop your noise.

"What were the dark ages?" inquired a schoolmaster. "I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented," replied the boy.