DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

MINOR & MURRAY, Editors. "If thou hast truth to utter, Speak! and leave the rest to God."—Gallaher. A. J. Pickens, Publisher.

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THE BANNER.

UNION! UNION!!

We much fear from the tone of the Washington Union, that its veteran Editor, himself, is apprehensive of breakers ahead, to the Democratic party. The spirit of liberality and conciliation has, as yet, breathed through all of his editorials, and from his frequent appeals to the different sections for peace and harmony, none can doubt the existence of some threatened danger. The President occupies a delicate position; he has resting upon him the searching eyes of the leaders of every faction and squad of the party. Charybdis on the South, Scylla on the North, a lee Shore on the East, and a tempestuous sea upon the West. All the elements are ripe for commotion—one single spark may ignite the magazine upon which he sets. A cool judgment and a steady hand is absolutely requisite at this time. We have entire confidence in the honesty and ability of Col. Polk to administer fairly and discreetly the many delicate affairs which will devolve upon him. When danger threatens, when a bold, straight forward support is required, he may expect that those who only followed his banner for the "spoils which he got and give," will quail and bend before the storm. From the parasites of power he may expect nothing; they will need no excuse for the desertion of a sinking cause. They contended for the spoil, and when a denial is offered to the cry of "*give! give!*" they will sting the hand which fed them.

Let the President, then, chalk out for himself a course—having strict reference to the landmarks of truth and justice—let him like Gen. Jackson, plant himself upon the platform of the Constitution, unawed and unmoved by the senseless denunciations of those who will fawn no longer than they are fed. Let him trust in God and that generous constituency who have placed him where he is, and our word for it, they will never desert him. The people are liable to err, but the sober second thought is the best corrective for these evils. Col. Polk has made a fair and full expose of his principles, upon the merits of those he was elected Chief Magistrate of the nation, and his only object now should be to see each of those principles religiously carried out. Let him "take the responsibility" and dare to do right, and all will be well.

Some of his appointments to offices of honor and trust, we have disapproved; but it cannot be expected that all should be pleased. We would not be understood as censuring him, for we are well aware of the thousand modes in which the Executive may be deceived and imposed upon in the appointment of men to office who live so distant from the seat of Government, that it would be utterly impossible for him to know at all times the character and standing of those whom he appoints to office.

☞ *Hobbs*, the supposed murderer of Newel, in Benton or Polk Co., has been arrested in Washington county in this State, and is now in confinement.

☞ *C. J. McNulty* the defaulting clerk of the lower House of Congress, has been acquitted upon one of the indictments against him. He will be tried upon three others.

☞ New glass, cotton and copperas, factories have recently been erected in Wheeling.

☞ A Military institute has been commenced in the city of St. Louis, under the superintendence of Major Dorn.

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI.

We have received a catalogue of the officers and students of this institution. The students, regular and irregular, number ninety-three.—Should we not encourage and foster the institutions of our State in preference to sending our young men to distant Colleges, has often suggested itself to our mind? This institution has been liberally endowed, although at present struggling under some little pecuniary embarrassment, her professors are gentlemen and ripe scholars. Let those who have sons to educate remember the many advantages which this College offers—a fine healthy location, (in Columbia, Boon co.,) choice society, and being with all, a State Institution, which at least is some guarantee of its permanency—that it is better that a youth should be educated where he may imbibe some partiality for the institutions of his own State, than be sent abroad only to acquire notions and opinions repugnant and hostile to his own State. Who will not encourage the University of his own State? The price of board and tuition is only $106 per annum.

☞ The Native American party have recently held a grand National Convention in Philadelphia, in which some few of the States were represented. They adopted an address to the people of the United States, filled, as the Reporter says, with a superabundance of patriotism, and rhetorical flourishes about their love of their native land, the danger of foreign influence, the necessity of checking immigration, the dependence of our national salvation on their immaculate and patriotic efforts and the awful crisis which has arisen and which can be met only by surrendering to them all the emoluments of office in this Union. Such high-sounding phrases were expected, but when made so lavishly as in the national address of the Nativists, observing men will inquire what is the hidden object in view, that so long a preface of self-glorification is necessary. Certainly, if the doctrines to be advanced, were pure and right, then there would be no necessity of *white washing* their advocates in advance of their public announcement. The self-adulation of this Convention, if nothing else were added, should excite suspicion in every reflecting mind.

☞ It would seem that the *Democracy* of Missouri entertain serious intentions of changing in some radical particulars the doctrines which they have heretofore advocated before the people.—*Mo. Whig*.

We can assure the Whig that in this particular he is very much mistaken, so far as our acquaintance with the designs of the Democratic party extend. With the exception of the gentleman alluded to by the Whig, we have yet to hear any democrat contend for any thing but equal representation. All whigs and democrats seem to regard it as the very life boat of our government. Where equal representation ends in our system of Government, there aristocracy commences; and he is worse than a dolt who professes any other principle in a Republic like ours, where the people are the source of all power.

We solemnly protest against the Democratic party being made responsible for the tom foolery of one man, though he may call himself a Democrat. What a mockery would our government not be without this great principle? A republican government where the few ruled the many. Our boast then of equality and liberty, &c., would be as the "sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal," nothing more.

[For the Banner.]

Messrs. Editors: As your poetical correspondent "Lapsus Lazuli," has been smitten with the *fame, only*, of his *unknown "Dulcinea,"* permit me to vent my passion for *one*, with whom, I am personally acquainted.

The following lines on seeing a beautiful *belt*, or rather "*Cestus*," encircling the form of this *modern Venus* are at your service, should you deem them worthy of an obscure corner in "The Banner:"

—

'The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles,
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes. ————"

Dryden.

'Twas envy I felt
At that beautiful belt,
That so lovingly circle'd Lucinda around,
And had I the gold,
With which we are told,
The Spanish dominions abound,

I'd give without measure,
The whole of that treasure,
If I, could thus twine round her charms;
For then should I sip,
The sweets of her lip,
And enfold the dear girl in those arms.

Her form is the shrine,
At which the divine,
Offers up adoration and prayer,
And the beams from those eyes,
Seem as sweet from the skies,
To induce him to idolize there.

The Patriot and Sage,
As they pore o'er the page,
Of the wise or the great ones of yore,
Should they lay by the book,
And take but one look,
Of her face.—They would kneel and adore.

Then, why should not I,
Thus, for her heave the sigh,
And worship the maid through all time;
And in rude rustic phrase
Speak aloud in her praise
And—*scribble* her merits—in *rhyme*.

Nicholas.

Lost Creek, Lincoln Co., Mo.

The New York Herald contains an article on the Oregon question, in which the attachment of the people of the West to those who emigrate to that territory is thus noticed.

"The ties of consanguinity, of citizenship, of old associations and sectional and national sympathies, between the emigrants in Oregon, or on their way there, with the people of the Western States, make a compromise to England of any portion of our soil in Oregon, vitally an alienation of a portion of our citizens, a withdrawal of the equal protection of the Government from them, and consequently an act unwise, impolitic and impossible. It cannot be done with safety to the administration, or to the party sanctioning such a compromise. But it would not meet the sanction of the party electing the administration; *and it will be deserted by the Cabinet*. It will have to be. There is no contingency of escape in receding to the 49th degree.

"The sagacity of Mr. Calhoun is here most strongly exhibited—that sagacity, deduced from an habitual contemplation of the analogy of cause and effect. A wise inactivity—a continuance of the compact of 1817 and 1827, was the course he designed to pursue, for it was safer than arbitration, and less disastrous than war. With or without the formal occupation, our people would in time occupy the soil—without the extension at once, and exclusively, of our laws over Oregon, she would take care of herself—and knock when it was expedient, for annexation. But the day of a wise inactivity is past, and the question resolves itself into compromise or no compromise."

There can be no compromise.—Should the Administration attempt to effect one, the Senate will not dare to ratify it. The progress of acquisition by European powers on this continent must be stopped.

[Mo. Reporter.

OF THE DEVIL'S FAMILY

A woman disputing violently with her husband, and scolded him for having wasted his time at the ale house; in rating him, introduced the words HELL and the DEVIL! to whom she often made him over. The man having long hearened in silence, at length replied, "pittiee, sweetheart, do not talk so much to me of the devil, because I know he will do me no hurt, *for I have married his kins woman*."

A THRILLING SCENE AT THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

BY E. BURRITT, THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

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The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking with awe to the vast arch of unhewn rocks, with the Almighty bridge over these everlasting abutments, when the morning stars sang together.—The little piece of sky spanning the immeasurable piers is full of stars, although it is mid day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular building walls of lime-stone, to the key rock of the vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the lime-stone abutments. A new feeling comes over their hearts, and the knives are in hand in an instant.—"What man has done man can do," is their watchword, while they draw them selves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men, who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the logic on truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to the final field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of a boy to write his name side by side with that of the great Father of his Country. He grasps his knife with a firm hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cut again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gashes, and draws himself carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in huge capitals, large and deep, into that thing all one. His knife is still in his hand, and strength to his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gash he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time cast a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last.—He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint from severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the hilt. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions which "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come, and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the fatal situation of the boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there were hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the ridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new & numerous voices, both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father's voice, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes towards the top!"

The boy didn't look down—his eyes are fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, & another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade!—How anxiously he selects the safest place in that pile! How he avoids every thirty grain! How he economises his physical powers—resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below. There stand his father, mother, brother, & sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in the mighty wall, and finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut way in a new direction to get over this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs & trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade again strikes into the limestone.

The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready, in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels—his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart—his life must hang upon the last gain he cuts. That niche is his last! At the last hour gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing a long precipice, falls at his mother's feet.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly 3 hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment: there—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark!—a shout falls on his ear from above!—The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose.—Darkness comes over him. With the words of God! and mother! whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in Heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves, while he is dangling over the fearful abyss!—but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping, and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

A PAINFUL SIGHT.

The Nantucket Inquirer says:—

"It is painful to see young men lounging about month after month, neither working nor desiring to work, while others—perhaps poor parents—are toiling from morning till night to support and save them from a disgrace which their own thoughtlessness and laziness is fast bringing upon them. But how many such sights are to be seen in every community? How many are found who have not that sense of shame, which is necessary to force them off the lounger's seat, but enough of that false pride which will not allow them to take hold of employment, if it does not happen to be genteel and profitable. Alas, the fate of such is sealed; they will go down to the grave unloved but by their mothers, unmourned but by their mothers, unmourned but by their companions in idleness—and soon to be forgotten by all.

BURYING ALIVE.

Under this head the Richmond Whig and Courier of the following interesting statement in relation to Philip Doddridge, one of the ablest men this country has produced:

The late eminent and most worthy Philip Doddridge was within an ace of meeting the dreadful fate of being buried alive, and what made it worse, with a perfect consciousness of all that was passing. He was supposed to be dead, having fallen into a state exactly resembling death, so far as the body is concerned. His pulse and respiration ceased, his limbs became rigid, his face assumed the sharp outline characteristic of death, and he remained in this condition until the family, physicians, and friends, (all but one!) supposed that his spirit had passed. That one was Mrs. Doddridge; her love refused to despair, and she continued to use remedy after remedy to restore animation; finally she poured a spoonful of brandy (a case of breach of teetotalism which we think Father Matthew pins if would excuse) down his throat, and the powerful stimulant almost immediately dissolved the trance, and restored Mr. Doddridge to the command of his limbs, and to many years of chain usefulness. But for it, he had in all probability been buried alive, for the weather was warm, and he already shrouded for his last abode. He used to relate, with thrilling effect, his sensations during the time of his supposed death. He could not stir a little finger to give notice of his being alive, but his sense of hearing remained perfect, and his mind collected. He heard the fact of his being dead announced, and for shrouding him, and the usual preparations in the chamber of death! Desperate, but vain as desperate were his efforts to give some token of life—not a muscle could he move. Even despair, and the immediate presence of a fate more appalling probably to the conscious than hell itself, could not rouse his dormant body to perform the slightest of its functions. At last he heard Mrs. Doddridge call for the brandy, with a shout of joy and rapture of love for her who the horrors of his situation may easily explain. He felt that he was saved, and he was saved. He himself wisely said, that it was little as the brandy could do to accomplish his resurrection, as it had produced his living death!

COWHIDING EXTRA.

There was quite an excitement in Canal Street yesterday, says the N. O. Pic of the 12th, growing out of the circumstances of one married lady being cowhided by another. It seems the parties had had some dispute, and that the one who inflicted the stripes had heard of something derogatory to her for some having been said by the other. The two were in Canal Street—the aggrieved lady stepped into a store—bought a cowhide—walked to an opposite store where she found her enemy, & forthwith fell to cowhiding her, using her weapon most vigorously. The gentleman in whose store the scene occurred stepped between the parties to make peace, and, as we are informed, received sundry lashes about the shoulders for his gallantry, before he succeeded in separating them. The lady who was attacked finally took refuge in the back part of the store, and after a short time the other walked coolly off.

Oregon is our own to the 54th degree, and this we will at all hazards maintain. The pusillanimous and the sordid may be willing to negotiate whether we shall keep or lose what is our own, but the noble spirit of Andrew Jackson has designated the only arrangement of this question, if disputed, to be at the cannon's mouth, and to no other will the people submit. Woe be to the man who attempts to repeat the doings of Webster and make United States sail the possession of the British or any other crown! By every right Oregon is ours, by every power we will maintain our rights, and if our country shall have further extension, it will be by peaceful annexation with free and independent republics, and not by grasping ambition and tyranny, such as have prompted many inglorious attacks.—Keystone.

☞ Ex-Governor Ray, of Indiana, has gone crazy—through the efforts, it is said, of unrequited ambition. He attempted to take the life of his wife, and for her safety, he was committed to the Indianapolis jail.