

DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

HANOR & MURRAY, Editors.

"If thou hast truth to utter, Speak! and leave the rest to God."—GALLAHER.

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THE BANNER.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

Our readers will recollect that sometime since we published a notice of the death of Gen. Jackson from the pen of the notorious Brownlow—they will recollect the vile slanders which it contained—they will remember that this foul fiend, "wearing the livery of Heaven," but forgetful of all the charities of life, and the mild precepts of the God whom he professed to serve, danced in almost hellish delight over the fresh made grave of the patriot chief.—How he darkly shadowed forth his doom in the next world, as though such Jackals and Hyenas as he is were suffered to pass judgment upon the disembodied spirit of one whose name will tower high in after ages above the waste and vicissitudes of time, while his own will live only by the immortal infamy which clusters around it. Notwithstanding all these things, for his infamy, his utter disregard of every thing holy; was so plain that those who "can read"—yet he became the candidate of the "Grand democracy Whig party" for Congress. Every engine which corruption could use, was brought to bear, and the result is thus announced by the Jonesborough Sentinel:

"LIFT UP YOUR TOPS, YE EVIL-LASTING HILLS!"

Shout, Democracy! Huzza!! Huzza!!!—One Washington street up and leaning over!!—We can scarcely write for huzzing!! Huzza!! huzza!! huzza!!! Our pen, as it runs galloping along, will every now and then in spite of us, glide into an uproarious hip, hip, hurra!! We have met the enemy and they are ours! Gory to old Washington! She is a crack of the old blue hen! We have our Herold Heron—we have routed Federalists a horse, foot and dragoon. Brownlow the nominee of Doctor Williams' little midnight caucus, is behind the distance stand and the flag is down. He is the poorest shout in the pen! Old Washington has marked him as the pig that sucks the hindmost teat—honored be her name!!

In spite of party drivel—in spite of his shoals of lying, slanderous, circulars, all unnoticed and unanswered, Old Washington has spoken out in trumpet tones to the world, that foul slander, splash venom, and hellish hate shall be branded as often as the period arrives for her to lay her stern heavy hand upon them. Never did Brownlow and his myriads wage so fearful a warfare; never did they so frequently let loose upon us all the agencies that leap from Pandora's fabled box; never before did the infernal demagogues enlist against us so many evil spirits, which only have a place in his own world of evil and sin.

The democracy of old Washington, undismayed by all the dreadful artillery of federalism, gathered into solid column, and like a wave of old ocean, moved up to the ballot box.—Well done, democrats of Washington—well done, good and faithful servants.—In the name of Tennessee, —in the name of the great republican party of the Union, from the bottom of our hearts we thank you. Our majority is 331 votes, which is, since the division of parties, the HEAVIEST EVER GIVEN.—Brownlow has fought with all his hellish engines for an endorsement of his abominable character, but whiggery, corrupt as it is, in this enlightened age DARED NOT GIVE IT.

ROBBERY.

The Catholic Cathedral, in Saint Louis, was robbed upon the night of the 27th ult. The thieves only succeeded in obtaining the contents of the charity box, which contained 25 dollars.

67—We learn from a reliable source, that Judge Hunt has resigned his seat in the Convention. We are not advised of the cause of his resignation.—[Mo. Whig.]

Not so Mr. Whig. Here again you are as much mistaken as you were in relation to his eligibility. He

has not resigned, nor does he intend any such thing. He will certainly (without providential interference,) attend the Convention and take his seat, and carry out the wishes of his constituents.

DEATH.

An affray took place in Washington city upon the 13th of Aug., between Rufus Elliot, brother of the former editor of the "Standard," in St. Louis, and young Kendall, eldest son of Amos Kendall, which resulted in the death of the latter. Political difference is said to have been the cause of this outbreak. Elliot is now in custody.

BEN: HARDIN.

It seems is not disposed to succumb quietly to the treatment which he is said to have received in Frankfort, Ky. It will be seen from the following letter that he considers himself the victim of a political conspiracy about Frankfort, and that old "Kitchen knife" is whetting himself up to do bloody execution upon those who have slandered and abused him. Hear him:

To the Editor of the Ky. Freeman:
LEBANON, Ky., Aug. 15th, '45

Sir:—I am attending the Circuit Court at this place, and on Sunday I have to go Brandenburg, Meade co., to attend a Chancery and Criminal Court there. The week after, the Nelson Court commences, where I must also be. I intend, as soon as possible, to prepare and publish an address to the public, which will, I am confident, exculpate me from all blame in relation to Miss Cushman. It is probable that I may follow it up by a series of letters, showing the causes of the hostility about Frankfort towards me, and the object of those who have been, and are now, active in producing and keeping up the excitement, wish to attain. I shall, if permitted, use your paper, through which I will address the public; and, before I am done, if I am not greatly mistaken, I will, upon divers subjects, throw other people on the defensive.

BEN: HARDIN.

MORTALITY.

Total amount of deaths in St. Louis, ending August 25th, was 50.

67—A New paper, called "The Picketonia," has just been issued at Picketon, Ohio. The editor says of it:—"The Picketonian is edited and published by Samuel Pike, at Picketon, Pike county, Ohio, upon the turnpike which crosses the Seneca river, bounding with the most delicious fish called the pike; and that the court-house in the said Picketon, Pike county, on the turnpike, has a noble pike as a vane, to show that the wind blows in favor of Pike all the time!"

YOUTH AND MARRIAGE.—On this subject Dr. Palfrey has the following just remarks:

"Youth is easily attracted and soon decided. It forgets that the fanciful preference of a moment may not safely determine the prospects of a life. It is unmindful that, looking to this world merely, occasions will come for which the graces of the ball-room are no sort of preparation. It rapidly takes the eyes which can sparkle in their morning brilliancy, for those that weep meekly in sorrow, and kindly with a steady encouragement in the midst of care, and hold a light which can cheer, when all other light on the earth has waxed dim. It is so wild as to mistake the flatterer of the hour for the same being who will be the ministering angel of sickness and decline. It needs to be reminded, if there is any engagement in life, which is not to be formed under the arbitration of caprice, it is that which is not dissolved till the parting shall come at the laden bier and in the open grave.—It must be conjured to remember if there is any step in life which requires beyond others to be made reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, prayerfully, and in the fear of God, it is that step which day by day is the most inconsiderately taken."

ELECTIONS.

We have delayed thus long in giving the returns of the election of members to the Convention, in the hope that we should have been able to have furnished an entire list before this. Below will be found all the returns which we have received; from which it will be seen that eleven Whigs, four Natives, and forty-seven Democrats have been elected.

1st District—St. Charles and Lincoln—Messrs. Coalter and Beviitt.

2nd. Pike and Ralls—Messrs. Hunt and Broadhead.

3rd. Marion and Monroe—Messrs. Gentry and Anderson.

5th. Sullivan, Putnam, Grundy, Mercer, Gentry and Harrison—Simmons and Griffin.

7th. Buchanan, De Kalb & Clinton—Messrs. Stewart and Bassett.

8th. Clay Ray & Platte—Messrs. Branstetter, Ward, Brown, & Pitt.

9th. Livingston, Linn, Carroll, Caldwell and Daviess—Wilcoxson and Slack.

10th. Howard and Chariton—Applegate and Jackson.

11th. Mason, Adair, Shelby and Randolph—Head and Kinchelov.—(Mr. Head has died since the election.)

12th. Boone and Audrain—Stone and Hickman.

13th. Calloway and Montgomery—Forshey and Young.

14th. Cole, Miller and Morgan—Morrow and Wells.

15th. Crawford, Washington, Jefferson, Gasconade, Osage and Dallas—Pipkin, Davis, Harrison & Fauquier.

16th. Ste. Genevieve, St. Francois and Perry—Hoime and Alexander.

16th. Cape Girardeau and Wayne—Cannon and Porter.

18th. Scott, Mississippi, New Madrid, Stoddard and Dunklin—Hunter and Gibson.

19th. Reynolds, Shannon, Texas, Madison, Ripley, Oregon & Wright—Long and Montgomery.

20th. Greene, Taney and Ozark—McCoy and Neves.

21st. Lawrence, Jasper, Newton and Barry—Jones and Massay.

22nd. Polk, Hickory, Camden, & Dallas—Acock and Bunch.

23d. St. Clair, Henry, Bates, Cedar and Dade—McHenry & Finch.

24th. Johnson, Jackson, Van Buren and Lafayette—Ewing, Woodson, Sampson and Mitchell.

25th. Pettis, Saine and Benton—Marmaduke and Shields.

26th. Cooper & Monticau—Thomas and Brooking.

27th. Franklin & Warren—Wells and Jones.

28th. St. Louis—Polk, Leche, Campbell, Wright Foster and Hyatt.

POVERTY.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the horrors I have witnessed in the regions of poverty. It is said that the eras of pestilence and famine are passed, but so will not those say who have visited the dwellings of the operatives of our great manufacturing towns, when the markets are glutted, and the mills and manufactories are closed. Pestilence still rages fiercely as ever, in the form of typhus, engendered by want. In the mission I have called myself to, I have stood upon the mud floor, over the corpse of the mother and the new born child—both the victims of want. I have seen a man (God's image) stretched on straw, wrapped only in a mat, resign his breath, from starvation, in the prime of age. I have entered, on a sultry summer's night, a small house, situate on the banks of a common sewer, where one hundred and twenty-seven human beings, of both sexes and all ages, were indiscriminately crowded. I have been in the pestilence hovels of our great manufacturing cities, where life was corrupted in every possible mode, from the malaria of the sewer to the poison of the gin-bottle. I have seen in sheds of the peasant, worse than the hovel of the Russian, where eight squalid, dirty, boorish creatures were kept alive by eight shillings per week irregularly paid. I have seen the humanities of life diseased in every way. I have seen the father snatch the bread from his child, and the mother offer the gin-bottle for the breast. I have seen too, generous sacrifices and tender considerations, to which the boasted civilities of Sydney and Edward were childish ostentation. I have

found wrong so exalted, and right so debased—I have seen and known so much misery, that the faith in good has shivered within me.—[Douglass Jerrold's Mag. (English.)]

MUSINGS.

It is midnight—solemn, beautiful midnight—and the bright eternal watchers, in the vault above, are looking down as if with smiles upon the lonely city as it sleeps in silence beneath them. Yet it is not still; ever and anon a vehicle rolls along bearing some gay reveller to or from a scene of festivity, and the footsteps of a solitary passenger, a wanderer perhaps without a home, or a dwelling place, fall with a lovely echo upon the ear. How many at this hour, within the bounds of this metropolis, are suffering beneath the combined pressure of disease and want? Upon how many brows does the band of sickness press very, very heavily? & how many disenthralled spirits are at this moment parting from their frail tenements, to appear before the judgment seat of the Most High? The last is a solemn thought, and will, either by day or night, often arise unbidden. At such a moment as this, when a hush and slumber has fallen upon the visible world, we seem to hear the waves of time beating around, and hurrying us onward to eternity. At such an hour, if not at any other, we realize the frail nature of the tie which binds us to existence, our own nothingness, and yet—our own immortality. Fifty years hence, and who will be keeping midnight vigils within this apartment—& where will then be the hand which is now writing, and the heart which detaches? Of what moment will it be to that future tenant, that the former was tremulous with weakness, or nerved with strength or passion—that the latter was borne down by sorrow, or elated with enduring joy? Where then will be the high hopes of our lives, their glorious aspirations, and their brilliant dreams, which have a grasp within the future which death can only unclasp, and whose power eternity alone can reveal?—Are these to perish with the clay tenements which confine them to the earth? A voice that will not be stilled utters a loud denial, and if a scheme of redemption and everlasting life, as glorious and great as it is perfect, had not been revealed to a godly world, innate evidence would not be wanting to shadow forth the prospect of a more extended and perfect sphere of existence. In the quiet of an hour like this, who can doubt it? The memory of the dead has power to wake deep thoughts & deeper feelings, and do none of those "whom we have loved as we never again shall love the things of this world, and who have loved us with a devotion and fervor with which we never again shall be loved," pass before the vision of any who are now thinking of the past, or dreaming of the future. They likewise point us to a world to come, and call up the enthusiastic voice of the ancient seer—"I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and as it seems to die away in the distance, still lingers upon our ears the assertion, in my flesh shall I see God." With what thoughts and emotions a solitary midnight hour is fraught, and well improved is it, if it leads us to look upon life, and death and eternity, as reason, revelation & religion teach.

67—Gregg Shops and Tippling Houses are intimately connected with idleness, gambling and other vices. Vagrancy and crimes originate in these establishments, and perpetism is there created. Drunkenness is the entering wedge to crimes of every description. Against such evils every community should protect itself, and they do not well perform their duty as good citizens who do not heartily join in the effort.—St. Louis New Era.

A free negro, named John Bennett, attempted a few weeks ago to run off a slave from Memphis. He put the slave in a box marked Queensware, but the poor fellow being nearly suffocated, was obliged to call for help whilst stowed away among the freight. The box was opened, and the slave exposed Bennett. The latter has been arrested.—Reporter.

All politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our corners and rough sides by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this, is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings.

THE PRINTER.

The Printer is the most curious being living. He may have a 'Bank' and 'quoins,' and yet not be worth a cent.—have small caps, and have neither wife nor children. Others run fast, but he gets along swifter by setting fast. He may be making impressions without eloquence;—may use the ley without offending, and be telling the truth, while others cannot stand while they set tanding and even do both at the same time, have and use furniture, and yet own no dwelling, may make and put away pi, and never see a pie, much less eat it, during life, be a human being and a Rat at the same time, may press a great deal and not ask a favor, may handle a shooting-iron, and know nothing about cannon, gun or pistol, he may move the lever that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving the globe as a hog with his nose under a mole hill, spread sheets without being a house wife, he may lay his form on a bed, and yet be obliged to sleep on the bare floor, use the dazger (?) without shedding blood and from the earth handle the stars (?*) he may be of a rolling disposition & never desire to travel, he may have a sheep's foot and not be deformed, never be without a case and know nothing about law or physic, be always correcting his errors and growing worse every day, have embraces (?) without ever having the arms of a lass thrown around him, distribute the metallic all around him, daily, and as close-fisted and uncharitable as the veriest miser, have his form locked up and still be free from Jail, Watch-house, or any other confinement, his office may have a hell in it, and not be such a bad place after all, he may be plagued by the devil, and be a christian of the best kind. And what is stranger still—he be honest or dishonest, rich or poor, drunk or sober, industrious or lazy, he always stands up to his business.

TYPO.

The Boston Times, referring to the incendiary language used by C. M. Clay, which caused the people of Lexington to export his press and types, says:

"More inflammatory language was never used by any demagogue; a more direct appeal to the basest passions was never uttered; a more cowardly attempt at kindling the flame of revolt was never made; for Cassius M. Clay, with all his boasted bravery has not shrunk from the politeness of inflaming the lusts and violence of his fellows by pointing out to them the fragility of the safeguards that surround women in her home, and the attractions which should induce the lawless to transgress those barriers. It matters not whether this infamous appeal is made, as it appears on a natural constitution to be, to the colored race, or applies, as he pretends in a lame and impotent attempt at explanation, to the base and turbulent among the white population; in either case, the tendency of his sentiments is to create a violation of the dearest rights of humanity, and the most solemn and salutary restrictions of the law. A thousand times baser and more cowardly and more depraved is such an incendiary than he who fires the peaceful roof in the stillness of the night; the latter may destroy life, the former all we hold dearer and blier than life itself."

67—Rev. Dr. Beecher, describing in a public address the character of ministers needed at the west, said:

"When the strong, doctrinal, pungent and discriminating preaching of Baxter and Edwards, gives place to moonshine and nocturnal rainbows and mysticism which no human mind can comprehend, delivered by men with rings on their lily fingers, holding cambric handkerchiefs to eyes that never wept for sin, then farewell to the fire of the altar, farewell to the true revivals of religion, farewell to the salvation of the souls of man!"

INFANT KNOWLEDGE.—"Bub diz you know what bees wax comes from?" Gues I diz. You see, when bees fights they draws out little clubs what they carries in their tails, and when they puts in the hicks they gives each other real whacks; them's called bees whacks." "Taint no such thing." "Tis I tell ye—cos Uncle Ephraim told me so and I guess he knows all about it." Wal, its quare, say how."

QUESTIONS FOR ASTRONOMERS.

What is Eclipse? A racer that passes before a body called Henry.
What is longitude? A clothes line.
Prove it—It stretches from pole to pole.
What are stars? Separate bodies, like Ellen Tree, Macready and Forrest.
When do they form nebula? When their prospects are clouded.
What are celestial globes? A woman's eyes.
What are the belts of Jupiter?—His suspenders, I suppose.
The rings of Saturn, what? Trophies of female conquest.
What is a transit? Part of the phrase "Sit transit gloria mundi."
When is right ascension? When you get up in the morning good natured.
What is latitude? A cross grain'd chap that fools his time angling whereon he meets Longitude.

TO WIVES.

Depend upon it, beauty, grace, wit, accomplishment, have far less to do with family joys and family comfort, than prudence, economy, thrift and good sense. A husband may get tired of admiring, but never with the comfortable consciousness that his receipts exceed his demands.

CLOSING APPEAL TO A JURY.

Gentlemen of the jury: I quote from Shakespeare when I say to you, "To hear not to be"—listen—that's the question: My client is a national stamp machine—he flings his wrath in pul-falls; and it is dangerous to run a snag against his interest. Let me be made fodder for a fool and chowder for a powder-mill, if he is guilty notwithstanding the eternal absurdities alleged against him in this indictment.

Do you believe that my client is so destitute of the common principles of humanity—or fall of the fog of human nature—so wrapp'd up in the moral insensibilities of his being, as deliberately to pick up a tail and throw it at the nose of the prosecutor? No? Not will you can discern a stain in the northern sky—while the waters of the Ohio roll—and the race of Bullfrogs nestle on the Rocky Mountains, this immutable principle will remain that my client is a Christian—let us have no talk.

Let every one but dive into his own bosom, and he will find his private wishes spring, and his secret hopes grow up, at another's expense. Upon which consideration it comes into my head, that nature in this does not swerve from her general policy for physicians hold that the birth, nourishment, and increase of every thing is the corruption and dissolution of another.—Montaigne.

In what ever country a man may hide himself, fortune and the malice of evil men will be sure to find him out; for which reason, says Seneca, the soul ought to withdraw itself into its impregnable fortress of constancy, whence if it looks with contempt on all human things, the darts which fortune and the world throw at him, will fall innocuous at his feet.

Equity is a roughish thing; for law we have a measure, and know what to trust to, equity is according to the conscience of him that is chancellor, and is that larger or narrower, so is equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the chancellor's foot the standard for the measure, we call a chancellor's foot, what an uncertain measure this would be!

One chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, the third an indifferent foot: 'tis the same thing in the chancellors conscience.—Selden.

The morality of an action depends upon the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown at a beggar with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but, with respect to me, the action is very wrong.—Johnson.

Every Day Sunday.—By different nations, every day in the week is set apart for public worship: the Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Gnostics, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.