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S. F. MURRAY, Editor and Proprietor.

DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

"UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED WE FALL."

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TERMS OF THE BANNER.

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LINCOLN COUNTY, Mo.,
Jan. 26th, 1847.

S. F. MURRAY, Esq.,

SIR:—Many are the topics argued and discussed through and by the public journals in this our day; nor are those discussions confined to political subjects alone by those journals, but they seem to have become the Vox Populi by common consent; and thus it is we see in some one or another of them a paragraph devoted to the young, the gay and the rich, the fashionable and eccentric, either of applause or condemnation; all appear to have received in due season a reasonable share of public notice in and through these journals, except the Tattler. Why it is he has been thus neglected, I am at a loss to know. Is it because he is considered unworthy of notice? if so, in thus condemning him without a hearing, you are doing him injustice. Is a man unworthy of notice, who can disturb the peace and harmony of a whole section of country? who, by his insinuations and false reports, can set long and well tried friends at varience, and by bringing and carrying news, to and from, increase that difficulty, until their passions are raised to the highest pitch of animosity—Is he to be passed by as a man unworthy of notice? I think not; but on the contrary, he, "the Tattler" of all men, should be held up most conspicuously to the public gaze and contempt, of all good citizens.—But unfortunately for the good of society, there are too many who partake of this propensity without knowing, or even suspecting, that they are aiding and abetting in the dissemination of those slanderous falsehoods, by giving a listening ear to these busy bodys, or by retailing out, or telling over and over again, those tales propagated and set forth by those who seem to claim to themselves, the prerogative as a right to manufacture them wholesale.

As there appears to be, in one half of society, an insatiable propensity to retail what is to the disadvantage of their neighbors; and in the other half, and in a strange appetite to relish the slander when it is reported, they can not properly be looked upon, in the same light, although virtually they stand upon the same footing, as may more properly be classed, as, the Tattler proper, and, the Tattler imitative. The Tattler proper then, from this classification may be considered as embracing not only those who indulge their disposition of raising enmity and animosity between neighbors by willful lying, as well as by bringing and carrying news to and from, but those, also, who are running about to inquire into the truth of a report which they say has reached them respecting a neighbor.—"Have you heard any thing of Mr. —— lately?" they ask, with a significant look.—"No" replies the person addressed.—"Then I suppose it is not true"—"why, what have you heard? nothing I hope affecting his character." "Not very materially; but I hope it is false." He can not go however without telling the secret, and then sets off to enquire of another and another. Thus putting into circulation, tales and rumors, that, perhaps was neither thought or dreamed of before, much less having had a foundation upon which to build.

The tattler imitative may be considered as being those who are afraid or ashamed to mention a report about a neighbor, in the way of a direct assertion, but they can easily find, or attempt to find a disguise for their backbiting disposition in affected lamentations. "What a pity it is," they exclaim, "that Mr. —— has acted so badly; poor fellow, I am sorry for him; how it will grieve his friends and relatives when they hear it;" and then replies a second, "how sorry I am that Mr. —— has done thus and so; I would not mention it, but I know it will not be a secret long," "indeed I would not have believed it of him." "Oh" says a third, I had hints of it long ago. I have long suspected him, and mentioned my fears to a friend or two. I thought he was not the individual he seemed to be.—I am sorry for him—and now that I am convinced, I shall tell those to whom I expressed my fears, what I have now heard.

In this way is a tattling disposition indulged, in the circles of good people, under the guise of lamentations for the misconduct of others.

The above, we presume, will be sanc-

tioned by [illegible] ask how is it, [illegible] is plain and [illegible] command, and a strict adherence to a resolve not to lend a listening ear to any flying rumour, and be sure never to tell it over again unless accidentally you hear it.

respectfully yours,
A FRIEND TO TRUTH.

☞ A correspondent of the Saint Louis Union, writing from Springfield, Illinois, speaks very highly of the exhibition of Deaf and Dumb mutes which was given in the Hall of the H[illegible] resource [illegible] The [illegible] Hall of [illegible] last evening, [illegible] principal, Mr. [illegible] his mute assistant, Mr. [illegible] & Co.

[illegible] attendance, among whom were four or five girls, and added various [illegible] They were divided into three classes, one of which entered [illegible] at its commencement, about the first of May last; the other commenced about the first of September; in the last were one or two who had been in school but two or three months. The [illegible], a bright looking little fellow, about eight years of age, really gave the Alphabet. In order to exhibit the difference arising from practice, young McFarland, from Missouri, was called up, who exhibited the Alphabet quite as [illegible] could generally report it. [illegible] the pupils [illegible] from the Union.

[illegible] trimmed [illegible] Within look of [illegible] Then he caught [illegible] back. At [illegible] of rather than touch it.

A lower boy we [illegible] the ministry of having a coat and [illegible] it made. When he had [illegible] off the stage with an air of as much consequence as a Broadway dandy.

But the boy par excellence, is James H. McFarland, of Mo. He is 17 years of age, as straight as an arrow, finely proportioned and very handsome. He went through the story of a hunting excursion—of the old woman's stealing the whisky—and nicely told the story of Joseph in Egypt, so affectingly as to draw tears from every [illegible]. He wrote the age of Washington who died, the day of his birth [illegible] he [illegible] & [illegible] forest [illegible] and whether [illegible] he answered [illegible] manfully [illegible] [illegible] crowded. [illegible] was frequently [illegible]

Army Movements.—[illegible] be in the [illegible] have we smile or [illegible] what they should, or prophesy what they will do, says the *New Orleans Bee*, but the circumstances under which the volunteers from this city are [illegible]—with manly, [illegible] and soldier-like order—and the great activity displayed at the North in preparing bombs, mortars, and bomb vessels, certainly indicates something more serious than a holiday parade. We expect to [illegible] up some more [illegible] San Juan d'Ulloa is taken and [illegible] in possession of Vera Cruz. Certainly if the attempt is made it will be crowned with success. The topographical [illegible] easile will do well enough to talk about, but it was taken from the Spaniards by the Mexicans, and from the Mexicans by the French, and we can see no good reason why it will not be taken in turn by the United States.

LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD—New Series.

Legend Twenty-Sixth,

[illegible]

It was at the battle of Brandywine that Count Pulaski appeared in all his glory.

As he rode charging there into the thickest of the battle, he was [illegible] upon him [illegible] never forget.

Mounted on a large black horse, [illegible] strength and beauty of shape made you forget its ugliness of expression, Pulaski [illegible] forward in [illegible] west and [illegible] from, was [illegible] where [illegible] was seen from afar, relieved by the black clouds of battle. His face, grim with [illegible] and, was the face of a man who had seen much trouble, endured much wrong. It was stamped with an expression of abiding melancholy. Framed in long, black, curly locks, with the lip darkened by a thick mustache, [illegible] his hair and [illegible] of [illegible] his shoulders with a [illegible] of flowing steel, [illegible] his hair and [illegible] of [illegible]

The sword [illegible] of tempered steel, with a hilt of iron, was one that a warrior might [illegible] with life.

It was in this array he rode to battle, followed by a band of three hundred men, who [illegible] heel.

[illegible] of Brandywine [illegible] glory. He rode [illegible] but little [illegible] he spoke words [illegible] with the edge of his sword—it was a [illegible] day, but the British [illegible] to know it, and [illegible] Washington [illegible] yonder [illegible] top of [illegible] hill, the soldiers of the enemy [illegible] Pulaski [illegible] learned to know his [illegible]

[illegible] Brandywine, that bronze visage, [illegible] with burning eye and quivering nostril, they knew the warrior well; they trembled when they heard him say:

"Forwarts, Brudern, forwarts!"

It was at the battle of Brandywine, that the Polander was most terrible. It was when the men of Sullivan—badly armed, poorly fed, shabby clad—gave way, [illegible] disciplined British host, that Pulaski looked like a battle-fiend, mounted on his demon steed.

His cap had fallen from his brow. His long black locks [illegible] on his broad shoulders [illegible] grew crimson with a flash from the cannon or rifle. His white uniform was rent and stained; in fact from head to foot, he was covered with dust and blood.

Still his right arm was free—still it rose there, executing a British hireling, when it fell—still his voice was heard, hoarse and husky, but strong in its every tone—"Forwarts, Brudern."

He beheld the division of Sullivan retreating from the field, he saw the British yonder s ripping their coats from their backs in the madness of pursuit. He looked to the South for Washington, who, with the reserve, under Greene, was hurrying to the rescue, but the American Chief was not in view.

Then Pulaski was [illegible] with rage.

He rode madly upon the bayonets of the pursuing British. His sword gathering victim after victim; even there, in front of their whole army, he flung his steed across the path of the retreating Americans, he besought them, in his broken English, to turn, to make one more effort; he shouted in hoarse tones that the day was not yet lost!

They did not understand his words, but the tones in which he spoke thrilled their blood.

That picture, too, standing out from the clouds of battle—a warrior, convulsed with passion, covered with blood, leaning [illegible] the neck [illegible] steed, while his eye seemed turned to fire, and the muscles of [illegible] face [illegible] serpent—that picture, I say, filled many a heart with new courage, nerved many a wounded arm [illegible]

The retreating men turned, they faced the [illegible] again—like greyhounds at bay [illegible] of—[illegible] the the [illegible] fore them down by one [illegible]

[illegible] is a moment that Washington [illegible] once more to the battle.

[illegible] knew [illegible] of the A[illegible] who called him the American Fabius, that, is, a general compounded of prudence and caution, with but a spark of enterprise. American Fabius! When you wish to see me that the Roman Fabius was a heart of fire, nerves of steel, a soul that hungered for the charge, an enterprise that rushed from wilds like the Skippack upon an [illegible] the British at Germantown, or started from ice and snow, like that which [illegible] aware, upon [illegible] at Trenton—then I will lower Washington down into Fabius. This comparison of our heroes, with the barbarian demi-gods of Rome, only illustrates the poverty of the mind that makes it.

Compare Brutus, the *assassin* of his friend, with Wa[illegible] or of the people! Cicero, the opponent of Cataline, with Henry, the Champion of a Continent! What heresy of thought! Let us learn to [illegible] but to know our great men, as they [illegible] by comparison with the barbarian heroes of old Rome.

[illegible] learn that Washington was no *mere* fine thing, but all chivalry and genius.

It was in the battle of Brandywine that this truth was made plain. He came rushing on to battle. [illegible] his men hewn down by the British; he heard them shriek his name and regardless of his personal safety, he rushed to join them.

Yes, it was in the dread hour of that retreat that Washington, rushing forward into the very center of the melee, entangled in the enemy's troops, on the top of a high hill, south-west of the Meeting House, while Pulaski was sweeping on with his grim smile, to have one more bout with the eager red coats.

Washington was in terrible danger—his troops were rushing to the south—the British troopers come sweeping up the hill and around him—while Pulaski, on a hill some hundred yards distant, was scattering a parting blessing among the hordes of Hanover.

It was a glorious prize, this Mister Washington, in the heart of the British army.

Sad look the Polander turned—his eye caught the sight of the iron grey and his rider. He turned to his troopers; his whiskered lip wreathed with a grim smile—he waved his sword—he pointed to the iron grey and its rider.

There was but one moment.

With one impulse that iron band wheeled their war horses, and then a dark body, solid and compact, was speeding over the valley like a thunderbolt, sped from the heavens—three hundred swords rose glittering in a faint glimpse of sunlight—and in front of the avalanche, with his form raised to its full height, a dark frown on his brow, a fierce smile on his lip, rode Pulaski.—Like a spirit roused into life, by the thunderbolt, he rode—his eyes were fixed upon the iron grey and its rider—his band had but one look, one will, one shout for—WASHINGTON!

The British troops had encircled the American leader—already they felt secure of their prey—already the head of that traitor, Washington, seemed to yawn above the gates of London.

But that trembling of the earth in the valley, yonder. What means it?

That terrible beating of hoofs, what does it portend?

That ominous silence—and now that shout—not of words or of names, but that half yell, half hurrah, which shrieks from the Iron Men, as they scent their prey?—What means it all?

Pulaski is on our track! The terror of the British army is in our wake!

And on he came—he and his gallant band. A moment and he had swept over the Britishers—crushed—mangled, dead and dying they strewed the green sod—he had passed over the hill, he had passed the form of Washington.

Another moment! And the iron band had wheeled—back in the same career of death they came! Routed, defeated, crushed, the red coats flee from the hill, while the iron band sweep round the form of George Washington—they encircled him with their forms of oak, their swords of steel—the shout of his name shrieks through the air, and away to the American host they bear him in all a soldier's battle joy.

—

It was at Savannah that night came down upon Pulaski.

Yes, I see him now, under the gloom of night, riding forward towards yonder ramparts, his black steed rearing aloft, while two hundred of his own men follow at his back.

Right on, neither looking to right or left, he rides, his eye fixed upon the cannon of the British, his sword gleaming over his head.

For the last time, they heard that war cry—

"Forwarts, Brudern, forwarts!"

Then they saw that black horse, plunging forward, his forefeet resting on the cannon of the enemy, while his warrior-rider, arose in all the pride of his form, his face bathed in a flush of red light.

That flash once gone, they saw Pulaski no more. But they found him, yes beneath the enemy's cannon, crushed by the same gun, that killed his steed—yes, they found them, the horse and rider, resting together in death, that noble face glaring in the midnight sky with glassy eye.

So in his glory he died. He died while America and Poland were yet in chains.—He died, in the stout hope that both, would one day, be free. With regard to America, his hope has been fulfilled, but Poland——

Tell me, shall not the day come, when yonder monument—erected by those warm Southern hearts near Savannah—will yield up its dead?

For Poland will be free at last, as sure as God is just, as sure as he governs the Universe. Then, when re-created Poland rears her Eagle aloft again, among the banners of nations, will her children come to Savannah, to gather up the ashes of their hero, and bear him home, with the chaunt of priests, with the thunder of cannon, with the tears of millions, even as repentant France bore home her own Napoleon.

Yes, the day is coming when Koskiusko and Pulaski will sleep side by side, beneath the soil of EMCREATED POLAND.

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PENITENCE.—The editor of the New Boston (Ill.) Advertiser says: "We are sorry to say that ourself and some twenty others were drunk on Christmas, and disgraced ourselves and the town by our nonsense and Beastly conduct."—And on sour cider at that! No wonder his head ached! A *Foreman* of a printing office especially, should always be wide awake and duly sober.