DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

"UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED WE FALL."

VOL. 4.] LOUISIANA, PIKE COUNTY, MISSOURI, MONDAY, JULY 17, 1848. [NO. 50

DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY BY ... MURRAY, Proprietor.

TERMS:

$2 in advance; $2 50 at the end of the volume.

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COMMUNICATION.

For the Banner.

MR. EDITOR: I am a farmer and not in the habit of writing any at all, much less for a newspaper where every one can gaze and criticize, but my blood has been a little stirred up of late by an exhibition made by some asinine body, through the columns of that small potatoe of a paper issued from the lower room of our county jail, (fit place by the bye) carrying on one end (in mock dignity aimed to represent the illustrious Washington,) a negro head as the correct emblem of its low flung abuse, its singular want of ability, and its *negro* principles and characteristics in general. Now, Mr. Editor, while I am talking on so *small* a subject, permit me to ask if you ever heard of a paper's being edited by nobody, for I find that no one takes the responsibility of placing his name at the head of such a concern—I believe I have heard that two preachers are proprietors, but I reckon they hardly notice the *iniquity* of the sheet, as they only aim at the *dimes*. I see that this *little concern*, calling itself the '76—(very correctly too I think, for I recollect there was a party in our country about that time, advocating views quite similar to those put forth in its columns; many of that party you know, sir, expiated their sins of toryism, on little frames constructed for the purpose by the patriots of the land.) Yes, I say that this filthy *thing*, for several weeks has been open to every species of humbug, to trap and deceive the independent voters of Pike. The democratic party solicited the consent of a worthy and talented young man of our county, who is beloved and esteemed wherever known, to consent to became a candidate for the State Legislature. Like a Republican, when called on, he threw himself in the hands of his friends, and pledged himself to the support of those measures now demanded by the people of the county. The whigs now prepared themselves for the contest by nominating what they deemed their strongest man—one who they predicted would, by his ingenuity and ability, completely demolish him and blast his hopes. But interrified our *young candidate*, as they called him, stood ready to meet their champion, and suddenly, as all parties awaited the contest, the mighty hero was taking with an *siling*, as any other sensible fellow would do & retired from the field. And now strange to say, the once rejected candidate is rallied up by the "favored few" who rule or ruin, and the *long eared* creatures really think they can gull intelligent men, by scribbling against one profession of persons at the expense of another. Strange to say they have just discovered that it is radically wrong to elect a lawyer to any office. Now I am a farmer myself but I believe the interest of one is the interest of all; and I will support any honest man, no matter what his profession may be, who advocates such views as I believe to be beneficial to my county. Who, I ask, are those men who manifest such horror at the name of a lawyer? They are the men who elected Mr. Porter to the Legislature, Mr. Broadhead to the Convention to amend the Constitution, then to the Legislature, and who are at this time exerting every nerve to elect Mr. Porter to the Congress of the United States, and who *nearly* declare they will not support Mr. Cash of their own party, for Sheriff because, as they say, he will not pledge his humble support to this same Hitchcock Porter, whether Mr. Porter asks the same for him or not. They are the men who would travel a thousand miles to pay to the image to Mr. Clay's celebrated horse, who worship the name of Webster, McLean, Evans, and Berrien, all lawyers—who, I have no doubt, would be willing to commit to the flames our declaration of Independence and the sacred Constitution, because they were framed and published by boards of lawyers, two-thirds of which were lawyers. And more than this, only a few of the candidates throughout the state, that little cabal, attempted to ride into office on the shoulders of the lawyers. In other words, because he is not *rich*. Mr. Penix, he thinks, should be elected because he is wealthy.—The people of Pike took Mr. Penix when he was as poor as Mr. Henderson, gave him a fat office, by which he enriched himself at the public crib, and now that he is *rich* he *must*, and *will* have *office*. Oh, federalism, how hard to disguise the real sentiments of your corrupt heart. Thus you argued in the formation of our Constitution, that a damnable aristocracy might feast and bloat itself on the earnings of the poor, thus have you always tried to build up a system of wrong and oppression, that there may be distinctions in society, illustrious birth and hereditary titles. What! the poor can't hold office! The next step is, the poor can't vote, not worthy of the elective franchise, too ignorant, too degraded. Then you say the poor are slaves and the rich the agents of heaven to govern them. So far sir as I am concerned, I have a small piece of land, but I also have a family of children who I love better than land, and to whom I shall hardly be able to give any thing, but, my God, I sincerely hope our free institutions will recognize them, even though poor, as equal to the richest lord in the land. I have been taught by our Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal," but this ninny, in the '76, with only sense enough to be an aristocrat in feelings, declares boldly the grounds on which he desires the election of Mr. Penix. Again, he says that Mr. Penix is acquainted with all the citizens and this is another qualification. Mr. Editor I have been here about as long as Mr. Penix, and though hundreds were as competent, when Mr. Penix asked, we gave the Sheriffalty without a murmer and paid him well to ride amongst us and become acquainted. Yes sir, it is a well known fact that the people of our county took Mr. Penix when a poor man, and made him rich to become acquainted with them. If this doctrine prevails, why speak of rotation in office, why speak of the institutions of our country, or the freedom of our people? Then, Mr. Editor, if this doctrine be the issue (and it has been proclaimed) I want you to apprize the voters of our county that they may be prepared to meet it.—Tell them that the "few" have said, when they place a man in office and drain their own pockets to pay him for serving writs and subpœnas, and collecting taxes, by which he gains an acquaintance, the obligation rests upon them—to elect him to every office he desires whether he suits them or not. Let it be proclaimed and generally known.

Mr. Editor, I am no writer but I have my opinions and sentiments like other men, and when I see a system of persecution and rascallity commenced I must speak. I have lived a long time and few are better acquainted with the schemes and chicanery of the Whig party than myself. When anything is to be gained by a declaration of principle they are ready to avow it, but where things are equally they *lie low* and spend their breath in scandal and defamation. I know Mr. Henderson, and have long known him, and they too know his ability to make them *squat* upon *principle*, their once boasted idol, and consequently they eschew principle, refuse to tell the people what they will do or what they desire, but try to defeat a man who is *able* and willing to carry out the views of our county in the legislature, by prejudicing the minds of the farmers against him for honestly pursuing a noble profession, in our county, of equal rights. Shall I sacrifice my principles and go it blind for Mr. Penix, merely because we are both farmers? has he told me what he will do for me in the legislature? Has he said that he will in that body contend with nerve and exertion for the accomplishment of our wishes? I have principles, sir, and I never discard them even for availability. We live in an age of progress and improvement; we live too, in an age fraught with what I consider dangers of the greatest moment, and I am determined at this crisis, to cast my vote for measures not men, for principle not policy. In the conclusion Mr. Editor I will merely say that if you desire, you may publish these lines and if that *negro headed* paper should come again I will stop a day or two after my oat harvest is over and give it and its advocates (though they are scarce around here) what they deserve.—For their especial benefit at this time I will assure them that all their humbug and negro language laid to trap and lead us astray will fail in its object. The man of our choice here is Henderson, we know the man, we know his principles, and we know him honest and able to represent us as it should be done.

A FARMER.

VALUE OF A GOOD CHARACTER.

We find in the *N. Y. Courier and Enquirer* of May 30th an article on Gen. Cass in which occurs the following frank tribute to his character and talents:

"It is too much the custom of the mere party press to perceive nothing but what is evil in an opponent and only good qualities—real or imaginary—in a political friend. We accordingly find Gen. Cass spoken of as a man without character and without political strength. This is a great error. In all the relations of private life Gen. Cass has been known to the writer for nearly thirty years; and a more estimable, conscientious gentleman, we are not acquainted with. Of his talents there can be no question; and were he a Whig in principle, the election of no man to the Presidency would give us more pleasure."

PROPHETIC.—The following eloquent extract from an oration of Alexander Everett, delivered in 1828 is peculiarly interesting at the present time, when the old world is shaking off the fetters of arbitrary government:

"In the great Lancasterian school of nations liberty is the lesson which America is appointed to teach. Masters, we claim not, we wish not to be; but the Monitors we are of this noble doctrine. It is taught in our settlement—taught in our government—and the nations of the world are resolved to learn. It may be written in sand and effaced—but it will be written again and again, till hands now fettered in slavery shall boldly and fairly trace it; and lips that now stammer at the noble word, shall sound it in the ears of the despots with an emphasis to awaken the dead."

MIRABAUX was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him.—"How is this," inquired Mirabaux, "that a lusty fellow like you is unemployed?" 'Ah!' replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, 'if you did but know how lazy I am.' The reply was so ludicrous, and unexpected, that Mirabaux gave the varlet a piece of silver.

The official records show the whole war debt (including the recent loan) to be only $50,450,891. How wide of the mark the Whigs have hit.—[St. Louis Union.

An old Whig in Cadiz, Ohio, on hearing of Cass and Butler's nomination, sprang from his seat, and with uplifted hands yelled out—'We're beat again, boys—there's no use of trying!'

THE FIRST GUN.

On Saturday, the Democratic candidate for Alderman in the Fourth Ward beat the Whig nominee sixty votes. Notwithstanding the *Republican* labored for several days to rally the Whigs of that Ward, yet it met with such poor success, that in one of its own strongholds, the TAYLOR candidate was badly beaten. If the Whigs can't do better than be thus whipped out where they have heretofore had a decided majority, what hope remains for them elsewhere?—[St. Louis Union.

PARCOCITY.—Visiting a Benedict friend's the other day, we overheard a newly breeched urchin in an adjoining room complaining most bitterly to a young brother, his sagly mother, who seemed to give him any trouble. 'I'll tell you boys to work but said the youngest, breaking in a low voice as if fearful of being overheard—'Bump your head against the wall, and cry. Dan, as I say and pretend night's supper is ready.'

The "Dogs of War"—Some Parties Here Have Bloodhounds'.—The following was we infer from the author of the scheme of forcing out the Seminoles by the employment of "Cuba bloodhounds"—about which the whig presses raised such a clamor at the presidential canvass in 1840:—

"Headquarters, Army of the South,
Fort Brook, July 28, 1839.

Sir—I have the honor to enclose you a communication, this moment received, on the subject of procuring bloodhounds from the island of Cuba to aid the army in its operations against the hostilities in Florida. I am decidedly in favor of the measure, and *beg leave to urge it* as the only means of ridding the country of Indians, who are now broken up into small parties that take shelter in swamps and hammocks as the army approaches, making it impossible for us to follow or overtake them without the aid of such auxiliaries.

Should this measure meet the approbation of the department, and the necessary authority be granted, I will open a correspondence on the subject with Mr. Fearson, through Maj. Hunt, assistant quartermaster at Savannah, and will authorize him, if it can be done on reasonable terms, *to employ a few dogs*, with persons who understand their management.

I wish it to be distinctly understood, that my object in employing dogs is only to ascertain where the Indians may be found, not to worry them.

I have the honor to be your ob't servant.
(Signed) Z. TAYLOR,
Bt. Br. Gen. U. S. A. Commanding.
To Gen. R. Jones, Washington, D. C.

A STEAM OMNIBUS.—We were yesterday shown an invention by Mr. Wm. Harris, a practical engineer, for running an omnibus by steam. If an opinion may be formed of the success of an invention by the model, we cannot see the possibility of failure in this. It is unnecessary at this time to attempt a description of the invention, as Mr. Harris has made arrangements, and will immediately proceed to construct one on his plan, to run from the upper ferry to Market street. If the plan succeeds—and we cannot see a reason why it will not—it will produce a complete revolution in the omnibus business, not only here, but in every city in the Union. By invention of Mr. Harris, it can be steered and turned round with as much ease as you can turn a common buggy. We shall look forward with deep interest to the result of this new enterprise.—[Republican.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—How few seem to have framed a conception of the original dignity of their nature, or the exalted design of their creation, regarding themselves as only creatures of time, endowed merely with animal passions and intellectual faculties:—their projects, aims, and expectations, are circumscribed by the narrow outlines of human life. They forget that instability and decay are written as with a sunbeam, upon all earthly objects—that this world with all its pageantry and pomp and power, is crumbling to dust—that the present life is scarcely deserving a thought, except as it forms an introduction to another, and that he alone acts as a prudent or rational part, who frames his plans with direct reference to the future and endless state of being. Sin has so blinded the understanding, and perverted the will, and debased the affections that never fail to invest some temporal good with fancied perfection, and idly imagine that the attainment of it would satisfy the desire and fill the capacities of our immortal spirit. Vain thought!—how little they know of themselves. The soul is not of earth, and, they will strive in vain to chain it to the dust.—Though its native strength has been impaired, and purity tarnished, and its glory changed, it cannot always be a prisoner here. Send it fourth as you will, to range the whole material universe—and like the dove dismissed from the ark, it will return without finding a single place to rest—for it has no resting place but the bosom of God.

OFFICERS IN THE U. S. ARMY.—In the proceedings of the Senate of the 1st inst. we find the following:

Mr. Benton, Chairmain of the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill from the House repealing the act requiring the President to reduce the number of generals by the close of the war, with amendments in favor of retaining sunday officers, such as chaplains, surgeons, assistant surgeons, assistant adjutants, general quartermasters, and paymasters, to be reduced with the British army, and also in favor of giving three months extra pay to all officers, including those discharged officers, marines, volunteers, and militia who served during the late war with Great Britain.

Henry Clay