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DEMOCRATIC BANNER

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DEMOCRATIC BANNER

UNION WE STAND—DIVISION WE FALL.

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POETRY

From the Carrollton (Ill.) Gazette
THE LAST TEAR I SHED
The last tear I shed was the warm one, that fell,
As I kissed thee, dear mother, and bade thee farewell;
When I saw the deep anguish impressed on thy face,
And felt for the last time a Mother's embrace,
And heard thy choked accents, impassioned and wild,
"God bless thee, forever—God bless thee my child!"
I thought of my boyhood—thy kindness to me,
When, youngest and dearest, I sat on thy knee—
Of thy love to me, so fondly expressed,
As I grew up to manhood, unconscious how blest,
Of thy praises, when right, and thy chiding when wrong,
While wayward with passion unyielding and strong,
I thought of thy counsels, unheeded or spurned,
As mirth had enlivened, or anger had burned!
And now, when by sickness all helpless I lay,
Thou didst nurse me and soothe me, by night and by day;
How much I have been both thy sorrow and joy—
And my feelings overflowed, and I wept like a boy.
Years, years of endurance have vanished and now
The visions of hope and fancy are gone,
And careless I travel life's pathway alone
Alone, ay alone—though some kind ones there be,
There are none here to love me, ah! love me like thee.
My mother, dear mother, cold-hearted they deem
Thy offspring; but O, I am not what I seem
Though calmly and tearless all changes I bear,
Could they look in my heart—the feelings are there,
And now, sad and lonely as memory recalls
Thy blessings at parting, again the tear falls.
C. C. B.

HORRIBLE STORY.

The following shocking narration is taken from Dr. Aclan's travels in India:
I was obliged yesterday afternoon to go down the river for a short distance; I had a boat and three natives. When I had completed what I wanted, I returned, and was paddling along, not far from the bank, just on this side the enormous blocks of iron rocks which keep the river from overflowing, and had just rounded the point, when one of my men called out most vehemently, "Look, sir, look; there's a tiger!" My eyes were immediately turned in the direction he had pointed. A man was tearing, springing, bounding towards the river, and a hundred yards behind him followed a large panther, pursuing him with those rapid leaps for which the panther is so famous.
I instantly ordered my people to pull towards the shore, in hopes of rescuing the panting wretch who thus struggled for his life. Before we reached the bank, the man had made a bound, and stood immersed up to his neck. I supposed he was too much exhausted to swim, for we could hardly hear his voice as he called to us to make haste. At this moment I saw the dark blue snout of an enormous alligator rising slowly above the surface, as he made his way toward his intended victim. I shouted to the man—"crocodile!—crocodile!" He heard me, hesitated an instant, then rushed back to the bank.
This sudden movement disconcerted the panther who started back a few paces, and the next moment our boat was within reach. "Come hither," I exclaimed. The man made a spring; the panther leaped forward, and as I seized the former by the arm, the latter seized him by the leg. Oh! the shriek of the poor victim! I shall never forget it. Foolishly, I had not brought my rifle, but shouted to the men to strike the beast with their oars. But no, the cowardly wretches sprang down into the farther end of the boat, and would not move, I could do nothing, therefore, but to pull at the man's arm. Whilst his horrid shrieks were ringing in my ears, Had I let go, the panther would have instantly carried him off; had there been another Euro-

pean with me, the man might have been saved.
This takes too long to describe, but it was the work of a few seconds. Presently I felt that I was drawing the man towards me; I looked, and saw the flesh of his leg peeling off in the jaws of the panther until it came to the ankle, where, with one crouch the bone was severed and the beast galloped off with the fearful mouthful. I now drew the man, who by this time was quite senseless, into the boat. Peter my Landkerchief tightly around the upper part of his leg, and with a piece of wood formed a sort of tourniquet. "What a horrible affair!" exclaimed a voice. "But I thought," said I, "that the voice, or even the eye of a wish, was sufficient to make any beast quail." So it is, provided they are neither very hungry nor very much excited. This beast had been engaged in a long chase, and nothing could frighten him from his prey.

MINNESOTA.

In the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser we have the following mention of this new territory:
"This is the euphonious name given to an extensive region lying north of Wisconsin and Iowa, in which, as the Western papers advise us, incipient steps have been taken toward the formation of a territorial government. Several promising settlements have already been made within the bounds of the new Territory; the soil for the most part is represented to be very good, the country is finely watered and timbered, and the climate is milder and more congenial than in the corresponding latitude of New England. We well remember—it was but a few years ago—when flour, pork and potatoes were sent from this port for the supply of the few families settled where is now the beautiful and flourishing city of Milwaukee. Iowa was then unknown, save as a wild hunting ground of the Indians, and we remember publishing by request the proceedings at Dubuque—then without the limits of the organized States or Territories of the Union—of a self-constituted court to try a man accused of murder. The few people then at that remote point, though beyond the jurisdiction of law, elected a judge, sheriff and prosecuting attorney, empannelled a jury, assigned the prisoner counsel, tried, convicted and hanged the murderer, and to show that every thing was done right, sent us a certified statement of all their proceedings for publication. This was but little more than ten years ago. Now Dubuque is a flourishing town in the limits of the State of Iowa. In a few years more, Minnesota, whose name sounds so strangely, will be knocking for admission into the Union as a sovereign State. Nothing in history surpasses or even equals the growth of the Far Northwest. The ear scarcely becomes familiar with the name of its territories, and geographers are at a loss to define their limits on maps that grace our walls, when like Minerva, springing into life in full panoply, they challenge our admiration as firmly constituted, prosperous, independent commonwealths. In truth, we have a great and glorious country. Its history is a romance, surpassing in its facts the wildest creation of fiction.

A SHAVE.

A Kentucky friend some years since related to us the following anecdote, as having actually occurred in that State.
There was a rascally sort of fellow named Peter Russell, but usually called Pete Russell, who owned a good deal of property, and therefore had a pecuniary responsibility, though he was always in want of money, and frequently in the hands of shavers.
On one occasion he went to a certain accommodating friend, to borrow two thousand dollars. "Yes," said his friend, "I will lend you the two thousand dollars, and without interest too; if you will give me your bill for the amount on London."
"Oh, no," replied Pete—"I can't stand that—if I give you a bill on London, the cursed thing will be back on me here under protest, in four months at farthest, and then I must pay the amount and twenty per cent. damages! That's too deep a dig."

"Well," said Slylock, "that is cutting it rather fat, I acknowledge, but I will tell you, Pete, what I will do—I will take your bill on London for two thousand dollars, and pay you for it two thousand two hundred, and when it comes back protested, you will have to refund the two thousand dollars and twenty per cent. damages, making together two thousand four hundred, which will leave me only two hundred dollars."
"Agreed," said Pete, "I am willing to stand that."

So down they sat to prepare the documents.
"But who the deuce shall I draw upon in London?" said Pete. "I do not know a living soul there."
"It is perfectly immaterial whom you draw upon," said his friend. "So far as I am concerned, I am willing you should draw upon the town pump."

"By Jove!" said Pete, "I have it—I'll draw upon my cousin, the Duke of Bedford."
It will be recollected, that the family name of his grace is Russell, and Pete was in the habit of boasting that he descended from the same stock. So Pete "let fly his kite" for two thousand dollars on his grace of Bedford, and received the stipulated amount of two thousand two hundred dollars. The bill, of course, had to be sent out to London, to be presented to his grace, and regularly protested, in order to establish a legal claim upon the drawer. One morning it was accordingly found, with other documents, on the table in the Duke's study, having been left for acceptance or payment.

"And who," said his grace of Bedford, taking up the bill, and addressing his man of business, "is this Peter Russell, that is drawing on me for two thousand dollars?—I never heard of him before, and do not know by what authority he does so."
"I am equally ignorant, your grace," said the steward. "I know nothing of him."
"Well," said his grace, after musing a moment, "it is very probable, now, that he is some poor and distant branch of my family, who has wandered away off there to the wilds of Kentucky, and is in distress; the amount is but a trifle, let the bill be paid," and paid it was.

In due course of time Pete's friends got back two thousand dollars, less banker's commissions, and without interest, for two thousand and two hundred he had paid Pete some months previous.
It was a regular shave, only the shaver became the shavee.
Our friend, from whom we had the story, said he never heard whether Pete ever renewed the operation.
We can only add, that we have often wished we had such a cousin in London.
[N. O. Bulletin.]

"What would you charge to knit me a pair of stockings such as these?" inquired a foppish young fellow of a lady who was knitting a thick, warm pair of woollens.
"Would you have socks or stockings?" inquired the lady.
"I want them to come up over the call," he replied.
"In that case it would take some time to estimate—I have never knit stockings to cover one's whole body."

A love sick swain, desirous to indicate the extent and character of his love for the queen of his heart, cried out: "Ah, Sal, Sal, my affection for you is as strong as—as—as the butter they gave me for dinner."
METHODISTS IN ENGLAND.—A late census of the Wesleyan Methodists makes the number of that sect in Great Britain and Ireland to be 459,454; showing a decrease of 4,861 since last year.

THE INDEMNITY.—The Secretary of the Treasury has given orders for the payment of the Mexican indemnity. Eight hundred thousand will be paid out in New York; four hundred thousand in Boston, and three hundred thousand in Philadelphia—making an aggregate of \$1,500,000.
The best way to get help in the world, is to help yourself. Show that you need aid, and all turn a cold shoulder; but prove that you can do without folks, and they will give to you a lift.

American Pork was excluded by the British Government from the contract for supplying the British Army and Navy, for the alleged reason that it is a coarser and stronger meat than that fed in Ireland.

MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—Said Greene, the reformed gambler:—"My father was a drunkard. My mother died when I was only seven years old. On the morning before my mother bade adieu to earth, she called me to her bedside, and amid her fears thus addressed me: 'my son, your mother is going to die; you are young; your father is dissipated, and you will be thrown upon your own resources—I want you to solemnly promise, that you will never use intoxicating drinks as a beverage.' That morning, by the bedside of my dying mother, I thus promised. And never, from that day to this, although placed in constant temptation to violate my pledge have I forgotten the promise made to my dying mother.—O! that she had warned me against gambling! I believe, as firmly as I believe in my being, that if on the day of her death, she had bade me beware of the black art of gambling, that I should have never become a votary to that abominable vice?—Mothers, ye know not what power ye have to bind your sons to honesty, piety, purity, and truth! Make the trial, and many more of our choice children may be saved from an infamous life, and a dreadful death."

Franklin's Resting Place.

"Such was his worth, his loss was such,
We cannot love too well, or grieve too much."
In one corner of the burying ground, best known as Christ's Church yard, Philadelphia, repose the remains of the philosopher Franklin. On entering the yard from Arch street attention will unavoidably be directed to his humble tomb by a well-trodden path which leads from the gate to the marble slab which bears the simple inscription, which will at once strike the beholder with wonder, viz: "Benjamin and Deborah Franklin." With wonder, I say, because we are accustomed to see the stones covering the tenements of great men inscribed with eulogiums; but the one we are now beholding has nothing but the words above mentioned, and the year in which it was placed there.

And this is the grave of a man who might once have been seen, a runaway boy, in the streets of Philadelphia, seeking employment as a printer; and again, as editor and proprietor of the United States Gazette, long so ably conducted by Mr. Chandler. Once trying experiments with a simple paper kite, again, astonishing the world with the discoveries made through its instrumentality. Once in England as a deceived journeyman printer; again as Minister from an independent Republic. Once in his workshop, as a laboring mechanic; again in the halls of Legislation, advocating the cause of freedom, and urging an oppressed people to rise and drive the British Lion from our forests. Yes, he was one of those who signed away their lives, fortunes, and honors, if necessary, for the welfare of their fellow-citizens. But all this could not save him from the hand of death. Though the Philosopher and the Statesman must lie as low as the less favored, yet the circumstances connected with the lives of those whose motto was "non sibi sed patrie" possess charms which all can appreciate and all love to cherish. We read his name on the marble slab—ponder over his virtues, and mourn his loss, as of a dear friend. We stand around the grave, and think how many have gazed with reverence upon that stone, and our eyes become fixed upon it as though it possessed an endearing charm. We look back on his life and deeds, and when we remember that a nation wept when Franklin died, we cannot refrain from dropping a tear over his last abode.

No towering monument rears its head above the clouds where the first beams of the rising sun will gild his name; but that name is inscribed in characters not easily to be erased, on every liberty-loving heart, and so long as Philosophy continues to be a science, benevolence a virtue, and liberty the watchword of the American people, will his memory be cherished, and his name be honored.—[Baptist Rec.]

The French Canada population are said to be emigrating in large numbers to the United States.

A CUTTING RETORT.

After the younger Mr. Pitt had made his speech in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Walpole, in a sarcastic note, remarked: "I apprehend the young gentleman has not sown all his wild oats." To which Mr. Pitt replied in a rejoinder: "Age has its privileges, and youth may have its faults, but the gentleman affords ample illustration that I still retain food enough for geese to peck at!"

ISOPATHY.—A new method of curing Diseases.—The Paris correspondent of the Courier des Etats Unis, has the following account of a new school of medicine:

If the art of healing has made little progress since Hippocrates, who lived twenty-three centuries since, it must be attributed to the obstinacy of nature, but it is not at all the fault of the doctors, who in all times have accomplished prodigies of imagination in opening new paths by which to teach the end of knowledge. Our epoch, more than any other, has been fruitful in original systems in the medical domain. Germany has sent us a new one, which is called Isopathy.

It must be said in their praise, that the German doctors march at the head of science in the career of innovations. Nothing stops them. The political troubles which agitate the country, the tumult of arms and the popular clamors which resound about them, cannot for a moment disturb their profound meditations. They have already given us homoeopathy, and this was doing something; but not content with this discovery, which has made so much noise in the world, they are distinguishing themselves to-day by a new conquest.

Homoeopathic medicine has been reproached with the scantiness of its pharmacy.—The witty who respect nothing have diverted themselves at the expense of a doctrine which materializes itself under an imperceptible form, and works its miracles with a grain of dust, an atom diluted in a gallon of water. This was a cause of distrust with many persons, who judge only from appearances, and who are accustomed to estimate the value of effects from the magnitude of their causes. In this respect the new system will not be suspected, and it escapes the criticisms which attended its precursor. Here the remedy is palpable, solid, remarkable by its boldness and its somewhat brutal simplicity. Isopathy consists in applying to the diseased organ the same organ borrowed from an animal in full health. Examples will render the definition more clear. If the discase is on the lungs, the lungs of a sheep are placed on the breast of the patient; if it is the liver or heart which suffers, they place on the diseased part a heart or liver of an ox; if the hearing is affected, Isopathy makes you a night-captivated with the ears of a calf.

This may at first seem singular, and yet nothing is more real than this system! It has been much talked about—some have seized upon it, the learned discuss it, the academies examine it, numerous experiments of it have been made in Germany, and as there is always found at Paris, in all professions, a crowd of ambitious men who hold themselves upon the watch for discoveries, with the hope of making, by the aid of a new system, a fortune which they have not been able to realize by the old methods, who have hastened to proclaim themselves Isopathists.

It remains to be known how great the success of this remedy will be with us.—The new method has room for great development, but until now, the supporters of Isopathy have forgotten to tell whether their system can also be applied to moral affections; if, for example, a man of a weak character, and one wanting in courage, would become brave by applying to himself a lion's heart between the skin and the flannel.

The remedy, it is true, would be very expensive, and would call for a great consumption of lions; for it is said that the Isopathic applications must be renewed every day. This system is very well known, and often employed in the intellectual world. We see persons every day, whose understanding is not of the highest order, apply to their defective and blank intellect an active and brilliant mind, appropriate to themselves the substance of it, and show forth afterward the luxury of an imagination endowed with the most flourishing health.

In the same way, how many pretended orators do we see, whenever there is speaking to be done, applying to their feeble, pale, miserable, broken down style, the borrowed eloquence of some anonymous rhetorician, and who afterward make a parade of a vigorous talent and an inexhaustible fertility. Is not this Isopathy, or something very much like it.

A SILENT VICTORY.—Time is a mighty conqueror! This fact is forcibly illustrated in the present erection of a Jewish synagogue in Canterbury, England, on the site of the ancient house of the redoubted "Knights Templar," once the unrelenting foes of the persecuted Israelites, but now themselves swept from the face of the earth. A striking fulfillment of the prophecy respecting this ancient people, that they shall yet possess the gate of their enemies.

WOODEN GUNPOWDER.—From sundry recent experiments, the fact is established that fine saw dust or rasped wood, steeped in a mixture of concentrated sulphuric and nitric acids, and afterwards washed and dried, will explode similar to common gunpowder, and if managed rightly, with much greater force. The greatest wonder about this is that the fact had not been discovered earlier.
The ratio of mortality in St. Louis was one half less during the last year, than in the year preceding.