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POETRY.

From the National Era.

THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

"Come to the woods, in whose mossy dells
A light all made for the poet dwells."
Where dwelleth the spirit of Poesy? Where?
Oh, where can its home be found?
And where is the harp it has tuned so oft—
Whence cometh that low, sweet sound?

You may find its home where the ivy creeps
Alone o'er yon ruined wall,
And the gathering moss of an hundred years
Is green in its lowly hall;

Where the night-winds breathe but a mournful dirge,
As they sweep round the turrets gray—
And the tall grass droops o'er a desolate hearth,
But to cover the worm, Decay.

Ye may find its home in the wild wood dell,
Where blossoms the tiniest flower
But to droop and die, 'neath a drop of dew,
At the moonlight's hallowed hour.

It dwelleth there—in the azure sky—
While the starry host above
Are ever keeping, o'er land and sea,
Their vigils of faith and love.

Ye may hear the tones of her magic harp
In the sound of the rushing blast,
Or when, with a gentle yet saddened sigh,
The wind sweeps mournfully past.

Ye may hear it oft in the streamlet's song,
As it dances along in glee,
Till its merriest lay is forever hushed
By the sound of the moaning sea.

The spirit of Poesy is everywhere—
E'en down in the darkness cave,
Where glistens the tear of an amber hue,
In the bed of the "ocean wave."

While its harp of a thousand matchless strings
Is swept by an unseen hand—
A hand that will wake, with a softer touch,
Sweet lays in the "Better Land."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reformation of Wm. Wirt.

The distinguished William Wirt within six or eight months after his marriage, became addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated strongly on the mind and health of his wife, and in a few months more she was numbered with the dead. Her death led him to leave the country where she resided, and he moved to Richmond, where he soon rose to distinction. But his habits hung about him, and occasionally he was found with jolly and frolicsome spirits in bacchanalian revelry. True, his friends expostulated with him, to convince him of the injury he was doing himself. But he still persisted. His practice began to fall off, and many looked on him as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married, with a view of correcting his habits. This he consented to do, if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to Miss Gamble. After some month's attention, he asked her hand in marriage—she replied—"Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your intentions for some time back, and should have given you to understand that your visits and attentions were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection which you evinced for me. But I cannot yield my consent until you make a pledge never to taste, touch or handle any intoxicating drinks."

This reply to Mr. Wirt was as unexpected as it was novel. His reply was that he regarded the proposition as a bar to all further considerations of the subject, and left her. Her course towards him was the same as ever—his, resentment and neglect. In the course of a few weeks he went again, and again solicited her hand. But her reply was, her mind was made up. He became indignant, and regarded the terms she proposed as insulting to his honor, and vowed it should be the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse and worse, and seemed to run headlong to ruin. One day while lying in the outskirts of the city, near a little grog shop, dead drunk, a young lady, whom it is not necessary to name, was passing that way to her home, not far off, and beheld him with his face upturned to the rays of the scorching sun. She took her handkerchief, with her own name marked upon it, and placed it

DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

"UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED WE FALL."

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over his face. After he had remained in that way for some hours, he was awakened, and his thirst being so great, he went into the little grocery or grog shop to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, at which he looked, and at the name that was on it. After pausing a few moments he exclaimed—"Great God! who left this with me! Who placed this on my face!" No one knew. He dropped the glass, exclaiming—"Enough! Enough!" He retired instantly from the store, forgetting his thirst but not the debauch, the handkerchief, or the lady, vowing, if God gave him strength, never to touch, taste or handle intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss G. was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her in her carriage, or on foot, he would dodge round the nearest corner. She at last addressed him a note under her own hand, inviting him to her house, which he finally gathered courage enough to accept. He told her if she bore affections for him, he would agree to her terms. Her reply was: "My conditions are now what they ever have been. 'Then,' said the disenthralled Wirt, 'I accept them.'"

They were soon married, and from that day he kept his word, and his affairs brightened, while honors and glories gathered thick upon his brow. His name has been enrolled high in the temple of fame, while his deeds, his patriotism and renown, live after him with imperishable lustre. How many noble minds might the young ladies save, if they would follow the example of the heroine-hearted Miss Gamble, the friend of humanity, of her country, and the relation of La Fayette.

SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE.

Look at that wide valley, with its snow-clad summits at a distance on either hand, and its glassy river flowing, cribbed and confined, in the lowest bottom. Smiling fields and well trimmed hedge-rows, and sheltering plantations & comfortable dwellings, and a busy population, and abundant cattle, cover its undulating slopes. For miles industrious plenty spreads over a country which the river formerly usurped, and the lake covered, and the rush tutted over, and bog and mossy heath and perennial fogs and drizzling rains rendered inhospitable and chill. But mechanics have chained the river, and drained the lakes, and bogs, and clayey bottoms; and thus giving scope to the application of all the varied practical rules to which science has led, the natural climate has been subdued, disease extirpated, and rich and fertile and happy homes scattered over the ancient waste. Turn to another country, and a river flows deeply through an arid and desolate plain. Mechanics lift its waters from their depths, and from a thousand artificial channels direct them over the parched surface. It is as if an enchanter's wand had been stretched over it—the green herbage and the waving corn, compared by all the industries of rural life, sprung up as they advance. Another country, and a green oasis presents itself, busy with life, in the midst of a desert and sandy plain. Do natural springs here gush up, as in the ancient oasis of the Libyan wilderness? It is another of the triumphs of human industry, guided by human thought. Geology, and her sister sciences, are here the pioneers of rural life and fixed habitations. The seat of hidden waters at vast depths was discovered by her. Under her directions mechanics have bored to their sources, and their gushing abundance now spreads fertility around. Such are more sensible and larger triumphs of progressing rural economy—such as man may well boast of—not only in themselves, but in their consequences; and they may take their places with the gigantic vessel of war, as magnificent results of intellectual effort.—[Blackwood's Magazine.]

Rev. J. N. Maffit is preaching to crowded houses at Clarksville, Ark. A correspondent of the Little Rock Banner says:

One of the most glorious revivals of religion I ever beheld is now in progress. The whole town and vicinity are under its influence, and partaking largely in its beneficial and genial smiles.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE AND MEETING HOUSE.

The following anecdote illustrates the importance of education:

While Gen. Jackson was President, and Gen. Cass Secretary of War, they visited a portion of New England together. In riding over that highly cultivated country, Gen. Jackson was much pleased with the appearance of the people, and expressed his gratification to his companion.

"What fine manly countenances these men carry!" exclaimed the President. "How robust and vigorous they are! and what a spirit of enterprise and perseverance they manifest! Why, with an army of such men, I would undertake to face the world."

Do you know the cause of these characteristics that you prize so highly? rejoined the veteran Secretary.

"What is it?" asked the old hero.

"Do you see the steeple of that meeting-house yonder on the hill?"

"Yes," replied the President.

"And that low school-house near it?"

"I see them both," said General Jackson.

"Well," answered Gen. Cass, himself a native of the Granite State, "here is where New England men are made. The instructions they receive in the school house and meeting house, give them the pre-eminence over others which you have so justly described."

As it regards England, Dr. Vaughan testifies that he considers the moral influence of the Sunday School instructions as of more value than all other kind of instruction put together; and the Edinburgh Review, in a recent article, points to the religious element as the only possible security and hope of that mighty empire.

MARRIED AND SINGLE MEN.

A contemporary very sensibly remarks, that there should be some means of distinguishing single from married men. Unmarried females are known by the prefix of Miss to their names but all men are styled Mr. How much unnecessary trouble and solicitude might be spared to the anxious mothers of marriageable girls, could they make this distinction. How very annoying to a mother and bevy of girls, after laying themselves out to please some "nice young man," to hear him accidentally allude to his wife? This subject really demands attention, and we think that the girls should suggest some plan by which these disappointments might be obviated.

We think there already exists a mood in which single men can easily be distinguished from married ones, by ladies of discernment. It is by paying a little attention to the conversation and manners of gentlemen. There is an ease and grace in the manners of married men, a sensibleness and want of flutter in their conversation, which enables them to be readily distinguished in a mixed company.

Unmarried men may be distinguished by a general "greenness," and a certain frivolousness of conversation, and a peculiar flutter of deportment, that nothing but matrimony can entirely cure.—[Exchange paper.]

UNTUTORED ELOQUENCE.—A Catawba warrior, in 1822, named Peter Harris, made known his wants to the legislature of South Carolina in the following language:

"I am one of the lingering survivors of an almost extinguished race. Our graves will soon be our only habitations. I am one of the few stalks that still remain in the field where the tempest of the revolution passed. I have fought against the British for your sake. The British have disappeared, and you are free; yet from me have the British taken nothing, nor have I gained anything by their defeat. I pursued the deer for subsistence—the deer are disappeared. I must starve. God ordained me for the forest, and my ambition is the shade. But the strength of my arm decays, and my feet fail me in the chase. The hand which fought for your liberties, is now open for your relief. In my youth I bled in battle that you might be independent—let not my heart in my old age bleed for want of your commiseration."

HUMBLED IN ITS PURITY.—Two young bloods of New York, met at Hoboken a day or two since, to settle a dispute with pistols. They fired twice, but neither were hurt, for their seconds, being very prudent men, were careful not to put any bullets in the pistols. The whole affair ended by retreating to a fashionable restaurant, and late in the evening, one of the principals was seen corkscrewing the way to his residence.

ODD FISH.—In all waters there are fish which love to swim against the stream; and in every community persons are to be found who delight in being opposed to every body else.

The Farmer—A Beautiful Extract.

BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the law of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his; from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties; and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who preceded him, as he is also to those who will follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their homes—but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path of the village school of earliest days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers and his forefathers to the house of God, and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time is come, shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them, gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the heart; they are the life spring of a fresh, healthy and generous character.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.—An incident of this kind, says the Lawrenceburg (Ind.) Journal, occurred at the Clerk's office in that city lately. A young man from the country called on the Clerk with his witness to obtain a license to marry a young lady living in Caesar-creek township, and after getting his license he took the clerk by the button hole, and in a whisper informed him that another man would call for a license to marry the same woman on the next day, and forbid the Clerk granting them. The clerk promised that he would not issue them and the man left, satisfied that he had "knocked the sod from under one fellow."

WOMAN.

It seems as if nature connected our intelligence with their dignity, as we connect our happiness with their virtue. This, therefore, is a law of eternal justice—man cannot degrade woman without himself falling into the degradation; he cannot raise her without becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe the two great divisions of the human race; the east and the west. One half of the ancient world remains without progress, without thought, and under the load of a barbarous civilization; woman there are slaves. The other half advances towards freedom, light, and happiness; the women there are loved and honored. Never shrink from a woman of strong sense. If she becomes attached to you, it will be from seeing and valuing similar qualities in yourself. You may trust her, for she knows the value of your confidence. You may consult her, for she is able to advise, and does so at once with the firmness of reason and the consideration of affection. Her love will be lasting, for it will not have been slightly won: it will be strong and ardent, for weak minds are incapable of the loftier grades of passion.—If you prefer attaching yourself to a woman of feeble understanding, it must be either from fearing to encounter a superior person or from vanity of preferring that admiration which springs from ignorance, to that which approaches to appreciation.

Old Squire B. was elected Judge of the inferior court in some county in the State of Georgia. When he went home, his delighted wife exclaimed: "Now my dear, you are Judge, what am I?"

"The same darned old fool you allers was," was the tart reply.

A SCHEME FOR MARYLAND AND CALIFORNIA.—The New York correspondent of the Washington Union states that "there is a proposition in circulation to subscribe a joint stock capital of six to seven thousand dollars, to purchase negroes in Maryland, give them their freedom, and take five years indentures to work in California for gold. The concern embraces Attorney General Johnson among its patrons."

The man who climbed the North Pole is said to be in Cincinnati at present, hatching snow balls.

George Liffard, the author of the famous letter addressed to Gen. Taylor, is now the editor of the Quaker City, published in Philadelphia, Penn. The following remarks are from a late number of that paper:

"We are opposed to slavery of all kinds, shapes and colors, but for the life of us, we cannot understand the course of those persons who make war upon negro slavery, and at the same time profess the most boundless admiration for the very name of Great Britain. Multiply the evils of Black Slavery by ten thousand, and they will not parallel the wrongs and atrocities committed by England on her White Slaves. These white slaves are not found on cotton plantations, but they are found in the cotton mills, in the manufactories of England. Go to England if you would survey human nature in its lowest depth of degradation. There—in the caverns of London, in the factories of Manchester, in the depths of the coal mine—you will find thousands of white men and women who have never heard of the existence of God. You will find childhood blasted into precocious crime. You will find womanhood degraded below the brute creation. You will find manhood, so trodden down, overworked and enslaved, from his earliest infancy, that it no longer reminds you of God, or of his creation, but of Satan and a satanic creation. Go to Ireland, and survey the bones of a million of skeletons, which, three years ago, were living men, women and children, but which are now the trophies of the great battle fought by England against humanity—the battle of the plague and famine. Talk of England as the friend of mankind, or as the enemy of slavery! As well might you speak of Satan as benevolent, or of Tartarus as a place renowned for its salubrious climate.—England is the enemy of mankind. Her power is fed upon human flesh. Her thousand lords live upon the death of ten thousand of the poor—the poor, without bread or hope. Her bishops offer prayers to God, and at the same time proclaim their Atheism to the world, by their riotous living, and by their consistent oppression of the masses. True, there are two Englands—the England of the Government, backed by the monied and landed aristocracy, and the England of the People, who are only born to toil and die. The English government we hate, as the Juggernaut of modern civilization, which never moves but to crush the innocent and the weak. The English people; the men, the women and the children, whose prostrate necks make the pathway of this great Juggernaut—we love as the great family, whose Father is God."

But the England of the Bankers, Lords, and Bishops, is the foe of mankind. The sooner it is blotted out from the list of nations, the better for the world. Every day that it continues to exist, is only another day of starvation, suffering and blood. The hour which witnesses the downfall of England, will be called by mankind as the 4th of July of a freed world.

Let any man read the reports presented to the English Parliament in relation to the degradation of the factory population of England, let him peruse the British papers, and see how day after day murder, famine and robbery go hand in hand over the British dominions—let him except the testimony of British authors, in regard to the utter misery of the masses of the British people—and then, if he has the heart to do it, let him deny that England is the common executioner of the human family.

That Americans opposed to slavery should admire this England may well excite our wonder. But that in their haste to get rid of Black Slavery, they should eulogize the White Slavery which prevails in England, may well excite not only the wonder, but the horror and contempt of all honest men. Away with the hypocrite, whose bowels yearn with compassion for the negro, while his heart has not one throb, nor his eye one tear, for the English slave."

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY IN CALIFORNIA.—The following is an extract from a letter written to his wife by a New Yorker, now working in the mines of California.—The letter bears date August 26, 1849:

"There was a goldmine discovered here (what is called Murphy's Diggings) one week to-day; it is evidently the work of ancient times—210 feet deep, situated on the summit of a very high mountain. It has made a great excitement here, as it was several days before preparations could be made to descend to the bottom. There was found in it the bones of a human being, also an altar for worship, and some other evidences of human labor. From present indications it is doubtful whether it will pay to be worked, as it is mostly all rock, and will require a great outlay for tools and machinery to work it."

This discovery, if properly pursued by competent observers, may prove of the highest historical importance. It will establish the fact that the mineral wealth of the region has been known to preceding generations, and the relics which have survived may enlighten us as to the nationality of the people who first pierced this mountain two hundred and ten feet, and will doubtless suggest an inquiry into the reasons for abandoning the pursuit of gold in a country in which it seems to abound, and where its discoveries had found encouragement to make such extensive excavations in former times.—[N. Y. Post.]