

Wm. A. Robbins

DEMOCRATIC BANNER

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From the Central Christian Herald. The Grave of Washington.

A person who accompanied Gen. Taylor on his late visit to Richmond, gives the following description of the scene as the steamboat passed Mount Vernon.

In the saffron-tinted morning, With Potomac's anthem swell, Where our honored chief is sleeping, Mingles deep the passing bell!

In the slumbering hush of noontide, With Potomac's anthem swell, Where our honored chief is sleeping, Mingles deep the passing bell!

In the rosy flush of evening, With Potomac's anthem swell, Where our honored chief is sleeping, Mingles deep the passing bell!

In the blue and starry midnight, With Potomac's anthem swell, Where our honored chief is sleeping, Mingles deep the passing bell!

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.—Never attempt to strike the guilty, where, by a misdirected, or too hasty blow, the innocent, the gallant, and the good may suffer.

QUERY FOR SCIENTIFIC MEN.—In what manner does a diamond act upon glass so as to cut it? That it does not penetrate its substance is obvious to any one who will attend to its operations, for it only divides the exceedingly attenuated pellicle on the surface, and penetrates no deeper.

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"UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED WE FALL."

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pellicles is clear; because a piece of quartz will do the same by passing in the same line repeatedly, but will not break true.—Then how does the diamond act?

From the St. Louis Times. Position of the Democratic Party.

The organ of the Abolitionists, in its issue of yesterday morning, reiterates the silly, malicious and unfounded charge, that a coalition has been entered into by the Democratic and Whig parties.

We know the Democratic party of Missouri well. It consists of men who are firm in principle, and faithful in practice—who love the Constitution of the United States, because it constitutes the only legal bond of union.

stood firmly by party principles, and consequently they are now in perfect harmony with the National Democratic party which built the Baltimore platform and sustained Cass and Butler as the nominees of the National Convention.

In these remarks we must not be misunderstood. We can stand upon principle; we can harmonize with all who claim to be Democrats, if they love the principles of Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson, and conform to the principles and approve the measures embodied in the resolutions of the national Democratic conventions.

A Good Fable.—Lord North's plans of conciliation were the amiabilities of tyranny and bonignities of extortion. They bring to mind the little French fable, wherein a farmer convokes the tenants of his barnyards, and with sweet solemnity says.—"Dear animals, I have assembled you here to advise me what sauce I shall cook you with."

From the English Mechanics' Magazine. Extension of the Electric Telegraph to France, Ireland and America.

The establishment of an electro-telegraphic communication across the Straits between England and France, has been for a considerable time foreseen, as one of the most natural in the train of consequences resulting from the modern application of electricity to the transmission of intelligence between distant parts.

Who the individual selected; shall be, is a matter of secondary importance. In this respect, prejudices and feelings may be well respected. If, under such a state of facts, the friends of Mr. Benton and the Whigs choose either to elect a Senator who cannot represent a majority of the people, or to neglect the fulfillment of so serious a duty, by permitting the office to become vacant,—they must make up their minds to incur the responsibility.

New Cure for the Toothache.—Indigo is said to be an infallible cure for the toothache. To alleviate misfortune is within the most limited power.

at all events, the fact is one capable of tentative determination on land, before a single yard of an Atlantic line need be laid down. The Old and New Worlds being thus united, we should then see the dream of the poet even more than realized; the earth "girdled round about"—not in "forty minutes"—but in a thousandth part of the time—a single beat of the clock.

JENNY LIND'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—Jenny Lind is twenty-nine years of age, but does not look more than twenty-five.—She is not what many persons would regard as a beautiful woman; but she possesses a beauty superior to mere symmetry of features—a soul beams in her face, lighted up by the bright intelligence within, especially when she is excited or speaks.

"Five weeks vexation in August," said Mrs. Partington, when she learned that the school had had a vacation for five weeks: "Five weeks vexation. It's a trying season for mothers, and wearing and tearing to their patience and the jackets and trousers of their children. Talk about the relaxation from study! I don't believe it's half as bad as the green apples they get in the country. But I do love to see the little dears enjoying themselves, frisking about like pigs in clover, as happy as the days are long. What an idea of freedom there is in a little boy with his face and hair full of molasses and fun and good nature. Be still, you good-for-nothing."

To see half dozen uncles, two or three brothers, and a maiden aunt of seventy, holding consultation to devise ways and means to prevent a young girl marrying the young man she loves, is just about as ridiculous as to see an intoxicated man attempting to shoulder his own shadow.

LOVE IN A NEW SUIT.—The following letter is from a novel by the editor of the New York Constellation, now being published in that paper:—

"Adorable Spuggy—Ever since my heart was pierced by the bodkin of your charms, my soul has done nothing day or night but sit cross-legged on the shopboard of my affections, and button its hopes to the anticipation of conjugal bliss. My heart is lined and darned within the silken eddies of love.

I feel that I am stitched irrevocably to the hem and body of your charms; and that only in the pocket of never ending love could I hope to spend the remnant of my days. But alas! should it at last be fobbed; should some audacious rival chance to cabbage your heart, and you should at last pin yourself to the skirts of some more favored lover, you would banish all hopes of happiness from the borders of my heart. O dearest Spuggy, bear with me, if in the ardor of my affection, I sometimes tremble least the thread of your love should snap in twain, before we are sewed fast in the band of hymen. Pardon me, love, for allowing the least particle of doubt to strike to the edge of my fondest hopes.

"But it is past—my faith in your fidelity shall henceforth be as unyielding as buckram, and strong as a seam doubly stitched. I have taken the measures of my hopes, and cut out the garment of my expectations. My love is as true as the thread to the needle's eye and sooner shall my goose take to itself wings and fly away, than there shall happen the slightest rent in the affections of

Your adorable tailor. "CORNELIUS CABBAGE."

CURE FOR WARTS.—Cut them as close as possible and then wash them in a strong solution of indigo two or three times. This is said to be an infallible remedy.

An ungrateful man is detested by all; every one feels hurt by his conduct, because it operates to throw a damp upon generosity, and he is regarded as the common injurer of all those who stand in need of assistance.

CAUTION TO GIRLS.—The young men fall on their knees before you; but remember it is but as the infantry before cavalry, that they may conquer and kill, or as the hunter who only on bended knee takes aim at his victim.—Jean Paul.