

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

Regularly on every Saturday Morning,

By JOHN F. THOMAS,

BOWLING-GREEN, PIKE COUNTY, MISSOURI.

N. P. MINOR, BOWLING-GREEN, *Editor.*

S. F. MURRAY, Troy, *Editor.*

(Mr. Kennedy's speech concluded.)

#### SPEECH.

On the resolution giving the twelve months' notice for the termination of the joint occupancy of the Oregon territory.

I have been pained to hear, during this debate, allusion made to the western people as a war-loving and peace-hating people, who delight in blood and carnage, and who were anxious by their course to embroil this country in a war. Who are those men thus unkindly alluded to and unjustly assailed? They are sons of revolutionary sires, and spirits of noble daring, who have cleared the way for you into the heart of this magnificent empire. They have gone before you like the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, rolling back the Indian of the forest to give passage to civilization, as the waters of the Red sea were rolled back by the Great Jehovah to give passage to the children of Israel; and however scornfully you may treat them or whatever estimate you may place upon them, I verily believe they are as pure and patriotic as the citizens of any other portion of this Union. While they are on the frontiers, where their husbands and duty lead them, upon the very self-designed by Providence as their inheritance, they will remain in peace and quiet, giving you no trouble, and making no unnecessary demands upon your government. But I warn you from the consequences of an effort to stop their onward progress. Do not let the British get possession of Oregon, and block up the passes of the Rocky Mountains against their western flight. Should you do it, and thereby turn back into the valley of the Green West those whose disposition and choice it is to mingle in border scenes of hardship and suffering, you may introduce into our society an element that may tumble it into ruins, as did Sodom the temple of Baal when he struck its pillars at the city of Gaza.

Another next, and to me a very strange in closed the door of blood she owes the tares of legitimacy looked upon this experiment, against these resolutions is, that world, thond have no objection to a long torment with great concern, and not a little if we, by asserting our rights to Oregon, are to mingle in border scenes of hardship and suffering, you may introduce into our society an element that may tumble it into ruins, as did Sodom the temple of Baal when he struck its pillars at the city of Gaza.

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It is said by some that we do not need the fiercest conflicts; there and then was the Oregon territory for purposes of settlement, tree of liberty planted; and the tempests of war only loosened the earth about its roots, clearly see the error into which some have fallen, I invite you to go to the West, and wider; its roots have been plentifully moistened by the warmth's blood of those who defended it against the furious assaults of youth of eighteen, with his better half just commencing the first struggles of independence. His tasks against its inner bark. And I don't life. Thirty years from that time, visit now tell gentlemen, that if it is occasionally moistened by the blood of the patriot, honestly shed in its defence, it will not grow a whit the worse, nor cast a leaf on that account. Has not the West, the whole of that beautiful inland paradise resounded with the clank of arms, and has not its soil,

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and every furlong thereof, been stained humanity have their faces turned towards with the blood of the pioneer and Indian the setting sun. "Westward ho!" is the cry; commingling as they fell, in deadly strife! and you can no more stop them this side the Missouri, whilst there? Sir, it is the very place where the *prosperous* live on the Stony mountain, whilst it may be truly said, we have liberty with *taise* in our hearts as it rises. Where, free and licentiousness, and order in the absence of law, are we to find room for our people? What are we to do with the little white-laded girls and boys—God's third—who through our western valleys, bright and blooming as the flowers that deck our illimitable prairies?

Can it be true, as suggested by the gentleman from South Carolina, [Mr. Rhett] vaunting of the greatness of England—that there is danger of a combined alliance. Who, and what is she? The seat of her European powers against us? Do they power is situated on a little island stuck exhibit a disposition to form an unholy alliance down in the North sea. True, she has aims, to prevent the spread and crush the spread her arms like stars, to grasp in all the growth of our free institutions? I repeat, do not desire to speak harshly of the British

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Against the English people I have no hostile feeling; on the contrary, I love them for their aspirations after freedom, and I only reproach them that they do not tear away those feudal colubus which have so long galled their manly limbs, and cast among the number of ages, those principles of legitimacy which disgrace the country and age in which they live. But the English government is quite another thing. To my mind it is the worst government upon earth. It has some pretence to liberty without any of its substance. It tears the sinews, and drinks the sweat of its laboring millions to fatten a stall-fed aristocracy. Our first conflict with

England was in the revolution, which ended in tearing from the British crown thirteen colonies.

Let each pursue her path failed to show them, whilst ours have cleared alone, and uncontestedly thither. We have navigated the existence of any such

will not get out of our way to attack the right.

There is, I repeat, no occasion for war, tree of liberty.

and there will be none, unless the government of Great Britain desire war with this closely together a chain of free republics.

It humbled the pride of the British navy, and ended in a blaze of glory on the plains of N

Orchies. By making thousands of her bravest troops bite the dust in conflict with the raw militia of the western States. The third and last conflict is not yet. No man can doubt

but that it will come. If at the foundation of our system of government on the other hand, has by destiny to pay rent. For half a century the representa-

tives of the British empire, fall she must, and fall she will, as sure as Adam fell. She is now standing in the twilight of her glory,

and a sharp vision may easily discern, written on her front, the inscription traced by an invisible hand upon the palace wall of the Babylonish king.

As I said before, England's greatness now rests upon her commerce. She has three hundred millions of tonnage, which gauges her ship-

pings. We have already two hundred millions and are now gathering upon her with the strides

of a swift coursier. When we pass her, her downfall by peaceful means will be rapid and sudden.

Oregon is therefore all important in a commercial point of view. It is the inch of ground upon which we can place a fulcrum, giving us the lever by which to overturn the world of British commerce. It will give us a cluster of manufacturing and commercial States on the Pacific cor-

responding with our New England States upon the Atlantic. Then the inhabitants of the great Mississippi valley, who have in possession the garden of the world and the granary of the universe, will stretch out one hand to the East Indies through the Pacific chain, the other to Europe through the British channel, grasping the trade of the civilized earth as we now hold in possession the means of subsistence for the whole human family.

I have attempted, Mr. Chairman in my feeble way, to show the committee that duty calls, and interest points, to the assertion of our rights to Oregon. I cannot, I will not, doubt but that the House will respond affirmatively. This is the war feeling and the only war feeling in the West. If

war must come, let it come; and those who provoke it, will have to abide its consequences.

DOUBBLE VERDICT.—Mr. Jno. Hough, of Cincinnati, was mulcted in the sum of \$1,700 for seducing Miss Roberts, and \$2,500 for a breach of the marriage promise made to Miss Sarah Watson. The singularity of the verdict is, that the crime in the one case is less severely punished than the offence in the other.

LITTLE FAILINGS.—"My James is a very good boy," said an old lady, "but he has little failings, for we are none of us perfect. He put a cat into the fire, flung his grandfather's wig down the well, set the barn on fire, and tried to stick a fork in his sister's eye; but these are only childish follies; he'll soon outgrow 'em."

## TERMS OF THE BANNER.

\$2 in advance; \$2.50 at the end of the volume. No man's paper will be discontinued unless the same be paid for up to the time of its discontinuance.

ADVERTISING done very low. All letters on business must be "post paid."

### NO TALENTS.

"I shall never be anything."

"How do you know?"

"Because I have no talents."

No talents? Pshaw! Are you a fool? You would be angry if I called you one, and yet by your language you actually acknowledge yourself a fool. No talents, my friend? What do you mean? You can read, write and think. These are all you need to do something and be something.—Study and close application are all that is necessary to make you shine in the world. Let us point you to our friend Neal—once a poor, ignorant boy. He began to read and to think for himself, and now he stands on one of the topmost rounds of fame. And there too, is our friend Burritt. When learning his trade as a blacksmith, he began to think and write, and now his fame has travelled over Europe and America. He is everywhere known as the learned blacksmith. We don't say you will be equally distinguished with these men, but you can become something by strong efforts—by putting in play your talents—feel as you may think them to be.

### AN IDEA—TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL.

I can not believe that the earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness! Else why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels, from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where rainbows never fade; where the stars will be out before us, like islets that slumber on the ocean; and where beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever!—[Balmer.]

WOMAN'S VOICE. How consoling to the mind oppressed by heavy sorrow, is the voice of an amiable woman! Like sacred music impart to the soul a feeling of celestial serenity, and as a gentle zephyr refreshes the wearied senses with its soft and melodious tones. Riches may avail much in the hour of affliction; the friendships of man may alleviate for a time the bitterness of woe; but the angel voice of woman is capable of producing a lasting effect on the heart, and communicates a sensation of delicious composure which the mind never before experienced, even in the moments of his highest felicity.

The public printing at Washington is of more pecuniary value than the office of President of the United States. It has yielded for the last ten years a profit of more than \$50,000 annually.

"A Year's Notice."—A downcast editor wonders why his subscribers, who are so rampant for Oregon, will not walk up and pay their subscriptions after having had more than a year's notice.

A MATCH FOR "HAINS."—A good anecdote is told in the last true American of a man named Bently, a most confirmed drunkard who would never drink with a friend, or in public, and always bitterly denied when caught a little too steep, ever tasting liquor! One day some bold witnesses concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him with an air of triumph. "Ah Bently have we caught you at last—you never drink, ha?" Now one would have supposed that Bently would have acknowledged the corn. Not he!—with the most grave and inexpressible face he calmly, and in a dignified manner, said—"Gentlemen, my is not Bently!"

We are authorized to announce Jas. A. ROBBINS, of Unite township, as a candidate for the Sheriff of Pike county, at the ensuing August election, (subject to the decision of a Democratic County Convention.)

C. S. BROWN, Attorney at Law, Bowling-Green, Mo., will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care.

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