DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

"United We Stand—Divided We Fall."

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POETRY.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A brook went dancing on its way,
From bank to valley leaping,
And by its sunny margin lay
A lovely infant sleeping.
The murmur of the purling stream
Broke not the spell which bound him,
Like music breathing in his dream
A lullaby around him.

It is a lovely sight to view
Within this world of sorrow,
One spot which still retains the hue
That earth from heaven may borrow,
And such was this—a scene so fair,
Arrayed in summer brightness,
And one poor being resting there—
One soul of radiant whiteness.

What happy dreams, fair child, are given,
To cast their sunshine o'er thee!
What cord unites that soul to heaven,
Where visions glide before thee!
For wandering smiles of cloudless mirth
O'er thy glad features beaming,
Say, not a thought—a form of earth
Alloys thine hour of dreaming!

Mayhap, afar on unseen wings,
Thy silent spirit soaring,
Now hears the burst from golden springs,
Where angels are adoring,
And with the pure heliacal throng,
Around their maker praising,
The joyous heart may join the song
Ten thousand tongues are raising!

NARROW ESCAPE;

OR, THE DOOMED CAPTIVE.

In the year 1704, shortly before Gibraltar was taken by the confederate fleet under the command of Sir George Rook, a young English officer was dispatched to that town, for the purpose of establishing communication with the few inhabitants disposed to favor the English in their Gibralter; but, having been warned in time, the Madrid police sent emissaries with orders to take the Englishman as soon as he should set foot on Spanish ground. In fact, he was apprehended the very day of his landing, for he came in a boat under the disguise of a midshipman; but he was a spirited young man, who had beforehand considered all the chances of his enterprise, and had provided himself with a passport bearing every requiste signature, so that the officials hesitated to arrest him, lest he should not be the right person.

Charles Fitzgerald (such was the name of the British officer) had well meditated his plan. He gave his false name, and every information respecting his assumed parentage; and so satisfactory did he answer every question, that he would have been free but for the positive and minute orders they had received. In their doubt they preferred being guilty of an unwarrantable arrest, rather than let a man escape, the apprehension of whom the Spanish government considered a momentous question. Fitzgerald was therefore taken into custody until the arrival of further instructions. These were not long deferred; they were directed to keep him in close confinment, whatever his designation might be.

The young man was accordingly transferred to one of the cells in the fort. The part of the building where he was imprisoned was built on huge rocks. On one side it commanded the sea, and on the other lay unfathomable chasms. The entrance of the tower could be reached only by a steep and dangerous declivity, leading, as in all fortresses, to the chief gate, the approach of which was defended by a ditch and a drawbridge.

The Governor of this prison, Senor Cordova, being conversant with the English language, was delighted to possess as an inmate this British officer, whose manners and conversation indicated a well-born, intelligent, educated person. At that period, this was no ordinary occurrence among the inhabitants of the fort.

Senor Cordova promised the young man as much liberty as was consistent with his instructions, and asked him to join in a defensive war against spleen and ennui This, Charles willingly accepted. He was in every respect a gentleman on whose word one could rely; but, unfortunately, in this case at least, a most handsome young man. His mien was prepossessing, his features expressive of a fine and determined mind, his voice truly pleasing, but, above all, he was remarkable for his prodigious bodily strength and agility. He would have made a capital leader of a revolt or of a political party. He was given the most comfortable chamber in the fort, dined every day at the governor's table, and at first all went on smoothly, Cordova congratulating himself on having found so pleasing a companion in his prisoner.

The Spaniard, still in the prime of life, was not married, but had a young pupil who resided with him—a lovely Andalusian—whom he had serious intentions of making his wife. The possession of such a jewel rendered him suspicious and jealous. It so happened that the officer's heart felt smitten with the maiden, who, on her part, received most graciously his warm addresses. Their mutual fondness might have materially deranged Cordova's views, had not his jealous feeling taken umbrage at his rival. Therefore, in his truly Spanish heart, he resolved revenge on one who so badly requitted him for his many marks of kindness.

However, it is but fair to state, in justice to the young Englishman, that he was totally unacquainted with Cordova's intention respecting his ward. Fitzgerald was at once put into a damp cell, given bread as his only food, water his sole drink, and changed according to the then regime adopted for captives. His cell was situated under the platform to the prison. The ceiling and the walls were built with stones, of a thickness, the sight of which made him sigh. "Probably," thought he, "the tower overlooks a precipice, therefore, not the slightest hope of escape can be entertained.

When poor Fitzgerald became conscious of the utter impossibility of escaping, his mind fell into those reveries which belong to the heart of the prisoner, both despair and consolation. He busied himself about trifles, which became in him important affair; counted the hours, the days, and in fact served his apprenticeship as captive. He now retired within himself, and knew the blessing of the air and the sun; and after a fortnight had elapsed he experienced that dreadfull malady—the freedom fever—which impels prisoners to those sublime enterprises, the wondrous accomplishment of which, to well comprehend, we must ascribe to that superhuman, and concentration of a mighty will, whose nature escapes physiological analysis, and the depth of whose mysteries philosophers are afraid to fathom.

Meanwhile, Charles' heart and mind experienced unspeakable tortures, for he felt that death alone could free him. Even the possibility of being delivered by his countrymen was so distant that all would be over with him long before this chance of rescue.

One morning, the turnkey, who brought his daily food, instead of withdrawing, as he was wont to do, after having left him his meager allowence, stood, with his arms folded, looking at him in a strange manner. Their conversation was generally more than laconic, and never was the goaler the first to speak. The prisoner was not a little surprised when the man said to him:

"Sir, you may have good reasons for passing yourself as Mr. McGregor—that's no business of mine. I have not to identify you. Whether your name be John, or James, I don't care a straw; but I know," said he, with a knowing wink, "that you are really Mr. Charles Fitzgerald, an officer in the English army, and related to Sir George Rooke. Well, sir, what do you say to this?" he continued, after a pause, and gazing at the young man triumphantly.

Suffering as he did from his severe confinement, Charles did not think he could endanger his position by confessing his real name. He answered unhesitatingly:

"What, if after all, I were really the person you allude to—what good would it do you?"

"Oh, immense good, sir!" returned the turnkey, in a misterious voice. "Whisper—I have received a sum of money to facilitate your escape; but, do you see, as I might be shot if at all suspected, I agreed to be an accomplice in this affair, merely as little as I could, to get the reward. Here, sir, is a key," said he, taking from his pocket a small file; "with this you can file one of the bars. Faith, it's no easy job."

And he pointed to the narrow aperture which the light penetrated. It was a sort of bow window, built between the cordon which outwardly capped the dungeon, and the rough stone ledges forming the battlement pillars.

"Methinks, sir, you'll be obliged to file two bars, else you'll never get thro."

"Oh, never fear, I'll manage it."

"And then you must do it so as to be able to tie your rope."

"Where is the rope?"

"Here it is," said the goaler, handing to him the end of a knotted rope. "It has been made of linen, so that it may be thought you made it yourself. When you get to the last knot, let yourself down gently, and the rest is in your own hands. Ten to one but you'll get in the vicinity of the fort, where a carriage and friends will be awaiting you. I need not warn you that there's a sentry below the tower to the right of your cell. Be sure you choose a dark night, and stay until the sestinel has been relieved at least an hour, then there's a chance of his dozing; otherwise you run the risk of being fired at. But——"

"That will do man. You may be sure I won't die in this horrid country," interrupted Charles.

"Why, who knows but you might?" returned the gaoler, in a silly tone.

Our prisoner did not heed these words, which he thought the unintentional observation of a stupid fellow. The hope of soon recovering his liberty so gladdened his heart that, having got possession of that which he most needed—the file and the rope—he little cared about what the man said.

He at once set to work, and at dusk had almost completed the filing of the two bars. Fearing a visit from the Governor, he concealed his work by filling up the marks made by the file with bread rolled in rust, so as to give it the color of iron; and, having put his rope in a safe place, he watched the first favorable night, with that feverish impatience and inward agitation which render so poetical the life of a prisoner.

At last, on a gloomy autumn night, having severed the requisite part of the two bars, and strongly fastened his cord, he stooped out of the window and rested himself on the stone pillar, one hand clasping the piece of the bar remaining. In this position he awaited the time when all was buried in repose and darkness, and when, in all probability the soldiers slumbered. Knowing the duration of the sentinel's duty, the time of patrol, and all those things which must needs be observed by prisoners, he watched for the moment when the next sentry would have accomplished the second hour of his watch, and retired to the watch tower to shelter from the dense fog; then, feeling confident that he could reckon on every good chance for his flight, Charles Fitzgerald began to descend knot by knot, suspended between earth and sky, but grasping the rope with herculean strength. He had succeeded so far as to reach the last knot but one. His whole body was then in an awful perspiration, and his mind the prey of a dreadful anxiety; this was indeed one of those instances when life hangs but by a thread. He was now on the point of losing his hold of the rope, and springing down, trusting in his good star, when happily he let fall his hat. He listened for the noise which its fall would naturally occasion, but he heard nothing. A frightful suspicion shot through his mind. He began to think that a fiendish snare had been laid for him—but to what purpose? Who could have an interest in his death? He could well surmise that some friendly hand had worked for his deliverance, but could not imagine he had made an enemy in Gibraltar. The governor was the only man whom Charles had held any intercourse, and when the dreadful change took place in his condition, he had not even once suspected that the Spaniard was indulging his revengeful spirit.—To the benevolent government of Spain he had attributed this cruel treatment.

Meanwhile, his mind floated in terrible indecision; he felt almost disposed to adjourn the enterprise to another night. However, he resolved to wait for the dim reflections of twilight—a time, perhaps, not altegether unpropitious. Owing to his prodigious muscular strength, he re-ascended to his prison by means of the rope, but was utterly exhausted when he reached the battlement, whereupon he sat watching, as a cat on a water-spout.

By the faint light of dawn he perceived that between the last knot of the rope and the pointed rocks of the precipice, there lay the trifling distance of at least a hundred and fifty feet!

"Much obliged to you, governor!" exclaimed Fitzgerald, with a *sang-froid* for which he was remarkable.

After some minutes given to meditation, he deemed it necessary to re-enter his cell, and instantly began to execute the bold and dreadful plan he had conceived. He stripped himself of some of his clothes, which he placed on his bed, left his rope hanging outside, so as to make it appear certain that he had found his death in attempting to fly; then, quietly crouched behind the door, his hand armed with one of the severed bars, he watched the arrival of the treacherous gaoler.

The man came even earlier than was customary, as he was to inherit the effects of the supposed dead prisoner. Charles heard him whistling a merry air whilst he unbolted the door.—As soon as he had advanced within reach, the prisoner aimed at his head a tremendous blow of his weapon, which caused the wretch to fall, as a heavy mass, without uttering one shriek. The stroke had fractured the skull and extinguished life.

Without losing a minute, the officer undressed the dead man, put on his clothes, and, imitating his deportment, quietly walked out through the chief gate—thanks to the early hour and the trustful spirit of the sentinels.

Thus did the courageous young man recover his liberty. He at once repaired to his friends in the town, who concealed him until nightfall, when a boat was provided, by means of which he safely reached, on the following evening, one of the vessels of the confederate fleet. He was received with marks of deep interest. The information he had been able to gather from the lips of his friends, and also from his personal observation, he transmitted verbally to Sir Jonn Rooke, who congratulated him on his miraculous escape, and afforded him the opportunity of distinguishing himself during the siege laid a few days afterwards to Gibraltar—that glorious achievement which was to deprive Spain of this, until then, impregnable stronghold.

As soon as victory had crowned the efforts of the besiegers, Fitzgerald made inquiries about the fate of the beautiful Andalusian.

Her guardian had lost his life in the struggle, and she was now free, but without protection, for Senor Cordova was the sole relative left to her.

She joyfully greeted the return of the young man whose dear remembrance had remained engraven on her heart. A more intimate acquaintance convinced them (easily enough, indeed) that they both possessed such qualities as would insure mutual happiness.

Having procured the consent of his family, our young lover led to the altar his dark-eyed bride, and both enjoyed years of uninterrupted felicity, of which, in every respect, they were and remained worthy.

Reply of Daniel Webster.—We copy from the Louisville *Courier* the following extract from the letter of Mr. Webster to the citizens of Boston, who had invited him to address them at Faneul Hall. God grant that his prediction in regard to our future destiny may prove true:

But the newspapers of this afternoon inform me that the Board of Aldermen have refused your request for the use of Faniuel Hall. I care nothing for this personally, except that it deprives me of the gratification of seeing you; although, if I supposed that the general voice of the people of Boston approved this proceeding, it would, I confess, cause me the deepest regret. The resolution denying you the Hall, has been adopted, if I mistake not, by the same Board which has practically refused to join with the other branch of the city government in offering the hospitalities of the city to President Fillmore.

Gentlemen, for nearly thirty years I have been in the service of the country, by the choice of the people of Boston, and the appointment of the Legislature of Massachusetts. My public conduct, through the whole of that long period, is not unknown, and I cheerfully leave it to the judgment of the country, now and hereafter.

Since the commencement of March last year, I have done something and hazarded much, to uphold the Constitution of the United States, and to maintain interests of the most vital importance to the citizens of Boston. And I shall do more, and hazard more, whenever, in my judgment, it becomes necessary that more be done, or more be hazarded. I shall perform, with unflinching perseverance, and to the end, MY DUTY TO MY WHOLE COUNTRY, nor do I, in the slightest degree, fear the result. Folly and fanaticism may have their hour. They may not only affect the minds of individuals, but they may also seize on public bodies, of greater or less dignity. But their reign is destined to be short, even where, for the moment it seems most triumphant. We, of Massachusetts, are not doomed to a course of political conduct, such as would reproach our ancestors, destroy our own prosperity, and expose us to the derision of the civilized world. No such future is before us. Far otherwise.—Patriotism, the union of good men, fidelity to the Constitution in all its provisions, and that intelligence which has hitherto enabled the people of this State to discern and appreciate their own political blessings, as well as what is due to their own history and character, will bring them back to their accustomed feelings of love of country, and of respect and veneration for its institutions.

I am, gentlemen, with the most sincere regard, your obliged friend, and very obedient servant.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

☞ Leaving to other people our share of curiosity as to the author of "Tailor and Poet," we should like to know the perpetrator of now and then a joke that goes the rounds of the newspapers. Genius is the most promiscuous of things sought for, and is found in quack advertisements and negro wit, as often as in patented inventions and publications of gilt edge. There is a sort of unlabelled genius which is wholly incapable of being turned to any profit, but which now and then starts out from an unsuspected quarter, and takes probability by the beard with a delicious intrepidity. This morning's paper has an instance, which tells of "a soldier who about one hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he made was, '*It is ex*——.' He then froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1840, some French physicians found him, after having lain frozen one hundred and fifty years. They gradually thawed him.—Upon animation being restored, he concluded his sentence with '*exceedingly cold.*'"—[Ex.

The True Life.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, to turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper and turn thought into trade, this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth vibrates through the heart, the tears freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death that startles us with mystery, the hardship that forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our mutual being.

Everything down east is named "Jenny Lind," from a shoe string to a public house.

Fiction and Science.

One thing is certain,—If men love fiction, they can love science better. Men love fiction because they love wonder and excitement; but nothing is more true than that truth is more wonderful than fiction.—No invention of imagination is so exciting as the revelations of science, provided only that the faculties which comprehend the latter are as much developed as those which comprehend the former. Amid the marvels science is yet to unfold, the wonders of Aladdin's Lamp will lose their splendor; and posterity will look back upon those whose imagination could be satisfied with the Arabian Nights, or stories of Fairy land, with as much pity as we look upon the savages whose highest idea of regal adornment can be satisfied with beads of glass, and jewelry of tin. The tricks of the juggler, the craft of the sorcerer and magician, will die out; for the lovers of wonder will seek for the exhilarations of novelty and amusement in the laboratory of the chemist and in the lecture-room of the philosopher, whose nature, inspired by God, works miracles with fire and water, with attraction and repulsion, with light and lightning—at once kindling devotion & dispensing knowledge. Here are opportunities where the young man may build himself up; day by day, into the likeness of the great universe in which he dwells, imitating its beauty and aspiring to its mortal heights as well as expanding his knowledge of its physical amplitude.

Effects of Waltzing.—A very imaginative young gentleman thus describes the effect of his waltz:

"At the first start, I thought I was going to heaven on a band of music. For the next five minutes I appeared to be swimming in a sea of rose leaves, with a blue angel. This soon vanished to a dilirium of peacock feathers, in which my brain got so mixed with low-necked frocks, musk and melody, that I have fed on flutes ever since."

O, *dear!*

☞ The last advices from Cuba represent the Captain-General and Spanish residents as in the greatest terror, anticipating a new expedition and a revolt in the Island. The firing of the cannon of one of the Spanish war steamers, of the coast, for practice, created the most ludicrous alarm, and bodies of troops were instantly marched in the direction of the firing. As our correspondent remarks, Concha and the Spanish are continually boasting of their preparations, and inviting "*los piratas*" to come if they dare; yet they shake with fear at the very thought of their coming. We only wonder at the simplicity of our American journals echoing the coward boasts of the Spanish. If the Spanish authorities were confident of the loyalty of the people, and the own preparedness to overwhelm an expedition, they would not tremble like a boy shut up for a flogging.—N. Y. Sun.

☞ Women lately have taken a notion to sign their names with their husband's title prefixed, as for instance, Mrs. *President* Fillmore, &c.—But the tallest specimen we have yet seen, was the announcement in a Boston paper, that Mrs. *City Marshal* Shedd had attended a ball in Lowell.

☞ If you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

A Clock for Sixty Cents.—Mr. Chauncey Jerome, of New Haven, Conn., has actually made a timepiece which he will warrant to keep good reckoning, and which he sells for sixty cents at wholesale, and one dollar retail. The works are all of brass. He makes upwards of eight hundred a day of these articles.

☞ Fifteen hundred men are levelling the high lands back of Cincinnati for the improvement of the city.

☞ One hundred and thirty children are in the Orphan Asylum at Cincinnati.

☞ Ladies sleeves are now made so tight as to prevent the dear creatures from laughing in them.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested, that the undersigned has obtained of the county court for Pike county, Missouri, letters of administration of the goods unadministered of the estate of Henry T. Kent, deceased, lately in charge of Thomas J. C. Fagg, bearing date February 8th, 1851. All persons having claims against said estate are therefore notified to present them for allowance, and that unless they be exhibited within three years from the date of the letters of administration heretofore granted to said Fagg, they will be forever barred.

JEREMIAH ROBERTS, Adm'r.

March 17th 1851—3w.