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(FOR THE BANNER.)

THE TENDENCY OF THE AGE TO DEMOCRACY.

In contemplating the past history of man—in studying the authors who were contemporaneous with the different periods of civilization, and then descending to modern times and making a comparison, we are forcibly struck with the continually onward and upward march of civilization. How bright, how captivating, and how glorious the fact, that the world is continually progressing, and that, amidst all the changes and turmoil of the world, society never suffers a retrogression. Victory, victory marks the campaign of genius—the war of mind, of morals, and of intellect. Both reason and history establish the truth of the perpetual expansion—youth and advancement of the human race: indeed it seems the favorite theme of prophetic inspiration—the burthen of the old dispensation and the glory of the new.

With how much wonder and astonishment—with how much pleasure and satisfaction, and with what glorious and sublime emotions do we contemplate the rapid, the luxuriant growth of science, philosophy, and religion—those great agents in the work of civilization, and the consequent wonderful intellectual and moral progress of the world. But if civilization advance with the same rapid strides which have marked its onward progress for the last quarter of a century, what will be the changes both social and political, ultimately effected on our globe? Where is the nerve strong enough to contemplate them! Where is the mind comprehensive enough to grasp the subject? and who can look into the future without dizziness? May we not hope without being too sanguine—that the dawn of that age is not far in the future, when the blessings of knowledge, liberty and happiness, will be enjoyed in nearly equal degrees, by all classes of men, when the combined influence of science, philosophy, religion, and of free government, will have fitted and prepared the downtrodden of every nation, for the enjoyment of the fullest and broadest liberty of thought and action—when the entire world shall be enfranchised—when christianity shall spread abroad its wings over the earth and embosom the whole human race within the ample grasp of one harmonious and universal family; and when "men shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn the art of war any more."

The ultimate position and power of these United States, since the adoption of our federal constitutional government, has been a problem both with philosophers and political economist. Two of the strong exciting causes to this species of speculation are, first—to discover the effect of the freest institutions mankind have ever adopted, on the happiness and prosperity of the people, under their influence; and second, to mark the influence which the example of a great republican government, prosperous and happy at home; influential and powerful abroad, exerts over the political destinies of the world. Although near two thirds of a century has failed to solve these problems, beyond a contingency, yet it has furnished us with some great foreshadowings of the ultimate result. Those especially which relate to physical growth and power may be regarded as leading to certainty of result.

From the time the ancestors of the Anglo-American people planted the tree of democratic liberty, which struck its roots deep in this great continent, and proclaimed to the oppressed and ensla-

ved people of the old world the rights of man. The continent of Europe—the whole of christendom—the world itself, has never ceased to be agitated and convulsed under the operation of two great antagonistic principles of government—the republican on the one hand, and the monarchical on the other. The independent nations of this continent, and with the fondest pride I behold these United States at the head of the list—are the glory of the age. The example of free America; the general diffusion of knowledge, and the great spread of christianity, are exerting as well a separate as a combined influence upon mankind, which is discovering to them, both singly and collectively their natural rights and true power. Although civilization is still in its infancy, it is perceptible that the people, taken individually, are more intelligent, more wise, and more virtuous than in any previous age. In Europe, as well as in America, the masses begin to realize their true position and power. Every man begins to feel that he is an individual—a complete man—a law unto himself. Democracy is beginning to be the doctrine of all parties, political, social, and religious. They begin to see the force of the adverse language, held by the modern state, when compared with the ancient. "Man," say the ancient societies, "was made for the state, now the state is made for the man." Whereas, under the ancient state, literature, science, art—nay, religion itself, were encouraged, only as they subserved the purposes of a few, and strengthened their control over the many.—Now they are encouraged, and only so far as they tend to ameliorate and improve the condition of universal humanity. It requires no very great political forecast to perceive that the future is fraught with mighty events; that a great and important crisis in the destiny of the human race, and civilized government is rapidly advancing; and that ere long, some towering revolutionary wave, will sweep over the field of this world's politics, tearing down thrones in its course, and sweeping nasties from the face of the earth. Does not nature teach us, that a single spark of pure enlightened democratic liberty is sufficient to explode a whole atmosphere of foul European despotism!

Whilst the unfettered pulsations of the bounding heart of America, are shaking to its centre the foundations of arbitrary power, causing monarchs to tremble on their thrones; the advocates of these bolstered establishments, are ever vigilant in their endeavors to counteract and disparage democracy, by casting approbium upon free government. To be convinced of this, and of the jealousy with which we regarded, we have only to read the emanations of the whole British press for the last few years. If we review past history, some half century ago, we behold on one hand, the French nation advocating the cause of popular liberty—discussing on the sovereignty of the people, and strongly questioning "the divine right," and on the other, we behold kings on their thrones, and ministers in their palaces, seized with a general consternation at the enormity, and all Europe rising up in arms, as one nation, and putting *la Jeune France* in Coventry for her democracy "The extinction of the revolutionary principles of the French Republic," says the faithful historian, "the stoppage of the doctrine that national sovereignty resides in the people, by which the French democracy was shaking all the thrones, and endangering all the institutions and liberties of Europe, was the real cause of the war."

The position of the different powers of

Europe, as well as America, is truly gratifying to the political reformer, and to all true philanthropists. If we regard for a moment the position of the monarchies of Europe, it becomes evident that democracy, even there, is gaining the ascendant. We perceive that in most of the countries of Europe the real rulers are men sprung from the body of the people, who have carved out their own fortunes, and by force of talent alone, have raised themselves to distinction. The destinies of England have for years been wielded by the great commoner. Sir ROBERT PEELE, the son of a mechanic. M. GUIZOT, a man of humble extraction—a man of yesterday, holds the "balance" of the destinies of the French nation. The peace of the Austrian dominions seems to hang on the very life of METERNICH, another man of the people. Thus we see, that whilst old and enlightened, and self-satisfied Europe, is affecting a disdain for *young America*, having more of jealousy in it than any thing else, their crowned heads are compelled, through their inability to manage their respective countries, to select their proxies, not from among the nobility, but from among the people, a tacit acknowledgement of the superiority of the democratic system.

In conclusion, what are we to say of the result of all this? Why, that the final great conflict between those two adverse principles of government, to which we have alluded, is near at hand; and that monarchy will soon read, over against the world's great candlestick, on the ferment of heaven the handwriting "*Mene, mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*"

DEMOCRAT.

Cokesbury, July 4, 1846.

From the Matamoras Flag. MONTEREY.

As the army of occupation has commenced its advance upon the interior of Mexico, by pursuing the Rio Grande up as high as Camargo, both by land and water, and as this will be the place where a permanent depot will be established, and from which the advancing army will leave the Rio Grande when it takes up its general march upon Monterey, it will naturally hold a conspicuous place in the estimation of the American people. Camargo is situated immediately upon the banks of the San Juan river, three miles from its junction with the Rio Grande. It is a small, rudely constructed village, with some few stone buildings many built of mud bricks, dried in the sun, some constructed by driving stakes into the ground, and then plastering them with mud, and others formed of cane and plastered in like manner. The number of inhabitants will not exceed two thousand but as the Mexican government has never thought her population worthy of enumeration, no positive statement can be made of the population of any of her towns. The late extraordinary rise of the Rio Grande has caused the San Juan to back up and literally inundate Camargo, to the great damage of houses and other property; also to the sacrifice of several lives.

Camargo may be considered the head of navigation, as above here the bed of the river is so filled up with rocks that its navigation higher up has never been attempted. The road upon leaving Camargo and crossing the San Juan, becomes higher, and less obstructed by swampy grounds, and it then becomes an important inquiry what other obstacles may present themselves in the distance between this place and Monterey, which is two hundred and ten miles. The road passes through a level country, thickly set with a small underwood, the largest timber being ebony and the musquito, neither of which grow to the height of 12 or 15 feet, and 12 to 14 inches in diameter. So dense is this undergrowth, armies of 10,000 men each might march for half a day within a mile of each other, without the vicinity of the one to the other being known.

The literal meaning of Monterey is the King's Woods, but to those who have been raised in a heavily timbered

country, it would seem more appropriate to call it a grove of brush. It is a common saying with Texans who have travelled through this forest, that "its so d—d thick you can't shove a bowie knife into it." And what may appear somewhat singular, every bush and shrub is armed with thorns, curved in the shape of fish hooks, and the hold they take upon the clothes and skin of travellers is not easily shaken off, as the packets of the soldiery will testify to before they reach Monterey.

The whole distance is well watered from August until March, plenty of wood, reasonable pasture, many herds of cattle, numerous flocks of sheep and goats, now and then a small village—which all have the appearance of decay. Scattered along the road miserable huts, singularly picturesque from their original construction, not quite equal to rail pen stables, built in the backwoods of Arkansas and Texas for scrub ponies. Yet, nature in her mighty formations, has formed some positions on this road, which if taken advantage of, would a second Thermopylae to those who might have the temerity to tread these formidable passes. The American army will no doubt look ahead before entering these dangerous and shady pavilions. The mazes of the labyrinth are beautifully pictured out by meandering paths and conflicting cross roads, leading to some farmers hut, some watering place, or the wily lure of some Mexican bandit.

When in fifteen leagues of Monterey the village of Caiderete presents itself, enjoying the mostly lovely situation, standing upon a perfectly level plain, surrounded with green groves, presenting everlasting summer; the fields blessed with natural fertility. The beholder involuntarily exclaims: why should a Mexican toil or labor?

It is not indispensable that the army should pass through Caiderete, as there are other roads by which Monterey can be approached, but we mention this route as supplies can be obtained in Caiderete, and the direction is nearest a straight line. Immediately upon leaving this place you enter again those shady, winding pavilions, and continue in them until within sight of Monterey. Many little streams and rivulets intersect the road, and some muddy lanes, which at times become impassable, so that the army will be fortunate if able to proceed in files of six deep; but, as the near vicinity of Monterey is somewhat opened, owing to the many fields, a small digression might be made to the right, and intersect the road that comes from the mouth of *el Canon de Salinas*, it being the most open road of the two. The creek that washes the south east side of Monterey runs between those two roads, the fields forming a border on either side. The road that leads from Caiderete, when within a mile of Monterey, has the appearance of a village, the houses being so numerous. Passing through this seeming village, and arriving upon the bank of the creek, you have Monterey in view on the opposite side, presenting a very handsome appearance. The city is regularly laid out, the streets, avenues and squares are shaded with numerous fruit and other trees, and the houses generally exhibiting much taste and regularity to their construction. The city is well watered, and every thing about it strikes the beholder as grand and beautiful. A passing view of the city would convey the idea of a large population, but a close inspection will show its large, castle like edifices, sometimes occupying a whole square, sheltering but the members and servants of a single family; therefore from observation, we should not give the city a population of more than 6000 souls, and it is doubtful whether it is even so great.

Cast the eye beyond Monterey, and the sublime presents itself in lofty, up-reared pyramids of adamantine stone, tinged with a crimson red, where the creeping vine cannot be found, and where the cedar and pine,—children of the Alpine heights,—have never dared to rear their heads—the sides and summits of these vast mountains presenting nothing to view but the bare and glistening stone; but in whose bosom lie concealed shining beds of purest silver, and sparkling veins of virgin gold.

north-east. Upon one of these commanding positions, the devoted people endeavored to raise a temple or dwelling for their bishop, but their zeal was greater than their means, and the structure remains unfinished. If the Mexicans could withstand the death dealing havoc of an American charge, here might they plant the colors of their unfortunate country, and reap some of the laurels awarded to Leonidas, or perhaps faintly portray in miniature the dazzling chivalry of those devoted heroes who fell battling upon the ramparts of the ever-to-be-remembered Alamo.

The main road passes through the principal street of the city from north to south, and as you leave the last houses, the road begins to ascend, and passes along at the foot of many of those table mounds. The river runs upon the east side of the town, the houses extending down to its very margin. Upon the west side, rise perpendicular mountains, one mile in height.

From the Charleston Courier. LETTER FROM GOV. BUTLER.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 25, 1856.

184

Brother Officers and Fellow Soldiers:
Whilst absent from home, (and my native State will always inspire feelings associated with that endearing word,) and when I could not have hoped for such a compliment, you have been pleased to confer on me the highest distinction of my life. In electing me to the command of the Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, raised under the late requisition of the President of the U. S., you have manifested a confidence, of all others, the most gratifying to my feelings. You are willing to trust me as your commander amidst the perils of war. I will not, in words, attempt to express my gratitude; you can appreciate my feelings. I have many inducements to enter into pursuits of more immediate pecuniary interest, but I would be a traitor to my feelings, if I were to hesitate in accepting the office that you have conferred upon me.

I have officially announced my acceptance of it to the Governor of South Carolina. Let us make no promises. As officers and soldiers, we shall occupy different relations from what we did when we were fellow-citizens, and shall have different duties to perform. I feel confident that the defects of the officer will be supplied by the gallantry of his men. Let us realize that we are called on to do our duty to our common country, under a banner whose stars and stripes will indicate its power; and let us not forget, on any occasion, that we are bound to uphold the ancient honor of our own State. Our duty as soldiers will require us to sustain the one, and our pride and love of reputation, will inspire us with resolution to maintain the other.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. M. BUTLER.

*To the Officers and Soldiers of the
So. Ca. Regiment of Volunteers:*
P. S.—Whilst I am in Washington, I will confer with the President and Secretary of War, as to the probable time that the Regiment may be called into service, and will take such measures as the occasion may require. P.M.B.

"I can't," has ruined many a man—has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hope. Let "I will try" be your motto in whatever you undertake, and, if you press onward, you will steadily and surely accomplish your object, and come off victorious. Try, keep trying, if you would prosper in the world.

A bashful wooer, not long since, wishing to pop the question, did it in the following singular manner:—Taking up the young lady's cat, he said, "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady, who said, "Say yes, pussy."

HONORARY.—The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. William M. Wightman, editor of the Southern Christian Advocate, and the Rev. Edmond W. Schon, of Cincinnati, at the late commencement at Randolph Macon College.