

The Radical.

"OUR COUNTRY AND OUR COUNTRY'S WEAL."

BY I. ADAMS.]

BOWLING GREEN, PIKE COUNTY, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1849.

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[From the U. S. Gazette.]

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

BY JOHN Q. ADAMS.

I.
Sure, in the mansions of the blest,
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel brighter than the rest,
The spotless spirit's flight attends.

II.
On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll,
'Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.

III.
There, at the Almighty Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
The choirs of infant seraphs stand,
And dazzling shine, where all are bright.

IV.
That unextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam,
The more it lingers upon earth.

V.
Closed in this dark shade of clay,
The stream of glory faintly burns,
Nor unobscured the lucid ray
To its own native font returns.

VI.
But when the Lord of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death,
Which speeds an infant to the tomb,—

VII.
No passion fierce, no low desire
Has quenched the radiance of the flame;
Back to its God, the living fire
Returns, unquelled, as it came.

RICH AND POOR.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor;
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food
And needful rest debarred.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness,
They sleep on silk and down;
And never think how heavily
The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal,
With small pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground.

They never by the window lean,
And see the gay pass by—
Then take their weary task again,
But with a sadder eye.

ANOTHER CASUALTY.—It is but a few days since we recorded the deaths of three men in Crawford county, occasioned by descending into a well filled with carbonic acid gas. We have to mention the loss of life of two more individuals from the same cause in this city. Their names were Foster and Davis.—When we understand, by birth. One of them went into a well at the Buckeye House this morning, when, finding respiration difficult, he called for help, and his companion going to his assistance, both perished. It is astonishing, when the means of ascertaining the existence of *damps* in wells are so easy, as also the mode of purifying them, that people will persist in exposing themselves to such fearful hazards without first examining whether danger is to be apprehended or not.—[Ohio State Jour.]

The Young Soldier of 1776.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Among the youthful, but bold and fearless asserters of American rights, during this period, (the American Revolution) was a young man, (or rather we should call him a boy) by the name of Arthur Stuart. He had entered the army of the Revolution at the early age of fifteen. He was born and reared in the good old Bay State, (a State worthy to claim such a boy.) He had manifested, very early in life, a fearless and war-like disposition. He accordingly joined a company of volunteers, during the disastrous period of 1776 and 77, and was a greater part of the Revolutionary war, a soldier of that division of the American army, which was under the command of General Putnam. Captain Whetherby commanded the company to which he belonged. The Captain well understood the warlike merits of the stripling; but he was not personally known to General Putnam, as, indeed, it would have been mere luck and chance if he had been. He had already signaled himself in one or two hard fought battles, and but for his extreme youth would at the time of which we are about to speak, have been promoted to the rank of ensign or lieutenant. The incidents of the following story occurred just upon the eve of the battle of ———.

The British army was lying encamped within less than two miles of the Americans. The two armies had been watching each other's movements for several days, without coming to a general engagement. At length, on the eve of the 22d of ———, the Americans and British were making the necessary preparations for the night's rest, expecting on the morrow to try the precarious fortunes of a general fight. The captains of the several American companies were busily employed in choosing sentinels who were to stand guard during the night. Captain Whetherby had already selected from his own company, (we think by lot) all his quota of men except one. He was anxiously engaged in making out the full number, when, (as good fortune or bad would have it, we don't know which) General Putnam passed that way. As he approached, the Captain was in the act of calling out from the ranks, Arthur Stuart, a *beardless boy*, to act the part of sentinel that night. The general with mingled emotions of surprise and contempt, steps up to the Captain, and taking him a little one side, says "Captain Whetherby, what is the meaning of this? Are you so thoughtless and imprudent as to take this stripling for a sentinel? A boy who has just left his leading strings, to discharge the responsible duties of a *soldier*? You know that the British army is almost within musket-shot of the American lines! Are we not in imminent danger of being surprised this night in our camp, or at least of having British spies sent here to reconnoitre us in our sleep? I beg of you to look a little to this matter."

"Your tears are entirely groundless," said Captain Whetherby; "I know the boy; I would be willing to sleep under the very guns of a British battery with Arthur Stuart for a sentinel! There's not another soldier in my company that I would choose sooner than I would him, either for a sentinel or any thing else. I warrant you he will do good service to-night."

"Do as you please, then," said the General; "I have confidence in you; and he turned upon his heel, and left the Captain. It so happened that this conversation, tho' intended to be carried on one side, was overheard by the company, particularly by Stuart. We don't know how it is, but there is an unaccountable sensibility in the organ of hearing, when we suspect that we ourselves are the subject of remark especially of animadversion.

"I'll come up with you for this, old General," said Stuart, as he listened with breathless anxiety and anger, to hear what was coming next. "You'll find I'm not the cabbage stump you take me to be," muttered Arthur to himself, his eye all the while snapping with scorn and fury. "I'm a boy, it's true; but old Put. may know before he dies, that boys don't always work at boys' play."

Stuart had taken his post as sentinel during the former part of the night. It so happened that General Putnam had occasion during this period to pass outside the lines. On his way out he did not encounter Arthur Stuart, but another sentinel, who,

ascertaining it was 'the General' immediately allowed him to pass. After being absent a short time, he made towards the lines, as though he intended to return. In coming in he unfortunately encountered Arthur Stuart.

"Who goes there? says the sentinel.

"General Putnam," was the reply.

"We know no General Putnam here," says the sentinel.

"But I am General Putnam," by this time growing somewhat earnest.

"Give me the countersign," says Stuart.

It so happened that the officers of the army had only a day or two previous, adopted a new countersign, and the General had somehow unaccountably forgotten what it was, or at least could not in this moment of his extremity call it to mind:—"I have forgotten it!" was the reply.

"This is a pretty story from the lips of General Putnam. You are a British officer sent over here as a spy," returned Stuart, well knowing who he was, for the moon was shining in her full strength, and revealed to him the well-known features of General Putnam; but he held the staff in his hand, and he meant for once to use it.

"I warrant you that I am not," said the General, and he made a motion as though he would pass on.

"Pass that line, sir, and you are a dead man," uttered Stuart, at the same time cocking his gun. The General continued to pass on. "Stop where you are, or I will make you stop," said the sentinel. The General disregarded him as before.

Hastily drawing up his gun, and taking a somewhat deliberate aim, he snuffed; but the gun, from some unaccountable reason or other, refused to discharge its contents.

"Hold, hold!" said the General.

"I do hold," says Stuart. "The gun holds its charge better than I meant to have it; immediately priming his gun for another encounter."

"You are not priming that gun for me," said the General.

"That depends entirely on circumstances."

"I warn you once more not to pass the lines."

"But I am your General," said Putnam.

"I deny it, said the young man, 'unless you give me the countersign.'"

Here the General was balked.—He strove with all his might to recall the word, but in vain.

"By," said he, "do you not know me? I am General Putnam."

A British officer, more like; if you are General Putnam as you say, why don't you give me the countersign? So sure as I'm my mother's son, if you attempt to pass the lines without giving me the countersign, I'll make cold meat of you. I am a sentinel; I know my duty though there be some people in the world marvellously inclined to question it."

At this the General finding further parley useless, desisted, and the boy, very deliberately shouldering his gun, began with a great deal of assumed haughtiness, to pace the ground as before. Here was the redoubtable Gen. Putnam, the hero of a hundred battles, kept at bay by a stripling of seventeen.—This, if we mistake not, would have formed a good subject for a painter's pencil.

Putnam finding that the boy was in earnest (for he had just had an alarming proof of it) durst not for his life proceed a step further. He waited until Stuart was relieved from his post by a new sentinel, who finding that he was in truth General Putnam, allowed him to pass without the countersign. But the General's feelings were terribly excited; He knew in his inmost soul that the boy had done nothing but his duty; still he felt he had been most egregiously insulted. Had Stuart permitted him to pass without the countersign, and he had proved to be a British officer, the boy, according to the rules of war would have been shot for his pains. This was the manner in which Putnam's intellect reasoned, but his feelings by no means coincided with his reason.

It's a terrible warfare when a man's feelings thus come to an open rupture with his sound judgment, and such cases are by no means rare.

Putnam threatened, on returning to his quarters, to severely punish the boy; but after a night's rest over the subject, he felt somewhat differently about it. A sense of honor and justice returned, and calling the boy to him on the morrow he said—

"You are the young man that stood sentinel at ———," naming the place.

"I was," replied Stuart.

"Did you know the man who encountered you there last night?"

"I suspected who he might be," returned the boy.

"Why did you not let him pass?"

"I should have forfeited the character of a sentinel had I done it," said the boy.

"That's right," said the General; "you did just as I would have done myself, had I been in your place.—We have nothing to fear from the British, or any other enemy, with such sentinels as you are; and taking a piece of gold from his pocket, he presented it to the boy, at the same time charging him never to forfeit the character which he had already acquired.—Shortly after this he was promoted to the rank of ensign."

NOVEL READING.—The following beautiful extract is from the last Boston Quarterly Review. It is part of the preface of Mr. Brownson's review of Zanolini:

It is never good to excite the mind or the heart overmuch, save when it can find immediate vent in actions which concern real life. A confirmed novel reader is always morbid; on some sides preternaturally sensitive, on others preternaturally callous; capable it may be of talking much fine sentiment, but wanting in that spiritual strength, in that moral robustness, which is equal to the performance of a useful but difficult part in real life. The less fine sentiment we have on our lips, the more genuine feeling we shall have in our hearts; and the more noble and generous acts shall we perform. He who stops to sentimentalize about poverty, will be the last to throw his cloak over theattered garment of the beggar.

This is no doubt all very unquoted, and stog their old-fashioned. But we hope our young friends, seated on rich ottomans, or reclining on silk cushions, with the last new novel still moist from the press, will forgive this our antediluvianism. It is with no vinegar visage, nor petistic cant, that we tell them to throw that novel aside, to rouse themselves from their indolence, and go forth and devote the sensibilities of their hearts, the richness of their fancies, and the creativeness of their imaginations, to the great and noble work of relieving actual distress, and of upbuilding the cause of truth and righteousness on earth. O, my young friends, there is not such an overplus of generous sentiment of warm and noble feeling, in this cold wintry world of ours, that you have any to waste over a Paul Clifford or a Jack Shepherd. No; go forth into real life, and let your sensibilities flow out for the actually poor and wretched; let the tear, so lovely in the eye of beauty, start at no fictitious weep. That poor mother, by her dying boy in that miserable hotel, needs it; if she poor children, ragged, incumbered with filth, growing up to fill your penitentiaries, need it; the wrongs and outrages that are every where inflicting on man, should call it forth. Throw away the last new novel; go with me through these dark lanes, blind courts, into these damp cellars, unfurnished garrets, where poverty, vice, and crime, are crowded together, layer upon layer, where breeds the corruption that pollutes our whole moral atmosphere. Here my friends is a volume that may excite you; here is a work which you may read. Forget your luxury; forget your luxurious ease; blush for your repinings, your sentimental whimperings, your vapors and indignation; and remember that you are men and women, and that it is your business to make this earth a paradise, and every human heart a nest temple for the living God. Decidedly my young friends, you have no occasion to seek excitement in Jack Shepherd or in Ernest Miltreavers; decidedly, you have no time to kill between dinner and the hour to dress for the evening meeting, the theatre or the assembly. No; you have duties, high and solemn duties, and no fine sentiment, no ability to talk sweetly and pathetically of the last new novel will weigh one feather in your favor, if you are not true to duty in earnest to silence the groans of this neither world, and to deliver the whole creation into the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

When you go by your neighbor's window, be sure to look in. You may find out what they have for dinner.

QUITE AGREEABLE.—Some one has said that a man should never enter into argument with a lady, unless he is willing to give up all points she advanced—that is, if the lady persisted; for, said another wise head, no truly gallant man would presume to question, doubt, impugn, or flatly contradict a lady, though he was confident she was in error. Possibly no one would—but it proves nothing very flattering to the character of a man to allow a female to walk in ignorant triumph of her powers, while he with whom she has been conversing knows full well she is wrong in every thing. This idea has engaged the attention of some scrutinizing editor, who takes up the subject in a playful mood, and closes a very satirical article with the following satirical observation:—"In spinning yarns and silks a man is sure to be worsted—he is also sure to get twisted, and is in danger of getting doubled, and when a man is doubled and twisted he can be easily wound up."

Here is a beautiful thing from the pen of Mrs. Cornwall Barry Wilson:

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.—"Please my lady, buy a nosegay, or bestow a trifle," was the address of a pale, emaciated looking woman, holding a few withered flowers in her hand, to a lady who sat on the beach at Brighton, watching the blue waves of the receding tide. "I have no half-pence, my good woman," said the lady, looking up from the novel she was perusing with a listless gaze; if I had, I would give them to you."

"I am a poor widow, with three helpless children depending on me; would you bestow a small trifle to help us on our way?" "I have told you that I had no half-pence," reiterated the lady, somewhat pettishly. "Really," she added as the poor applicant turned meekly away, "this is worse than the streets of London; they should have a police stationed on the shore to prevent such annoyance." Such were the thoughtless dictates of the great. "Mamma," said a blue-eyed boy, who was lying on the beach at the lady's feet, flinging pebbles into the sea, "I wish you had a penny, for the poor woman does look hungry; and you know we are going to have a nice dinner, and you have promised me a glass of wine." The heart of the lady answered the appeal of her child; and with a blush of shame crimsoning her cheek at the tacit reproach his artless words conveyed, she opened her reticule, placed half a crown in his tiny hands, and in another moment the boy was bounding along the sands on his errand of mercy. In a few seconds he returned, his eyes sparkling with delight, and his countenance glowing with health and beauty. "Oh! Mamma, the poor woman was so thankful; she wanted to turn back, but I would not let her, and she said, God bless the noble lady, and I you too, my pretty lamb; my children will have bread for two days, and we shall go our way rejoicing." The eyes of the lady glistened as she heard the recital of her child, and the mother told her that its dictates bestowed a pleasure the cold reasoning of the head could never bestow.

CREOSOTE IN WHISKEY.—A recent case of sudden death of a police constable, in Holborn, has brought to light an adulteration practised particularly by illicit distillers and vendors of whiskey, in the introduction of creosote, to give the celebrated port-reek flavor to common spirits. This adulteration, which is of the most noxious nature, it is to be feared is very extensively practised, and should command the utmost vigilance of the excise. Sudden death would be a certain result of its being taken in any quantity, particularly in an excited state of the system.—*Chron.*

THE LEGION OF HONOR.—In France, the members of the Legion of Honor amounted in April last, to 49,603. This institution was instituted on May 19th, 1802, during the Consulate of Napoleon. It was expressly intended to reward military and civil merit. As the French had then recently abolished titles, the proposal met much opposition, and passed with great difficulty. Moreau greatly ridiculed it. At first, the cross was given to all who had wielded a sword for service, and then it was extended by degrees. At first, the whole number of members was 6,512. Under the restoration, it was neglected by the Bourbons, who restored the old order. It is now the only chivalric order in France.

LABOR.—The most contemptible creature upon the foot-stool of God, is the idle young man of fashion. He is a fool—for he does nothing for himself or society. There is no reason why any one should like him;—why the world should desire his presence, or miss his absence. He is a knave—he eats without labor, consumes without production, lives by his own fraud, or that of some one to which he is accessory. It is the law of nature, that every man shall produce as much as he consumes—the fashionable exquisite produces nothing—the world is just as much the worse for every garment he wears, and every meal he eats. More truly honorable in the sight of Heaven, is the farmer's boy, who tills the fresh earth, blowing and sweating in the sun—or the artisan, who shapes the shoe for the farmer, or the seamstress who plies the needle for twelve shillings a week, than the haughtiest aristocrat in the universe. What but a young bandit is he who rides about and walks in Broadway, drawing his revenues from the toil of a score or two mechanics. There will come a time when the drones of humanity will be driven from the hive of society. When the law, "Except when a man work, neither shall he eat," shall be enforced—when the idler will be every where held in contempt. The time is coming.

MIDNIGHT.—The clock struck twelve. How finely the full tones sweep past through the air, as if they would take up our thought and carry it miles away to the very friend you are thinking of the moment. How many haunts of wretchedness hidden from human eye, in the depths of human hearts, have these cold vibrations reached, while they are dying so carelessly upon our ears? What tales might they tell of secret misery, sickness unwatched, and pining sorrow, and fear, and care, and the thousand bitter cankers that lie and feed at the very heart strings, beyond all reach of medicine, perhaps of sympathy. Many a wife sits watching with a broken heart for her husband's step—many a mother for her child's; and many a venturesome merchant lies haunted by fears of shipwreck and fire—many an undetected defaulter fancies voices at the door—many a young girl just finding out that love is only a heaviness and a tear, muses bitterly upon the caprice of a moment, or an unmeaning trifle. And these are the only watchers—for the happy are asleep—save the bride on her daintily wrought pillow, murmuring in a low tone of the ear that will soon tire of its monotony—or the fervent poet building up his dream into the sky, with his eyes straining into the darkness and his pulse mounting with the leaping freedom of an angel's, forgetting the world will trample out his fiery spirit to ashes, and laugh to scorn the fine work of his towering fancy.

TEST OF INTEGRITY.—Constantine when he was chosen emperor, found several Christians in office, and issued an edict requiring them to renounce their faith or quit their places. Most of them gave up their offices to preserve their consciences, but some of them cringed and renounced Christianity. When the Emperor had thus made a full proof of their dispositions and characters, he re-crowned all those who had thus basely complied with his supposed wishes, and retained the others, saying, "that those who desert prostrate their Divine Master, would desert him, and were not worthy of his confidence."

"Nimrod, can you tell me who was the first man?"

"Adam somebody. His father wasn't no body, and he never had no mother, on account of the scarcity of women and the pressure of the times."

"How long were the children of Israel in the wilderness?"

"Till they found their way out."

"Who was compelled to seek refuge in the land of Nod?"

"Cov. Dorr."

"Why was he obliged to flee hither?"

"Because he got up King's ebenezzer, and Providence wouldn't protect him."—[Sandusky Mer.]

Many who find the day too long, think life too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.