

The Radical.

"OUR COUNTRY AND OUR COUNTRY'S WEAL."

BY I. ADAMS.

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[From the Boston Statesman.] WHAT IS LOVE?

You tell me I have yet to love,
But though you're wise, I think you miss it—
So that I may the error prove,
Just tell me, lady, "Love what is it?"
Is it something in the heart,
A sort of shadow of a feeling,
Inclining one to sit apart,
When twilight over earth is stealing?
To muse upon one lovely face,
That seems a part of every vision,
A being of superior race,
A wanderer from field Elysian?
And has a power each harsher thought
And every tone of voice to soften,
And makes one sigh, as 't were for nought?
If this be love, I've felt it often.
Perhaps you would not give the name
Of love to such a dream as this is,
But mean that deeper, wilder flame,
That leads to vows, and tears, and kisses.
That makes young men and women act
In Romeo and Juliet fashion;
A monomania—in fact
A very desperate, dangerous passion.
So warn that if one's heart were steel,
[I don't say stolen] it would melt it;
If this be what I am to feel,
'Tis too late, for I once have felt it.
And though, if one could spare the hours,
It doubtless might be very pleasant;
It crowds out wits, bonds, deeds, & powers,
And suits which claim all mine at present.
If love be founded on esteem,
With sentiment a little mingled—
Its object, not a school-boy's dream,
But from the crown of reason singled—
One by whose gentleness and grace,
And lofty mind, best gifts of heaven,
A charm to any earthly place,
Palace or hovel would be given—
Why—what I may do, time will prove.
If offered, I may not decline it,
But surely, lady, 't is not love;
The poets never so define it.

"He is only a Mechanic."—How frequently is this remark made by aristocratic upstarts, who have nothing to recommend them save money and impudence, when the name of an honest and intelligent mechanic happens to be mentioned in their presence. They consider it degrading to converse, and contaminating to associate with those who do not, like themselves, possess wealth even though that wealth was obtained by the most dishonest and rascally means. Nothing is so disgusting to well informed, well bred people, as to hear an ignorant, conceited, puffed up, long-haired, brainless, impudent dandy, talk about mechanics as if they are not better than brutes. No true lady or gentleman would be guilty of such littleness. It is only the ignorant, spoiled beauty—the worthless, contemptible soap-lock who would do so. Show us the man or woman who would conceive it a disgrace to associate with honest well informed mechanics, and we will show you a poor, worthless, ignorant conceited creature, useless to himself and to the world, and a disgrace and an incumbrance to his friends.

[West. Literary Messenger.]

Never be Discouraged.

Because the world goes hard with you, is that any reason, we should like to know, why you should arraign the decrees of Providence and question His wisdom in casting your lot here? What if your life journey lays on the mountain's side, and the path lies unbeaten, rugged as the rifted rocks. Nature never fashioned man without implanting in him strength needful to perform his allotted task—to overcome the difficulties that impede his progress. With this assurance, lift up your head, and press onward. What if you are unfortunate in some things—unsuccessful in business? What if every fifth man you meet holds you at the mercy of an execution, if he had the mind to put in motion the engines of the law—should that unman you? discourage you? The country is full of examples that forbid it. Misfortunes don't visit you alone, others have been unfortunate—head-over-ears in debt and trouble—indeed, as to that matter, perhaps worse off than you are—a miserable, worthless character to lift from the slough of degradation. But, if you are honest—if men put faith in you, add to these industry, perseverance, and our life for it, you have nothing to fear. We would rather stand in your shoes, without the first red cent, to jingle against a rusty nail, than to be the man worth his thousands, who has the reputation of grinding the face of the poor—driving close bargains with them—stopping at nothing, except an open violation of the laws, to add another dollar to his ill-gotten gains.

As long as there is life in you never give up the struggle. You can make yourself what you will, only exert the energies implanted in you. One effort will not do; nor two—they must be repeated—unwearied, not only to day, to-morrow, and a year, but for twelve years if necessary.—You can rise in the world if you resolve to be a man, a real, sterling character, and exert yourself to that end. Nothing can keep you down—nothing keep you back—nothing stay your progress—you may defy a host of enemies, and false-hearted friends, a word of difficulties, a sea of troubles. "Do something every day, and look men in the face without fear and trembling, and as true as you live, if you are now in debt, poor and despised, you will rise to competency, to honor and true independence."—Commence the work today, it is wonderful what a different feeling will come over you—what strength will nerve you, what confidence you will feel in yourself. Go ahead, and God bless you.

Illinois Ghost Story.—We learn from the Charleston (Coles county) Courier, that there has been a great excitement in that usually peaceful town. Somebody saw a ghost while night-walking, which told him that three murders had been committed at a certain house, and that the bodies had been thrown into a well, which had been filled up. A company collected and commenced disintering the old well. One day's work was done, and the bones of a hog had been found, which had come into the world for the purpose of having its throat cut. The workmen having left, some mischievous wag dropped into the pit the bones of an Indian which had been found in the neighborhood, and which had been preserved by some man curious in such matters. The digging was resumed in the morning, and these bones were raised, to the surprise, and to the perfect astonishment and horror of all present—with the exception of said wag. Arrests were immediately talked of—when the facts leaked out, and the good folks at Charleston had not finished laughing at each other at the last dates.—[Sangamon Journal.]

THE HUNGRY ARAB.—An Arab was lost in the desert. For two days he found nothing to eat, and was in danger of death from starvation, until, finally, he discovered a fountain, from which travellers were accustomed to water their camels. Near the fountain, lying upon the sand, he saw a leather sack.

"God be praised," said he, as he raised and felt it—"these are, I believe, dates, or nuts of some kind.—Oh, how I will strengthen and refresh myself upon them."

In this sweet hope, he opened the sack, saw the contents, and cried out full of sorrow:

"Alas! they are only pearls."

Newspapers.

It is but too common in this country to organize political parties, and to establish supernumary papers for their champions. Not the least among the evil consequences attending them, a few individuals become ardent in supporting their views on minor points that they may differ with the rest of the public journals or the men best qualified to carry out their favorite measures. They straightway want a paper, and an Editor is employed who mounts the editorial chair, who has no other object in view, than to proclaim the doctrines of their employers, and pour out torrents of abuse on those that differ in opinion with them, and all means are used to keep up the paper, that the editor relies on for support. It is a constant drawback to the previously established papers that are necessary to foster the best interests of the country. For want of healthy and regular business like patronage, they are dependent on fictitious, precarious and artificial support. If new journals were established in proportion to the natural increase of population and business required their establishment, and no other than the exigencies of the times required, they would not be such a tax on the community and those that were useful and beneficial would meet with liberal support.

Every supernumary publication is therefore a direct tax or bill of expense, to the liberal part of the people. The establishment of new journals has become a mania in our land. They are established on all great political questions for the purpose of fostering the interest of the person or party that employs them, and become the foul mouth piece, to traduce the opinions and character of those that are opposed to them, and not alone confined to politicians, but sectarian christians resort to that mode of promulgating their sectarian notions, and of abusing others that may honestly differ in opinion with them, and tax the people with the cost, and it is not uncommon to see political and religious fanatics, trying to prostitute papers that are useful to the country, to build up a violent party, or sectarian paper on its ruins, and many have no other object in view than to foster their own selfish interest and that of their friends, and they do it by indirect means, by creating excitement and urging support, to so great and good a cause; thus many are led to stop their support to papers that are using all the means in their power to advance the interest of the country that they live in.—[St. Charles Advertiser.]

Flirting.—Some writer truly says—"It is too frequently the practice of young ladies by way of teasing their lovers, for fun to neglect them while in company, and to laugh and flirt with other men. How many have parted from circumstances like these! many who were attached to each other, who could and in all probability would, have made each other happy, and for the gratification of an idle and reprehensible whim many a female has lost her position in the heart of him she really loved. Does she think that a man having once suffered for her fun, could ever place dependence on her afterwards? Did ever any woman find a man who loved her enough to be jealous, repose the same confidence in her which he had previous to her attempts to create doubts in him? Let women understand that if it be worth while to have a man's affections, there is no ruse on earth, worth while to shake his faith in her.

Very Appropriate.—At a recent democratic meeting, in Norwich, Conn., one of the orators at the close of his speech, held in his hand a Coon song book, the frontpiece being that of the 'Same Old Coon' snugly seated on his hind quarters, holding very scientifically his fingers to his nose. The gentleman pointing with his finger to the face of the Coon, said he should give it to some whig acquaintance of his after the election, with the following pathetic verse inscribed underneath as a memento.

I leave you here a little book,
For you to look upon,
That you may see your father's face
When he is dead and gone!

The burst of applause which followed is said to have been tremendous.—[Lee Democrat.]

Reform.—More talked about than practiced. When we get it, we'll have it. Until then, let us pray for it.

Gen. Tom Thumb.—The European Times gives a column to the description of Gen. Tom Thumb's presentation at Court by Barnum of the American Museum. They were received in the picture gallery of Buckingham Palace. The Queen, Prince Albert and several of the nobility were present, and the General, on entering, immediately struck up a conversation with Her Majesty, assuring her that he had crossed the Atlantic on purpose to see her, and declaring that he had the picture gallery at heart. The Queen sent the Lord in waiting for some *bonbons* which she gave him with her own hand. The General then went through his personal presentation to the Queen, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Devonshire, &c., &c., sung *Lucy Long* and retired, after remaining an hour and a half in the royal presence; Mr. Barnum received a handsome *donneur* from the Lord in waiting. The next day he waited upon the Dowager, with 30 of the nobility, and a few days after was summoned by Victoria to entertain the royal children.

She made him several magnificent presents, and mentioned Mr. Barnum not to tax his powers too heavily.—The Duke of Wellington called on him and found him in full military dress, mounting *le Napoleon*. On being asked of what he was thinking, "Of the loss of Waterloo!" said the hero. No American at Court has made so great a sensation for a long time. The Times says his exhibition is netting £160 per week. The prices are kept so high that none but the wealthy can attend. Punch lists Pennsylvania dividends of course excepted.

Don on Matrimony.—How, Jr. closes a sermon on kissing with the following quaint advice, comprising all the *evangelists* to wedded bliss:

"I want you my young sinners, to kiss and get married, and then devote your time to morality and money-making. Then let your homes be well provided with such comforts and necessities as petty, pickles, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese, crackers, faith, fear, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, virtue, wine and wisdom. Have all these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink anything intoxicating—eat moderately—go about your business after breakfast—lounge a little after dinner—chat after tea, and kiss after quelling; and all the joy, the peace, and the bliss the earth can afford, shall be yours, till the grave closes over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world."

How your children to you by real kindness—let them see that you study their best interest and happiness rather than your own pleasure and convenience. Take especial pains to make home the most pleasant place on earth to them. This will effectually keep them from bad company.—The memory of home, happy early associations and a mother's love, watchfulness and prayers, have been the talisman which has enabled many a soul to bear up and buffet in after years against the winds of adversity and the tide of temptation which have assailed them through a long life—and who shall limit the extent of a mother's influence?—Dew Drop.

Curiosity.—A few days since, in this city, says the Bangor Whig, in a litter of pigs, there appeared one having the head formed like that of an elephant, wide, hanging ears, and a well formed pendular trunk, about four inches long, and finished off at the end with a delicate little pig's snout. The lower jaw was like that of an elephant and the space between the trunk and the lower jaw was in an ill-formed and unfinished state, and inside of what should have been the mouth appeared to be the only eye that was visible. The creature stood a poor chance to obtain a living for want of throat.

Ohio Militia.—An act passed the last session of the legislature to dispense with the training of the rank and file of the militia in times of peace. Each able bodied male white man between the ages of 21 and 45, not legally exempt, is to be enrolled, and each person so enrolled is to pay 50 cents a year in lieu of military duty.—Statesman.

Newspapers.—Travelling one day into the country, we fell in company with a man whom we soon ascertained to be a well-to-live-in-the-world farmer. In the course of conversation upon various subjects, principally agricultural, we found that he was just returning from our town, where he had that day contracted for the sale of 500 bushels of wheat at 75 cents per bushel. From this subject our conversation turned to that of newspapers; and upon ascertaining that he was not a subscriber to any paper, we offered him ours. But the man had so many ways for his money, that he could not afford it. We then asked him if he would become a subscriber in case we would convince him that it he had taken the paper, he would have saved in one bargain alone, five times the cost of it in a year. He agreed to this, and we took from our pocket one of the latest papers in which was an advertisement, offering to contract for any quantity of wheat at 81 cents per bushel. Thus we illustrated to our farmer friend, that if he had been a reader of our paper, he might have gained six cents on each of his 500 bushels of wheat, making a total of \$300, sufficient to pay for the paper 15 years. He paid us two dollars and left, growing at himself for having been so negligent of his true interest.—[Erie (Pa.) Observer.]

Like Goose Feathers.—To avoid the usual cruelty of plucking, increased as it often is by unskillfulness, and always, even when least cruelty is done, leaving the goose to a very great loss of flesh and appetite, with dullness and languishing, the following plan has been suggested.

Feathers being of but one year's growth, and falling from them, are supplied by a fresh fleece, therefore, when the geese are in full feather, let the plumage be removed close to the skin, with sharp scissors. The produce would not be much reduced in quantity whilst the quality would be greatly improved, and an indemnification will be experienced in the advantage to the health of the fowl, and the benefit obtained to the succeeding crop. Labor also would be saved in the dressing, since the quilly portion of the feathers, when forcibly detached from the skin, is generally in such a state, after all, as to require the employment of scissors.—The down from the breast may be removed afterwards, in the same way.

Distinguished Stranger.—Professor FREDERICK VON RAUMER, of the University of Berlin, the distinguished German Historian, and editor of the German Translation of Washington's works, arrived in the steamer Acadia, on the 24th ult., in Boston, and left on Monday for the South. The Advertiser says he intends to pass about six months in the United States, chiefly in order to study the practical working of our political institutions, and as he has long been familiar with our history and public affairs, and as he speaks English fluently, he will, we doubt not, accomplish an object in which most foreign travellers fail from want of the wise and liberal views, which it is known, Prof. Von Raumer has always entertained in matters of government and public policy. Prof. Von Raumer is accompanied by his son, a jurist and man of science. They go first to Washington and will probably be in Baltimore at the time of the Convention.—Republican.

"Sammy," said a father to his son who was just studying English grammar, "our cat caught a rat—in what case is the noun cat in this sentence?"

"The nominative," replied Sammy.

"Very good—very good, indeed—but the rat—is the rat in the nominative case too?"

"Why, no, sir," hesitated Sammy.

"The rat, sir, is in—is—yes, sir, the rat is in?"

"What?"

"Why, sir, he's in a very bad case, indeed, sir."

"You're a smart boy, Sammy, you are—you may go down to the head."

Alabama Senator.—The Washington Spectator says: We are pleased to learn that the Hon. Dixon H. Lewis has been appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy in the Senate occasioned by the resignation of Col. King.

A Nun.—It is stated that a daughter of Major General Scott has taken the white veil, at the Convent in Georgetown, D. C.

Congress.

In the Senate, on the 29th after the presentation of several memorials and remonstrances on a variety of subjects, the new postage bill was taken up.—After some remarks from Messrs. Bayle, Benton, Morrill and Hannegan, the bill was read a third time and passed—ayes 23, noes 14. The tariff resolution was then taken up and discussed at length by Mr. Dayton. Mr. Woodbury in explanation of the quotation which he had made from Franklin's works, some days previous, and which had been so much misrepresented, stated that he made the quotation to disprove the assertion that Franklin was in favor of a high protective tariff, and not because he approved the sentiments in said quotation in reference to labor of this country. On motion of Mr. Crittenden the Senate then went into executive session.

In the House, the following resolutions offered by Mr. Adams and amended by Mr. Adams, was passed, the rules having been suspended for the purpose by a vote of 119 to 23.

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to this House copies of such portions of the correspondence, public or private, in the years 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, and 1820, between our ministers at the court of Madrid and the Department of State, between those ministers and the Spanish Secretaries of State, and between the Department of State and the Spanish ministers accredited to this government.

Said resolution relates to the correspondence with regard to the session of Texas to Spain. The House then resolved itself into Committee of the Whole and took up the tariff bill, which was debated to the hour of adjournment by Messrs. Weller, Ramsay, Collamer, Leonard and McIlvaine.

In the Senate, on the 30th, Mr. Fairfield presented the credentials of the Hon. John M. Niles, U. S. Senator from Connecticut, and moved that he be qualified and take his seat.—Mr. Jarnagin referred to the rumors with regard to Mr. Niles' insanity, and suggested the propriety of a committee to examine into his qualifications. After some debate on the Constitutional power of the Senate to make such an inquiry, at the request of Mr. Niles himself, the committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Jarnagin, Benton, Berrien, Wright and McDuffie. It was stated that Mr. N. was as sound in mind, as he had ever been, although physically debilitated. On motion of Gen. Atchison the Oregon Bill was made the order of the day for the next Monday.

In the House, a motion was submitted, proposing to terminate the debate on the tariff bill on Wednesday, May 8; but the House refused to consider it.

The House then resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Hopkins in the chair, and proceeded to the consideration of the bill for the modification of the tariff.

Messrs. Albert Smith, Boyd, C. B. Smith, Marsh, King, and Bidlack, severally addressed the committee, when it rose reported progress, and the House adjourned.

Toast drunk at Rochester, on the celebration of Mr. Clay's birthday:—By George Dowson. Kentucky.—The casket which holds the whig jewel.

We suppose this means that the Ashland farmer left his breast pin at home when he started upon his electioneering travels. The allusion is exceedingly delicate.—Bos. Statesman.

The whigs are going down, and no mistake. As Fouché said of the execution of d'Engliem, their joining the native Americans in New York was worse than a crime—it was a political blunder.—Bos. Statesman.

Mrs. Hodgkins, whose husband, Philip Hodgkins, is in jail for bigamy, has been committed at Portland in \$200 bonds to take her trial for adultery in living with him, knowing that he had another wife.—Boston Statesman.

Raining Lobsters.—Shortly after a great hailstorm at Utica, last week, multitudes of fresh-water lobsters were discovered on the ground. They were mostly about a finger's length in size, and lay in piles two or three inches deep. Three pairs full were picked up in a single garden.