

The Radical.

"OUR COUNTRY AND OUR COUNTRY'S WEAL."

BY I. ADAMS.

BOWLING-GREEN, PIKE COUNTY, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1843.

Vol. II.—No. 50.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The Radical is issued every Saturday morning, at \$2.50, if paid within six months, and if payment be longer delayed, Three Dollars will be exacted.

For a club of Three or more subscribers, (if paid in advance,) Two Dollars.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editors.

Postmasters are authorized by law to forward money to newspaper publishers, free of charge. All letters to the Editors, by mail, must be post paid.

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One square, of 15 lines or less, for the first insertion \$1; for each subsequent insertion fifty cents. A reasonable deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

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From the New Mirror.

The Kneeling Maiden.

Is it a dream, whose silken chords,

Now bind my soul in spell sublime,

And bear it up from earth, towards

Some more celestial clime?

No dream—but 'tis some power divine,

That holds me in its sweet control,

For heavenly rays upon me shine,

And make this simple heart of mine

To throb as with a purer soul.

I see a vast cathedral aisle—

A fair young girl is kneeling there,

Making the grand and holy pile

More holy by her prayer.

She kneels! In solitary grace,

Her matchless form is humbly bow'd,

God and herself in that still place,

Hold sweet communion face to face,

Unseen by any human crowd,

Her lips, so purely soft and fair,

Folded upon her throbbing breast,

Seem placed like seraph sentries there,

To guard her spirit's rest.

She kneels! And ever round her gleams

The same clear radiance from the skies,

For now, as in my sweetest dreams,

A light, most pure and holy, seems

To shine from heaven through her eyes.

Her lips, that cannot choose but speak

In angel accents, soft and low,

Are parted, and o'er lip and cheek

The rose-hues come and go.

She prays! In silence and alone,

Breathing each pure and noiseless word;

Each holy wish, through air unknown,

Wanders until it finds the throne,

There meekly breathes and there is heard.

All motionless as marble, still

She lingers on her knees; her eyes,

True emblems of her heart and will,

Are turned toward the skies.

She prays! Let naught of earthly din

Intrude upon the stillness there;

Let not a thought of crime or sin,

Or human frailty, entering in,

Disturb her sweet repose of prayer.

From the New York Herald.

Lieutenant Fremont's Report.

THE FAR WEST.—The Rocky Mountains.

We gave, in a late number of the Herald, in a notice of Lieut. Fremont's Report of his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, an extract or two from his Journal. Considering the universal interest which has been awakened through the discussion of the Oregon question in Congress, through the number of missionaries and emigrants to the borders of the Columbia, and the general desire for all authentic information relating to the Far West, we are induced to give some further selections from the narrative of our enterprising officer. Independent of these considerations, the romance, the freshness, the chivalric pastimes of life in the wilderness, will abundantly reward the reader's perusal.

The following is a description of a deserted Indian village:

"We left our camp at seven, journeying along the foot of the hills which border the Kansas valley, generally about three miles wide, and extremely rich. We halted for dinner, after a march of about thirteen miles, on the banks of one of the many little tributaries to the Kansas, which look like trenches in the prairie, and are usually well timbered. After cross-

ing this stream, I rode off some miles to the left, attracted by the appearance of a cluster of huts near the mouth of the Vermilion. It was a large but deserted Kansas village, scattered in an open wood along the margin of the stream, on a spot chosen with the customary Indian fondness for beauty of scenery. The Pawnees had attacked it in the early spring. Some of the houses were burnt, and others blackened with smoke, and weeds were already getting possession of the cleared places."

On the subject of game, he says, (p. 43,) they met with frequent groves of oak, tenanted by wild turkeys; the elk were often seen on the hills, and that "now and then an antelope bounded across our path, or a deer broke from the groves."

Another item will go to prove that a herd of buffaloes, as frequently encountered in the great American desert, is a different spectacle from an agricultural cattle show:

"As we were riding slowly this afternoon, clouds of dust in the ravines, among the hills to the right, suddenly attracted our attention; and in a few minutes, a column after column of buffalo came galloping down, making directly to the river. By the time the leading herds had reached the water, the prairie was darkened with the dense masses, hurriedly before us, when the herds first came down into the valley, stretched an unbroken line, the head of which was lost among the river hills on the opposite side, and still they poured down from the ridge on our right. From left to right the prairie bottom was certainly not less than two miles wide, and, allowing the animals to be ten feet apart, and only ten in a line, there were already 11,000 in view. Some idea may thus be formed of their number when they had occupied the whole plain. In a short time they surrounded us on every side, extending for several miles in the rear, and forward, as far as the eye could reach, leaving around us, as we advanced, an open space of only two or three hundred yards. This movement of the buffalo indicated to us the presence of Indians on the north side."

And while we, of New York, were celebrating "the glorious fourth" in parading the dusty streets, rejoicing in the oyster shops, or in drinking root-beer (that abominable compound) in the Park, Lieutenant Fremont gives this account of his observation of the day:

"I halted earlier than usual, about forty miles from the junction, and all hands were soon busily engaged in preparing a feast to celebrate the day. The kindness of our friends at St. Louis had provided us with a large supply of excellent preserves and rich fruit cake; and when these were added to a macaroni soup and variously prepared dishes of the choicest buffalo meat, crowned with a cup of coffee, and enjoyed with praise appetite, we felt, as we sat in barbaric luxury around our smoking supper on the grass, a greater sensation of enjoyment than the Roman epicure at his perfumed feast. But most of all it seemed to please our Indian friends, who, in the unrestrained enjoyment of the moment, demanded to know if our modicum days came often."

The Lieutenant thus tells of one of those virgin landscapes in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains:

Here again a view of the most romantic beauty met our eyes. It seemed as if, from the vast expanse of uninteresting prairie we had passed over, Nature had collected all her beauties together in one chosen place. We were overlooking a deep valley, which was entirely occupied by three lakes, and from the brink the surrounding ridges rose precipitously five hundred and a thousand feet, covered with the dark green of the balsam pine, relieved on the border of the lake with the light foliage of the aspen. They all communicated with each other, and the green of the waters (common to mountain lakes of great depth) showed that it would be impossible to cross them. The surprise manifested by our guides when these impassible obstacles suddenly barred our progress, proved that they were among the hidden treasures of the place, unknown even to the wandering trappers of that region.

And thus, of a night encampment in one of those green defiles, with which we are constrained to close our quotations:

Our table service was rather scant, and we held the meat in our hands; and clean rocks made good plates, on

which we spread our macaroni. Among all the strange places on which we had occasion to encamp during our long journey, none have left so vivid an impression on my mind as the camp of this evening. The disorder of the masses which surrounded us; the little hole through which we saw the stars overhead; the dark pines where we slept; and the rocks lit up with the glow of our fires, made a night picture of very wild beauty.

"Great country this—great country." And great is the change destined soon to come over it. The bees, which herald the advance of civilization, are living away in the crags of the Western Alps, nay, the evening hymn of the white settlers rises from the banks of the Wallamette, and the echo is caught and repeated from the advancing bands in the mountain passes. And when Mr. Sevier, the indomitable Senator from Arkansas, shall have succeeded in establishing a railroad communication across the prairies, (only 700 miles in a direct line,) thus opening a way for the cancelling of his State bonds in the sale of the railroad stock, a new empire will be at once created on the shores of the Pacific, the twin sister of glorious Union a new field for the enterprise of starving thousands, a new step to the advancement of the human race, a new era in its history.

Candor of Husband and Wife.

A WHISPER TO THE HUSBAND.

The happiness of the wife is committed to the keeping of the husband. Prize the sacred trust and never give her cause to repent the confidence she has reposed in you. In contemplating her character, recollect the natural human nature is composed of, and do not expect perfection.

Do justice to her merits and point out her faults; for I do not ask you to treat her errors with indulgence, but then endeavor to amend them with wisdom, gentleness and love.

Do not just about the bonds of a married state. Make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions. Your interests are hers; and undertake no plan contrary to her advice and approbation; then if the sinner turns out ill, you are spared reproaches both from her and your own feelings. There is in woman an intuitive quickness, a sagacity, a penetration and foresight into the probable consequences of an event, that make her peculiarly calculated to give her opinion and advice.

If you have any male acquaintances, whom, on reasonable grounds, your wife wishes you to resign, do so. Never witness a quarrel from your wife with apathy or indifference. Words, looks, actions—all may be trifling; but a quarrel is unequivocal; it comes direct from the heart, and speaks at once the language of truth and sincerity! Be assured, when you see a tear on her cheek, her heart is touched; and do not, I again repeat it, do not behold it with coldness or insensibility.

Let contradiction be avoided at all times.

Never upbraid your wife with the meanness of her relations; invectives against herself are not half so wounding. Should suffering of any kind assail your wife, your tenderness and attention are particularly called for. A look of love, a word of pity or sympathy, is sometimes better than medicine.

Never reproach your wife with any personal or mental defect; for a plain face sometimes conceals a heart of exquisite sensibility and merit, and her consciousness of the defect makes her awake to the slightest attention or inattention. When in the company of others, let your wife's laudable pride be indulged by your showing you think her an object of importance and preference. The most trivial word or act of attention and love from you gratifies her feelings; and a man never appears to more advantage than by proving to the world his affection and preference for his wife.

Never run on in enthusiastic encomiums on other women in presence of your wife; she does not love you better for it. Much to be condemned is a married man constantly rambling from home for the purpose of passing away time. Surely if he wants employment, his house and grounds will furnish him with it, and if he wishes for society, he will find it in his wife, children and books, the best society in the world.

There are some men who will sit an entire day with their wives and

scarcely a word escape their lips. This is wrong; you should converse freely on all such occasions. Be always cheerful, gay and good humored. When abroad do not avoid speaking to your wife. Few women are insensible of tender treatment. They are naturally frank and affectionate, and in general, there is nothing but austerity of look, or distance of behavior, that can prevent those amiable qualities from being evinced on all occasions.

When absent, let your letters to your wife be warm and affectionate. A woman's heart is peculiarly formed for tenderness, and every expression of endearment from the man she loves is flattering and pleasing to her.

A husband, whenever he goes from home should always endeavor to bring some little present to his wife.

In pecuniary matters do not be penurious or too particular. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all your worldly possessions. Besides, really a woman has innumerable trifling demands on her purse, many little wants which it is not necessary for a man to be informed of, and which even if he went to the trouble of investigating, he would not understand.

A WHISPER TO THE WIFE.

Study your husband's temper and character, and be it your pride and pleasure to conform to his wishes.

Check at once the first advances to contradiction, even of the most trivial nature. Beware of the first dispute.

Whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must with greater diligence, be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum.

Let your husband be dearer and of more consequence to you than any other human being; and have no hesitation in confessing these feelings to him.

Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Let it be a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the ills and anxieties of life.

I know not two female attractions so captivating to men as delicacy and modesty.

If possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulant to his being so.

Non-resistance renders a woman at all times so agreeable to her husband as cheerfulness and good humor.

In the article of dress, study your husband's taste; endeavor to wear what he thinks becomes you best.

Make yourself as useful to him as you can, and let him see you employed at as much as possible in economical pursuits.

Endeavor to feel pleased with your husband's friends.

Encourage in your husband a desire of reading out at his leisure hours.

On the day of her marriage a woman's tour of civility should be ended. How indecorous and offensive it is to see a woman exercising authority over her husband and saying "I will have it so." "It shall be done as I like," &c.

Never join in any jest or laugh against your husband.

Assiduously conceal his faults and speak only of his merits.

In married life confidants are by no means desirable.

Conceal from others any little discord or disunion that occurs between you and your husband.

Never receive the particular attentions of any other men.

Be you ever so conscious of a superiority of judgment or talent, never let it appear to your husband.

Shun extravagance. Attention to order and regularity will contribute much to the comfort of your husband.

A woman never should appear untidy or badly dressed in the presence of her husband.

Let home be the sole scene of your wishes, your plans, your exertions.

There is an old observation that a mother and daughter-in-law be particularly kind and considerate.

In your manner to your servants be firm without being severe, and kind without being familiar. Let your commands to your servants be consistent and reasonable; and then firmly but mildly insist on obedience to them. It is very disheartening to a poor servant to be continually found

fault with. Praise and reward them when you can; human nature will not bear too constant chiding.

THE PERSONAL MANNER OF WASHINGTON.—What a personal presence was that of the Father of his Country! All accounts agree in this. We heard an old gentleman say, not long ago, that when a clerk in Philadelphia, he used to walk two or three squares every morning, to see Washington as he came down Market street to his quarters. "The dignity," said he, "of his movements, the grace of his salutation, and the calm sweetness of his smile, were beyond description or comparison." Sitting the other day on a log, scarcely a stone's throw from where Andre was captured, and not far from the little Sleepy-Hollow Church, we conversed an hour with the revolutionary patriot, tremulous with the palsy of age, who pointed out to us the spot over the Tappan Sea which lay before us, where Andre was hung, and where, on that day, the troops spread out thick and black a long way from the gillows. He lived at Verplank's Point, close by, when Arnold came down in his little barge, and went on board the Vulture, all which he himself saw. "They fired two cannons at the barge," said he, "from his side; having got news by express; but the gun burst at the second discharge and took off the legs to the thighs, of one poor fellow, who was brought to one house, but he died in two hours."

"The army then lay at Bedford," continued the old veteran; "and I saw General Washington almost every day. He was a noble looking man; his countenance was terribly pleasant. He did not talk much; but even the little children fairly loved him; and they used to gather about the door of his chamber every morning, to see him; and he used to pat their heads and smile on them; it was beautiful to see." How uniform and universal is this testimony of the eye in the recollection of Washington.

Dr. Paper.

A Generous Gift, A Fat Office.—The Portland Bulletin says, that Mr. Lowery, some time since, wore a carpet in the middle of which was the name of John Tyler, emblazoned in glowing colors, and large capitals. With this Carpet he proceeded to Washington and presented it to the President of the United States, who received it most graciously. It was a handsome present, and afforded full evidence that Mr. Lowery was a generous man, an orthodox politician, and genuine patriot. Soon after, inquiry was made of the Collector if there was no vacancy, in the Custom House at Portland, which Mr. L. might fill. He replied, that the departments were already well filled, and no additional offices were necessary. A different opinion, however, prevailed at Headquarters; a new Inspectorship was ordered, to which Mr. Lowery was appointed, with a salary of \$1695 per annum.

Mr. Lowery was a foreigner, but was naturalized a few weeks before his appointment. The Carpet was a very fine Carpet—the office was a very fine office—Mr. Lowery is a very good man, and so is the President.

Jehedrah have you got your lesson this morning?

Yeth, Mather.

Who was the first man?

Critthopher Columbut, thir.

Who was the first woman?

Queen Victoria, thir.

Who is the greatest man?

Pa thavs ath how John Tyler ith.

Your Pa is correct. How is Boston bounded?

Bothon ith bounded on the thouth by Thouth Bothton Bridge—on the north by Chelthen Ferry Boat—on the east by Long Wharf, and on the west by Back-Bay.

Well said. Now tell me who is governor of Massachusetts?

Mr. moe—us Martin, thir.

What are the staple commodities of the state?

Ciamth, Coonth and Codfish, thir.

Take your seat—you'll be a great man." Vesperus.

A Shoemaker's Toast.—May my shopmates stick to the pledge like wax to their threads; may they be the last to trip off from the sole of this reform, but may they toe the mark so close as to avoid all heel-taps and keep their understanding firm at their own shoes.

A rugged countenance often conceals the warmest heart; as the richest pearl sleeps in the roughest shell.

JO SACARASH'S RECEIPT.—Jo—one of our Penobscott Indians—not long since was sued for the sum of \$5, by a white man, before Squire Johnson. On the day of the trial Jo made his appearance and tendered the requisite amount for debt and cost, and demanded a receipt if full. Why, Jo, it is not usual—it is entirely unnecessary, said the Squire. "O yes we want um receipt, sartin." "I tell you Jo, a receipt will do you no good." "Sartin Squire Johnson, I want um." "What do you want it for, Jo?" "O, suppose I die, and go to heaven—then suppose they say, 'Well, Jo Sacarash, you owe any man now?' Then me say, 'No.' 'Very well—did you payum Ben Johnson?' 'O, yes, me payum.' 'Well, then' s'pose you showum receipt.' Then me have to go way down—and run all over hell, to hunt um up Squire Johnson's."

LONDON FASHIONS.—Mr. Weed, associate editor of the Albany (N. Y.) Journal, is on a tour in England. He writes from London as follows:

Another thing struck me with surprise here.—Profane swearing has gone out of fashion. I cannot speak for the nobility, because I have not reached their circle, but with all the other classes, cursing and swearing are honored in the breach, rather than "in the observance." Oaths and imprecations, so common in America, are not heard here, even among the watermen, cabmen, coal-bearers, or scavengers. The language of blasphemy, in its various "sliding scales" of enormity, came as a part of our education from the Mother Country. Is it not reasonable to hope, therefore, that among other English fashions, adopted by Americans, our people will soon forbear to mingle the name of their Creator and redeemer probably either in their idle conversation or their excited controversies?

WHAT NEXT?—A speaking machine, the invention of a Mr. Taber, is attracting considerable attention in London. The machine consists of a pair of bellows, at present only worked by a pedal similar to that of an organ, of a caustic imitation of the larynx, tongue, nostrils, and a set of keys by which the springs are brought into action. The rapidity of utterance depends, of course, upon the rapidity with which the keys are played. The voice can be raised or depressed, and stress can be laid upon a particular syllable or word, when a skillful hand has hold of the instrument. Mr. Taber, the ingenious inventor, it is stated in a London paper, is a native of Edinburgh, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. He was formerly attached to the Observatory at Vienna, but, owing to an affection of the eyes, was obliged to retire upon a small pension. He then devoted himself to the study of anatomy, and offers the results of his investigation, and their application to mechanics, to the world of science.

IMPORTANT HINT TO THE YOUNG.—We could form the habit of keeping our good resolutions. If we wish to improve, we must see our errors, and resolve to correct them; without such resolutions, we shall always do the same wrong things which we do now. But one point we must never forget; which is, that the offender we break our good resolutions, the less likely are we to keep any we may form. Samuel is very apt to be passionate. He will, when he is angry, sometimes speak improperly to his father, or strike his little sister. He knows this is wrong, and every night he is sorry for it, and resolves not to get angry the next day. But he has just broken such a resolution so often that it is growing more and more difficult for him to govern his temper. The only way he can reform, is to form the habit of making resolutions very deliberately, and always carrying them into full execution.

Cows Drying up Suddenly.—We have heard of several instances recently; of cows which were giving a good quantity of milk, suddenly drying up. In one instance—that of Mr. Chamberlain, of the firm of J. Breck & Co. by giving the cow an ounce of saltpetre in a quart of meal, brought a return of the milk in a very short time.—N. E. Farmer.

The Boston Post says that a man ought to be ashamed of himself to run away with another man's wife, when there are so many maiden ladies with their trunks all packed ready for a start.