

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT.—JEFFERSON."

Vol. 9.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848.

No. 30.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY GREEN & SHIRLEY.
Office East corner of the Public Square, opposite the Fayette Hotel.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.
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JNO. W. HENRY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FAYETTE, MO.

Will attend to any business entrusted to him in the Courts of Howard, and the counties adjoining. He may be found at the Receiver's office, when not absent on professional business. [Fayette, Nov. 6th, 1847.] 35--6a.

Joseph D. Smith,
SURGEON, PHYSICIAN, &c.

HAVING located 5 miles East of Fayette, on the road leading to Petersburg, respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Howard. He may always be found at the residence of Dr. Samuel Crews, except when professionally absent. March 15, '48.—2-6m.

Doct. A. S. Dinwiddie,
GRATEFUL for past patronage, still continues to offer his MEDICAL SERVICES to the citizens of Howard County.

Office on the South East side of the public square, where he can usually be found in the day; at night—at his residence, 3d door below the Bank Fayette, April 10th, 1847.

L. D. Brewer,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILL attend to any business entrusted to him—in the Second Judicial District.

REFERENCES.

BROWNING & BUSINESS, Quincy, Illinois.
A. W. MORRISON, Esq., Fayette.
Col. J. DAVIS,
W. PRICKET, Benton, Miss.
Col. P. H. BOWMAN, Postotock, Miss.
McCABRELL & COATES, Huntsville, Mo.
Office—McCABRELL'S Buildings, Huntsville, Mo. [Randolph Co., Dec 12th, '46. 40—1y]

Rich Dress Goods.
The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to a remarkably fine and extensive variety of Rich dress goods and trimmings.

All descriptions of Bonnets
Parasols of all styles and quality
Laces and lace goods
Shawls and scarfs, &c. &c.
my 10 BOON, TALBOT & SMITH.

James W. Harris,
Commission and Forwarding Merchant, and Produce Dealer.

WATER STREET, GLASGOW, MO.

LIBERAL Cash advances made on all shipments of Produce, &c. for the Southern and Eastern markets.
Glasgow, January 22, 1848.—46 Gm.

Medical Card.
Doctrs. J. C. PARRISH AND A. PATISON,
Botanic Physicians.

GRATEFUL for past patronage, still continue to offer their Medical Services to the citizens of Howard County.

Dr. A. Patison will continue his office at his residence, one quarter of a mile east of Mr. Willoughby Williams.

Dr. J. C. Parrish may be found at his residence, formerly occupied by James Owens, one quarter of a mile east of Salt Creek Meeting house.

Dr. N. B. J. C. Parrish will practice Dental Surgery.
March 4th, 1848. 52—1f

EMANUEL DERON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Druggist and Apothecary,
No. 48 N. Main Street,

CORNER OF EIGHTH STREET AND FRANKLIN AVENUE.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
Fresh Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Staffs,
Window Glass, Glassware, Soap.

PERFUMERY, AND PATENT MEDICINES.
Cheap for Cash.

St. Louis, October 16th, 1847. 32—1y

THEODORE JONES, J. H. CURD

Jones & Curd,
PRODUCE, COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,

No. 5, COMMERCIAL ST., SAINT LOUIS, MO.

May 20.—2m.

H. F. HANSENKAMP, G. A. HUNEIKHOUSE,
HANSENKAMP & CO.,
GROCERS,

Commission and Forwarding MERCHANTS,

NO. 59, WATER STREET,
SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Doct. Winthrop H. Hopson,

HAVING located permanently in Fayette, tenders his professional services to the citizens of the place and vicinity, and respectfully solicits a share of their patronage. During the day, except when professionally absent, he can be found at all times at his office, (the same occupied by Gen. Clark as a law office) and at night at Criglar's Tavern. [March 25.—3-6m.]

Virginia Hotel.

Corner of Main and Green Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

My friends and the public are respectfully informed, that I have taken a new lease on the above named buildings, and during the last four months have been making improvements on the premises.

Viz: I have built a number of pleasant rooms—have made the dining room one third larger, and have finished it in a handsome manner, it is now the largest in the city and is well ventilated and can seat 200 guests.

The furniture of the House has been replenished throughout, and the premises generally improved by additions, alterations and repairs. The house being situated on the principal business street, and its principal public rooms, viz: (Bar-room, Office, Reading-room and Dining-room) on the ground floor, will commend itself to the public, as a desirable home whilst sojourning in our city, and I pledge myself that every exertion shall be used to render strangers comfortable whilst at the Virginia Hotel.

J. H. STARR, Proprietor.

Sept. 16, 1848.—29m3.

THE LOAFER.

I haigt no home on earth
Nor nowhere else, I s'pose;
Misfortune follows me
Where'er about I go!

I s'pose that when I dies,
From Satan I'll be driven,
And made to loaf about
Outside the walls of Heaven.

With none to take me in
No friendly hand to greet me—
No voice to cheer me up,
Nor a darn'd soul to treat me!

FEMALE FAITH.

She loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet she loves you.

She loved you when your joyous tone
Tought every heart to thrill;
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet—she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stept,
The gayest of the gay;
The pride the light of time has swept,
Unlike her love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast;
She saw that smile decay—depart—
And then she loved most.

Oh, such a generous faith that grows
In woman's gentle breast:
'Tis like that star that stays and glows
Alone in night's dark vest;

That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore,
And that the wanderer on his way
Then wants her light the more.

LETTER

FROM SENATOR BENTON TO THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA.

The treaty with Mexico makes you citizens of the United States; Congress has not yet passed the laws to give you the blessings of our government; and it may be some time before it does so. In the mean time, while your condition is anomalous and critical, and calls for the exercise of the soundest discretion, and the most exalted patriotism on your part, the temporary civil and military government established over you, as a right of war, is at an end. The edicts promulgated by your temporary Governors (Kearny and Mason, each an ignoramus), so far as these edicts went to change the laws of the land, are null and void, and were so from the beginning; for the laws of a conquered country remain in force, until altered by the proper legislative authority; and no legislative authority has yet altered the laws which existed at the time of your conquest. The laws of California are still what they were, and are sufficient for your present protection, with some slight additions derived from your voluntary consent, and administered by officers of your own election. Having no lawful government, nor lawful officers, you can get none except by your own act; you can have none that can have authority over you except by your own consent. Its sanction must be in the will of the majority. I recommend you to meet in convention—provide for a cheap and simple government—and take care of yourselves, until Congress can provide for you. You need a governor, judges, and some peace and militia officers; that is about all. The Roman civil law, which is the basis of our law, is just and wise, and only needs to be administered by upright judges (alcalids) whom you should elect. Avoid new codes of law until introduced by permanent authority. You need but little, at present, in addition to what you have, and that your convention can give you; to wit: elections, trial by jury, and courts of "Reconciliation."

This latter is for the termination of disputes without law by the mediation of the judge; it is easily engrafted on the Roman civil law, which you have, and which favors arbitration and amicable settlements. It is founded upon the command in scripture, "agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him," &c. It exists in some of the northern European nations, Norway especially, where two-thirds of all the disputes are settled by the court of "Reconciliation."

You have been disappointed in not receiving the pay due you for military services and sacrifices during the war. A bill passed the Senate appropriating \$700,000 for that purpose; that bill was balked in the committee of the House of Representatives by lies against Col. Fremont, sent here by Col. Mason and the notorious Col. Jonathan D. Stevenson. Seeing that bill was lost, a less sum of \$200,000 was again passed by the Senate to meet the most urgent, and best ascertained claims; it also was lost in the House of Representatives through the effect of the same lies. But do not despair; you will yet be paid; and I believe there are funds now at the disposal of the President for war purposes, out of which he may order you to be paid.

The emigrants want land; they went to the country for land. It is a great misfortune that Congress has passed no law to grant it to them; but the law will come, and grants will be made, probably according to the Oregon bill that passed the Senate some years ago—640 acres to each head of a family (widows and young men over 18 being so counted);—160 acres to the father for each child under 15, and the same

to the wife. I would advise you to act upon this bill of the Senate—all the present emigrants, and all that shall arrive before Congress establish a government for the country, and all the old settlers who are without land; each to make his own location, taking care to avoid interferences with one another or with old claims considered good, or even probably good; and making all trials in squares, and to the cardinal points. Avoid, if possible, law suits about land, at ome every thing else. They are a moth which eats up the crop, and often the land itself. Besides, on judgment in a land case would be valid, being a proceeding in rem, unless agreed to by both parties—decided by arbitration, or in a court of "Reconciliation."

Imports which have paid no duties to the United States, should pay them to you—moderately; so as not to repress trade, or burthen the consumers—say 20 per centum on the value whence imported. Less, or even none, would be better.

You are apprised that the question of extending African slavery to California occupies, at present, the attention of our Congress. I know of nothing that you can do at this time that can influence the decision of that question here. When you become a State, the entire and absolute decision of it will be in your own hands. In your present condition, and with your paucity of members, I would recommend total abstinence from the agitation of the question. Such agitation might distract yourselves when you ought to be united as one man, doing harm where you are, and no good here.

Two years ago when the people of Oregon were left without a government, I addressed them a letter, recommending to them peace and order among themselves, reliance upon Congress, and submission to their own voluntary government until replaced by another; and I promised them eventual protection from our laws if they so conducted themselves. They did; and the promise has been fulfilled. I now make the same promise to you, in the name of many others as well as myself; and hope to see it fulfilled on the same conditions.

Written at Washington City, this 27th day of August, 1848; and sent by Col. Fremont.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

"CAN'T AFFORD IT."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Can't afford it! Too many mouths to feed—too many backs to cover. It's a luxury I should very much like to indulge in—no man fonder of reading than I am—but can't afford it, sir."

"It's only three dollars a year. Less than sixpence a week."

"I know. But three dollars a year will buy half a barrel of flour and give my family bread for a month. It's no use to talk, my friend. I know exactly my own ability, and know that I can't afford to take the magazine."

And thus Mr. Rivers closed the matter with a persevering "canvasser," who was industriously trying to add to the subscription list of a certain highly popular magazine.

"I think you might have taken it, papa," said Mary Rivers, greatly disappointed. "I never see a magazine or newspaper unless I borrow from Jane Tompkins, and I know her father grumbles at her whenever she catches her lending them."

"I might do a great many things, child, if I was made of money, which I am very sorry to say is not the case," returned Mr. Rivers. "If I could afford it, I would take all the magazines and newspapers in the country; but I can't, and so that ends the matter."

And thus ending it, Mr. Rivers turned away from his disappointed daughter and left the house.

Mary Rivers was extremely fond of reading, and had, dozens of times, begged her father to take "Godey," or some of the other magazines or papers, but his uniform answer was, "I can't afford it;" so she was forced to borrow from Jane Tompkins, whose father subscribed for half a dozen magazines and newspapers, and thought the money well laid out. To have to borrow she thought bad enough, but the worst of the matter was, no sooner did she bring a magazine or newspaper into the house, than it was caught up by one hungry member after another, always including her father, and its contents devoured by each, and this often before she could get a chance to read half a dozen pages or columns. The newspaper or magazine, whichever it might be, never passed through the entire family of Mr. Rivers without being considerably the worse for wear. The papers were soiled, crumpled, the folds worn through or torn, while the magazines were sent home often sadly disfigured. All this to Mary was very mortifying, and often prevented her from asking to borrow the new numbers of the magazines, although, to use her own words, sometimes, she was "dying to see them."

It was a warm day in July, and Mr. Rivers, who had, about six months before, joined the temperance society, felt very dry as he walked along the street. Before signing the pledge, he would have quenched a similar state of thirst with an iced punch or a mint-julep. Now he merely stepped into a druggist's and called for a glass of mineral water, for which he paid his flip, thinking, if he thought of all about the expense that it was the merest trifle in the world. An hour afterwards he indulged in the luxury of a couple of oranges, at four cents each, which tempted him as he passed a fruit stall.

"Rivers," said a neighbor stepping into his store after dinner, "it's terrible hot, and as there is nothing doing, I've made up my mind to take a little excursion down the river in the steamboat that leaves at four o'clock. Come—go along, won't you!—We can be home by tea-time."

"I don't care if I do," replied Rivers.—"I want a little recreation badly."

A thought of the expense or whether he could afford it never crossed his mind.

At four he was on board the steamboat, after having spent a shilling for cigars, which were shared with his neighbor.

"Come, let's have a glass of lemonade," he said, shortly after they were on board the steamboat; and the two men went to the bar and each drank a cool glass of lemonade, for which Rivers settled. Shortly afterwards the fare was called for. It was only twenty-five cents.

"Cheap enough," remarked Rivers.

"Yes, cheap as dirt. No wonder the boat is crowded."

Twelve and a half cents more were spent by Rivers for an ice cream before he returned from the excursion. He could afford this very well.

On arriving in the city, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, it occurred to him that, as long as he had been enjoying himself so well, that he ought to take something home for his family that was a little nice. While wondering what this should be, he passed a fruit shop, in the window of which was a large display of oranges.

"I'll take a dozen oranges home—that will do," he said.

And so he went in and got a dozen oranges, for which he paid thirty-seven and a half cents; and bought, besides a flip's worth of tobacco.

The extra spendings of Mr. Rivers, who could not afford to take a magazine, were, for that day, just one dollar and twenty cents, or at the rate of three hundred and sixty dollars a year! And yet Mr. Rivers thought himself a very economical man, and took merit to himself for saving on newspapers and magazines.

On the next day, Mr. Rivers felt as if he needed a little exercise—he was so closely confined in his store—and as it was dull, he could as easily be spared as not. So he hired a horse and sulky for a dollar and a half, and took a pleasant ride to himself. Previously to his riding out, he spent a shilling in mineral water. During the ride, he paid to gate keepers, stable boys at taverns where he stopped for lemonade, and for what he drank and smoked, just thirty-eight cents. Ten cents in cokes for the children, laid out to satisfy the rather unpleasant sensation he felt at the idea of having indulged himself in a ride while his family remained at home, completed this day's extra expense of the man who could not afford to take a periodical; the whole amount was just two dollars.

On the day succeeding to this, fifty cents were spent in little self-indulgences; on the next, twenty-five cents, and on the day after, nearly a dollar. And so it went on, day after day, and week after week, while Mary continued to borrow from Jane Tompkins her magazines, newspapers and books.

One day, shortly after the magazines for the month had been announced, Mary called as usual upon her friend Jane. On her table lay "Godey" and several other magazines.

"How much I do envy you!" she said. "What would I not give if my father would take the magazines for me as yours does for you; but he always says that he can't afford it."

Then Mary turned over magazine after magazine, examining and admiring the beautiful engravings. When she was going away, she said—"Are you done with the Lady's Book yet?"

Jane looked slightly confused as she replied—"I've read it, Mary, but papa has't done with it yet."

"No matter—'Graham' or the 'National' will do."

"I'm sorry, Mary," and the color rose to Jane's face, "but I can't let you have either of them. The fact is, Mary, to tell you the plain truth, papa has objected for a good while to my lending my periodicals and literary newspapers, and now positively forbids my doing so. But you can come and see me, Mary, and read them here. I shall be glad to have you. But I need not say that—you know I wish papa wasn't so particular; but he is a little curious about some things."

Mary felt hurt, not with Jane, but at the fact. She went home feeling badly.

"Your friend Miss Rivers didn't get her usual supply of readings," said Mr. Tompkins to his daughter, shortly after Mary had left the house.

"No, and I was sorry for her," replied Jane. "She seemed hurt and mortified when I told her that I could not lend them. I'm sure, papa, it wouldn't have hurt us at all, and would have been such a gratification to her."

"Let her father subscribe for them, as I do. He is just as able."

"But he thinks he can't afford it, and now—"

"Think he can't afford it, indeed!" said Mr. Tompkins. "A man who spends two or three hundred dollars a year in self-indulgences of one kind and another, talking about not being able to afford magazines and newspapers for his family. Why, it costs him more for tobacco and cigars than it does me for periodicals!"

"Still, papa, it is hard for Mary to be deprived of them. It isn't her fault. She says she often begs her father to take them for her, but that his only reply is he can't afford it."

"If she were the only one concerned, Jane, she might have them with pleasure," replied Mr. Tompkins. "But, you see, she isn't. It is plain, from the condition in which the magazines come home, that they have gone through the hands of the whole family. That Mr. Rivers indulges himself in reading at my expense I am very well satisfied, for I have seen my 'Godey' at his store more than once."

"Yes, that is the worst of it,"

"Besides, Jane, I am not perfectly clear in my own mind that it is honest towards the publishers to encourage anything of this kind. They go to great expense and labor in getting up their works, and certainly give the money's worth to all who subscribe. But if every subscriber lends to his neighbors who are perfectly able to subscribe themselves, and who would do so if they could not borrow, the publishers cannot be sustained, or will receive, at best, but an inadequate return. For my part, there is scarcely anything I would not do rather than borrow a newspaper or periodical. I never have been guilty of that meanness yet, and if I keep my present mind, never will."

Mary Rivers, as has been seen, went home, feeling very badly. The more she thought about what had occurred, the more she felt mortified and really ashamed of herself for her having trespassed upon Jane Tompkins for her periodicals and newspapers, to such an extent as to cause her father to interfere and forbid her lending them any more. For this fact in the case she was not slow to infer.

"Mary," said Mr. Rivers, as he sat that evening, listless for want of something to read or do, "ain't none of the magazines out for this month? Haven't you got a 'Post' or a 'Courier' from your friend Miss Tompkins?"

"No, papa," replied Mary.

"I thought you went there to-day."

"So I did, but Jane says her father has forbidden her to lend the papers and magazines any more."

"He has!" ejaculated Mr. Rivers, with surprise and something of indignation.—"Why was that?"

"I don't know; but Jane said she couldn't let me have them any more."

"It's very selfish!" said Mr. Rivers, "very selfish! What harm could your reading the magazines do him, I wonder? But that's just like some people! They cannot bear to see others enjoy themselves, and will prevent it if in their power."

Mr. Rivers felt rather uncomfortable about this refusal on the part of Mr. Tompkins. It seemed to him to be aimed at his family. He also felt uncomfortable at the thought of losing his regular weekly and monthly enjoyment of reading the newspapers and magazines "free, gratis, for nothing." In fact, this standing of Mr. Tompkins upon his reserved rights, had an unhappy effect upon the whole Rivers' family, from the father down to little Tommy who read the anecdotes, and a story now and then, with as high a relish as any of the rest.

Things remained in this posture for two or three weeks, when Mr. Rivers became so hungry for the mental aliment withheld by Mr. Tompkins, that he strained a point, even though he felt that he couldn't afford it, and went and subscribed for the Lady's Book. He brought home a couple of numbers with him, and tossing them into Mary's lap—"There's the Lady's Book for you, Mary, and no thanks to Mr. Tompkins!"

Mary's eyes and face brightened as she caught up the "Book."

"Have you subscribed for it, papa?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, dear. You can read your own magazines now."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Mary, the tears starting into her eyes.

Even though he couldn't afford it, Mr. Rivers felt happy to think that he had made Mary so happy. On the next day, he thought frequently of the delighted face of his daughter when he told her that he had subscribed for the magazine. Before night he determined to give her another agreeable surprise ere the week was out. It was Thursday. On the next evening, when he came in, Mary sprung towards him and holding up a newspaper, said, while her whole countenance beamed with pleasure—"A man left the 'Gazette' here to-day. Did you subscribe for it, papa? Yes, I know you did; your face tells me so!"

"You seem highly delighted about it," Mr. Rivers said, with an irrepressible smile.

"And so I am. I've wanted to see the 'Gazette' dreadful bad."

Nor was Mary alone in her expression of pleasure. The younger sisters and brothers were in raptures at the idea of having a "Gazette" that was all their own to read; and even Mrs. Rivers, who was not of a very literary turn, remarked, on the occasion, that a newspaper was "an excellent thing among children," and that, for her part, she always liked to read a little in them now and then, especially in that part containing receipts and other domestic matters. Not for a long time had Mr. Rivers done anything that gave such universal satisfaction at home. Even though he couldn't afford it, he was very far from repenting of this act of extra liberality.

Many weeks did not pass before another magazine and another newspaper came to the house, and before six months, Mr. Rivers was as liberal a patron of periodical literature as Mr. Tompkins, and this although he couldn't afford it.

A year or two have passed, but notwithstanding the heavy additional expense of twenty dollars per annum for magazines and newspapers, the mercantile community have not yet been startled by an announcement of the failure of Mr. Rivers, and we hope never will—at least not so long as he takes the magazines and newspapers and pays for them punctually.

Doctor C. Morrill has made an aerial voyage in his balloon from Boston.

Politics and Music.—The appearance of Taylor songs which are enlivening the canvass and stirring up the Clubs, gives serious alarm to the official paper. "We did not suppose it possible," says the Washington Union, "that the Whigs would dare to repeat the humbuggery which they had practised upon a free people at the two last elections. It is bad enough," continues the indignant journal, "for them to attempt to palm upon us a candidate who is 'no politician,' under the hope of deluding the votes by the splendor of his military fame." But the enormity of songs—that is clearly past endurance. The artillery and the bayonets one might stand, but who can make head against the drum and fife?

The following passage from a Whig Circular in Pennsylvania, has aroused the Union's feelings:

"Committee on Singing.—The duties of the singing committee are apparent. Its members should be selected from those who have a talent for vocal music; and their duty should be to prepare themselves with appropriate political songs, and lead off in singing them at each meeting of the club. They will contribute much to the spirit of the meeting."

"We warn the South," exclaims the Union against this musical movement! Very good; such vigilance is admirable. Let the south be warned. The Wilmot Proviso, put into verse, and set to the tune of "Lucy Neal," may be at this moment crossing the Potomac. The South must undoubtedly be warned—otherwise we may soon hear that Alabama has yielded to a chorus, and that even South Carolina has gone for a mere song. The official paper itself may be captivated—for it is said that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

The canvass, we may be sure, is now beginning in earnest, since the "Union" shows signs of trepidation and is unwilling to face the music. Cass is not a good name for a rhyme, no matter how it is spelled. But Rough and Ready runs well. In this particular, it must be confessed, we have the advantage of the Cassites, and the official paper has some reason to complain of the adverse odds. The canvass on our side will begin with a grand march and end with a glee.—*Rolt. Amer.*

Social Kindness.—How sweet is social affection! When the world is dark without, we have light within. When cares disturb the breast—when sorrow broods around the heart—what joy gathers in the circle of love? We forget the world with all its animosities, while blessed with social kindness. That man cannot be unhappy who has hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own—who is cheered by the smiles of affection and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold—let the hate and animosity of bad men gather about in place of business—but when he enters the ark of love—his own cherished circle—he forgets all these, and the cloud passes from his brow and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathy of his wife and children dispel every shadow and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom that words are not adequate to express. He who is a stranger to the joys of social kindness, has not begun to live.

John Adams, in the Cunningham correspondence, speaking of the tendency of the people, in republican governments, to select their officers from ancient and respectable families, utters the following remarkable passage:—"If a family, which has been high in office, and splendid in wealth, falls into decay, from profligacy, folly, vice or misfortune, they generally turn Democrats, and count the lowest of the people with an ardor, an art, a skill, and consequently with a success, which no vulgar democrat can attain."

Charles F. Adams, finding that his family is likely to suffer from decay of intellect and ability, has adopted the suggestion of his grandfather, turned the very worst sort of Democrat,