

SATURDAY VISITOR.



E. CAMERON & L. RITCHIEY.

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbrided by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV

CITY OF WARSAW, MISSOURI, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 10, 1848.

NO 19.

Office over the Bank Store, (ENTRANCE FROM THE PUBLIC SQUARE.)

TERMS.

The Saturday Morning Visitor is published once a week, at Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at \$1 per square (of sixteen lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. For one square 3 months, \$6—do for six months, \$8—do for 12 months, \$19 00.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

POETICAL.



THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

BY J. WAKEFIELD.

Give me back my youth,
Full of childish glee—
With its love and truth—
Give it back to me.

Give me back the toys
Age has thrown aside:
Give me back my joys
Time has long denied.

Let my heart be free—
Free from care and strife,
As it used to be
In the spring of life.

Hope be bright as when
Life was free from guile—
Let me back again
In her sunny smile.

No—it cannot be—
Youth has pass'd away
Like the setting sun
Of a summer's day.

But beyond the tomb—
In the "land of truth"—
Shall my spirit bloom
In eternal youth!

IN THE TATER PATCH

A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times sends the following:

On a certain occasion, at a certain dramatic temple, where the writer was one of the "enlightened audience," a farce was in the course of representation, and had just reached a scene where a lover enters, seeking almost distracted, his lady love, who had just concealed herself a moment before (in full view of the audience) in "the garden," behind some canvass representation of bushes.

"Where, oh, Heavens! where has my lovely Julia fled!" exclaimed the actor, in despairing accents, looking around every where but to the right place.

A Yankee in the pit, who had hitherto been all attention, now exhibited symptoms of impatience, and, as the actor repeated his impassioned inquiry he was answered by our excited Yankee with—

"Right behind you, you fool, in the later patch!"

The effect of this can be better imagined than described—the applause was tremendous.

What Witter says for.—A Gentleman reclining on a sofa one summer day, called his waiter to bring him his handkerchief. The order was instantly obeyed.

"Hold it to my nose," was another demand.

The servant did so. After holding it there a minute or two, the sprawling gentleman sprang to the floor, and sent him headlong, at the same time exclaiming—

"You grand rascal, you knew what I wanted; why didn't you blow?"

"Jim," said a father the other day to his son—"Jim, you are lazy; what on earth do you expect to do for a living?"

"Why, father, I've been thinking as how I would be a revolutionary pensioner."

Life is shortened by indulgence in anger, will, anxiety, envy, grief, sorrow and excessive care. The vital powers are weakened by excessive bodily exercise in some cases, and want of due portion in others.

From the Columbian Magazine. GOING TO THE DOGS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I received your bill to-day, Mr. Leonard," said a customer, as he entered the shop of a master mechanic.

"We are sending out our accounts at this season," returned the mechanic, bowing.

"I want to pay you."

"Very well, Mr. Baker, we are always glad to get money."

"But you must throw off something—"

"Let me see"—and the customer drew out the bill—"Twenty-seven dollars and forty-six cents. Twenty-five will do. There, receipt the bill, and I will pay you."

But Leonard shook his head.

"I can't deduct a cent from that bill, Mr. Baker. Every article is charged at our regular price."

"Oh, yes, you can. Just make it twenty-five dollars, even money. Here it is." And Baker counted out the cash.

"I am sorry, Mr. Baker, but I cannot afford to deduct anything. If you only owed me twenty-five dollars, your bill would have been just that amount. I would not have added a cent beyond what is due, nor can I take less than my due."

"Then you won't deduct the odd money?"

"I cannot, indeed."

"Very well." The manner of the customer changed. He was evidently offended. "The bill is too high by just the sum I asked to have stricken off. But no matter, I can pay it."

"Then you mean to insinuate," said the mechanic, who was an independent sort of a man, "that I am cheating you out of two dollars and forty-six cents?"

"I didn't say so."

"But it is plain that you think so, or you wouldn't have asked an abatement. If you considered my charges just, you wouldn't dispute them."

"Oh, never mind, never mind! we'll not waste words about it. Here's your money," said Mr. Baker; and he added another five dollar bill to the sum he had laid down. The mechanic receipted the account, and gave the change, both of which his customer thrust into his pocket, with a petulant air, and then turned away and left the shop without saying another word.

"It's the last bill he ever has against me," muttered Baker to himself, as he walked away. "If that's his manner of treating customers, he'll soon go to the dogs. He was downright insulting, and no gentleman will stand that from another, much less from a mechanic. Mean to insinuate! Humph! Yes, I did mean to insinuate. And Mr. Baker involuntarily quickened his pace. 'He'll lose one good customer,' he continued to himself. 'I've paid him a great deal of money, but it's the last dollar of mine he ever handles.'"

Baker was as good as his word. He withdrew his custom from the offending mechanic, and gave it to another.

"I've got one of your old customers, Leonard," said a friend in the same business, to the mechanic, some six or eight months afterwards.

"Ah! who is it?"

"Baker."

Leonard shrugged his shoulders.

"How came you to lose him?"

"I can tell you how to keep him."

"Well, how?"

"If your bill amounts to thirty dollars, make it thirty-three and a few odd cents, by increasing some of the items. He will want the surplus knocked off, which you can afford to do; then he will pay it, and thank you just the man for him."

"You lost him, then, because you would not abate anything from a true bill?"

"I did."

"Thank you. But suppose my bill should be twenty-six or seven, or eight; what then? I couldn't knock off the odd dollars for the purpose of making an even sum."

"No. In that case you must add on until you get about thirty."

"And fall back to that?"

"Yes. It will be knocking off the odd dollars, which he will think clear gain."

"That would hardly be honest."

"Hardly—but you must do it, or lose his custom some day or other."

"I shall have to accommodate him, I suppose. If he will be cheated, it can't be helped."

On the very first bill that Baker paid his new tradesman, he obtained an abatement of one dollar and ninety cents odd money, but actually paid three dollars more than was justly due. Still he was very well satisfied, imagining that he had a saving of one dollar and ninety cents.

The not over scrupulous tradesman laughed in his sleeve and kept his customer.

Having withdrawn his supplicatory from Leonard, it was the candid opinion of Mr. Baker that he was "going to the dogs," about as fast as a man could go. He often

passed the shop, but rarely saw a customer.

"No wonder," he would say to himself. "A man like him can't expect and don't deserve custom."

In the eyes of Baker, the very grass seemed to grow upon the pavements before the door of the declining tradesman. Dust settled thickly in his window, and the old sign turned grayer and grayer in the bleaching air.

"Going to the dogs, and no wonder," Baker would say to himself as he went by. He appeared to take a strange interest in watching the gradual decay of the mechanic's fortunes. One day, a mercantile friend said to him—

"Do you know any thing about this Leonard?"

"Why?" asked Baker.

"Because he wants to make a pretty large bill with me."

"On time?"

"On the usual credit of six months."

"Don't sell to him. Why, the man is going to the dogs at railroad speed."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I'm looking every day to see him close up. He might have done well, for he understood his business, but he was so unaccommodating, and I might say insulting to his customers, that he drives the best ones he has away. I used to make large bills with him, but haven't dealt at his shop for some time."

"Ah, I was not aware of that. I am glad I spoke to you, for I shouldn't like to lose six or seven hundred dollars."

"Six or seven hundred! Is it possible that he wants to buy so recklessly? Take my advice, and don't think of trusting him."

"I certainly shall not."

When Leonard ordered the goods, the merchant declined selling except for cash.

"As you please," returned the mechanic indifferently, and went elsewhere and made his purchases.

It happened that Mr. Leonard had a very pretty and interesting daughter, on whose education the mechanic had bestowed great pains; and it also happened that Baker had a son, in most things, was a "chip of the old block." Particularly was he like his father in his great love of money; and scarcely had he reached his majority, ere he began to look around him with a careful eye to a good matrimonial arrangement, by which plenty of money would be secured.

Adelaide Leonard, on account of her beauty and accomplishments, was much caressed, and mingled freely in society. Young Baker had met her frequently, and could not help being struck with her beauty, intelligence and grace.

"There's a charm for you," said a friend to him one evening.

"In Miss Leonard?"

"Yes."

"She's a charming girl," replied the young man. "I wonder if her father is worth any thing?"

"People say so."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; they say the old fellow has laid up something quite handsome; and as Adelaide is his only child, she will, of course get it all."

"I was not aware of that."

"It is all so, I believe."

After this, young Baker was exceedingly attentive to Miss Leonard, and made perceptible inroads upon her heart. He even went so far as to visit pretty regularly at her house, and was meditating an avowal of his attachment, when his father said to him one day—

"What young lady was that I saw with you on the street yesterday afternoon?"

"Her name is Leonard."

"The daughter of old Leonard, in—street?"

"Yes sir."

Mr. Baker looked grave and shook his head.

"Do you know any thing about her?"

"Nothing about her, but I know that her father is going to the dogs as fast as ever a man went."

"Indeed! I thought he was very well off."

"Oh, no! I've been looking to see his shop shut up, or to hear of his being sold out by the sheriff, every day for two years past."

"Miss Leonard is a very lovely girl."

"She's the daughter of a poor vulgar mechanic. If you see any thing lovely in that, Henry, you have a strange taste."

"There's no gainsaying Adelaide's personal attractions," replied the son, "but if her father is in the condition you allege, that settles the matter as far as she and I are concerned. I am glad you introduced the subject, for I might have committed myself, and when too late discovered my error."

"And a sad error it would have been, Henry. In any future matter of this kind I hope you will be perfectly frank with me. I have a much more accurate knowledge of the condition and standing of people than you can possibly have."

The son promised to do as his father wished. From that time the visits to Miss Leonard were abated, and his attention to her, when they met in society, became coldly formal. The sweet young girl, whose feelings had been really interested, felt the change, and was for a time unhappy, but in a few months she recovered herself, and was again as bright and cheerful as usual.

Time went steadily on, sweeping down one, and setting up another, and still old Leonard didn't go to the dogs, much to the surprise of Baker, who couldn't imagine how the mechanic kept his head above water after having drove away the best customers, as he must long since have done, if all were treated as he had been. But he was satisfied of one thing, at least, and that was, the mechanic must be miserably poor, as he in fact deserved to be, according to his idea of the matter.

One day, about a year after this timely caution to his son in regard to Miss Leonard, Baker happened to pass along a street where he had not been for some months. Just opposite to a large and beautiful house, to which the painters were giving their last touches, he met a friend. As they passed, Baker said—

"That's an elegant house. It has been built since I was in this neighborhood."

"Yes, it is a very fine house, and I suppose it didn't cost less than ten thousand dollars."

"No, I should think not. Who built it: do you know?"

"Yes—it was built by Leonard."

"By whom?" and Baker looked surprised.

"By old Leonard. You know him."

"Impossible! He is not able to build a house like that."

"Oh, yes he is, and a half dozen more like it, if necessary."

"What, Leonard?"

"Certainly. Why, he's worth at least seventy thousand dollars."

"You must be in error."

"No. His daughter is to be married next month, to an excellent young man, and this house has been built, and is to be handsomely furnished as a marriage present."

"Incredible! I thought he was going, or had gone to the dogs long ago."

"Leonard! The friend could not help laughing aloud. "He goes to the dogs! He's the last one to go to the dogs. Oh, no. There isn't a man in his trade who does so good a business, as little show as he makes; good work, good prices and punctuality, are the cardinal virtues of his establishment, and make all substantial. How in the world could you have taken up such a notion?"

"I don't know, but such has been my impression for a long time," replied Baker, who felt exceedingly out down on account of the mistake he had made, and particularly so, in view of the elegant house and seventy thousand dollars, which might all have belonged to his son in time, if he had not fallen into such an egregious error about old Leonard.

Most persons are apt to make mistakes of this kind, and imagine that because from some slight offence they have withdrawn custom from a man, that he must necessarily be going to the dogs. Probably in the matter of stopping subscriptions to newspapers and periodicals, people are more prone to fall into this error than any thing else. A man gets offended about something—perhaps through some error of the clerk—his bill has been sent to him after it has been paid; or through the neglect of a carrier, or the purloining propensities of news venders, his paper fails a few times, and in high indignation he orders a discontinuance. After that, he is firmly convinced the paper must go down; and if he happens to meet with it a few months afterwards, by accident, he will be very likely to say—

"Why, is this thing yet alive? I thought it had stopped long ago."

So the world moves on. People are prone to think what they smile or lives, and what they frown upon is blighted, and must die.

LATE FROM YUCATAN.

Continuation of the Massacres—Yucatan offered to Great Britain.

La Patria of New Orleans has received late advices from Yucatan. An extra from the office of that Journal, under date of the 18th, contains the intelligence received from Yucatan by the schooner *Aparecida*, which sailed from Sisal on the 11th inst. By this arrival the *Patria* has received its correspondence and files of papers to the 9th inst. from Merida, and to the 2d inst. from Campeche; being eight days later than previously received.—Union.

The Indians still continue their massacres. On the 7th inst., they entered the village of Mani professing peace. Their professions were relied upon, but next morning at daylight the wailing of the

savages was heard and two hundred of the inhabitants were inhumanly butchered.—They then retired.

The statement that 28 vessels of various nations were off the coast of Yucatan, assisting the whites needs confirmation.—The greater portion of these vessels were small coasting boats belonging to the Yucatecos.

The village of Iturbide is stated to have defended itself for eight hours against an overpowering force of savages. The loss on the part of the whites was 23 killed and 11 wounded. During the retreat of the whites 106 soldiers deserted, thus leaving the commander with a force of only 60 men.

The whole coast from the port of Cilaam to Cape Catoche and thence to Bacalar is now in possession of Pat and Chi and their bloodthirsty followers.

More than 100,000 persons are now crowded into the capital of Yucatan, and should it unfortunately fall into the hands of the savages, but a portion of these refugees could be saved, owing to the small number of vessels now on the coast.

The *Amigo del Pueblo*, published at Campechy, states that the British minister in Mexico had received the official communication from the Yucatan Government, offering the sovereignty and dominion of Yucatan to Great Britain in case assistance and protection were offered, and that the Minister had written to his Government earnestly urging the compliance with the offer.

The Yucatan officers had removed the seat of Government from Ticul to Merida.

All hopes of making peace with the crafty and perfidious savages have vanished, and the destiny of the two races only remained to be decided by the arbitrament of arms. The Yucatecos were preparing to make a last struggle against their relentless foes, anxiously awaiting assistance from abroad.

By Telegraph for the St. Louis Republican.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, May 29.

At 12 o'clock the Vice President called the Senate to order.

Prayer was offered up by the Rev. Mr. Gurley.

The Vice President laid before the Senate a communication from Gen. Cass, tendering his resignation, which was accepted, and the Vice President was ordered to notify the Governor of Michigan of the vacancy caused in the representation from that State by this resignation.

A message in writing was received from the President, recommending the granting of the petition of the inhabitants of Oregon for aid, which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Benton was appointed chairman of this committee, the post being vacated by the resignation of Gen. Cass.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the bill making appropriations for the Indians was taken up and slightly amended. The subject was then informally passed over, and the Senate, after transacting some unimportant business, adjourned.

House.—Mr. Tuck, of N. H. moved to suspend the Rules, in order that he might introduce a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

The question was taken and decided in the negative—ayes 53, noes 89.

The Speaker then announced, as the next thing in order, the calling of the States for the offering of resolutions, &c.

Mr. Smith, of La., moved to suspend the rules, in order that he might offer a resolution fixing a day for the consideration of the bill establishing a Territorial Government in Oregon. Decided in the negative.

A message in writing was received from the President, relative to the state of affairs now existing in Oregon.

Mr. Cobb, of Ga., moved to amend the resolution of Mr. Smith, so as to bring in a bill making appropriations for the protection of the settlers in Oregon.

Some discussion ensued upon this proposition, and it was finally so modified as to come up after the bill organizing a Territorial government had been disposed of.

Mr. Ashmun moved to suspend the rules in order that he might offer a joint resolution to adjourn sine die on the 12th of July.

The question was taken, and resulted—ayes 113, noes 69. Two-thirds not voting in the affirmative, it was decided in the negative.

On motion, the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, May 30.

The Senate was assembled as usual and proceeded to the consideration of the morning business.

Mr. Atchison introduced a resolution to close the session on the first Monday of July, and that an extra session should be held commencing on the 1st of October.

The Indian appropriation bill was taken up, and discussed.

An amendment was proposed, authorizing the payment of ten thousand dollars to Richard M. Johnson, for his Choctaw School. The subject was, on motion, laid aside informally.

On motion, the Senate went into Executive session; after which it adjourned.

House.—The Post Office bill was passed.

On motion, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole upon the Military Academy bill.

Mr. Rhett commenced speaking on another question, when the Chair decided him to be out of order. A long debate ensued, but the Chair was sustained.

The committee finally rise, and reported sundry bills, which were referred.

By Telegraph for the Republican.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP *United States*.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE!

NEW YORK, May 31st.

The steamer *United States*, arrived today, having left Liverpool on the 17th inst.

IRELAND.

At the last intelligence from Ireland Mitchell had been arrested for some offence under the new felony law. O'Brien's trial had closed, the jury did not agree upon a verdict. Mr. Meagher's trial was in progress.

FRANCE.

A bold and unsuccessful attempt was made to put down the existing Government, in Paris, on the 15th inst. A large number of people marched to the Chamber of the National Assembly and proclaimed a new Government, at the head of which was Blanqui, Raspail, Barbes, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and others. The troops of the line were called out, and the National Guards and the *Garde Mobile* were placed under arms.

After much uproar and confusion, the populace became intimidated, left the Assembly and marched to the *Hotel de Ville*. Meanwhile the Assembly resumed its session, and the National Guard proceeded to drive out the populace. The National Guards and the troops of the line maintained their allegiance to the National Assembly, and arrested several of the ringleaders in the attempted revolution.

DENMARK AND HOLSTEIN.

Negotiations for peace between these two powers were going on, under mediation of England, with every prospect of a favorable termination.

SPAIN.

Twenty six persons, engaged in the *emude* at Madrid, have been shot.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrians had been defeated by Charles Albert, in a sanguinary engagement before the walls of Verona.

The Emperors of Austria and Russia have concluded an alliance offensive and defensive.

INDIAN AFFAIRS ON THE ARKANSAS FRONTIER.

The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer, learns by a letter from Col. Upshaw, the vigilant agent of the Chickasaws, dated April 25th, that conflicts have recently taken place between some Indians of the Prairie tribes and the citizens of Texas, in the vicinity of Fort Washita. Col. U. writes that a party of Wapocas, killed three surveyors, citizens of Texas. Subsequent to the murders, a party of rangers surprised them while they were drying the scalps of the three white men, all of which party, (four in number) they killed. About the same time a detachment of Capt. Johnson's rangers fell in with a party of Indians, and while holding a *talk* through an interpreter, the Indians fired upon them, when commenced a brisk fight, which continued until about twelve of the Indians were killed, and a number wounded, when the survivors fled.

The Intelligencer says:

Col. Upshaw is also informed, upon good Indian authority, that about 120 Kick