

SATURDAY MORNING VISITOR.



E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHIEY.]

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Candidates announced for \$3 00.

POETICAL.



From the Christian Reflector, WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE.

I asked the glad and happy child, Whose hands were filled with flowers, Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild Among the vine wreathed bowers;

I crossed the sunny path, and cried, "When is the time to die?" "Not yet! not yet!" the child replied, And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden; back she threw The tresses of her hair; Grief's traces on her cheeks I knew, Like pearls they glistened there;

A flush passed o'er her lily brow, I heard her spirit sigh; "Not now," she cried, "O no! not now; Youth is no time to die!"

I asked a mother, as she pressed Her first born in her arms, As gently on her tender breast She hushed her babe's alarm;

In quivering tones her answer came,— Her eyes were dim with tears: "My boy his mother's life must claim For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime, Of proud and fearless air; His brow was furrowed not by time, Or dimmed by woe or care.

In angry accents he replied, And flashed with scorn his eye, "Talk not to me of Death," he cried, "For only age should die."

I questioned age, for him the tomb Had long been all prepared, But death, who withers youth and bloom, This man of years had spared. Once more his nature's dying fire Flashed bright as thus he cried, "Life! only life, is my desire!"

Then gasped, and groaned, and died. I asked a christian,—"Answer thou When is the hour of death?" A holy calm was on his brow And peaceful was his breath;

MARIA CLIFFORD, OR, THE PROTEGE.

By Emma Wharton.

(Concluded.) CHAPTER IV.

It was midnight. Sidney Percival sat alone in his chamber, trying to comprehend his situation. The events of the last two days had passed so rapidly, that he could, with difficulty, realize it was not all a dream. On the morrow he must quit the home of his childhood forever. Where should he go, and what were his plans for the future? Reared in affluence, the acknowledged heir of a large fortune, he was totally unaccustomed to business, and unfitted by habit, to cope with adversity. How deeply he regretted that he had not, by acquiring a practical knowledge of business, prepared himself for obtaining his own subsistence.

Had he done right, in thus setting himself in opposition to those who had protected him from infancy? His mother had placed him, a helpless infant, in their arms, and blessed him and them, and prayed that he might be to them a dutiful child; and they had cared for him, and although capricious, and occasionally, perhaps, even arbitrary, had been, on the whole, indulgent parents, and he loved them tenderly. Would not his parents condemn his conduct in thus braving their power?

As these thoughts passed through his mind, he almost resolved to ask their forgiveness, and give up the contest. For he knew too much of those with whom he had to deal, to suppose that they would not fulfil their threats, or that he could purchase pardon on other terms. But the vision of the screaming child, writhing beneath the cruel lash, rose before him; and he solemnly vowed to protect her, at whatever hazard.

"I am strong and healthy," said he, "and I can soon find a way to support both her and myself. I know my own dear parents would not condemn me for protecting a poor orphan, so much abused."

A soft knock disturbed his cogitations, and bidding the intruder enter, Maria Clifford made her appearance. "I have come," said she, "to beg you will not get yourself into trouble on my account. Susan says that Mr. Eldridge will turn you out of the house, and never let you come back again. Will he be so cruel?"

"He will, Maria," answered Sidney, "unless I will ask his forgiveness, and allow him to whip you as much as he likes." "I had rather," exclaimed the grateful girl, "he should whip me a thousand times, than you should have to go away. But I will beg so hard, that perhaps they will not punish me any more."

"But they say," said Sidney, "that they will punish you again unless you own that you broke the vase." The child started, and a new idea seemed to flash across her mind. "But what if I should tell them I did it?" said she eagerly.

"But did you break it?" demanded Sidney. "O, no," answered she; "I did not; and I will not say that I did, to save myself from being whipped. My mother, the night she died, told me never to tell a lie; that if I would be a good girl, and love God, he would take care of me; and however dark it might be about me, it would all end right."

"And so my child, it will!" exclaimed our hero, pressing her in his arms, "if you will only love him. But now, my dear, go to your bed, and think no more of it to-night."

In accordance with his resolution, Sidney Percival, the following morning, in the most respectful and affectionate language, endeavored to convince his adopted parents of the innocence of Maria Clifford, and the rectitude of his own intentions; at the same time boldly avowing his intention to protect her from further punishment, at every hazard, and to take her with him, should he be obliged to leave the house.

"But she was bound to me by the proper authorities," began Mr. Eldridge, "and they are bound to defend my right to retain her."

"If you appeal to the authority," replied our hero, coolly, "I will summon the servant and others who have been in the house, to attest how cruelly you have abused her."

This threat produced the proper effect; for aware that his conduct would not bear investigation, Mr. Eldridge muttered something about "base ingratitude," and rushed from the room. With an aching heart and trembling lips, he took leave of Mrs. Eldridge, who returned his adieu with sullen haughtiness, and left the house. That Mrs. Eldridge could see the child

she had so solemnly promised to protect, and who had been to her so long a son, quit her house forever, without any other manifestation of emotion, may seem unnatural and inconsistent in the extreme. But unnatural as it may appear, it was in perfect accordance with her character. She was one of those persons with whom passion usurps the place, and wears the name of feeling. Perfectly selfish and egotistical in her character, she valued objects as they ministered to her own gratification, rather than from any regard to their intrinsic worth. She had petted and spoiled the child entrusted to her care, but it was rather from an emotion of pride, than any sentiment of true and lasting affection. Her presence had enervated the childless, and often-neglected solitude of her home; his handsome person, and fine talents, had flattered her vanity, as much as his ready obedience and constant deference, had gratified her love of power. Several incidents had occurred, however, previous to his departure for Cuba, to lessen her regard; one of which was, he had begun to manifest a troublesome desire to think occasionally for himself. His absence—for her changing affections required the tangible presence of his object to secure its constancy—had reduced it still lower; and since his return, his constant efforts to thwart her inhuman purposes, had completed the alienation, and she regarded his removal rather as a source of pleasure, than of pain.

Mr. Eldridge had received him into his family at first in deference for his wife's feelings, more than his own desires; and although he had treated him kindly and indulgently, he had never deeply loved him. He had seldom dared to oppose his stronger minded wife; even where his feelings and wishes differed instead of coinciding with her own, and he certainly never dreamed of doing so, in this case.

Our hero had sent little Maria and his effects in a carriage to the hotel, and was slowly proceeding towards it on foot, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, to arrest his progress. Turning round, to his surprise, he beheld Susan Murray, a young woman who had for several days, been sewing for Mrs. Eldridge, and was therefore perfectly acquainted with the state of affairs.

"What do you intend to do with Maria?" she inquired. "I do not know," returned Sidney, depondingly; "I would I could get her into some good family."

"Will you trust her to me? You know I have been for some years engaged to William Sherman. We did not expect it would be so for a long while to come. But a month ago, William's aunt died, leaving a neat little cottage, and an acre of land, about five miles from the city, her little all. I have this morning finished my last engagement, and next week we are to be married. My heart has often bled for poor Maria, when I have seen her cruelly abused. But I was poor, and the Eldridges gave both William and me a good deal of work, and I dared not speak. Now we do not fear their anger, and I should like to have Maria with me. We shall not be rich, but if you will trust her with us, we will treat her well."

Sidney heard this proposition with delight. He had racked his brain in vain, to discover some refuge for Maria. Of all his wealthy acquaintances, and they were many, he could think of none who would brave the anger of Mr. Eldridge, by receiving the poor child into their family.

He had known William Sherman and Susan Murray for years. The first, a house carpenter, had often worked for his uncle, and Susan had for a long time been his aunt's dress-maker. He knew they were poor, but kind-hearted, and that he did not hesitate to entrust the child to their care. On examining his purse, he found it contained one hundred dollars, fifty of which he gave to Susan as her first payment; and with a mind relieved of its greatest anxiety, he proceeded to form plans for his own future conduct. A merchant in Cuba had one day jocosely proposed that he should enter his store as a clerk, and when he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of business, he would receive him as a partner, and he now resolved to claim the fulfilment of the promise.

CHAPTER V.

Five years had passed away since he left Philadelphia, and Sidney Percival lay on a bed of sickness. On reaching Havana, Mr. Harding had willingly received him, and he was two years his clerk. Arrangements were making to take him into partnership, when owing to unforeseen changes in the commercial world, Mr. Harding failed, and his bright prospects were destroyed. Mr. Harding, however, gave him a letter to a firm in Liverpool, who employed him as a clerk. But failure dogged his footsteps like an evil spectre. This firm, too, failed, and he was once more thrown upon the world;

but more unfortunate than the first, for he lost nearly all his wages.

While at Cuba, he had punctually remitted the money agreed on to Mrs. Sherman. He had often received letters from Maria, who seemed perfectly happy, and spoke in the highest terms of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman. Since his arrival in Liverpool, he had often written, but had received no answer; a circumstance which caused him great uneasiness, the more especially as he had been able to remit no money.

He had tried hard to get employment, but in vain. And now a lingering fever had seized him, and he thought his last hour was about to come. He had expended all his means of support, and as a last and most painful resort of all, he had been obliged to sell the ring Maria Clifford had given him so many years before. All had been expended, and he was in absolute despair. He was silently praying that God would take him to himself, when his own name pronounced in a soft voice caused him to open his eyes.

A very old gentleman and a very young lady stood by his bed side. An indistinct idea that he knew not where, seen the lady, crossed his mind.

"My benefactor! my best friend!" exclaimed she, sinking on her knees, by his bed, "do you not know me?" He looked earnestly in her face; it was Maria Clifford. The old man she introduced as her grandfather.

"You must ask no questions about it now," said she, "we will nurse you here until you are able to be removed. Bye-and-bye, when you are well, you shall know all."

Sidney Percival soon passed the crisis of his disease, and began to recover rapidly. But it was not until he sat on an easy sofa, in a splendid mansion in London, that he heard the circumstances which restored Maria Clifford to her grandfather.

"Maria's father," began Mr. Clifford, when at our hero's earnest entreaty, he consented to tell the tale, "was my second son. He married her mother, like himself English, in Philadelphia, where he had been for some time in trade. Urgent business, soon after, required his presence in England, and he left his young wife at home. He fell overboard, on the passage, and was drowned. The news of his death was brought me by Harry Liscom, a young man who went to America with him, and was returning in the same vessel; but he never told me that Edward left a wife. He represented him as insolvent, and as he was in business in the same city, I employed him to settle with the creditors."

But the villain had other purposes in thus concealing the true state of affairs. He had loved Edward's wife, and it was partly to revenge himself on her, for preferring another when he sought her hand, and partly to force her yet to become his wife, that he forged his tale. The noble woman rejected his offers with scorn, and made the most energetic efforts to support herself and child, but all to no purpose, and she was at length obliged to seek a refuge in the almshouse, where she died, leaving her helpless child a prey to those who, but for your noble conduct, would have made her life a curse."

Two years ago, when Harry Liscom lay on his death bed, he sent for me and confessed the whole truth. My eldest son had died, and I had supposed myself alone in the world. God knows how rejoiced I was to find there was still one being left, who could claim my love and care. I sailed for America, and found Maria in her humble home, her happiness marred only by the fact, that although she had many times written, she had not heard from you for more than a year.

At the earnest request of Maria, I sent to Cuba to inquire for you, but I could only learn that you had left for some part of England. Through the whole two years, I sought for you with the utmost diligence; but without success; until one day, as we were examining some jewelry, a plain gold ring attracted the attention of Maria, who instantly seized it. Her mother's maiden name was engraved on its inner side, and she recognized it as the one she had given you. By this clue we found you out; and now we have got you, we intend to prove to you how deeply we consider ourselves your debtors."

Two years had Sidney Percival been an inmate of the family of Mr. Clifford. The old gentleman observing that his pride revolted at the idea of becoming a dependent on his bounty, had made him his secretary, although he treated him as a son. He had learned to regard his former protegee with feelings of love bordering on idolatry; and he often fancied his love was returned. But his proud heart would not allow him to declare his sentiments. Perhaps it was only gratitude she felt for him, and he would not purchase the priceless boon of her hand at so low a rate. Besides, how could he have the heart to drag down one, whose fortunes were now so

high, and who he daily beheld courted by the rich and great, to the level of his own poor state.

At length, one day, Maria having left the room for a few moments, Mr. Clifford laid down his paper, and looking steadfastly at Sidney, said, "Sir George Littleton has this morning proposed for Maria's hand. He is one of the best fellows in the world, every way worthy of her, but she has decidedly refused to accept him. You have a great deal of influence over, and I wish you would ascertain the cause of this capricious freak." And as Maria at this instant entered at one door, the old gentleman quietly departed by the other.

About two hours after, he again made his appearance, and after one glance, exclaimed, "And so, Mr. Proud-heart, you have contrived to gain your senses? I have a good mind, out of revenge for your foolish pride, to force her to marry Sir George, who, poor fellow, looks as if he had lost his last friend. I shall, however, give my consent on two conditions; one of which is, that you be married this day month; the other, that we all sail for America directly after. I am an old man, and do not expect to live long. I wish once more to visit those kind Shermans, to whom Maria is almost as much indebted as yourself. In my will, I shall give them one-third of my estate; two-thirds being quite sufficient for so disinterested a gentleman as yourself."

In one month, Maria Clifford stood at the altar. By her own request, the ring placed on her finger by the happy bridegroom, was the one she gave him years before.

BE ALWAYS BUSY.

The more a man accomplishes, the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men who are the most forward to do good, or to improve the times or the manners, always busy. Who start our railroads and our steamboats—our machine shops and our manufactories? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live, they keep at work, doing something to benefit themselves and others.

It is just so with a man who is benevolent. The more he gives, the more he feels like giving. Let a man squeeze out a sixpence now and then for the contribution box, and he will do no more; no matter how rich he may be. But let him give his dollars, and so he will continue to do.

We go for activity—in body, in mind, in purse, in every thing. Let the gold not grow dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. We would rather that death should find us scaling a mountain than sinking in the mire-breasting whirlwind, than sneaking from a cloud—Portland Unpire.

A DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

Here is a North Carolina neutral editor who has principles, and he says he will support them. They are numbered and stated as follows:

- 1. The cash for old debts, and good security for all new ones.
2. Plenty in the meal-gum, and sauger and oats in proportion.
3. The right to every white boy and girl in the State to an education—also to four dollars in money, and a pair of new shoes.
4. An equal distribution of rain; and no dearth among the pine trees.
5. Twelve dollars and fifty cents for cotton; eighty cents cash for corn—wheat and oats in proportion.
6. Shad in the Peede, and 'Big-Blues' on the Coheras.
7. The right of white men and women in the State who pay their taxes, to take a Sheriff's receipt for the same—anyhow.
8. A hen in every man's pot, and new breeches to all who need them.

How to learn the Value of a Dollar.

Reader, says a democratic paper, if you would learn the value of a dollar, go and labor two days in the burning sun as a hard carrier. This is an excellent idea; and if many of our young gentlemen had to earn all their dollars in that way, how much less dissipation, and folly, and crime, would we witness every day! So of our fashionable young ladies; if they, like some of the poor seamstresses of our large cities, had to earn their dollars by making shirts at ten cents a piece, how much less foolish finery would we see about them, and how much more truthful notions would they have of their duties of life, and their obligations to the rest of mankind!

An explosion took place in the arsenal at Washington on Monday week, by which one man lost his life.

TENDER-HEARTED LANDLORD.

James, a worthy merchant, on Main street to his clerk the other morning; "Go down to Water street, to Mr. ———, and tell him his rent must be paid to-day. I can't wait any longer as he's already two quarters in arrears."

The clerk obeyed, the direction, and soon came back with great appearance of milkiness about the eyes. "Mrs. ——— wants to see you, Sir, about that rent, very much, Sir."

The merchant happily was at leisure, and went at once to visit his tenant. He found him extended upon a course bed, in an insensible stage of a dangerous malady. His wife was busy over a scanty fire; apparently preparing some simple aliment for her sick husband. Three little children sat shivering in the corner. His approach was unnoticed. "Ma," said one of the little urchins, "when be you going to get breakfast?" "Breakfast, my dear child, that is more than I can tell."

The merchant advanced. "My good woman—my good woman—shem—that is—the worthy man felt very much like choking. He grasped his pocket book convulsively and laid some bills on the table—he opened the door and disappeared."

"James," said he again to his clerk, "take this order to Mr. ———, and tell him to have the provisions delivered immediately." The merchant felt much better than he would have done, if he had got the rent. There is something in a good action that makes one's heart feel lighter—warmer—better. We would publish the good man's name, but we know he would dislike it, and we would not for all the world offend him.

A Quaker who was examined before a Court, not using any other language than thee, thou, and friends, was asked by the presiding judge, "Pray, Mr. ———, do you know what we, sit here for?" "Yes, verily I do," said the Quaker, "three of you for two dollars each a day, and the fat one on the right, for one thousand dollars a year."

By Telegraph for the St. Louis Union.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 19, 1848.

Secret correspondence to the Tribune, Dublin, Aug. 3d. No newspapers do tell the truth concerning the battle in Stevenaler, but from all we can learn the people have had a great victory!

Gen. McDonald, the commander, is killed, and six thousand troops are killed and wounded. The road for three miles is covered with the dead. We have also also inspiring intelligence that Kilkenny and Limerick have been taken by the people.

The people of Dublin have gone in thousands to assist in the country. O'Brien has sixty thousand men around him. B. Dillon was wounded in both legs. Mr. Meagher was also wounded in both arms. It is generally expected that Dublin will rise and attack the jails.

On Sunday night, Aug. 6th, the third buffa Regiment of Infantry turned and fought with the people. The 8th Regiment at Athlone, fought with the people. The Irish affairs are generally exaggerated by the Tory papers of England—they represent that the only disturbance was between the constabulary force and that of O'Brien, by the former attempting to apprehend the latter. The confederates were evidently unprepared for an attack to follow the immediate issuing of the proclamation suspending the habeas corpus act.

BULLETIN FROM THE N. YORK EMMET CLUB.

New York, Aug. 19, 1848.

The "Cambria" has arrived. Her news contained in Tory papers is intended to deceive the public—depress the cause of Ireland. Collisions have occurred, the precise result of which cannot be stated; but known events received in the light of our previous informations are all encouraging. The whole government force has been employed for a week in attempting to arrest the leaders without effecting a single capture. These leaders have adopted the most effectual means and will be successful. We repeat our appeal—we urge upon our friends in every part of the Union prompt and continued action.

R. EMMET, C. O'CONNOR, J. W. WHITE, THOS. HAYES, H. GARRELY, JOHN MCKEN, H. T. O'CONNOR, B. O'CONNOR, Directory of the friends of Ireland.

The editors of all American journals, friendly to Liberty of Ireland, are requested to give this immediate insertion.

Myriads of locusts have made their appearance in the district of Montreal, Canada.