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ROTARY MORNING



SATURDAY VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY. Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain, Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain. [EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

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

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POETICAL.



WHAT IS CHARITY.

'Tis not to pause, when at my door A shivering mortal stands, To ask the cause that made him poor, Or why he help demands. 'Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer, For faults he once has known, 'Tis not to leave him to despair, And say that I have none. The voice of charity is kind, She seeketh nothing wrong, To every fault she seemeth blind, Nirvaneth with her tongue. In penitence she pleadeth faith, Hope smiteth at the door, Believeth first, then softly saith, Go, brother, sin no more.

THE MECHANIC'S ADVANTAGE.

Not many years ago, a Polish lady, of Plebian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishments, won the affections of a young nobleman, who having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the young nobleman. 'Am I not,' said he, 'of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?' 'You are undoubtedly of the best blood of Poland.' 'Then, having your daughter's consent, how could I expect a refusal?' 'This, sir,' said the father, 'is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious. What fortune gives, at her caprice she takes away. I see no security for the independence and a comfortable living of a wife but one; in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter, who is not master of a trade. The nobleman bowed his head and retired silently. In a year or two after, the father was sitting at the door, and saw approaching his coat, wagons loaded with baskets, and leading the cavalcade, the nobleman in the dress of a basket maker. He was now master of a trade, and bro't the wares made by his own hands for inspection, and certificate from his employer that he was master of his skill. The condition being fulfilled, no further obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not yet done. The revolution came—fortunes were plundered—and lords were scattered like chaff before the four winds of Heaven. Kings became beggars—some of them teachers—and the noble Pole supported his wife and her father in the infirmities of age, by his basket-making industry.

There's nothing impossible.—A paper states that Bristow, the celebrated writing-master, taught a lawyer, in the course of twelve lessons, to read his own handwriting. We wish some newspaper correspondent would try a course, and see if similar results could not be attained.

A Down East Editor, in speaking of a well-known personage says, he broke every bank and Sabbath day that has been in that State for the last five years.

Offence.—A feller came running and panting, out of breath after the canal packet, when she had got under weigh. 'Hallo, there, I want to get aboard.' 'Well, why don't you get one of the feller?' was the cool but polite reply of the captain, as he ordered the driver to go ahead.

From the Christian Keepsake for 1849. THE LAST PENNY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Thomas Claire, son of St. Crispin, was a clever sort of a man; though not very well off in the world. He was industrious, but, as his abilities were small, his reward was proportioned thereto. His skill went little beyond half-soles, heel-taps and patches. Those who, willing to encourage Thomas, ventured to order from him a new pair of boots or shoes, never repeated the order. That would have been carrying their good wishes for his prosperity rather too far. As intimated, the income of Thomas Claire was not large. Industrious though he was, the amount earned proved so small that his frugal wife always found it insufficient for an adequate supply of the wants of the family, which consisted of her husband, herself, and three children. It cannot be denied, however, that if Thomas had cared less about his pipe and mug of ale, the supply of bread would have been more liberal. But he had to work hard, and must have some little self-indulgence. At least so he very conclusively argued. This self-indulgence cost from two to three shillings every week, a sum that would have purchased many comforts for the needy familar.

The oldest of Claire's children, a girl ten years of age, had been sickly from her birth. She was a gentle, loving child, the favorite of all in the house, and more especially of her father. Little Lizzy would come up into the garret where Claire worked, and sit with him sometimes for hours, talking in a strain that caused him to wonder; and sometimes when she did not feel as well as usual, lying upon the floor and fixing upon him her large bright eyes for almost as long a period.—Lizzy was never so contented as when she was with her father; and he never worked so cheerfully as when she was near him.

Gradually, as month after month went by, Lizzy wasted away with some disease, for which the doctor could find no remedy. Her cheeks became paler and paler, her eyes larger and brighter, and such a weakness fell upon her slender limbs that she could with difficulty sustain her weight. She was no longer able to clamber up the steep stairs into the garret, or left, where her father worked; yet she was there as often as before. Claire had made for her a little bed, raised a short space from the floor, and here she lay, talking to him or looking at him, as of old. He rarely went up or down the garret stairs without having Lizzy in his arms. Usually her head was lying upon his shoulder.

And thus the time went on, Claire, for all the love he felt for his sick child—for all the regard he entertained for his family—indulging his beer and tobacco as usual, and thus consuming, weekly, a portion of their little income that would have brought to his children many a comfort. No one but himself had any luxuries.—Not even for Lizzy's weak appetite were dainties procured. It was as much as the mother could do, out of the weekly pittance she received, to get enough coarse food for the table, and cover the nakedness of her family.

To supply the pipe and mug of Claire, from two to three shillings a week were required. This sum he usually retained out of his earnings, and gave the balance, whether large or small, to his frugal wife. No matter what his income happened to be, the amount necessary to obtain these articles was rigidly deducted, and as certainly expended. Without his beer, Claire really imagined that he would not have strength sufficient to go through with the weekly toil—how his wife managed to get along without even her regular cup of good tea, it had never occurred to him to ask—and not to have had a pipe to smoke in the evening, or after each meal, would have been a deprivation beyond his ability to endure. So, the two or three shillings went regularly in the old way.—When the sixpences and pennies congregated in goodly numbers in the shoemaker's pocket, his visits to the ale house were often repeated, and his extra pipe smoked more frequently. But, as his allowance for the week diminished, and it required some searching in the capacious pockets, where they hid themselves away, to find the straggling coins, Claire found it necessary to put some check upon his appetites. And so it went on, week after week and month after month. The beer was drank, and the pipe smoked as usual, while the whole family bent under the weight of poverty that was laid upon them.

Weaker and weaker grew little Lizzy. From the coarse food that was daily set before her, her weak stomach turned, and she hardly took sufficient nourishment to keep life in her attenuated frame.

"Poor child," said the mother one morning, "she cannot live if she doesn't eat. But coarse bread and potatoes and butter-milk go against her weak stomach. Ah, me! If we only had a little that the rich waste!"

"There is a curse in poverty!" replied Claire, with a bitterness that was unusual to him, as he turned his eyes upon his child, who had pushed the food away that had been placed before her, and was looking at it with an expression of disappointment on her face. "A curse in poverty!" he repeated. "Why should my child die for want of nourishing food, while the children of the rich have every luxury?"

In the mind of Claire, there was usually a dead calm. He plodded on, from day to day, eating his potatoes and butter-milk, or whatever came before him, and working steadily through the hours allotted to labor, his hopes or fears in life rarely exciting him to an expression of discontent. But he loved Lizzy better than any earthly thing, and to see her turn with loathing from her coarse food, the best he was able to procure for her, aroused his sluggish nature into rebellion against his lot. But he saw no remedy.

"Can't we get something a little better for Lizzy?" he said, as he pushed his plate aside, his appetite for once gone before his meal was half eaten.

"Not unless you can earn more," replied the wife. "Cut and carve and manage as I will, it's as much as I can do to get common food."

Claire pushed himself back from the table, and without saying a word more, went up to his shop in the garret, and set down to work. There was a troubled and despondent feeling about his heart.—He did not light his pipe as usual, for he had smoked up the last of his tobacco on the evening before. But he had a penny left, and with that, as soon as he had finished mending a pair of boots and taken them home, he meant to get a new supply of the fragrant weed. The boots had only half an hour's work on them. But a few stitches had been taken by the cobbler, when he heard the feeble voice of Lizzy calling to him from the bottom of the stairs. That voice never came unregarded to his ears. He laid aside his work, and went down for his patient child, and as he took her light form in his arms, and bore her up into his little work-shop, he felt that he pressed against his heart the dearest thing to him in life. And with this feeling came the bitter certainty that soon she would pass away and be no more seen.—Thomas Claire did not often indulge in external manifestations of feeling; but now, as he held little Lizzy in his arms, he bent down his face and kissed her tenderly. A light, like a gleam of sunshine, fell suddenly upon the pale countenance of the child, while a faint but loving smile played about her lips. Her father kissed her again, and then laid her upon the little bed that was always ready for her, and once more resumed her work.

Claire's mind had been awakened from its usual leaden quiet. The wants of his failing child aroused it into disturbed activity. Thought beat for awhile, like a caged bird, against the bars of necessity, and then fluttered back into panting imbecility.

At last the boots were done, and with his thoughts now more occupied with the supply of tobacco he was to obtain, than with anything else, Claire started to take them home. As he walked along, he passed a fruit shop, and the thought of Lizzy came into his mind.

"If we could afford her some of these nice things!" he said to himself. "They would be food and medicine both, to the dear child. 'But,' he added, with a sigh,—"we are poor!—we are poor. Such dainties are not for the children of poverty!"

He passed along until he came to the ale-house where he intended to get his penny worth of tobacco. For the first time a thought of self-denial entered his mind, as he stood by the door, with his hand in his pocket, feeling for his solitary copper.

"This would buy poor Lizzy an orange," he said to himself. "But then," he was quickly added, "I would have no tobacco to-day, nor to-morrow, for I won't be paid for these boots before Saturday, when Barton gets his wages."

Then came a long, hesitating pause.—There was before the mind of Claire the image of the faint and feeble child with the refreshing orange to her lips; and there was also the image of himself encumbered for two long days by his pipe.—But could he for a moment hesitate, if he really loved that sick child? It is asked.—Yes, he could hesitate, and yet love the little sufferer; for, to one of his order of mind and habits of acting and feeling, a self-indulgence like that of the pipe, or a regular draught of beer, becomes so much like second nature, that it is as it were, a part of the very life, and to give it up costs more than a light effort.

The penny was between his fingers, and he took a single step towards the ale-house door; but so vividly came back the image of little Lizzy, that he stopped suddenly. The conflict, even though the spending of a single penny was concerned, now became severe; and as earnestly pleaded earnestly, and as earnestly pleaded the old habit that seemed as if it would take no denial.

It was his last penny that was between the cobbler's fingers. Had there been two pennies in his pocket, all difficulty would have immediately vanished. Having that of the orange, he would have bought it with one of them, and supplied his pipe with the other. But, as affairs now stood, he must utterly deny himself, or else deny his child.

For minutes the question was debated. "I will see as I come back," said Claire at last, starting on his errand, and thus, for the time, making a sort of compromise. As he walked along, the argument still went on in his mind. The more his thoughts acted in this new channel, the more light came into the cobbler's mind, at all times rather dark and dull. Certain discriminations, never before thought of, were made; and certain convictions forced themselves upon him.

"What is a pipe of tobacco to a healthy man, compared with an orange to a sick child?" uttered half aloud, marked at last the final conclusion of his mind; and as this was said, the pipe, which was still held in his fingers, was thrust determinedly into his pocket.

As he returned home, Claire bought the orange, and in the act experienced a new pleasure. By a kind of necessity he had worked on, daily, for his family, upon which was expended nearly all his earnings; and the whole matter came so much as a thing of course, that it was no subject of conscious thought, and produced no emotion of delight or pain. But, the giving up of his tobacco for the sake of his little Lizzy was an act of self-denial entirely out of the ordinary course, and it brought with it its own sweet reward.

When Claire got back to his home, Lizzy was lying at the bottom of the stairs, waiting for his return. He lifted her, as usual, in his arms, and carried her up to his shop. After placing her upon the rude couch he had prepared for her, he sat down upon his bench, and as he looked upon the white shrunken face of his dear child, and met the fixed, sad gaze of her large earnest eye, a more than usual tenderness came over his feelings. Then, without a word, he took the orange from his pocket, and gave it into her hand.

Instantly there came over Lizzy's face a deep flush of surprise and pleasure.—A smile trembled around her wan lips, and an unusual light glittered in her eyes. Eagerly she placed the fruit to her mouth, and drank its refreshing juice, while every part of her body seemed quivering with a sense of delight.

"Is it good, dear?" at length asked the father, who sat looking on with a new feeling at his heart.

The child did not answer in words; but words could not have expressed her sense of pleasure so eloquently as the smile that lit up and made beautiful every feature of her face.

While the orange was yet at the lips of Lizzy, Mrs. Claire came up into the shop for some purpose.

"An orange!" she exclaimed with surprise. "Where did that come from?"

"Oh, mamma! it is so good!" said the child, taking from her lips the portion that yet remained, and looking at it with a happy face.

"Where in the world did that come from, Thomas?" asked the mother.

"I bought it with my last penny," replied Claire. "I thought it would taste good to her."

"But you had no tobacco,"

"I'll do without that until to-morrow," replied Claire.

"It was kind in you to deny yourself for Lizzy's sake."

This was said in an approving voice, and added another pleasurable emotion to those he was already feeling. The mother sat down, and, for a few moments enjoyed the sight of her sick child, as with unabated eagerness she continued to extract the refreshing juice from the fruit. When she went down stairs, and resumed her household duties, her heart beat more lightly in her bosom than it had beaten for a long time.

Not once through that whole day did Thomas Claire feel the want of his pipe; for the thought of the orange kept his mind in so pleased a state, that a mere sensual desire like that for a whiff of tobacco, had no power over him.

year, which he always thought a large sum. But his beer and tobacco cost nearly seven pounds! He went over and over the calculation a dozen times, in doubt of the first estimate, but it always came out the same. Then he began to go over in his mind the many comforts seven pounds per annum would give to his family; and particularly how many little luxuries might be procured for Lizzy, whose delicate appetite turned from the coarse food that was daily set before her.

But to give up the beer and tobacco in toto when it was thought of seriously, appeared impossible. How could he live with them? On that evening, the customer whose boots he had taken home in the morning, called in unexpectedly, and paid for them. Claire retained a sixpence of the money, and gave the balance to his wife. With this sixpence in his pocket he went out for a mug of beer, and some tobacco to replenish his pipe. He staid some time—longer than he usually took for such an errand.

When he came back he had three oranges in his pocket; and in his hands were two fresh buns, and a cup of sweet new milk. No beer had passed his lips, and his pipe was yet unsmoked. He had passed through another conflict with his old appetites; but love for his child came off, as before, the conqueror.

Lizzy, who drooped about all day, lying down most of her time, never went to sleep early. She was awake, as usual, when her father returned. With scarcely less eagerness than she had eaten the orange in the morning, did she now drink the nourishing milk and eat the sweet buns, while her father sat looking at her, his heart throbbing with inexpressible delight.

From that day, the pipe and the mug were thrown aside. It cost a prolonged struggle. But the man conquered the mere animal—and Claire found himself no worse off in health. He could work as many hours, and with as little fatigue; in fact, he found himself brighter in the morning, and ready to go to his work earlier, by which he was able to increase at least a shilling or two, his weekly income. Added to the comfort of his family, eight or ten pounds produced a great change. But the greatest change was in little Lizzy. For a few weeks, every penny saved from the beer and tobacco, the father regularly expended for his sick child; and it soon became apparent, that it was nourishing food, more than medicine, that Lizzy needed. She revived wonderfully; and no long time passed before she could sit up for hours. Her little tongue, too, became free once more, and many an hour of labor did her voice again beguile.—And the blessing of better food came also in time to the other children, and to all.

"So much to come from the right spending of a single penny!" Claire said to himself, as he sat and reflected one day.—"Who could have believed it?"

And as it was with the poor cobbler, so will it be with all of us. There are little matters of self-denial, which, if we had but the true benevolence, justice, and resolution to practice, would be the beginning of more important acts of a like nature, that when performed, would bless, not only our families, but others; and be returned upon us in a reward of delight incomparably beyond any thing that selfish and sensual indulgences have it in their power to do.

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While walking out the other day, To spend my lonely hours And see the merry small birds play, Amid the woodland bowers; Methought I heard a little bird, Sing sweet, and sweeter still, And as the song I plainer heard, 'Twas pay your printer's bill.

WISHES.

Sweet be her dreams, the fair, the young! Grace, beauty, breathe upon her; Music, haunt thou about her tongue— Life, fill her path with honor; All golden thought, all wealth of days— Truth, Friendship, Love, surround her; So may she smile till life be closed, And angel hands have crowned her.

By Telegraph for the St. Louis Union. Congressional.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.

SENATE.—This being the day fixed for the annual meeting of Congress, at 12 o'clock, meridian, the Senate was called to order by the Hon. D. R. Atchison—the Vice President being absent.

After prayer by the Rev. Henry Slicer, the Chaplain, the Secretary called the roll, when it was ascertained that a quorum of Senators were present.

On motion, the Secretary was authorized to inform the House that the Senate had organized, and was now ready to proceed to business.

Mr. Brees offered a resolution providing for the appointment of a joint committee from both Houses, to wait upon the President and inform him that the two Houses of Congress had been organized, and were now ready to receive any communication which he might please to make, which resolution was read and adopted.

Mr. Douglass gave notice that he would, on a future day, ask leave to introduce a bill providing for the admission of California and New Mexico into the Union.

Mr. Cameron gave notice that on a future day, he would introduce a bill providing for taking the seventh census of the United States.

Without transacting further business, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—The House was called to order by the Speaker, and the roll called by the Clerk, when it appeared a quorum of members were present.

Mr. Watson presented the credentials of Mr. Sibley, delegate from the territory of Minnesota, upon which a discussion ensued. The matter was finally referred to the Committee on Elections.

After transacting the usual preliminary business, the House adjourned.

RIDING ON A RAIL.

A number of the stockholders, editorial fraternity and others, were invited by the Directors of the Galena and Chicago Railroad to a ride upon the road on Monday last. One or two baggage wagons were provided with seats to accommodate about one hundred persons; and the company started in fine spirits about 4 o'clock, p. m.

The Western route was taken at the rate of about sixteen or eighteen miles per hour, sufficiently fast to make the keen prairie breeze cutting, even through comfortable pilot cloth overcoat.

Returning, a load of wheat was transferred from a farmer's wagon—the first that has been transported by the iron horse to the city.

The cars returned about dusk, the company highly gratified with the short trip, and all impressed with the utility of this, the greatest improvement in the Prairie State.—Chicago Dem., 22d.

Poor Wives.—"As well might the farmer have the Venus de Medicis placed in his kitchen for a wife," says the Rev. Henry Colman, in one of his agricultural lectures—"as some of our fashionable women. Indeed it would be much better to have Let's wife standing there, for she might answer one useful purpose; she might salt his bacon."

The Point Coupe (La.) Echo, of the 25th ult., contains the following: CONJUGIAL BLISS.—Col. Bliss was united in the bonds of matrimony, to Miss Betty Taylor, daughter of the President elect, on Thursday last, at Baton Rouge.

The most remarkable instance of the "ruling passion in death," that we remember is related by Hood, in the case of a schoolmaster, who in his last moment reached out his hand, and made a motion as if ruling a copy book!

In Inferno.—A country editor speaking of a stamboul says she had twelve berths in her ladies' cabin. "Oh, how of me," exclaimed an old lady, on reading the above, "what squalling there must have been."

New Wholesale Rate.—"What do you ask for eggs?" "Twenty cents a dozen, sir." "Well, I want all you have." "If I sell all to one person I must have twenty-five cents a dozen?"