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AND LASALLE COUNTY COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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## From the Democratic Banner.

### POLISH SONG.

AIR—*Bonnie Dan.*

Oh! weep for Poland's mournful fate  
Who may not, dare not, weep her own,  
Her happy fire-side desolate,  
Her shrines of freedom overthrown;  
Oh! weep for her, who dare not weep,  
Beneath a despot's cruel eye.  
For those who mournful vigils keep  
In thought of years long, long gone by.  
Oh! sing of Poland's ancient fame,  
Who may not, dare not sing her own,  
The glory of her ancient name,  
The splendor of her ancient throne;  
Oh! sing for her, who dares not sing  
Beneath the despot's cruel sway,  
Of deeds whose loud renown should ring  
Wherever shines the light of day.  
Oh! plead for Poland's hopeless cause,  
Who may not, dare not plead her own,  
Her trampled rights, her broken laws,  
Her language a forbidden tone;  
Oh! plead for her who dares not plead,  
Before a despot's cruel throne,  
For those who in our time of need  
Fought side by side with Washington.

## THE DESERTER:

A Story of the American Revolution.

BY LUCY SETNOUR.

"When every tongue his treachery nam'd,  
She led the unwept story,  
Or saw e'en in the dead they nam'd,  
Some gleams of future glory!"

### CHAPTER I.

It was a cloudy evening in the autumn  
of 1780, and the dampness of the atmos-  
phere, with its thickening vapors told of  
approaching rain.—So at least thought  
Major Lee, as he walked slowly and  
thoughtfully along a pathway, without  
the bounds of his encampment, with his  
keen glance now directed to the darkening  
heavens, now piercing the distant view  
before him, as if in expectation of discern-  
ing something which was eagerly sought.  
A sound of horses feet in full gallop  
greeted his ear, and the perplexity and  
uneasiness which had characterized his  
countenance passed away, when he recog-  
nized the riders by their voices as two  
of his own regiment. Placing himself  
immediately before them, he playfully  
saluted them as they advanced; and as  
reining in their fiery steeds, they respect-  
fully acknowledged the presence of a  
commanding officer, one of them re-  
marked,

"You must love solitude, Major, to  
seek it in this lonely place on such a  
melancholy evening."  
"Indeed I do not like it, but I wanted  
a ramble, and could find no willing  
companion. Suppose you join me, Fitz-  
Roy, and leave your horse to follow  
Lieutenant Courtney, to whose residence  
he is doubtless no stranger." Major  
Lee spoke in a light and careless tone of  
raillery, but laid his hand with a slight  
pressure on that of the young man whom  
he addressed. The movement was un-  
noticed by the other in the increasing  
darkness, but instantly understood by  
Fitz-Roy, who dismounted, and with a  
few words of farewell to his friend, joined  
his superior officer.

The last echo of the horses' feet had  
died away after the parting of Lieutenant  
Courtney, and some moments of total  
silence succeeded, before either Lee or  
his companion spoke again. The former  
then placed his arm familiarly in that of  
the more youthful soldier, and glancing  
around him with his accustomed scrutiny,  
thus addressed him:

"Fitz-Roy, you have been known to

me for some months, your intrepidity  
and fearlessness, combined with a degree  
of military judgment rarely found in one  
so young, entitle you to what you pos-  
sess, my confidence and esteem."

Fitz-Roy bowed, and murmured a brief  
acknowledgment, and the Major contin-  
ued,

"I believe you to be gifted with a mag-  
nanimity of mind, which renders you su-  
perior to petty insults and contemptible  
reproaches. You could even brave the  
world's opinion unshrinkingly, proudly,  
conscious of the purity of your own mo-  
tives. Is it not so?"

"I hope I should not regard it as 'dread  
laugh' if in the exercise of duty," the  
young man evasively replied, unable to  
comprehend the object of these remarks.

"I am sure you would not, and it is  
the high sense I entertain of your determi-  
nation and moral courage, which induces  
me to select you from all the officers of  
my corps, for a most important service;  
I must, however, inform you it is one of  
extreme hazard, and wearing the semblance  
of disgrace and infamy. I saw  
Gen. Washington to-day. He is pain-  
fully and deeply interested in the success  
of this enterprise. But he can think of  
no one to whom he can delegate the office,  
and has desired me to point out the man  
I can fix on none but you."

"This is a strange proposal," said  
Fitz-Roy somewhat hastily, even haughtily  
replied, and his arm was half with-  
drawn, while the indignant blood mounted  
to his very forehead. Major Lee forcibly  
detained his unwilling hand, and quickly  
returned with a degree of his usual pleas-  
antry.

"I fully comprehend your emotions,  
my dear Charles, but think you that  
Washington or Lee would request any  
act inimical to your principles? You  
have misconstrued my words. The dis-  
grace and dishonor are in appearance  
only, though they may be affixed to you  
for perhaps an indefinite time; and to  
your own heart only and its pure integri-  
ty, with the consciousness of Washing-  
ton's respect and approbation, and my  
admiration, shall I say? must you look  
for present, or it may be any reward, for  
your life itself may be forfeited."

"My life has long since been pledged  
to my country," the young man replied,  
"and if it be honorably forfeited, I yield  
it cheerfully."  
"Time is too important to be wasted,"  
said Lee, "I understand you to assent to  
my wish?" The officer bowed, "come  
to my tent, Charles, and I will tell you  
all; but remember, in this instance,  
neither Washington nor myself attempt  
to command your obedience. We desire  
it, but military rule can go no farther  
here." They reached the tent of Major  
Lee, and concealed from particular obser-  
vation by the gloom of night, entered it  
together.

### CHAPTER II.

The lengthening shadows of the tall  
pines which environed Mr. Courtney's  
somewhat antique dwelling, told that day  
was fast departing. A comfortable fire  
blazed upon the parlor hearth forming an  
agreeable contrast with the gathering  
darkness. Candles had not yet been  
lighted. The master of the mansion was  
seated in an old fashioned arm chair op-  
posite to its counterpart occupied by his  
mother-in-law Mrs. Murray.—He was  
quietly endeavoring to convince his el-  
dest son, a colonel in the British army,  
that the execution of Major Andre, who  
had been recently captured, was a likely  
event. The young man listened to his  
father's arguments with evident impa-  
tience. "If Andre dies," he exclaimed,  
"America is lost; for mercy will cease  
to grant success to a people who violated  
her most sacred laws."

"But policy, you know, Lewis," said  
Mr. Courtney, "may demand sacrifices  
mercy dare not withhold."  
"I know, sir," his son replied, rising  
with an impetuous gesture and pacing the  
apartment with an irritated air, "that we  
may deem it necessary to advocate acts  
we secretly condemn, because we have  
espoused the cause of those who commit  
them. Your Washington will doubtless  
need apologists, for he will fortunately  
for natural humanity, have but few ap-  
provers of his barbarity."

"Washington will never be guilty of  
barbarity," exclaimed Emma Courtney,  
a beautiful and interesting girl, the only  
daughter of the owner of the mansion.—  
She had been standing in apparently ab-  
stracted silence near a window which  
looked out upon the road.—She met her  
brother's sarcastic glance, and added more  
warmly, "cruelty is totally repugnant to  
his nature."

"We all know the source whence you  
derive your sentiments, Emma, and  
thence guess at their character without  
troubling you to express them," said the

British Colonel half jestingly, half seri-  
ously, as he advanced to his sister.

"I assure you, brother," she proudly  
replied, "I do not give my suffrage to  
liberty, and yet submit my judgment to  
the guidance of others. I think for my-  
self."

"Do you?" he smilingly asked, and  
putting his arm around her waist, whis-  
pered, "has Lieutenant Beauclerk no in-  
fluence?"

"No indeed; you are entirely mis-  
taken."

"And his desertion would not affect  
your loyalty?" he again inquired with  
playful incredulity, "must I suppose that  
too?"

"I should be sorry for his own sake,  
it is true, but I assure you, brother Lewis,  
and Emma spoke very decidedly,  
"if the whole regiment were to desert,  
I should still remain loyal to America.  
But," added she sportively tapping his  
cheek, "you have imagined an impossi-  
bility. There are no traitors in Major  
Lee's army."

"Be not too confident, Emma. British  
gold is very attractive."

"Oh, brother, do not insult the troops  
of Lee by supposing them like Arnold.  
But here comes Edward," she added  
quickly, but with a less steady tone, than  
marked her previous words, "and he will  
confirm my assertion."

Directed by her glance the eyes of  
Col. Courtney turned on two horsemen  
who were approaching the house, and he  
inquired the name of his brother's com-  
panion. His sister hesitated, looked  
again, and then replied she did not know  
him.

"It is Sergeant Major Fitz-Roy, I pre-  
sume. He is constantly with Edward,"  
observed Adelaide Beauclerk, a ward of  
Mr. Courtney's entering the room as the  
inquiry was made. Before Miss Court-  
ney had time to correct the mistake of  
Miss Beauclerk, the two equestrians had  
dismounted and entered. Lieut. Court-  
ney hastily introduced, "Lieutenant Mid-  
dleton," and then drew a chair near the  
fire and folded his arms in silence.

"Where are my brother and your  
friend, Edward?" asked Miss Beauclerk.  
"Your brother will be here to-morrow.  
He is too much engaged to see you to-  
night," was the reply.

"Where is Fitz-Roy?" said his father.  
Edward did not speak. Lieutenant Mid-  
dleton glanced anxiously from the distur-  
bed countenance of his friend to that of  
Col. Courtney, then looked into the fire.  
"Where is Fitz-Roy?" again interro-  
gated Mr. Courtney. Edward rose and  
walked to a window. Once and once  
only, his eyes rested for a moment on the  
pallid face of his sister, as she turned her  
imploping gaze upon him. But he with-  
drew them without responding to that  
appeal.

"What has occurred? Has there been  
an engagement? Do speak," said Mrs.  
Murray the maternal grandmother of  
Emma.

"Do not be alarmed, madam: nothing  
very dreadful has happened," said Mid-  
dleton affecting cheerfulness, and attempt-  
ing to smile, "only an officer deserted."

"An officer deserted! Pray, tell us his  
name?" said Lewis Courtney with a  
significant glance at his sister, to whose  
checks their accustomed rosy hue had  
returned with perhaps a deeper tint.

"Fitz-Roy," said Middleton dryly, and  
with some hesitation.

"Fitz-Roy? impossible! you certainly  
jest, sir," said Miss Beauclerk.

"It is true, too true," cried Edward  
advancing with a flushed countenance, and  
speaking in a suppressed tone, "you may  
believe it, Miss Beauclerk. You were  
never a friend of his, but I, his friend,  
tell you you may believe in his perfidy.  
He has deserted, deserted in the most  
disgraceful, infamous manner: has shown  
himself a coward, as void of delicacy as  
principle. I, who dare that I was  
deemed him noble, brave, generous, he-  
roic, and would but yesterday have staked  
my life on his fealty, must admit his ig-  
nominity. Oh, man, man, what art thou?"  
and with this burst of passionate feeling,  
Edward Courtney resumed his seat, and  
leaned his head upon his hand.

"You are deceived, Edward," whis-  
pered a voice at his side. He looked up,  
Emma was near him—her face was pale  
again, but her tone was undoubting.

"Would that I were! but my eyes  
could not deceive me. Let me tell it,  
Middleton," he said, as his father applied  
to the latter for the particulars of the in-  
formation which had so amazed them,  
"they will know that I speak impar-  
tially," he added bitterly. Middleton felt  
for him; he knew that Edward seemed to  
shrink from the detail of his late friend's  
singular defection by a stranger. He  
could not bear that a tongue less indulgent  
than his own should narrate it, and yet  
his tone and language were both like gall.  
"It was past 10 o'clock last night,"

proceeded Edward, "when Capt. Carnes  
hastily informed us, that a dragoon had  
been seen on horseback evidently hurrying  
from the camp, but the darkness of the  
night prevented his recognition. On  
examining the corps, he discovered that  
Fitz-Roy was missing. Lee treated the  
matter lightly, for he had great regard for  
Fitz-Roy, as all who knew him had;  
but his confidence in his honor, was  
obliged to give way to noontide evidence.

—He ordered a pursuit, and so assured  
was I that Fitz-Roy could justify his  
absence, so confident was I that he was  
unjustly suspected, that I petitioned to be  
one of the detachment. Middleton com-  
manded. The rain had softened the  
ground, so that we traced the flying  
horseman by the peculiar form of his  
horse's shoes; it is peculiar to our regi-  
ment. We saw him at last, and he saw  
us, and increased his speed, until he  
reached the river, where the galleys of  
the enemy lay at anchor. He shouted  
to them; they detached a boat to receive  
him, and fired on us. I beheld him enter  
it. I called his name: I made many  
signals, but he heeded not. He heard  
me, I know he did. He must have re-  
cognized my voice. I should have known  
him among a thousand. There was no  
mistake, none," added he, speaking al-  
most sternly from the effort to conquer  
his emotion, as he glanced again at his  
sister. Her face was colorless as before,  
but there was still doubt in the eye which  
met his.

"I am not the least surprised at Fitz-  
Roy's desertion of a disloyal cause, if he  
be the character you represent him," said  
Col. Courtney exultingly. "We may  
all be for a time blinded by prejudice or  
association, and such was his case, no  
doubt. You ought to commend him for  
his candor when his views grew clearer.  
I should not wonder if your boasted Lee,  
or Washington himself, instigated his  
desertion, and intend to follow his exam-  
ple. So have a care, Edward."—A sud-  
den gleam of intelligence and hope, ani-  
mated the whole countenance of the young  
Lieutenant, as his brother thus spoke.  
But the transient glow faded as it came  
dispelled by some painful recollection, as  
he muttered half aloud, yet speaking to  
himself, "Lee ordered him shot, if he re-  
sisted, yes, he ordered that." Brief as  
was that bright expression, it had been  
marked by Emma, and mirrored on her  
heart no more to pass away. Her imagi-  
nation gathered light from the darkness,  
which the last half hour had thrown over  
her futurity, and her judgment hastily,  
it might be foolishly, made its own deci-  
sion.

### CHAPTER III.

Mr. Courtney's first wife was the daugh-  
ter of Sir Clement Lewis, and on her de-  
cease, her only child removed to the resi-  
dence of her maternal grandparents, who  
educated him with his two cousins Au-  
brey and Adelaide Beauclerk, to whom  
Mr. Courtney was appointed guardian  
jointly with the Baronet, by their father's  
will. Before the commencement of the  
Revolution Mr. Courtney was a second  
time a widower. Edward and Emma had  
been the peculiar care of their grand-  
mother, Mrs. Murray, and while their  
brother Lewis imbibed all the prejudices of  
his aristocratic relatives, they were taught  
by their those principles of liberty and  
equality which, long ere the beginning of  
hostilities, prepared the way, by their in-  
fluence over the minds of the colonial  
community, for resistance to tyrannical pow-  
er. At the period when disaffection first  
became apparent, Lewis Courtney and  
Aubrey Beauclerk had just returned from  
a European tour, and were on a visit at  
Mr. Courtney's. Adelaide had gone to  
reside at her guardian's for a short time,  
ere accompanying her relations to Eng-  
land, whither they talked of going to in-  
troduce her at court.—Foreign travel as  
well as previous education, seemed to have  
decided without controversy the political  
opinions of Courtney and Beauclerk.—  
So at least thought all their friends, and  
as the affairs of the country approached a  
crisis, Lewis scrupled not to express his  
disapprobation of the colonial proceed-  
ings. His cousin was more silent, but  
supposed to concur with him, until prepara-  
tions for war began, when, to the asto-  
nishment of all, and the anger and mortifi-  
cation of his family, he boldly declared for  
the "rebel cause." The Baronet was so  
incensed, that he hinted in no very dubious  
manner his intention of altering his will  
respecting him, but such a threat could  
have little influence with one, who had  
openly devoted himself to freedom's  
cause, and was perishing his life in an un-  
certain contest. There were some who  
thought Mr. Courtney's interesting daugh-  
ter exerted an unconscious power over the  
decision of Beauclerk, and of that number  
were Lewis and Adelaide. The attach-  
ment of the latter to her brother, detained  
her still near the seat of conflict, though

her grand-parents had departed to their  
ancestral home, and her affections and  
prejudices were enlisted on the British  
side. It might be that Lewis directed  
her sentiments, even more than Emma  
Courtney swayed her brother's, but this  
the young lady was much too independ-  
ent to admit. Mr. Courtney's opinions  
were not of a very definite character.  
With a son in each army, each equally  
dear to him, and health too delicate to al-  
low of any personal aid from him to ei-  
ther, he appeared neutral, defending  
whichever party was condemned in his  
presence.

Two days had elapsed since the deser-  
tion of Fitz-Roy, when Aubrey Beauclerk  
entered the little parlor of Mr. Courtney.  
The earnest manner in which he inquired  
after Emma's health, as he drew a chair  
beside her, induced his sister to remark,  
"did you think that her sympathy for Ed-  
ward would make her ill?"

"I thought her sympathy for the unfor-  
tunate might," he replied with empha-  
sis.

"Is not the deserted friend more unfor-  
tunate than the deserter?" again asked  
Adelaide.

"I am sure Miss Courtney will support  
the contrary opinion," said Beauclerk,  
"she will deem the guilty the most unfor-  
tunate."

"You ought not to attach the idea of  
guilt to the desertion of your sergeant,  
Aubrey," said Col. Courtney, whom a  
slight fever had confined to the house of  
his father for a few days, "desertion is  
not in itself a crime."

"Perhaps not in every case; so if you  
felt inclined to desert we will give you  
absolution," Beauclerk archly replied.

"No doubt," he coolly returned, "prin-  
ciples change their character when they  
happen to harmonize with our own inter-  
ests or conflict with them."

If Beauclerk felt the remark personally,  
his countenance did not betray his con-  
sciousness—Edward entered at the mo-  
ment. He looked grave and unhappy.  
"Any news of Fitz-Roy, Edward?"  
inquired his father, as the young man  
hastily answered in the negative. Lewis  
remarked that he should certainly seek  
the young deserter's acquaintance on his  
return to the army, as he had created such  
an interest at his father's.

"Except me, if you please," said Ade-  
laide, with spirit, "I always considered  
him quite an ordinary person—always  
maintained that he was no gentleman."

"Your views of a gentleman differ so  
much from ours, Adelaide," said Edward  
with more truth than gallantry.

"Mine in this instance have proved the  
most just," she returned, "I told Emma  
from the first, you ought to know some-  
thing about his family before you were so  
intimate with him. He only held a ser-  
geant's rank even in your republican ar-  
my, and you knew nothing of his parent-  
age."

"I knew that he once saved me from  
drowning, that his kindred were all dead,  
that he possessed talent and virtue, the  
true ensign of nobility, but something has  
tempted him, and he is changed."

"The temptation never was presented  
before, perhaps," she returned, "do not  
be so obstinate, Edward. Every thing  
shows he was low born. His actions  
prove it."

"I must contradict you, Adelaide. His  
actions prove nothing relative to his birth.  
A man may be of noble parentage, accord-  
ing to your definition of noble, and yet  
a base, low-minded villain. Another may  
be the child of peasants, yet worthy of a  
crown—one whom office could not enoble,  
but for whom any post might stand  
candidate? The distinction is in the  
mind; that makes the gentleman or the  
scoundrel."

As Edward thus spoke, the whole  
countenance of his sister was illumined  
with the enthusiasm of the feelings which  
responded to his, and the beaming smile  
which communicated to him her sympa-  
thy with his sentiments, fell like sunshine  
on his chilled and crushed heart. Much  
as Edward's friendship had been wound-  
ed by the strange defection of Fitz-Roy,  
deeply as he had been hurt by his peri-  
dity, the idea of Emma's suffering had  
most effectually, thrown back upon her  
sensitive heart, might corrode her peace  
forever, even in the spring time of her  
girlish years. And the man whose silent  
but eloquent devotion, insinuated love,  
and attractive qualities had done this, had  
been introduced to her by himself, and re-  
commended to her notice as his friend!  
The circumstances under which they met,  
the poverty of Fitz-Roy, the dissensions  
which agitated the colonies, the uncertain-  
ty which his military avocation threw  
around the future of the young sergeant,

had been sufficient reasons to justify Fitz-  
Roy in the concealment of his attachment  
to Emma, in the opinion of Edward. In-  
deed he honored him for his self-com-  
mand, but a thousand little incidents had  
betrayed its existence to him, and Ed-  
ward's cheek glowed with offended pride  
when he recollected the tacit encourage-  
ment he had given him. Sweet then was  
the consciousness that his darling sister  
at least did not blame him; that she re-  
flected not on him, for the injudicious en-  
comiums bestowed upon his recreant  
friend, and his many expressions of scorn  
against those prejudices which make an-  
cestral rank or wealth "the standard of  
the man."

"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps,  
And pyramids are pyramids in vales,"  
was the favorite theory of both Edward  
and his sister.

(Conclusion next week.)

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

### True Honesty.

Some ten years ago a gentleman of this  
city was unfortunate in his business and  
made an assignment, under which the  
creditors of his house received fifty per  
cent. of their claims, all that the assets of  
himself and partner then realized, and  
both of them received a full and honor-  
able release of the balance of their obliga-  
tions. The copartnership was dissolved,  
and the gentleman of whom we speak  
made another start in business. In the  
face of many obstacles—and certainly not  
the least, the financial condition of the  
country—his talents, enterprise and per-  
severance have proved successful, and he  
has saved money. Yesterday he sent to  
each of his old creditors a check for the  
unpaid money of the debts from which he  
had been released, with interest added in  
full from the day they were first due until  
the date of the check. The amount thus  
paid yesterday was some Fifty Thousand  
Dollars. Splendid and touching instances  
of honor such as this, exalt and endear  
human nature. Dishonesty, meanness  
and ingratitude, so constantly present to  
every one in contact with the striving  
world, naturally excite doubts whether  
the romantic virtue which adorn the he-  
roes of fiction have any worthy types in  
actual life. But one such proof of abso-  
lute integrity as that here mentioned,  
though it may not wholly dissipate dis-  
trust, inspires higher confidence in that  
pristine excellence of character, which  
unaffected by the toils and struggles to  
which mankind was doomed in Eden,  
still yields at times the lustre of its cheer-  
ing example. The legacy of a spotless  
and honorable name left by him of whom  
we speak, will be a dearer one to his  
children than any share of fortune which  
his farther care may secure to them.—  
They may point to his noble relinquish-  
ment of money as the world points to  
Washington's abandonment of power—  
an illustrious instance of acquisition, not  
for self-aggrandizement, but for the ends  
of perfect justice to others.

In mentioning this fact it would be  
gratifying to add the name of the individ-  
ual, but we have no authority for so do-  
ing. It is hardly necessary to say that  
the particulars have not been learned from  
himself. He whose principles are thus  
sound, and whose impulses are thus gen-  
erous, would never look for any other  
encomium than the approval of his own  
conscience, and unless reminded of the  
truth would not even reflect that he is  
"an honest man—the noblest work of  
God."

### Wonders of Cultivation.

There is scarcely a vegetable which  
we now cultivate, that can be found to  
grow naturally. Buffon has stated that  
our wheat is a fictitious production, raised  
to its present condition by the art of agri-  
culture. Rye, rice, barley or even oats,  
are not to be found wild, that is to say,  
growing natural in any part of the earth,  
but have been altered by the industry of  
man from plants not now resembling  
them, even in such a degree as to enable  
us to recognize their relations. The  
acid and disagreeable *apium graveolens*,  
has been transformed into delicious cele-  
ry, and the *colewort*, a plant of seventy  
leaves not weighing altogether half an  
ounce, has been improved into cabbage,  
whose leaves alone weigh many pounds,  
or into the cauliflower of considerable  
dimensions, being only the embryo of a  
few buds which in their natural state,  
would not have weighed as many grains.  
The potato again, whose introduction has  
added millions to our population, derives  
its origin from a small bitter root, which  
grows wild in Chili and Monte Video.

An Irish gentleman thus addressed an  
indolent servant who indulged himself  
in bed at a late hour in the morning:  
"Fall to rising, you spalpeen, fall to  
rising!—Don't stand there lying in  
bed all day."