



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY GEORGE F. WEAVER & JOHN HISE, La Salle street, one door from the north-west corner of the Public Square.

TERMS: Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance; Three dollars if not paid before the expiration of the first six months; And three dollars and twenty-five cents if delayed until the end of the year.

Advertisements inserted at \$1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editors. No candidates' names will hereafter be announced in the Free Trader, unless the sum of one dollar is paid in advance for each name.

All communications, to ensure attention, must be post paid.

JOB WORK Of every description, executed in the neatest manner, at the usual prices. OTTAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois, 290 miles, by water, from Saint Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria.

- Agents for the Free Trader. M. MOTT, J. HOFFMAN, C. G. MILLER, DAVISON, A. O. SMITH, Smith's mills, LASON GURLEY, Troy Grove, HERBERT PARLINGS, Manson, (Indiana creek,) C. W. REYNOLDS, P. M. Pontiac, REES MORGAN, Morgan's mill, WILLIAM RUSBY, near Van Buren, Ill., WILLIAM K. BROWN, Sunbury, Illinois, HENRY HICKS, Hicks' mill, De Kalb Co. Ill., W. W. WINS, Oswego, Kane Co. Ill., ANTHONY PYZER, Boonesboro', Ogle Co. Ill.

From the Onedia Whig.

HAPPINESS. I've been where spacious mansions rise, And grandeur hath its way, And deemed them kin to paradise, But found them all display. I've been too at the banquet hall, Surrounded by the gay, The light of pleasure smiled on all, But soon it passed away. And I have bowed at beauty's shrine, And worship'd her so fair, And thought that happiness was mine, But found it was not there. Beauty and wealth may lure awhile, And pleasure may impart, But when they lose their rosy smile, What leave they in the heart? We look for happiness around, And dream of all things fair, As tho' 'twere borne on every sound, Or on the fragrant air. It dwelleth not in outward things, The fountain is within, Deep from the heart it only springs— A heart unknown to sin!

From the Northern Light.

The Broken Cup. BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

[Translated from the German, by Matthew Henry Webster.]

UNDER this name is known a little piece by the author of "Little Kate of Heilbronn." That and the following tale, had, in the year 1802, at Bern, the same origin. Heinrich Von Kleist and Ludwig Wieland, son of the poet, were friends of the author, in whose chamber hung an engraving, under which was written "La cruche cassée," which exhibited a scene very like that represented below in the section headed "The Tribunal." The expressive delineation was very pleasing, and occasioned many explanations of its meaning. In sport, the three agreed to write out their individual notions. Ludwig Wieland promised a satire; Heinrich Von Kleist threw off his comedy, and the author of this tale, what here follows.

MARIETTA.

Napoule, is indeed only a very small place on the bay of Cannes; but yet it is known throughout all Provence. It lies under the shadow of evergreen, lofty palm and darker orange trees. Now, this truly does not make it renowned. Yet it is said there are to be found the richest grapes, the sweetest roses, and the most beautiful maidens. I know not the fact, but willingly believe it. Pity that Napoule is so small, and cannot possibly produce enough of rich grapes, sweet roses, and beautiful maidens; for then might we have some of them even in our land.

If, since the foundation of Napoule, all the Napoulese have been beauties, without doubt, the little Marietta must have been the wonder of wonders, because the chronicle so pronounces her. She was called, indeed, only little Marietta; yet was she not smaller than a girl of seventeen years and over, ought to be, whose forehead reaches just to the lip of a grown up man.

The chronicle of Napoule had its sufficient reasons to speak of Marietta. Had I been in the place of the chronicler, I would have done the same. For Marietta, who with her mother Manon, until now had resided at Avignon, turned topsy

turney, when she came back to her birth-place, almost the whole village. Truly not the houses, but the people and their heads; and indeed not the heads of all the people, but especially of those whose heads and hearts in the vicinity of two beautiful soul-beaming eyes, are always in great danger. I know that! Such a situation is no joke.

Mother Manon would have done much better, if she had remained in Avignon. But she inherited a small property in Napoule; she received there an estate with some vine hills, and a neat little house in the shadow of a rock between olive trees and African acacias. Such a thing no undowered widow refuses. Now was she in her estimation, as rich and happy as if she were Countess of Provence, or the like.

So much the worse was it for the good Napoulese. They had never foreseen such a misfortune, and had not read in Homer, that a beautiful woman had filled all Greece and Asia Minor with arms and discord.

HOW THE MISFORTUNE HAPPENED.

Marietta had scarcely been a fortnight in the house, between olive trees and African acacias, ere every young Napoulese knew that Marietta dwelt there, and that in all Provence there was no lovelier maiden than in that house.

Went she through the lanes, tripping light and beautiful, like an angel in disguise, in fluttering dress, light green bodice, an orange flower between rose buds, in her bosom, and flowers and ribbons flying about her straw hat, which shaded her fine features; truly then the sober elders became eloquent, and the youth dumb. And on every side there opened to the right and left, a little window, or door next in the row. "Good morning," cried one, or "good evening, Marietta!" and smiling, she nodded right and left.

When Marietta entered the church, all hearts, (that is of the young,) forgot heaven; all eyes wandered, and the praying finger lost its place among the pearls of the rosary. That certainly must have often occasioned great grief, especially to the devout.

At this time, without doubt, the young maidens, especially of Napoule, had become very conscientious, for they were most offended. And they could hardly have been blamed for it. For since Marietta's coming, more than one betrothed had become cool, and more than one admirer faithless to his beloved. For there were quarrels and reproaches on all sides, and many tears, good lectures and refusals. No one spoke any more of marriages, but of separations. Pledges of troth, rings and ribbons, were sent back. The old took part in the quarrels of their children. Contentions and quarrels ran from house to house. 'Twas a pity.

Marietta is to blame for all, said the pious maidens; then their mothers said so; then their fathers said so; and at length all, even the young men.

But Marietta wrapped up in her modesty and innocence, as the bursting petals of the rose-bud in the dark green of the flower-cup, dreamed not of this great misery, and continued kind to all. 'Tis softened first the young men, and they said "wherefore find fault with the beautiful, harmless child? She is without blame!" Then the fathers said so; then the mothers said so; and at length all, even the pious maidens. For whoever talked with Marietta, could not fail to love her. And before half a year had passed by, every body had talked with her, and every body loved her. But she never suspected that she was so beloved; and had not before suspected, that any one could hate her. What dreams the violet, with its sober hues, often trodden down amid the grass, of the high estimation in which it is held!

Now every one desired to atone for their injustice towards Marietta. Sympathy heightened the tenderness of their good will. Every where Marietta found herself greeted more friendly than ever; more kindly smiled upon; more warmly invited to the rural sports and dances.

OF THE WICKED COLIN.

All men have not the gift of sweet sympathy, but there are hardened hearts like Pharaoh's. This comes without doubt, from the natural sinfulness of men since the fall.

Young Colin, the richest farmer and proprietor in Napoule, who could hardly run over the number of his vineyards and olive fields, lemon and orange trees in a day, gave a memorable example of such hard heartedness. One fact completely establishes the perverseness of his mind, and that was, that he was almost 27 years old, and had never inquired wherefore maidens were created.

All the people, indeed, especially the womankind of a certain age, at which they willingly forgive such sins, deemed

Colin the best young man under the sun. His form, his free unembarrassed air, his look, his smile, had especially the good look to please this class of people, who if need had been, would have indeed granted him absolution for any of the sins which cry out to heaven. But in the sentence of such judges, it is not well to trust.

Whilst old and young at Napoule had become reconciled to the innocent Marietta, and were bound to her by sympathy, Colin was the only one who continued without pity for the lovely girl. Did the conversation turn upon Marietta, he was dumb as a fish. Did he meet her in the street, he became red and white for very anger, and threw after her right vindictive glances.

If at evening the young people assembled on the sea shore, near the old ruins of the castle, for cheerful sport, or for rural dance, or for singing glees, Colin failed not to be there. But as soon as Marietta came, the malicious Colin was stilled; and the gold in the world could not induce him to sing any more. Pity for his lovely voice! every one gladly listened to him and his stock of songs was inexhaustible.

All the lasses looked kindly upon Colin, and he was friendly to all. He had, as has been said, a roguish look, which the lasses fear and love, and when he smiled, one would gladly have painted him. But naturally enough, the oft affronted Marietta looked not kindly on him. And, indeed, she had a perfect right. Whether he smiled or not was the same thing to her. Of his roguish look even, she would never hear them talk; and there too she was right. When he recited, for he always knew numberless tales, and when all listened, she nodded to her neighbors, and pelted with the upturn herbage, now Peter, then Paul, and laughed and chattered, and listened not to Colin. That vexed the haughty gentleman; he often broke off in the midst of his story, and sullenly strode away.

Revenge is sweet. The fair daughter of widow Manon might well then triumph. But Marietta was yet far too good a girl and her heart too kind. If he became silent, she grieved. Were he sad, her laugh ceased. Did he go away, she remained not long; and when she got home, she wept purer tears of repentance than Magdalen, without having sinned half as much.

THE CUP.

The priest of Napoule, namely, Father Jerome, a greyhead of seventy years of age, had all the virtues of a saint, and one failing, that by reason of great old age, he was very deaf. But on that very account he preached to the ears of his youthful penitents so much the more instructively. He preached continually indeed, only on two subjects, as if all his religion were bound up in them. 'Twas either, "little children love one another," or "little children, wonderful are the dispensations of providence." Yet truly, therein lies so great faith, love, and hope, that thereby, in case of need one might well be saved. The little children loved one another with entire obedience, and trusted in the dispensations of providence—only Colin, with the stony heart, would not know any thing about it. Even when he seemed to be friendly, he had evil designs.

The Napoulese gladly went to the annual fair of the city of Venice. 'Tis a joyous time, and although there may be little gold, yet there is much merchandize. Now also Marietta and mother Manon went to the fair, and there was Colin too. He bought many kickshaws and trifles for his fair friends—but for Marietta not a sou. And yet, in every place he was at her elbow. But he spoke not to her, nor she to him. 'Twas easily seen he was meditating some evil.

Now stood mother Manon motionless, before a shop, and said: "O, Marietta, see that beautiful cup! a queen need not be ashamed to touch it with her lips. See too; the brim is shining gold, and the flowers on it bloom not more beautifully in the garden, and yet are only painted. And in the midst, Paradise! pray see, Marietta, how the apples are smiling on the trees; it almost tempts one. And Adam cannot withstand, as the enchanting Eve offers him one for food. And pray see, how prettily the little lamb frisking skips around the old tiger, and the snow-white dove with its golden green throat stands there before the vulture, as if it would caress him!"

Marietta could not look enough. "Had I such a cup, mother," said she, "it is far too beautiful to drink out of: I would place my flowers in it and constantly gaze on Paradise. We are at the fair in Venice, but when I look on the picture I feel as if I were in Paradise."

So spoke Marietta, and called all her companions to the spot, to gaze in won-

der at the cup; and soon the young men also joined the maidens, and at length almost half the inhabitants of Napoule were assembled before the wonderfully beautiful cup. But wonderfully beautiful was it also, from the inestimable, translucent porcelain, with gilded handles and glowing colors. Timidly they asked the merchant: "Sir, how dear?" And he answered: "Among friends, it is worth a hundred livres." Then all became silent and went away. When no other Napoulese stood before the shop, Colin came stealthily, threw the merchant a hundred livres upon the counter, had the cup put in a box well packed with cotton, and bore it away. His evil plans no man knew.

Near Napoule, on his way home, it being already dusk, he met old Jacques, the Justice's servant, returning from the fields. Jacques was a good man, but excessively stupid.

"I will give thee a drink-fee, Jacques," said Colin, "if thou wilt bear this box to Manon's house, and leave it there; and if any one should see you and enquire from whom the box came, say, a stranger gave it to me. But never disclose my name, or I will always hate thee."

This Jacques promised, took the drink-money and the box, and went with it towards the little dwelling between the olive trees and African acacias.

THE BEARER.

Before his arrival there, his master, Justice Hautmartin, met him, and asked, "Jacques, what art thou carrying?" "A box for mother Manon. But, sir, I cannot say from whom it comes."

"Why not?" "Because Mr. Colin would always hate me."

"It is well that thou canst be silent. But it is already late; give me the box, for I am going to-morrow to see Mrs. Manon; I will deliver the box to her, and not betray that it came from Colin. It will spare thee a walk and furnish me a good excuse."

Jacques gave the box to his master, whom he was accustomed to obey in all things, without gainsaying. The Justice bore it into his chamber, and looked at it in the light with great curiosity. On the lid was neatly written with red chalk: "For the lovely and beloved Marietta." But Herr Hautmartin well knew that this was only mischief in Colin, and that some knavish trick lurked behind. He therefore opened the box carefully, for fear a mouse or rat were concealed in it. But when he beheld the wondrous cup, which he also had seen at Venice, he was heartily frightened, for Herr Hautmartin was equally experienced in right and wrong, and he knew that the inventions and designs of the human heart were evil from youth upward. He saw at once, that Colin designed to bring misfortune upon Marietta, by means of the cup; perhaps to give out, when it was in her hands, that it was a present of some successful lover in the town, or the like, so that all decent people must have kept aloof from Marietta. Therefore Herr Hautmartin resolved, in order to obviate all evil thoughts, to acknowledge himself as the giver. Besides, he loved Marietta, and would gladly have seen her observe more strictly the sayings of the grey-headed priest, Jerome, towards himself. "Little children, love one another." In truth, Herr Hautmartin was a little child of 50 years old, and Marietta thought the saying applied not to him.

On the contrary, mother Manon thought the Justice was a clever little child, had gold and reputation in all Napoule, from one end of the village to the other. And when the Justice spoke of marriage, and Marietta for fear ran away, mother Manon remained sitting, and feared not the tall staid gentleman. I must also be confessed that there were no defects in his person. And although Colin might be the handsomest man in the village, yet did the Justice far surpass him in two things, namely, number of years, and a great, great nose. Yes, this nose, which always went before the justice like a herald, to proclaim his approach, was a real elephant among human noses.

With this elephant, his good purpose, and the cup, the Justice went the following morning to the house between the olive trees and African acacias.

"For the beautiful Marietta," said he, "nothing is to me too costly. Yesterday you admired the cup at Venice: allow me to-day, lovely Marietta, to lay it and my devoted heart at your feet."

Manon and Marietta were transported and astounded when they beheld the cup. Manon's eyes glistened with delight; but Marietta turned and said, "I can neither take your heart or cup." Then was mother Manon angry, and cried out: "But I accept heart and cup. O thou little fool, how long wilt thou slight thy good luck! For whom waitest thou? Shall a count of Provence make you his bride, that you scorn the Justice of Na-

poule? I know better how to take care of thee. Herr Hautmartin, I deem it an honor to call you my son-in-law."

Then Marietta went out and wept bitterly, and hated the beautiful cup with all her heart.

But the Justice drawing the palm of his hand over his nose, spoke wisely: "Mother Manon, hurry nothing. The little dove will at length give way, when it learns to know me better. I am not impetuous. I have some skill among women, and before a quarter of a year passes by, I will insinuate myself into Marietta's heart."

"Thy nose is too large for that," whispered Marietta, who outside the door listened and laughed in secret. In fact, the quarter of the year passed by, and Herr Hautmartin had not even yet pierced her heart with the tip of his nose.

THE FLOWERS.

But during this quarter of the year Marietta had far other business. The cup was talked of in Napoule, and every one said, it is a present of the Justice, and the marriage is already agreed on. But as Marietta had solemnly declared to all her companions, that she would rather plunge to the bottom of the sea than marry the Justice, the maidens continued only the more to banter her, saying, oh how blissful must it be to repose in the shadow of his nose! This was the first vexation.

Then mother Manon had the cruelty to force Marietta to rinse out the cup every morning at the spring under the rock, and to fill it with fresh flowers. Thereby she hoped to accustom Marietta to the cup and the heart of the giver. But she continued to have both the gift and the giver. And the work at the spring became a real punishment to her. Second vexation.

Then, when in the morning, she came to the spring, twice every week there laid on the rocks immediately over it some of the most beautiful flowers, handsomely arranged, all ready for the decoration of the cup. And on the flower stalks was always tied a strip of paper, on which was written DEAR MARIETTA. Now one need not expect to impose upon little Marietta, as if there were still magicians and fairies in the world. Consequently, both the flowers and sweet notes must have come from Herr Hautmartin. Marietta, indeed, would not smell them because the living breath from out the Justice's nose had perfumed them. Nevertheless, she took the flowers, because they were finer than wild flowers, and tore the slip of paper into a thousand pieces, and strewed them on the spot where the flowers usually lay. But this did not vex the Justice Hautmartin, whose love was unparalleled in its kind, as his nose was in its kind. Third vexation.

At length it came out in conversation with Herr Hautmartin, that in fact he was not the flower giver. Now, who could it be? Marietta was astounded at the unhelped for discovery. Thenceforth, she took the flowers from the rock more kindly, but what else? Marietta was, what maidens are not wont to be, very inquisitive. She thought of this and that young man in Napoule. Yet they could not be found out. She looked and listened far into the night; she rose earlier than usual. But she looked and listened in vain. And yet twice a week, in the morning, the wondrous flowers always lay upon the rock, and upon the strip of paper wound round them, was always the silent sigh, DEAR MARIETTA! Such an occurrence would make even the most indifferent inquisitive. But curiosity at length became a burning pain. Fourth vexation.

[Conclusion in our next No.]

A Western Forest.

I know of nothing more splendid than a western forest. There is grandeur in the immense size of the foliage, superior to any thing that is known in corresponding latitudes; a wildness, an unbroken stillness that attest the absence of man—above all there is a vastness, a boundless extent, an uninterrupted continuity of shade, which prevents the attention from being distracted, and allows the mind to feel and the imagination to realize the actual presence and true character of that which had burst upon it like a vivid dream. But when the traveller forsakes the Ohio, and advancing westward ascends to the level of that great plain, which constitutes the surface of this region, he finds himself in an open champagne country; in a wilderness of meadows clad in grass, and destitute of trees. The transition is as sudden as complete. Behind him are the most gigantic productions of the forest—before him are the lowly, the verdant, the delicate inhabitants of the lawn; behind him are gloom and chill, before him sunlight and graceful beauty. He has passed the rocky cliff, where the den of the rattle-snake is concealed, the marshes that send up furtive

streams of desolating miasma, and the canebrake where the bear and the panther lurk; and has reached the pasture where the deer is feeding, and the prairie flower displays its diversified hues. He has seen the wilderness in all its savage pomp and gloomy grandeur, arrayed in the terrors of barbarian state; but now beholds it in its festive garb, reposing in peace, and surrounded by light, gaiety and beauty.

The Human Body.

"DOW, Jn.," thus discourses upon the human body:—

"My friends, allow me to show you how the human body is likened to a house.—My text explains this, it says that the big bones are the main timbers; very true. It also says that they are rafters that run into the ridge pole, or back bone. The mouth is the door, and the nose is the chimney—especially for smokers. The throat is an entry that leads to the kitchen of the stomach where all sorts of food are cooked up; the lungs are the bellows that blow the flame of life, and keep the pot of existence always boiling; the heart is the great chamber, where the greatest variety of goods imaginable are stored; some good, many bad, and a few rather middling.

"In this way, my hearers, you see the house of the human body is formed; and since it is a house of no small value, you ought to be careful of it; keep it well swept and never let cobwebs of sin gather in the corners of its apartments. I beseech you, especially, to look after the great chamber of the heart, and see that every thing there is arranged according to the very letter of morality.—If there is any useless rubbish there, clear it out to make room for goods that are saleable in the markets of the virtuous. The chambers of some hearts present an awful dirty appearance! I should like to walk into them with a bran new broom; the way I'd brush out sin and sand the floor with virtue, would be a caution to depravity!"

A Newspaper Sponger.

The subjoined, from the New York Times & Star, is true to the letter, as any and every publisher of a paper can vouch from daily experience:—

Some anonymous fellow-sufferer published somewhere in some paper, the following lament and story:— "I want to get a few of your papers that have the latest news?" "Certainly, sir—how many will you have?"

"Oh, three or four, I guess, will be about enough. I'm going into the country and want to get the news. They say we are completely used up."

"Here, sir, are the papers." "Well, I thank you! good bye, sir!" "Would that we could pay paper-maker, compositors, pressmen and devil, as easy as that!" "Thank you, Mr. Devil for your week's work!"

"Ay, and not pay! No, you don't catch this child!" "Pay we must for the services of others, and while we must pay, how can others expect us to furnish them papers for nothing? And yet ask such men to pay for their papers and they think it mean and close fist!"

"Publishing papers and giving them away, is a glorious business, if only extensively followed. "My dear, come in and go to bed, just," said his wife to a jolly son of Erin who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly "how come you so" state. "You must be dreadful tired sure, with your long walk of six miles." "Arrah! get away with your nonsense," says Pat, "it wasn't the length of the way at all—that fatigued me, but the breadth of it!"

Hit.—An American once at a dinner in Europe, heard a toast from the English minister.—"The King of England, the sun who illuminates the Globe." The French minister gave as his toast—"The King of France, the moon of the continent who enlightens in its dark hours." The American determined not to be outdone gave as a toast—"Geo. Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still and they obeyed him."

How to lose the most money on the least capital.—Start a newspaper on the credit system.

Riches.—Streeter says, "let no man say he is poor who has big fists and drinks cold water only. He's rich."

Here's a doublet on publication night, as the printer said when his wife presented him with twins.