

# THE ILLINOIS FREE TRADER

## AND LASALLE COUNTY COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

OUR COUNTRY—HER COMMERCE—AND HER FREE INSTITUTIONS.

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Of every description, executed in the neatest  
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OTTAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle  
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A TRUE POET.—The author of the following  
stances, which are published as original in a re-  
cent number of the Madison (W. T.) Express,  
rank upon the very highest specimens of Ameri-  
can poetry. In fact, there is not a poet living,  
either in this country or in Great Britain, who can  
surpass them in many of the most important es-  
sentials of true poetry. There is pervading them  
throughout the gold and the glare—the intense-  
ness of deep feeling without egotism—the gra-  
cefulness of imagery and truth of expression  
which characterize the very purest poems of poetry.  
We have never seen the lines before, and, for the  
honor of the correspondent of the Express, we  
hope they are original. Their extreme beauty  
alone makes us doubt. The author, whoever he  
or she is, should not—cannot, remain unknown.  
With such powers as this little morsel gives us  
glances of, the author may well attempt a high  
and noble flight.—St. Louis Pennant.

[From the Madison Express.]

### TO THE SPIRIT.

Spirit unseen but felt, sleeping or waking,  
By my trance soul, as feels the ice-bound earth.  
The burning summer's sun, its fetters breaking,  
And bringing all its beautiful to birth:  
SPIRIT! what art thou, and why dost thou  
Steals, with so deep a power, thy angel minstrelsy?  
The cradled lake has rocked itself to sleep,  
And on its bank each gentle shrub and flower  
As deep, as motionless a silence keep,  
As though they held their breath, lest its slight  
power  
Should stir their moon-lit mirror, and thus hide  
From their enraptured gaze, their image in the tide.  
I gaze upon the scene, and thou dost come  
From out each silent leaf and ray of light,  
And nestle to my heart as 'twere thy home,  
With all thy weird-like visions of delight;  
Then dost thou whisper to me hopes of bliss,  
In tones as sweet as those when wind and harp-  
strings kiss.  
A wave of air comes rolling to my ear,  
Laden with melody—quick as a thought,  
I feel thy subtle, living presence near,  
Waking my heart—strings to a strain so fraught  
With music—joy—that I can scarcely tell  
If in the air or in my heart the music dwells.  
Say, dost thou dwell with me, but calmly sleeping  
Till something beautiful, a glance, a tone,  
Bids thee awake and be thy revel keeping.  
With subject joys now clustering round thy  
throne!  
Or art thou from without, a living thing,  
That feels an answering thrill for pleasures thou  
dost bring?  
I'm not content to call thee joy, but soot.  
Is the full name I give; and when this light  
Is taken from its lantern,—the control  
Of this dark casket from the diamond bright,  
Shall I not know what thou art now,—a bliss—  
A rapture—a sweet thought! say, is not spirit this?

IONE.

From Graham's Magazine for July.

### The Mistaken Choice.

Or, Three Years of Married Life.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"So you are really going to be married,  
Charles?"  
"Yes, uncle; and I hope you will  
agree with me in thinking that I have  
made a very prudent choice."  
"That remains to be seen yet," said  
Mr. Waterton. "In the first place who  
is the lady?"  
"Miss Laura Tarleton."  
"I know her name well enough, for  
you have scarcely uttered any other these  
six weeks," was the crusty reply; "but  
I want to know something of her family."  
"Her father was a southern merchant  
and died four or five years since, leaving  
only two daughters to inherit his large  
estate; one of these two daughters mar-  
ried about two years since, and is now in

Europe; the other I hope to introduce to  
your affections as my wife."

"Has she no mother?"

"Her mother died when she was very  
young."

"Where was she educated?"

"At the fashionable boarding-school of  
Madame Finesse, and I can assure you  
no expense has been spared in her educa-  
tion."

"I dare say not; these new-fangled  
establishments for the manufacture of  
man-traps, don't usually spare expense.  
How old is your intended wife?"

"Just nineteen."

"Where has she lived since she left  
school?—for I suppose she was finished,  
as they style it, some years since."

"She has resided lately at the Astor  
House, under the protection of a relative  
who boards there."

"Then she cannot know much about  
housekeeping."

"I dare say not," replied Charles, with  
a slight feeling of vexation, "but all that  
knowledge will come by practice, uncle."

"If her time had been divided between  
a boarding-school and a hotel, where is  
she to learn anything about it?"

"Oh, women seem to have an intu-  
itive knowledge of such things."

"You are mistaken, boy," said the old  
man, "if a girl has been brought up in a  
good home, and sees a regular system of  
housekeeping constantly pursued, she will  
become unconsciously familiar with its  
details, even though she may not then  
put such knowledge in practice; the con-  
sequence will be that when she is the  
mistress of a house, her memory will as-  
sist her judgment—a quality, by the way,  
not too common in girls of nineteen. But  
how is a poor thing who has seen nothing  
but the skumble-skumble of a school-  
household or the clock-work regularity of  
a great hotel, to know any of the machi-  
nery by which the comfort of a home is  
obtained and secured?"

"Oh, I am not afraid to trust to Laura,"  
replied Charles with animation, "she is  
young, good-tempered, and, I believe,  
loves me; so I have every security for  
the future. When there's a will there's  
always a way."

"True, true, Charles, and I only hope  
your wife may have the will to find the  
right way; what is her fortune?"

"Reports vary respecting the amount—  
some say eighty, others, one hundred  
thousand dollars."

"Don't you know anything about it?"

"I know that her fortune is very con-  
siderable, especially for a poor devil like  
me, who can barely clear two thousand a  
year by business," answered Charles with  
some irritation.

"When your father married, Charles,  
he was master of only three hundred dol-  
lars in the world."

"That may be, and the consequence  
was that my father's son has been obliged  
to work like a dog all his life."

"The very best thing that could have  
happened to you, my dear boy."

"How do you make that out? For  
my part, I see nothing very desirable in  
poverty."

"Nor do I, Charles; poverty is cer-  
tainly an evil, but it is an evil to which  
you have never been exposed; competence  
was the reward of your father's in-  
dustry, and he was thus enabled to bestow  
a good education and good habits upon  
his son. The limited range of your own  
experience will convince you of the dan-  
ger of great riches. Who are the per-  
sons in our great city most notorious for  
vice and folly? Who are the horse jock-  
ies, the gamblers, the rowdies, and the  
fools of high life? Why, they are the  
sons of our rich men, and how can we  
expect better things from those who from  
their very childhood are pampered in  
idleness and luxury? I know you will  
tell me there are exceptions to this sweep-  
ing censure, and this I am willing to  
allow, for there are some minds which  
even the influence of wealth cannot in-  
jure; but how few are they, compared  
with the number of those who are ruined  
in their very infancy by the possession of  
riches. Depend upon it, Charles, that  
learning, industry and virtue form the  
best inheritance which any man can de-  
rive from his ancestors."

"It is a pity the world would not think  
so, uncle."

"So it is, boy; but the fact is such  
that I have stated, whatever the majority  
of people may think. You have not  
now to learn that the wise and good are  
always in the minority in this world.  
But tell me one thing, my dear boy; if  
Miss Tarleton was poor and friendless,  
instead of being rich and fashionable,  
would you have fallen in love with her?"

"Why yes—certainly—I don't know  
—," stammered Charles, confusedly,  
"but that is supposing so improbable a  
case that I cannot determine."

"Suppose she were suddenly to be de-  
prived of her fortune," said the persever-

ing old man, "would you still be so de-  
sirous of wedding her?"

"Why, to tell the honest truth, uncle,  
I do not think I should, for an excellent  
reason. Laura has been brought up as a  
rich man's daughter, and, therefore, can  
scarcely be expected to have had proper  
training for a poor man's wife. If I were  
compelled to support a family on my paltry  
business, it would be necessary to have  
a more prudent and economical compan-  
ion than Laura is likely to prove; but,  
thank Heaven, that is not the case."

"All are liable to reverses of fortune,  
Charles, and should such befall you in  
future, you might chance to find that a  
prudent wife without money is a better  
companion in misfortune than an extrava-  
gant one who has brought a rich dowry."

"My dear uncle, do not imagine all  
kinds of unpleasant contingencies; the  
idea of what you call a prudent woman  
is shocking to my notions of feminine  
character; it always conjures up in my  
mind an image of a sharp-voiced, keen-  
eyed creature, scolding at servants, fret-  
ting at children, and clattering ship-shod  
about the house to look after candle-ends  
and cheese-parings. Before a woman can  
become parsimonious she must in a  
measure unsex herself, since the feeble  
most natural to the sex is extravagance—  
the excess of a liberal spirit."

"You are mistaken, Charles; that  
there are such women as you describe,  
bustling, notable house-wives, who pride  
themselves on their ability to manage, as  
they term it, and who practise cunning  
because unable to use force, I acknowl-  
edge; but they are chiefly to be found  
among those who have been placed in an  
unnatural position in society—women,  
who having neither father, brother nor  
husband to protect them, have been obli-  
ged to struggle with the world, and have  
learned to jostle lest they should be jostled  
in the race of life. But bachelor as I am,  
I have had many opportunities of study-  
ing the sex, and I can assure you that  
economy, frugality and industry are by  
no means incompatible with feminine de-  
licacy, refinement of thought, and elegant  
accomplishments."

"Well it may all be true, uncle," re-  
plied Charles, utterly wearied of the old  
man's lecture, "but it is too late to reflect  
upon the matter now, even if I were so  
disposed. I am to be married next week,  
and I hope when you see Laura, you  
will think, with me, and give me credit  
for more prudence than you seem to be-  
lieve I possess."

Charles Waterton possessed good feel-  
ings, and, as he believed, good principles;  
yet, seduced by the ambition of equalling  
his richer neighbors, he had persuaded  
himself into choosing a wife, less from  
affection than from motives of interest.  
Had Laura Tarleton been poor, he cer-  
tainly would never have thought of her,  
since, pretty as she was, she lacked the  
brilliance of character which he had al-  
ways admired. But there was a sin upon  
his conscience, known only to himself  
and one other, which often clouded his  
brow, even in the midst of his anticipated  
triumph. There was a young, fair, and  
gifted girl, whom he had loved with all  
the fervor of sincere attachment, and he  
knew that she loved him, although not a  
word on the subject had been uttered by  
either. He knew that his looks, and  
tones, and actions had been to those of  
a lover, and he had little reason to  
doubt the feeling with which he had been  
met.—He had looked forward to the time  
when he should be quietly settled and the  
comforts of a peaceful home, and the  
image of that fair girl was always the  
prominent object in his pictures for the  
future. But a change came over the  
spirit of the whole nation. Wealth poured  
into the country—or at least what was  
then considered wealth—and with it came  
luxury and sloth.—The golden stream  
came to some like a mountain torrent,  
and others began to repine at receiving it  
only as the tiny rivulet. People made  
haste to be rich, and Charles Waterton  
was infected with the same thirst after  
wealth. He met with Laura Tarleton,  
learned that she was an orphan heiress,  
and instantly determined to secure the  
tenderness of his nature; he forsook  
the lady of his love, and after an acquain-  
tance of six weeks, succeeded in becom-  
ing the husband of the wealthy votary of  
fashion.

Not long after his marriage, he discov-  
ered one slight error in his calculations,  
and found out that his wife's hundred  
thousand dollars had in reality dwindled  
down to thirty thousand. But even this  
was not to be despised, and Charles, con-  
scious that he had nothing but talents and  
industry when he commenced life, felt  
that he had drawn a prize in the lottery.  
Grateful to his wife for her preference of  
him, and conscious that he had bestowed  
on her his full affection, he determined to  
make all amends in his power, by lavish-

ing every kindness upon her, and submit-  
ting implicitly to her wishes. Having  
intimated to him that she should prefer  
boarding during the first year of their  
married life, he accordingly engaged a  
suite of apartments at the Astor House,  
where they lived in a style of splendor  
and ease, exceedingly agreeable to the  
taste of both. Mrs. Waterton was ex-  
tremely pretty, with an innocent, child-  
like face, and graceful figure, and Charles  
felt so much pride in the admiration which  
she received in society, that he forgot to  
notice her mental deficiency.—Their time  
was passed in a perpetual round of excite-  
ment and gaiety.

During the hours when the counting  
room claimed the husband's attention, the  
young wife lounged on a sofa, read the  
last new novel, dawdled through a morn-  
ing's shopping, or paid fashionable vi-  
sits. The afternoon was spent over the  
dinner table, while the evening was soon  
passed in the midst of a brilliant party,  
or amid the pleasures of some public  
amusement. But living in the bustle of  
a hotel, with a large circle of acquaintances  
always ready to drink Mr. Waterton's  
wine and flirt with his pretty wife,  
they were rarely left to each other's so-  
ciety, and at the termination of the first  
twelve months, they knew little more of  
each other's tempers and feelings than  
when they pledged their vows at the al-  
tar.—Charles had learned that his placid  
Laura was somewhat pertumacious and  
very fond of dress, while she had been  
deeply mortified by the discovery that  
Charles' deceased mother had, during her  
widowhood, kept a thread and needle  
store; but this was all that they had as-  
certained of each other's character—no  
opportunity of practicing that adaptation  
so necessary to the comfort of married  
life. They had lived only in a crowd,  
and were as yet in the position of part-  
ners in a quadrille, associated rather for  
a season of gaiety than for the changeful  
scenes of actual life.

The commencement of the second year  
found the young couple busily engaged in  
preparing for housekeeping. A stately  
house, newly built, and situated in a fash-  
ionable part of the city, was selected by  
Mrs. Waterton, and purchased by her ob-  
sequious husband in obedience to her  
wishes, though he did not think it neces-  
sary to inform her that two-thirds of the  
purchase money was to remain on mort-  
gage. They now only awaited the arri-  
val of the rich furniture which Mrs. Wa-  
terton had directed her sister to select in  
Paris. This came at length, and with all  
the glee of a child she beheld her house  
fitted with carpets of such turklike softness  
that the foot was almost buried in their  
bright flowers; mirrors that might have  
served for walls to the palace of truth;  
couches, divans and fauteuils, inlaid with  
gold, and covered with velvet most ex-  
quisitely patterned; curtains, whose costly  
texture had been quadrupled in value by  
the skill of the embroideress; tables of  
the finest mosaic; lustres and girandoles  
of every variety, glittering with their  
wealth of gold and crystal; and all the  
thousand expensive toys which serve to  
minister to the frivolous tastes of fashion.  
The arrangement of the sleeping apart-  
ments was on a scale of equal magni-  
ficence. French dressing tables, with all  
their paraphernalia of Sevres china and  
crystal; Psyche glasses, in frames of  
ivory and gold; beds of rosewood, inlaid  
with ivory, and canopied with gold and  
silver, were among the decorations. But  
should the reader seek to ascend still  
higher—the upper rooms—the servants'  
apartments, uncarpeted, unfinished, desti-  
tute of all the comforts which are as ne-  
cessary to domestics as to their superiors,  
would have been found to afford a striking  
contrast to the splendors of those parts of  
the mansion which were intended for  
display.

With all his good sense, Charles Wa-  
terton was yet weak enough to indulge a  
feeling of exultation as he looked round  
his magnificent house, and felt himself  
"master of all he surveyed." His  
thoughts went back to the time when the  
death of his father had plunged the fam-  
ily almost into destitution—when his  
mother had been aided to open a little  
shop, of which he was chief clerk, until  
the kindness of his old uncle had procured  
for him a situation in a wholesale store,  
which had finally enabled him to reach  
his present eminence. He remembered  
how often he had stood behind a little  
counter to sell a penny ball of thread or  
a piece of tape—how often he had been  
snubbed and scolded at when subject to  
the authority of a purse-proud employer  
—and, in spite of his better reason,  
Charles felt proud and triumphant. His  
self-satisfaction was somewhat dimini-  
shed, however, by the sight of a bill drawn  
upon him by his brother-in-law in Paris,  
for the sums due on this great display of  
elegance. Ten thousand dollars—one  
third of his wife's fortune—just sufficed

to furnish their new house. Thus seven  
hundred dollars was cut off from their an-  
nual income to be consumed in the wear  
and tear of their costly gew-gaws; another  
thousand was devoted to the payment of  
interest on the mortgage which remained  
on his house; so that, at the very outset  
of his career, Charles found himself, not-  
withstanding his wife's estate, reduced to  
the "paltry two thousand a year," which  
he derived from his business. But he  
had too much false pride to confess the  
truth to his wife, and at once to alter their  
style of living. Each had been deceived in  
their estimate of the other's wealth.  
Laura's income had been large enough,  
while she remained single, to allow her  
indulgence in every whim, and Charles,  
ambitious of the reputation of a man of  
fashion, after slaving all the morning in  
his office, had been in the habit of driving  
fast trotting horses, or sporting a tilbury  
and tiger in Broadway, every afternoon,  
spending every cent of his income, and  
giving rise to the belief among the young  
men that he was very rich, while the old  
merchants only looked upon him as very  
imprudent. They were now to learn  
that their combined fortunes would not  
support the extravagancies of a household,  
but Laura, accustomed to the command  
of money from childhood, knew not its  
value, because she had never known its  
want, and her husband shrunk from the  
duty of enlightening her on the subject,  
by informing her of their real situation.

By the time the arrangements of their  
house were completed and had been ad-  
mired, envied, and sneered at by her hear-  
"dear five thousand friends," the season  
arrived for Mrs. Waterton's annual visit  
to Saratoga. Her husband of course ac-  
companied her, though with rather a heav-  
y heart, for he knew that only by a close  
attention to business he could hope to pro-  
vide the necessary funds for all such ex-  
penditures, although he had not sufficient  
moral courage to confess that he was so  
closely chained to the galley of commerce.  
The usual round of gaiety was traversed  
—the summer was spent in lounging at  
different watering places—and the autumn  
found them returning, heartily wearied,  
to their home. With the assistance of  
some kind suggestors, Mrs. Waterton  
now planned a series of entertainments for  
the coming winter, and Charles listened  
with ill-dissembled anxiety to the schemes  
for balls, parties, soirees, musical festivals,  
and suppers. There was but one way to  
support all this. Charles determined to  
extend his business, and instead of confin-  
ing himself to a regular cash trade, he re-  
solved to follow the example of his neigh-  
bors, and engage in speculation. Accord-  
ingly, he sold his wife's stock in several  
moneyed institutions, and, investing the  
proceeds in merchandise, commenced mak-  
ing money on a grander scale. This  
was in the beginning of the year '36, and  
every one knows the excitement of that  
momentous season; a season not soon to  
be forgotten by the bankrupt merchants,  
the distressed wives, and beggared chil-  
dren who can date their misfortunes from  
the temporary inflation of the credit sys-  
tem, by which that fatal year was charac-  
terized. Mr. Waterton's books soon showed  
an immense increase of business, and  
upon the most moderate calculation, his  
profits could scarcely be less than from  
eight to ten thousand dollars within six  
months. This was doing pretty well for  
a man who had formerly been content  
with a "paltry two thousand a year,"  
but as avarice, like jealousy, "grows by  
what it feeds on," Charles began to think  
he might as well make money in more  
ways than one. He therefore began to  
buy real estate, and pine lands in Maine,  
wild tracts in Indiana, and town lots in  
Illinois, together with the thousand other  
schemes which then filled the heads of the  
gambler and the pockets of the cunning;  
claimed his attention and obtained his mo-  
ney; while, at the same time, the fashio-  
nable society of New York were in rap-  
tures with Mrs. Waterton's splendid par-  
ties, her costly equipage, and her magni-  
ficent style of dress.

"Have you counted the cost of all these  
things, Charles?" said his old uncle as he  
entered the house one morning, and be-  
held the disarray consequent upon a large  
party the previous night.

"Yes, uncle, I think I have," said  
Charles, smiling, as he sipped his coffee,  
at the old man's simplicity. "The fol-  
lows who manage these affairs soon com-  
pel us to count the cost, for when I came  
down this morning, I found on the break-  
fast table this bill for nine hundred and  
fifty-four dollars."

"Nine hundred dollars, Charles! You  
don't mean to say that your party last  
night cost that sum?"

"I do, my dear sir, and considering  
that bill includes every thing but the wines,  
I do not consider it an exorbitant one;  
however, this elegant colored gentleman  
who takes all this trouble for me does not

charge me quite so much as he would if I  
employed him less frequently."

The old man looked round and sighed.  
The apartments were in sad disorder, for  
the servants, overcome by the fatigues of  
the previous day, had followed the exam-  
ple of their master, and stolen from the  
morning the sleep they had been denied  
at night. A bottle lay shivered in one cor-  
ner of the supper room, the champagne  
with which it had been filled soaking in-  
to the rich carpet—a piece of plumb-cake  
had been crushed by some heedless foot  
into the snow-white rug which lay before  
the drawing room fire, the sweeping dra-  
peries of one of the curtains was still drip-  
ping with something which bore a mar-  
vellous resemblance to melted ice cream,  
and the whole suit of apartments wore that  
air of desolation which usually character-  
izes a "banquet hall deserted."

"Do you calculate the destruction of  
furniture in counting the cost of your par-  
ties, Charles?" asked Mr. Waterton.

"Oh no—that of course is expected;  
furniture, you know, becomes old-fashion-  
ed, requires to be renewed every three  
years, and therefore one may as well have  
the use of it while it is new."

"You must have a vast addition to your  
fortune if you expect to pay for all these  
things."

"My dear sir," replied the nephew,  
with a most benignant smile at his uncle's  
superstition, "ignorance of his affairs; 'my  
dear sir, you do not seem to know that in  
the course of about three years, I shall be  
one of the richest men in New York.'"

"Do you sell on credit?" asked the old  
man significantly.

"Certainly; every body does so  
now."

"Well, then, my boy, take an old man's  
advice, and don't count your chickens be-  
fore they are hatched; don't live on ten  
thousand a year, when the sum exists only  
in your ledger. Call in your debts,  
and when your customers have paid, then  
tell me how much you have gained!"

"My dear uncle, you are quite obsolete  
in your notions. I wish I could induce  
you to enter with me into a new scheme;  
it would make your fortune."

"I am content with my present condi-  
tion, Charles; my salary of eight hundred  
a year is quite sufficient for the wants of a  
bachelor, and leaves me a little for the  
wants of others; nor would I sacrifice my  
peace of mind and quiet of conscience for  
all the fortunes that will ever be made by  
speculation."

"It is not necessary to sacrifice either  
peace or principle in making a fortune,  
uncle."

"You have not seen the end yet, my  
dear boy; I have lived long enough to  
behold several kinds of speculative mania,  
and all terminated in a similarly unfortu-  
nate manner. It is a spirit of gambling  
that is abroad, and I am old fashioned  
enough to believe that money thus obtain-  
ed never does good to any one. It is like  
the price of a soul; the devil is sure to  
cheat the unhappy bargainer."

"How I hate to hear people talk about  
business," lisped Mrs. Waterton, as she  
sate listlessly in her loose wrapping gown  
at the breakfast table; "I think no one  
ought to mention the word before la-  
dies."

The old man looked at her with ill-dis-  
guised contempt.

"It will be well for you, young lady,"  
said he, "if you have never to learn the  
necessity of a knowledge of business."

Laura put up her pretty lip, but was  
silent, for she was much too indolent, and  
rather too well bred to get angry.

Charles Waterton had given his uncle  
what he believed to be an accurate view  
of his circumstances. Excited beyond  
the bounds of his sober sense by his seem-  
ing success, he was as sanguine a dupe as  
ever lived beneath the leech craft of specu-  
lation. His real estate, which he very  
modestly estimated at quintuple its cost,  
formed, at such prices, an immense por-  
tion. His book debts were enormous,  
for his money was scattered east, west,  
north, and south, and, in consequence of  
giving long credits, he was enabled to  
obtain exorbitant profits. But the Eldo-  
rado, whose boundaries seemed so accu-  
rately defined on paper, became exceed-  
ingly indistinct as he fancied himself about  
to approach its shores. The following  
year began to afford tokens of coming  
trouble. Credit was still good, but money  
had entirely disappeared from the com-  
munity, and men who had learned to  
make notes in order to acquire fortunes,  
were now obliged to continue their manu-  
facture in order to avoid ruin. Rumors  
of approaching distress arose in the mo-  
ney market; men began to look with dis-  
trust upon their fellows; and as unlim-  
ited confidence in each other had been the  
foundation of the towering edifice of un-  
stable prosperity, the moment that was  
shaken, the whole structure fell crumbling  
to the earth. As soon as doubt arose, de-  
struction was at hand, and at length one