



OUR COUNTRY—HER COMMERCE—AND HER FREE INSTITUTIONS.

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FLIGHT OF TIME.

Time speeds away—away—away; Another hour—another day— Another month—another year—

Time speeds away—away—away; Like the torrents in a stormy day; He undermines the stately tower,

Time speeds away—away—away; No eagle through the skies of day, No wind along the hills can flee,

SCENERY.

Rest for the weary—freshness, strength and rest! O sleep! thy balm is to the troubled breast

FOR THE OTTAWA FREE TRADER.

Nature, ever varying but never changing—Nature, beautiful in all her forms, lovely in all her aspects—Nature, the goddess, before whom we bow

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cold, shall again rise and put on its beautiful garments—not the fading ones of earth, but the spotless robes of immortality.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Prairie and Mountain Life. Wild Sage—An Alarming Prospect—The Road Hunters—A Race to the "Devil's Gate"—Politics on the Prairie, &c.

The wild and sterile regions immediately East of the mountains are distinguished by one feature that must live forever in the traveller's remembrance.

It was with infinite pleasure that we left this desolate place the next morning; and the camp beginning to run out of meat, our two regular hunters started first, "from the picket," taking different directions, and bent upon finding buffalo.

"Hello! what hell is coming!" suddenly exclaimed Joe, and his eye was fixed upon a distant section of the horizon with an intense and in some degree troubled expression.

"What hell is it?" said Joe, peering intently at some distant object. We looked in the same direction, but could see nothing.

"What is it, Joe?" was the immediate enquiry from one of us, put in a tone of anxious solicitude. "Wat iz it? Wy, you no see! by dam, somebody comes dere!"

"In a few minutes more our vision, less acute than Joe's, became cognizant of some four or five small spots in motion far away to our left.

"Are they Indians, Joe?" "Sacre, by dam, and ze bill to pay! I no know!" said Joe, applying pointed remarks at the same time to his mule and hurrying forward, with his eyes bent upon the far off objects.

"They no iz wild horse; no, by dam," said Joe; "nither iz them buffalo, no; by dam, let us keep some look out much!"

"That Joe was a little alarmed we could perceive in an instant, and the natural consequence was that we, too, (two) became full sharers in his interesting uncertainty. On we rode, and in a few moments more Joe exclaimed—

"Hello! well, wat Antoine want come zis way! You see dere!" We were just arriving at the base of a long range of rocks, and right before us was a great black cleft or chasm, which Joe pointed out to us as the "Devil's Gate."

Not a buffalo was in sight. A few deer honored us with momentary notice, and a great number of antelope bounded across our path, but not a quadruped of the bovine genus appeared during the morning.

dreds of miles westward, with no hope of seeing buffalo until our return, so that it was all important that meat should be obtained on this last day's hunt.

Joe and Antoine were consequently on their mettle, each anxious to outdo the other, and hence their anxiety to pass the portico of Pandemonium with all possible expedition.

The race terminated with little advantage to either, however, for when we all met together upon the nearest eminence in the wide valley of the Sweetwater, not a single dark spot could be discerned around the vast prospect, and the lamentable conviction fell upon us that for the next forty days we should have to do without hump ribs, side ribs, marrow bones, boiled horse, and all the other choice feeding furnished by the buffalo.

It being too evident that no more buffalo was to be obtained, we all started back in company, and found our camp located at the base of Rock Independence. On this remarkable rock, in the course of the afternoon, we printed the name of Henry Clay, in large letters.

Our paint was a boiled mixture of powder, buffalo grease and glue, which resists the action of the rain and wind with great tenacity. This was on the 22d of July, and when we returned to the same place in September, we found the name of Martin Van Buren, in letters three times as large, placed over our inscription "by Wm. Gilpin!"

It was some two or three years since editor of the St. Louis Argus, a furious partisan print, and followed us out in company with young Lieut. Fremont, the topographical engineer. Finding the name of Clay on the rock, he determined not to be outdone in advancing the interests of his party, and up went Martin Van Buren, in mammoth capitals, over the head of Henry Clay.

History shows how war was once carried into Africa, and this chapter may record how politics have been promulgated in the Rocky Mountains.

While encamped upon Green river, a tributary of the Pacific, which formed the farthest extent of our travel, a number of old trappers came among us. One of these was named Mark Head, and a very peculiar character he was.

He was born in Virginia, bred in Missouri, and has been spending the last eight or ten years of his existence in the mountains, with not a solitary desire, as he declared to us, in answer to our express inquiry, of ever visiting the States again.

This close attachment to their wild and homeless life, we must mention as a striking characteristic of the mountain man. Nearly every one of them answered our questions on this point by asserting their strong attachment to mountain life, merely acknowledging a disposition to visit the white friends of their youth as a matter of curiosity, but desiring by all means a return to their leather lodges among the big rocks.

Mark Head has met with several perilous adventures during his mountain life, and one of them is now quite a current story among the denizens of the region. In the May of 1835, Mark was out with two companions on a trapping excursion to a stream known as Grand river, which makes its way to larger channels, the water finally emptying into the Gulf of California.

Quietly pursuing their way, the path of three men was suddenly crossed by a large grizzly bear, at which a rifle shot was immediately fired. The bear was hit, though not mortally, and growling furiously, it crawled aside into a thicket. Mark immediately dismounted, and trailing the animal by its blood, he forced his way stealthily through brush and briar after his game.

His companions remained mounted outside of the thicket, in trembling anxiety for the event, as the act of Mark was daring and rash in the extreme. These animals may be avoided with safety by the traveller, before they are wounded, or when they are not desperately beset by hunger, but to go near one of them on foot while the creature is enraged by mortal molestation, is a species of recklessness that can hardly escape disaster in its most frightful form.

The two men waited in silence and listening suspense for some time. At length they heard Mark call to them. The sound of his voice being instantly succeeded by a sudden crackling of branches, a growl, an abrupt and half smothered human ejaculation of terror, and then one faint and pitiful moan was followed again by silence. Mark's companions could only sit upon their steeds and watch the thicket with eager intensity, giving their friend up for lost, and fully expecting every moment to see the infuriated beast rush out upon themselves.

Mark had not fired his rifle, or called to them for assistance, and still they lingered around the spot in a harrowing state of inebriate and dread. Day began to wear away, and not until almost nightfall, could any

sign of the poor trapper be discovered. Then his friends resolutely determined to enter the thicket, and just alive and creeping out of it, they found poor Mark. He was bleeding from the scalp in a frightful manner, and his body was mauled and mangled most shockingly.

Upon discovering the bear, he had called, incautiously, to his companions, supposing the brute dead, as it was lying still, and quite forgetful of the foolish prank he was playing. Still the huge creature lay motionless, and he hastily moved up to its very sides, with a knife in his left hand and his rifle in his right.

But his weapons proved of little service to him. With one furious bound the bear arose, beating the knife and rifle out of Mark's grasp, like toys from the hands of a child, and in a moment the man's head was within the jaws of the enraged beast!

Nothing but an almost miraculous visitation of Indian cunning saved the head of Mark Head on this occasion. Upon finding himself in this frightful predicament, instead of screaming or struggling, he ceased almost to breathe, and became silent. His limbs all fell into inanimation, and his body exhibited motion only as the bear raged and shook it.

It was a curious imitation of the cunning of the captured mouse towards the cat. The bear pawed and mauled and shook the poor trapper again and again, but still he exhibited no sign of life, and at length the mountain monster withdrew its claws, retiring slowly from the spot, but keeping still a suspicious backward glance upon poor Mark. The victorious *Ursa Major* moved away.

"Casting one lingering, lingering look behind," and Mark, with just life enough left to peep at his retreating enemy, saw he had still some hope of escape. His affrighted companions were calling to him, but he dared not answer them, lest the bear should seize him again, and so the mangled wretch lay for hours afraid to move.

The fortunate end of the adventure was his restoration to his two companions, who shaved his head, dressed his lacerations, and carried him away to where further attention should be shown.

On another occasion Mark Head was shot through and through the body by the Sioux, of which critical mishap we shall have occasion to speak in another place.

Napoleon's Divorce.

M. de Bousset relates the following extraordinary scene that took place in his presence a short time before the divorce was pronounced between Napoleon and the Empress Josephine.

"I was on service on the Tuileries from Monday, November 27. That day, and the Tuesday and Wednesday following, I was struck with a great change in the look of the Empress, and the embarrassed silence of Napoleon. The only words he spoke during dinner were to ask me a few questions, the answers to which he appeared not to hear.

On one of these days the dinner lasted more than ten minutes. On Tuesday, the 30th, the storm burst. Their Majesties sat down to dinner; Josephine wore a large white bonnet, tied under the chin, which partly concealed her features; she could, however, perceive that she had been weeping, and with difficulty even then restrained her tears.

She appeared to me like the image of grief and despair. The most profound silence reigned during dinner. Napoleon and the Empress merely tasted for form's sake what was served to them. The only words uttered were those addressed to me by the Emperor: "What kind of weather is it?" and as he pronounced them, he rose from the table and went into the drawing room, the Empress slowly following him.

She was brought out when Napoleon, contrary to his usual custom, took the cup from the page, and made a sign that he wished to be alone. I immediately quitted the room; but feeling anxious and alarmed, I sat down in the *salon de service* (where their Majesties usually dined) on a chair near the door of the Emperor's drawing-room.

I was observing mechanically the servants clearing the table, when suddenly I heard the Empress shriek in the most violent manner. The usher of the chamber, supposing she had fallen into a fit, was on the point of opening the door, but I prevented him, saying that the Emperor would call for assistance if he thought it necessary. I was then standing near the door, when Napoleon himself opened it, and perceiving me, said, in a hurried manner, "Come in, Bousset, and shut the door." I entered, and saw the Empress stretched upon the carpet, and uttering the most heart-rending cries and moans.

"No, I shall never survive it!" exclaimed the unfortunate woman. Napoleon said to me, "Are you strong enough to take up Josephine, and carry her, by the private staircase to her room, in order that she may receive the care and assistance that her situation requires?" I obeyed, and raised up the Princess, who I supposed

had fallen into a fit of hysterics. Aided by Napoleon, I took her in my arms; and he, taking one of the lights from the table, led the way through a dark passage towards a private staircase.

"On coming to the staircase, I observed to Napoleon that it was too narrow to allow me to descend it with the Empress in my arms, without the danger of falling. He immediately called the guardian of the portfolio, who was stationed night and day near one of the doors of his closet, which opened upon the landing of the private staircase.

Napoleon gave him the light, and told him to go on before him; he then took Josephine by the legs, and in this manner aided me in bringing her down. At one moment, in consequence of my sword having got between my legs, we were all near tumbled down together. Fortunately, however, we descended without accident, and deposited our precious burden upon an ottoman in the bedchamber.

The Emperor immediately rung for the Empress's women. When in the drawing-room above stairs I took the Empress in my arms, she ceased her cries, and I supposed she had fainted away; but at the moment I became embarrassed by my sword in the middle of the private staircase, I was obliged, to keep myself from falling, to clasp her more closely. I held the Empress in my arms, which were around her waist; her back was against my breast, and her head reclining on my right shoulder.

When she felt the efforts that I made to keep myself from falling, she said in a very low voice to me, "You squeeze me too much." I then judged there was nothing to fear for her health, and that she had not lost her senses for a single instant. During the whole of this scene I had been exclusively occupied with Josephine, whose situation affected me, and could not observe Napoleon; but when the women of the Empress came, he passed into a small saloon contiguous to the bedchamber, whither I followed him. His agitation and anxiety were extreme. In this moment of trouble he explained to me, in the following words, the cause of what had happened:

"The interest of France and my dynasty has forced my heart to act thus—divorce has become an act of rigorous duty for me. I am more pained by *la scene que vient de faire Josephine*, as she must have been made acquainted three days ago by Hortense with the unfortunate obligation that compels me to separate myself from her. I pity her with all my heart—I thought her possessed of more character, and I was not prepared for this explosion of her sorrow."

In fact, the emotion that he felt compelled him to leave a long interval between each phrase, in order to take breath. His words escaped him with difficulty and without connexion—his voice was stifled and faltering, and his eyes filled with tears. All this scene occupied from seven to eight minutes. Napoleon immediately after sent for the physician Covesart, the Queen Hortense, Cambaceres, and Fouche; and before going to his own apartment, he returned to that of Josephine, whom he found calmer and more resigned.

A Domestic Story.

The Cincinnati Inquirer tells the following story:—"A lady of easy circumstances—or as easy as the possession of twenty thousand dollars and an agreeable form can render a blooming widow of thirty-five, entered a store in Lower Market on Monday last, for the purpose of purchasing a supply of dry goods. It so happened that the salesman in the said store was a young gentleman with whom she had long been intimately acquainted, and as luck would have it, the young gentleman with whom she had long been intimately acquainted, was the only person in the store.

When the lady entered, there was a recognition, a blush, and an inquiry about the price of flannel. She bought a few articles, and while the clerk was at the back part of the store making out the bill, she slipped a bolt of Irish linen under her cloak! The clerk (himself unseen by the lady,) witnessed the operation; and when she came forward to present the bill, he very gallantly and very bluntly accused her of the theft! This was a proud moment for the young man—a moment of triumph. But one short month had elapsed since the night when this same lady had indignantly refused a marriage proposition from the same young man!

He now felt the superiority of his position—he felt that the Irish linen placed in his power to dispel the clouds which poverty had thrown around him; and he told the unfortunate widow that his duty required him to place her in the cold embrace of the law, in order that justice might be done his injured master, and that respectable society be deprived of a dangerous member. She hung her head;

and the tears streamed upon her black kid gloves, as she took from under her cloak the costly handy work of Erin's Isle, and put it on the counter.

"What shall I do to be saved?" said the widow. The young man smiled. Revenge is sweet—so is a handsome widow of thirty-five with the good round sum of twenty thousand. The young man suggested the only method by which she could save herself from disgrace and a prison. The suggestion opened the way for general business conversation, which terminated in a bargain. The 'Irish linen' became a joke; and on Sunday night last—they were married."

A salesman with good moral character, who can give satisfactory reference, may find a situation by early application at a certain store.

Music—Its Influence.

"Who ne'er felt her hand assuasive steal Along his heart, that heart can never feel."

Who is there that hath not experienced the soft blandishments of sweet music stealing o'er his soul, and moving it to holy aspirations? The veriest villain upon earth cannot withstand its influence. Many a time and oft has the hardened, reckless criminal been seen to brush away a tear from his rough cheek when listening to its soft and melting strains.

We are lulled to sleep in our infant days by the melodies of the parent's voice; for full well the mother knows the gentle and soothing influence of music and sweet sounds upon her tender offspring. In riper years, its power still moves us, ever awakening the tender sensibilities of the heart. In the house of God, when old age and tender youth bend the knee, side by side, in humble adoration to the great Parent of all, how thrill the organ's notes upon the heart, seeming the very tongue of Heaven speaking in deep and touching strains to earth's offspring.

There is a close alliance between music and religion. What were poetry without music? It is the medium through which poetry has ever wrought its chief effects—they are inseparable. How many emotions are indigenous to the human breast that can only find vent in song! Man could never have been without it, else he would not have possessed the soul capable of such emotions. Our earliest knowledge of the first tribes of the earth shows us that they were no strangers to the art divine.

Music has found an early home through all the world; even the wild Indian has his chant, his war song, and his death song. Let us daily appreciate an art which is so peculiarly calculated to add to our happiness—to assist in the cultivation of the better feelings of the heart; let us cultivate an amusement so rational and innocent, thereby adding to the pure, quiet, fireside enjoyments of home.

Sweetness of Nature.—Surely there is nothing in the world short of the most undivided reciprocal attachment, that has such power over the workings of the human heart, as the mild sweetness of nature. The most ruffled temper when emerging from the town, will subside into a calm at the sight of a wild stretch of landscape reposing in the twilight of a fine evening. It is then that the spirit of peace settles upon the heart, unfetters the thoughts, and elevates the soul to the Creator. It is then that we behold the parent of the Universe in His works: we see his grandeur in earth, sea and sky; we feel His affection in the emotions which they raise, and half mortal half etherealized, forget where we are, in the anticipation of what that world must be, of which this lovely earth is merely the shadow.

Most Excellent Advice.—A handsome young widow of our acquaintance applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints with which she was afflicted.

"In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that, Doctor?" "For that, madam, you shall take air and exercise."

"And, Doctor, I am quite fidgetty at night, and afraid to lie alone. What shall I take for that?" "For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take a—husband!"

"Fie! Doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?" "For that, madam, you may, besides taking air, exercise and a husband, to take—the newspapers!"

Dr. Johnson most beautifully remarks, that "When a friend is carried to the grave we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favors unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish, for his return; not so much that we may receive but that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood."