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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. The population of Ottawa is about one thousand.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

From the American Museum.

MY NATIVE HOME.

Land of the South! imperial land!
How proud thy mountains rise;
How sweet thy scenes on every hand;
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this; oh, not for these,
I love thy fields to roam.
Thou hast a dearer spell to me,
Thou art my native home!
Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth;
Unequaled to the sea;
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be!
But not for thy proud ocean streams,
Nor for thine azure dome;
Sweet, sunny South! I cling to thee;
Thou art my native home!
I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of talc and song,
On Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,
Where Nature's wonders throng;
Empire's classic suppl streams,
Where Gods, of old, did roam;
But ne'er have found so fair a land
As thou, my native home!
And thou hast prouder glories too;
Than nature ever gave;
Peace sheds o'er thee, her genial dew,
And freedom's pinions wave;
Fair science dings her pearls around,
Religion lifts her dome,
These, these endear thee to my heart;
My own, loved native home!
And "heaven's best gift to man" is thine,
God bleas thy rosy girls!
Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine;
Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them,
Where e'er their footsteps roam,
How can I then, whilst loving them,
Not love my native home!
Land of the South! imperial land!
Then here's a health to thee;
Long as thy mountain barriers stand:
May'st thou be blessed and free!
May dark discussion's banner ne'er
Wave o'er thy fertile loam;
But should it come, there's one will die,
To save his native home!

The Broken Vow.

"But let the world say what they will,
Though sorrow may awhile intrude,
Fair wisdom's voice is faithful still,
Still, to be blest, is—to be good."

"He will not come to night," said Emma, as she looked out of her chamber window on the still and depopulated streets, and saw the dark rain clouds gathering in the sky, "he'll not come to night—it is past the hour—ha, he did not use to be so careful about the weather—but I will not indulge in disquietude—he has promised—". The word died upon her lips; she recollected the coldness—the tone of ambiguity, with which that promise had been repeated, when Theodore last visited her, and in a confused and embarrassed manner, though with much more parade of his regret and disappointment, assured her it would be impossible for him to conform to his engagement, and marry her at the time appointed. She remembered how her heart sunk within her at the moment, and the strange, mysterious presentiment that crossed her mind. Then, for the first time, she thought how bitter a thing must be disappointed love—for the first time she felt the force of the remark, which she had often heard,

"Men's vows are brittle things."

Still, the natural buoyancy of her spirits forbade her to despond. True, he had broken his first engagement, but he had represented to her the imperious necessity of the measure, and she had acquiesced in it. True, he had not fixed the more distant period; he had left the final hour indefinite,—but she had his promise; she had his oath; she would not believe him unfaithful; she could not believe him perjured. At last, after an absence of a week, which seemed to her once more mingled with the smiling family circle; he seemed as he had always been

fore the family; this cost her a night's rest—it was not his usual manner, and she wondered why, at this particular time, he should have so much more business than usual. Still she endeavored to put the most favorable construction upon everything; she strove to acquit him in her hearts.

But love has eagle's eyes, and from their piercing vigilance, duplicity must be coupled with most consummate art, if she would avoid detection. Emma was caressed by a large circle of acquaintance, and Theodore was also a favorite; in parties they frequently came together, and there, when the spirits are up, and all reserve thrown off, the heart unmasks itself. There Theodore often forgot his caution, and not only abated his usual display of partiality for Emma, but lavished his fondness on another.—The generous girl forgave him until forgiveness became a crime against her own heart. She resolved to lead a more secluded life, and in prosecuting her resolve, she soon found ample evidence of what she most feared.—His visits grew less and less frequent, until, at last, they were discontinued altogether.

Womanlike in the deepest of her sorrows, she retired, as it were, within herself, and, secure in the confidence that not even her nearest relatives or friends knew any thing of her disappointment, she nursed her grief in secret, and put on smiles as sweet, if not as gay, before the world. But heroically as played this new and deceptive part, her feelings gradually obtained the victory over her frame; she pined and pined away, day after day, the paleness of departed health blanched her young cheek, and she roved in the stillness of the evening, among the tombs of her fathers in the churchyard, like a thin shadow of the past. None knew her grief, but he who was its cause; and he shuddered at the ruin he had made.

Her friends perceived with concern the rapid decay of her health, and, as the family had some relatives in Bermuda, they resolved to send her there.—The voyage had a salutary effect; the change of scenes and circumstances—new friends and acquaintances, and the kindness she experienced in her new abode, dispelled much of this cherished gloom that pressed upon her heart, and added life to her almost inanimate frame. The glow of her health gradually returned, and she shone in the maturity of her beauty, a star of no common lustre in the fashionable world of that delightful island. A year had not elapsed, before the hand of one of the wealthiest merchants in the island was offered her. He was all that the young maiden here admires—generous, noble, and virtuous—and of years suited to her own. She accepted and became a happy wife.

Having left Philadelphia with the intention of returning, she now waited anxiously the opportunity—but a variety of causes prevented, year after year. A beautiful family of girls and boys grew around her—her husband was deeply engaged in an extensive and lucrative business, and twelve years passed by before she was able to accomplish her wishes, in all which time she never made an enquiry about, or once heard of her former lover. Now Mr. Lefere retired from business, and proposed accompanying her with their family, to America. They reached Philadelphia in safety, and walked up Walnut street to the old family mansion. It remained unaltered; her father and her mother, the old servants, her former friends, who remained, all welcomed her to her ancient home. The shrubs she planted in the yard had grown up to beautiful trees.—Her name remained where she had engraved it, on the sash of her chamber, twelve years before, and she sat down by it—called back the recollections of the past—by times, and wept, yet these were tears of mingled joy and sorrow.

Mr. Lefere took a fine establishment in Chesnut street, and lived in splendid style. Emma used to ride out daily in an elegant carriage, with her infant family; and, as had long been her practice, she carefully sought such objects of distress as she deemed it would be charitable to relieve. One day riding in the suburbs of the city, she saw a poor half-clothed man, lying on the ground, and a tattered child crying bitterly by his side, to which he paid no attention. She directed the coachman to stop, and calling the man, inquired why he disregarded the child, and whose it was? "It is my own," said he; "I came out, hoping to get a place for it in yonder house, and could not; it is almost starved, and I have not the means to procure food for myself or it." She gave him a small sum and directed him to call at her house. He received it with tears, and promised compliance.

At the hour appointed, the poor man, with his helpless child, waited in the kitchen for the call of his benefactor.

fast room, as soon as the family had dispersed, and desired to know by what means he had brought himself to poverty and want. The man spoke out honestly. INTEMPERANCE, he said, was the cause, but his trouble had driven him to that.—"I once saw better days," said he, "I was a partner in a mercantile concern—I married—I was deceived—the mother of this poor child, after involving me in ruinous debts, left me with a libertine, whose addresses she had long received. I drowned my sorrows and sunk my character in habits of vice and intoxication. I have been twice imprisoned for crime—I am destitute of friends and employment."

"And what is your name?" asked Emma. "Theodore W—," he replied, after a moment's hesitation. The kind lady turned pale and trembled; she gazed at him—she recognised in him the faithless Theodore.

"At last, then," said she, affecting to be calm, "you have learned to keep your promises—you called at the time appointed—I will provide a place for yourself and child."

"Ah," said he, "you know me.—When you asked my name, I dared not tell you an untruth; but I hoped it had been forever blotted from your memory; I watched your fortunes—I rejoiced in your prosperity—I cursed my own folly, until I had exhausted all my powers.—But broken vows come back to their author in the end, and mine has ruined me forever."

He covered his face and wept. She left him, and having consulted with Mr. Lefere, procured him a situation in an occupation, and placed the child at school.

"Thus was the maxim verified, 'all is best for the innocent and virtuous;'" and thus it is that vice works out its own reward at last.

From Priest's American Antiquities.

A Cave in the West.

IN WHICH ARE FOUND MANY INTERESTING HIEROGLYPHICS, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN MADE BY THE ANCIENT INHABITANTS.

On the Ohio, twenty miles below the mouth of the Wabash, is a cavern, in which are found many hieroglyphics, and representations of such delineations as would induce the belief that their authors were, indeed, comparatively refined and civilized. It is a cave in a rock, or ledge of the mountain, which presents itself to view, a little above the water of the river, when in flood, and is situated close to the bank. In the early settlement of Ohio, this cave became possessed by a party of Kentuckians, called "Wilson's Gang." Wilson, in the first place, brought his family to this cave, and fitted it up as a spacious dwelling, erected a sign post on the water side, on which were these words: "Wilson's Liquor Vault and House of Entertainment." The novelty of such a tavern induced almost all the boats descending the river to call for refreshments and amusement. Attracted by these circumstances, several idle characters took up their abode at the cave, after which it continually resounded with the shouts of the licentious, the clamour of the riotous, and the blasphemy of gamblers. Out of such customers, Wilson found no difficulty in forming a band of robbers, with whom he formed a plan of murdering the crews of every boat that stopped at his tavern, and of sending the boats, manned by some of his party, to New Orleans, and there sell their loading for cash, which was to be conveyed to the cave by land, through the states of Tennessee and Kentucky, the party returning with it being instructed to murder and rob, on all good occasions, on the road.

After a lapse of time, the merchants of the upper country began to be alarmed, on finding their property make no returns, and their people never coming back. Several families and respectable men, who had gone down the river were never heard of, and the losses became so frequent, that it raised at length, a cry of individual distress and general dismay. This naturally led to inquiry, and large rewards were offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of such unparalleled crimes. It soon came out that Wilson, with an organized party of forty-five men, was the cause of such waste of blood and treasure; that he had a station at Hurricane Island, to arrest every boat that passed the mouth of the cavern, and that he had agents at Natchez and New Orleans, of presumed respectability, who converted his assignments into cash, though they knew the goods to be stolen, or obtained by the commission of murder.

The publicity of Wilson's transactions soon broke up his party; some dispersed, others were taken prisoners and he himself was killed by one of his associates, who was tempted by the reward for the head of the captain of the gang.

rons in length, and five in width; its entrance presents a width of eighty feet at its base, and twenty-five feet high. The interior walls are smooth rock. The floor is very remarkable, being level through the whole length of its centre, the sides rising in stony grades, in the manner of seats in the pit of a theatre. On a diligent scrutiny of the walls, it is plainly discerned that the ancient inhabitants at a very remote period, had made use of the cave as a house of deliberation and council. The walls bear many hieroglyphics, well executed, and some of them represent animals, which have no resemblance to any now known to natural history.

This cavern is a great natural curiosity, as it is connected with another, still more gloomy, which is situated exactly above, united by an aperture of about fourteen feet; which to ascend is like passing up a chimney, while the mountain is yet far above. Not long after the dispersion and arrest of the robbers, who had infested it, in the upper vault were found the skeletons of about sixty persons, who had been murdered by the gang of Wilson as was supposed.

But the tokens of antiquity are still more curious and important than a description of the mere cave, which are found engraved on the sides within, an account of which we proceed to give:

The sun, in different stages of rise and declension; the moon, under various phases; a snake, biting its tail, and representing an orb or circle; a viper; vulture; lizard tearing out the heart of a prostrate man; a panther held by the ears, by a child; a crocodile; several trees and shrubs; a fox; a curious kind of hydra serpent; two scorpions; an eagle; an owl; some quails; eight representations of animals which are now unknown. Three out of the eight are like the elephant in all respects except the tusk and tail. Two more resemble the tiger, one a wild boar; another a sloth; and the last appears a creature of fancy, being a quadrupane, instead of a quadruped, the claws being alike before and behind, and in the act of conveying something to the mouth, which lay in the centre of the monster. Besides these were several fine representations of men and women, not naked but clothed; not as the Indians, but much in the costume of Greece and Rome.

Early Discovery of America.

The Copenhagen Antiquarians have recently discovered new evidences of the early settlement of this Continent by the Scandinavians. Dr. Lund, a celebrated Danish geologist, has communicated to the Northern Archaeological Society, an interesting account of some exhumations made by him in the vicinity of Bahia, in Brazil, which are confirmatory of the Scandinavian hypothesis. His discoveries began with the fragment of a flagstone, covered with engraved Runic characters, but greatly injured. Having succeeded in deciphering several words, which he recognised as belonging to the Icelandic tongue, he extended his researches, and soon came upon the foundations of houses in hewn stone, bearing a strong architectural resemblance to the ruins existing in the northern parts of Norway, in Iceland, and in Greenland. Thus encouraged he went resolutely on, and at length, after several days' digging, found the Scandinavian god of thunder, there, with all his attributes—the hammer, gauntlets, and magic girdle.—The Society has commissioned Prof. Rain (who first established, in an authentic manner, the existence of ancient relations between Iceland and North America, anterior to the discovery of this part of the world by Columbus,) to report on the subject of Dr. Lund's letter, and to publish his report, with a view to direct the attention of the learned to this very interesting discovery, which would seem to prove that the ancients of the North had not only extended their maritime voyages to South America, but even formed permanent establishments in the country.

Extract from Burnep's Letters.

Candor and Liberality.

In speaking of the duties we owe to society, and the sins we may commit against it, I forbear to advert to the disposition to candor, liberality and tolerance in judging of the opinions and sentiments of others, and to warn you against the opposite spirit, that of dogmatism, uncharitableness and self-sufficiency. This is a most uncomfortable fault, to which all are liable, but especially the young. Their own opinions are most of them derived from tradition, not examination. They are, therefore, implicit and undoubted. Having never examined, they suppose that their opinions are thus and so, because the thing is so. Having never investigated the grounds of their own

sons there may be for the opposite. Setting their own opinions as truth, all others of course are heresy. They are ignorant of the great fact that we live in a world of probabilities, not of certainties. It is impossible then for any human being to be infallibly sure that he is right on any subject beyond the narrow limits of the senses, of consciousness and memory. This being the case, it requires a great deal of fairness, and a great deal of good feeling to behave right, under it.

A man is tempted, especially when he comes in contact with one not so acute or quite as well informed as himself to make up by dogmatism, positiveness, and pertinacity, what he wants in certainty, and lacks in good arguments. Such conduct as this is a species of social immorality, besides being unfair and ungenerous. The effect of it is to impair the pleasure and the benefits of society, and injure the cause of truth, which ought to be more precious than any temporary or personal triumph. No one was ever convinced by such means, and cannot but feel oppressed and ill used. Difference of opinion in such cases, instead of shedding light on either mind, is converted into alienation of personal feeling, the worst possible result of social intercourse.

As we are to be surrounded all our days with those who differ from us in opinion, and as the hope cannot be cherished of bringing all to think as we do, it must be a principal part of the art of living happily with those about us, to differ from them in peace and mutual good will.

All sincere opinions are to be treated with respect. This is justice as well as wisdom. The natural bias of our mind is to agree in sentiment with those about us. If another differs from us, then we have every reason to believe that it is from sincere conviction. It is unjust in us then to attribute any opinion to obstinacy or stupidity. The instant we do so, we not only insult a fellow being but we lay ourselves under the same unhandsome treatment in return.

The fact is, that truth is infinite. No human mind has ever seen the whole of it. It is not confined to any set of opinions, but is scattered in fragments through all. If it was not so, there could not be such a variety of opinions. Falsehood is not congenial with the human mind, and no man willingly embraces it. Numbers have nothing to do with the thing, for the time has been when the most important truths, which are now universally acknowledged were held by a few, and these few were ridiculed and persecuted by the majority. Galileo was obliged to confess, amid the sneers and insults of the world, that the earth does not move on its axis. Now he who asserts the doctrine, which he was obliged to confess true, would be equally ridiculed by intelligent men. Nothing can show a madder mind, than to attempt to oppress or ill treat another on account of his opinions, or to diminish at all that respect, which his talents, his character and acquirements justly challenge at our hands. To overcome this narrowness and prejudice, by which we are all more or less educated, I cannot but recommend to you to associate with all sects, opinions and parties. It is the interest of partisans to inflame prejudice, that parties may be disciplined and kept together. But it is your interest to know and appreciate and esteem all good men of all names and all parties. At a distance, we are too apt to think that those who differ from us have scarcely the attributes of humanity. When brought into contact, we are surprised that the peculiarities of their opinions are as the small dust of the balance, which compared with the great and universal attributes of human nature, and we are surprised to find that very person, whose strange opinions seemed to isolate him from any connexion with his species, is after all very much such a being as we are ourselves. The more we associate with mankind the more we shall be convinced that speculative opinions have very little influence upon the character, and have little power to modify individual disposition. There are good and honest men of all parties and opinions. There is no more reason to esteem the truly excellent of differing opinions, than the undeserving of our own party. We do nothing more or less, than commit a stupendous fraud on our own happiness, when we suffer the prejudices of party or opinions to alienate us from the friendship and society of one human being, whose moral qualities entitle him to our esteem, our confidence and affection.

Warning House.

There is much popular ignorance prevailing on the subject of warning houses, both among the English and Anglo-

that the experiments of such men as Franklin and Rumford would have dispelled the illusions about people being more liable to catch cold when a regular and uniform heat is kept up in their apartments, than when these are traversed by currents from doors, windows, and every crevice, all rushing towards an open fire. But prejudices are hard to be overcome—the more so, indeed, the more beneficial their abandonment. If we were readily made hardier, and acquired exemption from the complaints so common in our variable climate, during the autumn, winter, and spring months, by the common practice of using open fires, single windows and doors, we might give up the comfort of the opposition plan: but no such good follows our exposure; no frame, however vigorous, is exempt from the assaults of streams of cold air in our houses. This is not, however, a matter of theory, or to be argued from individual experience.—National usage, in the coldest climates in Europe, is decisive on this point.—The Russian Finlanders, and Swedes of all classes, are not ashamed to keep up nearly a summer heat in their houses during the winter months—they have no fears of being called effeminate. On the contrary allege, that in sailing out from their houses into the external frosty air, they are able to bear, and even enjoy this kind of exposure, or air bath, the better from their previous warmth—precisely for the same reason that a person with a vigorous circulation of the blood and hot skin, is better enabled to bear the shock of a cold bath. In the opposite circumstances, of immersion in cold air or cold water, when a person is chilly, and with pale skin, as when coming out from a cold room and imperfectly clad, he will suffer greatly, and be less able to resist the secondary and morbid effects of cold.—Rumford declares that, notwithstanding his first prejudices against stove heat, he found from an experience of 12 years' residence in Germany, not only that warm rooms were more comfortable in winter, but certainly tended to the preservation of health.—Journal of Health.

Dying Rich.

The following lines from the United States Gazette, have the eloquence of truth to recommend them:

"An active business man is a rational man, and a great blessing to the community. He keeps in gratifying exercise the talents which God has given him, which, of itself is a blessing to him. He gives employment to the hands of industry, which is far better than giving alms to the unemployed. These are the legitimate and rational ends of active business pursuits and wealthy-getting—the gratification of the active powers, and the promotion of industry. But the desire of growing rich, merely to die rich, is one of the most foolish intentions, which ever entered the heart of foolish man. Experience has fully and emphatically taught the lesson, that much wealth left to heirs, is eight times out of ten, not a blessing but a curse. Its expectation beguiles and spoils the manly powers—its possession leads to mis-judgment, excess, and finally exhaustion and ruin. The time will yet come, when men of wealth will be wise enough to make a gradual disposition of their property while living—not prospective, but operative—thereby have an eye to the use which is made of it, and participate in the greatest enjoyment that wealth is capable of giving, that of seeing it do good to others.—They will dismiss the foolish aspiration of 'dying rich,' with the almost certain reflection that their heirs, sooner or late, will die rich."

"Four hundred miles of hogs were killed during the last year in Cincinnati."—Cin. Paper.

"That's a way of measuring or counting them we have never heard of before."—Ex. Paper.

"They kill them in yards, frequently; why not count them in miles?"—Ph. Sp. of the Times.

Four feet must be allowed to every hog, recollect.—Sat. Mercury.

Yes, and thereby hangs a tail.—Barre Gazette.

If we mistake not, this is quite a hogish subject.

The Way to get Unmarried.

The Monticello Watchman gives an account of the manner in which a Justice of the Peace lately dissolved the hymeneal chain of an unhappy pair, whom he had united but a short time before till death should part them. Upon the request of the parties to be unmarried, he placed a live cat upon a block and directing one to pull at the head and the other at the tail while he with an axe cut pass in two at the same time exclaiming "Death parts you!" The couple went away satisfied that they were legally unmarried, and