



Our Country, her Commerce, and her Free Institutions.

VOLUME I.

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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. The population of Ottawa is about one thousand.

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TO FARMERS.

Neat be your farms; 'tis long confessed The neatest farmer is the best. Each bog and marsh industrious drain, Nor let vile barks deform the plain; No bushes on your headland grow, For briars a sloven's culture show. Neat be your barns, your houses neat, Your doors be clean, your court yards sweet, No moss the sheltering roof enshroud, Nor wooden pains the window cloud, No filthy kennels foully flow, Nor weeds with rankling poison grow; But shades expand and fruit trees bloom, And flowering shrubs exhale perfume; With pales your garden circle round; Defend, enrich and clean the ground; Prize high the pleasing, useful rood, And fill with vegetables good.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH.

Ah! if there be our spot on earth, Where cloudless joy and bliss have birth, Where blighted sorrows seldom come, And envy's bitter tongue is dumb— The spot of quiet peace and mirth, Is found beside the cottage hearth. Thrice happy lot, where friendship's light On many a lovely eye is bright— Where heart and hand to kindness given, Prepare an antepast of heaven, And consecrate an humble cot, With that which kings in vain have sought.

Short Patent Sermons.

I have selected the following, by J. E. Dow, a namesake of mine, as a text for this occasion:

Old Time! old Time! you've passed away, And men have sadly altered; The robber walks amid the day, Unchided and unhaltered. The statesman talks away his time, And leaves the people starving, The scales of Justice lean to crime, And doctors cure by carving.

My hearers—Refinement and corruption are always found to be wedded together. They are so closely allied that it is difficult to distinguish which from which, or 'toter from 'tother. In fact, refinement, such as we boast of at the present day, is nothing but a mass of corruption, coated with a beautiful exterior of hypocritical pretension. Old Time has not wholly passed away, as my text might seem to imply; for he is destined to drive his chariot (the wheels to which are rolling years) into the edge of eternity, before he can be reckoned among the has-beens; but old times have passed away, and present times have fallen into such a state of degeneracy, that I doubt much whether we shall have any times at all by and by. We talk of improvement! What kind of improvement do we make? Man, after having soared upon the wings of science to the celestial cities of the stars, and explored the aerial desert of space—having gone up in balloons among the dark billowy clouds, and ascertained, by analysis, the component parts of thunder and lightning—is, after all, farther off from heaven now, than he was five hundred or a thousand years ago. By the aid of telescopes and a kind of delusive fancy, he brings objects from above, apparently near, and then foolishly imagines that he at last has arrived at the very doorsteps of heaven! What folly! what vainness!

Why, my friends—to tell you the plain truth, as we advance scientifically, intellectually, and socially, we digress morally.—There is no more mistake about it than there is in twice two. Good morals can't exist where fashion and refinement are associated with vice. You might as soon think of catching trout from a putrid pool, or of breeding musquitoes from a living spring. The morals of this and

every community have, for a long time, been growing downward, like a cow's tail, while vice keeps turning up and curling under, like the posterior embellishment of a cur. As the accomplished arts flourish, morality is left in the shade; and it cannot grow while such weeds are sapping it of its vitality. While this state of things remains, man may grow wiser and wiser with each returning day; but, depend upon it, he can become no better. We have among us a swarm of tinkers of public morals; but while they endeavor to stop one hole, they are sure to make ten more—if they don't even expose their own rottenness. In fact, my friends, morals are like an old shirt; they may look cleaner for washing, but, at the same time, they are worse than ever, and more liable to rip in the back. The only way to forward the growth of morality is to cut away and make a bonfire of all such noxious brushwood as avarice, cupidity, venality, fashion, and selfishness, and then it will flourish spontaneously upon the uncultivated soil of the heart, and make man appear as he once was—pure, spotless and undefiled.

My dear friends—it is a melancholy truth that man has sadly altered. I don't believe that he looks any more like the model which the creator made as a pattern for us all, than a ribbed-nosed baboon looks like Prince Albert or the king of the Cannibal Islands. His moral attributes are not the same, and his exterior has lost all its original marks. Oh! how degenerate is man! and Oh, how corruption oozes from the sores of society! Not only the professional robber walks unchided and unhaltered in the broad light of day, but you also—yes, you, ye unceremonious robbers—all of you, are permitted to rob one another, 'by way of trade,' as the saying is, or in other words, 'just for a lark,' with perfect impunity. Yes, you lie, cheat and steal all the week for the sake of mammon, then go to church and pile up your sins at the foot of the altar, and then hurrah for more money, either by fair or by foul means. You dare not deny it, you sin-seathed sons of avarice, that many of you have been known to drive over dead mendicants' bones, on your unhallowed errands of venality; and I have no doubt that many of you are only free from the charge of picking pennies from a blind beggar's hat on the ground that no opportunity has yet been afforded. Now, my friends, you must know that you are paying a very heavy tax for the privilege of being miserable; and I really wonder that you don't bring about a reform of self-government, and let peace, contentment and happiness once more hang their evergreen wreaths in the blighted bowers of the heart.

Our Congressmen, my friends, what are they? Nothing but blood suckers upon the cheek of Uncle Sam. They talk and drink for eight dollars a day and you have to stand the treat. Don't be deceived.—While they pretend to be strengthening the pillars which support our temple of liberty, they are often, by their very acts, undermining its base; and you must not be surprised if the whole fabric come down, one of these days, with an awful crash, and upon its ruins spring up the deadly upas of despotism. The fact need not be concealed that our Senators and Representatives who are now feeding upon government fodder at the District of Columbia, will gamble at the faro banks, play cards, dice, make use of profane language, quarrel, fight duels, and drink gin cocktails. It is true they go to church, but it is for form's sake. They seldom read their bibles, and their bosoms are well stuffed with selfish pride and vanity. Instead of walking and watching upon the watchtowers of the nation, they are loafing, idling and blackguarding their time away; therefore, don't be deceived, I repeat, in your estimation of them over such hewers of wood and drawers of water, as we common folks are. They may preach as much as they please about the rights and privileges of the poor; all they care for is the glory and honor of their stations. They are always ready to sacrifice paltry words for the sake of freedom, but you don't catch them sacrificing any thing of greater value. They ask you to give them a boost into the tree of office; and what do they do?—they eat the apples and then throw the cores at your heads.—Such are our statesmen, and such is man at the present day. Our doctors are working hard for death and the devil on shares.—There was a time when they could live and let live; but now they cut and slash at poor humanity, as though it were an inanimate lump of clay. They feed the jaws of the sepulchre with all the coldness and sang froid that ever a menagerie keeper threw a plank to a tiger. But I will not dilate upon this ungenial topic.

My friends—as the good old days are gone forever, and never more to return, we must try to prevent the rust, which

has now gathered upon the times, from spreading farther, rather than, in useless endeavors, to rub it wholly off. If you have a mind to try, there will be no difficulty in getting smoothly on, till you arrive at that blessed country where the times are first rate, and strict morality prevails forever and ever.—So mote it be! DOW, JR.

From the Albany Cultivator.

To Western Emigrants.

By sundry assurances from unknown friends, that my articles have answered some of the purposes for which they were written, I am encouraged to continue. Even if they did no other good than to be the moving cause of bringing "two Durham cows" from my native state of Connecticut, to feed upon our boundless pastures, I should be satisfied. I hope Mr. Allen will give the required information, as to cost of freight, &c. And here I will take the liberty of saying to all persons desiring information connected with the great cause of improvement in agriculture, upon any branch within the extensive knowledge of A. B. Allen, or his brother R. L. Allen, of Buffalo, that they have but to ask, and they will receive. If they wish similar information from Chicago, address John S. Wright, Esq., Editor of the "Union Agriculturist."

No emigrant need fear any difficulty in bringing along cattle and hogs. Several of the masters of steamboats on the Lakes, seem to take great interest in the shipment of choice stock to the West. I have had three lots of pigs, shipped from Buffalo to Chicago during the last summer, in the sole care of the master of the boats, and from the appearance of the pigs on arrival, they must have been treated like cabin passengers. In fact, none but a brute could maltreat a Berkshire pig.

In the shipment of furniture, emigrants need advice. Great care should be taken in packing everything in the most compact manner, in barrels and boxes, strongly hooped and nailed; and very plainly marked with full directions. The freight upon the canal is charged by the pound. Upon the Lake, and upon storage in ware-houses it is charged by the barrel bulk. The best way is to contract in New York or Albany, for the whole charge of transportation clear through, and pay it, and take a receipt, specifying the contract completely. If you have a family, you will have enough to look after, without watching your freight all the journey. Many articles are lost, through the carelessness of the owners. Articles are sold every year in Chicago, "for freight and charges," that never had any mark upon them of owner's name or destination. You cannot be too careful. Be economical, prudent and good natured upon your journey. Avoid haste, and hasty words although often provoked, and be determined to have a pleasant journey, and my word for it, you will have. And at whatever sacrifice, be sure to settle all your business before you start. For I have found out that "money to come from the East," is a very snail of a traveller; it but rarely overtakes the emigrant; and as for "going back after money," you can earn two new dollars here while you can hunt up one old one there.

If it be possible, always fix upon some definite spot for your location before you start—and when you arrive in a new settlement, beware of sharks. Be careful to settle in a healthy spot, although the soil should be less rich. Nothing disheartens the new settler so much as a season of sickness in the first year; and it is often brought on by great imprudence.

One prevailing fault among new settlers is undertaking too much the first years. I have known many to completely prostrate themselves in the vain endeavor to fence and cultivate forty acres with strength only sufficient for ten, and after months of toil finally compelled to witness the destruction of the whole crop, in consequence of their inability to "finish the fence." Not only the loss of crop, but a severe fit of sickness, brought on by over-exertion and exposure. For probably, while toiling at the field, the finishing of the house has been put off, and at last when placed in a situation to require a comfortable shelter from storms and winds there is nothing of the kind. I have personally known much suffering, and sometimes death, to arise from such circumstances. How much better to make a small beginning. To be sure and make the cabin as comfortable as possible, for at the best, it is to a family that have never been used to the like, but a temporary convenience, generally occupied more through necessity than choice. Not but that a log house can be made most completely comfortable, and I have often seen those of a very rough exterior, which shewed the highest degree of neatness within. But there is such an anxiety among many emigrants to get a large

farm, that the dwelling is neglected. This is all wrong, it is better to have a "little land well tilled," and a house, if not "well filled," inside, at least have all the cracks in the outside well filled, if you expect to keep the wife, "well willed." Many an agree fit is brought upon the new settler by the unusual exposure to which they subject themselves in an unfinished log cabin with all the cracks open, perhaps without door or window, and but half a chimney, and sometimes neither floor or fire-place.

Such a change from all former usage cannot be submitted to with impunity, although in the summer time, and though it be merely for that indefinite period, "when I get over my hurry." The fact is that an industrious man on a new place, where every thing is to be created by the work of his own hands before it can be called a farm, is never out of a hurry. And I am sure that I shall have all the female part of my emigrant friends upon my side, when I insist that it should always be the first thing to do as I am sure it is the first duty of the emigrant, to make the dwelling house as comfortable as the circumstances will possibly admit. If a man will expose his own health, he is bound by the strongest ties to protect that of his wife and children at all times, and doubly so, when he has brought them away from the thousand comforts that they have been reared to, "to begin a new home in the wilderness." And although the new settler's log cabin is necessarily a rough uncouth looking dwelling, it can with a very small amount of labor, be made tight, warm, comfortable and pleasant. How many of my readers now dwelling in their handsome mansion houses, will, as they peruse this, look back to the positive happy days that they enjoyed in a log cabin.

That many of their descendants who are disposed to partake of the bounties that nature has provided for the industrious man in the Great West, will yet enjoy life in the same kind of humble habitation, is the sincere wish of their humble log cabin friend.

SOLON ROBINSON.

Lake C. H. Ia., Jan. 28, 1841.

A Secret worth Knowing.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction." Under this head the Long Island Star publishes an interesting tale, for the extended details of which we cannot find room, but must content ourselves with giving the leading facts in a condensed form, for the benefit of our readers.

A young grocer of good character and correct habits, commenced business in a good and improved neighborhood. His stock was small, as were his means, and his stock of customers was still smaller. His sales hardly met his expenses, and he was evidently going "down hill," and an old grocer on the opposite corner predicted that he would soon be at the bottom.

That the young grocer had reason to regret this opinion of the old grocer will appear.—The latter had a daughter who had won the heart of the former. He offered himself to her and was rejected. It was done, however, with the assurance, that she was the man of her choice, but that she acted in obedience to her father's command.

Assured of the affections of the woman of his choice, he set himself about removing the only obstacle in the way of their union; the father's objection to his pecuniary prospects.

A year had elapsed, and lo, what a change! The young grocer was now going up hill with the power of a steam locomotive; customers flocked to his store from all quarters, and even many had left the old established stand on the opposite corner, for the young favorite. There was a mystery about it which puzzled the old grocer sorely, but which he could not unravel. At length he became nearly sick with losses and aggravations, and vain attempts to discover the secret of his neighbor's success.

At this juncture, Angelica—for that was the daughter's name—contrived to bring about an apparently accidental interview between the parties. After the old man had become, through the intervention of the daughter, tolerably good humored, he inquired, with great earnestness, of the young man, how he had contrived to effect so much in a single year, to thus extend his business, and draw off the customers from other stands.

The young man evaded an answer, but inquired if he had any further objection to his union with Angelica. "None," replied he, "provided you reveal the secret of your success." This the young man promised, when his happiness was made complete. The old man commended his prudence on this point. The affair was all settled, and the marriage then took place.

The friends of the young couple were all assembled, and among them many of the customers of the two stores. Angelica and Thomas looked as happy as well could be, and the old gentleman was, if possible, happier than they. The bridal cake was about to be cut, when the old man called out for "THE SECRET."

"Aye, the secret, the secret," exclaimed fifty voices.

"It is a very simple matter," said Thomas, "I ADVERTISE!!!"

The old gentleman was very, very old-fashioned, and while he shook Thomas by the hand, and kissed Angelica fifty times over, he merely muttered, "Why the dickens didn't I think of that!"

A Warm Corpse.

A couple of resurrectionists started for a subject one cold night, in a small covered wagon and succeeded in finding one. When they had disinterred the body they dressed it up in a frock coat, hat, &c., placed it between them in their wagon, and started for home. The weather being very cold and coming in sight of a tavern they concluded to stop and "take a drink," which they did, leaving their inanimate companion sitting erect upon his seat, with the horse's reins lying in his lap. The ostler observing three individuals in the wagon when it was driven up and noticing that but two went into the house, thought he would inquire of the third why he did not follow his companions. So he walked up to the wagon and asked the reason for his remaining behind.

No answer was returned. After questioning the dumb gentleman some time, he took hold of him and found that his hand was upon a dead man! Although terrified at first, his mind soon solved the mystery, he recollected that one of the individuals who was sipping toddy at the bar was a medical student. "So," says the ostler, "I'll have some fun with these larks." He hoisted the body from the wagon and carried it into the stable, when he took off its clothes, put them on himself, and then placed himself in the wagon; after a short time the students returned—one of them jumped up beside, as they supposed, the dead man, and in a moment struck him upon his knee, exclaiming, "how would you like some flip, my old fellow?" The moment the words had passed his lips, he observed to his companion in a low and trembling voice, "Ben, he's warm!" This started Ben, but he recovered his self possession in a moment and after reproving his friend for frightening him unnecessarily, stepped up and touched the ostler himself; in an instant choked with fear, he repeated what his companion had just said,—"He is warm, by heavens." "And so would you be," replied the ostler, in a measured and ghostly tone, "if you had just been stolen from hell, as I am." The students took to their heels and never once turned to claim their horse and wagon.

Choosing a Husband.

"I really don't know which I love best," said Jane Manverse to her friend Marian Westell, as she returned from a splendid party where she was "the admired of all admirers." "William Stanton or Frederick English. Out of a host of admirers that my fortune, now that I am an heiress, has brought to my feet, I have selected them. They are neither rich—both are filled with sentiments of honor, as far as expressions and general conduct go. Both love me. Neither has expressed it in strong terms—but both only wait for the necessary encouragement, I am sure, to pop the question. To either my fortune would be an advantage; and they may—it is an ungenerous thought, but I cannot help entertaining it—love my fortune, and not me. Do you know, Marian, I have strong thoughts of putting their love to the test?"

"How can you do it?"

"I have thought of a way. You may remember that I had a cousin who was supposed to be lost at sea, and the property which has made a poor, unnoticed girl so much courted, was to be his, if he were living."

"Yes, but you have had the full and positive proofs of his decease."

"I know it, but the world does not, nor can my two favoured lovers be acquainted with the fact. I therefore propose to state in the papers that my cousin is not dead as was supposed. To give up for a time my splendid establishment, and to retire into comparative poverty. It is said that kings and heiresses rarely hear the truth from the flatterers by whom they are surrounded. This will at least test my friends. What think you of my plan?"

"Excellent—try it, by all means."

The idea was acted upon, and it was curious to see how Jane's admirers dropped off one by one. Her two lovers waited upon her at first in her retirement, and Jane was more puzzled than ever which to choose. Frederick English's visits became in a short time more like angel's—that is, few and far between—while William Stanton's were constant. Upon one of these he said, "My dear Miss Manvers, I have known you long. In the days of your prosperity—surrounded as you were by many lovers who were affluent, I did not dare to disclose to you a passion which I had felt from the moment I knew you, and which has grown and strengthened with my acquaintance. Now that you are poor, like myself, the diffidence which had else hermetically sealed my lips from divulging my heart's passion, is removed. I am not affluent, but I can support you with respectability at least, and if you will accept for your husband one who loves you devotedly, I do not think that you will ever regret the hour that makes you mine. At least I will try never to give you cause." "I believe you, dear William," said Jane, "and if you will accept a beggar for I am little better—"

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"I believe you, dear William," said Jane, "and if you will accept a beggar for I am little better—"

"Say not so, dearest—I cannot listen to such wrong, even from your lips."

"Your fortunes will not suffer by the union."

"That they never can. When shall our marriage take place?"

"Next week, if you will."

"At your lodgings here?"

"No, at the house of a friend. Call for me, and we will proceed together there."

At the day appointed, William was in readiness, accompanied by Frederick English. They were both surprised at the magnificence of Jane's attire, and thought it somewhat out of character with her circumstances, but how much more surprised were they when stepping into a carriage with Jane and Eliza, they were driven to Jane's former residence, and found her still the mistress and the heiress, and learned the plot by which she had tested her lovers. The way Frederick cursed himself and his fortune was not slow.

Girls, you, who possess money, make it a point of finding out, before the irrevocable knot is tied, whether you are loved for yourselves or your fortunes.

Fever and Ague.

The editor of the Champion of Democracy thus "lets out."—We do not envy the man his ague, but we are not sorry he has it. It shakes a capital article out of him:—

"We can shake hands with an earthquake, crack jokes with a tornado, dance at the top of a volcano, out laugh a thunderstorm, whistle the wind out of countenance, drive a hurricane tandem, catch whales in a Maelstrom and broil them in the crater of Vesuvius; we can kiss a pretty woman, and laugh when we feel our cheek tingle under the infliction of her delicate hand, but we cannot write editorials, when our ague fit is threatening to make ten thousand little stars from the fragments of this world on which we live.

All that we can say is, that a man can't be expected to do much, when he is alternating between those agreeable states of heat and cold, wherein consists the beauty of fever and ague. Some old philosophers were of opinion that the wicked would be punished hereafter by being first par boiled and then cast into an ice bath; and this process was to be continually repeated. Only think of it, a whole eternity of fever and ague!

A poet once said "variety's the spice of life that lends existence half its zest;" but the poet although he was good at theory, knew nothing at all of practice. Hot and cold, cold and hot, there's variety, no spice about it, unless quinine comes under that genus, and so far from "lending existence" to any thing it knocks a man into nonentity much quicker than a rail road could.

Confound the fever and ague! Hold on—we take that back. Spoke too late, by George! Here it comes with a kind of a sha-na-na-king, and shi-shi-shi-vering, and hu-hu-hu-hudlings and a-a-a-a-oh Lord!"

A Good Joke.

I have heard a first rate joke about John Truman, late of Athens, Geo. He was stopping at a tavern up the country, and used to lounge about the bar, and come it over the people's liquor. Not a glass could be left for a moment but he would slyly slip up and drink its contents. One day a stage driver came in, and called a stiff horn of brandy toddy. John immediately shuffled to the bar. The driver knew his man, and immediately played possum by leaving his brandy while he stepped to the door. The bait took—on returning, he saw the glass empty, and exclaimed, with all the diabolical horror he could effect.

"Brandy and opium enough to kill forty men! who drank the pizen?"

"I!" stammered John, ready to give up the ghost with affright.