Auditor

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Poetry.

BE THOU READY.

BY FRANK LEE.

Be thou ready, fellow-mortal,
In thy pilgrimage of life,
Ever ready to uphold thee
In the toil and in the strife;
Let no hope, however pleasant,
Lure thy footsteps from the right,
Nor the sunshine leave thee straying
In the sudden gloom of night.

Be thou ready when thy brother
Bows in dark affliction's shade;
Be thou ready when thy sister
Needs thy kindness and they aid;
Let thy arm sustain and cheer them—
They have claims upon us all—
And thy deeds, like morning sunlight,
On their weary hearts shall fall.

Be thou ready when the erring
Lists to sin's enchanting strain;
Ready with kind words to woo them
Back to virtue's path again;
Be thou ready, in thy weakness,
To do good to friend or foe,
As thy Father sheddeth freely
Light on all that dwell below.

Be thou ready for the morrow,
When delight shall please no more—
When the rose and lily fadeth,
And the chasm of song is o'er—
When the voices of thy kindred
Faintly move thy dying ear—
Be thou ready for the journey,
To that higher, brighter sphere.

For the Home Circle.

Mrs. Walker's Betsey.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

I is now nearly ten years since I became a summer 'fixture' in the little village of Cliff spring, as a teacher in its largest public school. The village itself was devoid of the smallest pretension to beauty, natural or architectural, being the sudden *upgrowth* of prosperous speculation, and at that time, rejoicing in its newness of factory chimneys, and curiously flingered depots. But all its surroundings were romantic and lovely in the extreme. Skirting one side, was a winding river, bordered with beautiful willows, and on the other, a high hill, thickly wooded, and in many places craggy and precipitous. These woods, in spring and summer, were full of flowers and wild vines; and a clear, cold stream, that had its birth in a cavernous recess among the ledges, dashed over the rocks, and after many wonderful bends and plunges, found its way to the river. At the foot of the hill would the railroad track, at some points nearly filling the space between the brook and the rocks; at others, almost overhung by the latter. Some of the most delightful walks I ever knew were in this vicinity, and here the whole school would often resort in the warm weather for a Saturday's ramble.

It was upon one of these summer rambles that I first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Walker's Betsey. Not that her unenviable name and reputation had been concealed from my knowledge heretofore, for almost from my first introduction to that place, a stream of obloquy touching that unlucky personage, had been poured in my ears, till her name seemed a synonym for everything evil. It was the one subject upon which churches, and sewing societies, and neighborhood cliques, were not divided; upon which gossips were harmonious, and quiet people garrulous. But as she was not a member of my class, and indeed a very irregular attendant of any class, she had never personally fallen under my observation.

I gathered that her parents had but lately come to live in Cliff-pring, that they were both ignorant and vicious, and that the girl, who after all, was only Mrs. Walker's by a former marriage, was an arrant compound of mischief and malice,—a sort of goblin sprite—with such proclivities to disabolism, as had never been known since the era of witchcraft.

In school, her reputation was worst of all. Was a green pumpkin found in the Principal's hat, or an ink bottle upset in the water bucket,—did a teacher, upon putting on her bonnet, find a nest of young mice suddenly dropping over her neck and shoulders, her shawl extra bordered with burdocks, her gloves filled with some ill-scented weed, or her India rubbers cunningly nailed to the floor, half a hundred juvenile tongues were ready to proclaim Mrs. Walker's Betsey as the undoubted delinquent; and this, despite the fact that very few of these misdemeanors were ever proved upon her. But whether proved or not, she accepted their sponsorship all the same, and laughed at, or defied her accusers, as her mood might be. That the girl was a character in her way, shrewd and sensible, though wholly uncultured, I was well satisfied from all I heard; that she was sly, stubborn and malicious I believed, I am ashamed to say, upon very insufficient evidence.

'Where *can* my parasol have gone?' I said as school closed one sultry July day, and I looked from the window of the ante-room, shrinking from an unsheltered walk in the fierce heat. I was sure I had not carried it from home in the morning, and supposed it had been left in the school house over night. The girls of my class constituted themselves a committee of search and inquiry, but to no purpose. The article was not in the house or yard; and then my committee changed themselves into a jury, and, without a dissenting voice, pronounced Mrs. Walker's Betsey guilty of 'cribbing' my poor little sunshade.' She had been seen loitering in the ante room, and afterward running away in great haste. The charge seemed reasonable enough, but as I could not learn that Betsey had ever been convicted of a theft, though continually suspected, I requested the girls to keep the matter quiet for a few days at least, to which they willingly consented.

That evening I had promised to conduct my class to a place in the woods, where on the day previous I had found some beautiful specimens of Phlox, on which we were to call Botanics in requisition When the sun was low in the west, we set forth, walking nearly the whole distance in the shadow of the hill—We climbed the ridge, rested a moment, and then started in search of the splendid patch of purple blossoms I had accidentally found in taking a short cut over the hill to the house of a friend I was to visit.

'Stop, Miss Burke,' came in suppressed tones from half my little troop, as, emerging from a thicket, we came in sight of a queer object perched upon a little mound, among dead sticks and leaves. It was a diminutive child, who, judging from her face, and not her size, might be eleven or twelve years of age. A little, brown, weird face it was, with keen eyes, lightening out from a mass of stringy black hair, that wandered distractedly from the confinement of an old comb.

'There's Mrs. Walker's Betsey! I do declare!' whispered Matty Holmes. 'She often goes home from school this way, and now she is playing truant. She'll get a whipping if her mother finds it out.'

'*Miss Burke*,' interposed another, in an energetic whisper, 'see what she has in her hand!' I looked, and there, to be sure, was my lost parasol.

'*There now*,' 'didn't we say so!' 'don't she look guilty?' 'Impudent baggage!' were the low ejaculations of my indignant vigilance committee; but in truth the girl's appearance was unconcerned and innocent enough. She sat swaying herself about, opening and shutting the wonderful instrument, holding it between her eyes and the light, to ascertain the quality of the silk, and sticking a pin in the handle to try if it were ivory or mere painted wood.

'Let's dash upon her, and see her scamper!' was the most benevolent suggestion whispered in my ear.

'No,' I said, 'I wish to speak with her alone first. All of you stay here out of sight, and I will return presently.' They fell back dissatisfied, and contented themselves with peeping and listening, while I advanced toward the forlorn child, determined to win her confidence so far as to persuade her of my friendly intentions toward her, before referring to the wrong she had done me. She started a little as I approached, thrust the parasol behind her and then pleasantly made room for me on the little hillock where she sat.

'Well this is a nice lounge,' I said dropping down beside her; 'just large enough for two, and softer than any *tete a tete* in Mrs. Graham's parlor. Now, little girl, I should like to know your name?' for I thought it best to feign ignorance of her antecedents.

'Bets!' was the ready reply.

'Betsey what?'

'Bets Walker, mother says; but I say Arnold. That was father's name. 'Taint no difference though. It's Bets anyway.

'Well, Betsey, what do you suppose made this little mound we are sitting upon?' I asked merely to gain time.

'I never heard,' she answered, looking up curiously in my face. 'Maybe a rock got covered up and growd over, ever so far down.—Maybe an Injun's buried up there.'

I told her I had seen larger mounds that contained Indian remains, but none so small as this.

'It might a been a baby, though,' she returned, digging her brown toes among the leaves, and winking her eyelids roughishly. 'A papoose, you know, real little Injun! I wish it had been me, and I'd been buried here; I'd like it first rate! only I wouldn't a wanted the girls should come and set over me.'

'Why do you talk so? What makes you wish yourself buried here?' said I.

'Cause I do! It's better to be a dead Injun than a live nigger,' she answered resolutely.

'You're not quite so dark skinned as that' I said with a considerable gravity.

She burst into a pleasant and musical laugh. 'I wasn't thinkin' of my skin and you know it. Mother and old Walker make a nigger of me, and send me to get drink for 'em, when I'd rather get 'em pizen. The old man drinks, and mother, she's learning, and I expect to take it bime by. The school girls treat me worse than a nigger, too. If I didn't want so bad to get to read the books father left, I'd never go to school another day. I wouldn't, so!—And her brow darkened again with evil emotions.

'Did your own father leave you books?'

'Yes, real good ones. Only they're old and torn some. Mother couldn't sell 'em for nothin'; so she lets me keep 'em. She sold everything else.' Then suddenly changing her tone, she asked slily:

'You hain't lost anything, have you?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'I see you have my sun shade.'

She held it up, laughing with boisterous triumph. 'You left it hanging in that tree yonder,' she said, pointing to a low branching beech at a little distance. 'It was kind o' careless, too. 'Sposin' it had rained?'

Astonishment kept me silent. How could I have forgotten what I now so clearly recalled—hanging the shade upon a tree, the previous afternoon, while I descended a ravine for flowers? I felt humiliated in the presence of the poor little neglected and suspected child.

'Well, Betsey, I was certainly dreadfully careless, and am greatly obliged to you for taking care of my lost property. Now I must go with my class, who are waiting for me over yonder. So only one word more this time, but I will see you again soon. Keep on going to school, and try hard to learn. Don't notice what the girls say, but act rightly, and make them ashamed to plague you Next term, if you study hard, you will get into my department, and we will see then if those books can't be mastered very soon. At home be patient and gentle to your parents, and never, *never* taste that wretched drink! Good bye.'

'Good bye' Her eyelids were winking again, but not this time with mischief. She tossed on her ragged bonnet, and before I had rejoined my ambushed class, was out of sight Forlorn and friendless little waife,—how my heart ached for her!

I found the ambushed faces considerably elongated, and much more serious than I had left them, for they had heard every word that passed, and were measurably ashamed of their unjust suspicions. But I do not think they felt any more kindly toward Mrs. Walker's Betsey than before.

For several days after this, the girl did not come to school at all, nor did I once see her, though I thought of her daily with much anxiety. During this time, the Principal of the school planned an excursion by railroad, to a station, ten miles distant, to be followed by a pic nic on the lake shore. Great was the delight of the little ones, grown weary of the unvaried routine through the exhausting heat of July. Many were the councils called by the boys, many were the enthusiastic discussions held among the girls and seldom, indeed, did they break up without leaving one or more subjects of controversy unsettled.

In these differences, the teachers wisely interferred as little as possible, and they were generally amicably adjusted. The party who wished blue to be the uniform dress, yelded to the majority, who preferred white; the portion who voted for warm refreshments, were soon reasoned into holding up their hands for cold; and the few who desired a 'speech' from some noted orator, reconsidered the matter, and decided that it would undoubtedly be 'tedious!' But upon one point, the most perfect harmony of opinion prevailed, and it was the solitary one against which I felt bound strongly to protest. This was their decision that Mrs. Walker's Betsey was quite unnecessary to the complement of the party, and was consequently to receive no invitation.

'Miss Burke! That looking object!' cried Amy Pease, as I earnestly remonstrated—'Why, the girl hasn't a thing fit to wear, if there were no other reasons!' I reminded her that Betsey had a very decent basque given her by the minister's wife, and that an old lawn skirt of mine could be tucked for her with very little trouble.

'Such an awkward, uncouth creature! She would mortify us to death;' groaned Hettie Dale.

'She could carry no biscuits or cake, for she has no one to make them for her,' said another.

'She would eat enormously, and make herself sick,' objected little Nellie Day, a noted glutton.

In vain I combatted these arguments, offering to take lemons and crackers for her share, and even urging the humanity of allowing the poor girl to make herself sick upon good things for once in her life. Some other teachers joined me, but when the question was put to a vote among the scholars, it received a hurried negative, as unanimous as it was noisy.

'And now I think of it,' added Mattie Price, the Principal's daughter, 'the Walker's are out of the precinct, and so Betsey has no real right among us at all.' And thus the matter ended.

All the night previous to the excursion, I suffered severely from head-ache, which grew no better upon rising, and as usual, increased in violence as the sun mounted higher upon its cloudless course. At half-past nine—as the long train, with its freight of eager faces, moved from the depot, I was lying in a darkened room, my forehead bound in ice-bandages, and my feverish pillows saturated with camphor and hartshorn.

The disappointment, in itself, was not severe. I needed rest, and the utter stillness was very grateful to my overtasked nerves.—Besides the slight put upon poor Betsey had destroyed much of my pleasure in anticipation. I lay patiently until two o'clock, when as I expected, the pain abated. At five I was entirely free from headache, and felt much need of a walk in the fresh air, which a slight shower at noon-day had cooled and purified.

Choosing the shaded route, and ascending by a gentle slope, I walked out upon the hill, and, book in hand, sat down under a tree, alternately reading and gazing upon the sweet rural picture that lay before me. Soon a pleasant languor steeped my senses. Dense wood and craggy hill, green valley and gushing brook faded from sight and hearing, and I was asleep!

Probably half an hour elapsed before I opened my eyes, and saw sitting beside me the same elfish little figure I had once before encountered in the wood. The stringy hair, the sun-burned neck, the tattered dress, the wild, weird-looking eyes, could belong to no one but Mrs. Walker's Betsey. In one hand she held my parasol, opened in a position to shade my face from the slanting sunbeams; with a small bush in the other, she was protecting me from mosquitoes, and other insect annoyances.

'Well done, little Genius of the Wood; am I to be always indebted to you for finding what I lose,' I said, jumping up and shaking my dress clear from leaves.

She laughed immoderately. 'First you lost your shade in the woods; and now you have been and lost yourself. I guess you'll have to keep me always,' she giggled, trotting along beside me. 'I was mighty scared when I see you lying there, and the sun creeping round through the trees, like a great red lion going to spring at you and eat you up. I thought you had gone to the ride.'

I explained the cause of my detention, and saw that she was rather pleased than otherwise; for, as I soon drew from her, she had been bitterly disappointed in the affair, and felt her rejection very keenly. She had come to this spot now, for the sole purpose of peeping from behind some rock or tree at the merry company on their way home, which would be at six o'clock.

'I coaxed old Walker and his wife to let me have some green corn and cow-cumbers, and I put on my best spencer and went to the depot this morning, but none of 'em asked me to get in. Hal Price kicked my basket over, too!—I s'pose I wasn't dressed fine enough. They all wore their Sunday things. I wish 'twould rain pitch, and spile 'em;—I do *so!*'

I offered her many topics of consolation, but she refused to listen, and went on enumerating sundry disastrous results, which 'she just wished would happen; she did *so!*' and giving vent to various amusing, if unchristian denunciations. Suddenly she stopped, and at the same instant, we raised our heads and listened. It was a deep grinding crashing sound, as of rocks sliding over and past each other! There was a cracking, as of roots and branches, twisted and wrenched from their places,—then a jar, heavy and terrible, that reverberated through the forest, making the earth quake beneath our feet, and all the leafy branches tremble above us.

We knew it instantly—there had been a heavy fall of rock not far from us, and instantaneously we started in the direction of the sound. The place was soon reached. An enormous mass of rock and earth, in which many small trees were growing, had fallen directly upon the railroad track, and that, too, at the point where the stream wound nearest, and its bank made a steep descent upon the other side.

After a moment of gazing in horror-struck silence, the thought started to our lips—what must be done? It appeared we were sole witnesses of the accident, and though the crash might have been heard, and the jar felt at the village, who would think of a land slide? And upon the railroad! Ten minutes at least must have elapsed before we could give the alarm, and in half that time the train was due.

In that speechless, breathless moment, before my duller ear perceived it, Betsey caught the sound of the approaching train, muffled as it was by the hill that lay between. It was advancing at fearful speed; rushing on—all that freight of joyous human life,—on to certain destruction; into the terrible jaws of Death!

I was utterly paralyzed. Not so Mrs Walker's Betsey.

'I'm goin' to run and yell,' she cried, and was off upon the instant. Screaming at the top of her voice, keeping near the edge of the bank from which she could be soonest seen from the approaching train, plunging through under-brush, and leaping leaping like a chamois among the rocks, she dashed on, and sounded her warning cry as she went.

'Fire! Fire! Murder! Hello the house!—Head the horses! Thieves! Thieves! Mad dogs! Get out of the way old Dan Tucker!' were a few of the changes improvised as she ran.

I followed as I could; seemingly in a sort of night mare, wondering why I did not shriek, yet incapable of making a sound; expecting every moment to fall upon the rocks, yet picking my steps with a sureness and rapidity that astonished me even then.

Betsey's next move was to bend down a small sapling, and calling to me to throw my red scarf upon it, she allowed it to rebound.—Then she bid me shake it, which I did vigorously. It stood at an angle upon the bank, and commanding a long stretch of the rail road, it was a most appropriate place to erect a signal. Then leaping upon the track she bounded on like a deer, shouting and gesticulating with redoubled energy, now that the train appeared in sight. It soon became evident that the engineer was neither blind or deaf, for the brakes were speedily applied, and the engine reversed. Still it dashed on with fearful velocity, and Betsey turned and ran back toward the obstructed place in a agony of excitement.

Gradually the speed lessened the wheels obeyed their checks, and when at last they came to a full stop, the cow catcher was within four feet of the rock. Many, seeing the danger, had already leaped off; many more, terrified and unconscious of the real nature of the danger, crowded the platform, and pushed off those before them. It was a scene of the wildest confusion, in the midst of which my heart sent up only the quivering cry of joy—'Saved! saved!

Betsey had climbed half way up the bank and thrown herself, exhausted, upon the gravel, with her apron drawn over her head. I picked my way down to the train, to assist the frightened children. Mr. Price, the principal was handing out his own three, and teachers and pupils followed like swarms of bees from a hive.

'Now, Miss Burke,' said the principal in a voice that grew very tremulous, as he looked at the frightful mass before him, 'I wish to hear who it was that gave the alarm, and saved us from this hideous fate. Was it *you?*'

I think I never felt a glow of truer pleasure than then, as I answered quickly, 'I had nothing to do with saving your lives, and take no credit in the matter. The person to whom your thanks are due sits on the bank yonder—Mrs. Walker's Betsey.'

Every eye wandered toward the crouching figure, who, with head closely covered, appeared indifferent to all that was passing. Mr Price opened his port monnaie. 'Here are two dollars,' he said, 'which I wish you to give the girl, for myself and children. Tell her as a school, she will hear from us again.'

I went to Betsey's side, put the money in her hand, and begged her to uncover her face. But she resolutely refused to do more than peep through one of the holes in her apron, as the whole school singly and slowly defiled past her in the narrow space between the train and the bank. A more crest-fallen multitude I never saw, and the eyes that ventured to turn toward the prostrate figure, as they passed within a few feet of her, had shame and contrition in their glances. Only once she whispered, as a haughty looking boy went past. 'That's the one that kicked over my basket.—I wish I'd a let him gone to smash! I do *so!*'

The children climbed over the rocks, and went to their homes, sadder and wiser for their awful lesson; and in twenty four hours the track was cleared from obstruction.

The principal, though a man but little inclined to look for the 'angel side' of such an prepossessing humanity as Mrs. Walker's Betsey, had too strong a sense of justice, and too grateful a sense of his children's spared lives, not to make make a very affecting appeal to the assembled school on the following day. A vote to consider Betsey a member of the school, and entitled to all its privileges, met with no opposition, and a card of thanks couched in feeling terms received the signature of every pupil and teacher A purse was next made up for her by voluntary contributions, amounting to twenty dollars; and to this was added an entire new suit of clothes, and a quantity of books, and a handsome *red shawl* in which her brunette skin, carefully washed, and her neatly combed, jetty hair, appeared to excellent advantage.

Betsey bore her honors meekly, and no longer feeling that she was scorned as an intruder, came regularly to school, learned rapidly, and, in her new dress and improved manner, became gradually an attractive, as she had always been a most intelligent child. Of her own accord, she went to the teachers and confessed sundry mischievous pranks and absurdities, formerly committed, but firmly denied any participation in the more serious misdemeanors which had been attributed to her. And strange to say, no one doubted her story.

In less than a year her mother died, and her miserable step father removed to the far West, leaving her a as domestic in a worthy wealthy family, in Cliff-spring. The privileges of school were still granted her, and amid the surroundings of comfort and refinement, the change from Mrs. Walker's Betsey to 'Lizzy Arnold' became still more apparent. She rapidly rose from one class to another, and is now one of the most judicious and beloved managers of the very school, and instructs the younger brothers and sisters of the very scholars, who, ten years since voted her a 'nuisance and a plague.' There is truth in the old rhyme:—

It isn't all in bringing up,
Let men say what they will;
Neglect may dim a silver cup—
It will be silver still!

Home Reminiscences.

For the Portage County Democrat.

From the Unpublished History of the Western Reserve.

EDINBURGH.

BY GEN. L. V. BIERCE.

This is Town 2, Range 7—and was, originally, called Hart and Mother—then Eddysburgh—and finally settled down on Edinburgh On the partition of the Western Reserve it was drawn by Gen. William Hart of Saybrook, Connecticut, who was one of the largest proprietors in the company, having invested $20,000 and drawn, in addition to this town, Sheffield and Saybrook, lying near the lake—and parts of several other townships. He was a very wealthy man, and, at one time accounted the richest man in Connecticut. He began life with but little except his own native energy, as his father was a congregational minister, with nothing except his yearly salary from which to provde for his family. He was, at one time, a Major General in the Militia, and during the Revolutionary war served a tour in Rhode Island. He was afterwards settled, lived, and died, at an advanced age, in Saybrook.

His son, William, in early life chose the mercantile profession, and followed it with great energy. In politics he was a strong Jeffersonian Democrat, and was placed on the ticket, of that party, several times, for Governor.

In his mercantile business he traded largely with the West Indies—and at the time of the embargo, in 1808, he had a large number of horses on hand for shipping—but as all intercourse with the British was prohibited, he had to winter them, at great expense—and when he finally shipped them the vessel and cargo were captured, and condemned by the French. This vessel was the last he ever sent out.

He had but one son—Richard W. Hart—who was born, and died in Saybrook. This son was also a merchant and inherited the vast fortune left by his father, besides amassing a large fortune himself.

Gen. Hart, the owner of the Township, died in August 1817, at the age of 72. Richard W. had one son, and two daughters. The son died quite young—the eldest daughter married William Jarvis, an Episcopal clergyman, in Chatham, Connecticut—the other daughter is a maiden lady of Hartford. Richard W. died in March 1837, at the age of 72 years.

Major Richard M. Hart, of Edinburgh, was a nephew of Gen. William Hart, and went to live with his uncle when he was about six years old, and continued with him till he was 21—when his uncle gave him the N. E. quarter of Edinburgh—and in May, 1817, he came to Ohio to see his land. He arrived in Edinburgh on the first of June, and settled at Silver creek, near the East line of the township. The South half and N. E. quarter, were then an unbroken wilderness. During the summer Joshua Henshaw surveyed the N. E. quarter into lots, and Major Hart cleared off eight acres, and put it into wheat. In October he returned to Connecticut, and in April following was married, and soon after started for Ohio, where he arrived in June.

The first settler in the town was Eber Abbot, who married a sister of Lemuel Chapman and settled on lot 2—subdivision 5, in the S. W. corner of the N. W. quarter of the town, in 1811. While clearing up the land a tree fell on his foot, and broke it, which made him a cripple for life. His wife was afflicted with a scrofulous disease which finally killed her.—He then removed to Ravenna, and settled on a peice of land owned by Dr. DeWolf, North of Jacob Stough's. He soon after married a sister of Jacob Stough, and subsequently removed to Michigan, where he died. His widow is still living there. Lemuel Chapman also arrived in 1811, and began clearing on lot 2, sub division 5—being the N. West corner, of the S. West quarter of the township. He boarded with his father just across the line in Rootstown, on what is since known as the 'old O'Neil farm."

Mr. Chapman was born in Colebrook, Tolland County, Connecticut, September 10, 1777, and died on the lot in Edinburgh where he made his first improvement, in Nov. 1857—having resided on the same place 43 years.—He was then living with his third wife and had been the father of fifteen children; eleven of whom are still living. The youngest, at the time of his father's death, was but 12 years old Mr. Chapman was a farmer, active, industrious, and honest—never entered into a speculation in his life, but waited the slow gains of honest toil. In the winter of 1811–12 he returned to Connecticut for his family, but just before they were ready to start, his wife died. Soon after, he started with his family of six children—all of whom are yet living—and soon after his arrival in Ohio commenced living on his land. In April 1824 he married widow Waller of Palmyra who died in 1830, leaving one child—the first one born in the township. She was born July 23 1815, and is now the wife of Ebenezar Smith of Champion. In August 1831 he married Dorothy Bond, a maiden lady, by whom he had five children. The widow still lives on the old homestead.

In 1812 Mr. Chapman was one of the "Ohio Volunteers" who went to repel the expected attack of the British on Cleveland, after Hull's surrender, for which he received the "Bounty land" from government

Soon after he came into Edinburgh he went out, in the evening, to hunt his cows, and got lost. An exceedingly dark night came on, so that he could not distinguish anything, except by the occasional flashes of lightning. To make his condition more gloomy the wolves began to howl around him, and he was compelled "to tree," for protection—as they were evidently on his track. He had been but a short time perched on his roost when he heard his neighbors, and family, who were out in search of him. As they approached the tree in which he was perched he heard his oldest son, Joel, who now lives in Mantua, say, "I guess the wolves have got daddy." In relating the circumstance, forty years afterward, the tears rolled down the old man's face as he thought of days, and trials, long past.

In 1813 a man by the name of —— Howard, a brother of Salmon Howard of Ravenna, came into town, and settled, and made a small opening near Silver Creek, where he resided till 1815, when he exchanged his improvements with James Stoops, of Sandusky, and moved to that place—Stoops coming to Edinburgh.

Stoops was, originally, from Beaver in Penn About 1790 the Indians attacked the settlement, on Brady's Run, where his father lived and took several of the people, prisoners.—Among the prisoners were several of the Stoops children. The whites rallied, and pursued them, when the Indians attempted to cross the Beaver—carrying the children on their backs—one of the Indians was shot, while in the river, with one of the children on his back, but the rest escaped, and carried the remainder of the prisoners to Canada, where they remained for several years before their liberation could be procured.

In Feb. 1815 Justin and Alanson Eddy left Williamstown, Massachusetts, with their families, in sleighs, and arrived in Edinburgh in March. Justin made the first improvement on the farm where Theodore Clark now lives—Alanson made the first on the farm now occupied by C. H. Rowell. Justin, with his father, visited the township the year previous. He built the first saw-mill in the town, on Bond Run—on land now owned by Hon. E. Whittlesey.

In August 1816 Henry Botsford, Amasa Canfield, Capt. Trowbridge, Edmund Bostwick, Elizur Bostwick, Cyrenus Ruggles, Rial M'Arthur, and his father in law Cowell, left Connecticut, in seven wagons, and forty two persons, in all, and arrived in Edinburgh on the 30th of September. Mr. Botsford built a log cabin near the saw-mill which he ran for five years. Mr. Canfield now resides in Ravenna, and Col. M'Arthur in Northampton, Summit County—the others are dead.

In 1821 Mr. Botsford moved on to the place where he now resides—a mile West of the center—and commenced improvements. His farm, and improvements, show what energy, and industry can accomplish.

Russell Clark, a young man, drove one of Mr. Eddy's teams on coming into the country. He was an excellent teamster—and equally expert with an axe, as with the whip. He cut the first tree on many of the farms in Edinburgh, and can now point to many a chestnut stump, several feet in diameter from which he cut the tree. "Beat this boys, if you can"—is his favorite expression. He now lives about a mile West of the center, on a well cultivated farm, the product of his own industry, energy, and perseverance.

In February 1817 Greenbury Keen and Betsey Hitchcock were married by Rev. Caleb Pitkin. This was the first marriage in the township. Miss Hitchcock came into the country with Alanson Eddy.

In 1818 Robert Calvin, an old bachelor, from Virginia, came into town, and soon after married Miss Fisher, of Palmyra. He is still living on the old farm on which he first settled on lot 8, where Major Hart now lives—one mile East of the center. David Trowbridge, and Sylvester Gilbert also came in this season and settled in the N. East quarter of the township.

Richard Canfield, son of Amasa, was born April 24th 1818, being the second birth, and first *male* birth in the town He died in Ravenna in 1849

Asa H. Botsford, son of Harvey, was born October 13th 1818—being the third birth, and second male child in Edinburgh.

The first school was taught by Miss Clarissa Loomis, of Charlestown in the summer of 1818, in a log house that stood near where Mr. C. C. Young now lives. The scholars were, Juliette A. Eddy, daughter of Alanson Eddy, now the wife of H. N. Bostwick of Ravenna—Edwin A. Eddy who lives in Wisconsin—and Harriett Eddy who is dead—all children of Alanson—Henry Canfield, now of Windham—Julia Canfield, who is now dead—Harriet Canfield, now wife of George Bostwick of Ravenna—Polly, now the wife of Moses A. Birchard of Windham—and Charles who is now dead—children of Amasa Canfield, Julia and Charles lived in Royalton, Cuyahoga County, where Charles died. Julia died in Edinburgh while on a visit to her parents.

In the fall of this year Justin Clark Polly Clark, Sally Clark, and Harriet Canfield went into the south part of the township to gather hickory nuts. Night came on, and they got lost. It was dark and rainy, and they emptied the nuts on the ground, and put the bags around the girls shoulders, for shawls, and '*treed*'—where they spent the night. In the night some wild animals came yelling round the tree, evidently desirous of a closer acquaintance, but finally gave it up. They were found, in the morning, by persons out hunting for them, in a doleful plight—wet through—and the hands of the girls much swollen by holding on to the limbs of the tree. Polly is now the wife of S. Day Esq., of Ravenna—Sally of Edwin Howard of Edinburgh, and Harriet of George Bostwick.

On Justin Eddy's land, where Theodore Clark now lives, was a rattlesnake den. In the Spring of 1818 Samuel Sanford, now of Vienna, and Russel Clark were "logging" on this farm, and discovered a rattlesnake—which they killed. A terrific rattling immediately commenced, when they found themselves in the midst of a den of them By removing some flat stones they found the whole family, and killed seventy two—one of them, who appeared to be the patriarch of the family, and most venomous, they tormented till they got his rage to the highest pitch, when they stuck a green stick at him, from which the bark had been peeled, and he immediately struck his fangs into it. The poison was plainly visible, ascending in the pores of the wood, twenty two inches.

The second school was taught by Miss Electa Bostwick in the summer of 1819—and the first male school, in the winter of 18-19–20 by Jesse Buel. His school was a little East of Bond Run, near Campbellsport.

On the fourth of August 1819, Janette Eddy, a daughter of Alanson Eddy, died with dysentery. She was three years old—and the first person that died in town. There being no public burial ground Fred. Wadsworth donated to the public one acre three fourths of a mile N. W. of the center, and she was the first person buried in it. The first adult that died in the township was Mrs. Mercy Bostwick, wife of Elizur Bostwick, who died July 17, 1820 at the age of sixty six.

In 1819 Adonah H. Bostwick moved on to lot 8, in sub-division 2, in the N. E. quarter of the town—which he purchased in 1817—and on which he has ever since resided. He was born in New Milford, Connecticut Feb. 14 1788, from which place his father removed to Vermont. In 1805 in company with his father Ebenezer, he removed to Ohio, and arrived in Canfield in October. In November his father went to Rootstown, and bought the land now owned by Elias Dronebarger. In the Spring of 1806 Adonah commenced clearing on this land, and lived on it till June 11 1809, when he married Miss Mary Ruggles of Palmyra, and moved to that township. He got his marriage license at the first term of the Court held in Portage County. While he lived in Rootstown he helped to raise fifty log buildings in one year—and had to work two days each week for his board. In the summer of 1817 he purchased the land where he now resides and has lived on it ever since. He and his wife are both still living.

The township having become sufficiently prosperous, it was organized in March 1819, and the first election was held in April—at which 20 votes were cast, and Edmund Bostwick—Alanson Eddy—and Daniel Trowbridge were elected the first Trustees—Richard M Hart, and Justin Eddy, Justices; Harvey Botsford, Township Clerk—and Richard M. Hart, Treasurer.

The Justice office was a post of honor rather than of profit, or practice—as there was not a suit in the township for several years after its organization, and the monotony of a Justice life was only broken in upon by an occasional marriage. The first settlers were more inclined to marry, than quarrel.

The number of tax payers, in the township, at the time of the first election, was sixteen.

The township settled slowly up to 1829, as the south half was owned by non residents and not in market. In 1829 the proprietors authorized Major Hart to get it surveyed into lots, and sell it—which he did—every acre being sold, and paid for and the money paid over to the proprietors in twelve years. This punctuality is a sufficient con mentary on the character of the inhabitants.

The South half of Edinburgh, and North half of Atwater, adjoining, being an unbroken wilderness, afforded a fine harbor for game—and it was agreed upon, at the fall term of the Court, 1819, to have a '*big hunt*.' The day before Christmas was fixed as the time, and the South half of Edinburgh, and North half of Atwater as the battle ground. The ground was defined by lines, the North and South lines being the East and West center roads through these townships—and the East and West lines were the township lines, along which the surveyors marks were plainly visible. A half mile square was marked off at the center of the hunting ground, on which to drive the game for slaughter. The lines were to be formed by half past nine o'clock in the morning, and a horn sounded at the N. W. corner at ten o'clock was to be repeated round the line, as a signal to commence the march. The signal passed around in about five minutes and the march began. The lines arrived at the half mile square, about noon, in good order. The ground was frozen and a light snow had covered up all the old tracks. As soon as they arrived on the half mile square the firing commenced, and continued for about three hours, when no more game being seen running in the enclosure, word passed round the line to cease firing—and a number were sent in to ascertain the number of dead and wounded. They reported but few deer alive, but hundreds of turkeys huddled together in the center. A general rush was then made on them. The turkeys "treed," and every tree and bush was covered with them, and hundreds killed in a few minutes.

The arrangements were that the game should be carried to the center of the battle ground, and divided among the townships, which was done. There were 103 deer—from 300 to 500 turkeys—21 bears—and 18 wolves After the division of the game, "Dave Thompson," of Ravenna, hooked six turkeys, and put for home. The night being dark and cold, he had to stop a King's tavern to get some *heat* and *light* on the subject, and while he was refreshing the inner man some one hooked them all from him. Dave went home loaded with "*a brick in his hat*," but relieved of his load of turkeys.

The first church organized in the township was the Congregational—which was orgaized Jan. 10 1823 by Revs. Caleb Pitkin and Charles B. Storrs. The members were Edmund Bostwick and wife—Benjamin Carter and wife—Mrs. Alanson Eddy—Mrs. Amasa Canfield—Mrs. Greenbury Keen, and Ethel Strong. All are dead except Benjamin Carter, Mrs. Keen and Ethel Strong.

In 1844 this church and society erected a neat and beautiful house for worship.

Education having advanced considerably, the inhabitants, in 1823 concluded to have a school of a somewhat higher order than those that had preceded it. They accordingly employed Austin Loomis, of Atwater as a teacher. The contract of employment was as follows:

"Dec 3rd. Agreed with Austin Loomis, of Atwater, to teach school in Edinburgh, three months, for twelve bushels of wheat, per month—one half to be paid at the end of three months in *grain*—and the remainder in *some other trade, such as cattle, sheep and whiskey*"

It would bother a modern school teacher to cypher out how *twelve bushels of wheat* could be paid in "cattle, sheep, and whiskey"—but probably the arithmetics *now* 'aint as they used to was."

Do Right.—A man who has a soul above a sixpence, must have enemies. It is utterly impossible for the best man to please the whole world, and the sooner this is understood and a position taken in view of the fact, the better Do right, though you have enemies. You cannot escape them by doing wrong, and it is little gain to barter away your honor and integrity, and divest yourself of moral courage to gain—nothing. Better abide by the truth—frown down all opposition, and rejoice in the feeling which must inspire a free and independent man.

Serpents tho' they feed on sweetest flowers
yet do poisons breed.

Laws of Ohio.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

[No. 187.] AN ACT

To provide for the sale of lease estates tail in certain cases.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That it shall be competent for the courts of common pleas of this State, on application of the first donee in tail, or for life, to authorize the sale of entailed estates and estates for life with remainder over to any other person or persons, when satisfied that the sale would be for the benefit of the applicant, and do no substantial injury to the heirs in tail, or others to succession, reversion or remainder.

Sec. 2 The petition shall contain a description of the estate to be sold, a clear statement of the interest of the petitioner therein, and a copy of the will, deed or other instrument of writing by which the estate is created. All persons in being who may be interested in the estate, or who may, by the terms of the will, deed or other instrument creating the entailment, thereafter become interested therein as heir, reversioner or otherwise, shall be made parties to the petition; and if the names of any persons who ought to be made parties are unknown to the petitioner, or if the residence of any such party is unknown to the petitioner, the fact shall be verified by the affidavit of the petitioner; and the sale may be ordered notwithstanding such names and residences may be unknown. The same notice shall be given to the defendants, of the application for the sale, as now is or may hereafter be required in cases of petitions of administrators for authority to sell real estate for the payment of debts.

Sec 3. If upon hearing of the petition, it shall be made to appear to the court by satisfactory proof, that a sale of the estate would be for the benefit of the first donee in tail, or for life, and do no substantial injury to the heirs in tail, or others in succession, revision, or remainder, the court shall direct a sale of the estate to be made, and the manner thereof; and shall appoint some suitable person or persons to make the same; and such sale shall vest the estate sold in the purchaser, freed from the entailment or limitation over.

Sec. 4. All parties in interest may appear voluntarily and consent in writing to such sale, and its ancillary guardians, and guardians appointed by the court of probate, may assent in the place of their wards to their sale.

Sec. 5. All such sales shall be reported to the court authorizing the same, and if, on examination thereof, it shall appear that such sale has been fairly conducted and made, and that the price obtained is the reasonable value of the estate sold, the court shall confirm the sale and authorize and direct a deed of conveyance of the premises so sold, to be made to the purchaser or purchasers on payment of the purchase money, or on securing the payment thereof