THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

A. HART & R. E. CRAIG, Proprietors. | The Union---It Must be Preserved. | Office in Phœnix Block, Third Story.

NEW SERIES.----VOL. 1, NO. 5. | RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1854. | WHOLE NUMBER 479.

Poetry.

[From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

The Deserted Homestead.

Alone it stands, the orchard bough
Above its green roof gently waves,
While hearts that beat there once, are now,
Some sleeping in low grassy graves,
And some with saddened hearts and lone,
Are roaming far from that old home.

The spring close by the meadow's side,
Is bubbling clear and bright,
As murmuring low its waters glide,
In the soft and sunny light;
And in each tiny crystal wave,
The long rank grass its tassels lave.

The hearth stone cold and silent sleeps,
No more the magic ring,
Where the fond heart in lightness leaps,
On love's unwearied wing,
Will gather round its circle wide,
In the calm low hush of eventide.

The woodbine trained by soft white hands,
To clamber on the wall,
Now drooping low its branches hang,
And the wild bird's sweetest call,
Sounds from amidst its wealth of leaves,
Like a spirit tone that ever grieves.

The path that happy children trod,
With busy pattering feet,
Is all grown o'er with bright green sod,
No more their voices greet,
The ear of traveller passing by,
He hears nought now save the low wind's sigh.

Soft lies the sunny light to day,
On each green leaf and flower,
That hangs upon the bending spray,
In this still golden hour,
And softly will the sun and rain,
Glad oft the green old Earth again.

But never more that home shall be,
As it hath brightly been,
Sad change hath flown across the lea,
And breathed upon the scene,
And in those halls through sun or rain,
No more will mirth breath there again.

SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

SMYRNA, N. Y.

KINDNESS.

How softly on the bruised heart,
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moistening tear drop falls.
O, if they knew, who walked the earth,
'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere Paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may
The simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
Return again and live.
Oh, what is life if love be lost?
If man's unkind to man—
Or, what to Heaven, that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span.

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
Oh, then be kind, who'er thou art,
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

Select Tale.

ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL.

"You are mistaken. I would sooner die than wed a mere country beauty."

"Fred, suppose her intelligent and moral, full of nature's poetry—tender-hearted, graceful, unspoiled by adulteration, a guileless, simple, loving creature."

"Aye!" said Fred, laughing, "a choice cluster of virtues and graces. Country beauties are always sweet and simple, so are country cows. No! I tell you if she was lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above churns and knitting needles, I wouldn't marry her for a fortune."

"Ha, ha," laughed Helen Irving, but it was a very pianissimo laugh away down in the corner of her musical little heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet, only of the egotist.

In another moment the young men came within sight. Fred's face was crimson, and he whispered in visible tredinations, "Do you think she heard!"

"No," rejoined the other half audibly "she shows no resentiment, she has not even looked up from her book; you are safe, she could not have heard you; but what an angel she is!"

Yes, Helen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the encomium.—She sat half reclining, on a rustic seat, striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheek, as she laid her book aside, and began, to twine a half finished wreath of wild roses.

Leaning on one white arm, the gnarled white oak trunk a back ground, flowers strewn around here, peeping from her bright locks and scattered over a white dress—she sat quiet at her ease apparently unaware that two handsome young gentlemen were so very near.

Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the seal of faultless elegance, Frederick Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would be kind enough to inform him where a Mr. Irving lived.

"Mr. Irving, the only Mr. Irving in the village is my father," she said, rising in a charmingly graceful manner. "The large house," she continued, "on high ground, half hidden by thick trees and shrubbery—there's where we live—I believe it was an academy once—that's a sort of select school, isn't it?" with the most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.

He replied with another graceful bow.

"Tell your father," said he "that I shall do myself the honor to call on him to-morrow. He will remember me—Frederick Lane; at your service."

"Yes sir, I'll tell him word for word," replied Helen, tucking her sleeves round her pretty arms, and making rather a formal courtesy. Then catching up her book and gathering the scattered flowers, she hurried toward home.

"Now father, mother, aunt and sis," exclaimed the merry child, bounding into the room where the family were at supper, "as sure as you and I live, that Mr. Lane you all talk about so much, is in this village. He will be here to-morrow--the first proper specimen of a beau; (as of course he will be) all sentiment, refinement faultless in kids, and spotless in dicky—important and as self assured as one of that like can possibly be."

"Promise me all of you, that you'll not lisp a word about music, reading or writing in my presence—because--I have a plan." Father will not, I know; only give him a newspaper. Aunt Minnie never talks, I mean in company—and mother will be glad to see me churn and mend stockings. Sis, your rattle of the tongue is the only thing I fear, but if you keep quiet and ask no questions, I will give you that work box you have coveted so long."

"Ella, you are not quite respectable," said her father, gravely.

"Forgive me, dear father," and her arms were folded about his neck, "I always mean well, but I'm so thoughtless. There all is right now," she added, kissing him lovingly on the temple.

"Come sis, what say you?"

"Why on that condition, I'll be still as a mouse, but what's your reason?"

* * * * * * * *

"You knit admirably," and Fred looked on with an unconscious smile of admiration.

Helen set at an open window through which rose bushes thrust their blushing buds, making both sweet shade and fragrance.—The canary over head burst out every moment in wild snatches of glorious music.—Helen was at work on a long blue stocking, nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow birds.

"You knit quite admirably; are you fond of it?"

"Yes quite. I like it better than—than anything else—that is I mean I can churn very well."

"And do you like to read much?" Fred's glance had travelled from the corner of his eyes, over every table, shelf, and corner, in search of some book or paper. But a paper not a leaf yellow or sere, repaid his search.

"O yes!" said Helen, with a self-satisfied glance.

"What books! permit me to ask."

"I read the Bible a good deal," she answered gravely.

"Is that all?'

"All, of course not, and yet, what do we not find in that holy volume! History, poetry, eloquence, romance—the most thrilling pathos—" blushing and recollecting herself, she added with a manner as childish as it had been dignified.

"As for other books—let me see. I've got in my library—first, there's the primmer, counting her fingers, second class reader, Robinson Crusoe, Nursery tales, fairy stories, two or three elements of something, biography of some person or other, mother's magazine, king Richard the Third, isn't that a good assortment."

Fred smiled.

"Perhaps I don't know as much as those who have been to school more," she added as if disappointed at this minute rejoinder, "but in making bread, churning butter and keeping house, I m not to be outdone.

The young man left her more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always so result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction which he vainly attributed to Helen's beauty; but the truth is, her sweet artlessness of character, engaging manner and gentle disposition, quite won upon the city bred and aristocratic Fred Lane. There was a freshness about everything she said and did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.

Often, as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like a pearl from her lips, more remarkable for originality than brilliancy.

"If I should fall in the snare, thought he, I can educate her. It would be worth trying.'

It was useless to combat with his passions; so at last he fell at Helen's feet—figuratively speaking—and confessed his love.

"Leare not Helen, be mine," was his invariable answer to her acclamations of unworthyness how she should appear in fashionable society, etc.

They were married—had returned from their wedding tour, and at the expiration of the honeymoon Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment given by a relative of the bridegroom. Helen looked most beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from her simplicity, and indeed without jewels or bracelets with only that fresh winter robe, simple sash of blue, and ornaments of fair moss roses, she was the most lovely creature in the room.

As she entered the great saloon, blazing with light her heart failed her "Shall love him as dearly," she asked herself, "if I find he is ashamed of me! I cannot bear the thought; but should he overcome all conventional notion, than I have a husband worthy to be honored—then shall he be proud of his wife.

How she watched him as he presented her to one and another.

"Simple," whispered a magnificent looking girl resplendent with diamonds as she curled her lips and passed them. The observation escaped neither Helen or Fred.—She looked at him. He smiled a lover's smile and only drew her closer to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied poor Fred, wondered why he had martyred himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.

But he, O joy! he seemed only to love her the more as she clung to his arm so timidly. His noble face expressed the pride he truly felt; he looked as if he would have swept back the scorner with one motion of his hand, they ventured one wave too high on the shore of his pride. He seemed to excuse every look, every word not in conformity to etiquette—and Helen's heart beat high; tears came to her eyes when she thus felt how a noble a heart she had won.

The young bride stood near her husband, talking in a low tone, when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful, slightly formed creature with haughty features and ill-concealed scorn lurked in her brilliant eye whenever she glanced towards Helen.—Once she had held sway over the heart of Fred and hearing who he had married, she fancied her hour of trimph had come.

"Do you suppose she knows anything!' said a low voice near her.

Helen's eye's sparkled—her fair brow flushed indignant. She turned to her husband. He was gone—speaking at a little distance with a friend. Presently Marion Summers turned towards her.

"Do you play, Mrs. Lane!" she asked; there was a mocking tone in her voice.

"A little," answered Helen, her cheek burning.

"And sing!"

"A little," was the calm reply.

"Then do favor us,' she exclaimed, looking askance at her companion:—"come, I myself will lead you to the instrument."

Hark! whose masterly touch! Instantly was the half spoken word arrested—the cold ear and haughty head were turned in listening surprise. Such melody! Such breadth, depth, and vigor of touch—"Who is it? she plays like an angel!"

And again hark! a voice rolls a flood of melody, clear, powerful, passing sweet—astonishment paints many a fair cheek a deeper scarlet. There is silence—unbroken as the silvery tones float up.

Aye! care I not for cold neglect,
Though tears unbidden start;
And scorn is but a bitter word,
Save when it breaks the heart.
If one be true—
If one be true—
The world may careless be,
Since I may only keep thy love,
And tell my grief to thee.

"Glorious voice," said Fred to his friend who with the rest had paused to listen, "who can it be!"

The words were suddenly arrested on his lips. She turned from the piano, and the unknown was his own wife.

"I congratulate you, Fred," said the young man at his side, but he spoke as to marble. The color had left his cheeks, as he walked slowly toward her.

If he was speechless with amazement so was not she. A rich bloom mantled her cheeks—triumph made her eyes sparkle as they never did before—they flashed like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In graceful acknowledgement she blended wit and humor.

"How well she talks; who would have thought it? Fred's little wife—he has found a treasure," were whispered round the room.

Meanwhile Frederick Lane, Esq., stood like one enchanted, while his poor little rustic wife quoted books and authors with perfect abandon—admired this one commended that. A sedate looking student lost himself in a latin quotation. Helen smilingly finished it, and received a look eloquent with thanks. Bonmots, repartee, language rich in fancy and imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as if she had just received a touch from some fairy wand.

Still Fred walked by her side like one in a dream—pressed his hands over his bewildered sight to be sure of his senses, when he saw by her bending, a breathing vision of loveliness, over the harp—her full arm leaning on its golden strings—heard again that rich voice, now plaintive with some tender memory, rise and fall in sweet and sorrowful cadence.

"Tell me," said he when once alone with her, "what this means; who are you! I feel like one awaking from a dream.'

"Only a country girl,' said Helen, gravely—then falling into her husband's arms, she exclaimed, "Forgive me; I am that very little rustic that you would rather die than wed. Are you sorry you married me!"

"Sorry, my glorious wife! but Eily, you could not surely deceive me. Did I not understand that you had never—"

"Been at an academy," she broke in, "never took a music lesson—never was taught how to sing—all true. And yet I am all you see me to night—myself my own teacher; with labor and diligence, I trust I am worthy to be the wife of one so good and exalted as I find my husband to be."

Reader, wouldn't you and I like to be there just now, and hear her story? she laughing between smiles, her pretty face all dimples, as she tells him how she banished piano, books, harp, portfolio, music, all in an empty room by themselves, and locked the door, leaving them to seclusion and dust while the little country girl without any very deep laid scheme, succeeded in convincing a well-bred city gentleman that he could marry a country rustic, even if her fingers were more familiar with churning and knitting needles than the piano or harp.

☞ During the revolutionary war, General Lafayette being in Baltimore, was invited to a ball. He went as requested, but instead of joining the amusement, as might be expected of a young Frenchman of twenty-two, he addressed the ladies thus:

"Ladies, you are very handsome; you dance very prettily; your ball is very fine—but my soldiers have no shirts."

The appeal was irresistible. That ball ceased; the ladies went home and went to work, and the next day a large number of shirts were prepared by the fairest hands o Baltimore, for the gallant defenders of their country.

A grocer in Dublin advertises whiskey for sale which was drunk by his majesty.

Miscellaneous.

The Indian Heaven.

Bancroft gives the following sketch of the Indian faith:

The same motive prompted them to bury with the warrior his pipe, and his manitou; his tomahawk, quiver an bow, ready bent for action, and his most splendid apparel; to place by his side the bowl, his maize, and his venison, for the long journey to the country of his ancestors. Festivals in honor of the dead were also frequent, when a part of the food was given to the flames, that so it might serve to nourish the departed. The traveler would find in the forest a dead body placed on a scaffold erected on piles, carefully wrapped in bark for its shroud, and attired in warmest furs. If a mother lost her babe she would cover it with bark, and envelop it anxiously in the softest beaver skins; at his burial place she would put by its side its cradle, its beads and its rattles, and as a last service of maternal love, would draw milk from her bosom in a cup of bark, and burn it in the fire, that her infant might still find nourishment on its solitary journey to the land of shades. Yet the new-born babe would be buried, not, as usual, on a scaffold, but by the wayside, that so its spirit might secretly steal into the bosom of some passing matron, and be born again under happier auspices. On burying her daughter, the Chippewa mother adds, not snow-shoes and beads and moccasins only, but (sad emblem of woman's lot in the wilderness!) the carrying belt and the paddle. I know my daughter will be restored to me, she once said, as she clipped a lock of hair as a memorial; by this lock of hair I shall take it with me; alluding to the day when she too, with her carrying belt and paddle, and the little relic of her child, should pass through the grave to the dwelling place of her ancestors.

The faith, as well as the sympathies of the savage, descended also to inferior things. Of each kind of animal, they say there exists one, the source and origin of all, of a vast size, the type and original of the whole class. From the immense invisible beaver come all the beavers, by whatever run of water they are found; the same is true of the elk and buffalo, of the eagle and robbin, of the meanest quadruped of the forest, of the smallest insect that buzzes in the air.—There lives for each class of animals, this invisible vast type, or elder brother. Thus the savage established his right to be classed by philosophers in the rank of realists, and his chief effort at generalization was a reverent exercise of the religious sentiment.—Where these elder brothers dwell; they do not exactly know; yet it may be that the giant manitus, which are brothers to beasts, are hid beneath the waters, and that those of the birds make their homes in the blue sky. But the Indian believes, also, of each individual animal, that it possesses the mysterious, the indestructible principle of life; there is not a breathing thing but has its shade which can never perish. Regarding himself in comparison with other animals, but as the first among co-ordinate existences, he respects the brute creation, and assigns to it, as to himself, a perpetuity of being. The ancients of these lands believed that the warrior, when released from life, renews the passions and activity of this world; is seated once more among his friends; shares again the joyous feast; walks through the shadowy forests, that are alive with the spirits of birds; and there, in his paradise:

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
Investment of the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues—
The hunter and the deer a shade.

Individual Extravagance.

The real wants of man are few, while those which are generated in his fancy come in squads first, but in legions afterwards.—The mischief which these artificial wants inflict upon society is incalculable. They bring along after and with them a train of evils, the catalogue of which no man can enumerate. They surround us constantly everywhere, and leave the mark of their dark foot-prints in almost every household. Many is the pang they have wrung from the human heart—many the bitter tear they have forced up from the fountains of anguish—many the prison house they have filled, and many the gallows they have supplied with victims. Take the whole catalogue of crime, drop the line deep into the pool of human misery and you will find in the bottom of all that afflicts and pains society with the effects of misdemeanor and crimes, a desire to gratify the articles of our tastes.

The young clerk has more wants to supply than money to supply them with. They become clamorous for gratification, he yields to them, and seeks from illegitimate sources the means with which to hush their appeals. He borrows, perchance in the first instance, from the safe of his employer. This gone, and he again resorts to the same source.—Then again he desires to replace what he has borrowed. He visits the gambling saloon. He sees there, the rich, and the honored, risking their hundreds and thousands upon the turn of a card. He sees there, representatives of the Judiciary, and men high in public confidence and esteem, and the illegality and disgrace of the scene before him is wiped away by their association and indulgence. He puts down his money and wins. He is elated at his "luck" and the encomiums passed upon it by the bystanders. He takes a drink and wins again, and probably upon his first appearance is allowed to leave the place a few dollars the better of the Bank. This opens his eyes to new visions of money easily gained and he longs for night-fall that he may "fight the tiger." In this way he is led on step by step, until indulgence makes him bold and desperate. He begins to lose, and bets high to win back his losses. He gets dead broke, and borrows again from his employer's capital with which to mend his fortunes. He looks for his money where he lost it, and thus he is held in the accursed spell of the gambler, until his drafts upon the safe of his employer's counting room have been too large to allow concealment. The deficiency in his cash account is discovered.—He forfeits the respect and confidence of his employer, is discharged in disgrace, and goes forth upon the world a bankrupt in purse, character and self-respect. Look back to the starting point of all this, and it centres in a desire to gratify wants created by indulgence and fed upon a false pride.

The book of the follies and weakness of man and woman is a ponderous volume whose page is full of blighted hopes, wrecked virtue, minor offenses heaped up in pyramids, and crime in every form and grade of enormity traced in dark and damning lines. This unseemly work would to a great extent go out of print, if man and woman could look upon every dollar they spend to gratify their tastes and appetites, and say in truth—"this is mine—I have earned it by honest industry. It has cost me neither my honor in the eyes of the world, nor at the bar of my own conscience."

Signers of the Declaration.

At the age of twenty-nine, Mr. Jefferson was an influential member of the Legislature of Virginia. At thirty, he was a member of the Virginia Convention; at thirty-two a member of the Continental Congress; and at thirty-three he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Alexander Hamilton was only twenty years of age when he was appointed a Lieutenant Colonel in the army of the Revolution, and aid-de-camp to Washington. At twenty-five he was a member of the Continental Congress; at thirty, he was one of the ablest members at the convention of American sages who formed the Constitution of the United States; at thirty-two he was Secretary of the Treasury, and organized that branch of the Government up in so complete and comprehensive a plan, that no great change or improvement has since been made upon it.

John Jay, at twenty-nine years of age, was a member of the continental Congress, and wrote an address to the People of Great Britain, which was justly regarded as one of the most elegant productions of the times.—At thirty-two he prepared the Constitution of New York. and in the same year was appointed Chief Justice of the State.

Washington was twenty-seven years of age when he covered the defeat of the British troops at Braddock's retreat; and the same year was honored by an appointment of Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces.

Joseph Warren was twenty-nine years of age when he delivered the memorable address of the fifth of March, which aroused the spirit of patriotism and liberty in Massachusetts; and at thirty-four he gloriously fell in the cause of freedom in the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Fisher Ames, at the age of twenty-seven, had excited public attention by the ability he displayed in the discussion of questions of public interest. At the age of thirty, his masterly speeches in defence of the constitution of the United States had exerted great influence, so that the youthful orator of thirty-one was elected to Congress from the Suffolk district, over the Revolutionary hero, Samuel Adams.

Joseph Story entered public life at the age of twenty-six; he was elected to Congress from the Essex district when he was twenty-nine; was speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives at the age of thirty-two, and the same year was appointed by President Madison a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

DeWitt Clinton entered public life at twenty-eight; Henry Clay at twenty-six.

The most youthful signer of the Declaration of Independence, was William Hooper, of North Carolina, whose age was but twenty-four.

Of the other signers of the Declaration, Thomas Hayward, of South Carolina, was thirty; Elbridge Gerry, Benjamin Rush, James Wilson, and Matthew Thornton were thirty-one; Arthur Middleton an Thomas Stone were thirty-one.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—The following striking portrait of Brother Jonathan was given by Rev. A. L. Stone, in his oration at Boston, on the 4th July: "Some have called him the young Giant of the West. He has many grades to be sure; he does not wear patent leather and ape the exquisite, but gets up early and dresses in haste; he does not spend much time before the glass, and often is satisfied with passing his hand through his hair to keep it from his eyes; his shoes are loose, but he stands firm, and when he swings them the momentum is considerable; his hands are large, but they have a hard grip; his shirt collar is stiff but keeps him looking straight ahead; his beaver rim is narrow, but it does not prevent him from taking an upward view; his coat is short waisted, and the covering of his nether limbs is scant; but he is growing fast, and bears about him so many elements go success, that it does not encourage his opponents to try a fall. They may make fame of him, and that is just what they find him—game."

There is a Bible in the library of the University of Gottingen written on 5,480 palm leaves.

[Correspondence of the Christian Enquirer.]

Icarian Association at Nauvoo—Laughing Life Away-Joe Smith's Widow.

At Nauvoo, Illinois, I saw the ruins of the temple of the Mormons, which was burnt at the time of their expulsion from the State. I also became acquainted there with another specimen of idiotism, begotton by the rotton atmosphere of the old world's despotism, in the shape of French communism, represented by M. Cabet, the chief of what he is pleased to call the Icarian Association. I had the pleasure of conversing with the apostle of this new creed. He is an old man of about sixty-two. He has left his family in Paris, or rather they left him, since Mrs. and Misses Cabet have no sympathy with communism.

Mr. Cabet looks upon himself as a martyr who will be appreciated in time to come; but he seems too shrewd not to see that others will suspect him of being as fond of his temporal as his spiritual welfare. The admission fee is two hundred and fifty dollars, and permission of leaving the association is not granted except by forfeiting all property there, and by paying an exit or exhumation fee of one hundred and fifty dollars in the bargain. Mr. Cabet told me that he is settling a new Icarian colony on the shores of the upper Missouri, between St. Joseph, and Council Bluffs.

The Nauvoo colony comprises about one hundred and fifty persons. Among them are many lovely Parisan and Marseilles girls, who shipped from Havre to New Orleans, and from New Orleans to this place without ever coming in contact with Americans; just live on the shores of the Missippi as they would on the shores of the Seine or Rhone, laughing life away, and generally bent on getting married before they are sixteen.—They have no churches. Their religion they say, is in their hearts. A few only speak a few broken words of English. They never employ or ask for employment, and thus, keeping aloof from the natives, they grow up in the same ignorance of America as a peasant of Burgunday, the very incarnation of egotism under the shape of Communism. Their organization is that of a large boarding house, the boarders pledging themselves to take no interest in anything out of the walls of the boarding-house. It is scarcely necessary to add, that Mr. Cabet reserves to himself the exclusive right of controlling the financial department of the association.

Besides other curiosities, I found amongst the members the widow of a Styrian member of the Frankfort Parliament. The widow of Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, and his youngest son, Joseph, still reside at Nauvoo. The widow is re-married to a man who keeps a public house.

How an Indian Can Die.

A touching instance of this characteristic trait occurred at the late engagement between a small war party of the Chippawas and a greatly superior party of Sioux, near Cedar Island Lake. The Chippewas, who were en route for a scalping foray upon the Sioux villages on the Minnesota, here fell into an ambuscade, and the first notice of danger which saluted their ears was a discharge of fire-arms from a thicket. Four of their number fell dead in their tracks. Another, named the War Cloud, a leading brave, had a leg broken by a bullet. His comrades were loth to leave him, and while their assailants were re-loading their guns, attempted to carry him along with them to where they could gain the shelter of a thicket, a short distance in the rear. But he commanded them to leave him, telling them that he would show his enemies how a Chippewa could die. At the request, they seated him on a log, with his back leaning against a tree. He then commenced painting his face and singing his death song. As his enemies approached him he only sang a louder and a livelier strain, and when several had gathered around him, flourishing their scalping knives, and screeching forth their demoniac yells of exultation, not a look or gesture manifested that he was even aware of their presence.—At length they seized him and tore his scalp from his head. Still seated with his back against a large tree, they commenced shooting their arrows into the trunk around his head, grazing his ears, neck, &c., until they literally pinned him fast, without having once touched a vital part. Yet our hero remained the same imperturable stoic, continuing to chant his defiant strain, and although one of the number flourished his reeking scalp before his eyes, still not a single expression of his countenance could be observed to change. At last one of the number approached him with a tomahawk, which after a few unheeded flourishes he buried in the captive's skull, who sank in death with the song still upon his lips. He had indeed succeeded well in teaching his enemies "how a Chippewa could die." A few days afterwards they were taught how a Chippewa could be *avenged*.—*St. Paul Democrat.*

A SISTER'S LOVE.—Beautiful is the love of a sister—the kiss that hath no guile and no passion; the touch is purity, and bringeth peach and satisfoction to the heart.

Beautiful is the love of the sister; it is noon light on our path—it is Heaven, and sheds peace on the earth.

DEATH OF A VETERAN.—Matthias Walters, one of the pioneers of Clumbiana county, died at his residence, in Elkrun township, on the 23d ultimo, in the 86th year of his age. He was a subscriber to the *Patriot* at the time of his death, and had taken it ever since it was established—*forty-six years.*

Agricultural.

Requisites for a good Farm.

The Committee appointed by the Jefferson County Agricultural Society, to the premiums on farms, made a most valuable report at the late exhibition of the society. They state that in viewing the farms entered for premiums, they endeavored to keep in view as standard requisites and evidence of good farming, the following points:

1. A good soil, well tilled, and kept free of various weeds, both, on the fields and the roads.

2. Lots well fenced, and suitable in number to the size of the farm.

3. Substantial and convenient barns and stables of sufficient dimensions to contain the produce of the farm, and to comfortably house the cattle kept on it.

4. A judiciously arranged dwelling, in neat condition, with a well and filtering cistern.

5. Convenient buildings to facilitate the economical management of farm; among which may be enumerated, a wood-house, a wagon and tool-house, a work-shop, a granary and corn-house, a convenient piggery, an ice-house, ash and smoke house, all secured against decay, by being well-raised from the ground and neatly painted or white-washed.

6. Convenient yards attached to the barn and stables, so arranged as to prevent wastage of the liquid manure, well sheltered from the blasts of winter, and provided with water for the cattle.

7. Door-yards laid with grass, and rose and flower beds, and shaded by ornamental trees, indicating to the passer-by the dwelling of taste, health and comfort.

8. A kitchen garden highly cultivated and containing every species of vegetables that can be raised in our climate with strawberry and and asparagus beds.

9. A fruit garden or orchard, where choice apples, cherries and plums are carefully cultivated, and where can be found neat rows of raspberry, gooseberry, blackberry and current bushes.

GRAPE VINES.—Those vines which have been properly trimmed and treated during the spring, should not be neglected during summer. The vine is a rank feeder, and may be judiciously assisted by liquid manures even during summer.

The summer pruning of out-door vines is of the first importance, and the rules we have already given will be found sufficient. By close observation the Isabella and Catawba vines will be observed to take a summer rest, neither fruit nor laterals increasing at all. At such times they should receive weak liquid solutions of improved super-phosphate of lime or guano, for two successive days, a weak solution of potash or weak lye should be applied to the soil; this will force forward the fruit, and cause the ripening to be completed before frost. Vines so treated will produce perfect fruit before frost, and capable of being preserved by any of the usual methods, of much richer flavor and of greater sweetness than those not so treated. We have tried this summer treatment on every other vine, and the quality and quantity of the fruit fully proved the use of the amendments.—*Working Farmer.*

CUBA AND SUGAR.—Cuba produces about 320,000 tons of sugar annually; the United States produce about 110,000 tons. By the acquisition of Cuba one half the sugar produced upon the surface of the globe would be in the hands of the American people.

By the annexation of Texas the United States acquired all the cotton-growing territory of the western continent; and by the addition of Cuba to our national domain we should also be able to control the sugar market of the world.—*Albany Argus.*

DEAR FOOD.—Potatoes sell for $1,50 per bushel in New York, 62½ cents in Cincinnati, and $2,50 per bushel in Pittsburgh. About 8,000 baskets of peaches arrive at New York daily. It is believed the hog crop of the West will be small this fall.—The unusual drought will prevent their growth and fattening. A Louisville paper says that many farmers have turned out their hogs, and given up all thoughts of fattening them for the market.

It is a question worthy of consideration, why provisions of all kinds cost more this season in Pittsburgh than in almost any other city?

☞ Always ready to serve the ladies we give the following hints for their consideration:

For the benefit of those ladies who may be putting up fruit for winter use, by hermetically sealing in tin cans, it is proper to state that if the berries have been heated by being too long in the boxes, they will not keep. If after the fruit has been put up a few days, the can should swell out or burst, it proves that the fault lay with the berries. The expansion of the can shows that it must have been air tight, or the gas would have been able to escape.

LOOK TO YOUR ELM TREES.—We have noticed in different parts of the city, that some of the Elm trees are showing symptoms of decay. There are several in our neighborhood, and we have made some effort to discover the cause. Near the root of one of them, we found a gathering of moist substance, and upon removing that thousands of little white worms were found. These no doubt eat in between the bark and wood and caused decay. In the other cases we have no doubt the same cause will be found to exist under the earth, as no signs of it are to be seen above it. Trees thus affected should be dug about at once, and the nest discovered if possible. There are some valuable trees going to ruin from this or some other cause.—*Nashua Telegraph.*