Western Reserve Chronicle.

HAPGOOD & ADAMS. | A Weekly Family Journal, Devoted to Freedom, Agriculture, Literature, Education, Local Intelligence, and the News of the Day. | $1,50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 44, NO. 43. WARREN, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1860. WHOLE NO. 2279.

COME !!!

BARNUM'S HARDWARE STORE,
At Warren Trumbull Co., Ohio,

IS now filled with ample stocks, and replete with the latest styles of HOUSE TRIMMINGS and most desirable colors for painting blinds.

Barnum intends to supply **Paints,** Oils, Varnish, &c., inclusive of A. No. 1, Tip Top, Extra Zinc Dry and in Oil; also, a superior quality ground in White Varnish, for Parlor use.

BARNUM will sell Merchants at jobbing rates, and defies competition to marts outside of New York, and he herewith sends his compliments to dealers that he is prepared to duplicate the prices of New York Houses, including the transportation only on those classes of goods where it forms a great per centum of the cost. Now on hand and shortly to arrive—Hoes, Scythes, Sickles (not Dunlel.) Scythe Stones, Rubbers, Rifles, Rakes, Knives and Forks, Springs, White Lead, and Oil.

BARNUM keeps a fresh stock of SADDLERY. Notice this ye who want to buy goods low; Harness Trimmings sold low—Patent Leather sold low—Brass Bands sold low—Carriage Trimmings and Moss sold low.

BARNUM has some fine Pistols, Five Barrell Shooters, Rifle Barrells, Locks, Triggers and a general lot of Gun Trimmings.

BARNUM would make further mention of the Saddlery trade, by remarking that he has laid in his entire stock of that class of goods from the head dealers and importers, and he will sell every thing in that line at lowest rates.

BARNUM invites attention to his Card herewith annexed:—

ROLLA H. BARNUM,
SIGN OF THE "ANVIL," WARREN, O.
DEALER IN
Hardware, Nails, Paints, Oils, and
SADDLERY!

N. B. JOB HEAVILY IN EVERY DEPARTMENT, AFFORDING MERCHANTS GREAT FACILITIES FOR FILLING UP CHEAP.

On hand and to arrive—
78 sets Buggy Springs
52 sets Axles.
4000 lbs. Dandy Tire.

BARNUM IS SELLING HOUSE TRIMMINGS CHEAP.

I. G. BROOKS, is at the Anvil.

250 sett Brass and Silver Bands,
6 doz Door Locks,
1400 " " Latches—old and new styles.
75 " Tip Top Scythes,
48 " Good Hand Rakes.

AT THE SIGN OF THE "ANVIL," PAINTS ARE SOLD LOW.

190 Kegs assorted Nails,
30 " Spikes,
4 " Sad Irons,
100 " White Lead,
120 " Zinc.

BE SURE AND BUY YOUR IRON OF BARNUM.

BUY GLASS AT THE "ANVIL."
BUY VARNISH AT THE "ANVIL,"
BUY SPRINGS AT THE "ANVIL."

190 sets Blind Hinges,
283 " Knives and Forks,
28 " G. S. Tea and Table Spoons,
100 " Good big Iron Spoons.

ALWAYS IN THE MARKET,
ALWAYS READY TO SELL LOW.
ALWAYS HAVE A BIG STOCK,
ALWAYS KEEP CHOICE STYLES.

Warren, O., May 26, 1859.

To Hardware Buyers—

Desirous of building up and maintaining a heavy Hardware Trade, I shall ever be found ready to sell goods at fair prices, and intend to keep choice styles of goods so that my customers will be fully satisfied, that, as regards cheapness, quality and intended of styles, their purchases at the Sign of the "Anvil" cannot be excelled by any rival establishment on the Reserve.

ROLLA H. BARNUM,
SIGN OF THE "ANVIL,"
WARREN, TRUMBULL COUNTY, O.,
Dealer in NAILS, PAINTS, &c., &c.

New Arrangement.

Cash, or to Prompt Six Month Buyers, at Low Rates.

C. MOSER,

(Late of the firm of C. & M. Moser.)

WOULD respectfully announce to the public that he will continue the business at the old stand, where he hopes to have continued the favors of his friends and customers. Having determined, after due deliberation, to inaugurate a

NEW SYSTEM OF TRADING,

which he thinks will be more advantageous to both buyer and seller, than the present system of

LONG CREDIT & HIGH PRICES,

He respectfully asks the public to give the new plan a trial. The new system is as follows:

Six months' credit will be given to prompt payers only; and a discount of five per cent. will be made on six month prices, for cash.

POSITIVELY NO SMALL ACCOUNTS MADE

This mode of doing business will enable him to obviate the usual necessity imposed on all business men, of taxing prompt men for the losses incurred by giving credit to irresponsible buyers.

Having briefly stated his terms he would now invite attention to the fact that he has just returned from the east, with a splendid stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

bought with great care of the most popular importing and jobbing houses in New York and Philadelphia.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine styles and prices for themselves.

The highest market price in cash or goods for produce.

oct. 26, '59. Market St., Warren, O.

Poetry.

For the Chronicle.

LIZZIE BEEBE.

BY LIBBIE S. CROWELL.

Sing us more, sweet Lizzie Beebe;
I am longing for those notes
Which like angel music softly
Through my chamber floats.

Throw into those songs a pathos
As you ever have and will,
Which will wake the better feelings
In the human heart, and thrill

All its pulses with a longing,
With an earnest, strong desire
To fulfill life's holy mission,
And to worthiness aspire.

I have read your penciled breathings
With a heart which echoed all,
While I've thought how pure the fountain
Whence such sweet, bright drops would fall:—

Thought how many sunny visions
To your nature must belong,
That you wove their hues so freely
Into the fair wreaths of song.

And I've wondered, often, Lizzie,
When the stars brought diamond dreams,
If into *your* heart as deeply
Fill their soft entrancing beams.

If the waves of your existence
Rippled gladly on between
Flow'r-crown'd banks, where rested ever,
All the glory of a dream.

If the sunshine never darkened,
And the clouds came floating down
'Till upon your brow was pressing,
Of life's shapes, a heavy crown.

Tell me, but ah, no! 'twere useless;
Useless all to ask of thee,
If a heart to earthland pinioned,
Could be ever glad and free.

By the surging waves of sorrow
Which break on my young life's shore,
By those dreams which lie beneath them
Folded in the "Nevermore:"—

Aye, by all that *has* been given
To those souls which struggle here,
E'er our lips had pressed life's chalice
With its mingling hope and fear.

I may know that you *too* gather
With the flowers, the piercing thorns,
And that *your* life bears the impress
Of earth's wild, hope-wrecking storms.

Ah! the youthful feet will falter
In the life that's just begun;
And the heart grow faint and weary,
E're the pilgrimage is done;

But from out the bending heavens,
Love-wrought links are reaching down;
We may grasp the chain pearl woven
At whose ending lies our crown.

Bloomfield, O.

Miscellaneous.

Written for the Chronicle.

THE UNHEELED CAUTION.

A TALE—BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

'I don't believe one word of it.'

'What if you don't, pussy, it may be true, for all that, and I guess it is.'

'But what evidence have you, Uncle Nat—did you ever see him drunk?'

'Drunk!' WHEW-EW-E!—no, not what the world calls drunk, but I've seen him just as near it as I ever want to, and if my darling Maggie will be advised by the best old uncle she ever had in all her born days, she will just walk home from church next Sunday with Uncle Nat, and let Mr. Fitz Doodle Bobbins 'gang his gate' where it suits him.'

Maggie Lawton was turning red in the face, and beginning to feel rather indignant that Uncle Nat should take her to task for the simple and single act of walking home from church one Sabbath evening with Mr. Fitzalton, the young lawyer who had recently come to town, and who had brought letters of introduction and recommendation from their relatives in the East.

Why she should turn red in the face and at the same time turn her sweet pretty face down till it almost touched her crochet needle—why her heart throbbed too beats, where it made one do fifteen minutes before, she did not know, and was rather astonished herself than otherwise at the whole proceedings.

Maggie was not very handsome, but sweet and pretty; the professional critics said her hair was to red, though it was exactly the color in which Page has immortalized that of his Venus—her fresh cheek too, would take to freckles, and her eyes though of the romantic color, could not be said to be blue as violets, nor as the clear sky of a May morning—they were only bluish, and the "deep" must come after, an expressive of the generous feeling and noble heart, way down somewhere (beneath a pretty pink calico boddice) that would be forever peeping out of them.

"Maggie went on with her work, without answering Uncle Nat's last remarks, and counting the stitches in a beautiful work bag, with the April number of the "Ladies Book" spread out upon her knee, as if there had not been a word said.

Uncle Nat, a jolly looking Farmer who had lived at the old homestead, in the same old square brick house in which he was born, forty years before, sat watching her motions, and reading just as plain as a scholar will read his lesson in his fourth reader, just what Maggie was thinking about. "One, two, three, four," said Maggie in a half whisper, while her little white hand made the steel snap again.

"No it aint," sung out uncle Nat.

"Aint what," answered Maggie.

"It aint five—and you've knit five into three loops in succession and have only counted four."

Oh! Uncle Nat, you are so provoking, you put me out so?

"Do I darling? then put it away and come and sit down here by my side; for I want to have a long talk with you."

"What in the world do you want to talk with me about?"

"One of the most interesting things in the world to most young ladies—about getting married."

Oh! if that's all, talk away," said Maggie, with a merry laugh—you would not have selected a theme of more indifference to me.

Now Maggie Lawton that's not so—you are human, as that pouting little lip and half trembling little hand prove beyond dispute—you are now twenty are you not?

"Twenty!—only eighteen last fall."

"All the same, and I am your Guardian, and hold in my hands in trust for you the neat sum of five thousand dollars, which I am now ready to resign to you at any moment when you desire possession."

"Now I have seen you divers times in company with Herbert Fitzalon (up came the rich blood to the cheeks again) and I have seen that there is an interest in your heart for that young man—that it would be better for you not to encourage—and now I am going seriously to tell you why."

"Oh! Uncle."

"Silence pussy, I must and will have my say this time at least."

First, he is a speculator and looks more to five thousand than to your freckled cheeks.

Second, he is a gambler and spendthrift; and third, and last for this time, he tarries long at the wine. Now my pussy, you are all the child I have to love, and since the death of my sainted sister, your mother, nothing on earth has ever been so near Uncle Nat's heart."

"O! I knew it, dear Uncle," exclaimed Maggie, as she threw her work into her basket and brought her stool and sat down at his feet and laid her head lovingly and childlike into his lap.

"You asked me once to tell you the story of your mother's marriage and death, and why I never spoke of her or of your father."

"And you promised me, if I would not ask you again till I was eighteen, you would tell me all."

"Yes."

"Will you tell me to-night, Uncle Nat? I have so longed to know."

"The story is not long, Maggie, and if you are strong enough to bear it, I will tell the tale, which for eighteen years has been buried away in my heart."

"Jones Lawton, your father, came to our village when your mother, my darling and only sister, was just sixteen, and was introduced to her, standing here almost where your feet are now resting."

"Maggie started."

'Do not start child, she is not here, tho' I sometimes fancy I feel her presence and have more than once thought that her cold hand was laid upon my brow when the hard pain has been driving through my temples in days past.

Maggie was very, very beautiful, tall, and stately as a queen, and even in her girlhood, dignified and commanding. Mr. Lawton was one of the best looking men I ever saw—he had beauty—if that word may be applied to manhood, was highly educated, full of talent, wit and genius.—Interesting in conversation and well versed in the ways of the world.

It was well known that Maggie was an heiress, that at our father's death, the village property was all willed to her, while I was left sole master and proprietor of the homestead. Lawton became a frequent visitor at our house, and with assidious attentions won the love of your mother, who, though very cautious for one so young, was still not proof against one every way so attractive, of course. We were boon companions, being of an age and at that time disposed to sport in the same round of amusements and convivial pleasures.

It was not long ere one of my noble friends in whom I had the most implicit confidence, warned me against the man.—At first I spurned his suspicions and judged him harshly of being jealous of Lawton.

But his earnest entreaty that I should watch and know for myself, put me upon my guard, and it was but a short time till I found that in his frequent excursions from home, he forgot his high pretensions of morality and goodness, and was often found, the gayest of the gay, in those places where the truly chaste and upright man would never appear.

To make sure of this, I one night followed him in disguise, and seen enough to fire my whole soul with indignation against a man who wou'd dare, under such a well worn mask of piety and virtue, sue for the hand of my only sister.

I sounded her feelings, and found my dear Maggie, (as I have to-night,) that her woman's heart was all permeated with a love which made her resent the slightest hint of his hypocrisy and baseness.

But true to my affection and duty as an elder brother, I told her all and warned her of her fate."

"But the villain."

"Oh! he was my father," sobbed Maggie.

"True! darling, and though he deserved all I can give him, for your sake I will speak respectfully. He foiled me at every turn, and at last turned my sister coldly from me, forged letters that gave her confidence in him and made her distrust me, and at length made both my mother and Maggie believe that I was his enemy without a cause."

"I was young and impulsive, and after, in the most solemn manner warning Maggie of her coming fate, I left home.

Shortly after with my mother's fullest consent and concurrence, they were married and immediately, according to his wish, sailed for Europe.

Eighteen years ago, the property of the wife, became legally the property of her husband at the marriage, and my sister would have been shocked at the idea of withholding dollars and cents, houses and lands from the man to whom, in all confidence and loving trust, she had given herself for better or for worse till death should part them. As soon as I knew that my aged mother was alone in her widowhood, I returned home, to find my worst fears more than realized.

"Maggie had given over to him all the deeds and papers belonging to her part of the estate, and houses and lots, and bank stock were rapidly changing hands to pay debts contracted before his marriage.

One year went by, and we heard from her often, and she wrote cheerfully and happily. The second year we lost sight of them. Month after month passed, and no trace of the fugitives could be found. Agents received letters from London and Paris, to turn the property into money and send it to agents on the other side of the water."

"Three years of terrible suspense and trial passed over us—the property was all disposed of—not a dollar was left in the name of the original owners. My mother's health was failing, and she had made up her mind that some terrible accident by sea or by land, had occurred, and that both husband and wife had gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

I encouraged this idea, though I did not for one moment accept its truth in my own mind."

"I should have crossed the sea and searched for her through all Europe, had not my dear failing mother clung to me as the only hope of closing years.

"One cold, dark, wintery night, when the winds howled like wild beasts around the old casements—your grandmother and I sat here alone—as we do now, only that she sat in the arm chair and I set crouched at her feet, trying to make her happy and cheerful—with mirth and merriment which I did not feel—when suddenly we were both startled by a loud and imperative knock at the door.

I sprung to my feet—fear then shot through my heart a feeling that the knock was in some way connected with my sister. Mother clasped her hands at the same instant, and exclaimed "who knows but its Maggie?"

I reached the hall with a bound, and threw wide open the door, and there on the step stood a rough looking man, his garments hung with icicles, and supporting with his right arm, a woman, enveloped in a faded shawl, with a sunbonnet drawn down closely over her face."

"Good evening to your honor," said the coachman abruptly, "I brought you here a young 'oman that would be coming to-night, through the storm, though I tried hard to pursuade her to stay at the Station office. But I must be leaving her with ye, at onst as my hosses aint oer good at standing.—Whoa Jim"—"The poor shivering creature walked past me into the hall, and on into the parlor—a shrick, and a cry: "Oh! Mother! mother!"

The coachman descended the steps as I let go the door; I know not how I came there, but with my next consciousness of existence, I found myself lifting from the floor where they had both fallen together: my mother and sister.

That night, dear Maggie, you was born. The poor weary wanderer had come home to die; for six months she had not seen the wretch, who had so deceived her. All his goodness had been assumed to win her fortune; with it beyond my reach; he gave loose reign to his base passions; still hoping, striving, and pleading, she had clung to him, asking God day by day, to hear her prayer for his repentance and amendment. But all hope was vain. It took but a few months to waste all her substance, then with a woman's generous nature, (for she had been taught as all other girls have, but foolishly taught) that it is a wife's duty to cling to a husband, no matter how base he may be. She applied herself to earning her living; being a fine musician and expert at needle-work, she was able in London to find patrons and work to do. But he took from her even the avails of her daily labor, to supply his vile desires. He watched her with jealous eye, and would not let her write home, unless for money. He had beaten and abused her, and left her (famishing and too sick to write to friends,) to be carried to the hospital, where for six months she had been struggling with life; where she had won the good will of one of the Physicians, who helped her to a steerage passage home, on her promise to pay him double the amount loaned. I told you how she came. Such, Maggie, was the fate of your mother, as the wife of a gentleman tippler.

"When you was one year old, she died, and her last parting words still ring in my ears. As the hour drew nigh when her pure and gentle soul was to be released from its suffering, she asked to see her babe; I lifted you, a little wee thing, into her arms."

"She pressed you to her heart, 'Oh! my brother (she gasped,) I would take her with me! But God is good, watch her, guard her, and as you expect to meet me in heaven, never let her marry a drunkard. Do you wonder, Maggie, that I have warned you?'

"I tell you, my child, Herbert Fitzalon is a drunkard."

Maggie looked up, sobbing, and while uncle Nat, wiped away the gushing drops from his own weather beaten cheeks, she shifted from the stool upon her knees, and taking both his hands in hers, promised him all that he desired.

She is a happy wife and mother now, rejoicing in her escape from a fearful doom, for Fitzalon died one year ago of delirium tremens.

STRENGTH AND RESOURCES OF RUSSIA.

The Almanach de Gotha states that the superficial extent of the Russian empire in Europe is 96,411 geographical miles: population, 63,932,081; in Asia, 239,556 miles; population, 7,300,812; in America, 17,500 miles; population, 1,923,000, making a gross total superfices of 253,467 geographical square miles, containing a total population of 71,243,616 souls. St. Petersburg contains some 494,656, inhabitants; Odessa, 107,370; and Moscow, 368,765. The total number of Dissenters or schismatics in Russia is 9,344,000, in cluding 2,750,000 Romanists, 14,000 Armenians; 380,000 "United Greeks," 2,000,000 Lutherans, 2,750,000 Mohomedans, 1,250,000 Jews, and 200,000 Buddhists. The revenues of the empire in 1852 (according to Baron de Redea) amounted to 275,472,000 silver rubles, and the expenditures to 275,835,000 rubles. The total debt, terminable and perpetual, amounted in 1859 to 515,988,012 rubles, besides the unfunded debt, amounting to 644,448,790 rubles' worth of notes of credit and circulation.

The receipts of the Crown domain in 1856 were 45,512,886 rubles, and the population proper of these domains (men and women) was 18,436,829. There are the domain peasantry, but there are also 386,786 foreign colonists, 52,504 Jewish farmers, and 572,522 "permanent population," (merchants, *bourgeois*, widows, *enfans de troupe*, &c.) The imports in 1857 were valued at 151,686,799 rubles, and the exports at 169,688,134 rubles. The mercantile marine of 1858 includes 286 long-voyage ships of 13,000 tons, and 813 coasters of 29,270 tons, making a total number of 1,416 ships, navigated by 172,605 seamen. The total force of the regular army of Russia, (cavalry, infantry and artillery,) consisted of 577,859 men, and there are also the irregular troops of Cossacks. The infantry includes 31 divisions, 67 brigades, 112 regiments and 456 active battalions; the cavalry, 11 divisions, 31 regiments and 66 brigades. The Cossacks consist of 136 cavalry regiments, 813 mounted "Ssotnies," and 31 battalions.—The fleet consisted in 1857 of 85 sailing ships and 73 steamers, the former including 12 liners, 7 frigates, 7 corvettes, 7 brigs, and 11 schooners; the latter screw vessels, 11 screw frigates, and 12 screw corvettes. The *personnel* includes 16 admirals, 30 vice-admirals, 39 rear-admirals, 111 captains of the first rank, 95 of the second rank, 257 lieutenant-captains, 607 common lieutenants, and 396 midshipmen. This is exclusive of the corps of artillery, pilots and engineers of the fleet. Since 1857, however, according to the Almanach de Gotha, the fleet has been very considerably "developed." Thus, the Baltic fleet alone includes, besides its numerous gunshallops, 27 equipages, each including one liner of 60 to 120 guns and one frigate or a steam corvette; and the Amoor squadron has been recently re-inforced by 10 vessels, newly built (in August, 1858.)

A person was repeating before Martinville the old maxim, "who pays his debts enriches himself."

"Bah," rejoined Martinville, "that is an idle rumor which creditors are endeavoring to circulate."

A splendid ear but a very poor voice, as the organ-grinder said of the donkey.

THE SMART CLERK AND THE SLOW CLERK.

We have the pleasure of being acquianted with both of these young clerks. We see them every day. They are to be found in all parts of that busy region called Down Town.

Mr. Slow is punctual, plodding, careful and trustworthy. He possesses those qualities which, thirty years ago, would have enabled him, after a lifetime of exertion, to achieve a high position in the merchantile world. But, in the year 1860, business makes larger demands of those who are engaged in it. Business now requires intellect, spirit, tact, ingenuity, no less than honesty, and fidelity.

Mr. Smart posesses those qualities. He is not a mere plodder. He pays attention to appearances, as well as realities. He goes down to the store, looking like a gentleman, and he is one. He learns how to approach a customer, how to make himself agreeable to him, how to display his goods to advantage, how to meet objections, and how to adapt himself to various characters. He succeeds both in selling a long bill of merchandize, and in producing upon the mind of the purchaser an impression so agreeable, that he is sure to come back, the next season, and buy another. He soon gets at the real secret of success. He makes valuable suggestions. He proves his ability by actually succeeding in any business entrusted to his management.—in short, he is a man of intelligence and energy.

But is Mr. Smart less honest, less honorable than Mr. Slow? We believe not.—Leaving principle out of the question, Mr. Smart is too intelligent a man not to know, or soon discover, that the simple secret of successful business is to serve your customers better than other people serve them—to give them a little more for their money than they can get elsewhere.

A young man who expects to succeed in business must not rely on the negative virtues of *not* being a rascal. He must possess *positive* qualities. He must have a head on his shoulders with something in it. He must be quick to perceive and prompt to decide. He must be a man of intellect, knowledge, tact and good manners—not a plodding dolt. He must come down to the store as fresh as a daisy, as gay as a lark, and go through his work like a man who loves it, and means to do it well.

SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.

It is just sixteen years since Professor Morse put up the first Electric Telegraph in America. The first piece of news sent over it was the nomination of James K. Polk for President; made at Baltimore, and announced in Washington "two hours in advance of the mail."

No one at that day, probably not even the Professor himself dreamed how closely the Electric Wire would be interwoven with our daily life. Now, railroad trains are run by electricity. Theives are caught by electricity. Lost children are found by electricity. Fire bells are rung by electricity. Watches are set and clocks strike by electricity. Armies and fleets sail at its bidding. Treaties are negotiated at its word. Two friends in remote towns, by its help, sit down and have a friendly game of chess. Two Emperors, a thousand miles apart, by its help, carry on a seige of a distant city.

By night it flies over the world, gathering news to serve up to us at breakfast.—By day it flies all over the world, here congratulating a bride, there ordering a funeral, here warning of disaster, there summoning help to a wreck, here buying pork by the hundred barrels, there selling grain by the thousand bushels, arranging for feasts and fights, for sermons and stockbargains, for the harmonies of a concert and the discords of a convention, for law-making and for law-breaking, the fall of empires and the fall of thermometers, the candidates for the Presidency and the candidates for the Penitentiary. Truly, the romance of the Arabian Nights is, tame beside the reality of the Electric Wire!—*Albany Evening Journal.*

One chap who is at the Washoe silver mines, writes to a California paper, that since he started he has not seen a man worth less than $10,000 to $50,000, though all are keen at borrowing a dollar for their breakfast—The acommodations are as one to four of the folks that want them.

M. F. CHURCH.—By a summary of the Conferences, taken from the just published minutes, we learn that the total increase of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, for the past year was 17,660, making the present total membership of the church 832,657 There were 6,845 deaths.

Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it takes thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thine.—If vented, thy sword is in another's hand, which may wound thee—which is not unfrequently the case. Then beware!

An agriculturist in London, on the first of April, goes to the Zoological Gardens, to ask to be shown the two-horned Dilemma.

A HEROINE.

Last week, died at Hammersmith, in England, Mrs. Ross, celebrated for her beauty and constancy. Having met with opposition in her engagement with Captain Charles Ross, she followed him in men's clothes, when, after such a research and fatigue as scarce any of her sex could have undergone, she found him in the woods, lying for dead, after a skirmish with the Indians, and with a poniard wound. Having studied surgery in England, she, with an ardor and vigilance which only such a passion could inspire, saved his life by sucking his wound, the only expedient which could have effected it at the crisis he was in, and nursed him, with scarce a covering from the sky, for the space of six weeks. During this time she remained unsuspected by him, having dyed her skin with lime and bark, and keeping to a man's habit, still supported by the transport of hearing his unceasing aspirations of love and regret for the dear though, he then thought, distant object of his soul, being charged by him with transmitting to her, had the captain died, his remains, and the dying asseverations of constancy and gratitude for the unparalleled care and tenderness of his nurse, the bearer of them; but recovering, they moved to Philadelphia, where, as soon as she had found a clergyman to join her to him forever, she appeared as herself, the priest accompanying her. They lived for the space of four years in a fondness almost ideal to the present age of corruption, and that could only be interrupted by her declining health. The fatigue she had undergone, and the poison not properly expelled which she had imbibed from his wound, undermined her constitution. The knowledge he had of it, and piercing regret at having been the occasion, affecting him still more sensibly, he died with a broken heart last spring at Johnstown, in New York. She lived to return and implore forgiveness of her family, whom she had distressed so long by their ignorance of her destiny. She died in consequence of her grief and affection at the age of twenty-six.

WILLIAM PENN'S DEED FROM THE INDIANS IN 1685.

This indenture witnesseth, that we Packenah, Jarekhan, Sikals, Part Quesott, Jervis Essepenauk, Felktroy, Hekellappato Eronus, Machleha Metthcongs, Wissa Powey, Sachemakers, right owners of all the lands, from Quingus, called Duck Creek, unto Upland, called Chester Creek, all along by the west side of the Deleware River, and so between the creeks backward as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse, for and in consideration of these following goods to us in hand paid, and secured to be paid, by William Penn, Proprietor and Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania and territories thereof, viz: 20 guns, 20 fathoms matchcoat, 20 fathoms stroud water, 20 blankets, 20 kettles, 20 pounds powder, 100 bars lead, 40 tomahawks, 100 knives, 40 pairs of stockings, 1 barrel of beer, 20 pounds of red lead, 100 fathoms of wampum 30 glass bottles, 30 pewter spoons, 105 awl blades, 300 tobacco pipes, 100 hands of tobacco, 20 tobacco thogs, 20 steels, 300 flints, 30 pairs of scissors, 30 coubs, 60 looking-glasses, 200 needles, 1 skippel of salt, 30 pounds of sugar, 5 gallons of molasses, 20 tobacco boxes, 100 jewsharps, 20 hoes, 30 gimlets, 30 wooden screw boxes, 100 strings of beads, do hereby acknowledge, &c., at New Castle, 2d day of the eighth month, 1685.

The above is a true copy taken from the original, by Ephraim Morton, formerly a clerk in the Land-office.

THE "BOY PREACHER."—An exchange, speaking of this youth, who is now in Philadelphia, gives the following short biography:

Cramond Kennedy was born in Haddington-shire, in December, 1842, and is, therefore, in his eighteenth year. His father was a manufacturer's agent, and died when the boy was four years old. At thirteen Cramond was book-keeper in Edinburg.—He arrived in New York in August, 1856, and entered a ribbon store on Broadway.—Here he was to make himself generally useful at two dollars per week; but in the fall of 1858, having experienced religion, he departed from the faith of his fathers, (Presbyterian,) and was baptized in the North Baptist Church. He first preached in the same church in March, 1859. Since then he has declaimed twice a week, sometimes every day of the week, principally in New York, and from Canada to Georgia. He intends to enter a Baptist Theological College in New York State, and to remain in it three years. His success in the pulpit has been remarkable for a youth of his age, although, as far as we have had opportunity to judge, his sermons are rather declamatory in delivery than rational or strong in argument, and more wonderful as emanating from a boy than classic as the productions of a divine. He has exerted himself in other literary enterprises than sermonizing, and expects shortly to publish a volume for the support of his widowed mother.

For the Farmer.

CROPPING OF DAIRY FARMS.

The following extract from the *Handbook of Dairy Husbandry*, by J. C. Morton, recently published in London, and its suggestions are worthy of the consideration of our dairy farmers:

The cropping of the dairy farm has already been considered. We refer to it again under this section to insist on the great advantage to large dairy farms of a considerable portion of the land being arable. The ability to maintain cows during the winter season, when dry or not yielding milk enough for the maintainance of the general dairy management, on roots and straw instead of hay, and thus to set apart a large portion of the grass for summer pasture, to its own great advantage and to the greater productiveness of the cows at their most productive period, cannot be overrated. If every 100 acres of grass land, being at the rate of more than 1½ acres per cow of whole summer pasture, together with the aftermath of a corresponding quality needed for winter hay, will maintain a herd of 50 dairy cows, then any source of winter feeding which will displace two-thirds of the hay required, will set free for pasturage two-thirds of the extent of grass land to be mown. It is not too much to say that by 20 acres under arable culture, as much winter food will be provided as by 50 acres of grass mown. Supposing, then, these 100 acres to be divided into 80 acres pasture and 20 acres arable, it is plain that of the half of this pasture (40 acres) which ordinarily would fall to be mown, at least two-thirds (26 acres) would be set free by the winter food (straw and green crops) yielding by the 20 acres arable, and the stock capable of being kept on the remaining 80 acres pasture, as compared with that on the 100 acres of whole pasture, depends on the relative summer produce of 69 acres whole grass, and 44 acres aftermath, as compared with that o 50 acres of whole pasture, and 50 acres aftermath. There cannot be a doubt that the latter, and at the most productive time of the year; while the land will, at the same time, under this plan, be more likely to increase from year to year in value. It thus appears that a larger dairy stock can be kept upon a farm so managed, while, at the same time, one-half of the arable land will be yielding its valuable produce of grain for sale.

DO ANIMALS CONSUME FOOD IN PROPORTION TO THEIR SIZE?—We suppose that this question will generally receive an affirmative answer. Mr. John Johnson, of New York, whose success in fattening stock has given his opinion on this question equal authority with his opinion on draining, has recently written some advice to a young farmer on buying and fattening stock, which answers our question in the negative, at least so far as fatting animals are concerned. He says, in an article published in the *Country Gent'eman*, that—

"It takes no more feed to fat a lot of sheep averaging 140 or 150 pounds, than it does the same number averaging only 85 to 90 pounds; therefore it is more profitable to feed heavy sheep than light ones.—It takes no more to fat a steer that weighs 1,400 pounds, live weight, than it does one weighing 900 or 1,000 pounds, and the largest will always gain the most, with equal feed, if they are of the same age.—Then, when fat, the largest are worth the most per pound to the butcher; so there is a profit, according to their age."

In confirmation of this opinion, he adds that he had heard those whom he regarded as men of practical knowledge, say that all animals, except man, eat according to their size, and for a long time he believed it, but when he came to feed steers in stalls, some weighing 1,000 pounds some 1,500 pounds and found the largest putting on the most fat and gaining the most weight, which they would always do, he found that those men's theories would not stand the test when tried by practice.

HOW TO PREVENT SORE SHOULDERS ON ON WORKING HORSES.—The *Boston Journal* says, the plan we have tried and never found to fail, is to get a piece of leather and have it cut in such a shape as to lie snugly between the shoulders of the horse and the collar. This fends off all the friction, as the collor slips and moves on the leather and not on the shoulders of the horse. Chafing is caused by friction; hence this remedy is quite a plauseable one; and is much better than trying slips of leather or pads of sheep skin under the collar.

An experienced raiser and trainer of colts, in Maine, says: "An important point in rearing is the practice of speaking to them in a gentle voice, and frequently handling them while by the side of the dam, and after going to grass, taking care not to throw anything at them, but allow them to feel from the hand. Treat them kindly and they will become gentle."

AGRICULTURAL.—It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife, to rake up old quarrels, to hoe a grudge, and to sow discord.