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THE DYING GIRL.

My mother! look not on me now
With that sad, earnest eye;
Blame me not, mother—blame not thou
My heart's last wish—to die!

Select Tale.

THE DEATH OF WIND FOOT.

BY W. WHITMAN.

Three hundred years ago—so heard I the tale, not long since, from the mouth of one educated like a white man, but born of the race of whom Logan and Tecumseh sprang—three hundred years ago, there lived on lands now forming an eastern county of the most powerful of the American States, a pretty Indian tribe, governed by a brave and wise chieftain. This chieftain was called by a name which in our language signified Unrelenting.

rical and springy as the grass. It was the last and loveliest of the children of the sun—the soft-lipped, nimble Wind-Foot.
With the youth's assistance, the preparation for their frugal meal was soon completed. After finishing it, as the stranger appeared to be weary, a heap of skins was arranged for him in one corner of the lodge, and he laid himself down to sleep.
It was a lovely summer evening. The moon shone, the stars twinkled, and a thousand voices of a forest night sounded by its direction. The chief and his son, of old at the opening of the lodge, sat on a cool breeze that daughters of the sun, and flapped their wings to see them. On that same occasion, when the black snake, lay in the corner of the lodge, as if to let blood, when he was in his hunt, that day, he had no success, and in a right spirit, wondered why he did not hit the others' arrows should hit the mark, and failure be reserved for him alone. The chief heard him with a sad smile, and as he remembered his own youthful strains, he soothed the child with gentle words, telling him that brave warriors sometimes went whole days with the same perverse fortune.

Among the former inhabitants of this continent, it was considered rudeness, of the highest degree, to annoy a traveller or a guest with questions about himself, his late abode or his future destination. Until he saw fit to go, he was made welcome to stay, whether for a short time or a long one. Thus on the morning, when the strange Indian showed no signs of departing, the chief expressed not the least surprise, but felt indeed a compliment indirectly paid to his powers of endurance.
Early the succeeding day the Unrelenting called his son to him, while the stranger was standing at the door. He told Wind Foot that he was going a short journey, to perform which and return, would probably take him to nightfall. He enjoined the boy to remit no duties of hospitality towards his guest, and bade him be ready at evening with a welcome for his father.
The sun had marked the middle of the afternoon—when the chief finishing what he had to do sooner than he expected, came back to his own dwelling, and threw himself on the floor to obtain rest—for the day, though pleasant, had been a warm one. Wind-Foot was not there, and after a little interval the chief stepped to a lodge near by to make inquiry after him.
The young brave, said a woman, who appeared to answer his questions, "went away with the chief's strange guest many hours since."
The Unrelenting turned to go back to his tent.
"I cannot tell the meaning of it," added the woman, "but he of the fire eye, bade me, should the father of Wind-Foot ask for him, say to the chief these words, 'Unless your foe sees you drink his blood, that blood loses more than half its sweetness.'"

looked at each other terrible forebodings crossed the boy's soul.
"Young chieftain," said the stranger, "you must die!"
"The brave is to play," was the response.
"Wind-Foot is a little boy,"
"Scorpions are small at first," replied the man, "but in a few months, they have become deadly poison. Harken ye, Wind-Foot, I am a Kansi. I have been an evil root—I am a Kansi. The youth, your parent spared in the forest, has now become a man. Warnings of all his tribe point to him as the man who has slain the Kansi. Wind-Foot is no longer!"
The boy's heart beat quickly—but beat true to the stern courage of his ancestors.
"I am the son of a chief," he answered, "my cheeks cannot be wet with tears."
The Kansi looked at him a few seconds with admiration, which soon gave way to malignant serowls. They produced from an inner part of his dress a wife of some tough bark, he stepped to Wind-Foot, and began binding his hands. It was useless to attempt resistance, for besides the despatch of their strength, the boy was unarmed, while the savage had at his waist a hatchet, and a rude stone weapon resembling a poniard. He pointed to Wind-Foot the direction he must take, gave a significant touch at his girdle, and followed close on behind.
When the Unrelenting and his people started to seek for the child and that fearful stranger, they were lucky enough to find the trial which the absent ones had made. None except an Indian's eye could have tracked them by so slight and devious a guide. But the chief's sight was sharp with paternal love; they followed on—winding on again—at length coming to the fallen tree.—The trail was now less irregular, and they traversed with great rapidity. The direction seemed towards the shores of a long narrow lake which lay adjacent to their territory. Onward went they, and as the sun sank in the west they saw his last glittering gleams reflected from the waters of the lake. The grounds here were almost clear of trees; and as they came out, the Unrelenting and his warriors swept the range with their eyes.
Was it so indeed?—There, on the grass not twenty yards from the shore, were the persons they sought—and fastened near by a canoe. They saw by his posture that the captive was bound they saw, too, that if the Kansi should once get him in the boat and gain a start for the opposite side were very likely some of the tribe were waiting for him, release would be impossible.—For a moment only they paused. The Unrelenting sprang off, uttering the battle cry of his tribe, and the rest joined in the terrible chorus and followed him.
As the sudden sound swept along by the breeze to the Kansi's ear, he jumped to his feet, and with that wonderful self-possession which distinguished his species, determined at once what was safest and surest for him to do: He seized Wind-Foot by the shoulder, and ran towards the boat, holding the boy's person as a shield from any weapons the pursuers might attempt to launch after him. He still possessed the advantage.—It was a fearful race; and the Unrelenting felt his heart grow sick, as the Indian, dragging his child, approached the waters edge.
"Turn, whelp of Kansi!" the chief madly cried. "Turn, thou whose coward arm warrest against children. Turn if thou darrest, and meet the eye of a full grown brave!"
A loud taunting laugh was born back from the flying enemy to the ears of the furious father.—The savage did not look around, but twisted his left arm, and pointed with his finger to Wind-Foot's throat. At that moment he was within twice his length of the canoe. The boy heard his father's voice and gathered his energies, faint and bruised as he was, for a last struggle. Vain his efforts for a moment only he loosened himself from the grip of his foe, and fell to the ground.—That moment, however, was a fatal one to the Kansi. With the speed of lightning, the chief's bow was up at his shoulder—the cords twanged sharply—and a poison tipped arrow sped through the air. Faithful to the mission, it cleft the Indian's side, just as he was stooping to lift Wind-Foot in the boat. He gave a wild shriek; his blood spouted from the wound, and he staggered down upon the sand. His strength,

however, was not yet gone. Hate and measureless revenge—the stronger they were baffled, raged within him, and shot through his eyes, glassy as they were beginning to be with death-damps. Twisting his body like a bruised snake, he worked himself close up to the bandaged Wind-Foot. He felt to his waistbands and drew forth the weapon of stone. He laughed a laugh of horrid triumph—he shouted aloud—he raised his weapon in the air—and just as the death-rattle sounded in his throat, he came down upon the child's forehead. The blow came down upon the child's forehead, and his eyes opened and turned to the chief; his beautiful lips parted in a smile, the last effort of expiring fondness. On his features fitted a lovely look, transient as the ripple athwart the wave, a slight tremor shook him, and the next minute Wind-Foot was dead.
Mammoth Cave.—Ole Bull.
The editor of the Louisville Journal, paid a visit to the Mammoth Cave in company with Ole Bull a few days ago, and thus briefly alludes to the wonders of the place, and the musical power of his companion:
We passed sixteen hours within the cave, during which we travelled eighteen miles, but at present we cannot attempt a description of it. We intend shortly to spend two or three weeks there, and then we shall probably endeavor to record a sketch of what we see and feel. No language, however, can ever give even a faint idea of the visitor's impressions. For years we have been reading descriptions of the cave given by different travellers, many of them eloquent and powerful, and we fancied that we had something of a correct conception of the great wonder; but we felt, on seeing it for ourselves, how poor and how vain were all efforts at description and how infinitely all preconceived ideas must fall below the vast and tremendous reality. At every step of progress for miles through the mighty cavern, the beautiful, the mysterious and the terrific, burst upon us on either hand, and above our heads and beneath our feet, exciting impressions that can never be told or forgotten. How strange that there are multitudes in the West, say even in Kentucky, that seem content to pass their lives without beholding this, the grandest and most stupendous of the works of God. Such a feeling is indeed a sin against nature and ingratitude to the Almighty.
We cannot here omit to mention, that Ole Bull took his violin into the cave and gave us some of his noblest performances, at the points most remarkable for their wonderful echoes. The music was like no earthly music. It seemed, indeed, superhuman. The whole company were as mute and motionless as statues, and tears, copious and gushing tears, streamed from every eye.
YOUNG MAN.—LISTEN.—We have a short essay for you to read or to hear—will you listen to its counsels? Will you remember the invaluable lesson it imparts? It is brief—but how full of meaning!
Choosing a Wife.—Young man, a word in your ear. When you choose a wife, don't be fascinated with a dashing creature, fond of Society, vain, artificial, and showy in dress. You do not want a doll or a coquette for a partner. Choose rather one of those retiring, modest, sensible girls, who have learned to deny themselves, and possess some decided character. A popular writer well observes, that no trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is a sunshine feeling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you may observe kindness and love predominating over the bad feelings of a natural heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold, it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life retains all its freshness and power.

A TENNESSEAN.—A full six footer presented himself to the sergeant at the recruiting quarters. Old Levee street, yesterday, and offered his service to Uncle Sam for the next four years. The sergeant rejoiced to meet with such excellent material for a dragoon, slipped half a dollar into his fist as an earnest of future favors, and complimented him on the prospects of glory that were opening to him and to all enterprising young men, who joined the service, both in Mexico and Oregon. "It speaks trumpet-tongued," he added, "for the patriotism of all such young men as you are, to see them come in at a time like the present, when we are threatened war from two opposite quarters, and enroll themselves in the standing army of the country."
"Hold on, stranger," said the Tennessean, "did you say standing army?"
"Certainly I did," said the sergeant, and what more honorable service is there?"
"Honorable h—ll!" said the Tennessean.—"Do you think I come all the way from Cooke county to join your stay-at-home standing army? No! tell me where I can find a marchin' army—an army marchin' to the Halls of the Montezumas," as old Sam used to say—or a fightin' army, and I'm there certain. D—n your standin' armies—they are no account—and I'll jine none of 'em. Good bye, stranger!" and saying this, the Tennessean sloped.—Picayune.
PAINT ME AS I AM.—"Paint me as I am," said Oliver Cromwell to a young Lely. "If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." Even in such a trifle, the great Protector showed his good sense and magnanimity. He did not wish all that was characteristic in his countenance to be lost in vain attempt to give him the regular features and smooth blooming cheeks of the curl-painted minions of James the First. He was content that his face should go forth marked with all the blemishes which had been put upon it by war, by sleepless nights, by anxiety, and perhaps by remorse; but with valor, policy, authority and public care, written in all its princely lines. If men truly great, knew their own interest, it is thus that they would wish their minds to be portrayed.—Edinburg Review.
NEW DISCOVERY IN AMERICA.—We find the following in a letter recently published in the National Intelligencer:
"Near the mission established by the American Board at the Gaboon, a people have been discovered far superior to any upon the coast, whose language is represented as one of the most perfect and harmonious in all the world; who have among them a tradition that some two centuries ago a stranger came to their country and instructed them civilization and their duties; who are acquainted with the facts and truths of the holy Scriptures; and who are remarkably prepared for the reception of further knowledge. They are at present removing from the interior towards the coast, and our missionaries cherish the hope that through their agency civilization and Christianity may be widely diffused."
National Song.
We imagine there are few of our readers who know any thing of the origin of our popular national songs. "Hail Columbia." The history of it is given by a cotemporary:
"Hail Columbia" stands at the head of our patriotic songs, and is somewhat remarkable in its origin. About fifty years ago, Mr. Fox, a young vocalist of fine talents in the line of his profession, was desirous to bring out something on his benefit night, being then performing in Philadelphia. He applied accordingly to the late Judge Hopkinson, who was known to be a votary of the muses, to write him a song for the occasion; but the Judge's numerous engagements prevented him from entering on the task until the very morning of the benefit.
When Fox called and found the matter thus, he was most distracted. Mrs. Hopkinson pitying his situation, took her seat at the piano—and beckoning to her husband, he took up his pen, struck off the first verse, which his lady played to its present air. Fox, almost frantic with joy, ran to Mr. Rengle, the composer, who set it to music. The song was finished off-hand—and sung from the manuscript that night with rapturous applause. Fox made a fortune by it; nothing was heard that whole season but "Hail Columbia."