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PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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Poetry.

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth, And it never comes again; 'Tis a vision of light and life, and truth, And that fits across the brain. And so, in the theme of that early dream, So wild, so warm, so new, That in all our after-year I deem, That early dream we rue. Oh! there is a dream of maturer years, More turbulent by far; 'Tis a vision of blood and of woman's tears, And the theme of that dream is war! And we toil in the field of danger and death, And we shout in the battle array, Till we find that fame is a bodiless breath, That vanishes away. Oh! there is a dream of honory age, 'Tis a vision of pomp in store, Of suns noted down on the figured page, To be counted o'er and o'er; And we fondly trust in our glittering dust, As a refuge from grief and pain, Till our limbs are laid on that last damp bed, Where the wraith of the world is vain. And is it thus from man's birth to his grave, Is there thought in that long career? From remorse and self-abridging, Oh, yes! there's a dream so pure, so bright, That the being to whom it is given, Hath bathed in a sea of living light, And the theme of that dream is HEAVEN.

Select Tale.

COUSIN BARNEY ON A TRAMP.

An odd specimen of humanity was your roving journeyman printer. Surrounded from his youth up by a pile of newspapers and the literature of the day, from which, in the ordinary course of his business, he is obliged to glean the prominent and choicest parts, at a mature age, when he has mastered the mysteries of the "black art," he is perfectly familiarized with the ways of the world, its prominent points and characters, and casts himself upon his broad bosom as careless and unconcerned, as one whose mind is made up that the world owes him a living, and he is bound to have it. More intelligent than the common run of mechanics, afraid of no kind of work, he is always ready to turn his hand to anything to make a living, from delivering lectures on temperance or abolitionism, down to acting as clown in a circus company. Liberal to a fault, kind hearted, with a hand open as day to melting charity, while in possession of a "sit," no chum but he will divide with, no suffering but finds relief to his utmost pecuniary, and thus it generally happens, when he is out of employment, he is out of sorts, and often even a little more so. Yet let it not be inferred that your perigrinating type will wringe or fawn, or in any way compromise his independence or dignity to fashion himself to the various circumstances or characters he has to deal with. Far from it. In all his ups and downs, he never ceases to cherish a proper notion of his own importance, and what is due to a man; and let one but undertake to oppress him, or treat him with contumely or contempt, and, no matter how low his fortune may be, our word for it, he will in a summary and quite efficient manner let it be understood that he is not a errand.

him; and yet it may seem strange, he and Scroggs were unable to agree. Barney had the poorest stand, Barney got the least "mikes," and at the end of every week Barney's bill was disputed. Besides this, Scroggs was a verberating, tyrannical, and particularly hard in the treatment of his boys and his negroes. Now whether it was because Barney's own head was a little woolly, and his skin rather a dubious white, or whether it was because of his kind honest nature, we cannot determine; but certain it is, he always had a sympathy for the oppressed sons and daughters of Ham, and never could bear to see them ill-treated; and on one occasion, when Scroggs, with a large "black snake," lay it on the naked back of one of his negroes, so that every cut brought blood, Barney interfered—swore it was inhuman, brutal, and must be stopped. Scroggs couldn't understand what right Barney had to interfere, Barney plead the right of common humanity; at which Scroggs swore he was an "infernal abolitionist," and shouldn't work for him another hour, and told him to make out his bill. Barney was used to being discharged and complied without hesitation. Coming to balance accounts, however, Scroggs was dismayed to find that Barney had overdrawn his account about ten dollars, and he now insisted that he should remain and work out the amount. Barney put his thumb to his nose and made some significant motions with his fingers, at which Scroggs became perfectly furious, and swore he would advertise him in the *Rebelle*, and post him as a cheat, scoundrel, and paltrous; and following Barney to the door, just as he was stepping out,

west, even stately looking mansion, to which Barney was conducted by the back way, and comfortably disposed in a neat-looking though dimly lighted room in the basement story. He could hardly comprehend why his friend managed the matter so mysteriously; but presumed it might be on account of his appearance, which, to say the truth, was shabby enough. With his tarpon lin hat, cowhide boots, face sun-burnt black with dust, and not for many days, it may easily be imagined, he was an object. Presently a door opened, and in came two servants, bearing a tray, completely loaded down with savory viands, and they were placed before him and he was bidden "eat." Barney needed no second invitation, and he who, after a three day's fast, has set down to a sumptuous meal, may be able to form a faint conception of the manner in which the battle of pork and beans was conducted by our half starved cousin. The meal over, he was almost ready to fall at the feet of his host and thank him for his kindness, when what was his surprise and joy, to learn that a conveyance was waiting for him at the door, and that he was to be carried to Chicago free of charge! Barney's brain reeled. He nearly kissed the dusky servant girl—he hugged the large Newfoundland dog that came up to lick his hand—and when he got hold of his benefactor, he gave him such an embrace that the good man was fain to disengage himself. Barney was in perfect ecstasies, sea when, after some effort, he was safely seated in the conveyance, and the sharp crack of the driver's whip put it in motion, Barney actually wept for joy, and

grayhound would have been in trouble to catch him as he streaked it across that prairie. Arrived at Ottawa, our office was the first place he stopped at, and he had been here but a few minutes, when he was asked how he had come? "The queerest affair I ever heard of," said with a look that evidently meant nothing. "What's that?" inquired three or four who were gathering around him. He told them the whole affair as he related above. "Did you ever hear of the UNDERGROUND RAIL ROAD?" inquired an old hand, when he was through, bursting out in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Underground Rail Road! What's that?" It was explained to him that it was a line of conveyances kept up by the abolitionists, to carry runaway and stolen slaves to the Canada line. The truth at once burst upon him. The good man at Peoria had mistaken him for a runaway slave, and had sent him through on that subterranean line. "Fury!" A hint, gentle reader! If you would keep on the right side of Cousin Barney, never mention the *Underground Rail Road!* TOIL ON! BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH. Toil on! sun-burnt mechanic. God has placed thee in thy lot, perchance, to guide the flying ear that whirls us on from scene to scene, or friend to friend; calm down the warring waves of ocean, tempest-toosed, or chain the red artillery of heaven. Toil on! Jehovah was a workman too. "In the beginning God created the heaven and earth," and from confused chaos sprang this perfect world, the perfect workmanship of the eternal uncreated power. Up rose the mighty firmament, and back the sullen surges swept, submissive, tamed, each to their serval bounds. And there he set great lights: the glorious sun to bless the day; the timid moon to wear at night the milder lustre of radiant orb. He painted heaven with mingling blue and white, and in the vaulted arch a modest star peeped out, seeming, by the majesty of the sun and moon, like a stray filly breathing out its love of neck and blushing liveliness in the gay tints of opening bud and rich voluptuous blossom. Wandering there dawned another and a third, till clustering, clinging to the spacious canopy, they read in the calm waters of the sea the story of their radiant loveliness. From thence assured, they fear not sun nor moon, but faithfully distil their pensive light. Old ocean tossed her crescent spray, and from her hidden depths creatures of life came up, and flew above the earth, winged fowls and birds, and lying fish, and the great whale, dark emperor of the sea. And God created man. Six days he labored, and the seventh he reposed; while from the sea, the earth, the air, and all that in them is, went up a chorus of extatic praise to God, the first, the eternal architect! Toil on! Drink from the dews that heaven distils; fragrant flowers, the bursting buds, the blessed air, are untold wealth to the hard-browed and bronzed mechanic. Rich coffers bring a snail, a canker, and heart-corrosion. God's wealth is yours, a wealth to which decaying gold is vanity and dross. Toil on! Proud peer and prince, pedant, sage, statesman, and priest, nor claim the tribute of the tomb, which fair would drive away the greedy worm; and splendored eloquence and mocking tears are shed above the dust which lies as common as the plebeian hero. The grave is the great leveler. Blest gravel. Grave of the tanned mechanic! A spirit speaks from thence, and willing ears may learn some task, which monuments of gold have not a power to teach. Proud man—learned man—go sit above his tomb, and weep to think when old Times shall tire, the sun go out with weariness; oblivion's sullen surge shall sweep away your greatness and your chivalry; above the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds, the handwork of God's own nobleman shall live immutable as time, while time his empire holds, eternal as eternity! Our dissolution is as much the work of nature as the first vital principle of our existence. No sooner does the purple tide of life begin to flow than Death marks us for the grave. Each minute takes from our being on earth, as much as it contributes to it.

The Romance of Insect Life. We take the following beautiful extract from a Historical lecture by Judge Charlton of Georgia. "The earth teems with mystery; the sky shines with them; they float in the air; they swim in the deep; they flash from the dark robed clouds; they whisper to the gentle tones of the summer wind; they speak to the trumpet tongues, in the voice of tempest and the thunder. Cease thy longings for the ancient days, oh, dreamer. Close thy book and look about thee upon the volume of Nature. See there, before thee, in a tiny insect that thou canst scarce distinguish from the grains of sand that surround it, watch it, it moves on with energy and an instinct that enables it to overcome or avoid all obstacle. See; it has seized some object larger than itself; and still is going bravely on; nothing daunts it; nothing stops it; tread it under foot (if thou canst have the heart to attempt such a murder) and it will rise up again beneath the ocean of sand and turn once more to his labor. Dost thou know it? It is the ant, that lion hearted ant, toiling amid the heat of summer, and though the season's brightness and its warmth are bringing up and producing ten thousand enjoyments for the little traveller, he is busy in gathering together his provender, for the long winter time, when frost and snow and cold shall have locked up the granaries of nature. Thou wilt tell me that I am mocking thee, that thou canst see this daily and hourly, and is this a mystery therefore? If thou hadst read in those ancient legends before thee; of an insect so courageous that it would attack an animal of ten thousand times its magnitude; of industry so indefatigable that it would climb house tops and mountains to pursue its course, of perseverance so unflagging, that though repulsed a thousand times it would return and overcome the obstacle that impeded it; the eye would have sparkled with interest and amazement, it is because it is constantly before thee; because it belongs to the present time; that thou lookest so disdainly upon it! When did the knight errants of thy heart do half so much? When did their bosoms beat as high with valor and determination as this poor insect! But it has no loves; no burning jealousies; no blood stained victories." How knowest thou that? I warrant thee even that thy breast has grown gende for some fond one that lived within its little world that its blood has flowed quicker when some Adonis ant has fired around the little coquette; that its path has been stained by the trophies of its mimic battles. A WIDOW BEWITCHED.—Lieutenant Wilkie describes an amusing scene which he witnessed at Astoria. Among a crowd of Indians, were several squaws, all dressed in the best attire. The principal among them was a widow, whose time of mourning for the death of her husband had just expired. Her object was according to the custom of the Chinooks, to notify her friends that she was ready to receive the addresses of any one who was in want of a wife. The widow was of masculine make, and what we would call a buxom dame. She was attended by seven others, of small stature in comparison, who were maids, and all evidently accompanied her to do honor to the occasion. Every half hour they would arrange themselves in a row, and the widow at their head, effecting a modest downcast look, would commence a chaunt, informing the bystanders that their period of mourning was out, that she had forgotten her deceased husband, given her grief to the winds, and was now ready to espouse another. This chaunt was accompanied by a small movement of the feet and body, which, with the guttural song and consequent excitement of such an exhibition, caused the fair ones to wax so warm that the perspiration rolled down their painted cheeks; this, with the crimson flush, all tended to add brilliancy to their dark eyes, as they were now and then cast around upon the multitude of Indians, who seemed all admiration. What Providence has made necessary, human nature should comply with cheerfully; as there is a necessity of death, so that necessity is equal and invincible; none can complain of that which every man must suffer as well as himself; it is but a submission to the lot which the whole world has suffered that has gone before us, and so must they also who succeed us.

Integrity. Who ever failed to prosper in a long run that was strictly virtuous and honest? A young man of firm integrity—who commences life with the determination to deal justly and honorably by all, may not appear to succeed as well as his neighbor, who does not possess half his virtue—but in the end he will make more money, and secure better friends. There is something winning in virtuous integrity. It draws the multitude; for bad as mankind are, they always respect goodness. Ye who are just commencing life, if you have no other capital than a virtuous life and an honest heart, have no fears, you will surmount every obstacle, and come out victorious. For a present gain, never sacrifice your integrity, or look with the least degree of complacency upon a wrong suggestion. One step in the downward path may prove disastrous in the extreme. Be content with small gains and an honest heart, rather than large accession to your property as the sacrifice of your integrity. If young men would commence their career with the determination to do right at all hazards, there would be but little difficulty. They might, however, be drawn away by the dishonest, but the moment they see the tendency of evil associates, they should at once break away from the unholy alliance. To remain would be death to them. Integrity alone will bring true enjoyment in life; peace in death, with a hope of blessedness hereafter. MORAL INFLUENCE OF HANGING.—The Baltimore correspondent of the Boston Atlas gives this description of the recent execution of McCurry at Baltimore. "It was a mournful exhibition of the depravity of the human heart. Every eminence which commanded a view of the gallows, was crowded with men, women and children. Every window from which the spectacle of a human being suffering the pangs of death could be seen, was filled with eager and anxious faces. Men led their sons up almost to the foot of the gallows. Women with children in their arms, and with daughters at their side, pressed foremost in the eager throng. The young girl, who would have screamed to see a spider crawl, was there to see a human being die." Vice stalked forth in its gaudy and vulgar attire; and side by side, went with it, those who were taught the lessons of virtue, and hoped they practiced them. And in the midst of the crowd, whilst they were anxiously waiting the death scene, and even whilst the poor man hung between heaven and earth, and his soul was struggling in the pangs of mortality, rude jests were passed around—horrid oaths were uttered, and contentions and quarrels, and even fights were going on. I hear this from one whose official relations made it his duty to be present, for I have not the manhood that can look upon such spectacles. And this scene the law requires to be enacted that the moral effect of an execution may not be lost! Twenty thousand people must be gathered—as were gathered to-day—at the hanging of a poor criminal, that the dreadful fate of the murderer may produce its proper and salutary influences on the depraved and wicked! What shortsighted policy! The spectators of to-day were drawn to the scene by that depraved curiosity which belongs to the human mind, and which increases by what it feeds on. No one went there and returned a better or a wiser man. If men must be put to death—and that they must, we have the warrant of the Great Being himself—let it be done only to vindicate justice, and not to gratify the morbid taste! PRISTINE SENTIMENT.—The memories of childhood, the long far away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayer, the voice of a departed play-fellow; the ancient church and school-house in all their green and hallowed associations come upon the heart in the dark hour of sin and sorrow, as well as in the joyous time, like the passage of a pleasantly remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own purity and sweetness over it. SPEAK TO THE EXTENT OF \$1,000,000 IS SAID TO BE ON ITS WAY FROM ENGLAND TO CANADA, TO PAY THE TROOPS. Riding on horseback is the fashionable amusement of the ladies in the large cities at present.