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Poetry.

MAN.

The human mind—that lofty thing!
The palace and the throne,
Where reason sits, a sceptred king,
And breathes his judgment tone.

Select Tale.

THE YOUNG REBEL.

A Tale of the Carolinas.

BY J. MILTON SANDERS.

In a small farm-house, towards the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife and only son.

At length he said, "David, this is disastrous news from Camden. God knows what will become of the country now!

Both the son and wife looked up at these words. The old lady ceased knitting and gazed enquiringly at her boy, and it was evident, from the expression of her face, that patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her bosom.

"David, David, why do you linger about the village when your country needs your services so much?—why, son, I am ashamed of you! Twice before this have I spoken to you upon this subject, but you appear to have no spirit!

"Why, you see," said his host, "I believe, there's a little revenge for a slight received from these fellow-sinners, mixed up with the major's desire to catch the Bunkers. The girl is very pretty, they say, and the major, when she was down here on a visit last year—before the war got to be so bloody—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to say to him.

"Joshua, Joshua," interposed the old mother, "David is but a youth, then do not speak to him so harshly. He cannot yet feel what you feel, who have fought so often against our country's enemies—Joshua, he is but a boy."

"A boy, indeed, Deborah! such boys as David have already gained imperishable laurels since the war commenced. I could name a host of them!—why were it not for the boys of this land where would be our army, which, I dare say, is one quarter composed of boys of David's age?"

David arose and left the house. He walked some distance apparently in deep thought.

"What will not woman do!" he at last muttered—"here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago. And for what?—why to meet a pretty girl, and to listen to her musical voice; but now I will be myself again!—what did he call me? was it coward? Now, by heaven, I will learn him that he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father.

away then with love, for I feel that I am called upon to act, and no longer

PORTAGE SENTINEL.

"The Constitution—The Safeguard of our Federal Compact."—James K. Polk.

Volume I.

RAVENNA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1845.

Number 11.

Terms of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One square, one insertion) and Price (e.g., 50 50).

A very liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers are requested to leave their advertisements at the office as early as Wednesday morning before publication.

dream! Ere a fortnight my father shall bear of me, or else I lose my life in striving for it." And with this resolution he turned about and retraced his steps.

When he reached home he sought the stables, saddled his horse, and mounting him struck him into a gallop which continued for several miles. At length he stopped and looked up at the windows of a farm-house, half hid between clustering trees. This was the residence of Mary Bunker, the mistress of his heart; the lights showed that the family had not retired, and he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure.

"Nay! Mary," you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a farewell, for I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in this struggle. But I could not be so cruel as to desert you without a word."

"I will compose myself," said the fair girl, with an effort to smile. "I know I have been wrong to persuade you to stay; but you cannot imagine the anxiety I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear to have you too encountering their danger. But since this dreadful defeat at Camden I feel that every man is wanted by our country. Go, then, dearest, and God be with you. My prayers shall attend you, night and day."

David pressed the now weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss at the sound of approaching footsteps, wrung her hand, and was gone.

The next day he left the neighborhood of his father's house, armed with a musket and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far to the northward; but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, he knew there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose.

Before his departure he saw a few of his old playmates, who promised to follow as soon as possible. Night found him near a lonely farm-house, to which he proceeded boldly in pursuit of lodging. At first the occupant received him coldly, but a chance expression convincing David that his host was a tory, he effected the same political creed & was immediately warmly welcomed.

The royalist produced his cider after supper, and insisted that David should join him in his potations; this the young man did, taking care, however, not to indulge too freely, while the farmer, overjoyed to find what he supposed a new recruit for his party, drank without stint and became more and more communicative.

To his horror David soon learned that a party of loyalists, led by a Major Wilson, celebrated for his toriyism and ruthlessness, were to start early the ensuing day, on an expedition to seize and hang the two Bunkers, who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the royalist leaders.

David knew enough of the partisan warfare to be assured that no mercy would be showed his friends; he also knew enough of the character of the major to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so distant an expedition, when there were others as inviting nearer home.

He accordingly set himself to discover from his half inebriated companion the truth. Nor was it long before success crowned his adroit cross-examination.

"Why, you see," said his host, "I believe, there's a little revenge for a slight received from these fellow-sinners, mixed up with the major's desire to catch the Bunkers. The girl is very pretty, they say, and the major, when she was down here on a visit last year—before the war got to be so bloody—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to say to him.

Ever since, he has avowed to make her rue the day. You may depend upon it he will have her on his own terms now—thank heaven! there's no law any longer to prevent an honest royalist from doing as he pleases to those rascally rebels. But yonder is the major now."

"I'll introduce you to him at once—a merry fellow, you'll find him—Lord love you he's as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, saw the necessity of dissembling in order to learn further of the tories, plans, and find means, if possible to circumvent them. He arose, therefore, and shook the major's hands warmly; pledged him immediately to a brimner; and soon contrived to make the royalist believe that he was anxious to join a troop and take part against the rebels. This induced the major to be unusually civil,

for he wished to secure so athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain had been concluded between the two. David refused, however, to sign the agreement that night; he pretended that several others of his friends were disaffected and desirous of joining the loyalists; and his object, he said, was to secure a commission for himself by introducing them to join. This tempting bait took; the major promised him a command in his troop in case of success, and David signified his intention of setting forth, and after he had taken a few hours rest, in order to lose no time in gathering together his recruits.

The dread of discovery had been constantly before our hero during the management of this negotiation, for this person was well known to many of the major's troop, and if any of them had come up, his feigned name would not have protected him from detection. He wished to get off that night, as he had proposed; but to this neither his host nor the major would hear, and he was forced to remain till morning.

What was his anguish to hour, on rising, that the major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to the Bunkers, with his troops. Dissembling his anxiety, David partook of a hasty breakfast, and mounting on his horse he rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house he struck into a fierce gallop, which he continued till he came in sight of a cross-road, where was a tavern. Here he stopped and learning that the royalists had taken the high road, he turned aside into a narrow and more circuitous one.

"It is my only chance to avoid them," he said, again dashing into a gallop. "Pray God, I may reach the settlement in time to collect a few of our lads and march to Bunkers. There is no other hope now left!"

Night had fallen, as they expected, before the tories were able to reach the vicinity of the house they were in search of. At length, however, after a silent march through the woods it broke upon their view. A light was burning in one of the windows, and when they arrived close to the premises the lively notes of a violin reached their ears, proving that the brothers were not aware of their presence, but enjoying themselves in imagined security.

"Now men," whispered the leader of the tories; "when I give the word, fire a volley at the house by way of introducing ourselves; we will then surround the place and enter it." At that instant the deep bay of a dog rang in their ears, and a large mastiff sprang from under the house and rushed at the major.

"Fire!" he cried. Twenty guns broke upon the stillness of the night—the dog fell dead—every pane of glass in the front of the house was shattered, and the tories yelled like savages. In an instant the light in the house was extinguished—the violin as quickly ceased, and a noise was heard at the door. The tories immediately made a rush at it. But it was already barred, and being made of stout oak plank, resisted all their efforts. A rifle cracked from one of the upper windows, and one of the tories fell desperately wounded. Another report succeeded, and another tory fell, and Major Wilson was now fully aware that both Bunkers were at home and wide awake. A shed turned the rain from the front of the house, and underneath this, the tories shielding themselves from the fire of the Bunkers, went to work at the door. Suspecting such resistance—perhaps from his knowledge of their character—one of the men had brought an axe, with which he commenced hewing at the door, and soon cut it to pieces. Here a desperate battle ensued. The two brothers were powerful men, and as courageous as they were strong, and now with clubs and rifles they disputed the entrance of the whole tory force. The door being small they stood their ground for half an hour, felling during that time some of those who had the temerity to enter first, but finally numbers overcame them, and they were flung upon the floor and bound. The tories, inflamed to madness at the great resistance which had been made, at their own losses, now seized the mother and sister, and made preparations to hang the two brothers before their eyes. The ropes were already tied around the necks of the victims, when the major addressed his men.

"Now, friends, as soon as these villains are dead we will set fire to this house—the old woman there," said he

with a brutal laugh, "may be left aside—but the young one I reserve for myself."

"Hill!" cried one of the men in a loud voice. The major ceased, and they heard a voice outside the house. Although the words were spoken low the listeners distinctly heard, "when I see fire give it to them!" A man with blanched cheek now rushed among them exclaiming, "the yard is full of men!"

"Fire!" cried a deep voice from the yard—a general volley succeeded, and well had the aim been directed in the door, that several of the tories fell either dead or desperately wounded. In turn the tories retreated up the stairs, when David, our hero, rushed into the room which they had just left, and cut the rope which bound the Bunkers and their mother and sister.

"May God Almighty bless you for this!" cried one of the Bunkers. The two men sprang up, seized their rifles, which had been left in the room, and prepared to retaliate the treatment which they had just received.

Long and desperate was the battle. The tories fought for life: the whigs for revenge. But, at length, the latter triumphed, though not until their enemies had been almost wholly exterminated. The major fell by the arm of our hero, who sought him out in the hottest of the fight, and engaged him single handed.

No language of ours can express the emotions of David as he pressed his betrothed bride to his bosom; and his heart went up in thankfulness to heaven for his timely arrival, when he thought that a delay of half an hour longer would have consigned her to a fate worse than death. The gratitude of her brothers was expressed in many words, but hers was silent and tearful, yet Oh! how much more gratifying.

"I almost called you a coward, son David," said his father to him, when they met, "but you are a chip of the old block and I did you wrong. Deborah he is a boy to be proud of—is he not? You may founder one of my horses every day if you do such a deed—it beats anything I saw in the old French war."

David's gallantry in this act drew around him, in a few weeks, more than a score of hardy young followers, who fought with him to the close of the war, when he returned and was happily married to the heroine of our story.—Ladies' National Magazine.

A Revolutionary Relic.

The following eloquent Revolutionary Sermon, preached on the 10th of September, 1777, the eve of the battle of Brandywine, by the Rev. Jacob Prout to a large portion of the American soldiers, in the presence of Gen. Washington, Gen. Wayne and others of the Continental Army, was recently discovered (says a contemporary journal) among some old papers of Major Jacob Shafmyre, an officer of the Revolution.

Who, after reading this sermon, would be willing to sanction an effort to deprive our soldiers and sailors of the benefits and consolations to be derived from the services of the ministers of Religion in the Army and Navy? Who doubts that many a heart was strengthened, and many an arm nerved by the fervid eloquence of the devout man of God, in the "days of their years?" And if such was the result then, why should it be otherwise now?

REVOLUTIONARY SERMON.

"They that take the Sword shall perish by the Sword."

Soldiers and Countrymen:—We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of the retreat—alike we have endured hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, and outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat, night after night, beside the same camp-fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare. We have together heard the roll of the reveille, which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo, which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the valley, on the eve of battle—when the sunlight is dying away on yonder heights—the sunlight that to-morrow morning will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met, amid the white tents of our encampment; in time of terror and gloom have we gathered together—God grant it may not be for the last time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature

seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff—the breeze has died away along the green plains of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us glistens in the sunlight—the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of the uproar of the bloodshed and strife of to-morrow.

"They that take the Sword shall perish by the Sword."

And have they not taken the sword? Let the desolate plain, the blood-shedden valley, the burned farm-house, blackening in the sun, the sacked village, and ravaged town, answer—let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer—let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to her withered breast, that can afford no sustenance, let her answer; with the murmuring tones, that mark the last struggle for life—let the dying mother and her babe answer.

It was but a day past and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here—wrong was not here. Fraud and wo, and misery, and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked forth from the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now, God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the Sword shall perish by the Sword."

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief, when I tell you that the doom of the British is near! Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud and the blacker storm of Divine Retribution!

They may conquer us on to-morrow! Might and wrong will prevail, and we may be driven from this field—but the hour of God's own vengeance will come! Aye! In the vast solitudes of eternal space in the heart of a boundless universe there throbs the being of a God, quick to avenge and sure to punish guilt, then will the man, George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his heart the vengeance of the eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, an accursed intellect a blight will be upon his children, and on his people. Great God! how dread the punishment.

A dense populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all the forms of terror; an ignorant and a God defying priesthood chuckling over the miseries of millions;—a proud and unmerciful nobility, adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very core; crime and want linked hand in hand and tempting man to deeds of woe and death—these are a part of the doom and retribution that shall come upon the English people!

Soldiers! I look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest To-morrow we will go forth to battle for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will march with you, invoking God's aid in the fight!—we will march forth to battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight—to fight for your homesteads, and your wives and children?

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrong!—Walton, I might tell you of your father butchered in the silence of midnight on the plains of Trenton—I might picture his gray hairs dabbled in blood—I might ring his death shriek in our ears. Shelmire, I might tell you of a mother butchered, a sister outraged—of the lonely farm-house the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they dispatched their victim, the cries for mercy, the pleading of innocence for pity— I might paint this all again, in the terrible colors of the vivid reality, if I thought your courage needed such excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty—the duty of avenging the

dead—may rest heavy upon your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare, and the piercing musket flash, when the wounded strewed the ground, and the dead litter your path—then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The eternal God fights for you—he rides on the battle cloud—he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge—God, the awful and infinite, fights for you, and you will triumph.

"They that take the Sword, shall perish by the Sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and ravage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, and your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is, Be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the swords in defiance of all that man holds dear, and in blasphemy of God—they shall perish by the sword!

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight to-morrow—God rest the souls of the fallen—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley—the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow—around us are the tents of continental hosts, the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents, the stillness and silence that marks the eye of battle.

When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land.

God in heaven grant it!

Let us pray.

PRAYER OF THE REVOLUTION.

Great Father! we bow before Thee. We invoke Thy blessing, we deprecate Thy wrath; we return Thee thanks for the past, we ask Thy aid for the future. For we are in the times of trouble, Oh! Lord, and sore beset by foes, merciless and unpitying, the sword gleames over our land and the dust of our soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends.

Oh! God of mercy, we pray Thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in Thy wisdom; bless we beseech, with renewed life and strength, our hope, and Thy instrument, even George Washington; shower Thy counsels on the honorable, the Continental Congress; visit the tents of our hosts, comfort the soldier in his wounds and afflictions, nerve him for the fight, and prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of defeat, Oh! God of Hosts, do Thou be our stay, and in the hour of triumph be Thou our guide.

Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts knocking for admittance that they may fill us with the desire of revenge, yet let us, Oh! Lord, spare the vanquished, though they never spared us in the hour of butchery and blood-shed. And in the hour of death, do Thou guide us into the abode prepared for the best, so shall we return thanks unto Thee, through Christ, our Redeemer. God prosper the cause—Amen.

The Dead Live.

I HAVE seen one die; she was beautiful, and beautiful was the ministries of life that were given her to fulfill. Angelic loveliness enrobed, and grace as it were caught from Heaven, breathed in every tone, and followed every affection, shone in every action, invested as a halo her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness, to all around her; but she died! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hands to save her; but they could not save her, and she died! What! did all that loveliness die?

Is there no land for the blessed and the lovely ones, for such to live in? Forbidden it reason, religion bereaved affection, and undying love, forbid the thought! It cannot be that such die in God's counsel, who live in frail human memory forever!

I have seen one die, in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a faculty to action and a success to endeavor, when wisdom, had