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Poetry.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

BY THOMAS HOOD. I remember, I remember, The house where I was born, The little window where the sun Came peeping in at morn; He never came a wink to soon, Nor brought too long a day; But now, I often wish the night Had borne my breath away!

Miscellany.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

BY J. BEAUCHAMP JONES.

CHAPTER I. James Brown the hero of this sketch, had just returned from Philadelphia, where he had been attending a course of lectures, to the home of his nativity, New England. James was an only child, the pride of his widowed mother, and the most popular young man in the neighborhood.

CHAPTER II.

The vacation was now expired, and James was taking leave of his dotting mother and the beautiful Jane, who happened to be present that morning. One more session in the classic city was to crown his studies with a diploma which he had been assured by the professors would reward his assiduous labors.

The mother's smiles beamed a just maternal pride, the hopes and affections of the maiden sparkled in her mild blue eye, and the youth entertained a conviction that all his brightest aspirations would be realized.

PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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

Volume 1.

RAVENNA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1845.

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he differed so bitterly on political subjects. 'Stop!' exclaimed James, his eyes suddenly starting nearly out of their sockets, and his hands convulsively grasping the crumpled sheet whilst he gazed at a certain paragraph. 'Never mind,' he continued, rushing past the little imp, who was chuckling at the effect, and directing his steps towards the printing office.

The paragraph ran thus: 'A young man named Brown, a student of the University, and supposed to be a native of the north, was informed, by a lady, who had been a general confiding young ladies at the different boarding houses, whilst attending the lectures in this city. Our brethren of the press will please blazon his villainous name throughout the Union.'—Phil. Tablet.

The paper to which it was credited had escaped James' notice, until he found himself at the door of the editor's office, with a cudgel grasped in his hand, intent on giving vent to his indignation in the summary crushing of his traducer's bones. But when he perceived his error, he turned, without even accosting that functionary, and hastened to the presence of his mother and Jane, whom he found in tears, the same imp having kindly furnished them likewise with a copy of the paper.

'It cannot be me, mother, who is meant in that article; it must be some one else of the same name,' said James. 'I will not believe that you have done this, my son,' replied his mother. 'But do you remember if any of your class bore the same name?'

James gasped as he replied—'I do not remember distinctly that there were none.' 'But you are not guilty, James?' exclaimed Jane.

'As heaven is above, and as I hope to go thither, I am not!' replied the youth.

But a livid paleness now overspread his face, and he sat down on the sofa beside his mother, his hand clasping his forehead, and the most intense emotions agonizing his breast. He recollected an occurrence which convinced him it was truly himself alluded to by the writer. A portion of his fellow students, himself included, once incurred the displeasure of the reporter of the 'Tablet,' and shortly after that personage chancing to accost our hero in an insulting manner, had met with a merited chastisement. It now flashed upon the mind of James that this was but a contrivance of the penny-a-liner to enjoy his revenge.

'Mother—Jane, believe no this calumny; it is the mere invention of an enemy. I shall return free from the suspicion of guilt, or never will I return!' Saying this, James abruptly departed and hastened towards the city.

Our hero's mortification was overwhelming, on finding the odious paragraph copied into every paper he chanced to see at the stopping places on the road. When he arrived in the city, he procured a certificate of his innocence from his landlady and waited on the editor of the 'Tablet.' That gentleman merely surmised that a mistake had been made in the institution to which the guilty one belonged, but he was unwilling to make any correction until his reporter, who was then in New Orleans, should return to the city. Poor James hurried back to his lodgings dispirited, and throwing himself on his couch, endeavored to reflect on the course it would be proper to pursue. But his rage and disgust set reason almost at defiance. One moment he concluded to suffer the affair to pass into oblivion unnoticed and entertain no feelings for the author but silent scorn; the next he meditated an action at law, and then, as he anticipated the law's delay, the newspaper squibs, and his inevitable notoriety, he clenched a dagger with the resolution of taking vengeance into his own hands the moment he should encounter the slanderer.

Haggard and pale he strolled to the Exchange the next morning, and glancing over the papers, discovered no less than fifty different 'Browns' in various articles and reports, and all guilty of some base act, or connected with some degrading transaction. He groaned aloud as he thought of his ill-fated name, and departed through the most unfrequented streets towards his lodgings. Still familiar faces were met on the way, which seemed to be averted, and he imagined he detected a scornful or gibing expression in the glances of others. Exquisitely sensitive in his feelings, the unfortunate youth could think of no means to remove the stig-

ma which he fancied was firmly fixed upon him. There was no mercy to be expected from his powerful foe. He locked himself up in his chamber and would be seen by no one. His young friends called, but were refused an interview. Even the solicitations of his tutors, who had investigated his case and ascertained his innocence beyond a doubt, were unavailing, and his seclusion continued unbroken. Finally he disappeared.

CHAPTER III. Seven years had elapsed and nothing had been heard of our hero, who was supposed to be a living and voluntary tenant of a grave of impenetrable seclusion. Jane brooded pensively over her early love, and was gradually receding from a world which promised now no consolation. In the conversations with her distressed and affectionate parents, she often alluded to Mrs. Brown in terms of much kindness, and expressed a desire to see her once more. Mr. Dinmore conducted his child to the scene of her school days. When Jane and Mrs. Brown met, in silent fervor they long remained locked in each others embrace. That sad scene cannot be portrayed with a pen. The parties protested that they would never again be separated, and their sorrows seemed to be in a measure relieved by their companionship. Mr. Dinmore prevailed on them both to accompany him to the seat of government, and promised when the session was over to institute an enquiry and strive by every means to discover the abode of our hero, were he still living. Both Jane and Mrs. Brown now became gradually more cheerful, and when they reached the metropolis, much of their gloom was dispelled.

CHAPTER LAST. The session had been long, but was now drawing to a close. The summer months had not yet crisped the foliage, and the verdant grounds around the capitol were thronged every evening by the gay who displayed their richest attire and most enchanting smiles to their admirers; the aged reclining under the trees, their dark green leaves at regular distances illuminated by glittering lamps, and there enjoyed the present with indescribable delight, reflecting on the past with honest pride, and glorying in the prospects of the future; and the stricken ones, who quaffed the cup of sorrow, were there, too, and arm in arm threaded the serpentine walks decorated with flowers, in silence, their pangs temporarily soothed by the lulling influence of the fairy scene.

It was early eve, and the stars just beginning to twinkle brightly in the blue vault above, when Mr. Dinmore, Jane and her aged companion, were seated in one of those bowers near the capitol, so thickly intertwined with the honeysuckle. They had been conversing with a degree of interest on the importance of a subject then pending in the house, the merits of which were being discussed that night, when the clock striking, Mr. Dinmore rose and conducted the ladies towards the magnificent structure. Crowds were around them, and the hum of many voices was heard approaching from every avenue.

'My dear colonel, I am glad to see you sufficiently recovered to be at your post to night,' exclaimed Mr. Dinmore, as he passed a tall pale gentleman, who was leaning on the arm of a friend, and slowly ascending the eastern steps leading to the rotunda. 'Who was that?' inquired Jane, slightly pressing her father's arm, after they had advanced a few paces. 'That is the celebrated orator from the south, Colonel Oscar; he has been very ill, and this is his first appearance in the house this session. By the way, I forgot to mention that he is to accompany us on our return. He has relations in our State, a temporary residence with whom I have persuaded him will be likely to benefit his constitution, so much debilitated in a warm climate.'

Jane made no reply, and the party entered the lighted hall, the member occupying his seat and the ladies stationed in the gallery. Mr. Dinmore spoke with ability and effect that night. When he resumed his seat, Colonel Oscar rose, and every eye was riveted on his pallid but animated features. As he proceeded every tone was caught by his enraptured auditory. An intense silence prevailed during the pauses of the speaker. He became gradually more excited and eloquent as he progressed, and his final remarks surpassed in power and sublimity any effort that had been witnessed on that floor for years. When he

ceased, he still continued erect, his hand aloft and his eyes fixed upon some object above. The breathless stillness was then interrupted by a wild shriek from the gallery, and amidst the general tumult a fainting female was borne out into the rotunda. Col. Oscar rushed forth, followed by Mr. Dinmore. 'Who did they say it was?' exclaimed Col. Oscar. 'My daughter!' replied Mr. Dinmore. 'Jane! And the other?' 'Mrs. Brown,' answered Mr. Dinmore, hurrying through the crowd. 'Oscar!' cried Oscar, kneeling besides the ladies when they had retired into one of the vestibules on the returning consciousness of Jane.

'Who art thou?' exclaimed Mrs. Brown, her voice interrupted by the palpitations of her heart. 'Thy son!' he cried, clasping his mother and Jane in his arms. 'O forgive me!' he continued; 'I have done wrong to distress you so much, but I had made a desperate resolution, and called upon Heaven to register it above! Now my hopes are realized; I have triumphed over every opposition that malice could invent, and we shall never be separated again, I forgive my enemies. I once cursed the name which enabled them to assail me without cause or provocation; but it is now redeemed from ignominious aspersion, and I shall ever consider the once odious cognomen of JAMES BROWN, as the cause of my success.—Godey's Ladies' Book.

'Can you keep a secret?' 'Dorothy,' said Ichabod, pale and trembling, to his wife, Dorothy, I have a secret; and if I thought you would keep it inviolable, I would not hesitate to reveal it to you; but oh, Dorothy, woman! 'Why, Ichabod, it must certainly be a secret of great importance, for you are in a woful agitation. You know, husband, you can place implicit confidence in your wife. Have I ever given you any occasion to doubt my fidelity?' 'Never, never, Dorothy; but the secret I have to communicate is one that requires more than ordinary faithfulness and prudence to prevent you from divulging it. Oh, dear I shudder when I think on it! 'Why husband, do you know how your lips tremble, and your eyes roll! What is the matter? Ichabod! you surely cannot mistrust the confidence of one who vowed at the altar to be faithful to you. Come unbosom yourself! 'May I rely on your fidelity?' 'Ichabod, you know you may.'

'Well, then,—we are both ruined!—undone!—I have committed murder! 'Murder!' 'Yes murder!—and have buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard! 'Oh! awful Ichabod. Committed murder! Then indeed we are ruined, and our children with us! Ichabod left the room, and Dorothy hurried off to a neighbor's. Mrs. Prattle observed a great change in Dorothy's countenance, and in her general appearance, so great as to induce her to inquire into the cause of it.

'Oh! Mrs. Prattle,' said Dorothy, 'I am the most miserable of woman! I am ruined forever! 'Mercy! Dorothy, how gloomy and distressed you look! What has turned up to make you appear so dejected? Why, how you sigh woman. Tell me the cause?' 'I wish I might, Mrs. Prattle; but the occasion of my unhappiness, is a secret which I am not permitted to divulge.' 'Oh! you may tell me, Dorothy—I shall never speak of it again.' 'Will you promise never to reveal it to any person living?' 'You know, Dorothy, I never tell secrets.'

'Well Mrs. Prattle—I scarcely dare say it—my husband has committed murder, and buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard!—he told me of it himself. Eor heaven's sake, Mrs. Prattle, don't name it to any one! 'Murder! Your husband committed murder! Indeed, indeed, Dorothy you have reason to think yourself ruined! Poor thing, I pity you from my heart! Dorothy went home weeping and ringing her hands; and Mrs. Prattle, leaving her dough half kneaded, and her infant crying in the cradle, hastened to hold a tete-a-tete with Mrs. Tellall. Soon after this last confab was ended, the report of Ichabod's having committed murder became general, and the disclosure of the fact was traced to his wife Dorothy. Process was immediately issued against him by a magis-

trate, before whom, and in the presence of a multitude of anxious spectators, he gave the following explanation, and plead guilty to the charge of murder.

'My object,' said Ichabod, 'in the course I have pursued, was to test my wife's capability of keeping a secret—I have committed murder in as much as I have killed a toad, and buried him in the foot of a tree in my own orchard. How far my wife is capable of keeping a secret, has been sufficiently proved; and with respect to the murder, those who feel an interest in it, are at liberty to inspect the body.'

The Frozen Fairy.

A band of fairies, making a flying tour by moonlight, came suddenly upon the borders of a northern forest. Alternative storms of snow and rain had fallen, and left the trees enrobed in garments of virgin whiteness.—The full moon, shining brilliantly upon the thick branches, and casting slanting shadows through the dim aisles of the wood festooned with icicles and paved with gems of frost, made the scene one of dazzling splendor.

The fairies folded their rainbow colored wings, and gazed in mute wonder, for never had they beheld aught so gorgeous. But when the night blast swept over them, they shuddered, and bethought them of the warm light of their own bright halls.

As they were departing, one of the fairies of the band came and bowed low before the queen, murmuring, 'A boon!'

'What wilt thou?' said the fairy sovereign, touching the suppliant with her tiny sceptre. 'Oh! let me dwell in this beautiful place, gracious queen!' was the request. 'Foolish one! wouldst thou forsake thy sister for this cold, glittering land! Then be it so! Farewell!' And they sped lightly down the valley.

The fairy, rejoicing in her new and splendid lot, danced gaily under the gleaming forest roof, and sang many a rich carol among the boughs which arched over her like a jewelled canopy.

The snow spirit listened with admiration to her song, as it rang clear and sweet thro' the wood.

But long ere the moon waned, her voice faltered, and her step became languid. She had forgotten that her fragile form was made for a sunnier clime, and might not bear the chill air which pervaded about her. Slowly she yielded to the piercing cold, and at last sank benumbed upon a snow-wreath!—Oh! how she longed to nestle in the arms of one of her sisters, amid the silvery fountains and perennial flowers of her own loved fairy land.

The snow spirits, in their spangled robes, gathered about her, but their voices were strange, and their breath fell like ice upon her cheek. The stars looked down upon her with a cold, distant glance. Flashes of radiance shot ever and anon athwart the sky above her, seeming to mock her agony. All about her was glorious as the land of dreams; but what was its brightness to her.

Faintly arose the last cry of the fairy:—'Sisters! O, sisters! take me home!—I am freezing!'

Humble, yet gifted one! sigh not to leave the fond hearts which encircle thee in thy lowly home! Pine not for a dwelling in that land of mysterious gleams, the wide and shining land of Fame. Many are the souls whose warm affections have been congealed by its frigid air. Its splendor is wondrous, but delusive as the glittering ice-frosts, for all above, around, and beneath, is cold—freezing cold!

Industry and Integrity.

There is nothing possible to man which industry and integrity will not accomplish. The poor boy of yesterday, so poor that a dollar was a miracle in his own vision, houseless, shoeless, breadless—compelled to wander on foot from city, to city with his bundle on his back, in order to procure labor & means of subsistence, has become the talented and honorable young man today, by the power of his good right arm, and the potent influence of pure principles, firmly held and perpetually maintained. When poverty, and what the world calls disgrace, stared him in the face he shuddered not, but pressed onward, and exulted most in high and real exertion in the midst of accumulated disasters and calamities. Let this man be cherished, for he honors his country and dignifies his race. High blood—what matters it if this source not in his veins? he is a free

born American, and therefore a sovereign and a prince. Wealth—what cares he for that so long as his heart is pure, and his walk upright?—he knows, and his country knows, that the little finger of an honest and upright young man, is worth more than the whole body of an effeminate and dishonest rich man. These are the very men who made the country—who bring it to whatever of iron sinew and unflinching spirit it possesses or desires, who are rapidly rendering it the mightiest land beneath the sun.

The Heiress.

A sprightly, rosy-cheeked, flax-haired little girl, used to sit, on the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodgings, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales in a sweet voice, and with an air of delightful simplicity, that charmed me many a time. She was then an orphan child, and commonly reported to be rich—often and often—I sat after a day of toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness which flowed cheerfully from a light heart, and felt a portion of that tranquility steal over my bosom.—Such was Eliza Huntly, when I first saw her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I was absent from the city, when walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman and two pretty children; I did not immediately recognize her face, but my friend, who was by my side, pulled my elbow; do you not remember little Eliza, who used to sing for us, when we lived in Walnut street? I did remember, it was herself.

She used to be fond, said he, of treating her little circle of friends with romances—and at last she acted out a neat romance herself. She came out into the gay circle of life, under the auspices of her guardian. It was said by some, she was rich—very rich—but the amount of wealth did not appear to be a matter of publicity, however; the current, and as we generally believe, well founded report, was sufficient to draw around her many admirers—and among the number not a few serious courtiers.

She did not wait long before a young gentleman, on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality, made an offer. Probably she blushed, and her heart fluttered a little, but they were sitting in a moonlight parlor, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered, and as a waggish humor happened to have the ascendant, she put on a serious face, told him she was honored by his preference, but that there was one matter which should be understood before, by giving him a reply, she bound him to his promise. 'Perhaps you may think me wealthy; I would not for the world have you labor under a mistake upon that point—I am worth eighteen hundred dollars.'

She was proceeding, but the gentleman started as if electrified. 'Eighteen hundred dollars!' he repeated in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprise. 'Yes ma'am said he, awkwardly, 'I did understand you were worth a great deal more—but—' 'No, sir,' she replied, 'no excuse or apology; think about what I have told you—you are embarrassed now—answer me another time;' and rising, she bade him good night.

She just escaped a trap; he went next day to her guardian to inquire more particularly into her affairs, and receiving the same answer, he dropped his suit at once.

The next serious proposal followed soon after, and this too came from one who succeeded to a large portion of her estate, but applying the same crucible to the love he offered her, any she rejoiced in another fortunate escape.

She some time after became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune, in whose approaches, she thought she discovered more of the timid diffidence of love, than she had witnessed before. She did not check his hopes. In the process of time, he too made an offer, but, when she spoke of her fortune, he begged of her to be silent. 'It is to virtue, worth and beauty,' said he, 'that I pay my court—not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is worth more than gold.' She was most agreeably disappointed. They