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Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One square, one insert on, One square, two insertions) and Price (e.g., 50 50, 75).

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 Tuesday morning before publication.

Poetry.

Pass on, Relentless World.

Swifter and swifter, day by day, Down Time's unquiet current hurled, Thou passest on thy restless way, Tumultuous and unstable world!

Miscellany.

PRAIRIE DANGERS.

BY AUDUBON.

On my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the large prairies which in that portion of the United States vary the appearance of the country.

moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of Indians, and knowing that they pay but little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, a circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing the apathy of their characters. I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people of that neighborhood.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what kind of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large, untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in the corner. I drew my watch from my breast and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued.

The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and re-passed me several times, and once pinched me so violently on the side, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger.

Never till that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from my half shut eyes I beheld two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag upon a pole. They disposed of their burthen, and asking for whiskey helped themselves freely to it.

The men had eaten and drunk themselves into such a condition that I considered them disabled and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of the old hag, I hoped, would soon reduce her to a like state.

and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until a cold perspiration covered every part of my body in spite of my determination to defend myself to the last.

I turned, cocked my gunlocks silently, touched my dog, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life.

The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I sprang upon my feet and most gladly welcomed them, and told them how well it was for me they should have arrived at that moment.

Day came, and with it the punishment of the wretches. They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound and their arms were still securely tied.

How the Blacksmith was Converted. The scene is laid in the mountainous regions of Georgia. Mr. Forgeron, a blacksmith had a great antipathy against all ministers, and methodists in particular.

Forgeron had heard of his new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than that of the late parson.

"How happy are they, who their Savior obey, And have laid up their treasures in Heaven," sung in a full clear voice; and soon the vocalist, turning the angle of the rock, rode up with a contented smile on his face.

"How are you, old slab-sides? Get off of your horse, and join my devotion," said the smith.

"I have many miles to ride," said the preacher, "and I haven't time, my friend; I will call on my return."

"Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the canting hypocrite the methodists have sent here to preach, eh?"

"Well, there's three things you have to do, or I'll maul you into a jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you must wear this last will and testament of Thomas Paine next to your heart, read it every day and believe every word you read; and

the third is, that you are to curse the methodists in every crowd you get into," and the blacksmith "stucked himself," rolled up his sleeves, and took a quid of tobacco.

The preacher looked on during these novel preparations without a line of his face moving, and at the end replied that the terms were unreasonable, and he would not submit to them.

The preacher remonstrated, and Forgeron walked up to his horse, and threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount—whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity and alighted.

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his overcoat, as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse on him and his sect and throwing his garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between the eyes, which laid that person at length on the ground, with the testament of Tom Paine beside him.

But unfortunately no one was by to perform that kind office, except the preacher's old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass and looked on as if his master was happy at a camp-meeting.

"The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist preacher again."

Here Ned's pride rose and he hesitated, and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows and sung,

"I rode on the sky, freely justified I, And the moon it was under my feet."

"The second thing I require of you is, to go to pumpkin creek meetin'-house, and hear me preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer out some excuse, when the divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music, striking him over the face with the fleshy part of his hand.

Ned's promise of punctuality caused the parson's exercise to cease, and the words, redolent of gorgeous imagery, died away in echoes from the adjacent crags.

Now, the third and last demand is peremptory. You are to promise that you seek religion, day and night, and never rest until you obtain it at the hands of a merciful Redeemer."

The fallen man looked at the declining sun and then at the parson, and knew not what to say, and the preacher raised his voice in song once more, and Ned knew what would come next.

"Well, that's a man," said Stubbleworth, "now get up and go down to the spring and wash your face, and tear up Tom Paine's testament, and turn your thoughts on high."

"Well, I'll do my best," said he in a humble voice.

they knew Edward Forgeron was whipped before his own door in the gap, and that, too by a Methodist preacher."

But his musings were more in sorrow than anger. His disfigured countenance was, of course, the subject of numerous questions that night, among his friends; to which he replied with a stern look they well understood, and the vague remark that he had met with an accident.

His dreams that night were of a confused and disagreeable nature; and waking in the morning he had an indistinct memory of something unpleasant having occurred.

From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossips of the neighborhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident.

"How happy are they, who their Savior obey," was only half through when he felt like a new man. Forgeron was from that time a shouting Methodist.

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, who had faithfully kept secret until that time, could contain himself no longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of joy coursed their way down his cheeks.

"Yes my brethren," said he, it is a fact. I did maul the grace into his unbelieving soul there is no doubt."

The blacksmith of the mountain pass soon after became himself a Methodist preacher.

A Carlyle Sermon.

Do you see that mansion with the marble columns, and the lighted windows? They are festive there to-night. Listen how the swelling music breaks forth from within!

And yet see that young man who has just emerged from that mean looking dwelling on our right. He is one of the children of genius, born in poverty.

And off he rode with the same imperturbable countenance, singing so loud as to scare the eagles from their eyrie in the overhanging rocks.

"Well," thought Ned, "this is a nice business. What would people say if

and tread with them one measure in that maze of gladness? The desire of nature is strong within him—he feels his weakness—he is sad! He has poetry in his soul, and love in his heart! He could tell a tale of devotion and tenderness to a dark-eyed one that is there, but she has suitors that are glittering with jewels, and clad in garments of fineness; and she would not know him there; none of them could recognize him as kindred clay—as the workmanship of God! But see, now! he has braced up his soul again. He turns away, and looking on the stars above us, he sees that there is something bright in this God-made universe besides the glare of an astral lamp, or the glittering of a few jewels. He feels his own nobility again, and is revived, and he goes again to his struggle, to cast the bread of youth, and energy, and health upon the waters, and hopes to find it again after many days.

My brother, nothing great can be done in this world, without great courage and suffering. It was by courage and fortitude that the Roman soldiers conquered the world; it is by abiding in his faith, in the midst of suffering and sorrow in all climes, till his time comes, that the son of Abraham hopes to tread again the hills of Zion, and see reunited, on the plains of his father land, the dust of Jacob—it was by fortitude and courage that the Pilgrims found these shores and peopled them—and it was through the gates of death that Warren, Wooster, Jasper and De Kalb marched to find freedom for you, and for these twenty millions of people! Be brave, my brother, be brave and thou shalt have a coat of arms, and it shall be—VALOR sitting on the tabernacle of the soul like a Pillar of Fire, and guiding it in the night of sorrow, through the Wilderness of Life. No noble act, no good deed of thine shall be lost, but shall survive thee; and thy works shall be, when thou art not—

"Tongues of the dead, not lost— But speaking from death's frown, Like fiery tongues at Pentecost."

A BEAUTIFUL FACE—is like a lovely and fragile flower—fair and delightful to look upon. Painted by a masters hand, we watch its coloring with a tender regard—gaze on it with great affection—would bear it to our own bosom, and win it as our own. For a while it is the living idol of our daily praise—the charm which binds us with a willing power. But time breeds the canker. Its beauty diminishes—its freshness is gone; decay scarcely leaves a trace of what was once a pride and a worship. It is on our bosom still, but, alas! it is there in pity that it should be mortal, and must perish.

A BEAUTIFUL MIND—is like a prolific and prolific seed—the mother of loveliness—the fountain of bliss—the produce of many treasured and inestimable flowers—which neither canker can deface nor time destroy. Even should there be those of its lovely produce that fade and pass away, yet the source is there—the seeds remain, to revive—to re-modify—to place again on our bosom and near our hearts, in renewed beauty—in the same deep interest and winning power as at first. We would gather it as the richest possession—as the well-spring of the purest, most abundant and enduring joys—as our support—our comfort—and the cherished object, worthy of our highest admiration; and we would cling to it, and thank God, that it is immortal.