

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

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## Poetry.

### REASONS FOR RISIBILITY.

BY W. W. HOLMES.

Sweetest! I'm happy when I can,  
I'm merry while I may,  
For life's at most a narrow span,  
At best a winter's day.  
I here could make a sunbeam warm,  
A brighter, warmer hue,  
The evening stars show more fair,  
The blue sky look more blue,  
Than I would be a graver man—  
But since 'tis not the way,  
Sweetest! I'm happy when I can,  
And merry when I may.

If I might make me in the less,  
Perchance I were not glad—  
If mourning were the sage's dress,  
My garb should then be such,  
But since the angels' wings are white,  
And even virtue's robes are white,  
Since laughter is not under ban,  
Nor gladness clad in gray—  
Sweetest! I'm happy when I can,  
And merry when I may.

I've seen a bishop dance and reel,  
And a nun fast and pray,  
A knave at top of Fortune's wheel,  
A good man cast away!  
Who I have seen give grave ones quaff,  
Mighty as your feet about—  
But I never heard a hearty laugh  
From out a village throat,  
And I never knew a merry man  
Make such a young maid's day—  
So, sweetest! I'm happy when I can,  
And merry when I may.

### SOULS—NOT STATIONS.

Who shall judge a man from manner?  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
Peasners may be fit for princes;  
Princes fit for something less.  
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket  
May belittle the golden ore.  
Of the dearest thoughts and feelings—  
Satin vests could do no more.  
There are springs of crystal nectar  
Ever welling out of stone;  
There are purple buds and golden  
Hidden crushed and overgrown.  
God, who prospers by souls, not dresses,  
Loves and counts by me and thee,  
White he values through the highest,  
But as pebbles in the sea.

## Interesting Tale.

### THE NIGHT OF LIFE.

Linda Walden was an orphan; not one who walked through poverty's dark valley, desolate and alone; not one of those sad souls who dwell face to face with care and want, and misery, who despairingly go on through life, toiling, suffering, and enduring; who by withered hopes, and blighted joys, and crushing labor, lose all faith; whose life is a very weariness, and who long, but long in vain, to die. Wealth had ever gladdened her pathway, and smiles ever greeted her; and she had grown in childhood's freshness to the deeper beauty of maidenhood, the admired and lovely.

Yet there was a void in Linda's heart which wealth, with its gifts, could not fill; a longing for a love more deep, more beautiful, than she had ever known—a yearning for a fount of affection as yet undiscovered, for words and accents of endearment, which had never sounded in her ears. She found no sympathy with her cold, stern aunt, the only relative she had ever known; none with the villagers in their business and excitement; and with a yearning, passionate desire for some object to be loved, her life went slowly on. So she made friends with the quiet rivers and mountain crags; and as on the faces of old friends, she gazed upon the holy stars; but no heart from them gave back the affection which she had banished; and her soul was still unsatisfied.

Of the mother of her childhood there lingered no remembrance, save in quiet twilight there would rise up before her a sunnier and fairer land, where no cold snow fell, nor blighting frost, but the air was still and balmy. Then as a forgotten dream would come a face surpassingly lovely, with deep Italian eyes like her own; and would seem to hear a soft and thrilling voice warble some simple strain, and by her side a young mistress gazing musingly on the glorious face; and words of love were mingled with the mother's song, as she lulled her child to rest, and all was blissful and happy. Then a proud, and quick step, which blanched the beautiful cheek, and made the other clasp his hand on his sword and seek to fly, but it was unavailing, and there stood a man in the midst, with cold, calm eyes, wondrously like those of her aunt. There were bitter words and passionate breathings, and quick movements there, and the sharp stiletto did double vengeance, and the warm life-blood flowed, and the child was alone with the dead.

In her earlier life, this had been to Linda but a dream; with her years it had deepened its impression, and she now felt it as a dark reality. Once, on a calm starry evening, she ventured to ask her aunt of her father and mother, so long gone, but she never repeated the question; for a dark frown rested on Mrs. Clinton's forehead, and her cold gray eyes were fixed on Linda; and after a silence that seemed the lapse of years, she said, "Speak of them no more!" The past is a sealed up book! Know, child, there is agony in that bitter past which I would close from you forever!" And so Linda dared to talk no more of that vision which had intervened itself into her own being; of which she thought first at clear morning, and last at still evening. But thought did it office all the more perfectly now that the tongue was fettered, and it moulded and fettered all her life. "Mother, gentle mother," she murmured. "was thy dark fate a prophecy of mine?"

It was one of those calm, balmy autumn days, when dethroned summer seems to come back to regain her crown, that Linda wandered forth in the solitude of her aunt's wide domains. The day went on, and the holy sunset came, and long shadows from the gliding tree-tops fell on the leaf-strewn ground; but still she lingered, watching nature's fading glory. "Green, green hills, and quiet woodlands, cannot ye speak back to me!" said Linda. "I am lonely, very lonely, and there is naught to love me but mother Nature!" But a sudden sound of rustling among the leaves made the maiden's cheek grow pale; and when, raising those deep eyes, she saw a stranger, she screamed with shame and alarm. But the stranger bowed, apologized for the fright he had given her, and so gracefully that she looked at him blushing and interestedly. His was a high and noble brow, from which the dark hair was carefully thrown back, a proudly raised lip, and a flashing eye, from whose defiance even the strong might shrink. His voice had a rich foreign accent, which told of sunnier climes and brighter skies.

One word led to another. The stranger was so deferential that Linda found herself very perfectly at ease with him; and insensibly continued to converse till she came in sight of her home.

After this they often met. The stranger, now a stranger no longer, was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Clinton's; but more often he and Linda passed the morning together in the fields and woods. At last our heroine had found something to love. Now she was supremely happy; so happy was she, that she did not observe the growing aversion of her aunt to love. Yet, widely, passionately she loved, as the heart loves only once, and fully and wholly was that love reciprocated. But as days went on, the hour came when he might no longer in those quiet shades, and with true manliness of a spirit that displayed no concealment, he consulted Mrs. Clinton. He spoke of his far away home, in sunny Italy, of his profession, that of an artist, which must ere long bring him fame; he spoke of his temporary sojourn in the quiet village; and his voice grew loud and thrilling as he spoke of Linda, and his beautiful face implored and murmured, "For my sake, dear aunt!" But Mrs. Clinton's brow contracted, and her tall figure was drawn up to its utmost height, and the blossoms of hope went out in Linda's heart. Full well she knew the language of that haughty look, and that proud glance, and she shrank back dreading the words, that as a lava tide must overwhelm them. But her aunt spoke in tones low, though firm and cold, which showed her strong resentment.

"Go, young man," said Mrs. Clinton, "claim not the love of my child: a name of honor, wealth and distinction, shall be hers when the proud name of Walden shall be no longer. Think not that in after years, a few laurels, which you may win, will render you worthy of her hand; for there can be no hope, and no expectation for you. As for Linda, she will soon forget her childish attachment, and think of you no more. So farewell; may your life be crowned with success. This is what I desire for you, and what she desires for you and no more."

This was what the calm voice said, not the proud lip, nor the stern cold eye.

"Madam, I go from your presence forever!" said the proud man. "I bid you farewell!" Many thanks for your kind wishes! We shall not meet again. And Linda—but here the composure gave way, and there was a mighty conflict in the strong breast—"you will not quite forget me, dearest, though we meet on earth no more! There is more than the bitterness of death in this farewell. My idolized, you will not quite forget?"

No answer came from Linda; but the fair head lay on his breast, and amid the low sobs, he heard her whisper—"never, never!" It was but a moment, and he was gone.

Days went on, and long weeks, but the glow on Linda's cheek faded, and the dark eye lost its lustre day by day. Evermore at quiet evening there rose up that noble form; and, as in days past, she heard that firm voice, yet so soft and thrilling to her ears. Mrs. Clinton saw how sorrow was doing its work on that fair face and that young heart; but it stirred not the smothered fire of affection in her, hard soul.

It was a clear winter morning, and the sun shone gladly on the virgin-robed earth. Linda was called by her aunt to her room, where she sat cold as ever, yet evidently rejoiced by some recent intelligence. She sat for some minutes gazing on that pale, thin face, and assuming a forced gaiety, she drew the shrinking maiden nearer, and told her of a friend of hers, and old friend, many years older than herself, who had died and left his son sole heir to all his wealth; and this son, now a rich East India merchant, came as a suitor for Linda's hand.

"And now, my child," said the lady, "you of course cannot hesitate or linger in your acceptance of this proposal. Think for a few days, and then give me your answer—I am convinced it will be favorable."

Linda spoke not a word; but there came over her face such a look of despairing agony as would move the coldest heart. Days went and came, the sun rose and set, and life went on calm as ever during that weary week; but the fever was burning at her vitals; despair spreading her raven wings over her heart, crushing the melting of hope and joy, to make place for her own sad offspring. At last, worn and weary by sleepless nights,

## Miscellaneous.

### Burr and Hamilton's Duel.

It was not at all in the spirit of a professional duelist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted this extraordinary challenge, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character bandied about in conversation and the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of those dueling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some years previously. As a private citizen, as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments, as a husband loving, and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family, as a debtor honorably disposed, whose creditors might suffer by his death, he had every reason to avoid the meeting. So he stated in a paper which under a premonition of his fate, he took care to leave behind him. It was in the character of a public man. It was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all personal and private considerations—a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however in this instance uncalculated and mistaken—that he accepted the fatal challenge. "The ability to be in future useful," such was his own statement of his motives, "whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular."

With that candor towards his opponent by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, but which so very seldom, indeed, did he ever experience any return, he disavowed in this paper, the last he ever wrote, any disposition to affix odium to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling towards Burr any personal ill-will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. Those animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconstruction or misinformation; yet his censures had not proceeded on light grounds, nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record, and communicated to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps his second, in order to give Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect.

The grounds of Wehawk, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the infamous state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The barge men, as well as Dr. Hoack, the surgeon, mutually agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses.

The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces; loaded the pistols, made the other preliminary arrangements, and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal, Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side and as he fell his pistol too was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him apparently somewhat moved; but on the suggestion of his second, the surgeon and barge-men already approaching, he turned and hastened away; Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight by opening an umbrella.

The surgeon found Hamilton half lying, half sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," he said "this is a mortal wound," and as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he immediately fainted. As he was carried across the river the fresh breeze revived him. His own horse being in the country, he was conveyed at once to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-command to the last.—*Hildreth's History.*

An Aristocracy of Birth.

The meanest aristocracy is that of birth. It is that which ignores intellect, energy, courage, and great deeds. It is that which loads down the people of other countries with taxation. It is that which demoralizes governments, defeats armies, and disgraces manhood. If there were no aristocracy of birth in England, long ago a great man would have risen from the ranks of the masses to lead the British forces to triumph; and, in that event, troops would have followed a leader, and volunteered to aid him, because they would be inspired to feel that the road to fame was not blocked up by aristocratic dunces. How much better than this, oh, Know Nothing, is your standard of birth place! How much less culpable you, than the tyrant who rejects the pariah because he is a pariah! who extinguishes the holy fire of ambition in the heart of a poor man because he is poor? who repels the aid of intelligent men if they should not be able to boast of a long line of glorious ancestors? Of all aristocracies yours is the meanest and the worst.—*Week Union.*

## Humorous.

### 'Is He Fat?'

A GHOST STORY.

One of the most remarkable cases of sudden cure of disease of long standing, was that of a rheumatic invalid, with which is connected an amusing ghost story. There were a couple of men, in some old settled part of the country, who were in the habit of stealing sheep and robbing church yards of the burial clothes of the dead. There was a public road, leading by a meeting house where there was a grave yard, and not far off on the road a tavern. Early one moonlight night, while one of the thieves was engaged in robbing a grave, the other went off to steal a sheep. The first, wrapped the shroud around him, and took his seat in the meeting-house door, awaiting the coming of his companion. A man on foot, passing along the road towards the tavern, took him for a ghost, and, alarmed almost to death, ran as fast as his feet could carry him, to the tavern, which he reached out of breath. As soon as he could speak he declared that he had seen a ghost, a real ghost, robed in white, and sitting in the church door. But nobody would believe him. He then declared that if any of them would go with him, he would go back, and they might be convinced. But, incredulous as all were, no one could be found who had the courage to go. At length a man, who was so afflicted with rheumatism that he could not walk, declared he would go with him if he could only walk or get there. The man then proposed to carry him on his back, took him up, and off they went. When they got in sight, sure enough there it was, as he had said.—Wishing to satisfy themselves well, and to get as near a view of his ghostship as they could in the dim light, they kept venturing up nearer and nearer. The man with the shroud round him, took them to be his companion with a sheep on his back; and asked, in a low tone of voice, "Is he fat?"

Meeting with no reply, he repeated his question, raising his voice higher.

"Is he fat?"

No reply again, when he exclaimed in a vehement tone.

"Is he fat?"

"This was enough. The man with the sheep on his back replied.

"Fat or lean, you may have him;" and dropping the invalid, traveled back to the tavern as fast as his feet could carry him.—But he had scarcely gotten there, when here came the invalid, on foot too! The sudden freight had cured him of his rheumatism; and from that time forward he was a well man!

This is said to have been a real occurrence. And it is not the only case of such a cure of which I have heard. I once heard of an old woman, who had been bed-ridden, I think, for twenty years; and who, upon the horse taking fire, made her escape upon her feet, and was never so confined by the disease afterwards.

Wife, Wife, your cow's dead—choked with a turnip.

"I told you so. I always said she'd choke herself with them turnips."

"But it was with a pumpkin."

"Well, it's all the same I know all along how it would be. No body but a niny like you, would ever feed a cow on pumpkins that was never chopped."

"The pumpkins was chopped, and 'twant the pumpkins that choked her. It was the turnip—and the end on't is sticking out of her mouth now."

"Ugh! Ugh! There goes my bread-tray. No longer ago than yesterday, I told you that the cow would swallow that tray."

PRACTICAL PREACHING.—We have heard of various specimens of negro eloquence in our time; but never actually listened to an illustration till yesterday.

Dropping into an African meeting house in the outskirts of the city, we found the sermon just commenced. The topic seemed to be the depravity of the human heart, and the subtle divinity thus illustrated his argument;

"Brethren, when I was in Virginia one day de ole woman's kitchen table got broke, an' I was sent into de woods to cut a tree to make a new leg for it. So I took de axe on de shoulder, and I wander into de depths of de forest.

"All nature was as beautiful as a lady going to de wedding. De leaves glintened de mapple tree like new quarter-dollars in de mistyrook box, de sun shone de brilliant and nature looked as gay as a buck rabbit in a parsley garden, and de little bell round de ole sheep's neck tinkled softly and musically in de distance.

"I spide a tree suitable for de purpose, and I raised de axe to cut into de trunk. It was a beautiful tree! De branches reached to de four corners of de earth, and rise up high to de limbs like little angels flapping der wings in de kingdom of heaven. Dat tree was full of promise, just like a very great many of you.

"Den I cut into de trunk, and made de chips fly like de mighty scales drooping from Paul's eyes. Two three cut I gave dat tree and ays. It was hollow in de butt!

"Dat tree was much like you my friends—full of promise outside, but hollow in de butt.

"The grubs from de same corner of de room were truly contrite and distressing, but we will venture a small wager that dis was de most practical sermon preached in de city on dat day at least.—*N. Y. Exchange.*

## What Family Government is.

It is not to watch children with a suspicious eye, to frown at their merry outbursts of innocent hilarity, to suppress their joyous laughter, and to mould them into little models of octogenarian gravity.

And when they have been in fault it is not to punish them simply on account of the personal injury that you have chance to suffer in consequence of their fault; while disobedience unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without a rebuke.

Nor is it to overwhelm the little culprit with a deafening noise; to call him by hard names, which do not express his misdeeds; to load him with epithets which would be extravagant if applied to a fault of ten fold enormity; or to declare with passionate vehemence that he is the worst child in the world, and destined to the gallows.

But it is to watch anxiously for the first rising of sin, and to repress them; to counter the earliest workings of selfishness; to suppress the first beginnings of rebellion against rightful authority; to teach an implicit and unquestioning and cheerful obedience to the will of the parent; as the best preparation for a future allegiance to the requirements of civil magistrates, and to the laws of the great Ruler and Father in heaven.

It is to punish a fault because it is a fault, because it is sinful and contrary to the commands of God; without reference to whether it may or may not have been productive of immediate injury to the parent or to others.

It is to reprove with calmness and composure, and not with angry irritation; in a few words fitly chosen, and not with a torrent of abuse; to punish as often as you threaten, and threaten only when you intend and can remember to perform; to say what you mean, and infallibly to do what you say.

It is to govern your family as in the sight of Him who gave you your authority; who will regard your strict fidelity with such blessings as he bestowed on Abraham, or punish your criminal neglect with such curses as he visited on Eli.—*Religious Herald.*

The way to Pay Old Debts.

A circumstance transpired a few days ago, worthy a passing notice, and especially so, as such instances of justice are rare at the present day. During the late war with Great Britain, a young man contracted a small debt with the wife of the commanding officer of the company to which he was attached, and which at the time he was unable to pay. It was for the making of a uniform in which to fight the battles of his country. After the war, still left in a condition of poverty, the time passed until the parties lost sight of each other. The young man for whom the uniform was made obtained a situation, and by frugality and industry, in a few years accumulated a sufficiency to establish himself in a small business. He prospered, and has now retired upon a competency with a happy family around him. During the time of his prosperity he frequently made inquiries after his captain, but until within a few days he could not obtain any clue to his residence. He discovered that he resided in the north-western section of the city and with his old age had come the presence of limited circumstances.

He found an old friend, now tottering on the verge of the grave, having passed more than four score years, but he did not find her who, in the days of his early manhood, had made his garments of war, and in her patriotism had urged him to duty to his country. She was long ago gathered to her fathers, and the old patriarch still lingered in the world, but nearly at the end of the journey of life. The fact of the transaction of early life was related, but it had long since passed from the memory of the old man. That however did not cancel the debt and he voluntarily paid it four-fold. Both of these are now numbered amongst the little band of old defenders, but with them the circumstances of life are changed. In those days the now octogenarian had sufficiency of this world's goods and the other penniless, while now the old soldier has grown into the affluent merchant, and his captain into the poor and helpless old man. The interview was very interesting, and it was mutually agreed to renew the friendship of former years.—*Baltimore American.*

Independence.

We like independence. We like to hear a man express his honest convictions on any and every subject on which he may have occasion to speak. A man who, is a mere echo of some leading politician, some distinguished divine or some shrewd financier—whose religious sentiments are the sentiments of his church—his political views a fac simile of his party organ—who listens with open mouth and glaring eyes to those whom accident had elevated pecuniarily, a little above himself, not daring to utter an opinion which does not fully coincide with that coming from such a source, may find appropriate spheres in this world; but the moral and intellectual condition of the community will not be greatly improved by anything he dares to do or say.

There is nothing that takes the starch out of an aristocrat so soon as to nominate him to some office that comes before the people. He's as fawning as a dog, and as polite and neighborly as a French dancing-master. Elections by the people do more to take the starch out of the ruffled shirt gaiter than anything else.

## The Boy and the Man.

A celebrated artist in one of his rambles, met with the most beautiful and interesting child he had ever seen.

"I will paint the portrait of this child," he said, "and keep it for my own, for I may never look on its like again. He painted it and when trouble came, and evil passion moved his spirit to rebel, he gazed upon the boy, and passion fed, and holy thoughts entered his soul. He said: "If I can find a being who is a perfect contrast to this child one in whom is concentrated every thing vile and ugly of which I can imagine, I will paint his portrait also."

Years passed away, and he saw no person sufficiently hideous to answer his design.—At length, while traveling in a distant land, he went within a prison's wall, and there he saw stretched upon the floor of stone, the object which his fancy had portrayed. A man whose soul was stained with blood, with glaring eyes and haggard face, and demonic rage, cursing himself, his fellow believers and blaspheming God, lay chained within that miserable abode, and waiting for the moment of his execution.

The artist transferred his likeness to the canvass, and placed it opposite to the child's. How striking! how complete the contrast! The angel boy—the man fiend!

What must have been the feelings of the artist, when upon inquiry, he ascertained that both the portraits he had made were of the same individual being? The beautiful, the innocent child, had grown into the hideous, the sinful man!

If a gentleman is troubled with a bad temper, let him kiss his wife three times a day, and put on a clean shirt every morning and it will work a perfect cure.