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Poetry.

From the N. Y. Mirror. Receipts for Fashionable Song-Making. BY A LADY. Take dew and flowers, a harp or lute.

Miscellany.

From the Anglo-American. THE MIDNIGHT RIDE. BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN. Some years ago when the American fur company and the Hudson Bay traders carried on a powerful opposition to each other in the wild and rocky territory of the Oregon, several little forts were erected in the interior, whence the commerce in peltries was made with the Indians.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE."—JEFFERSON.

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guine disposition, saw no means of rising to a level with his master, and allowed despondency to unnerve his spirit. About three months after his arrival, the game approached when the annual interview with the various Indians took place: a meeting of much importance, as then the whole fortunes of the year were decided. It was usual to appoint a place for the natives to camp with their beaver and other skins, and the rival traders then repaired, and whoever offered the best price, obtained a ready and profitable market. About two days before the time appointed, the heads of the fort were seated at their evening meal. Plenty and variety made up for delicacies and seasonings. Buffalo, deer meat, trout, salmon, wild fowl, all abounded on the board—round which sat M'Pherson, his daughter, Ray, and three other clerks. The whole party engaged in discussing the good things before them, when a bustle was heard without, and, after the pause of a moment, a half-breed hunter appeared on the threshold.

enemies were in full chase. Now it was that the gallant steed put forth her energy, and now it was that Ray's spirit arose, and he felt himself a man, with all a man's energies, and also with all a man's love of life. Looking back, he saw the wild Indian warriors coming fast towards him, but still not gaining ground; and he felt sure, did he loosen his precious merchandise, and give it up to the pursuers, that he could with ease outstrip them. But he was resolved to serve his master's interests, and he urged his laden steed to the utmost. An hour passed in this manner. The howling, whooping Indians, half a hundred in number, galloped madly after him, their long spears waving in the moonlight, and their black hair streaming in the wind. Before him lay a cane-brake, where the reeds rose ten feet, dry, parched, and crackling. Through this lay the path of the fugitive. Ray looked forward to the welcome shelter, determined to make a stand, and there, at the very entrance, stood, mounted on a tall horse, an opposing foe. Clutching a pistol, the clerk clenched his teeth, and rode madly against this new opponent, who, just in time to save himself, cried, "All right, saucy Nick!" There was no time for greeting, and away they scampered through the cane-brake; not, however, before the half-breed had cast a brand amid the reeds—They had not proceeded a hundred yards ere a wall of fire arose between them and their pursuers. Magnificent was the scene which now greeted the admiring eyes of Edward Ray as he halted on the other side of the brake. The reeds, scorched by the summer sun, were as inflammable as straw, and the flames spread with astonishing rapidity to the right and left. The poor birds that sheltered in the morass below, alarmed, rose on the wing, and flying a few hundred yards, halted to gaze at the fire, which seemed to fascinate them; the wild animals too, clinging to their lairs until the fire touched their very nostrils, would then unwillingly rise, and leaping over it, scoured over the black plain of cinders in the rear of the flames. As the two fugitives retreated, the scene became more magnificent, for the blaze was then seen in the distance creeping to the right and left in sparkling and brilliant chains. Then, as the wind arose, it hurried after them: as the roar of a distant cannon it was heard; while the heavens were overcast with the dense volumes of smoke that ascended.

Ray began his story, and, to the evident surprise of the merchant, related the dangers which had befallen him; and the manner in which he had escaped. At length he came to that part of the story which related to the extraordinary quantity of excellence of the beavers which had been obtained means of his bold undertaking. "Know, lad," said old M'Pherson, quite delighted, "that you have brought me the best year's trade I have had yet. Besides, man, I count it no small thing to have beat Captain Sublette—the most cunning trader on the frontier." "I am very much gratified," said Ray, "that I have been anyway instrumental in serving you." "Ah, that is all very well," interrupted M'Pherson, pushing his spectacles from their proper position to one above his eyes; "but just tell me frankly, Mr. Ray, why you, who are generally so slow and cold, should all of a sudden take so much trouble to do me a service?" "It was the first time," replied Ray, "that I ever had an opportunity of doing what others would not do." "Oh," said the trader, still more enlightened, "and do you not expect any share in the great advantage of last night's adventure?" "That I leave to you, sir," said Ray. "Now, Mr. Ray," said the trader with a smile, "I wish you would be thoroughly frank with me. I can see plainly enough that you had some reason for your constant lack of energy, and some equally good reason for suddenly, when you could really serve me, risking your life to do so. I say again, speak out. Have you any conduct of mine of which to complain? Is your salary too small? Your chances of promotion—do they seem too remote? You have doubted my fortune; let me do you some service in return." Ray determined to be plain. He saw that the worthy merchant was still in part in the dark, and he resolved to enlighten him. "My ambition, sir, has been to share your good fortune; and did my hopes extend as far as my wishes, I might say I have hoped one day to possess all you now hold." This was said with a lurking smile that still more puzzled M'Pherson. "What would you be a partner young man? The idea is a bold one; but, after what you have done, I see no insuperable bar to it." "Sir," said Ray hurriedly, "I am content to be your clerk, if you will, all my life; but you have a daughter, without whom wealth would be incompatible, and poverty insufferable." "Where?" cried the astonished merchant; "sit the wind in that quarter!—And pray, sir, does my daughter know of this?" "Oh, I recollect all; and pray, does my daughter encourage you?" "She will speak for herself, dear father," exclaimed the young girl, who, entering, had caught the import of their conversation. "I did encourage him, because I thought he deserved to be your son. Of late, Mr. Ray had almost discouraged me from my resolution; but his recent devotion to your interests convinced me that he was the same Edward Ray I had travelled with from New Orleans." "And so," said the old man, pettishly, "you have arranged it all, it seems, and I am to have no voice at all in the matter." "We have arranged nothing, dear father, and leave it all to you." It will readily be believed that Edward Ray and Mary M'Pherson had no great difficulty in talking over the matter with the kind-hearted trader. In a few weeks after, Ray was not only son-in-law, but partner at Spokan; and I believe that none of the parties have yet had any cause to regret the "midnight ride" over the bluff-surrounded prairies of the wild Oregon.

HAY MAKING. Why not adopt the same rule in regard to the time of cutting clover and grass for hay, that is followed in cutting medicinal herbs? The object in both cases is to secure the intrinsic virtues of the plant. In curing herbs, as all are acquainted with the subject admit, the most proper time for cutting is when they are in full bloom; and it is also admitted that they should be cured in the shade, because if exposed to the more direct influence of the sun and air, some of their valuable properties would be evaporated. We know there is some difference of opinion in regard to the proper time for cutting grass. The advocates for ripe hay contend that there is more "substance" in it, than that which is cut while it is in blossom. And so we suppose there is still more "substance" in scrub-oak brush, and that it would go still further in feeding (not supporting) stock. Admitting there is more substance in ripe grass, is it a kind of substance which affords more nourishment to animals? Plants at the time of flowering, contain starch, gum and sugar; all of which are known to nourish animals. In the formation of seed, the starch and leaves are exhausted of these substances, and the substance which remains is chiefly woody fibre. But it may be said that the composition of woody fibre, starch and gum, are nearly the same. Admitted, but that does not prove that animals are able to extract nearly an equal amount of nourishment from each. The composition of the diamond, the hardest of all substances, may be said to be similar to that of starch, gum, &c.—carbon being the chief element of all; but the digestive organs of animals would hardly be able to convert the diamond into organized tissue. And though woody fibre, if eaten by cattle or sheep, might "stick by the ribs," we think the ribs would not acquire from it much fat, or the system much strength. In some parts of the country, animals are actually fattened for market on hay alone. This may sound strange to those who feed their stock only with clover and timothy which has gone to seed; for we presume stock was never thus fattened. But where this object is attained, the grass is cut while it is quite green, (not past bloom) and made and preserved with great care. It is true there are some kind of grasses—as the spire grass, or Kentucky blue grass (Poa pratensis), which make but little bulk in seed-stocks, the chief growth consisting of leaves which sprang from the root. The greatest value in fodder would be obtained in such cases by allowing the crop to grow till it had acquired its greatest bulk. This remark, however, by no means applies to clover, or timothy, or the grasses usually cultivated for hay. In making hay, we would expose it to the sun and air no more than is necessary to its being given up to the sun. It is more conveniently cured—with but very little exposure to the sun. If it is not wet, and is fairly wilted, it may be put into cocks with forks, which will weigh, when dry, about fifty pounds each, and will effectually cure. Timothy also may be cured in the same manner. The finer grasses, when thrown into a body pack more closely, and afford less space for the air; consequently they require to be more thin spread in making. Excepting with clover, which has been spread out of swath, our practice has been to spread out the swaths as evenly as possible, if the burden is stout soon as the dew is off; in the afternoon rake and cock it before the dew falls. We prefer putting it in cocks, though no more than wilted, because the sweating it will there undergo in the course of twelve hours will much facilitate the making, and if the grass is coarse and hard, it will render it much more soft. Besides, hay that has been well sweated in cocks, is not liable to ferment in the stack or mow. Whether the hay which was mowed and put in cocks the first day will make so that it will do to go to the barn on the second day depends of course on its condition, and the state of the weather. If all appearances indicate that the hay can be made sufficiently on the second day, (and repeated observations only can determine the degree of dryness which is required,) open the cocks and shake the hay out lightly, thoroughly breaking all the locks with the fork. But it should not lie spread out later than three or four o'clock in the afternoon, but should be put up again, or if dry enough, put in the barn by this time, lest it contract moisture. If from the condition of the hay or the appearance of the weather, there is a probability that the hay cannot be made in one day, let it remain undisturbed till the weather is favorable. There are one or two other considerations in favor of early cutting which we omitted to notice above. It is admitted by physiologists that plants exhaust both their own energy and the soil more in forming seed than in the whole preceding portion of their growth. Thus when grass is suffered to ripen, it gives but little after-growth, and from the exhaustion mentioned, the sward more quickly dies out. ACTION.—Demosthenes and Daniel Webster agree in attributing eloquence to action. Both proved their theory true, by their action. A clergyman, we have read of, did the same thing more demonstrably. His wife had just been buried, and he was closing the service over her grave. Stretching forth his hand and pointing towards the grave, he said: "there the wicked cease from troubling;" and then placing his hand on his breast, continued: "and the weary are at rest." A very modest lady, who was a passenger on board of a packet ship, it is said sprang out of her berth and jumped overboard, on hearing the captain during the storm order the crew to haul down the sheets. This is supposed to be the latest case.

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From the New York Observer. Public Libraries in Paris and the Provinces. Remarks on the most celebrated libraries in ancient and modern times.—Small beginnings of the royal library of Paris.—Its great increase from Louis XIV. to our times.—Present state of this library.—Its arrangement and classification.—The other public libraries in France. Books occupy a large place in the history of the human race, and probably as civilization shall advance, their influence will still increase. Formerly, a book seldom went beyond the country where it was published; now it can make in a few months the tour of the world, and you know almost as soon in New York, as we, in the provinces of France, the new productions of our genius: A vast, rapid, constant exchange of all the treasures of the human mind is now carried on, and these scientific and literary communications enrich all nations. I propose then to give here some account of our public libraries, and especially of the famous royal library of Paris; for the intellectual riches which we have there accumulated do not belong to ourselves alone, every American citizen, when he comes to Europe, can take his share. But let me first glance at the libraries of past ages. It is difficult to say what was the first collection of books in the world. Ancient historians relate that a king of Egypt, named Ozymandias, had in his palace at Thebes a large library, over the door of which he placed this inscription: "Care for the maladies of the soul." This was rather ostentatious, and not entirely true: the soul has many maladies which this king Egypt's books could cure; the only book to which this inscription can be applied, the Bible, was not in this ancient collection, and probably few souls have been healed by the writings of the priests of Thebes and Memphis. I would add, as a curious fact, that one of our modern learned men, Champollion, has lately discovered some traces of this great establishment, the founding of which he attributes to Raames Sesotris. Ancient Greece, divided into many petty republics which lived in constant war, was long without libraries. The real librarians were then the rhapsodists, who went from place to place, singing the poems of Homer. As to the Greek priests, it does not seem that they ever cultivated the science with the zeal of the Egyptian and Chaldean priests. As they had not so much authority in their state, they confined themselves more to the practice of their ceremonies. So the philosophers of Greece and especially Aristotle, we owe the earliest extensive collections of books. Aristotle was aided in his efforts by the king Alexander; but the calamities which fell soon after upon the city of Athens, prevented the attainment of Aristotle's designs. We must still return to Egypt to find a library founded by a monarch: that of Alexandria, founded by Ptolemy, contained 700,000 volumes. This number is probably much exaggerated, unless we give the name of volume to every fragment of papyrus or parchment collected in the cabinets of the learned. But reducing the number of volumes to a more reasonable estimate, it was still the most magnificent collection of the treasures of ancient science, and the loss of this library has left an irreparable void in the annals of the human mind. The common opinion is that it was burnt by a disciple of Mahomet, caliph Omar. I do not dispute Omar was capable of committing such an act of vandalism, and perhaps he destroyed the last remnants of this library; but to be frank, it should be said that the greater part had been already burnt by ignorant Christians, induced by some fanatical monks. Cuius sumus. The Romans were more used to handle the lance and sword than books. For several ages they read nothing at all, and were satisfied with conquering near and remote countries. When they took Carthage which had a more cultivated literature than Rome, they burnt the books, except some treatises upon agriculture, which they translated into Latin. Not till Cicero's time, were libraries of any importance formed. Lucullus had one out of ostentation; he aspired to be the most opulent of the Romans, even in literary riches; and the philosopher Seneca derided some time after those patricians who put thousands of books upon gilded tables, not to read them but to gratify their vanity. The emperor Augustus opened in Rome two public libraries. Then Trajan and other princes increased the number. There were reckoned in this capital seventy-eight large libraries in the third century. All were pillaged and burned by the Barbarians. As they knew not how to read, they thought that books were the most useless of all the perquisites; and we may now pass over a space of several centuries, before finding any further traces of libraries. Charlemagne had collected some books, but all the high-editions of his genius were abandoned after his death. The popes themselves were too ignorant, too absorbed in their intestine quarrels, and hence a host of excellent writings have been lost. Let us however do justice to the monks; at first, they cultivated the ground; then, placing this toil in the hands of sermons, they set themselves to copy manuscripts. This was an agreeable employment for the long hours of the monastic life. The fathers of religious orders well understood that nothing is more dangerous to become illiterate, and obliged their disciples to become copyists. Unhappily, most of the monks were plunged in the grossest ignorance; they took the philosopher Aristotle, for a descender of the primitive church, and the poet Virgil for a sorcerer. They transcribed indifferently valuable or worthless writings; and when parchments were lacking, which was often the case—they made use of old manuscripts to copy upon them the writings of some stupid doctors. In this way, we have lost apparently the works of several eminent writers of Greece and Rome; and learned

Farmer's Department.

The Happy Farmer. BY MRS. L. M. SIGOURNEY. Saw ye the Farmer at his plow, As you were riding by? Or wearied 'neath the noon-day toil, When summer suns are high; And thought you that his lot was hard, And did you thank your God, That you and yours were not condemned? Thus like a slave to plod? Come, see him at the harvest home, When garden, field and free Conspire, with flowing store to fill His barn and granary. His healthful children gaily sport And bid the new mown hay, Or proudly aid, with vigorous arm, His task as best they may. The dog partakes his master's joy, And guards the loaded wain, The feathered people clap their wings, And lead their yongling train. Perchance, the hoary grasshopper's eye The glowing scene surveys, And breathes a blessing on his race, Or guides the evening praise. The harvest giver is their friend, The Maker of the soil; And Earth, the mother, gives them bread, And cheers their patient toil. Come, join them, 'round the wintry hearth, Their heart-felt pleasure see, And you can better judge how best The Farmer's life may be. "Your frequent elections are good things for the country," remarked a foreigner, laying down a newspaper. "Why do you think so?" asked a friend. "Why I see that every stone in Georgia has been turned by both parties. This must be equal to subsoil ploughing, at least, and will produce a good crop next year."