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Poetry.

ORIGINAL. Song of a Waterfall.

Was it a dream I saw A wild and lovely land, Guarded by hills, that like An army seemed to stand; And at their feet there ran A bright, and noisy stream, Dancing with tumbled glees, In the moonlight's sparkling beam: And the little waterfall, With its ceaseless music wild, Trolled Nature's song for thee and me, And thine all care beguiled.

From the Spirit of the Times. Mary Wallace—A Moral Tale.

By LUCIA SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

"All is vanity and vexation of spirit" is the cry which rings in our ears from the cradle to the grave. The gladness and rejoicing of the child are saddened by the stern truth, so oft repeated, that sorrow and suffering await its ripening years; the bright anticipations of youth are darkened by glimpses of the disappointment and afflictions of manhood and old age; and the decline of life brings home to every bosom the painful reality that mourning and distress and weariness of spirit are the lot of all. If such trials await every human being, the question naturally arises how shall the mind be best fitted to endure them. Can this be done by presenting the holy truths of the Bible to the uncultivated intellect? This will doubtless have an influence, but without ability to grasp and retain them, a great portion of their power is lost. The mental faculties require that discipline which enables them to comprehend the ideas presented to the mind, before these ideas can have a bearing on the life and actions. If this is true of all, much more emphatically is it true of Woman.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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

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Terms of Advertising. Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the rate of FIFTY CENTS per square for the first insertion; FIVE CENTS additional for each subsequent insertion. Yearly Advertisements, with the privilege of alteration, not to exceed Quarter Column, with the paper, per year \$5 00 Half Column do do do 3 00 One Column do do do 1 50 Business Cards, do do do 1 00 All other advertisements inserted at reasonable rates. Advertisements should be marked with the number of insertions required.

know Mary Wallace was going to a boarding school? She is a decent sort of a girl now, but if she goes off there she will feel above us all; besides, she will be so wise there will be no talking to her unless you are on stilts. I hate these learned ladies, they are always prim old maids."

"Well," thought Polly Jones, "then Miss Mary is really going to New York. How I wish I could go too; but she'll have to be shut up with musty old books, long enough to spoil all the comfort she'll take looking at the fine things. When she comes back how stuck up she'll be; I guess she won't speak to common folks. Father says girls can get married just as well without learning; and who knows but I may catch a beau in the long time she'll be gone;—then how cheap she'll feel."

Mr. Wallace being the feeblest of five brothers was chosen by his parents to receive a collegiate education and become a minister. This mistaken kindness met its usual unhappy result. Denied his customary exercise upon his father's farm; confined to close rooms, and from taste as well as necessity devoting himself entirely to study, his frail constitution gradually gave way, and after performing the arduous duties of his sacred office for a few years his health was lost past recovery. He discovered, when too late, his error, and resolved to restore his disordered system as much as possible, by a change in his mode of living. He therefore removed from New England to the valley of the Genesee, the then "Far West," and obtained on credit a small quantity of unimproved land. On leaving college he had married the young lady who, when a child was the sharer of his joys and sorrows in that eventful place for childhood, the "District School." When his farm was partially cleared, and he had erected a rude log house, he returned and removed his family to this land of promise.

By strict economy and hard labor Mr. W. had been enabled to pay for his land, and to build a small but comfortable residence. But as his family increased, he lamented the lack of means to educate them. There was only a common school at some distance, and the numerous seminaries which have since sprung up, were not then dreamed of;—there seemed no choice but ignorance, or the city schools. His resolution was at length taken, that to whatever self denial they must subject themselves, Mary should have an opportunity to obtain an education. When he informed his wife of his determination she felt strange misgivings; she could but fear the mysterious influence of the city upon her daughter's pure mind, and wondered that one who had suffered so much from confinement to books, should expose his child to the same danger. But, seeing her husband's resolution taken, she offered no remonstrance, and entered at once into every plan, hoping all would be for the best. It was now mid-summer, and, with their utmost efforts, they could not send Mary until late in the fall. The wheat was yet unharvested, and they depended upon this product to obtain funds. Besides, her wardrobe must be fitted up, and Mrs. W. always made the children's garments herself, during spare moments from severer labor. Mary was set to spinning, and the younger daughters to knitting. This was an era in the country, for miles around, many saying that Mr. Wallace was becoming prematurely superannuated, or positively deranged. Mary herself, had many thoughts and many feelings, but accustomed to obey her parents without answer, she said little. Occasionally she experienced a vague pleasure at the prospect of beholding a great city, but her day dreams were generally sad, for she could but tremble at the idea that she would be alone, amongst strangers.

The long looked for time at length approached, and the next morning Mary was to leave her home in company with a neighbor who was going to New York to market his flour and renew his stock of merchandise.

After the tea dishes had been washed, Mr. Wallace called Mary to him, and ascertaining that she had all preparations complete, bade her set herself by his side. "My daughter," he said, "you are my eldest, I need not say my favorite child. You know the sacrifices we are making, and must make to give you an education. We shall never be able to do as much for the rest. Remember you learn for others as well as yourself. You are going to the greatest city in our nation, and you will see there more pride and ostentation than you have ever dreamed of in your quiet home; but you go to obtain knowledge of books, not of the world. Do not listen to the advice which would make you forget your humble circumstances; nor desire those luxuries you cannot obtain. You are going for mental discipline; a portion of which may be to endure the scoffs and sneers of the daughters of wealth and fashion; to these you must submit without repining. You may make yourself and those around you happy by cheerfully braving the ills you cannot escape, or miserable, by false shame and ignoble desires.

Let me impress upon your mind that health is the corner stone upon which you are to build all your future usefulness. I have told you often of my mistaken zeal to acquire an education. A life-time of suffering is the reward I receive for disobeying the physical laws to which every human being is subject. These I have often impressed upon your mind. Recollect the number who have fallen victims to their transgressions; the young and interesting who have gone to an early grave or dragged out a weary existence, objects of pity or ridicule, and you will not treat this subject lightly. If too strongly tempted to yield to fashion's pernicious dictates;—think of your father, who loves you so fondly;—think of the long years of suffering to which he has been subjected, by a broken constitution—a constitution naturally feeble, it is true, but which might have been strengthened and improved until its pulsations at every stroke carried joy instead of sorrow.

Forget not, when far away, the instruction your mother and I have so often given you in the book of books. You go to discipline your mind that these instructions may not fall upon stony ground, but that you may grasp and retain the great truths contained in the word of God. Many Christians waver and falter for the want of mental power to sustain their spirits; many fall pitifully in the stern self-denying duties of life, because they are not capable of patient unrepeating endurance. Neither the conviction of reason nor a few transient emotions can make a Christian. The rules of the revealed word of God must be your talisman, your watchword, your stronghold. They must guide every action, then you will not fear the ridicule or contempt of others more favored by fortune. Now go to rest.—And may your father's blessing protect you from all evil."

Mrs. Wallace followed Mary to her room, where she gave her much parting advice with an anxiety which mothers so deeply feel. She opened again her trunk to see that nothing had been forgotten. "Keep your clothes in good repair," she repeated for the twentieth time; "you have now a good supply and will make a respectable appearance, and that is all I wish. The stockings your sisters have knit, are fine and white. Your plain wollen dress will be comfortable and comely, for every-day wear, and my poplin which I have altered for you will be handsome enough for any occasion. There was not a better dress worn by any one when I was young.—Now good night, and quiet rest to you my child."

CHAPTER II.

The fierce hurricane which sweeps in fury over the land devastates and ruins all in its path, and its rage once over, the wild flower springs up amidst the fallen fragrances, and the green ivy twines its tendrils round the prostrate oak as fondly as before. But the constant dropping of water wastes the flinty rock. It is not the great misfortunes of life which crush the spirit. They leave their marks, it is true, but the mind recovers, and the very depth of vexation is the power of suffering. The daily afflictions—the petty sorrows—he sorrows which know no sympathy, because not recognized as such—the little griefs which coming hourly upon the soul sicken it with life;—these are the trials which it requires mental power to sustain—these are the untold sufferings which each bosom must remedy, or be wasted in useless repinings.

Our travelers reached New York late at night after a cold and tedious journey.—The following morning they sought the Seminary Mary was to attend. The day wore away heavily to our lovely heroine, although Mrs. Dalensworth, the principal, showed her great kindness and attention. The ensuing evening there was little study and much talk. The young ladies gave free vent to their spirits. Mary's coarse shoes and thick stockings received a share of ridicule, but foremost was the plaid wollen dress.

"I declare," exclaimed one "she looks like my old washer woman, with the exception of the spectacles."

"How frightened she looked," said another, "when she entered the recitation room, if she had never seen any one before—"

"I was so dreadfully afraid I would never leave the country."

"What," cried a third, "ever possessed the stupid creature to come to this Institution. I am sure she'll never learn anything that will be of use to her. Did you see her hands? I should think she had washed fish's all her life."

Thus they continued till evening youth, but it would be useless to record the thoughts, almost heartless sayings of school girls who have only known the sunshine of prosperity and the caresses of indulgent friends.

There was another meeting at the same time of a more serious cast. Gathered in the room of Mrs. Dalensworth were the wise heads and kind hearts. The restraints of example and government removed, even Mrs. D. gave way to a fit of laughter, and little Miss Lightfoot the youngest and prettiest of the teachers was in extacies. Mrs. D. first spoke, "have we not picked up a strange being? One of the wild people of the forest, I should think. What shall we do to tame her? She must doff that strange garb of hers, or with all our reputation we shall be subjects of remark. I pity the girl and would do all in my power to benefit her, but I can not think of introducing her into my society. But I like such a specimen of power we possess."

to her father. Overcome at length by the persuasions of Mrs. Dalensworth she yielded her better judgment and wrote home. Her letter with expressions of the deepest affection and written in a style and hand showing rapid improvement. Near the close she informed her parents of the dilemma in which she was placed and requested them, if possible, to supply her immediate wants. This note was the occasion of much sorrow, and after a long discussion of the subject, Mr. Wallace wrote a reply from which we shall take the liberty to make a short extract.

"And, Mary, I refuse you this request with reluctance, because I see it is unwillingly made. Let not these petty trials destroy your peace of mind. I have placed you in a public institution that you might acquire energy of character and power of execution. Though gentleness and delicacy are beautiful traits in woman's mind, when unaccompanied by strength they often degenerate into inefficiency. Your life must be an active one. The sweet repose of a parental home can not be yours. Poverty will compel you to seek support in the cold world, and what afflictions may await you there, is known only to Him who sees the future as the present.

Prepare yourself for the changes of life, by close thought and self-discipline. Form a taste for literary pursuits, and in them you will find a delight that neither gold nor silver can afford.

I will not detail to you the self-denial we are obliged to practice to give you an education. These would only aggravate without benefiting you."

When Mary received this letter she wept long and bitterly, not for disappointment, but that she had added another drop to the cup of affliction her parents were compelled to drink. She informed Mrs. D. of its import who excused her from any expenditure.

The dreaded evening at length was over. Mary bore with calmness the indifference and contempt to which her appearance subjected her. She now applied herself with renewed vigor to her studies, and soon became not a leading scholar, but by her kindness a general favorite. School-girls though often vain and thoughtless, are ready to confess their errors. There is in their intercourse more of innocence and genuineness of feeling than can be found in after life; hence the deep and abiding impression which is made upon the memory by the friendships we make in the school-room. That pure and unspiced communion of soul with soul is seldom witnessed afterwards. What affection is more sound and unchanging than the oft-termed "fickle friendships" of young girls who pursue their studies together?—Blot out from my list of friends the companions and class-mates of my "school-days," and I should feel alone in the world.

CHAPTER III.

"How beautiful—how surpassingly beautiful is this sunset. I never tire of these glorious sights. The autumn in Virginia is the most charming of the seasons. Could my northern friends exchange their cold days and frosty nights, their dark, dull clouds and heavy rains, for this azure sky, this balmy air, this gorgeous sunset, my happiness would be complete." So spoke an interesting young lady, whom could the reader see, would be recognized as the school-girl of the preceding chapters.

She was speaking to the eldest son of the family, in which she officiated as governess.—William Mason, a tall, handsome and high-souled Virginian, possessing all his father's dignity and his mother's grace.—While Mary gazed upon the rich sunset with fervid admiration, his dark eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of intense emotion. Had she a heart and was it not affected? She was a woman—need we say more?

The daughters were nearly of an age to enter society; intellectual, high-spirited, and noble in every thought and deed, they were rather companions for Mary than subordinates; too proud to stoop to a mean end, they minded respect only guarding; and the duty of instructing was but the intercourse of persons highly cultivated. Nor was the idea of governess, one to degrade our heroine.—On the contrary, the family viewed her in the light of a superior being in deference to her more enlightened mind, and every attention was freely lavished upon her.

Days, weeks and months passed away, scarcely noted in their loss by the happy Mary. They were those days of enchantment which are to all the "greatest spots on memory's waste." Those halcyon hours when heart communes freely with heart, all unconscious of the deep passion which is entwining its cords around the spirit, and binding its victim with a fearful and mysterious power. To read, to sing, to walk with one whose mind seems a deep fountain overflowing with pathos and thought and soul, and ardent aspirations, soften the heart and enkindle the purest affection—love.

Oh! say not there is nothing in real life answering to this word—say not, it is a dream of the poet's disordered brain; but never shedding its dazzling beams upon the human heart. And Mary loved! Who that has passed down the steep of old age, cannot read in that single sentence volumes of enjoyment and misery? Who is there who cannot recall some bright days when the vision was his own! Mary loved—but not with the cool calculating love of ripper years; nor yet with the sentimental, sickening, transient passion of weaker minds. She laid her heart upon the altar and counted not the cost. William, also, loved. Enthusiastic, disinterested, his affection for Mary surpassed her own in vividness. But he loved as man loves. Ambition pointed to a brilliant career in the political field, and his heart thrilled at its bidding. His soul panted to engage in the combat, and while hours of recreation were passed in her society, still the energies of his mind were bent upon one great object, to shine in politics. He loved as man loves; for amusement, for relaxation,

and while disappointment would have cost him not a few pangs of sorrow, it would soon be forgotten in the hum of active life. This is the true history of the spirit. To the eye of the observer things would appear differently; woman may not speak her love; nay she must conceal it ever from its object, while man may pour forth his feelings with unhesitating freedom.

Time stole away with stealthy tread, nevertheless it passed away forever. Five years had now elapsed since she had taken up her residence in Mr. Mason's family. The daughters had all "completed their education," and she was to return home for a few months preparatory to her marriage. As the time drew near her spirit yearned with revived affection for her early friends. She almost blushed to think how little of late they had occupied her thoughts. Her fondness was the same, but another had received the warmest gust of her affections, and she realized for the first time the truth that two powerful feelings cannot at the same time exist in the mind.

"How will my mother and sisters look," thought Mary, "my venerable father will be he older and feeblest? And will my brothers still love their balls and sleds?—Where are my former companions—will they find me changed? Oh! I long to meet them once more."

She did meet them, and they found her changed. But she met them not, until she had passed through a fiery ordeal of suffering, so trying that nothing but the pure gold of her spirit could remain unburned—affliction, which works the consolation of earth and finds relief only at the gates of Heaven.

William Mason had just arrived at an age which permitted him to take a seat in the House of Representatives, and his talents had so distinguished him abroad, that he was nominated for that station. The opposing party was powerful, and their candidate a man who would not hesitate to use any means to gain his object. At a public dinner he spoke of Mr. Mason in scornful and slanderous terms. His words were soon repeated to the young politician, whose soul burned for satisfaction. "His blood or mine," he exclaimed, as he sealed a note of challenge, "shall wash out this ignominy." During the few hours of reflection which followed, the image of his wife appeared before him. "Mary, my loved one," he so abhorred, "you have often besought me to forewear this horrid mode of settling difficulties, have pleaded and reasoned with tears a your eyes, and I confess you have at times almost succeeded—but thank Heaven I am yet a man, and can defend my honor. You would despise and scorn me, if I could brook this public insult. No! if I fall you will be certain that I fell as a brave man, defending my name from the tongue of a slanderer; should I live in infamy you would despise so base a coward. My mother and sister are true to the blood that flows in their veins; they will cheer me on, for they would spurn the craven-hearted son and brother, who dared not defend their honor or his own."

It was a bright Spring day when Mary, having finished her preparations for visiting home, walked out to enjoy for the last time during some months, the balmy air and glowing light of a Virginia sunset. Muddled emotions filled her breast. Friends afar, and those she had found so kind to her when a stranger, occupied by turns her mind. A calm and quiet joy was diffused through her spirit, with just enough of melancholy to chasten and hallow, not to sadden her thoughts. Mr. Mason was away—he said unavoidably—would return in the morning before she left; and for the first time in four years she felt his absence a relief. She desired to commune with her own soul in solitude, to review the past, and prepare for the future. The shades of evening had gathered around before Mary returned to the beautiful mansion which had been so long her home. As she approached the house she heard strange sounds—sounds of wailing and weeping—and saw lights passing from window to window with unaccustomed rapidity. Meeting a servant in the hall she inquired the cause of this excitement, but received no answer, save "Massa! Massa! Oh my young Massa!" With breathless haste she rushed into the house and found herself in the presence of a frightful corpse; a form once noble and handsome lay besmeared with dust and blood. The lofty spirit which had animated and endeared had passed away from earth forever. Yes! William Mason, so loved, admired and caressed, was dead! He had perished braving the vengeance of Heaven, crushing the affections of earthly friends, a sacrifice to a false and inflated code of honor, which is even now claiming from among the young and physically brave, many victims of great promise. Shall I say that Mary mourned! Oh! there are hours in life which leaves traces upon the heart; furrows upon the brow, and deep lines upon the spirit, that years cannot remove. They give lessons which ages of common life would not teach; they work changes which an eternity of uneventful existence would never produce.—Let those who have stood beside the death-bed of the one most loved; who have watched with breathless earnestness the fearful change which creeps over the countenance; who have spoken and received the last farewell; let them recall their anguish of spirit; but however deep their feelings, they were only a moiety of the bitter agony which wrung Mary's heart. Without a moment's preparation, in the blessed hour of trust and joyful anticipation, the awful reality was forced upon her mind. He was dead; the bright star of her life, the very sun of her existence. Others, too, mourned—agonized—but the lamentations of thousands cannot re-awaken the lifeless sleeper.

With elaborate pomp and display, the remains of William Mason were carried to their last lonely bed and buried from sight. Mary remained a few weeks, then returned to the parental mansion. She had gone forth an inexperienced child, hoping, rejoicing, fearing; she returned a mature woman, with hopes blighted, joy turned to sadness, fears more than realized. But her mind had been disciplined by study, by suffering, by prosperity. She had borne her petty trials with patience, her prosperity with meekness; and now her vigorous and active mind turned all its powers upon one object, resignation to this last most harassing affliction. "It is the will of Heaven," she said, "and I have but to bow in humble submission." But the contest was a fearful one; reason strove for months almost vainly to gain the ascendancy over the deep feelings of the heart. In the lone hours of night the ghastly image of the loved and lost rose before her and sent a thrill of horror through her frame; "dreams" startling and dreadful harassed her sleep, and sadness shrouded every waking thought.

She found the "home" of her childhood changed. The lone "farm" house was now surrounded by new and handsome dwellings. The sound of the hammer and the busy hum of men fell upon her ear in all directions. She could no longer find the trees she had admired in youth; the haunts she had frequented in childhood; the hand of enterprisers had levelled the former and raised costly mansions upon the latter.

But she would not selfishly regret to prevent her rejoicing at the advancement of civilization. She considered human souls of far greater importance than trees and rocks; the life and animation of the embryo revived her spirits; and made her feel that there was hope and gladness for others, though they might never shine again for her.

Her parents had experienced a great change in pecuniary affairs. The small farm had been divided into city lots and had increased astonishingly in value. Home! This is an endearing epithet and awakens the most tender emotions in the soul. Mary now felt its sweet influence with tenfold strength. She had been happy in the balmy South, for she found there warm hearts and hospitable friends. Yet even such kindness as theirs contrasted strongly with the deep, low, all-pervading love of a mother. A few weeks after her return, she wrote the following letter to her former pupils: "18—

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length gained a sufficient mastery over myself to write to you. I am calm, and I trust, resigned. The influence of home and kindred has had a most beneficial effect upon me. My father reasons and advises, and my mother sympathizes in that quiet soothing way that a mother only can do. I am composed, but memory still brings to light other days, other joys and other bitter sorrows, as vividly as if they were now present. They say "we do forget"—that time heals all wounds, hides all griefs in the dark vale of oblivion. This may be true of some, but of me it cannot. No! no! I can never forget. If there is power in mental discipline, and in Christian confidence, I will flush the constant lamentations of my soul. I will resign myself to God's will, and while I yet remain a pilgrim sojourner on this earth, I will endeavor not to live a useless life; but the strong chains of memory will ever bind me to the past with a strength that cannot be overcome.

Oh! how changed is every object. I look out upon the face of nature, but its beauty and loveliness have lost their charm. I hear the laugh of childhood, so full of innocence and gladness, but I feel that the biting frost of disappointment will soon destroy their heart-felt glee. I bow in prayer, and even then, though I receive great consolation and comfort, the halo of hope, is less bright, it encircles the future but surrounds not the present. My books, too, have lost much of their former interest, for when is he who once perused them with me! Who loved so well the sweet breathings of the Poet and the strong reasonings of the Philosopher? Gone, alas! forever. But I am selfish, and forget in my own loss that you have parted with a beloved brother; I harrow up your feelings in giving vent to my own. This I would not willingly. I would rather console.

I shall remain at home in future. It has pleased an over-ruling Providence to make my father what in this section is termed a wealthy man. I shall endeavor to cheer his remaining days, and to instruct and improve my younger brothers and sisters. There is a city growing up around us with great rapidity—it is called Rochester. It has advantages which in time will probably make it a place of great importance. Enterprise has marched forward in western New York with a fearless step. The forests seem to have been removed by magic; active villages and thronged cities are rising with new magical power to occupy their places. Broad fields of wheat are waving where but a short time ago the wily Indian traced the foot-prints of his enemy, or kindled the flames of torture and of death. Beautiful farm-houses dot the wide-spread view, and intelligence and improvement are the watchwords of all. The waters of the majestic Hudson now mingle with Erie's blue waves, and strange tales are told of making steam an agent to tread with lightning speed on iron pathways through the land; these are, however, but visions, which we shall hardly live to see fulfilled.