

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE

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

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Docum.

STANZAS.

Forewell! life! my senses swim And the world is growing dim Through the mists of olden light Like the ebb of the night— Cold, colder, colder still! Upward leads a vapor chill! Strong the earthy odor grows— I smell the mould above the rose!

The Reaper and the Flowers.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death— And, with his sickle keen, He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" said he: "Have I naught but the bearded grain? Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will give them all back again."

Miscellany.

THE SACRED MOUNTAINS—MT. ARARAT.

There are some mountains standing on this sphere of ours that seem almost conscious beings, and if they could but speak, and tell what they have seen and felt, the traveller who pauses at their base, would tremble with awe and alarm. For some good reason, the Deity has usually chosen mountain summits, and those which are isolated, as the theatre where he made the grandest exhibitions of himself.

in marriage, till the flood came and swept them all away," that we get any data by which we can form any true conception of the catastrophe. Yet this short statement is worth everything, and with it before me, I have sometimes thought I could almost paint the scene. Noah, whose head was whitened by the frosts of six centuries, laid the foundation of his huge vessel on a pleasant day, when all was serene, and tranquil. The fields were smiling in verdure before his eyes; the perfumed breezes floated by, and the music of birds and sounds of busy life were about him, when he, by faith alone, laid the first beam of that structure which was to sail over a buried planet.

But the last cry of human agony was at length hushed—ocean met ocean in its flow, and the waves swept on without a shore. O, what a wreck was there! the wreck of ten thousand years, with its cities, its cultivated fields, and mighty population. Not shivered masts and broken timbers, the wreck of some gallant vessel, were seen on that turbulent surface, but the fragments of a crushed and broken world. In a noble wreck, splendid cities, palaces, gorgeous palaces, gay apparatus, and unimagined wealth and luxury of twenty generations, strewn the bosom of the deluge.

on the scenery. I did not come, here to speculate in town lots, to found a colony, or subserve the interest of land holders. Being after health, I sought the fatiguing tramp and coarse fare of the woods. It was a hot day as we emerged from the woods on the shore of Long Lake, and the sun came down with such scorching power that I marked Friday, July 10th, in my calendar, to see if the temperature was correspondingly high in New York and the settlements. Well, this burning day I rode in a lumber wagon through the woods over rocks and rocks seven miles, walked seven miles and rowed a boat eleven miles—a good day's work for an invalid fresh from the doctor's hands.

The wrathful little swells came rushing furiously against the unoffending beach, and the tall tree-tops swayed to and fro, and fire threw its sparks in swift eddies heavenward, and all was wild, solemn, and almost fearful. No boat must leave the beach to-night, and so carefully loading our rifles and setting them up against the trees, we began to prepare for our night's repose. Some with their heads under the bark shanty, their feet to the fire, others in the open forest, with their heads across a stick of wood, lay stretched their full lengths upon the earth. I lay down for a while, but the wind that had increased at the going down of the sun now blew furiously, and crash went a tree in the forest, sounding for all the world like the dull report of distant cannon. I could not sleep, and so rising from my couch of boughs, I went out and sat down on the ground, and looked and listened. The steady roar of the waves on the beach below mingled in with the rush of the blast above, while the tall trees rocked and swung on every side, and flung out their long arms to the night, their leafy tresses streaming before them, and groaned on their ancient foundations with a deep and steady sound that filled my heart with emotions at once solemn and fearful.

brought to bear in any way we please. Let a man be trained thus to think, and then his mind is his own. Otherwise it belongs to others, since they mostly govern it. Let it be taught thus to think, and it will easily learn to acquiesce. Then it can successfully prosecute any profession to which it may lend its powers. Another most important point in mental culture is to train the mind to speak, as well as to think. It should learn to get good thoughts; it should also be able to give out those good thoughts in good words, with the living voice, or all thoughts pen. However valuable any one's strength may be, if he cannot communicate them to others by writing or speaking, they can be of but little service to any but himself. Of what use would be the water which the earth contains, if it never came forth in refreshing springs and flowing rivers, to refresh the face of nature, and satisfy the wants of man? Of what use would all the gold and silver of the mines be, if they were never got out of their native beds, and sent to the mint and placed in the artist's hands? It is also a most important particular in intellectual training, to develop not merely a corner of the mind, not only one side of it, but the whole of it. This wonderful organ is not all memory, or all imagination or all intellect. It is a combination of all these powers. Each has its proper place, each is an important element in our happiness and usefulness. Therefore each should be cultivated in due proportion, so as to form the inner mental man one symmetrical whole. You would not so train and trim a noble tree as to have it grow all on one side, or all trunk, or all branches. Of this noble tree of mind, intellect is the trunk, imagination and memory are the leaves and branches, and good thoughts are the fruit. Therefore, so cultivate it that it shall have a strong trunk, graceful branches, and rich fruits. This is education, this bringing out the mental powers, this training the mind to think, to think closely, protractedly, discriminatingly, and honestly, to think for itself, this educating it to give out its thoughts in the tongue and pen, this cultivating in symmetry and harmony, the memory, imagination and intellect. Spanish Magistrates. In the late number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, the following anecdote is told, to illustrate the corruption of the Spanish Magistracy: "A rich miller in the country was fixed upon by three persons as a fit subject to be plucked. It so chanced, that shortly before the time appointed for the attack of the house, a party of travelling soldiers had requested lodging of him for the night, which he had granted; and these soldiers were sleeping above, when the robbers arrived and demanded his money. The miller told them he would go and fetch it; he awoke the soldiers, and with their assistance killed the three thieves and left them lying on the ground. The next day, as it was proper the authorities should be made acquainted with the circumstances, he went to the house of the alcalde—magistrate—of his village, to call him to make his examinations. The alcalde was not at home; on finding which he proceeded to the next in office, who was not at home either. He went on to the third, neither was this one to be found; nor did anybody know any thing of either of the three. At last, therefore, he returned home and prepared to bury them himself, when, on taking off the mask which concealed their faces, lo, and behold, there lay the three alcaldes! "SWEAR NOT AT ALL!—Yesterday, in the Common Pleas, a witness, on being placed on the stand to make the usual preliminary oath, on being requested to place his hand on the book, refused, saying that if he wished his version of the business under consideration, he could do it just as well without going through such impious ceremonies, &c. He was then asked to hold up his hand for the purpose of being sworn, but this he also objected to, and commenced repeating in a solemn tone the well known passage, "Swear not at all! neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the Earth, for it is His foot stool; neither shalt thou swear by Jerusalem." "But you will affirm?" asked the clerk. "Let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay—whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Finding that he would neither kiss the book, swear by the uplifted hand, or affirm, this Second Advent disciple was permitted to depart, unquestioned, which he did very deliberately, shaking the dust off his feet at the door, and muttering to himself, as he passed down the staircase, "Wo unto you lawyers!" &c.—N. Y. News. KINDNESS.—Speak kindly to thy brother man, for he has many cares thou dost not know; many sorrows thou hast not seen; and grief may be gnawing at his heart-strings, which ere long will snap them asunder. O, speak kindly to him!—Perhaps a word from thee will kindle the light of joy in his overshadowed heart, and make his pathway to the tomb a pleasant one. Speak kindly to thy brother man, even though sin has marred the spirit's beauty, and turned into discord the once perfect harmony of his being. Harshness can never reclaim him. Kindness will. For far down, beneath all his depravity, there still lingers a spark of the spirit's loveliness, that one word, from thee may kindle to a flame, which will eventually purify the whole man, and make him what he was destined to be—the true spiritual image of his God. Speak kindly, yet kindly to all without asking who they may be. It is enough for the to know that he belongs to the common brotherhood of man, and needs thy sympathy. Then give it to him freely, as thy Father, who is in heaven, giveth it to thee. HONOR.—A sentiment exhibited in the wag of a dog's tail, when he is waiting for a bone.