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THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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

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Table with 2 columns: Description of advertisement types and their rates. Includes 'Terms of Advertising', 'Advertisements conspicuously inserted', and 'Yearly Advertisements'.

Poetry.

From the Anglo-American. A SKETCH.

Sunlight upon the hills—the shades of eve Lay deep and calm the valleys, but the day That like a new-born child sought repose Amid the curtains of the west.

There, upon his couch, Alone, a stranger in an unknown land, And with the death-bell gathering at his heart, And with the death damps heavy on his brow, The artist from his open letter watched The light that fled less swiftly than his life.

Deep, warm, the red blaze grew, and with it came The hectic to the worn cheek, and the lip Was filled with feverish crimson, and the flame Grew strangely fervid, in the dark eye, lit With all the passionate beauty of the south; And the wild child of Italy half rose, And leaped his weak hand on his burning hand, And pushed aside the wood-pane crimson spray From the rude window, and looked forth once more As genius with strong hand had imprisoned death. Even as the blush of the sunset grew bright, So did the fire of life flame up to burn The incense that was heaped for heaven alone, On his soul's fire.

There the distant notes, In her ripe loquacity, the Summer came, Rose-crowned and garlanded. As 'mid the Gods Erst stood immortal Hebe, so she brings, The waxy-eyed queen, her nectar to the earth. And in the ruby chalice of the rose, And in the golden jessamine's amber cup, And where the lily bares her virgin heart To the gay wind, and amid the grass That thro' the here leaves of the dead year springs, Like a green hope grows strong and beautiful Above a withering sorrow—mid the trees The zephyr stirs, and the springing grain, The green wheat, and the swelling corn that waves Its silken tassels to the breezes, there, There, like, bright Summer, her nectarean store.

But 'mid the artist's mountain home, young Spring Still smiled and twined her nectarean wreaths, nor yet Bewildered her sister's raiment, hid Her innocent beauty. There the snow-drop hung In fragile loveliness, and April tears Upon the lily's purple clusters lay, And violets, and pansies, and primroses, And all those smiling children of the woods That Spring, like the dew, bending from the clouds, Finds its way to the heart, and the gladdening earth, And he who by the death couch, gazed Long upon earth and heaven, till his soul, Like a full river that may not contain, The wealth that swelling grows within its depths, Overflowed with beauty and painfulness, And once the tremulous fingers moved as tho' To cross against the pencil, and the eye Turned flashing to the entranced canvass, where Still glowed the unfinished work: then with a smile, As if in mockery, he turned again To watch his last day's parting from the earth.

And in yet another pomp it gleamed, and still The artist raised his weak head and gazed on, But as the crimson of the ruffled cloud Grew to a golden purple, and the glow Upon the mountain's crest waxed dark and brown, The scarlet faded from his cheek and lip, And the wild fire dimmed within his eye, Till faint and sad of heart he sunk again, And murmured thus as death stole on apace.

“It rains, the red light pales! Sweet Mary mother, call me to thy breast While its soft glory lingers on the west! Ev' now my spirit falls— Help, ere this fever loosen reason's chain And death's dark army bring worse than pain.”

“How the night damps arise! How the mist upward curls from fen and flood, And the breeze comes hoarsely thro' the wood, Not thus beneath thy skies, Sun-epitaph! thy shadows come O'er day's glad loveliness—alas! my home!”

“Oh! to return once more! To gaze, oh! home, upon those ivied walls, To wake the echoes in thy marble halls, To wander as in thy prime, Where the dim waters of the Piber glide Amid the desolate ruins of thy pride.”

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Observer. Headley's Letters from the Wilderness.

IN THE WOODS, August. Lost in the Woods—An old Indian and his daughter—Mitchel—Adirondac Iron Works.

It was with weary forms and subdued hearts that we turned the bow of our boat down the lake, and left the place of encampment, probably for ever. No one who has not traveled in the woods can appreciate the feelings of regret with which one leaves the spot where he has pitched his tent even for a day or night. The half-extinguished fire-brands scattered around—the broken sticks that for the time seemed valuable as silver forks, and the deserted shanty, all have a desolate appearance, and it seems like forsaking trusty friends, to leave them there in the forest alone.

The morning was sombre and the wind fresh as we pulled down the lake and again entered the narrow river that pierced soundlessly the dark bosom of the forest. The fatiguing task of carrying our boats was performed over again, with the additional burden of the deer we had but partially consumed. At one carrying place, I took two rifles and an overcoat as his part of the freight, and started off in advance. We were each of us too much engaged with our own affairs to notice the direction he took, but supposing of course, he was ahead, pushed on. But as we came to the next landing-place, he was nowhere to be found. “He has gone on, I guess,” said one “to the next carrying place.” We shouted, but the echo of our own voices was the only reply the boundless forest sent back, and one was despatched before to ascertain if our conjecture was true. The report was soon brought back that P. was nowhere to be found. I, by this time, began to feel somewhat alarmed, for the lost one was my brother, and taking Mitchel with me, hastened back towards the spot where he had parted from us. I shouted aloud, but the deep water-fall drowned my voice, and its sullen roar seemed mocking my anxious halloo. I then fired my rifle, but the sharp report was followed only by its own echo. Mitchel then discharged his, and after waiting anxiously awhile, we heard a shot far up the river. Soon after, “bang—bang” went two more guns in the same direction. The poor fellow had heard our shot, and fearing we might not hear his in return, and so take a wrong direction, just stood and loaded and fired as fast as he could. When we found him he was pale as marble, and looked like one who had been in a state of perfect bewilderment. On leaving us, instead of going down stream, as should have done, he had gone directly up. After awhile he had come out on the bank of a strange river. As it was on the wrong side of him to be the one we had flouted down, he thought he must have crossed over to another stream, but finally concluded it would be the safest plan to retrace his steps. This he was doing to the best of his ability when he heard our rifle shots. We scolded him for his stupidity in thus causing us alarm and delay, which he very coolly remarked was neither very just nor very scorable, and then trudged on.

Towards night, B—n and myself arrived with Mitchel at his hut, where we found his aged father and young sister waiting his return. “Old Peter,” as he is called, had come, with his daughter, a hundred and fifty miles in a bark canoe, to visit him. He is now over eighty years of age, shook with palsy, and was constantly muttering to himself in a language half French half Indian, while his daughter, scarcely twenty years of age, was silent as a statue. She was quite pretty, and her long hair, which fell over her shoulders, was not straight, like that of her race, but hung in wavy masses around her bronzed visage. She would speak to no one, not even to answer a question, except to her father and brother. I tried in vain to make her say no or yes. She would invariably turn to her father and he would answer for her. This old man still roams the forest, and stays where night overtakes him. It was sad to look upon his once powerful frame, now bowed and tottering, while his thick gray hair hung like a huge mat around his wrinkled and seamed visage. His tremulous hand and faded eye could no longer send the unerring ball to its mark, and he was compelled to rely on a rusty fowling-piece. Every thing about him was in keeping—even his dog was a mixture of the wolf and dog, and was the quickest creature I ever saw move. Poor old man, he would scarcely stand another winter, I fear—and some lonely night in the lonely forest, that dark-skinned maiden will see him die, far from human habitations; and her feeble arm will carry his corpse many a weary mile, to rest among his friends. As I have seen her decked out with water-lilies, paddling that old man over the lake, I have sighed over her fate. She seemed wrapped up in her father, and to have but one thought—one purpose of life—the guarding and nursing of her feeble parent. The night that sees her sitting alone by the camp-fire beside her dead parent, will witness a grief as intense and desolate as ever visited a more cultivated bosom. God help her in that dark hour. I can conceive of no sadder sight than that of a forsaken maiden, in some tempestuous night, sitting all alone in the heart of the boundless forest, holding the dead or dying head of her father, while the winds sing his dirge, and the flickering fire sheds a ghastly light on the scene. Sorrow in the midst of the wilderness seems doubly desolate.

How strong is habit. The old man cannot be persuaded to sit down in peace beneath a quiet roof, ministered to and cherished as his wants require, but still clings to his wandering life, and endures hunger, cold and fatigue and wanders homeless and homeless. He still hunts, though his shot seldom strikes down a deer; and he still

treads the forest, though his trembling limbs but half fulfill their office, and his aged shoulders groan under the burden of his light canoe. I saw him looking at a handful of specimens of birch bark, he had collected, and balancing which to choose as materials for a new boat. He still looks forward to days of hunting and years of toil, when the bark of life is already touching those dark waters that roll away from this world and all that it contains. After spending a night with Mitchel we bid him good bye, and started for the Adirondac mountains, where it was necessary to have another guide. He rowed us across the lake and accompanied us several miles on our way, as if loth to leave us. I gave him a canister of powder, a pocket compass, and a small spy-glass, to keep as mementoes of me, and shook his honest hand with as much regret as ever I did that of a white man. I shall long remember him—he is a man of deeds and not of words—kind, gentle, and delicate in his feelings, honest and true as steel. I would start on a journey of a thousand miles with him alone, without the slightest anxiety, although I was burdened down with money. I never lay down beside a truster heart than his, and never slept sounder than I have with one arm across his brawny chest. We started in the morning for a clearing between twenty and thirty miles distant, but after we had performed fifteen miles of it, and found ourselves beneath the roof of a comfortable log house, we concluded to stay over night. The next morning, bright and clear, we resumed our march, and at noon reached this solitary clearing which overlooks the whole wild, gigantic and broken mass of the Adirondac mountains. Far over all towered away the lordly peak of the Tahawes, nick-named Mount Marcy. Its cone-shaped summit arose out of a perfect sea of mountains, and as I gazed on it I half regretted my determination to ascend it. I never looked on an Alpine height with such misgiving. It was, however, more than twenty miles distant, and a nearer view might diminish the difficulties which from this point seemed insurmountable. Four miles more through the woods brought us to Lake Sanford, where we found the hunter, Cheney, who took us in his boat five miles further on to the Adirondac iron works. These iron works are twenty five miles from any public road, in the very heart of the forest. Mr. Henderson, of New Jersey, first visited them. He was told by an Indian of their existence, and gave him two hundred dollars to be conducted to them. The mountains around are solid ore of a very good quality, but the carting of provisions in, and the iron out, eats up all the profits; so that though two or three thousand dollars have been expended on the works, not one dollar has been made. It is a lonely place, and the smoke of a furnace, and the clink of the hammer, are strange sights and sounds here.

Chemical Miracles.

At the court of the Duke of Brunswick, Professor Beyruss promised that during dinner his coat should become red; and to the amazement of the prince and the other guests, it actually became that color. M. Vogel, who relates the fact, does not reveal the secret made use of by Beyruss; but he observes that by pouring limewater on the juice of the beet root, a colored liquid is obtained; and that a piece of cloth steeped in this liquor and quickly dried becomes red in a few hours, simply by contact with the air; and further, that the effect is accelerated in an apartment where champagne and other wines are being plentifully poured out. It has been proved by recent experiments, that wool dyed by orchil of a violet color, or stained blue by the accidental sulphate of indigo, in a bath of hydro sulphuric acid, becomes colorless, yet assumes the blue or the violet color, on exposure to the free air. Either explanation applies to the modern fact, and indicates the possibility of reviving ancient prodigies; it also discovers the manner in which, amid flaming torches and smoking incense, in the sanctuaries of polytheism, the veil concealing the sacred things may have been seen to change from white to a blood red hue, and which spectacle was considered the presage of frightful disasters. Blood boiling upon the altars, or upon the marbles or in the vases of the temples, was also indicative of peril and calamity. In Provence, in the sixteenth century, when a consecrated phial was filled with the blood of St. Magdalene, in a solid state, was placed near her pretended head, the blood became liquid and suddenly boiled. The same phenomenon was exhibited at the cathedral of Avellino, with the blood of St. Lawrence; and also at Bissegliat, with that of St. Pantaleon, and of two other martyrs. In the present day, at an annual public ceremony at Naples, some of the blood of St. Januarius, collected and dried centuries ago, becomes spontaneously liquefied, and rises in a boiling state to the top of the phial that encloses it. These phenomena may be produced by roddening sulphuric ether with oronette (onosma, Linn.) and mixing the tincture with spermaceti. This preparation, at ten degrees above the freezing point (centigrade), remains condensed, but melts and boils at twenty. To raise it to this temperature, it is only necessary to hold the phial which contains it in the hand for some time.

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Facts from Natural History.

BY PROFESSOR HAPES.

Probably you know what is meant by a cyclone. If you make a spot on the periphery of a wheel, travelling on a plain, the figure which that spot describes is a cyclone. Now there is no figure in which anybody can be moved with so much velocity and regularity of speed, not even the straight line. Mathematicians discovered this many years ago; but Nature's God taught the Eagle before mathematicians were invented; and when the eagle pounces upon his prey, he describes the figure of a cyclone. A globe placed in water, or in air, in moving meets with resistance, and its velocity will be retarded. If you alter the globe to the form of an egg, there will be less resistance. And then there is a form called the solid resistant, which mathematicians studied for many years to discover; and when they had discovered it, they found they had the form of a fish's head. Nature had “figged out” the fish with just such a figure.

The feathers of birds, and each particular part of them, are arranged at such angles as to be most efficient in assisting flight. The human eye has a mirror, on which objects are reflected, and a nerve by which those reflections are conveyed to the brain, and thus we are enabled to take an interest in the objects which pass before the eye. Now when the eye is too convex, we use one kind of glasses to correct the fault; and if it be not convex enough, or if we wish to look at objects at a different distance, we use glasses of entirely another description. But as birds cannot get spectacles, Providence has given them a method of supplying the deficiency. They have the power of contracting the eye, of making it more convex, so as to see the specks which float in the atmosphere, and catch them for food; and also of flattening the eye to see a great distance, and observe whether an enemy is threatening to destroy them. In addition to this, they have a film or coating which can suddenly be thrown down over the eye to protect it; because at the velocity at which they fly, and with the delicate texture of their eye, the least speck of dust would act upon it as a penknife thrust into the human eye. This film is to protect the eye, and the same thing exists to some extent in the eye of the horse. The horse has a large eye, very liable to take dust. This coating, in the horse's eye, is called the haw, or third eyelid, and if you will watch closely, you may see it descend and return with electric velocity. It clears away the dust and protects the eye from injury. If the eye should catch cold, the haw hardens and projects, and ignorant persons cut it off, and thus destroy its safeguard.

You all know, if you take a pound of iron and make it of a rod a foot long, what weight it will support. But if it be a hollow rod, it will support a weight many times greater than before. Nature seems to have taken advantage of this also, long before mathematicians had discovered it, and all the bones of animals are hollow. The bones of birds are large, because they must be strong to move their large wings with such velocity, but they must also be light in order to flap easily through the air. Birds also illustrate another fact in natural philosophy. If you take a bag, make it air tight, and put it under water, it will support a large weight, say an hundred pounds. But twist it or diminish the air in it, and it will support no such weight. Now a bird has such an air bag. He also has the power of forcing air into hollow parts of the body, and thus assists his flight. The same thing may be observed in fishes. They also have an air bag to enable them to rise or sink in the water until they find their proper temperature.

If they wish to rise they increase it; if they wish to sink they compress it, and down they go. Sometimes the fish in sinking makes too strong an effort to compress his air bag, and bursts it; then down he goes to the bottom, and there remains for the rest of his life. Flounders and some other fish have no air bag, and so they are never found swimming on the surface, but must always be caught on the bottom.

In this way are the principles of science applied to almost every thing. You wish to know how to pack the greatest amount of bulk in the smallest space. The forms of cylinders leave large spaces between them. Mathematicians labored for a long time to find what figure could be used so as to lose no space; and at last found that it was the six-sided figure, and also that three planes ending in a point formed the strongest roof or floor. The honey bee discovered the same thing a good while ago. Honey-comb is made up of six-sided figures, and the roof is built with three plane surfaces coming to a point.

If a flexible vessel be emptied of air, its sides will be almost crushed together by the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere. And if a tube partly filled be emptied of its air, the fluid will rise to the top. The bee understands this; and when he comes to the cup of the tall honeysuckle, and finds that he cannot reach the sweet matter at its bottom, he thrusts in his body, shuts up the flower, and then exhausts the air, and so possesses himself of the dust and honey of the flower. The feet of flies and of lizards are constructed on a similar principle, and they thus walk with ease on glass or a ceiling. Their feet are made so as to create a vacuum beneath them, and so they have a pressure of atmosphere, fifteen pounds to the square inch, to enable them to hold on. The cat has the same power to a less extent. Plants require the sunlight, and some plants turn themselves around towards the sun as it travels round from east to west. The sunflower does this, and so does a field of clover. These facts, though we have not yet got at the reason of them, are still extremely interesting. You all know that if a hollow ball be filled with gas, lighter than air, and it will rise and fly away. This fact is beautifully carried out

Productions, &c. of the United States.

The patent Office Report furnishes the following important information.

Wheat, oats, rye, Indian Corn, potatoes, hay and tobacco are raised in every State and Territory of the Union. Barley is raised in all except Louisiana. Buckwheat is raised in all except Louisiana and Florida. New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio and Wisconsin, do not raise cotton. The States that do not raise cotton, together with Delaware, Maryland, and Indiana, do not raise rice. Every State and Territory except Iowa does raise silk. Every State except Delaware makes sugar. New York raises the most barley, viz: 1,802,232 bushels. New York the most potatoes, viz: 20,553,612 bushels. New York raises the most oats, viz: 24,907,533 bushels. New York raises the most hay, viz: 4,295,536 tons. Ohio the most wheat, viz: 18,786,705 bush. Pennsylvania the most rye, viz: 8,429,226 bushels. Pennsylvania the most buckwheat, viz: 6,408,508 bushels. Tennessee the most Indian corn, viz: 67,838,437 bushels. Virginia the most flax and hemp, viz: 31,726 pounds. Kentucky the most tobacco, viz: 72,322,543 pounds. Georgia the most cotton, viz: 148,175,128 pounds. South Carolina the most rice, viz: 66,892,807 pounds. Louisiana the most sugar, viz: 37,173,590 pounds. North Carolina the most wine, viz: 18,347 gallons.

These are curious facts, as showing the variety of agricultural productions and the vast amount of these productions. Sir Walter Scott's Tombstone.—At the works of Messrs. McDonald and Leslie, of Aberdeen, there has just been executed a massive tombstone, which is to be placed on the contiguous grave of the late Sir Walter Scott; and of Lady Scott, at Dryburgh Abbey. It consists of a large block of beautiful red granite, cut from Macdonald and Leslie's quarries at Striding Hill, near Aberdeen, on the property of the Earl of Aberdeen. The block is 7 feet long, by 6 1/2 feet broad, and weighs nearly five tons. The upper surface is cut in the form of the top of a double sarcophagus. On the one compartment is the following inscription: SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET, DIED SEPTEMBER 21, A. D., 1832.

On the other:—DAME CHARLOTTE MARGARET CARPENTER, WIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT OF ABBOTSFORD, BARONET, DIED AT ABBOTSFORD, MAY 15, A. D. 1826.

O how heavy is my work when faith cannot take hold of an almighty arm for the performance of it. Many times have I been ready to sink in this case. Blessed be God! that I may repair to a full fountain! —Bhai a? He who so madly preaching his work, and was so much taken up in it, that he was often in watching the greater part of the night, besides his pains in his day studies. —Wilkinson's Preface to Strong's Sermons. Two persons, I believe, a husband and a wife—but of that I am not sure, and matters not—being very much at variance, referred their matter to him. Each accused the other, and both declared themselves to be without blame. Hows! heard them very patiently; and then he said, “My judgment is this,—let the innocent forgive the guilty.” —Boswell's Memoirs of Hume.

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