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THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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

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Terms of Advertising.

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Poetry.

For the People's Advocate.

THE KORSAREN.
Like the dove that mourns her mate,
Alone she walks the leafy dell,
And her eyes, all desolate—
Her evening footsteps wildly fell.
She strove to hide the starting tear,
The drop-drawn sigh, but half-suppressed—
The impulse of a conscious fear—
And poignant anguish of her breast.
She seldom smiles—but now and then,
Involuntarily her eye
Assum'd a wild glance, as when
The lightning's flash along the sky,
The spirit chords that bound her soul,
In spells of pure enchantment sweet,
Sent to her heart a death-like toll.
At which her spirit shrank to naught.
She sleep'd above her lonely tomb,
The hyacinth leaves a branchy shade,
Whose tumbled boughs shad her bloom,
Mark where that gifted one was laid.
Her's was the muse's lofty power—
And of the Muse's thrice-embellish'd lyre:
Her numbers breath'd through life's short hour,
The genius of the Poets fire.

A Hymn of the Sea.

The sea is bright, but a mightier sways
His restless billows, than whose lands are seen,
His boundless gulfs and his shore, thy breath,
That moved in the beginning of his face,
Mists of silver, the obedient waves,
Swells strong motion, roll and rise and fall,
Still from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up,
As at the first, to water the great earth,
And keep her valleys green, A hundred realms
Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind,
And in the drooping shower, with gladness, hear
Thy promise of this harvest, I look forth,
O'er the boundless blue, where, joyously,
The bright, gleam of unnumerable waves
Glances to the sun at once, when the hands
Of a great multitude are toward things
In adoration, I behold the ships
Gleaming from cap to cap, on blue sea isle,
Or steaming toward far lands, or hastening home
From the world, it is thy friendly breeze
That bears them forth, and the waves of the ocean,
And the shoals of the sea, till in the port,
The straggling sea-crowds climb and furl the sail,
But who shall bid thy spirit, who shall face
The blast that wakes the face of the sea?
Oh God! thy joyous makes the world turn pale,
When on the surges, carrying war, to snare
Some city, or invade some thoughtless realm,
Descends the fierce tempest. The vast links
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the sails
Fly, rent by the webs of gossamer; the masts
Are snapp'd and shatter'd; down from the decks,
Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf,
Their crumpled engines, and their hosts, arrayed
In the trappings of the battle-field, are whelmed
By whirlpools, or dashed dead upon the rocks,
Then stand the nations still with awe, and pause,
A moment from the bloody work of war.

These restless surges cut away the shores
Of earth's kind continents, the fertile plain
Waters of shallow, heads and crumbles down,
And the cold drifts the sea-level in the streets
Of the drowned city. Then, methinks, afar
In the green channel of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters and the line
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,
Creator! thou dost teach the coral wren
To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age,
His bulwark beneath the waters, till, at last,
His bulwark overtop the brine, and check
The long wave rolling from the Southern pole
To break upon Japan. Then bidst the fires,
That amid the under oceans, leave on high
The new-made mountains, and uplift their peaks,
A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird,
The birds and wailing fowls plant the rifts
With herb and tree; sweet fountains gush; sweet
ripples the living lakes, that, fringed with flowers,
Are gathering in the hollows. Thou dost look
On thy creation and pronounce it good.
Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,
Praise thee in silent beauty, and its woods,
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean; join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

Miscellaneous.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

Who does not shudder at the very mention
Of "a night attack"? What dreadful
scenes it conjures up of sanguinary carnage,
of dread and indiscriminate havoc, and of
inhuman murder! How often has the sleeping
soldier been aroused from his dream of
a far distant home, and the contemplation
of sweet familiar faces, to look upon the
half-lidded forms of deadly foes, who, from
darkness and obscurity, were pouring upon
him a death shower; and before the half-
slumbering senses had regained a conscious-
ness of the difference between the dream
and the reality, his spirit has received its
message of parting, and, like some sweet
bird, has soared away above earthly perils
to float in safety, and bathe its pinions in
the light of heaven! What dreadful thoughts
fill up as we hear again of the midnight-rob-
ber and assassin, who, stealing upon the un-
conscious sleeper, by one blow cuts his
thread of life, and, merely to obtain the dress
of such this deeper owns, he robs him of
that which earth cannot restore! We might
quote to corroborate cases of murderous
deeds done in the dark, until the full

The Cry of the Free Eagle.

There is a most beautiful passage in an address of Headley's, applied to national civil freedom which we here quote, and apply to freedom for more glorious than which earth can boast of. He is descending on the one progressive principle, and turning a moment from the government of the world, in eloquent phrase exclaims: Have you ever seen an eagle fettered to the earth day after day, week after week? How his plume droops, and his proud bearing sinks away into an expression of fear and humility—This eye that was wont to outgaze the sun, is listless and dead, and but low sounds of irritation escape him. But just let the free cry of a free eagle, seated on some far mountain crag, meet his ear, and how his ruffled plumage smooths itself into beauty, his drooping neck becomes erect, and his eye gleams as of old. Pour that wild stream of indignation on his ear, and those broad wings unfold themselves in their native strength, and with a cry as shrill and piercing as that of his fellow, he strains on his fetters, and perchance bursts away, soaring gloriously towards heaven. Who, then, shall stay his flight, or fill his heart with fear! So had man been broken down age after age, till his spirit was chained to a death of death, and his soul maddened and stained—Our declaration of independence was the cry of that free eagle on the mountain crag, and the fettered soul heard and answered it, and the world over, with a shout that shook the thrones of Europe to their bases, and made the chain that bound it smoke and quiver beneath its angry blows. Poland stretched out her arms towards us, and fell weeping under her arms; Italy sang the Roman Forum; Ireland shouted and fell, and France took it up, "earthquakes opened under the Bourbon throne, and down sunk a whole dynasty of kings."

A jackass, which lived about Council Bluff Barracks, was the chosen instrument. This animal was one of those old, nondescript kind, which had no particular owner; was kept under no restraint, but appeared to be a movable portion of the establishment, let run at large to exercise the vigilance of the sentries; and many a raw recruit had fired at random on hearing old Jack approach, and when he retreated congratulated himself on frightening an Indian. The soldiers at length dubbed old Jack the "Grand Rounds," and by this name he was generally known. Lieut. M. had Jack captured and placed under duress for nearly two days without anything to eat: this made him so hungry he could have masticated a side of sole leather; then, enticing Capt. S. into a whist party in the Major's quarters, he turned Jack into the Captain's apartment. But a brief period had elapsed before old "Grand Rounds" smelled the hay mattress, and if it had been the stuffing of a velvet-covered ottoman, all the same. He pulled the clothes off, put his fore-foot upon the bed, with his teeth tore a hole large enough to get his nose in, and busily proceeded to make up for his long fast by stuffing his own hide with the contents of the mattress.

While old "Grand Rounds" was thus feeding away, congratulating himself, as he thought, on his luck in getting such stabling, the original proprietor, Capt. S. was enjoying the hospitality of the Major. The company, on that particular occasion, was so joyous and entertaining, and the wine had such a peculiarly rich flavor, that the Captain lingered until midnight. When on his way to his own quarters he asked the sentry upon the parade ground what both of them were standing there about? "It is only me alone, Captain," said the soldier. "Well, then," said Captain S., "if that is so, this is the strangest parade ground for op(herical) delusions I ever traveled over."

He at length gained his door, and while feeling for the knob he opened, fell in, and the proprietor embraced the easy chair, which stood near the entrance. He recovered directly, and commenced the operation of undressing, during which he staggered against old "Grand Rounds," and taking him for his negro boy "Bill," he told him to take hold of his boots—and strike a light! Having seated himself, he pulled and pulled at his boots, but they would not come, for the very good reason that imagination only was tugging at the heel. "Never mind a light," says he, "the illumina(tion) within is sufficient—la, ha, ha, (hic) what a glorious fellow the Major is—and what wine—(here he rolled into bed and finished the sentence by saying) he keeps."

Old "Grand Rounds," the jackass, was munching away, and the captain rolled over the opening he had made in the mattress—he pushed the owner of the quarters up with his nose, and grabbed another mouthful. The Captain, thinking it was Bill tucking in the cover, said nothing at first, but when he punched again he told him "that would do; he could go now." But when old Jack had munching that up he nosed the captain again, who returned his thrust with a slap over the nose. Jack appeared to ponder upon the indignity for a moment, and then turning round he lifted the owner of the mattress from his reclining posture by a sudden movement of his heels, which spread him on the floor like a crab, and then turning the other end round again, he continued his comfortable employment upon the remaining contents of the mattress.

The Mountain Artillery.

This new arm in our military service, having some novel features, we condense from an article in the Albany Argus the following: Each of the batteries consists of six 12 pounder bronze howitzers, and six carriages constructed so as to be susceptible of packing upon a horse or mule. The carriage is of similar weight, and two chests with ammunition, vary only a few pounds from the same. A pack saddle has been so constructed as to admit of its receiving either the howitzer, the carriage, or two ammunition chests, carrying each, eight rounds of spherical case shot, shells, and canister. In the artillery of our army, this new arm has never been introduced, and it is understood that the Executive has lately authorized a corps to be organized by the ordnance department, and commanded by officers of that corps, who alone have had any practice with this peculiar description of artillery. Accordingly, two companies are being raised and sent to Fort Monroe for instructions, whence they will embark for Mexico, it is supposed, early in January, the first under the command of Lieut. G. H. Talcott of the ordnance. The purpose of this new corps, is to act as artillery in positions where heavy batteries could not be established, as in defiles, narrow passages, mountain gorges, &c. &c. The effect of this light artillery, or its power of endurance, would not be sufficient, to render it very valuable for general service in the field, but, in the mountain districts where the movements of the field batteries would necessarily be tardy, and difficult if not quite impracticable, the mountain guns would be available at the most difficult positions; advancing with celerity, and pouring their fire of the most destructive missiles upon an enemy, who otherwise might pose himself in apparent security, to dispute the passage of our troops. The compactness and simplicity of the new mountain artillery is deemed very superior to either that of the French or English. The whole arrangement of gun, carriage, ammunition and equipment, is exceeding compact, neat and ingenious. Attached to this corps, it is understood to be the intention of the War Department

The Grand Round.

Early in the spring of 1842, the startling news was despatched from our Western borders that the Mexicans were coming!—Day after day followed confirmation of the tidings; and by the time Antonio and Goliad had been taken, the people of the little republic were on their way—gathering numbers and strength as they advanced to repel the bold invaders.

A small company of which I was one, started from our village in a few hours after the first news of danger; and in less than a week had joined the lower division of the main body of the army, which was moving upon Goliad. On a stream called Celeto, not far from the spot of Fannin's ill-fated surrender, we pitched our camp for the night, fully assured that the Mexicans with a large force were but a short distance from us, and that a battle would ensue on the next or the following day. Under these circumstances great caution and vigilance became necessary—the more so as the most of our boys were green in the service, and the old Texans themselves had become rusty from six years of uninterrupted peace which we have enjoyed. Our pickets therefore, were thrown off some twelve miles from the camp, and a double guard stationed around our resting place.

Night came on dark and lowering—heavy black clouds gathered in masses over the sky, shutting out the starlight, and obscuring almost totally the twilight of a struggling moon. The wind had increased as day departed, and mourned with a startling cadence through the long rushes and straining live oaks, amid which our encampment were seeking repose.

The officer of the guard, at the boom of the sundown gun, stationed his men at the several posts, with the countersign of the night, and most particular injunctions to each one as he left him at his place. The word is Celeto! Let no one pass out of the encampment without giving you the countersign. And should any person approach you from without, hail him three times in English, 'Who comes there?' and if he cannot or will not give the countersign when demanded, shoot him and call the Sergeant of the Guard. And be cautious when you shoot to take good aim!

Among the men was one belonging to our company, almost entirely void in affairs of war, but—plucky to the backbone. His name was Mac. On receiving his instructions he re-examined his rifle, put in a new cap, looked at the sights, trigger, lock and barrel, and called out after the Lieutenant.

'I say—I'm to shoot if they don't give the countersign, am I?'
'Certainly, certainly,' replied the officer, 'and don't miss if you can help it.'
'—I clear of that. Good night Lieutenant!'

'Good night!' responded the Lieutenant, and passed on.
Ten o'clock was the hour for the relief guard to be set; but long before that period the camp had sunk into slumber and silence. A few, however, myself among the number, remained awake around our mess fire, talking of other days—past and future—and wailing away hours which sleep could not spend for us. On a sudden we heard Mac's voice loud and sonorous as a trumpet:

'Who comes there?'
'The Grand Round,' was the reply.
'Who comes there?'
'The Grand Round!'
'The Grand Round?'
'The Grand Round! The Grand Round.'
'Well, you can't pass here!'
'But, my friend, we are the Grand Round.'
'I don't care, you can't pass here.'
'We are the Grand Round, I tell you, and we must pass!'

'Stand back! Stand back!' shouted Mac, and the click of his rifle was plainly heard as he cocked it. 'By the ghosts of Alamo! if you come an inch nearer, I'll give you a Grand Round, and be d—d to you! You can't fool me!'

Further parley was unnecessary, for the expressive little sound made by his rifle as well as the tones of Mac's voice warned the officer of the Grand Round, that he was in earnest. They took a wide circuit around the hostile sentry and passed on to the other posts.

The news of the joke was carried to the guard fire, and the consequences cost Mac a long night of service; for the sergeant in the guard swore he would not go near him to run the risk of being shot. So Mac was left until sunrise to walk his lonely post, wondering why the d—d they'd come to relieve him, and inwardly boasting of the very clever manner in which he had bluffed off the Grand Round.

HAPPINESS.

Will the world ever be persuaded that all expectations of happiness are delusive that are not founded on God? The soul of man is a ruined, undone existence—a poor deserted, dejected thing, that has not God for its refuge and joy—give it all of earth that it solicits; multiply around it the ten thou-

and gratifications of sense; increase within it the still more numerous and delightful pleasures of thought; and if they terminate on earth, its restless desires; and its still more restless imaginations disappointed and deceived, are in pursuit of something new, some untried good.
I have seen those who imagined they had found the good they were looking after. But when I have sat down with them in their retirement, have become familiar with their thoughts, and sympathized with their joys, I have marked their solicitude, and uniformity seen that in a little while their sunshine of happiness is obscured by clouds.
It is kind in the Father of mercies to appoint the hopes that rest on earth, that the soul may find rest in him. Each may satisfy the unintellectual creation, but can never satisfy a mind that pants for immortality. The very largeness of its desires, makes it unhappy. This world has not enough for such a grasping undying existence. All excellency and all blessedness meet in God, and are derived from him.—The moon at midnight shining upon the dark ocean; the distant promontory rising upon the tempest-tost mariner; the morning star arising upon the benighted wanderer of the desert; the opening of its all the richness and beauty of its vegetation, after the chill, bleak blasts of winter have gone by, are not more glad some than the light of his countenance when he pours its consolations upon the soul.
Ye, then, who are allured by the imaginations of future greatness; ye who are seduced by the hope of wealth; ye who are enchanted by the prospects of pleasure; ye who are charmed by endearments which seem to have the power of beguiling every sorrow, and by a sort of secret imagination controlling the troubled mind; learn from the experience of ten thousand hearts, that this world is but a conflict of desires and expectations which it can never gratify. Pursue it as you will; distribute as you will all its enjoyments; neither its knowledge nor its riches, neither its attachments to its toil, can fill the void which in every virtuous mind is occupied by the love of God. You must look where no human eye has ever penetrated to find happiness out of him.

A FALSE ALARM.

Col. King tells the following anecdote relative to one of his marches in South America:
"On passing through the woods of Barin, our advance guard suddenly came in, stating that from a noise ahead, they were sure that a body of men must be approaching. Their report led me to suppose that the enemy had anticipated our movements, and were coming to meet us. I immediately ordered every man to his post, and continued advancing. In a few minutes the noise was distinctly heard; but bore no resemblance to the sound that would arise from the movement of a body of men. There was no clattering of horse's hoofs, no distinct voice, but a continuous Babellike confusion of sounds, as if a regiment of did women were all chattering together. Still we advanced at a slow pace; when lying on a sharp promontory, we beheld two hundred monkeys swinging from tree to tree, twisting their long tails around the branches, and enjoying the perfect freedom of speech and action. As we came in sight, however, all was suddenly silent as death—not a creature moved—each several monkey stopping in his career of fun, in the position in which we discovered them. Some hung pendant by their tails to a limb, and others, in the act of climbing, remained with their long arms clinging to the tree. Each played the part of a dead monkey; and after the first moment of modification of the arrayed and rallied my men for such a piece of ridicule, I could not resist in joining the universal roar of laughter that followed the discovery. Some of the least subordinate men levelled their pieces at the innocent creatures that had produced a temporary excitement among us. But I instantly ordered that there should not one of them be harmed; and we left them, congratulating themselves on their fortunate escape."

Sword of Honor to General Taylor.

The New Orleans Times gives a full description of the splendid sword presented to Gen. Taylor by the Legislature of Louisiana. On the blade, which is of the finest tempered steel, is the very appropriate motto, 'His o(mn)ia, qui se vincunt in victoria.' Doubly does he conquer who governs himself in the hour of victory; or as the times more liberally renders it, 'Mercy is the brightest jewel that adorns the hero's sword.'

The scabbard is most beautiful, having on its sides well filled etchings of the two battles, Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and of the arms of the State of the Union. The handle is octagonal, formed of alternate facets of richly chased gold, and mother of pearl studded with knobs of gold. The pommel represents the old cocked hat of the Revolution, surmounted by a plume; in the crown, a fine Calaveras stone, such as were worn in the hats of the daggers of the Highland chiefs, is inserted; covered by an American eagle; and is surrounded by the shield of the shield of the State.

It is in testimony of the high opinion held by the People of the State, of the skill, conduct and judgment shown by him during his military life, but particularly during the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and the Ojita, of May, 1846.

There are 14 steam flouring mills in St. Louis, which turn out 2,000 barrels of flour daily, consuming 10,000 bushels of wheat every 24 hours at a cost of \$6,000.

INGENUOUS TEST.

A few days ago a merchant in prosecuting his morning tour in the suburbs of Edinburgh, found a purse containing a considerable sum of money. He observed a lady at a distance, whom he thought might be the loser. Determined to be correct, he fell upon a strange yet ingenious plan. He resolved to set the part of a poor, distressed tradesman, and boldly went forward, hat in hand, and asked an alms. This was answered with a polite answer. "I have nothing to give you," he said, "but I have persisted in my enterprise, and would not go until he had relieved his famished wife and children." The lady at last condescended; but to her dismay found that the wherewithal was gone. The merchant, now satisfied that he was correct, with a polite bow returned the purse, with an advice that in future she should be more generous to the distressed and destitute.

RECOMMENDATION.

The Governor of Missouri has made a new recommendation for the benefit of women. He thinks that the property of the husband ought not to be made subject to the claims of the wife, but that she ought to retain her third of her husband's personal estate, as she can do by her real estate, it parted without her consent. He therefore suggests the passage of a law, that endorsements by men shall not be valid, unless approved by the wife. He truly says that she is a good adviser, and a safe counselor.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.—A new Government gazette has been published in Monterey, August 1st, called "The Californian," by Robert Semple. It is issued every Saturday, at a dollar a year.