

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY DOW & BOYD. (Office on the west side of the Public Avenue.)

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE." - Jefferson

VOL. 1. MONTROSE, PA. JAN. 21, 1847. No. 32.

Terms of Advertising... Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the rate of \$100 per square for the first week...

Poetry.

For the People's Advocate. Susquehanna Homes. The homes of Susquehanna— They greet the traveler's eye, Where'er amid her borders wide His path may chance to lie.

for your country. In the hour of battle remember that God is with your cause; that His arm will guide and guard you, even in the moment of death. War, my child, is at best a fearful thing, a terrible licence for human butchery; but a war like this, is holy in the eyes of God.

array of liberty, it was my intention to devote my soul in the cause. It is not for me now to choose the manner or the method of the service which I am to perform. I only ask, in what capacity does my country want me. You tell me I will render her great service by an expedition to Long Island.

far away, the free waves—and yet here, tosses and plunges the image of God, tied by the neck to a gibbet! Like a dog he died—like a dog they buried him. No preacher, no prayer, no friend, not even a dog to howl over his grave.

the sufferings and of the courage of our troops, does honor alike to his head heart. It will be seen that he urges prompt action on the part of Congress, and contends that the army needs more men and more money.

Point Isabel, or else shooting curlews and cranes in the marshes adjacent. Jack's headquarters were the settler's store—our amiable friend H—, and to H— Jack was "all in all."

Miscellaneous.

LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

NATHAN HALE.

It was a clear evening in the early spring of 1775, when a young man came to his native home, to bid his mother farewell. I see that picture before me now, A two-story house, built of grey stone, with a small garden extending from the door to the roadside, while all around arises the orchard trees, fragrant with the first blossoms of spring.

When we look for him again the scene is changed. It is night, yet through the gloom the white tents of the British army rise like ghosts on the summit of the Long Island Hills. It is night, yet the stars look down upon the Red Cross banner, now floating sullenly in the ocean breeze.

And the young man with a handsome form, a natural genius, a highly educated mind—tell us, is there no tent for him? We weep for Andre, and yet he was a mere gambler, who staked his life against a General's commission. We plant flowers over his grave, and yet he was a plotter from motives altogether mercenary.

What these shadows are, is beyond the power of human knowledge to affirm; they are not of earth; there is nothing grovelling or earthly in their sensations; it is as if a wreath of heaven sent down to give us a reliance upon the Almighty arm.

He here pictured the difficulty of conquering a nation of eight millions of people, and with a climate that favored the invaded, and destroyed the invaders. He confessed himself doubtful of the result, if Mexico should have an adequate force, and full supplies should be sent into the field.

Jack Moran was certainly the most original genius we ever met with. He served in all the campaigns in the Florida war, and was present with the British of Reason de la Palm, and with the British of Reason de la Palm, and with the British of Reason de la Palm.