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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. Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the usual rates of Five Dollars per square for the first and Twenty-Five Dollars additional for each subsequent insertion.

Poetry.

A Dream of Summer.

BY JOS. G. WHITTIER.

Bliss as the morning breeze of June The south-west breeze play; And through its haze the water noon Seems warm as summer's day.

Miscellany.

HELEN WALKER.

FROM SHARPE'S MAGAZINE.

It is to be regretted that no fuller account has been preserved of the act of high minded, persevering courage by which Helen Walker, a simple Scotch maiden, saved her sister from a shameful and unmerited death; voluntarily encountering untold difficulties and dangers rather than speak the one word of untruth, by which she might so easily have gained the same end.

most critical moment, which, if lost, would take away the only chance for her sister's life. There must have been a most convincing air of truth and sincerity about her, for the duke interested himself at once in her cause, and immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, with which Helen returned to Dumfries on foot, just in time to save her sister's life.

Walker lies buried in the church yard of Irongray, about six miles from Dumfries. I once proposed that a small monument should have been erected to commemorate so remarkable a character; but now I leave it to you to perpetuate her memory in a more durable manner.

intolerable fever of thirst, when his wandering glance fell upon a speck in the horizon. At first he thought it was a cloud, but soon he knew it to be a sail. Her course happily lay on his track, and his shirt hoisted on his mast attracted the attention of her crew.

ing a sharp lookout day and night, but we never caught another glimpse of the pirate. Some of our tars would shake their heads and talk of Flying Dutchmen and Buceanier compact with his sulphuric majesty, the devil, when trying to account for the sudden disappearance of the pirate; but we never saw her more.

Euse de Guerre. The following rise de guerre gives us to understand that Col. Harvey is quite as fertile in expedient, when need be, as bold in action.

A Daring Harpooner.

I give the following story for what it is worth, premising, however, that from what I know of Bembo and the fool-hardy dare-devil feats sometimes performed in the sperm whale fishery, I believe in its substantial truth.

CRUISE AFTER A PIRATE.

We were lying at Norfolk in 18—, in the schooner Porpoise, Captain, then Lieutenant M—, commanding her. Orders came to us suddenly and unexpectedly from the Navy Department to fit out for sea without delay, and to make sail for the Cape Verde Islands, in search of a piratical schooner which had captured the American merchant brig Mexican, rubber, and then set her on fire.

A WONDERFUL CLERGYMAN.

Robert Walker was born in 1709, at a place called Under Craig, in the valley of Southwate. He became curate of Southwate in his 26th year, and continued curate until the day of his death, when he had attained the great age of 93.