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Poetry.

For the People's Advocate.

The Wounded Soldier's Friend.

BY M. WHEELER.

The battle storm had passed away,
The cannon ceased its roar,
And on the field there wounded lay
A soldier in his gore.
He saw the distant changing skies
Grow dark before his closing eyes,
And sink, the sun, to rest;
And watched the last bright beams of light
Retreat from Cerro Gordo's height,
And leave its bloody crest.

Night's clouds were gathered darkly round
The scene of woe and death,
And there upon the bloody ground
The soldier gasped for breath.
From one side pierced and wounded side
Was shining fast the crimson tide,
No hope of life was left;
While dark grew the storm-clouds,
And fell the stars wreathed in shrouds,
Of light and life bereft.

Where now was all that martial fire
That late burned in zeal—
That made him cherish a desire
To reach the soldier's goal?
Alas! all had fled from him!
And how among the ghastly dead
He lay enwrapped in gloom;
Vague phantasms filled his brain with fright,
A lurid glow rose on the night,
From those who sought a tomb.

Fiery wolves approached with long-drawn howl;
He vainly tried to rise;
And soon he heard their angry growl,
And saw their gleaming eyes.
With horror, and with dread alarm,
He felt them seize his helpless arm,
To feast upon his form,
Black vultures screamed around his head,
As perched they on the mangled dead,
And the dark night's stars.

Slow passed that swooping truce away,
And as the morning sun
Arose, and beamed upon the day,
And tipped the mountains down,
The soldier opened his staring eyes
And gazed in wonder and surprise
Upon the scene around—
He lay upon a downy bed,
A queen hand had soothed his head,
And stanching his bleeding wound.

A Mexican maid had sought the field,
To help the lost, alone,
Beside his wounded form she knelt,
And heard him faintly groan.
She took him from the cold damp ground,
And placed him in her rude-built cot,
And spread his mattress white;
And when the morning sun arose,
She saw with joy his eyes unclose,
To gaze upon his light.

Haverhill, May 25, 1847.

Miscellany.

WASHINGTON.

FROM BRADLEY'S WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS.

From this time, 1775, till 1783, when he bade farewell to his army, he moves before us like some grand embodiment of virtue and power. Whether bowed in fasting and prayer before God in behalf of his country, or taking the fate of the American army on his heart—whether retreating before the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, or pouring his furious squadrons to the charge; whether lost in anxious thought, as his eye seeks in vain for some ray amid the gloomy prospect that surrounds him, or spurring his frightened steed amid the broken ice of the angry Delaware in the midst of the midnight storm—whether galloping into the deadly volleys of the enemy in the strong effort to restore the fight, or wearing the wreath of victory which a grateful nation placed with mingled tears and acclamations on his brow, he is the same self-collected, noble-minded, and resolute man.

Perhaps there never was a public character so little understood in the various qualities which go to make it up as that of Washington. He is called the father of his country, and that phrase embraces the man. We contemplate the perfected, finished character, never thinking of the formation stage. We look at the fruit alone, without asking what kind of blossom produced it. Or if we go back to his boyhood and youth, it is to prove he was just as grave, moderate, and self-collected then as when a man. Such he is constantly held up to our youth, without passions, without enthusiasm, governed always by judgment, and never by impulse; that is, a miniature man from his earliest infancy.

Notwithstanding men's intimacy with human character, so utterly ignorant are they of it that when they find an extraordinary one, whether good or bad, they are looking for some exception to general rules, and will insist on making it from the outset a monstrosity either in vice or virtue. But a great and good character is as much the result of a growth as a tree. It passes through different stages—indeed, through errors—acquires virtue by self-control and wisdom by experience, and matures gradually. Washington, as he appeared when President of the United States, and Washington as a surveyor, seventeen years old, amid the Alleghanies, are two as different beings as can well be imagined. There are certain moral qualities which adhere to one through life, and do not change through all the vicissitudes to which he is exposed. An utterly selfish boy, for instance, is usually a selfish man; and a child of generous and noble impulse, no matter to what depravity in other respects he may descend, generally retains these characteristics to the last. So Washington had as high sense of honor when a boy as when a man, and was just as gen-

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 53.

A DREAM THAT WAS NOT ALL A DREAM.

A TRUE TALE OF THE MEXICAN COAST.

In 1834, when I was yet a youngster before the mast, I took a trip to Tampico in a little trading schooner called "The Ella," commanded by a jolly skipper from Florida, one Mat Marin, a dark-skinned Spanish Creole, who, "for short" was by his friends always termed "Nig." The schooner generally carried out dry-goods and provisions on her owners' account; but I always had an idea, (which I kept to myself,) that she "tonned" more than her register made her responsible for, and that her hold always contained more goods than could be found on her manifest.

But to return. We were only nine days on our run from New York out to the mouth of Tampico river; and about noon on the tenth day we stretched in over the bar, with a leading wind, that would easily have carried us with a flowing sheet up to the town, which was nearly twelve miles above; but for reasons best known to himself, the Captain anchored as soon as we passed the fort and rounded Point Tampico, just above and out reach of its guns. The revenue-boat from the *guarda-costa* came on board before our sails were furled, and the custom-house officers overhauled our papers and manifest. They seemed a little suspicious, and one of the officers was left on board to watch us, while the rest went aboard of their own craft, which lay nearly a half a mile farther down the river, under the guns of the fort. As soon as dinner was ready the Captain invited the revenue officer down into the cabin to dine with him; and as they went below, the former winked his large laughing eye at the mate, and I knew well that there was fun in the wind. As soon as the captain and Mexican got below, the mate slipped into the small boat and sculled ashore. I saw no more of him until after dark that night. In the meantime I could tell by the lively voices in the cabin that the officer and captain were getting along very well together; and once in a while the tinkle of meeting glasses and a jolly song spoke of a "spiritual" that was playing upon the hearts and senses of both parties.

As night came on, more hilarious were the tones and more vivid the sounds which arose from the cabin; and it appeared that while twilight began to get blue above, they were fast getting "blue" below. First I could hear our Mexican spattering forth a Spanish bacchanalian glee; then Captain Marin would give a touch of a sea-song, or a specimen of his "nigger-melody." At last, a little after dark, with a real Havana in each of their mouths, they came on deck, the skipper and the watcher. Both were decidedly and unequivocally drunk, if I may judge from their "walk and conversation;" but I could see at a single glance that the captain was shamming, although the "spiritual" reality was visible in the Mexican. He seemed however to retain some shrewd notions of his duty, and to know that as night was over us, if we intended to smuggle, it was necessary to keep his eyes open. So he seated himself on the taffrail with an air of drunken dignity; and as he hummed a Spanish barcarole, kept watch over the movements of the crew about the deck, glancing now and then up and down the still river.

As the night advanced, I saw that Captain Marin began to look uneasy and anxious, although he pretended to be even more drunk than his guest and spy. At last, when it was near midnight, the Mexican became less frequent in his snatches of song, and the "liquor-drowses" seemed to be toiling over him. He would all unwillingly close his eyes, and then his head would make a long slow bow towards some being, imaginary or invisible, until the chin rested on his breast, when up it would fly, as if a bee had stung it, and slowly, drowsily the eyes would open to the accustomed watch.

Captain Marin now lay down beside the Mexican, and pretended to fall into a sound sleep, attesting the same by a long, loud and regular snore. This threw the Mexican completely off his guard; and wrapping his watch-coat closer around him, he followed suit; and then the twain seemed to be trying which could snore the loudest. When Senior Marin had got fairly under headway the captain rose lightly from the deck, passing forward, took the lantern from the binnacle and held it for a minute over the bows. Presently I saw several dark objects coming out from under the shadow of the land, and in a few moments more six large native canoes were alongside of us. In the first one that boarded us was the mate and a merchant whom I well knew to belong to one of the first houses in Tampico. The boats came noiselessly alongside, and their crews crept stealthily on board. Without a sound the hatches were raised, and package after package of rich dry-goods was passed up from the hold and over the side into the boats, by the tawny, half-naked rascals.

The boats were nearly all loaded, when I, who had been placed to watch over the sleeping revenue officer, saw him, open his eyes; and before I could move or speak, he saw and comprehended all that was going on. Springing to his feet, he shouted:

"Guarda costa!—contrabandistas!"

One bound from where he stood by the main hatchway to the taffrail, and our captain was by the side of the officer, with his brawny hands inclosing the wind-pipe from which proceeded so much noise. The Mexican tried to draw his sword, and struggled manfully to get free from the choking grip; but Captain Marin knew that the entire loss of his vessel and cargo would follow detection, and he was not disposed to trifle. Raising the Mexican, in spite of his kicks and writhings, in his strong arms, he collied pitched him overboard! It was quite dark, and as the tide was ebbing swiftly downward, he passed out of sight instantly; but for minutes we could hear him splashing and gurgling in the water, trying to shoot. Then all was still again. We knew not whether he had sunk or gained the shore; nor, to tell the truth, did we much care.

"Bear a hand, boys!" said the captain; "tumble in these packages; get the rest of the goods into the boats; and let them get ashore. If that *diego* hasn't drank too much water, he may give us some trouble about this matter yet."

In a few moments the last package to be smuggled was passed into the boats; the "patron," who had made the purchase, counted out the pay in doubloons; the canoes pushed off, and soon vanished up the river. In a few minutes our hatches were replaced, the decks cleared up as before, and the crew retired to their berths, with orders to be sound asleep and not to wake up on any account.

All this was scarcely arranged, when the dash of oars coming hastily up the river was heard, and in another moment an armed boat from the *guarda-costa* was alongside. At the first sound of the approaching boat, Captain Marin had lain down where he first pretended to go to sleep; and he was now snoring louder than ever. Even the curses, many, loud, and deep, of the angry Mexicans, failed to rouse him from his deep slumber. The officer who had been thrown overboard, still dripping from his involuntary bath, rushed at, and with no gentle means tried to arouse the sleeper. At last the captain, gaping and stretching, slowly opened his eyes, and as he yawned and scratched his head, coolly asked what was the matter and what was wanted. Then came a scene!

All pointing to the officer who had been taking a midnight swim all alone by himself, who, with voice louder than all the rest, swore that he should have been drowned if St. Antonio hadn't made the sentinels hear his voice on board the *guarda costa*, and caused them to send him a boat. The captain could not be made to understand what was the matter; and when he was charged with having thrown the revenue officer overboard, and with having smuggling boats alongside, he raised his hands in holy horror towards the stars, and indignantly replied: "It's a d—d lie! Why," said he to the officers of the *guarda-costa*, "that gentleman dined with me; we drank pretty freely, and then came up from the cabin, when both of us lay down here to sleep. I did not wake up until now; he must have been dreaming, and have fallen overboard in his sleep! You all saw that I was sound asleep when you came aboard; how then could I have thrown him overboard? The idea is absurd, nonsensical; the whole story is improbable—yes, impossible! See, my hatches are all battened down, just as they were when you were on board, when I came in from sea to-day; nothing has been moved; my crew are all asleep. He must have been dreaming; and the like of such, he must have fallen overboard." He knows very well that he was "as drunk as a lord."

The story of the captain was well conceived, and told with still better effect among all the revenue officers, save the victim himself, who called upon every saint in the calendar to come down and swear that his story was true. But the perfect order and quietude of our vessel; the crew all sound asleep; the hatches battened down, just as they were in the morning; the honest indignation of the sleepy captain, and the acknowledgement of the victim that he had been very drunk, compared badly with his story, and the yarn of Captain Marin was believed. The "soaked" official was taken back to his own vessel, to be tried for sleeping on his watch, while another officer was left in his place to keep us from smuggling. When day-light came, we weighed anchor and sailed up to the town, where we honestly discharged the cargo per manifest, paying honorably all duties and charges thereon.

Captain Marin only cleared five thousand dollars by that trip; and we have often laughed since at the scene I have described, especially the Mexican's *Dream*, which was not all a *Dream*.—Knickerbocker.

NED BENTLINE.

Nothing is made in vain.—This great truth was never more forcibly or pertinently exemplified than lately in the case of a farmer who was one of those who think that every farm should be a clearing and that a "clearing" signifies a place from which all the trees have been cleared; a sort of farm, by-the-way, which is very plentiful about these diggings. This individual having cut down three noble trees on his own ground coolly walked over to a neighbor and kindly volunteered to cut down gratis two magnificent emperor pines, which drooped their arms over a mossy stone near the door of his friend. The astonished and horrified neighbor, had the self command to be able to restrain his just indignation, and with great presence of mind began to recite in a slow and impressive manner the immortal lyric "Woodman spare that tree." The Goth was struck with this novel manner of meeting his proposition. He listened attentively to the first lines as the song went on; he dropped his sap-thirsty axe, and his countenance fell with it, and as the reciter concluded, he sank down upon a log, buried his head in his hands and wept aloud.

Since that time he has had a raving arborphobia. He will not ride in a wagon because it has six legs; he has killed his dog because he barks; flogged his son because he is a sup; stopped drinking root beer; he refused to go to the menagerie lest he should see an elephant with a trunk; and actually dreads to look at Yankee Doan's because it contains leaves and wood cuts.

SWEDISH CHILDREN.—Mr. McDonald, in his *Travel* through Sweden, says:—"Young children, from the age of one to that of eighteen months, are wrapped up in bandages, like cylindrical wick baskets, which are contrived so far to keep their bodies straight, without interfering much with their growth. They are suspended from pegs in the wall, or laid in any convenient part of the room, without much nicety, where they exist in great silence and good humor. I have not heard the cry of a child since I came to Sweden."

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Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the usual rates of *FIFTY CENTS* per square for the first, and *Twenty-Five CENTS* additional for each subsequent insertion.
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Quarter Column, with the paper, per year, \$5 00
Half Column do do do 8 00
One Column do do do 15 00
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Advertisements should be marked with the number of insertions required.

One way to Fill a Picture Gallery.

A letter from Paris speaking of the sights to be seen there, adds:

The president of the Council, Marshal Soult, never throws open his doors—it would cost money. A more avicious old Israelite does not exist in France; nor is he at all scrupulous as to how he fills his purse. His Spanish gallery of paintings, for instance, were the spoils of his Peninsular campaigns, which he was in honor bound to have deposited in the Louvre, but preferred keeping, occasionally disposing of some gem for a vast sum. Not a fortnight since he thus sold the *Paralytic*, by Murillo, for eighty thousand dollars and was very indignant at some of the papers for saying that the money should go into the army chest. According to his account, every picture was purchased—and the transaction by which he became the proprietor of the *Paralytic* (as related by him after dinner to a friend) is a curious piece of picture dealing:

"People reproach me for having stolen pictures in Spain, but I bought them sir—bought them! Indeed!" said the listener, with an incredible elevation of the eye brows. "Yes, I bought them, sir!" returned Soult. "There, for instance, is my Murillo, the famous *Paralytic*—it cost me two monks. Two monks! ejaculated the listener. 'Yes, two monks—two as fine, fat, sleek, oily men of God as you ever laid eyes on.' 'But two monks for a picture!' exclaimed the astonished listener. 'Yes, I gave two monks for that picture, sir!' said Soult, 'and it was in this way that the bargain was made:—(take some more of the Burgundy.) One evening after having been rather hard pushed by Wellington and his red coated rascals I and a great number of my men had taken up our quarters in a convent. We made the lazy monks give us a good supper, and plenty of good wine, and then we went to bed."

Next morning, when the men were mustered, it was reported that some twenty or thirty of my grenadiers had been found with their throats cut—the good monks had just severed their windpipes as they slept, and sure enough the poor fellows were as dead as slaughtered sheep. Well, I immediately had all the monks drawn up, and said to them: 'You infernal vagabonds, I can't afford to lose my grenadiers in this way, and to convince you of the fact I mean to hang every one of you! Such a way of despair I never heard of before! After frightening them well, I consented so far to pardon them as only to hang the same number of them as they had killed of our men; it was twenty odd, and they were to draw lots. The doomed were soon set one side, the ropes knotted around their necks, and my men were just about strutting them up, when two of their victims declared themselves to be the abbot and his assistant. 'Sorry I can't oblige you gentlemen, but really (fill your glass, I must hang you.' Mercy, oh save us!—'Can't do it gentleman, you really must swing with the rest!' 'Listen said the abbot, 'we have hid away Murillo's *Paralytic*—take it as a ransom and let us go.' I thought this was fair enough bargain, let off the two dignitaries and up went the rest—thus giving the two monks for the Murillo. And yet people will say that I don't buy my Spanish gallery."

A northern correspondent sends us the following, which was suggested by the "Number twelve, pegged heel" anecdote in our last gossiping. An amazing pair of feet appeared in the bar-room of an ambitious village-inn, late one evening, the owner of which inquired anxiously for the boot-black. The bell rang nervously, and in a moment a keen Yankee illustrator of "Day and Martin's best" popped into the room.

"Bring me a jack!" exclaimed the man of great 'under-standing.' The waiter involuntarily started forward, but chancing to catch a glimpse of the boots, he stopped short, and after another and a closer examination said, 'with equal truth and emphasis: 'I say yeou, you aint agoin' to leave this world in a hurry; you've got too good a hold onto the ground. Want a boot-jack, eh? Why, bless your soul, there aint a boot-jack on airt big enough for *them* boots! I don't believe that a jack-ass could get 'em off.' 'My stars! man!' cried our friend of the big feet, 'what'll I do? I can't get my boots off without a jack!' 'I tell you what I should do,' replied 'Boots,' 'if they were mine; I should go back to the fork of the road, and pull 'em off there! That would fetch them, I guess!'—Knickerbocker.

FIGHT BETWEEN A FROG AND A ROBIN.—A letter of the 14th ult., from Burlington, co., Iowa, to the N. York Spirit of the Times, tells this story:

"Whilst sitting near a small pond last month cooling myself after a hard tramp through an ugly meadow, after snipe, (shooting nothing), my attention was attracted by a robin hopping about in the grass near the edge of the water, and whilst making a calculation of how many such birds it would take to make a pot-pie, a large frog of the bloodynous species, pounced upon him like a cook on a berry, seized him by the head, and plunged into the water with him when ensued one of the toughest kind of a fight; under and on top—round and round—first one then 'other. I did not know which to bet on; the odds were rather in favor of the Frog; until Robin hooked him in the eye with his left claw when he let go and dived, leaving the field to his opponent who did not remain long enough for me to congratulate him, feeling, probably, some what chagrin, at being so near sucked in."

The late Rev. Daniel Isaac, was both a great wag and a great smoker. He had these you are, cried a lady who surprised him one day with a cigar in his mouth, 'at your idol again.' 'Yes, madam,' replied he coolly, 'burning it!'