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Poetry.

The Prisoner for Debt.

BY J. G. WAITER.

Look on him—through his dungeon-grate. Feebly and cold, the morning light Comes stealing round him, dim and late, As if it loathed the sight.

No grateful fire before him glows— And yet the winter's breath is chill; And o'er his half-clad person goes The frequent ague-thrill!

Just God! why lies that old man there? A murderer shares his prison-bed; Whose eye-balls through his horrid hair, Glean on his fierce and red;

What has the gray-haired prisoner done? Has murder stain'd his hands with gore? Not so; his crime's a fonder one; 'Tis *debt* the old man's poor!

And so, for such a place of rest, Old prisoner, pour'd thy blood as rain On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest, And Saratoga's plain!

Go ring the bells and fire the guns, And ring the tarry banner out; Shout "Freedom!" till your lips are numb; Let hoarsest eloquence declaim

Down with the law that binds him thus! Unworthy freemen, let it find No refuge from the withering curse Of God and human kind!

Open the prisoner's living tomb, And usher from its brooding gloom The victims of your savage code; To the free sun and air of God, No longer dare as crime to brand The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

\*Bunker Hill Monument.

Miscellany.

From the Democratic Review.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY, PEACE OR WAR?

At no period in the history of our country have we had occasion to congratulate ourselves more on our national prosperity, than the present. In the midst of war, we have increased in wealth; with diminished taxes our revenue has augmented. War, that great calamity of nations, scarcely touches us with its withering effects. It seems to be but another sphere of enterprise to our daring population, and a means of distinction to our gallant soldiers. It is a war, not of our own seeking, and in which the administration has engaged with great reluctance. It is a war, produced by the vanity of our enemy, and his utter depreciation of our character and resources.

The Mexicans, but a few months ago looked upon us with the same supercilious pride with which the people of the continent of Europe were once in the habit of looking on the English—as a nation of shop-keepers, more fit for tape and bobbin than for military enterprise. We had to show the Mexicans that a people, without being military, may be warlike; that martial bearing does not consist in the marching and countermarching of liveried mariners.

The Mexicans are now undeceived in regard to our national qualities; but they hate us in consequence, with the hatred of wounded self-love; they would try to avenge their battle of Lepic, at Buena Vista, and their Waterloo defeat at Cerro Gordo, and the military adventures of Mexico would play patriots; but they cannot raise the better part of the population to any respectable show of resistance. The Mexican patriots who take up arms in defence of his country must be paid, and the government has no

The specific information contained in this article touching the intentions of the Administration towards Mexico, may be relied on as strictly correct; having reached us at the latest moment from an office at Washington certified to our most complete confidence.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 56.

money; the purveyors of provisions, the armorers, the manufacturers of gunpowder want to be paid, and the government has no money. The President of the Republic, Santa Anna, is himself a fugitive, surrounded only by a military mob, without discipline or organization, and he, too, entreats the government to send him money; but there is none to be had in Mexico. The mere mention of forced loans has buried private capital; all kinds of business is brought to a stand, labor itself has become worthless, and the means of supplying the empty national coffers with the property of the clergy, have proved utterly inadequate to the emergency. Money, like water, finds its level everywhere. It does not follow the attraction of patriotism; it seeks a profitable investment; and the Mexican bankers are more willing to advance loans at 6 per cent., to the officers and commanders of our army and navy, than to their own government.

The last resort of the men now in power in Mexico, is to lash the fanaticism of the Indians into frenzy; and where are men to lead them? and by what means are they to be supported and armed? A guerrilla warfare has been proclaimed, and partially commenced; but what does it amount to, and how is it to be maintained? The Mexicans can only organize, or rather gather together hordes of highway robbers and midnight assassins, who are quite as dangerous, (if not more so,) to the well disposed of their own country, as they are to our troops, or rather, to the public highways, and in default of American booty, prey upon their own countrymen. They will prove to the good people of Mexico, what privateers prove to the trade of their own merchants,—a school for pirates, who will continue to harass their ventures, and tax their navigation, long after the cause which has called them into existence has been removed.

And what have the clergy to expect from thus introducing anarchy into the state? Will they afterwards be able to master the wild passion for murder and plunder which they now invoke in the name of the Divine Mediator? Will they strengthen the church by the blood which they cause to be shed to no purpose, but to render the humiliation of their country more complete, and to perpetuate the military despotism, that is the cause of all the misfortunes which have befallen Mexico? The priesthood must necessarily comprehend the magnitude of the principles here at stake; and if the priesthood were to overlook the state, the hierarchy—that perpetrator of church discipline—would understand the true interests of religion and morality too well, to plunge into so fatal a delusion.

But the Mexican clergy has no cause to dread the presence of our troops. Their places of worship have been held sacred by our commanders and soldiers; their priests have been respected, and Gen. Scott, our Commander-in-Chief of the army of Invasion, has himself had a favorite daughter, who finished her earthly career in a Catholic convent. The Catholics are a large and prosperous sect in the United States, and the Catholic citizens of any part of Mexico that may come under the dominion of the United States, would, in every respect, receive the same treatment as those of other States of the Union. The Mexican hierarchy will be made to understand this by every possible means at the disposition of this government, and receive every reasonable pledge of the religious fulfillment of our solemn engagements to that effect.

Another reason why the organization of guerrillas will be attended with insurmountable obstacles, is to be found in the prosperous condition of that portion of the Mexican territory which is now under the military dominion of the United States. Wherever our victorious arms have been carried, the arts of peace have followed them. Instead of destroying, we have built up commerce; instead of impoverishing, we have enriched the country with our enterprise and our wealth. The pitching of our tents proclaimed the reign of law and order; and the watchword of our sentinels was "protection to life and property." In vain may the annals of history be searched for a similar war. It was not the Goths and Vandals invading the fertile plains of an educated people; but the pioneers of civilization exploring a country of boundless wealth, teaching and persuading as they went on. This, the more enlightened of the Mexicans already feel and understand, though their pride may prevent them from publicly acknowledging it; and hence the little response, on their part, to the impassioned call "to arms!"

But while it has been, and still is, the steady policy of our government to avoid whatever might unnecessarily displease or exasperate the Mexicans,—while we have substituted our army and navy from our own states,—while we have respected the lives, property, and religion of the inhabitants of the conquered country, and thereby made it the interest of the invaded people to treat us rather as friends and deliverers from their military despotism, than as enemies to their country and religion, we are not lacking the means of the most powerful coercion, and possess, in our volunteers, a guerrilla force, far superior to any that Mexico, or any other country on earth, can bring in the field.

Our Texan Rangers and Mississippi Riflemen are all marksmen. They deal out certain death at a distance of two or three hundred yards, and palsy the arm of the poor ranchero long before he has a chance to pour his lance. From their habits of life and early training, they are injured to every fatigue; and, though craving much more food than the Mexicans, care but little of what it consists. But, above all things, they are superior to the Mexicans in intelligence, quickness of perception, and firmness of purpose. Here it is where the qualities of the race weigh fearfully in the balance. The Anglo-Saxon tree has, on this continent, struck its roots deep in the north; while its branches are overhanging with the most luxuriant southern foliage. We combine, the

iron of the Scythian with the temper of the Castilian—strength and chivalry—Nimrod and *el Cid Campeador*.

The two parties opposed to each other in this war, are too unequal for the contest to be a long one. A mere military occupation of the country might exhaust the resources of our government; but such is not contemplated by the President and his cabinet.—Our people are eminently a colonizing people, and the territory which we now hold, and especially that which we mean to retain, will be explored, settled and improved, with scarcely more inconvenience to our troops than is caused by the Indian depredations occasionally committed on our border settlers.

We are already in possession of nearly every Mexican seaport on the Atlantic, and command the great arteries of her commerce. Her principal means of raising revenue are in our hands, and we may, if we insist on it, make ourselves paid for every dollar of the cost of this war. But it is wise and generous for us to do so? Shall the whole Mexican people suffer for the delusion of its leaders? We believe that this is not the intention of the administration; and that the latter, in view of the necessity of living hereafter in peace and amity with our sister republics, and for the purpose of setting the world an example of republican moderation, is now willing to conclude a peace with Mexico on the same terms as those proposed after the battle of Monterey. We have reason to believe that this moderation on the part of the administration is principally owing to the mild and statesmanlike counsel of Mr. Buchanan, who has succeeded in making his views prevail in the Cabinet of the President.

That there is a party, and a strong and growing one, which is for retaining the whole of the conquered territory, and that if the war continues, a party may spring up in favor of subjugating the whole of Mexico, can hardly be called into question. But the administration is straining every nerve to oppose it; and it will doubtless succeed in its efforts, if success attends its present efforts of peace. There is, nevertheless, danger in delay. A moving party in a republic is always a growing one, and is sure to acquire in the end, a momentum sufficient to overcome the inertia of government. The administration seems to feel this, and hence its anxiety to stem the torrent, and to make peace on the most moderate terms.

We believe, in the first place, that the administration is willing to make to Mexico every possible concession in point of form, and to allow the defeated party in the war to prescribe its own rule of diplomatic etiquette in settling the preliminaries of peace. It has for this purpose, clothed Gen. Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of the American army, with power to treat with the authorities he may find in Mexico, and sent Mr. Trist, the second officer in the State Department, down to aid and instruct him in carrying out the views of the President. Nay, should the Mexicans desire or consider it a special mark of attention, Mr. Buchanan, the distinguished Secretary of State, will himself go down and negotiate in the city of the Aztecs.

As to the cession of territory demanded of the Mexicans, the administration will not claim it as a forfeit, but offer to pay for it, so as to acquire it by purchase. We want a clear title of it; and the administration considers purchase the very best of all titles. The expenses of the war we will not claim from the Mexicans; and the indemnity which she owes our citizens will be assumed by the government of the United States. We shall then claim no money of Mexico in any shape, and are willing to take land in payment of our just demands.

As to the territory that is to be ceded or sold to us by Mexico, we are of opinion that it will not comprise more than Upper California and New Mexico, and that our government will not insist, as a condition of peace, on the right of way across the Tehuantepec; but rather make this a subject for subsequent friendly negotiations between the two sister republics.

The carrying out of these measures may require a new United States loan, but with the certainty of peace, the improved credit of all the states, (Pennsylvania taking the lead) the eradication of the absurd and wicked doctrine of repudiation, and the agricultural, manufacturing and commercial condition of the country being equal to the most sanguine expectations of the friends and supporters of the present low rates of duties, one or two hundred millions of dollars may be easily borrowed without rendering the government dependent either on domestic or foreign capitalists.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.—Several years ago a charity sermon was preached in a dissenting chapel in the west of England. When the preacher ascended the pulpit he thus addressed the hearers: "My brethren, before proceeding to the duties of the evening, allow me to relate a short anecdote. Many years have elapsed since I was last within the walls of this house. Upon that evening, among the hearers came three men with the intention of not only scoffing at the minister, but with their pockets filled with stones for the purpose of assaulting him.—After he had spoken a few sentences, one said, 'D—n him, let us be at him now;' but the second replied, 'No, stop till we hear what he makes of this point.' The minister went on, when the second said, 'We've heard enough now—throw!' but the third interferred, saying, 'He is not so foolish as I expected; let us hear him out.' The preacher concluded without being interrupted. Now mark me, my brethren—of these three men, one was executed three months ago at Newgate, for forgery; the second at this moment lies under the sentence of death in the jail of this city, for murder; the other (continued the minister, with great emotion)—the third, through the means of God, is *even now about to address you, listen to him!*

What a pair of Andriens cost.

"Peter," said my uncle, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and laying it on the corner stone of the mantel-piece, and then fixing his eyes on the andriens, "these andriens cost me one thousand dollars!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed my aunt. "Impossible!" cried the girls. "Impossible!" said I. "True, every word true. One thousand did I say!—yes, two thousand—full two thousand dollars."

"Well," said my aunt, folding up her knitting for the night, "I should like to know what you are talking about."

"My uncle bent forward and planted his hands firmly on his parted knees, and with a deliberate air, which showed no doubt of his being able to prove his assertion, he began: "Well, you see, a good many years ago, we had a pair of common andriens. Your cousin Letty says one day, 'father, don't you think these old andriens are getting too shabby?' Shabby or not, I thought they would hold the gold as nicely as if they were made of wood. So I paid no attention to Letty. I was afraid she was growing proud. Soon after that, Peter," continued my uncle, "your aunt took it up—"

"There it goes," interrupted my aunt, "you can't get along without dragging me in." "Your aunt took it up, Peter, and said our neighbors could keep brass andriens, and were no better of than we were. And she said 'Letty and her sister Jane were just getting old enough to see company, and the stinky looking old andriens might hurt their market.' I knew that women will always have their own way, and there was no use in objecting, and so I got the andriens."

"The price of them was ten dollars and a half—"

"Ah that's more like it," cried my aunt; "I thought you said two thousand dollars!" "My dear, I wish you would not interrupt me. Ten and a half. Well, the first night after we got them, as we all sat by the warm fire talking over the matter, Letty called my attention to the hearth, the stones of which were cracked and uneven. The hearth was entirely out of keeping with the new andriens, and I thought I might as well have it replaced first as last. The next day a mason was sent for to examine it. He came in my absence, and when I returned home, your cousins and aunt all beset me at once, to have a marble slab. The mason had convinced them that the hearth would not look decent without a marble slab, and they put their heads together."

"La me!" exclaimed my aunt, "there was no putting any heads together about it—"

"The hearth was a real old worn out thing, not fit for a pippen." "They put their heads together, Peter, as I was saying, and continued till I got a marble hearth, which cost me twenty dollars. Yes, twenty dollars, at least. Then I thought I was done with expenses, but I thought wrong. Pretty soon I began to hear sly hints thrown out about the brick work around the fire place not corresponding with the hearth. I stood out for a month or two against your aunt and the girls, but they at length got the better of me, and I was forced to have marble instead of brick. And then the old wooden mantel-piece was so out of character that it was necessary to have a marble one. The cost of this was nearly one hundred dollars. And now that the spirit of improvement had got a start, there was no stopping place. The new marble mantel put to shame the old white washed walls, and they must be painted, of course, and to fit them for paint, sundry repairs were necessary. While this was going on your aunt and the girls appeared to be quite satisfied, and when it was done, they had no idea the old parlor could be made to look so spruce. But this was only a short respite. The old rag carpet began to raise a dust, and I found there would be no peace—"

"Now my dear!" said the old lady, with a pleasing smile, accompanied with a partial rotation of the head— "Now, father!" exclaimed the girls— "I'll get a carpet. This again shamed the old furniture, and it had to be turned out and replaced with new. Now, Peter, count up, my lad—twenty dollars for the hearth, and one hundred for the mantel-piece, and thirty for repairs. What does that make?"

"One hundred and fifty, uncle."

"Well, fifty for paper and paint!"

"Two hundred."

"Then fifty for a carpet, and one hundred at least for furniture—"

"Three hundred and fifty."

"Ahem! There's that clock, too, and the blinds—fifty more—"

"Four Hundred exactly."

"My aunt and cousins winked at each other. 'Now,' continued my uncle, 'so much for this one room. No sooner was the room finished, than the complaint came from all quarters, about the dining room and entry. Long before this I had surrendered at discretion, and handed in my submission. The dining room cost two hundred more. What does that count, Peter?"

"Eight hundred, uncle."

"Then the chambers—at least four hundred to make them rhyme with the down stairs."

"Twelve hundred."

"The outside of the house had to be repaired and painted, of course. Add two hundred for that."

"Fourteen hundred."

"Then there must be a piazza in front—that cost two hundred."

"Sixteen hundred."

Here aunt began to yawn. Letty to poke the fire, and Jane to turn over the leaves of a book.

the new order of things. And all this grew out of these very andriens. Yes, Peter, I was entirely within bounds when I said two thousand dollars."

"The opposition was silenced. My aunt immediately rose and guessed it was bedtime. I was left alone with my uncle, who was not inclined to drop the subject. He was a persevering man, and never gave up what he undertook, till he had done the work thoroughly. He brought out his books and accounts, and set about making an exact estimate of the expenses. He kept me up till after midnight, before he got through. His conclusion was that the andriens cost him twenty-four hundred and fifty dollars."

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF OLE BULL.

BY H. C. ANDERSON.

Behind the Alps is a world of adventures; and such a one as only happens to genius took place in Bologna in the year 1832.

The poor Norman, Ole Bull, whom at that time no one knew, had wandered thus far southward. In his fatherland some persons certainly thought that there was something in him—but the most part, as is generally the case, predicted that there would be nothing in Ole Bull. He himself felt that he must go out into the world in order to cherish the spark into a flame, or else to quench it entirely. Every thing at first seemed as if the latter would be the case—He had arrived at Bologna, but his money was expended, and there was no prospect of obtaining any—no friend—no countryman stretched forth a helping hand towards him—he sat alone in a poor attic in one of the small streets. It was already the second day that he had been here, and had scarcely tasted food; the water-jug and the violin were the only two things that cherished the young and suffering artist. He began to doubt if he were in possession of that gift with which God had endowed him, and his despondency breathed into the violin those tones which now seize our hearts in so wonderful a manner; those tones which tell us so deeply he has suffered and felt.

The same evening a great concert was to be given in the principal theatre. The house was filled to overflowing—the Grand Duke of Tuscany was in the royal box; Madame Malibran and Monsieur de Beriot were to lend their noble assistance in the performance of several pieces. The concert was to commence, but matters looked inauspicious—the manager's star was not in the ascendant—M. de Beriot had taken umbrage, and refused to play. All was trouble and confusion on the stage—when in this dilemma the wife of Rossini the composer entered, and in the midst of the manager's distress related, that on the previous evening, as she passed through one of the narrow streets, she had suddenly stopped on hearing the strange tones of an instrument, which certainly resembled those of a violin, but yet seemed to be different. She had asked the landlord of the house who it was that lived in the attic whence the sound proceeded, and he had replied that it was a young man from the north of Europe—and that the instrument played on was certainly a lyre but she felt assured that it could not be so—it must either be a new sort of instrument or an artist who knew how to treat his instrument in an unusual manner. At the same time she said, that they ought to send for him, and he might perhaps supply the place of M. de Beriot by playing the pieces that must otherwise be deficient in the evening's entertainment.

This advice was acted upon, and a messenger was despatched to the street where Ole Bull sat in his attic. To him it was a message from heaven. "Now or never," thought he—and the ill and exhausted he took his violin under his arm and accompanied the messenger to the theatre. Two minutes after his arrival the manager informed the assembled audience that a young Norwegian, consequently a young savage, would give a specimen of his skill on his violin instead of M. de Beriot.

Ole Bull appeared—the theatre was brilliantly illuminated—he perceived the scrutinizing looks of the ladies nearest to him—one of them who watched him very closely, through her opera glass, smilingly whispered to her neighbor, what a mocking man, about the diffident manners of the artist. He looked at his clothes, and in the strong blaze of the light they appeared rather the worse for wear. He had taken no notes with him which he could give the orchestra—he was consequently obliged to play without accompaniment, but what should he play?

"I will give them these fantasies which at this moment cross my mind!" and he played improvisatorial remembrances of his own life, melodies from the mountains of his home, his struggles with the world, and the troubles of his mind—it was as if every thought, every feeling passed through the violin, and revealed itself to the audience. The most astounding acclamation resounded through the house. Ole Bull was called forth again and again—they still desired a new improvisation. He then addressed himself to that lady, whose mocking smile had met him on his appearance, and asked her for a theme, to vary. She gave him one from "Norma." He then asked two other ladies who chose one from "Othello," and one from "Moses." "Now," thought he, "if I take all three, unite them with each other, and form one piece, I shall then flatter each of the ladies, and perhaps, the composition will produce an effect." He did so. Powerfully as the rod of the Magician the bow glided across the strings, while cold drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead. There was fever in his blood—it was as if he would free himself from the body, fire shot from his eyes—he felt himself almost swooning—yet a few bold strokes—they were his last bodily powers.

Flowers and wreaths from the charmed multitude fluttered about him, who exhausted by mental conflict and hunger, was nearly fainting. He went to his home accompanied by music. Before the house sounded the

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serenade for the hero of the evening—who meanwhile, crept up the dark, narrow stair case, higher and higher up, into his poor garret, where he clutched the water-jug to refresh himself.

When all was silent the landlord came to him, brought him food and drink, and gave him a better room. The next day he was informed that the theatre was to be arranged for him, and that a concert was to be arranged for him. An invitation from the Duke of Tuscany next followed—and from that moment, name and fame were sounded for Ole Bull.

A Noble Example. Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, a humble but conscientious boy was to be seen among the group that daily assembled to receive instruction. This boy was very fond of study, and learned his lessons so well that it became evident to all that his mind was beginning to thirst for knowledge, and usefulness. While yet young, he left this school and his native town, and set out on foot to settle in a remote town in the State of Connecticut; there to pursue his fortune, as a shoe-maker. His tools were carefully packed and sent on before him, that they might be in readiness when he arrived.

The leisure moments of this young man were spent in studying; and even while at work on the bench, he placed his book where he could read now and then a sentence—not as many read now, but so carefully that he remembered all about it, and thought upon it when at work. In a short time he became the most accomplished mathematician in that section of the State, and was appointed surveyor of Litchfield county. Before he was twenty-five years of age, he supplied the astronomical matter of an almanac, published in New-York. Next he was admitted to the Bar as a self-taught lawyer.

In a short time he was seen on the bench of the Superior Court. Next he became a member of the Continental Congress. He continued a member for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful and wisest counsellors of the land.

At length, having discharged every office with perfect ability, and honored in every sphere, the name of a Christian, he died regretted and loved by his Nation and State.

His name was Roger Sherman.

John Wadley's Trial for sleeping in meeting.

Justice Winslow.—What do you know about John Wadley's sleeping in meeting? Witness.—I know all about it; 'taint no secret, I guess.

Justice.—Then tell us all about it; that's just what we want to know.

Witness.—(scratching his head)—Well, the long and the short of it is, John Wadley is a hard working man; that is, he works mighty hard doing nothing, and that's the hardest work there is done. It makes a fellow sleepy quicker than poppy leaves. So it stands to reason that Wadley would naturally be a very sleepy sort of a person.

Well, the weather is sometimes naturally considerable warm, and Parson Moody's sermons are sometimes rather heavy like.

"Stop, stop!" said Justice Winslow.—"No reflections upon Parson Moody; that is not what you were called for."

Witness.—I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Wadley's sleeping in meeting.

Squire Winslow.—Well, go on, and tell us all about that. You weren't called here to testify about Parson Moody.

Witness.—That's what I am trying to do, if you wouldn't keep putting me out. And it's my opinion, in warm weather, folks is considerably apt to sleep in meeting; especially where the sermon—I mean especially, when they get pretty tired. I know I find it pretty hard work to get by seventy and eighty in the sermon myself; but if I once get by there, I generally get into a waking train, again, and make out to weather it.

But it isn't so with Wadley; I've generally noticed that if he begins to gap at seventy and eighty, it's a gone goose with him before he gets through tenthly, and he has to look out for another prop for his head somewhere, for his neck isn't stiff enough to hold it up. And from tenthly up to sixteenthly, he's as dead as a door nail, till the amen brings the people up to prayers, when Wadley comes up with a jerk, just like opening of a jack-knife.—Seba Smith.

To ASCERTAIN A HORSE'S AGE.—Every horse has 6 teeth above and below; before three years old he sheds his middle ones. At three he sheds one more on each side of the central teeth; at four he sheds the two corner and last of the fore teeth. Between four and five the horse cuts the under tusks, at five he will cut his upper tusks; at which time his mouth will be complete. At six years the grooves and hollows begin to fill up a little; at seven the grooves will be well filled up; except the corner teeth, leaving little brown spots where the dark brown hollows formerly were. At eight, the whole hollows and grooves are filled up. At nine there is very often seen a small bill to the outside corner teeth; the point of the tusk is worn off, and the part that was concave begins to fill up and become rounded; the squares of central teeth begin to disappear, and the gums leave them small and narrow at top.