

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR a year, in advance. One Dollar and Fifty Cents if not paid within three months, and if delayed until after the expiration of the year Two Dollars will be charged.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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

VOL. 2. NO. 17.

MONTROSE, PA. OCT. 7, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 69.

Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the usual rate of Fifty Cents per square (14 lines, or less) for the first, and Twenty-five Cents additional for each subsequent insertion.

Poetry.

From the Parlor Magazine.

"PAIX A VOUS."

By EMMA'S PENNY.

Prairies fair, ye've won my heart— Loth am I with you to part— Where's your like the wide world thro'?

Traveler o'er these wide domains, Verdure of these fruitful plains, Darkling streams, and lake of blue, Ever, ever, paix a vous.

Red man! for thy fathers' graves Searching mid those grassy wastes— Graves, nor home no more thou'lt view: Child of nature, paix a vous.

Mississippi, turbid river, Flowing on forever, ever! Bear me to the ocean blue; Mighty river, paix a vous.

To my far New England home, While I tarried, death hath come; Death will not his work undo— Sister, brother, paix a vous.

Lo! New England, soon I greet thee; Dearest mother, soon I meet thee; Hearts I leave afar, adieu— God be with you; paix a vous.

"PEACE TO YOU."—These lines were written on returning home, after four years' absence on the Western Prairies.

Miscellany.

From the Parlor Magazine.

BURIED ALIVE.

Is anything more horrifying to the apprehension—can anything be more awfully horrible, than the reality? I can never forget my boyhood's impressions on this subject.

We outlive such feelings, in a degree, or learn to regard such cruelties as belonging to the nation, and excuse them. They are part of the education of the people, and horrible as they are, this takes away a portion of it.

The Rev. Mr. E— was a man of singularly active mind, and was a considerably celebrated preacher in all the neighboring country.

On a Sabbath in August, 18—, intensely hot and sultry, he had taken his seat in our pulpit for the afternoon service. The preparatory services were performed, and he arose and read his text, and commenced his sermon.

gion of the heart. Warmth was steadily applied, but he soon became cold and rigid. I have said that this was thirty miles from residence. From the intense heat of the weather, and the prevalent opinion at that time, that, after a sudden death, the burial ought not to be delayed for a long time, and not dreaming that he was not dead, as soon as was decent, he was buried—alive!

When the cold weather of the autumn came on, his body was disinterred for the purpose of removing it to his late place of residence, and lay it by the side of his wife, who had died and been buried there a few weeks before him. The grave was opened in the presence of many, who had stood by when it was filled up.

DROWNING.

The following is from a letter by Admiral Beaufort to Dr. Wollaston, in the Memoirs of Sir John Barrow, just published in London: "Many years ago, when I was a youngster on board one of his majesty's ships, in Portsmouth harbor, after sculling about in a very small boat, I was endeavoring to fasten her along side the ship to one of the scullings; in foolish eagerness I stepped upon the gunwale; the boat of course upset, and I fell into the water, and not knowing how to swim, all my efforts to lay hold either of the boat or of the floating skulls were useless.

"With the violent but vain attempts to make myself heard I had swallowed much water; I was soon exhausted by my struggles, and before any relief reached me I had sunk below the surface; all hope had fled, all exertion ceased, and I felt that I was drowning.

"So far these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery, or supplied by those who had latterly witnessed the scene; for during an interval of such agitation a drowning person is too much occupied in catching at straws, or too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair, to mark the succession of events very accurately.

From the moment that all exertion had ceased—which I imagine was the immediate consequence of complete suffocation—a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquility superseded the previous sensations—it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil—I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain.

placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its consequences; indeed, many trifling events which had long been forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity.

"My feelings while life was returning were the very reverse in every point of those I have above described. One single but confused idea—a miserable belief that I was drowning—dwelt upon my mind, instead of the multitude of clear and definite ideas which had recently flashed through it; a helpless anxiety, a kind of continuous nightmare seemed to press heavily upon every sense, and to prevent the formation of any one distinct thought, and it was with difficulty that I became convinced that I was really alive.

The New York Courier publishes the above, and appends the following remarks: "The extraordinary effect related in the foregoing letter, of the retrospective activity of the mind in a drowning person—it is probably alike applicable to other cases of extremity where exertion to save life has ceased—is so curious, and yet, as we know, in a somewhat analogous case, so entirely in conformity with the experience of others—that we transfer it to our columns from the Literary World of the 14th ult., in order to invite attention to it.

The recalling by a flash, and involuntarily, as it were, the whole past life, by a drowning man, and the very singular peculiarity that while consciousness is still active, and death imminent, the past and not the future is present to the mind, seem to attest the ineffaceable powers of memory, and that nothing once impressed upon this faculty ever perishes but becomes immortal as the spiritual essence of which memory is a part.

STOOD ON HER POSITION.—The following circumstance, which occurred recently in our community, is the greatest example of an assertion of position that we have ever heard of: A Divine—we need not say who, suffice that he is an eminently good man in our city—called recently to see a sick lady belonging to his church. Said lady had been very kindly attended, during her illness, by a female cousin, who was also a member of the same congregation.

THESE IS A STORY TOLD of two persons of distinction, the one lived at Madrid, the other at Rome, who played a game of chess at that distance by correspondence. They were young, when they began the game, and though they lived to an old age, yet the game was not finished. One of them dying before the other, appointed his executor to go on with the game.

AN EDITOR'S REVENGE.

The New Orleans Delta recently published a letter from the army signed "Leonidas," which was a set off to the disparagement of Gen. Pillow's character by some of the press of that city, for it showed that he performed a conspicuous part in the late battles. The editor was assailed most violently for having published this letter, but he has at length reaped a full revenge on its opponents.

"THE STAR HOAX.—Our city was yesterday a scene of the richest joke of modern times. Indeed, we fear almost to attempt to relate it to our readers, lest we again endanger our already sorely taxed sides. We don't get over the effect of the perusal of the Bulletin and Picayune of yesterday for six months. But it is not fair that we should keep all the fun to ourselves.

Having laid his plans, our joker went to the corner of Camp and Common streets, where he knew he would find some of the editors of the Picayune and Bulletin, and taking out his fancy sketches, commenced reading them to a knot of the quidnuncs who congregated in that neighborhood.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—The Syracuse Star gives currency to the following: We give the facts below stated on the best authority. They furnish another brief and singular chapter in the history of the sudden demise of Mr. Wright. Among the "immortal seventeen Senators" of 1823, Silas Wright and Herman J. Redfield were conspicuous.

FEMALE SAILOR BOY.—The schooner St. Mary, Capt. Black, of Baltimore, with coal, which went ashore on the Tortugas Reef, a short time ago, had a cabin boy of remarkable good looks and smartness, but as the vessel appeared in danger, fear overpowered every other consideration, and the blushing woman in breeches.

SOWING SEED.—Cultivators overlook the fact that the seed should be sown as soon as ripe; it never should be thoroughly dried. The plant itself asks, as plainly as plant can ask, for immediate sowing.

WOMEN AND DANCING.

The following humorous dialogue is taken, we believe, from one of the novels of Dr. Lover, the author of "Tom Burke of Ours."

"I believe a woman would do a great deal for a dance," said Dr. Growing; "they are immensely fond of salutary motion. I remember one in my life I used to flirt with once who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and she was invited to a ball there, and confided to me that she had no stockings fit to appear in, and without them her presence at the ball was out of the question."

"That was a hint for you to buy the stockings," said Dick. "No, you're out," said Growing. "She knew that I was as poor as herself; but though she could not rely on my purse, she had confidence in my taste and judgment, and consulted me on the plan she had for going to the ball in proper twig. Now what do you think it was?"

A YANKEE GAME COCK.—The Spanish barque Gallo de Pelen, on her first voyage from this port to Havana, was boarded by a young eagle. Where he came from no one could imagine, unless he had escaped from some vessel and lost himself in the wide expanse of waters.

But this was not enough—they wanted to see him fight; but none were bold enough to risk a favorite cock against so formidable a looking customer. A match was finally made up by giving large odds, and the pit was crowded almost to suffocation.

HARD FATE.—"Everything is arranged for your wedding with Sozan Tomkins," said a father to his only son the other day: "I hope you will behave yourself like a man, Thomas."

TRUST.—The insipid French novel, with which our country is deluged, are seeds of robbery, arson, piracy, and midnight assassination. They give false views of life, and taint with every touch of crime to call them literature at all.

MONSIEUR TONSON COME AGAIN.

Among the many Mexican heroes, whom the present war has raised up to adorn the history of that nation, there is none who deserves more of his country than the pertinacious Torrejon. This Torrejon, or Tarry-john, appears to be a regular Johnny jump up springing up with great perversity the more it is tried to keep him down.

"There did brave Torrejon all ghastly quiver, Headless and speechless by the fatal river." Now to almost any man the loss of a head would be a very discouraging circumstance, and one calculated to dampen the most exuberant flow of spirits. But this hero was not to be daunted by any trifles of the sort, "up rose the morn and up rose Torrejon, and without a scone went rapidly ahead."

MONSIEUR TONSON COME AGAIN.—The Spanish barque Gallo de Pelen, on her first voyage from this port to Havana, was boarded by a young eagle. Where he came from no one could imagine, unless he had escaped from some vessel and lost himself in the wide expanse of waters.

TRUST.—The insipid French novel, with which our country is deluged, are seeds of robbery, arson, piracy, and midnight assassination. They give false views of life, and taint with every touch of crime to call them literature at all.

CRISIS EXAMINING A WRITER.—An Knight being on trial for stealing in Boston, Judge Merrick said to her: "Do you want to ask the witness any questions?" "An answered, smart as a steel trap: "Yes, I want to tell him that he is a poor creature, and that he is a thief."