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THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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

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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, dead 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 Prairie.

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. He lived about thirty miles from my residence; but as the ministers in that region were often in the habit of exchanging with each other, I had frequent opportunities of hearing him, and had formed a very exalted opinion of his character.

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. It was afterwards remembered by his friends who were present, that he seemed from the first to proceed with difficulty, which they attributed to the oppressive heat of the day, for he was constantly wiping the perspiration from his face.

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. The coffin was lifted up, and placed on the turf by the side of the grave. Many of the bystanders had been the old friends of him whose body was there. What could be more natural than that they should desire to take one more last look of one who was so dear to them?

From the Philadelphia Sun.

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.

"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. Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued; my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which appeared to you so remarkable; and the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday.

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. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the scenes were then deadened, not so the mind, its activity seemed to be invigorated, in a ratio which defies all description—for though rose after thought with a rapidity of accession which is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable, by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation.

The course of those thoughts I can even now trace—the event which had just taken place—the awkwardness that had produced it—the bustle it must have occasioned (for I had observed two persons jump from the chains)—the effect it would have on a most affectionate father—the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family, and a thousand other circumstances associated with home, were in the first series of reflections that occurred. They took then a wider range—our last cruise—a former voyage, and shipwreck—my school—the progress I had made there, and the time I had mispent—and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures. Thus travelling backwards, every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as every stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature, in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be

placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each seemed to be accompanied 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. "May not this be some indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we awaken in another world, and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives?—Or might it not, in some degree, warrant the inference, that death is only a change or modification of our existence, in which there is no real pause or interruption? But, however that may be, one circumstance is highly remarkable, that the innumerable ideas that flashed into my mind were all retrospective; yet I had been religiously brought up; my hopes and fears of the next world had lost none of their early strength, and at any other period intense interest and awful anxiety would have been excited by the mere probability that I was floating on the threshold of eternity; yet at that inextinguishable moment, when I had a full conviction that I had already crossed the threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future—I was wrapt entirely in the past.

"The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of time into which they were condensed, I cannot now state with precision, yet certainly two minutes could not have elapsed from the moment of suffocation to that of being hauled up. "The strength of the flood tide made it expedient to pull the boat at once to another ship, where I underwent the usual vulgar process of emptying the water by letting my head hang downwards, then bleeding, chafing, and even administering gin; but my submersion had been really so brief, that, according to the accounts of the lookers on, I was very quickly brought to animation.

"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. Again, instead of being absolutely free from all bodily pain, as in my drowning state, I was now tortured by pain all over me, and though I have been since wounded in many places, and have often submitted to surgical discipline, yet my sufferings were at that time far greater; at least in general distress. On one occasion I was shot in the lungs, and after lying on the deck at night for some hours, bleeding from the wounds, I at length fainted. Now as I felt sure that the wound in the lungs was mortal, it will appear obvious that the overwhelming observation which accompanies fainting must have produced a perfect conviction that I was then in the act of dying. Yet nothing in the least resembling the operations of my mind when drowning then took place; and when I began to recover, I returned to a clear conception of my real state."

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. The power to recall at will these impressions may indeed perish, but the impressions themselves never. The memory is for each one the true book of life, where every act done in the body, and every good or evil thought that has passed through the mind, has its undying record, which at the last day shall bear witness of the life of each.

This letter of Admiral Beaufort is full of interest for the suggestions which it so unavoidably awakens in every thinking mind. 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. The minister prayed with the afflicted one, and being cognizant of the kindness of the cousin, he besought the Lord, in his prayer, to bless his servant, who had, in so kind and Christian a manner, watched over the afflicted lady. The cousin, withdrew, forthwith from his congregation, asserting, at the same time, that she would let him know she wasn't any body's servant!—St. Louis Reveille.

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. In the letter, as originally published, there appeared a number of stars or asterisks, indicating that some passages had been omitted. The Bulletin and the Picayune caught at this fact. They called loudly for the suppressed sentences. "Some wag furnished them, and the Delta tells the rest of the story:

"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 shan'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. It seems that a quizzical friend of ours, comprising the forlorn and unhappy condition of the editors of the Picayune and Bulletin, resolved to gratify their laudable curiosity to know what were the portions of said letter which were omitted and represented by the mysterious stars, so he sat down and from his fancy sketched the following as the parts omitted in our publication of the letter:

"He evinced on this, as he had done on other occasions, that masterly military genius and profound knowledge of the science of war, which has astonished so much the mere martinet of the profession. His plan was very similar to that which Napoleon effected the reduction of the fortress of Ulm, and Gen. Scott was so perfectly well pleased with it, that he could not interfere with any part of it, but left it to the gallant projector to carry it into execution.

"I must relate an interesting and exciting incident that occurred during the rage of the battle. A Mexican officer being seen by one of Gen. Pillow's aids to leave the enemy's lines, and to advance several yards nearer our position, the general, as soon as he heard of the imprudent rashness of the Mexican, put spurs to his charger and galloped at full speed towards him. As soon as he got near to the Mexican, the general called out in Spanish—'¡Saque su sable para defender!'—let the honor and prowess of our respective countries be determined by this combat.

Straightway the Mexican drew his sword with one hand and balanced his lance with the other, rushed towards our general, who, with a revolver in one hand and his sabre in the other, waited the onset of the Mexican. The combat was a long and severe one.—The Mexican was a large, muscular man, and handled his arms with great vigor and skill, but our general was superior in dexterity and coolness. At last the Mexican made one terrible charge at our general with his lance which the latter evaded with great promptitude and avidity, using his sword, tossed the weapon of the Mexican high into the air, and then quietly blew his brains out with his revolver. Both the American and Mexican armies witnessed this splendid effort.

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. Sure enough, our joke-angler had hardly baited his hook and cast out his lines, before a fine fat fish of the Picayune darted at it with the greediness of a fresh water trout, whilst the mining editor of the Bulletin, a sort of sculpin, glistened over it most appetizingly. In a very short time they both took hold, and swallowed, straightway, the bait, hook, line and all.

The result of the joke may be found in the Bulletin and Picayune of yesterday.—They publish the letter entire, filling up the parts omitted by us with the fancy sketches furnished by our joking friend on Camp street. Of course, as is very apparent to a reader of any sense, there is no such stuff in the original letter.

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. For nearly thirty years past they have not only been warm political friends, but on terms of personal intimacy. About two weeks since, Mr. Redfield, who resides in Batavia, received a friendly letter from Mr. Wright, in which the writer alluded touchingly and eloquently to the sad havoc death had made in the ranks of the "seventeen senators." To this letter Mr. Redfield made a reply, in which he dwelt at length on the sad allusion Mr. Wright had made, and expressed his thankfulness that so far the lives of his friend and himself had been spared. This letter was received by Mr. Wright on the morning of his demise; and it was while reading it in the Post Office, that he was attacked by the disease which so rudely terminated his useful and honorable life.

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-ers can, for immediate sowing. The circling downwards of its peduncles, with the seed vessel, after flowering, to convey the seed to the soil, should be our lesson. Here nature suffers not the seed to dry by suspension in the atmosphere; but, by independent locomotion, the plant needles up its broad, and even previously to the maturity of its offspring, conveys them in her bosom to the earth.

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?"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," said Dick.

"An' again, sir—you'd never guess it, and only a woman could have hit upon the expedient. It was the fashion in those days for ladies in full dress, to wear pink stockings, and she proposed painting her legs!"

"Painting her legs?" they all exclaimed.

"Fact, sir," said the doctor, "and she relied on me to tell her if the cheat was successful."

"And was it?" asked Durfy.

"Don't be in a hurry, Tom. I complied on one condition, namely—that I should be the painter."

"Oh, you old rascal!" said Dick.

"Capital bargain," said Tom Durfy.

"But not a safe covenant," added the attorney.

"Don't interrupt me, gentlemen," said the doctor. "I got some rose pink accordingly, and I defy all the huffers in Nottingham to make a better fit than I did on Jenny; and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?" said Dick.

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded?" asked Durfy.

"So completely," said the doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them. So you see what a woman will do to go to a dance. Poor little Jenny! she was a merry mix—by the by, she boxed my ears that night for a joke I made about the stockings. 'Jenny,' said I, 'for fear your stockings should fall down when you are dancing, hadn't you better let me paint a pair of garters on them?'"

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." He seemed to be completely fagged out in his long journey, and could scarcely retain his hold on the rigging. He was taken down, fed and petted; and soon became very tame, and a great favorite with the sailors. Havana, as everybody knows, is a great place for cock-fighting, and our sailors were not long in finding their way to the pit. On their return to the bark, one of them, a long-legged Yankee, (who had been shipped to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of one of the crew, proposed that they should go into a little speculation with their eagle. This was agreed to, and the bird of Jove was accordingly furnished with a beautiful red flannel comb and gills, a great coat of paint, a pair of gaffs, and he was metamorphosed into a very respectable looking fighting cock.—The intelligence that a yankee game-cock was to be seen on board the Gallo de Pelen, was soon spread throughout the city, and crowds came down to see him. He was kept in the fore-castle, and a few at a time admitted at a small charge.

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. Every thing having been prepared, the cocks were scientifically put into the ring, but alas, for those who had taken so much trouble, the fight was of the shortest kind; the eagle not having been very hungry, and not knowing the use of his spurs, nor understanding in the least what was expected of him, eschewed all fancy tricks, dashed in eagle fashion on his adversary, struck him with his beak, seized a leg in each talon, tore him completely open, and commenced eating him with extreme gusto! The astonishment of the Spaniards may possibly be imagined, but cannot be described—there was some horrible swearing in Spanish, with a slight sprinkling of broken English, and all yankee game-cocks, were unanimously confined to a place of the warmest description, the name of which it is not necessary to mention.

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 young man confessed he was a boy, but a veritable woman in breeches. The captain was more than ever alarmed at this novel peril, and it is said he exhibited great remorse ever since, for sandy thimble and growth bestowed upon her, the common heritage of cabin boys. At present she is with a family in this place, and Joanna is very modest and really a clever girl. This whim of donning attire not belonging to her, is deemed a high offense by some of the ladies of the Key, whilst others actually commend it as a gallant feat, bookening quite an early disposition to wear the breeches. The affair has assumed a serious aspect, and it is believed that the breeches have the majority.

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 Torrijohn, appears to be a regular Johnny jump up springing up with great perverity the more it is tried to keep him down. Since the days of the renowned Munchausen, no man has gone through so many strange adventures as the Aztec hero. Utter annihilations appear to be rather pleasant; that otherwise to Torrejon, and if he were blown into a thousand atoms by the explosion of a magazine, we doubt not that he would immediately gather himself together again, and with great equanimity light a cigar from the blazing ruins. No other mad has a notion of his wonderful powers, for, like the polyphus, he can reproduce himself ad infinitum. When we heard of the brilliant battle of Palo Alto and Resaca, the first Mexican officer among the slain was poor Torrejon; his head was blown clean off, and we all recollect how his fate was mourned by the celebrated Mexican poet Don Hoaxie, in the well known couplet—

"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 scence went rapidly ahead.

When Arista's brave army vacated Matamoros, there, with the retreating officers, rode the headless Torrejon, laughing, joking and looking as fierce as any of them. To Monterey he went, and whilst there he suffered by an inflammation of the brain, and was carried off by the violence of the disease. His fellow soldiers were sad at the loss, and they accordingly buried him with military honors, and wrapped his martial cloak around him. But old Zack approached and denounced the mountain city; however much he might have been inclined to rest in times of peace, Torrejon was not the man to remain still when there was the least chance for a fight, so the "perturbed spirit" compelled the sepulchre wherein he was quietly interred, to open wide its ponderous marble jaws, to cast him up again." He girded on his sword and fought with Mexican bravery during the honorable three days, but misfortune still followed him, and the poor fellow had a leg carried off by a cannon ball. They took him with them when they capitulated and vacated the city, and when the Mexican army was a few days' march from Monterey his wound-pained, face, and Torrijohn died again. One would suppose that after three such fatal terminations to his patriotic exertions, the General would have given up the contest. Not so, at Buena Vista he headed his cavalry, and managed to get through the battle without any damage. The published accounts do not speak of him at Vera Cruz, but from his previous history, we doubt not that he was there; nor do we doubt that one of Scott's bombshells, bursting, carried off his remaining leg, after which he marched out of the city and laid down his arms. At Cerro Gordo he was certainly present, and we hear that the headless hero saw Harney's approach to attack the fortification in which he was enclosed, in consequence of which the legless General took to his heels. His history is brought up to the last battles, and letters from Mexico say that he is charged with cowardice, and is to be court-martialed. This is the unkindest cut of all. The charge is preposterous. No man to whom the mishaps of war are such amusements, could have been frightened at any army, or succession of armies, which the Yankees could bring against him. We strongly suspect that the charge is instigated by Santa Anna, who is jealous of Torrejon's feats, which so far surpass those of his leg.

We do not know whether General Scott has made it a part of the stipulations of the proposed treaty, but we would suggest that Torrejon be given up for exhibition in this country. Santa Anna's leg cannot compare to vie in interest with this man, who has so often fought, bled and died for his country.—Ledger

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."

The individual addressed was a young man seated in a chair, dispatching a piece of bread and butter.

His only answer was a sigh accompanied by a flood of tears.

The parent started, and in an angry tone demanded what objection he could have: "Susan is handsome and wealthy, and married you must be sometime or another."

Your mother and I were married, and it is my command that you prepare yourself for your nuptials."

"Yes," finally sobbed Thomas, "that's a different case; you married mother, but I am sent out to marry a strange gal!"

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. But it may be asked, do they not shine like a rotten log, or a putrescent carcass, which is phosphorescent because it is decayed. When our people learn to read good books only, then may we look for a sowing of good morals, and not ill ones.—Blades Patter.

CHICKS EXAMINING A WRITER.—An English being on trial for stealing in Boston, Judge Merrick said to her: "Do you wish to ask the witness any questions?" "An answer, sir, as a steel trap." "Yes, I want to tell him that he is a poor creature, and hasn't sworn to a bit of truth." The unexpected inhibition of femininity did not avail her with the jury, for, without leaving their seats, they returned a verdict of guilty.