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WHOLE NO. 72.

Advertisements... For the first and last... Each subsequent insertion... Business Cards... All other advertisements... Letters to the Publisher...

Poetry.

The Drowned Mariner. A mariner sat on the shores one night, The wind was piping free, Now bright, now dimmed with the moonlight pale, And the phosphor gleamed in the wake of the whale...

Miscellany.

From Blackwood's Magazine. THE FIRST PATIENT. He was not then the great doctor that you know him now. At that time he was neither officer of the Legion of Honor, nor professor of the Faculty of Paris...

There is another poverty which you know not, which is never intended that you should know. A silent poverty that goes dressed in its black coat, polished, it is true, where polish should not come, and with a slaty hue—produced by the frequent application of ink to its threadbare surface. It is a courageous poverty which resists all aid...

The object of all this solicitude received his attentions, however, with increasing ill-humor, for each fresh medicine made a fresh demand upon her purse. "How long will this last?" said she one day; "I must go out—I have no more money—I must go out this very day."

duct you to the Temple of Happiness?—There was no signature. "Why, it is a dream, a hallucination. Am I growing light-headed?" said the Doctor. But no—it was no dream; there they were—before him—on the little table—those fifteen miraculous pieces of paper. He hurried his head away from them; but when he looked again, there they were—in the same place—in the same order—motionless. He left you to guess his agitation and his mingled emotions. From whom could this god-send have come? He read and re-read, and turned the letter in every direction. He racked his brain to no purpose to discover his anonymous benefactor. He knew, and was known to, scarcely any one. He strode about his chamber—as well as he could stride in it—inventing the wildest suppositions, which were rejected as soon as made. Suddenly he stopped—struck his forehead as a new thought occurred to him—"Bah!" he cried; "absurd—impossible!—and yet—"

he, it was the Countess!—There was no signature. The enigmas were solved. He had made his fortune in the lottery, and without knowing it. He determined to visit his old patient the next morning. That very evening, however, he was waiting on by the same old gentleman in brown coat and grey hairs, who was seated at the Countess's table. He came with a rueful face, requesting him to wait immediately Madame, giving the Countess her right name, which is now to be in our story to introduce. Whatever has been the case at some previous time, the wheel of Fortune had that day bitterly disappointed her hopes. She had been carried home insensible. The Doctor hastened to her. It was too late. She had again been attacked by a congestion of the brain, which this time proved fatal. There appeared no hopes of a complete solution of the enigmas. "Ah!" said the same old gentleman, as he stood moralizing by his side, "the same luck never comes twice—she should have tried other numbers."

Subscribers of Trans.—There is a new credit in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and unexpressed love. Oh! speak not harshly of the strokes that sweep in, in silence. Break not the deep sleep by rude laughter, or harsh words. Sympathy, sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful, but they are a pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be like a grave, and if no one might weep over my grave, I should never die in peace. Dr. Johnson.