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Terms of Advertising. Advertisements of any length, at the usual rate of Fifty Cents per line, for the first insertion, and Twenty-five Cents for each subsequent insertion.

Poetry.

Truth and Poetry Combined. We are proud of the honor of laying the following beautiful verses, from the pen of a lady, before the readers of the Union. They are the noblest specimens of poetry we have read for many a year, and worthy of being placed upon the same towering columns on which are inscribed the admirable and popular verses of the late high-minded Francis Key, Esq., of this city.

THE ULTIMATUM.

It may not be! Forbid it, God! Forbid it, all that patriot's prize: That land has tasted freedom's blood; Their dust within its bosom lies.

Miscellany.

I Visit to Mount Vernon, the Resting Place of George Washington and his Wife, Martha. It was not without emotions of surprise and astonishment, although formerly well prepared to meet it every where else, that upon driving up to a miserable dilapidated gate, we found that we had arrived at the residence of the far-famed host, George Washington. Heavens, what a sacrifice! The fence broken down, an old fisherman's net hanging on the gate, the park cottages, on either side, tenantless, and falling to pieces, and cattle ransacking at large to destroy the last remnant of everything lovely!

The mansion of Gen. Washington stands on a high bank of the Potomac. Its sides are steep and rugged, and covered with a dense forest of trees. Immediately in front of the dark and sombre shade is relieved by an avenue which has been cut down to the water's edge. As we stand on this high eminence we see the breastworks of Fort Washington, on the opposite side of the river, and the eye wanders over a vast succession of hill and valley far in the rear of the Maryland shore.

social life would withhold from the citizen a claim to the common sympathies of his nature. Will not some action be taken by our countrymen of the South to whom these facts are unknown?

CONCISE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE. The history of the English Bible includes a period of nine hundred years. The venerable Bede translated the Psalter and the Gospels into the Anglo-Saxon by order of King Alfred. The price of a Bible in 1274, fairly written, was from \$150 to \$250, tho' in the year 1840, two arches of the London Bridge were built for \$125.

Richard Rolle was one of the first to attempt a translation of the Bible into the English language, as it was spoken after the conquest. He wrote a paraphrase in verse on the book of Job, and a gloss upon the Psalter, but the whole Bible, by Wickliffe, appeared in 1380 and 1380.

A bill in the year 1490, was brought into the House of Lords, to forbid the use of English Bibles; but it did not pass. A decree of Arundel Archbishop of Canterbury in 1409, forbade unauthorized persons to translate any text of the Holy Scriptures into English as well as prohibited the reading of any translation till approved of by the Bishop or a council.

In the year 1535, Coverdale's folio Bible was published. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, new editions appeared. In Mary's reign, the Gospellers, or reformers, fled abroad, but a new translation of the New Testament in English, appeared at Geneva, in 1577, the first which had the distinction of verses, with figures attached to them.

LIFE OF A NATURALIST. The indefatigable and vicaritudinal which have fallen to his lot, instead of tending to diminish the fervid enthusiasm of his nature, have imparted a toughness to his bodily constitution, naturally strong, and to my mind, naturally buoyant, an elasticity, such as to assure me that, though somewhat old, and considerably denuded in the frontal region, I could yet perform a journey of any length on foot, where I should thereby add materially to our knowledge of the ever interesting creatures which have for so long a time occupied my thoughts by day, and filled my dreams with pleasant images.

The Latin Vulgate, printed at Mayntz, in 1462, was the very first printed edition of the whole Bible in any language, bearing the date and place of execution, and the name of the printer.

The first printed edition of the Scriptures in any modern language, was in German, in the year 1467. The New Testament, by Luther, revised by Malancthon, appeared in 1531. William Tyndal, in 1535, printed his English Testament at Antwerp; but those who sold it in England, were condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and most ardent traitors to the land.

Between 1491 and 1493, Faust, or Faustus who undertook the sale of Bibles at Paris, where printing was then unknown, narrowly escaped punishment. He was taken for a magician because he produced them so rapidly, and because one copy was so rich like another.

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CHARACTER OF TECUMSEH.

The celebrated Indian warrior, Tecumseh, was in the forty-fourth year of his age, when he fell at the battle of the Thimmes. He was of the Shawnee tribe, five feet ten inches high, well formed for activity and the endurance of fatigue, which he was capable of sustaining in a very extraordinary degree. His carriage was erect and lofty—his mottion quick and graceful—his eyes penetrating—his visage stern, with an air of haughtiness in his countenance, which arose from an elevated pride of soul; it did not leave him even in death. His eloquence was nervous, concise, impressive, figurative, and sarcastic; being of taciturn habit of speech, his words were few, but always to the purpose.

He was in every respect a "savage;" the greatest perhaps since the days of Pontiac. His ruling maxim in war was to take no prisoners, and he strictly adhered to the sanguinary purposes of his soul; he neither gave nor accepted quarter. Yet paradoxical as it may seem, to the prisoners, in one instance, he is said to have buried his tomahawk in the head of a Chippewa chief, whom he found actively engaged in massacring some of Dudley's men, after they had been made prisoners by the British and Indians.

It had long been a favorite project of this aspiring Chief, to unite the Northern, Western and Southern Indians, for the purpose of regaining their country as far as the Ohio. Whether this grand idea originated in his own or his brother's mind, or was suggested by the British, is not known; but this much is certain, he cherished the plan with enthusiasm, and actually visited the Creek Indians, to prevail on them to join in the undertaking. He was always opposed to the sale of Indian lands. In a council at Vincennes, in 1810, he was found equal to the insidious arts of diplomacy.

Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making a fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Do you not hear the low, moaning thunder, and see that gliding glare of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! The waves rise and dash against the ship! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next!

It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of courage, arose with united voices and minds, and exclaimed, "Take to the long boat!" Mr. Whitfield, with his characteristic spirit and earnestness, immediately exclaimed, holding up the Bible in full view of the terrified auditory, "The long boat is the vessel which the Lord has provided for the preservation of his people, and it is our duty to take to it."

What is that Mother? The dove, my love, is sweet, but a widow's moan is sadder than any she can utter. As the swain is pursued from some crystal urn, For her distant dear she's quick return. Ever, my son, be thou like the dove, In friendship be faithful, as constant in love.

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The Habits and Manners of the Mexicans.

"J. E. D." the well known Montrose correspondent of the N. O. Picayune, thus writes about the habits and manners of the people of the "magnanimous nation."

The Mexican is never without his blanket, clinging to it with a singular and admirable tenacity of purpose; they are inseparable by night and day; through sunbaths and storm, heat and cold, he clings to his blanket as his main stay through life. If friends desert him, if his mistress prove false, if the world frowns and looks cold upon him, he can turn with confidence to his blanket and forget all besides in its warming embrace. Charity covereth a multitude of sins;—so does a Mexican blanket, TAMEN; is a cover for poverty and rage and a cloak for rascality. When the Mexican, exercising his national propensity of appropriating to himself other people's goods, "bags" anything, his faithful blanket hides it; when he goes forth on some murderous errand with his deadly weapons in his girdle, his blanket conceals the keen, glittering steel; it is cloak by day and bed by night. A pair of leather breeches, coarse cotton drawers and shirt, stiff leather sandals and a sombrero, completes the Mexican peasant's dress on ordinary occasions; his hair is generally somewhat long in front tangled and shaggy, and rarely any beard or whiskers are seen on his face. The country is infested with vermin—the men are alive with the most repulsive mites, while the heads of the women suffer some, their kindness and assiduity to each other notwithstanding. There is not a day in the calendar that the women do not hunt each other's heads, and this is not confined to the lower classes by any means. I have seen monkeys in a menagerie perform the same operation, but really the Mexican women seem to derive as much satisfaction from the operation as the monkeys. I am not addicted to slandering people, and this is no slander. It is the misfortune of country and the people that such a course is necessary.

In their manner of living as well as every thing else, the Mexicans are far behind the age. Their dwellings are all rude and uncomfortable, from the cafe jacale on the banks of the Rio Grande to the rude, rough house of adobe in the cities. In the prettiest houses you see generally one comfortable bed, a pile of skins, a few saddles and bridles, a couple of benches, several cushions of the same material as your blankets, a crock with water, a menager display of leather breeches, and a beggarly account of wearing apparel, on the walls, a few rough slabs of painted and rude ornaments; upon the ground floor a number of naked children, or sometimes partly clothed and any quantity of rubbish. You very rarely see a Mexican either man or woman, sitting upon a chair or bench, even when they have them, a sort of national propensity inducing them to squat, if they may be allowed the use of the word. They squat to eat, to work, at grinding corn, washing, cooking, and almost every thing else. A Mexican ranchman's wife has but little rest for they grind all the corn for family consumption. They use no French cook-books, and very simply prepare their principal articles of food being beans, corn, tortillas, boiled beef or goat, and a sort of olla, podrida, of vegetables, very compound soups, with greens, coffee, and tea they rarely get, but use chocolate instead. They eat but little of the hominy or of any of the lower classes I mean, their principal meal being at night. In the middle of the day, after the mid-day meal, every body takes a nap, and in the evening you may go through the streets from 12 o'clock till 4 in the afternoon and find hardly a door open, and see scarcely a person out of doors. The expiration of the day, they go to the respective places where they have their domicils, and are on hand for good or evil, for the rest of the day.

PRESERVING BUTTER.

The farmers in the parish of Ulney, in the county of Aberdeen, practice the following method of curing their butter, which gives it a great superiority over that of their neighbors: Take two parts of the best common salt, one part of sugar, and one part of saltpetre; head them up together, and blend the whole completely; take one ounce of this composition to sixteen ounces of butter, work it well into the mass, and close it up for use.

The above is worthy the attention of every dairy woman.—Edinburg Journal.

CLARENCE ANECDOTE.

Mr. Kendall in one of his letters says:—"Speaking of Mr. Trist, reminds me of a story current on the 13th. It is said that shortly after Chalapee was carried, that gentleman rode up the bridge, and on being recognized by a gallant Irish soldier, the latter recoiled with dismay, saying, 'it is a beautiful thing we make with us to-day, sir.'"

IS THERE NOTHING IN THE SANCTITY OF THIS PLACE TO MAKE OUR GOVERNMENT RESPECT IT?

Shall Mount Vernon become a wilderness? Would such a scene be a fitting oblation to its departed spirit? Let these sacred shades become the property of the Republic. It may then be the privilege of any of our citizens, as well as foreigners, to find here hospitalities equal to the American character, and the visitor receive something like civil and decent respect. Mount Vernon should be as dear to us as the Mecca of the Mohammedans, and a pilgrimage to its hallowed soil as deep an object of our love and veneration. Now, no one comes to it without regret, no stranger leaves it without denouncing our selfishness and ingratitude. The present proprietor seems to care no more for the sacred shades of Mount Vernon than the beasts that are driven over it. Yet it is to such hands that we are willing to commit the remains of the Father of our Country! Of how much worth are those sentiments of reverence for his memory with which our children, from the St. Johns to the Rio Grande, are daily inspired? How little would we feel in the eyes of the civilized world? What are monuments, what are eulogies, what are books, when this as a nation we are willing to stand before the world in the attitude of throwing aside all the feelings of humanity, all pride of country, and exhibiting in naked vulnerability a base and ignominious object, which is all the work of

NAUTICAL SERMON.

When Whitfield preached before the senators of New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon: "Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making a fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Do you not hear the low, moaning thunder, and see that gliding glare of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! The waves rise and dash against the ship! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next!" It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of courage, arose with united voices and minds, and exclaimed, "Take to the long boat!" Mr. Whitfield, with his characteristic spirit and earnestness, immediately exclaimed, holding up the Bible in full view of the terrified auditory, "The long boat is the vessel which the Lord has provided for the preservation of his people, and it is our duty to take to it."