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THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 59.

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Poetry.

THE BUGLE.

BY GREVILLE MELLETT.

O wild, enchanting horn! Whose music up the deep and dewy air Sweeps to the clouds, and calls on Echo there.

Miscellany.

From the North American.

THE LETHON, OR VAPOR OF ETHER.

The discovery of the use of Sulphuric Ether to destroy the consciousness of pain during surgical operations, is, undoubtedly, one of the most important and remarkable acquisitions of modern science.

The real merits of the discovery belong to the United States, as all the savans of Europe cheerfully admit. And here, marvellous to be said, the honor is contested between three individuals—Doctors Jackson and Morton, of Boston, who claimed the discovery and took out a patent as joint discoverers in 1846; and Mr. Horace Wells, of Connecticut, a dentist, who claims to have tested and successfully employed in dental operations, both the ether and exhilarating gas, as early as 1844, and to have immediately, without seeking any patent, communicated his discovery to the scientific men of Boston, and to Doctors Jackson and Morton amongst others.

It is not our purpose, of course, within the columns of a daily paper, to attempt any learned disquisition upon a scientific and professional subject. But the topic is one of popular interest; sulphuric ether is easily procurable; there is a prevailing inclination to experiment with it for amusement; and the seductions and dangers (for there are dangers in the use of ether) render proper notice which may convey general ideas on the subject, and a word of caution and

warning. Those who would acquire full information, will find it in the periodicals of the day, and especially the British and French, medical and miscellaneous, which abound with articles on the subject. The result of full etherization is a kind of intoxication; perhaps we should drop the qualification, and say, simply, intoxication itself. "In plain language," says the North British Review, "as in plain fact—there is no disguising it—the patient is drunk. The tipsiness, however is of a light and airy kind: very pure, very pleasant, and very passing, and, when gone, leaving very little trace behind." In the "state of emergence," or sobering, the appearance of intoxication are most striking,—inability to stand or walk,—loquacity, humor, maudlin grief or affection, with sometimes the after-consequences of sick-headache and the "horrors."

In this state of etherization, the surgeons of Europe and America have already successfully performed all kinds of operations, the most painful and the most horrid,—amputations and extractions, the excision of eyes and evulsion of nails,—every operation most harrowing to the feelings and dreadful to the imagination; and the patient has suffered no horror of mind or pain of body. In this view, therefore, the discovery of the new remedy might be almost considered worthy to have been made by angels.

In speaking of the dangers resulting from the inhalation of ether, some injustice has undoubtedly been done in attributing disasters, which were the results of the operation, to the effects of the vapor. But ether is, in its own nature, a poison, and capable, when taken in excess, of destroying life, just like any other violent stimulant or powerful narcotic. The long use or substitution of its vapor in the lungs in the place of atmospheric air, is sufficient to cause death, in consequence of the mere privation of air; but besides this, it has a more powerful action on the brain and nervous system, which cannot perhaps be continued for a long time without real danger. It is known in its operations to involve risk to young children, and highly nervous hysterical females; and it is especially dangerous to persons inclined to apoplexy, and to those afflicted with pulmonary complaints and affections of the heart. "So far as we know," says the writer in the North British Review, "there is not one instance of fatal casualty which can be ascribed directly to the ether's use." Nevertheless, it is believed that some very serious evils—and even some deaths—have actually resulted from the use of ether, the ether being the sole undisputed cause.

A MILITIA CAPTAIN'S TOAST.—General Erastus Root, of New York, who was distinguished, among other things for his wit, was at a dinner, the side companion of a militia captain. In the course which followed the removal of the cloth, the Captain was toasted. He was surprised, but not confounded, so he arose, and bowing his acknowledgments, went at his sentiment at once. He commenced: "The Militia of the United States—May they never want—and—and"—but he stuck and could get no further. The thing was likely to fail, and the glorious expectation, of the company was on the point of being disappointed, when Gen. Root whispered in his ear "and may they never be wanted." The Captain took the words up, and with an air of conscious triumph, he repeated the sentiment: "The Militia of the United States—May they never want and never be wanted!"

The applause which immediately followed proved that the Captain had achieved an immortality. GOOD REASONS FOR LEAVING.—A sailor in the pit of a theatre looking over his play bill, read—"An interval of twenty years occurs between the first and second acts." At the end of the first act he put on his old topknot and left the house saying,—"few of these folks will live to see the end of it."

THE WATER CURE.

We have read various sober, methodical, matter-of-fact descriptions of the way in which people are washed clean from disease at the "water cure" establishments; but here is one, supplied by a victim at Brattleborough, in the New Haven Herald, which does up the process in a vivid, graphic, humorous kind of way, highly effective, but probably not a whit less true than the dullest of the others.

A feeble young man leaves his home and the nursing cares of a doting mother or fond wife, and comes here away North among the Hills, to seek the will-o'-wisp angel of health—in other words to get his stomach washed out and liver put in order. After a night's balmy repose, or rather in the midst of a night's slumbers, in which he dreams of fireside and home and the maternal coffee and toast that awaits his wakening, the door of his chamber opens, and in walks a figure with shaggy hair, and bare and brawny arms, who shakes the slumberer and rouses him with the hollow spoken words, "Your bed is ready." "Your bath is ready, he means, without the politeness of asking, "Are you ready for your bed?" As inexorable as fate he stands, while the victim rises and denudes himself till no covering but his skin shields his shrinking nerves from the chill air through the open window.

The tormentor then strips the bed and spreads just wet in water of 46 deg. Fahrenheit. Upon this shivering shrinking patient, with his whole surface in a state of goose-flesh-iness, extends his whole length, and feels himself instantly enveloped in its heart chilling folds. Then blanket after blanket is laid over and tucked in, till he takes the form and has somewhat the feelings of an Egyptian mummy, just dead and cold, bound hand and foot, and wrapped up for the tomb. He is then left to his own reflections and the reactive powers of nature. He considers that if the building should take fire he would probably, in his helpless condition, be roasted alive, and makes up his mind he would not mind a roasting which provided it were in a warm fire. Soon, however, nature rallies her force, and the blood-vessels are in excited action. First, the surface of the body becomes warm, then the sheet, then everything is heated to the steaming point, and there ensues a most soothing, sweet and heart-softening sensation, in which he again falls asleep, and dreams of Paradise and a bed of rose leaves.

Ab whence is that specter that pulls off his clothes? Ah whence is that splash that now "arums his ear?" It is the same hard-hearted villain as before, who, without deigning a single word, throws off blanket after blanket, and comfortable after comfortable, till only one envelope is left, when he seizes him by the shoulders, lifts him upright in the bed, uncovers his feet, puts on a pair of slippers, throws a blanket over the head and says "follow me." With one eye open, as a docile as a lamb led to sacrifice, feeling like a fool, he goes slip-shod down stairs, seats himself in a tub of water at 72, where a bucket full is poured over him, and two rough hands rub him well—"But that is nothing—that's it."

Before him is the terrible plunge bath, 14 feet by 4 or 4½ deep. Its surface is so clear that it seems only a tank of air with a slight emerald tinge. Vain imagination. That liquid is as real as rock, and cold as the double extract of icebergs, and into that wretched mortal—must you plunge. So here goes; one splash, and he rises to the top, feeling an icicle thrust through his heart. Out he scrambles and back again to the half bath, which now feels like hot water, to be again rubbed. Then a dry rubbing with a sheet and he is clothed for a walk, and he struts forth to meet the sun, with nerves braced up to such a pitch that he cares not what he meets.

Over hill and through dell he stumps it with vigor, till presently the reaction is complete, and he feels as if he had swapped himself away for another man. If he has even the humblest knowledge of whistling, he puts it in practice, or speeds along meditating, the first half way of the walk upon the beauties of nature, and the other half on the probable quantity of breakfast required to satisfy an appetite which has become more sharklike than human.

WELCH SAYINGS.—Three things that ever become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue. Three things not easily done—to ally thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, to please all in every thing; that is done. Three that are as good as the best—down bread in famine, wet water in thirst, and a gray coat in cold. Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward. Three warnings from the grave—thou knowest what I was, thou seest what I am, remember what thou art to be. Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood. Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney and the house wife. The essentials to a false story-teller—a good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience. Three things seen in the peacock—the garb of an angle, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil. Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse. Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof and a scolding wife.

The Common Fluency of Speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of apt; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come flinging out of a church, when it is almost empty, that when a crowd is at the door.

From the Schenectady Cabinet.

Noble and Restoring Qualities of Human Nature.

Some time in the year 1839, arrived in the city of Schenectady, an interesting young girl about eighteen years of age—She was an utter stranger; but soon obtained employment, for a few weeks as an assistant nurse. After this temporary employment ceased, she fortunately presented herself to a Merchant Taylor of character who kindly gave her employment and instruction, and after a short time was received into his family. Soon she became expert with her needle, which not only gave her support, but enabled her to dress genteelly, having such a fund of good sense as to avoid all extravagance, yet always appearing neat and in good taste.

In 1842, she accidentally secured a home with a married lady, with two children, a son and a daughter, aged eight and ten years, whose husband and father had deserted and left them to such provisions as none but a wife's and mother's resources could procure. Whilst in this deserted family, the heart-broken wife sickened and died.—The mother, when dying, gave a heart-rending farewell to her two children; and this noble stranger girl, weeping by her bed, assured the dying mother that she would be a mother to her children. This assurance calmed the last death agony of a fond mother, who died. The young stranger-girl took the children, hired a room, diligently plied her needle, paid the rent, continued her neat and modest appearance, fed and dressed the boy and girl handsomely and appropriately, and sent them to a well selected school, in which she received no assistance, save one quarter to a select school taught by a Lady, who (much to her praise) declined remuneration.

Now, reader you ask—Who is this young stranger female? The writer will not tell you; but to gratify the feelings this communication must excite in your bosom, will tell you a little of her history. Her parents, in good circumstances reside in the Upper Province of Canada. She was wooed by a worthy young man whose affections were fully reciprocated, as ardently and purely as woman loves. But the father, an Englishman, opposed the connection with all the determination of an Englishman. She was sent into the States to a farmer-uncle, to avoid further intercourse between the lovers. At this uncle's, contrary to her habits, she was duly appointed a milk maid. At this the noble girl revolted and left, determined to depend upon her own resources. She arrived in Schenectady, where she has remained till this week—living above charity, solely upon her own energetic labor, with the additional charge of two interesting orphans.

This spring she wrote her mother apprising her of an intention to visit her home—the home of her childhood and childhood's mirth, and the home too of her maiden trials and sorrows. To her astonishment, surprise and gratification, the first response to that letter was the presence of her father, who upon the receipt of it, left for Schenectady, that he might the more safely conduct his long-absent daughter to her early home and her fond mother. But mark!—with a predetermined purpose and high-souled magnanimity, she says—"Father, I will go; but these (presenting the orphans) are my children—they go where I go!" The father, not to be outdone, replied—"Yes, C—come home, my daughter, and take with you your adopted children; there is a welcome, a double welcome, and room for you and yours."

They left this day for Canada, flooded with tears—tears for parting from the stranger's friends—tears for a happy reuniting of parent and child—tears for a parent's free, frank permission to a better home offered to a wandering daughter with two adopted orphan children. O, what a scene, and what a lesson to selfishness! The writer should add one other tribute to this noble female. Her neatness and industry attracted attention; but true to her faith, every advance by new suitors, was repulsed promptly and thoroughly. In truth she had a purpose, a heart, a soul, and is entitled to esteem and respect everywhere. Schenectady, July 7, 1847.

THE NETTLE.—The nettle is generally considered by farmers and gardeners as a useless and troublesome weed; but it needs little argument to prove that the most common gifts of Providence are often the most useful to mankind. The common stinging nettle is one of the best medicines which is produced in the vegetable kingdom, and its medicinal qualities ought to be more generally known and appreciated. In the form of a simple weak infusion, taken in the quantity of a pint a day, it acts as an alterative and deobstruent in impurities of the blood. A strong decoction taken in the same quantity proves an admirable strengthener in general or partial relaxation. Applied as a formation or poultice, it relieves swellings and abates inflammations, and the expressed juice, taken in spoonfuls as the exigency of the case may require, in internal bleedings, is the most powerful styptic known. We may add that its leaves, when boiled, are converted into a tender, healthy, and nourishing aliment, grateful to the palate.—And yet there are few plants whose appearance is viewed by the farmer with more disgust than the stinging nettle.

NAPOLÉON.—The following is a curiosity worth reviving for the present generation: An old French paper, *Le Journal des Lettres*, says Napoleon's name is composed of two Greek words, *Nepes* and *Leon*, which signifies the *Lion of the Desert*. The letters of the same name ingeniously combined present a phrase which offers a singular analogy with the character of that extraordinary man. I. Napoleon. 6. Apoleon. 7. Peleon. 3. Oleon. 4. Leon. 6. Eon. 2. On. By striking off the first letters of this word, and pursuing the same course, with each following word, six Greek words are formed, which

literally translated in the order designated by the figures, signify, *Napoleon, being the Lion of the people, became a destroyer of cities.*

From the New Orleans Delta.

APPLYING TO THE HEAD BOSE!

Did you ever see a collection of men that could not turn out a specimen of what is generally termed "a character?" If you ever did, you can, to make use of a vulgarism, "beat my time" considerably, for I never did, and what is more, never expect to. The next door to my quarters a company of Virginia volunteers are stationed, and as they turn out to roll call and drill I have a good opportunity of observing them. I had noticed among them a short thick set Irishman, whose head seemed to have settled down between his shoulders a trifle too far to permit him to sit as a model for a sculptor, although he will answer very well for a soldier. There was something so odd about his appearance and his manner of performing the manual, that I was convinced he was "a character," and upon expressing my belief of that fact, I discovered that I was not far wrong, the following anecdote being related of him—

"Plaze, sir," said the soldier, touching his hat to his captain, "whin will we be paid off, sir?" "In a few days, Patrick," replied the officer. "Yis, sir," continued Pat, "and whin, sir, will we be after Saaty Anny, the blackguard?" "That's more than I can tell you, Patrick; it's rather hard to tell you or where he will show himself," replied the officer. "Yis, sir, thank you kindly, sir, we'll be paid off in a few days, however," said Pat, as he touched his hat again and retired. In a few days he appeared again and opened the conversation with—"If ye plaze, sir, divil a copper have we been paid yet, sir?" "I know it, Patrick," was the reply of the officer, "but I can't help it; they are waiting for the paymaster to arrive." "Oh, it's the paymaster we're waiting for, is it? and what the divil's the excuse he has for not bein' here when he's wanted? What's the use of having a paymaster if he isn't on the spot when he's wanted?" said Pat, beginning to wax indignant at having to wait so long for his "tin."

The circumstance caused him much uneasiness, and after cogitating the matter over and over, he was struck with a luminous idea, and announced to his comrades that he'd have his money before you could say "thread on my coat." One morning, immediately after breakfast, off posted Pat to Gen. Taylor's camp, and approaching his tent, inquired of a soldier standing by where the General's "shanty" was. "That's his tent, said the sentinel, pointing out the General's quarters. "And is that the General's tent?" said Pat, taking off his hat and rubbing his hand over his hair, which had been cut to the degree of shortness peculiar to natives of Erin's green isle. "And where's the General's old gray horse?" inquired Pat. "There," replied the sentinel, indicating the spot where the old horse stood lazily whisking the flies with his tail. "And is that the old horse?" again inquired the Sprig of Erin, with great awe; "an' where, if you plaze, sir, is the old gentleman himself?" continued Pat. "There he sits, under that awning," answered the soldier. "What," exclaimed Pat, almost in a whisper, and in a tone amounting to reverence, "an' is that the old gentleman?" "Yes," said the soldier, walking away, "that's Gen. Taylor."

After gazing at the "war-worn veteran," in silent admiration, for a while, he at last mustered sufficient courage to approach him. "I beg your pardon, General, but you'll plaze to excuse the bit of liberty I'm taking in presuming to call on your honor, but, if you plaze, sir, I come on a matter of business, bein' as I thought you might be after helping us out of a bit of a scrape."

"Well," said the General kindly, "what is the trouble, and what do you wish?" "If you plaze, sir, I'd like to know when the hands will be paid off, sir?" "When the hands will be paid off?" repeated the General, a little puzzled. "Yis, sir, if you plaze to have the goodness. The hands have had divil the cint of wages since they've been in the country."

"Oh, I understand, you're a volunteer and wish to know when you'll be paid off. Well, my good fellow, you must apply to your company officers for that information, I have nothing to do with it."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, I did ax the boss about it, but he did't give me any sort of satisfaction about it, and so I told the other hands I'd fix it; and bein' as you're the *head boss*, I thought I'd be comin' over here to see if you could't give us some satisfaction."

The "head boss," being unable to relieve the anxiety of Pat, the latter retired to the "other hands," having the satisfaction of saying that although he had failed in the object of his mission, he had seen the "head boss," his "shanty," and "the old gray horse," which was "glory enough for one day." J. E. D.

George dared him to do so. The Judge would not be dared, and committed him. Then George grew indignant. "You won't let me off?" "No." "I didn't expect you would. There is too much of the usual Christian charity and spirit about your name. God made religion, but the devil made Parsons." The Court room was convulsed with this sally of wit, which neither respect for the place nor personal regard for the Judge could suppress.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FACTS FOR ALL TO READ.

In air, sound travels at the rate of from 1,330 to 1,140 feet per second. In water, sound passes at the rate of 5,708 feet per second. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on water than on land. The hawk, and many other birds fly at the rate of 150 miles per hour. Leather canoes were used with considerable success by the Swedes in 1631. The people in Smyrna profess three distinct religions, and observe three different days in the week for Sabbath. The Jews Saturday, Christians Sunday, and the Mahometans Friday. Lake Superior is 396 feet above the level of the sea, and contains 32,000 square miles. It is 400 miles long, 80 wide, and 2000 feet deep.

A cheap blaze can be made to last an evening, by filling a tea kettle with knots, shavings, or any thing similar, and closing the lid so as to exclude the air. Put the kettle over the fire for a few minutes, and apply a torch to the spout. New York State produces annually about 30,000,000 bushels of potatoes. Maine produces about 12,000,000 bushels. Three quarters of the crimes committed in England, are in consequence of using spirituous liquors. Of the 700,000 habitual drunkards, 150 die every day. The American Lakes are supposed to contain 1400 cubic miles of water, more than one half of the fresh water on the globe.

A Parson was reproved by a member of his congregation, and not liking the reprimand, drew off and gave him a "sock-dologer." The consequence was a jolly squabble, a la Cribb or Sullivan, and the parson retired, victorious, with eyes bound in red tape turned up with blue. The next Sunday the church was crowded by persons anxious to hear an explanation of the difficulty; His reverence took his usual place with dignity, and went on to speak most eloquently of the duties of the Christian—the properties of peace—the blessed qualities of forgiveness—and the pious love a man should feel for his enemies. His address, concluded as follows: "I am well aware of the fact that we are commanded when smitten on the right cheek to turn the left, and I think it only proper to do so; but, my brethren, when a man undertakes to caze in my head I'm there."

Lake Superior News.

The publication of this valuable paper has been removed from Copper Harbor to Sault Ste. Marie. It was discontinued during the winter months, but is now resumed and edited with even more than former vigor. John N. Ingersoll is its sole editor—a man of various character—one whom it is necessary to know to form a proper estimate of his rank.

The first number of the new series of the paper is now before us, distinguished for literary and mechanical excellence.—We give it a full recommendation to the public.

We learn from it that books for the subscription of the capital stock for the completion of a Ship Canal around the Sault are now open, and that there is every probability the whole amount, \$200,000, will soon be taken up; the completion of this enterprise will give us 500 miles more of Lake navigation. We find also from the paper that the Julia Palmer—staunch steamer and true-will make one or two pleasure excursions during the months of July and August upon this greatest of Lakes, the noble Sturgeon, and we cannot too urgently advise all who are tired of the dust, the turmoil, and extravagant heat of crowded cities, and who seek of the dull, heart-distracting conventionalities that characterize life therein, to seize the bits with their teeth, and hasten to scenes where they can see Nature in all her untutored freshness and grandeur. Hear what our eloquent contemporary of the Lake Superior News says of the mighty basin of water so little known even to our professional tourists:

"Situated between latitudes forty-six and forty-nine—with an altitude of over two hundred yards above the level of the ocean, and a depth reaching far below that level—a coast of surpassing beauty and grandeur, more than twelve hundred miles in extent, and abounding in geological phenomena, varied mineral wealth, aquatics, cornelian, Jasper, opal and other precious stones—with its rivers, bays, estuaries, islands, presque isles, peninsulas, capes, pictured rocks, transparent lakes, leaning cascades, and bold highlands, fringed with pure veins of quartz, spar, and amethystine crystals, full to repletion with mineral riches; reflecting in gorgeous majesty the sun's bright rays and the moon's mellow light; girted with ever verdant groves of fir, cedar, and the mountain ash; while the background is filled up with mountains upon mountain, until rising in majesty to the clouds, distance loses their inequality resting against the clear vault of heaven.

Here you will find man too more like his original nature—the Sons of the Forest, disdaining fustian tastes and superfluous attire, and maidens, unskilled in coquetry, with innocent of the comb. The accommodations of the "Julia Palmer," are excellent, and too much cannot be said in praise of her gentlemanly proprietor, Col. W. F. Carter Taylor. You don't see any such men, and when you read of them they put the best things back.—Tribune.