PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAURIE J. BLAKELY
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Ridgway, [or Benzinger P. O.] Elk Co. Pa.,

T. T. ABRAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

SOUTHER & WILLIS.
Attorney's at Law, Ridgway Elk county Pa., will attend to all profession business promptly.

CHAPIN & WILBUR.
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Office in Chapin's Block, Ridgway Elk Co. Pa Particular attention given to collections and all monies promptly remitted. Will also practice in adjoining counties.

JOHN G HALL
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Ridgway Elk County Penna

DR. W. JAMES BLAKELY
St. Mary's Elk County Pa.

DR. W. W. SHAW
Practices Medicines & Surgery
Centreville Elk Co. Pa.

DR. J. S. BORDWELL
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
(Lately of Warren county Pa.)
Will promptly answer all professional calls by night or day.—Residence one, door East of the late residence of Hon. J. L. Gillis.

DR. C. R. EARLEY, Kersey Elk Co., Pa. Will attend to all call night or day. July 21, 1864.

HOTEL CARDS.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.
JOHN G. PORTERFIELD, Proprietor.
Ridgway, Elk County Penn'a.

FRED. KORB'S,
Eagle Hotel
Lathersburg, Clearfield County Pa.
☞Fredrick Korb Proprietor having built a large and commodious house, is now prepared to cater to the wants of the traveling public.
Lathersburg, July 16th 1864.—1y.

LUTHERSBURG HOTEL,
Lathersburg Clearfield county Penna.
WILLIAM SCHWEM, Proprietor.
Lathersburg, July 27th 1864.—tf.

NATIONAL HOTEL!
Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road,
ERIE PA.
ENOS B. HOYT, Proprietor
☞This House is new and fitted up with special care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates.
☞GOOD STABLING & TACKLE ☜

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Ridgway, Elk county Pa.,
DAVID THAYER, Prop'r.
☞This house is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Clarion, in the lower end of the town, is well provided with house room and stabling, and the proprietor will spare no pains to render the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable.
Ridgway July 28, 1869.

HYDE HOUSE
Mrs. E. O. Clements, Proprietress
Ridgway Elk County Penna.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE,
CORNER OF MARKET AND WATER ST.
Clearfield Pa
GEO. N COLBURN, PROPRIETOR

ST. MARY'S HOTEL
ST. MARY'S ELK COUNTY PENNA.
M. WELLENDORF, Prop'r.

FALLON HOUSE
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
E. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.
Omnibus running to and from the Depot free of charge.

MOORHEAD HOUSE, Main St Brookville Pa., C. N. Kretz. Prop'r This house has been refitted and furnished in a neat style, and is every way adapted to the wants of the public.

BUSINESS CARD

WOODS & WRIGHT
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON COUNTY PA.
DEALERS in Flour, Grain and Feed—near the Passenger Depot

Ridgway Markets.

Corrected weekly;

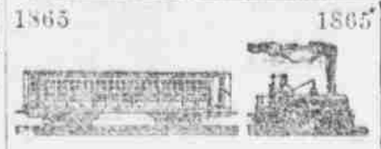
Apples, (dry)	@ bushel	- - -	$ 4 00
Buckwheat	" "	- - -	1 50
Beans,	" "	- - -	4 00
Butter	" lb	- - -	45
Beef	" "	- - -	9@12
Boards	" M	- - -	25 00
Corn	" bushel	- - -	1 50
Flour	" bbl.	- - -	12 00
Hides	" lb	- - -	08
Hay	" ton	- - -	50 00
Oats	" bu.	- - -	1 00
Wheat	" "	- - -	2 50
Rye	" "	- - -	1 75
Shingles	" M.	- - -	4 5
Eggs	" dozen	-	20
Hams	" lb	- -	25
Pork	" "	- -	15

The Elk Advocate.

P. W. BARRETT Editor [INDEPENDENT.] TERMS—$1 50 per Annum if paid in Advance

VOL. 5 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. THURSDAY June 22 1865 NO 36

1865 1865



PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.—This great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

It has been leased by the *Pennsylvania Rail Road Company*, and is operated by them.

Its entire length was opened for passenger and freight business, October 17th, 1864.

TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT RIDGWAY.

Leave Eastward.

Through Mail Train	1 53 p. m.
Accommodation	a. m.

Leave Westward.

Through Mail Train	12 33 p. m.
Accommodation	p. m

Passenger cars run through without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.

ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS on Express Trains both ways between Williamsport and Baltimore, and Williamsport and Philadelphia.

For information respecting Passenger business apply at the S. E. corner 30th and Market Sts.

And for Freight business of the Company's Agents:

S. B. Kingston, Jr. Cor. 13th and Market Sts. Philadelphia.
J. W. Reynolds Erie.
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Gen'l. Ticket Agt. Phil'a.
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Clothing, Hats, & Men's Furnishing Goods
WATER STREET,
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO., PA.

ADOLPH TIMM.
Centreville, Elk county Pa.
☞General Manufacturer of Wagons, Buggies &c.—ALSO Furniture, such as Bureaus, Tables, Stands Bedsteads and Chairs. All kind of Repairing done at reasonable rates.

BOOK STORE,
ST. MARY'S, ELK COUNTY PA
In the room formerly occupied by Doct. Blakely.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

President Judge.
Hon. R. G White, Wellsborough.
Associate Judges,
Hon. V. S. Brockway, Jay tp.
Hon. E. C. Schultze, St. Mary's.
Sheriff.
P. W. Hays, Ridgway
Prothonotary, Reg. and Rec.
George Ed. Weis, Ridgway
District Attorney,
L. J. Blakely Ridgway
Treasurer,
Charles Luhr, St. Mary's
County Surveyor,
George Walmsley, St. Marys
Commissioners,
Charles Weis, St. Mary's
Geo. Dickinson, Ridgway.
Joseph W. Taylor, Fox.
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R. T. Kyler, Fox
Jacob McCauley, Fox.
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Coal Lands For Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the Coal privilege, with the right of mining and other minerals under 495 acres of land situated in Fox tp., Clearfield county Pennsylvania, within 2 miles of the Ridgway & Olean R. R., which connects with the Phila. & Erie R. R., at Ridgway, with a six foot vein of Bituminous Coal upon it, which is now commanding such enormous prices for manufacturing purposes. For sale cheap, terms cash, a good title given.
For further particulars, address
C. L. BARRETT,
Clearfield P. O.,
Clearfield Co., P.

NOTICE.—The Books and accounts of Jacob J. Storer & Co., and Charles H Gering & Co., of St Mary's, have been placed in the hands of the undersigned for settlement. Parties indebted to either of the above firms, are notified that their accounts must be settled by payment to the undersigned, within 30 days.
LAURIE J. BLAKELY, Att'y
for GERING & CO, & STORER & CO
St. Mary's February, 28th '65.—3t.

POETRY.

The Changeling.

A. D. 1691.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

For the fairest maid in Hampton
They needed not to search,
Who saw young Anna Favor
Come walking into church—

Or bringing from the meadows,
At set of harvest-day,
The frolic of the blackbirds,
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
The saddest two years bride,
She scowls in the face of her husband
And spurns her child aside.

"Rake out the dead coals, goodman—
For there the child shall lie,
Till the black watch comes to fetch her,
And both up chimney fly.

It's never my own little daughter,
It's never my own," she said;
"The witches have stolen my Anna,
And left me an imp instead.

Oh, fair and sweet was my baby,
Blue eyes, and hair of gold;
But this is ugly and wrinkled,
Cross, and cunning and old.

I hate the touch of her fingers,
I hate the feel of her skin;
It's not the milk from my bosom,
But my blood, that she sucks in.

My face grows sharp with the torment;
Look! my arms are skin and bone!—
Rake open the red coals, goodman,
And the witch shall have her own.

She'll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,
And she'll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the good man, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon his head:
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman!
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it:
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
"Thy daughter is weak and blind;
Let her sight come back, and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.

Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild;
Let the holy love of the mother
Turn again to her child.

Make her lips like the lips of Mary
Kissing her blessed Son;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

Comfort the soul of Thy handmaid,
Open her prison door,
And Thine shall be all the glory
And praise forevermore."

Then into the face of the mother
The baby looked up and smiled;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child,

A beam of the slant sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chin,
And she bared her snow-white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

Oh, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and smiled,
But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face,
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"Blessed be God!" he murmured,
"Blessed be God!" she said;
"For I see, who once was blinded—
I live, who once was dead.

Now mount and ride, my goodman,
As thou lovest thy own soul:
Woe's me, if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,
And into the night rode he—
Now through the great black woodland,
Now by the white beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,
He came to the ferry wide,
And thrice he called to the boatman
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,
He swam to Newbury town,
And he called up Justice Sewall
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful Justice
(Upon whose soul be peace!)
Sets his name to the jailor's warrant
For Goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats
Went sounding like a flail;
And Goody Cole at cockcrow
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

BY REV. HORATIO ALGER, JR.

It was lucky for John Borden that he had a cheerful wife, who was disposed to look upon the bright side of things. I say it was fortunate for him, for his tendency was just the reverse. If any little trial or disappointment came upon him, he was very apt to say, "Fate is always against me—something or other is always turning up to spite me."

"Never mind, John, all is for the best," said his wife, cheerfully."

"That's what you're always saying, Martha."

"I'm always saying it because it's true, and the truth can't be too often repeated."

But by-and by something happened which put even Mrs. Borden's philosophy to test.

One forenoon, about eleven o'clock, Mrs. Borden was busily employed in getting dinner, when she heard the front door open and the heavy steps of men were heard in the front entry.

Her first thought was that her husband had come home to dinner, and brought a couple of friends home with him. But it was too early for that.

She went up stairs, the kitchen being a basement room, and there met a sight that filled her with pain. Her husband lay stretched upon the lounge, evidently in great suffering.

"What is the matter?" she inquired in alarm.

"Compose yourself, madam," was the reply.

"Your husband has fallen from a scaffolding and broken his leg."

It may be said here that Mr. Borden was a house painter, and had been engaged upon a new house erected for Squire Eldredge. His fall had been a considerable one, as the scaffolding had been at the height of the third story from the ground.

A physician was immediately sent for, and, after a careful examination, pronounced the injury not a bad one. He thought the injured limb would eventually become as strong as ever. Of course, however, this would require time.

"How long do you think I shall be laid up, doctor?" groaned John Borden.

"It will not be safe for you to use your limb short of three months," said the physician, decisively.

"Three months!" returned Borden in dismay. "Must I remain idle for three months?"

"It will not be safe to resume your trade for that length of time," was the reply.

"Just my luck," grumbled the sick man, after the physician had left the room. "Fortune seems to have a spite against me."

"You are looking on the dark side of the picture, John," said the wife.

"So I ought when there is no other side to it," returned her husband. "I should like to know how you, who say that all is for the best for me to break my leg."

"There are a good many things for the best, John, that we are not wise enough to see."

"I suppose if you should fall down and break your neck, your last words would be—"It's all for the best!"

Mrs. Borden, smiled, and her husband continued,

"For three months I have got to lie here idle, earning nothing. You know we have got four hundred dollars in the Savings Bank. I expected by the end of this year to have a hundred more there. But instead of that I shall probably have to withdraw a hundred. It's just the way always. I can't begin to prosper a little, before something happens to put me back. Perhaps you think it's all for the best that I should lose three months' time."

"We mustn't talk any more about it now, John. I know it's a great disappointment to you, and I can't see exactly how it is that this misfortune is going to promote our ultimate good. I am as sorry as you are that we shall have to encroach upon our money in the bank, but I don't despair that it will yet be made up to us in some way. God has ordered all things so well in my life hitherto that I feel as if I could trust him a little longer."

"But nobody else seems so unfortunate as we are. There's Squire Griffiths! all he touches seems to turn to gold."

"He has been fortunate in his money affairs, I know, but money is not all. Don't you remember his great loss last spring—how his little daughter, his favorite child and the pride of his heart, sickened and died."

John Borden paused a moment, and then said, "But even this loss according to your theory, was for the best."

"I should be willing to take that on trust, even if I could not see it. But in this case I think I can see where it is for the best. The Squire, before this event, was a hard, worldly man, caring little for religion or humanity outside of his own family. Now I have reason to believe that he is considerably changed. Only yesterday, I heard that he had remitted a quarter's rent to poor Mrs. Parmenter, who you know lived in a house belonging to him. Such a thing would have been unprecedented a year ago."

It will be easily imagined that many such conversations took place during the first few weeks of John Borden's sickness. The patient, though he invariably disagreed with his wife, was, nevertheless, insensibly cheered by her bright views, and led to indulge more hopeful anticipations of the future.

At length his leg was so far recovered that it no longer pained him, and he was able to exchange the bed for the easy chair. Still, as the physician had said, it would be weeks yet before the injured limb would acquire sufficient strength to warrant him in using it out of the house.

Having always been accustomed to active employment, the time weighed heavily upon his hands.

"It is terrible tedious sitting here," he complained, "when I feel as if I ought to be at work."

"Don't you remember, John, you once devoting your time to an invention," suggested his wife. "What ever came of it?"

"Nothing," said her husband. "I could not spare the time from my daily work to perfect it."

"Did you think there was much chance for success?"

"Yes. I remember feeling a good deal encouraged at the time, but not feeling absolutely certain I didn't care to give up a certainty for the sake of working at it."

"It seems to me, John, that now is just the time to take it up again. It won't interfere with anything else, for you know you can't be at your accustomed work, however much you may want to, while, even if it does not amount to anything, it will make the time pass a little less tediously to you."

Mr. Borden caught at this idea with more spirit than could have been expected.

"I don't know but you're right Martha," he said. "So bring me my largest jackknife and a piece of soft wood, I will see what I can do."

There are, no doubt, a great many would be inventors who have also their mistaken vocation, but in justice to John Borden, it must be said that he had a good deal of natural ingenuity, and so was not wholly unfitted to succeed. In this case, too, he was more patient and persevering than others. Failures did not so readily discourage him.

From the time of his wife's fortunate suggestion, he labored assiduously for a good part of the day. It was a work of the hands merely, and did not at all hinder his convalescence. It had a decided effect in promoting his cheerfulness and increasing his appetite.

His wife, after her household duties were done, would sit down opposite him, and observe with thankfulness her husband's preoccupation, which was oftentimes so great that he would pass hours without speaking a word.

At last, one afternoon, about 3 o'clock, John Borden threw down his knife, and exclaimed in a joyful tone, "Martha, I really believe I've got it."

"Got what?" inquired his wife, looking up cheerfully from her knitting.

"Why, succeeded in my invention. I've been close upon it for the last three days, and now I guess that I have succeeded."

"Then let your wife be the first to congratulate you, John," said Mrs. Borden.—"She will be quite proud of her husband, when she sees his name enrolled among the great inventors."

"Don't be too hasty," said her husband, smiling. "Of course I am liable to be mistaken. But I wish you would go over and ask Squire Griffith to call and see me as early as he can. He is a practical man, and acquainted with machinery. I shall rely upon his judgment."

"I will go at once," said Mrs. Borden, promptly.

She was considerate enough to know that her husband would be in a fever of impatience until he had learned whether he was really successful or not, and did not even stop long enough to change her calico apron for her black silk one—a sacrifice which my female readers will appreciate, or would have done when aprons were in fashion. But this, be remembered, happened years ago, before the present enlightened fashions were in vogue.

Mrs. Borden soon found herself on Squire Griffiths' brick house, and modestly rang the bell.

"Your husband has completed an invention, has he?" said the squire, pricking up his ears after hearing Mrs. Borden's explanation. "I will go over and see what it is with a good deal of pleasure. I have a fact for such things my self."

The squire at once got his hat and cane, and invited Mrs. Borden to accompany him.

She declined on the plea the she had a little shopping to do, which was true. Her chief reason, however, was this—that she knew her husband and the squire could do their business better by themselves.

She accordingly took her way to the corner store, which all country stores, contain a little of everything, and purchased some cotton cloth for her husband. After this she made a call on an old friend, and at the close of an hour, she took her way slowly back to her own house.

She met Squire Griffiths just coming out of the front door.

"By Jove, Mrs. Borden," said he, holding out his hand cordially, "your husband has shown himself a genius."

"You think well of his invention, then, do you?" said Mrs. Borden, eagerly.

"Think well of it?" Of course I do. It's a capital think—bound to succeed. That's what I told him, and more than that, I have so great confidence in it that I have bought an interest in it, without even waiting for time to test it. Good afternoon—you must make your husband give you a silk dress. He can well afford it now."

Entering the house, Mrs. Borden found her husband looking quite radiant with happiness.

"Did you meet Squire Griffiths?" he asked.

"Yes, and he told me that you were successful."

"Yes, but that's not all. He has bought out half the invention."

"He told me that. How much did he give you?"

"How much do you guess, Martha?"

"Perhaps a hundred dollars?" said Mrs Borden, thinking that this would be a liberal price for what had occupied only a few weeks of her husband's time, when he could not employ himself on anything else.

"Twenty five times that!" said Mr. Borden, triumphantly.

"What—twenty five hundred dollars?" exclaimed his wife in surprise.

"Yes."

"And you wouldn't have got this if you hadn't broken your leg?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Then you see that God has, after all, brought good out of evil, and that your apparent misfortune was a blessing in disguise."

I can only add that the success of the invention proved that Squire Griffiths was not mistaken in his estimate of its value, and that John Borden is now a rich man.

The Gypsies

Excepting the jews, no people has over shown such tenacity of race as the gypsies. A Hindoo tribe of Aryan race originally, perhaps of nomadic and plundering habits in their province on the Indus, and forced out into Europe and Asia in the early part of the fifteenth century, they have encamped and settled in almost every country of Europe, without scarcely ever changing the purity of their Hindoo blood. Whether in the mountain villages of Norway, or on the puszas of Hungary, or in rural England, or among the wild mountains of Spain; whether under the burning heat of Africa, or on the plateaux of Asia, in Egypt, Persia or India, the gypsy is substantially the same, with a similar physique, with the same language only dialectically different, and with the same ineradicable habits of the plundering nomad in him.—Sometimes enslaved, always scorned, the victim of legislation through more than three hundred years, driven from country to country, incessantly urged by the influences of civilization and by the ministers of religion yet always, in all countries and for four centuries, the same—a vagrant, a jockey, a cheat, and a heathen and stranger to each people and country. The civilization, the science and the Christianity of the times have done almost nothing for him. A few exceptions to this gone at character of the race are found in Russia, where individual gypsies have become wealthy; but in most countries they seldom engage in any pursuit of mechanics or agriculture. The only mechanical branch in which they are ever proficient is the smith's, and in Persia they have become celebrated as workers in gold and silver. While other races become absorbed in the powerful races or mingle in endless variety with the peoples in contact with them, or die out and pass away, this Indian tribe keeps itself unmingled and preserves its savage vitality. Such a tenacity both of race and barbaric habits, seems hardly characteristic of the Aryan family, and would remind one of the Semites. In many countries they have been supposed to be Egyptians, and their name in English, French, Spanish and Hungarian, points to this belief. Most other nations have given them a name in some way connected with that of a Hindoo robber tribe on the Indus, from they are supposed to be descended.—*Races of the Old World, by C. L. Bruce,*

"Papa, why do they plant guns; do they grow and get?" "No, my son, but like plants they shoot, and then others do the leaving."