

The Elk Advocate.

The Dandy.

Oh! there is something noble—
Something sublime I know
In that nondescript creation,
A modern dandy bean.

He is not the Latin "homo"—
The Latin has no phrase
Expressing such a dandy
As we see now-a-days.

I will tell you all about him—
About his handsome vest—
His pretty standing collar—
The diamond on his breast.

His primrose kids are faultless
In fitting and in shape,
You wonder at his necktie,
And how that bow was made.

His little hands are pretty,
Soft, dainty, useless things,
And on the fingers sparkle
Most beautiful coal rings.

His bows are quite a study—
No painter could impart
Unto the speaking canvases
Their most bewildering art.

And then his conversation,
So easily it flows,
That who it's to or what about,
Nobody cares, or knows.

"Yes, Miss," he lisps so sweetly,
Or "My dear Miss Nell"
That I can't see one-half the touching
Patches on paper tell.

Now don't mistake the dandy,
Or think that he is vain
Of his white hand when he flourishes
His graceful little cane.

Late on a Sunday morning
He saunters up the aisle,
An expression of "just see me,"
Upon his face the while.

Now I admire a dandy
He's such a pretty pot,
Better than a canary,
Or bright-winged parakeet.

Speak kindly to the dandy,
And never give him pain,
For softer than his pretty hands
Is the peer dandy's brain.

A BUDDY OF TRUTHS.—The "Doc,
don't punch," although it views the
matter in a jocular light, tells some
truths in summing up some of the "sweet
uses of adversity. This is the cate-
gory:—

You wear out your old clothes.
You are not troubled with visitors.
You are exasperated from making
calls.

Bores do not bore you.
Sponges do not haunt your door.
Tax-gatherers hurry past your door.
Liberant bands do not play opposite
your windows.

You avoid the nuisance of serving on
juries.
No one thinks of presenting you with
a testimonial.

No tradesmen irritates by asking:—
"Is there any other little article you
wish to-day, sir?"
Impostors know it is no use to bleed
you.

You practice temperance.
You swallow infinitely less poison than
others.

Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish
into your ears.
You are saved many a debt, many a
deception, many a headache.

And lastly, if you have a true friend
in the world, you are sure, in a very
short space of time, to know it.

—A horse which had been "botted"
to run from Boston at sunrise, and to ac-
complish 116 miles to Portland before
sunset, on a wager of \$1,000, fell and
died six miles from the place of its des-
tination, having made 100 miles consid-
erably within time.

Queen Victoria is expected to go to
Germany in August, where there is to
be a family meeting, and the inaugura-
tion of a statue to the late Prince Al-
bert, for whom, as a London high class
journal said the other day, "she is still
pleased to mourn."

—A somewhat juvenile dandy said
to a fair partner at a ball,
"Don't you think, miss, my mousta-
chios are becoming?"
To which she replied:
"Well, sir, they may be coming, but
they have not yet arrived."

—A gay and festive Englishman
paid a visit to Washington Market, and
espied some watermelons. "Ah!" said
he, "can't you grow larger apples than
these in this country?" "Apples!" ex-
claimed the vendor, "they ain't apples.
They're some green peas I've been shel-
ling."

If a man is sufficiently "loyal" there is
an advantage in being tried by a court-
martial—there being so good a prospect
of dying of old age before the punish-
ment comes. The Cozens trial before
Doubleday's court has as far as the
arguments.

A GOOD IDEA.—The following "no-
tice" is posted conspicuously in a publi-
cation office out west:
"Shut this door—and as soon as you
have done talking on business, serve
your mouth the same way."

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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

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

SOUTHER & WILLIS,
Attorneys at Law, Ridgway Elk county
Pa., will attend to all professional
business promptly.

CHAPIN & WILBUR,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Office
in Chapin's Block, Ridgway Elk Co. Pa.
Particular attention given to collections
and all monies promptly returned. 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
ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN,
(Lately of Warren county Pa.)
Will promptly answer all professional
calls by night or day—Residence out
door East of the late residence of Hon.
J. L. Gillis.

DR. C. R. EAPLEY, Kersy Elk
Co., Pa. Will attend to all call
night or day. July 29, 1865.

HOTEL CARDS.
FOUNTAIN HOUSE,
JOHN G. PORTERFIELD, Proprietor
Ridgway, Elk County Penna.

FRED. KOEBS,
Eagle Hotel
Luthersburg, Clearfield County Pa.

Fredrick Koeb Proprietor. Lav-
ing built a large and commodious house,
is now prepared to cater to the wants of
the traveling public.
Luthersburg, July 10th 1864.—T.

LUTHERBURG HOTEL,
Luthersburg Clearfield County Penna.

WILLIAM SCHWEM, Proprietor.
Luthersburg, July 27th 1864.—H.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
Corner of Peach Street and
the Buffalo Road,
ERIK P. A.

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 STABLES ATTACHED.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Ridgway, Elk county Pa.,
DAVID THAYER, Prop'r.
This house is pleasantly situated on
the bank of the Clinton, in the town and
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, 1865.

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.

FALLEN HOUSE
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

E. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.
Omnibus running to and from the Depot
free of charge.

MOONHEAD HOUSE, John St
Brookville Pa., C. N. Kratz, Prop'r.
This house has been rebuilt and furnished
in a neat style, and is every way
adapted to the wants of the public.

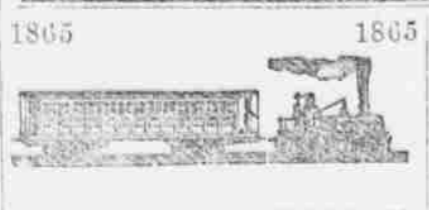
BUSINESS CARDS
WOODS & WRIGHT
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON COUNTY PA.
DEALERS in Flour, Grain and
Feed—near the Passenger Depot

Ridgway Markets.
Corrected weekly:

Apples, (dry) 3 bushel	4 00
Buckwheat " "	1 50
Beans, " "	4 00
Butter " lb	45
Beef " "	5 12
Boards " M.	20 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 50
Eggs " dozen	30
Hams " lb	25
Pork " "	15

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

VOL. 5 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. SATURDAY July 29 1865 NO 31



**PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAIL-
ROAD.**—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 *Pennsylva-
nia Coal Road Company*, and is oper-
ated by them.

Its entire length was opened for pas-
senger 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.

Passenger Steamers Canoe Express
Tender both ways between Williamsport
and Baltimore, and Williamsport and
Philadelphia.

For information respecting Passenger
business apply at the S. E. corner 35th
and Market sts.

And for Freight business of the Com-
pany's Agents:
S. B. Klumston, Jr. Cor. 18th and
Market Sts. Philadelphia.
J. W. Reynolds Erie.

W. Brown, Agent N. C. R. R. Bal-
timore.
H. H. Houston, Cor. Freight Agt. Phil'a.
H. W. Cresson, Cor. Ticket Agt. Phil'a.
Jos. B. Morris, General Manager, Wash'g't.

W. T. LESHER,
Dealer in
Clothing, Hosiery, & Men's Furnishing Goods
WATER STREET,
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO., PA.

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

BOOK STORE,
T. MARY'S, ELK COUNTY PA.
In the room formerly occupied by
Deot. Blakely.

COUNTY DIRECTORY
President Judge,
Hon. R. G. White, Wellsborough.
Associate Judges,
Hon. V. S. Brackway, Jay tp.
Hon. E. C. Schultze, St. Mary's.
Sheriff,
P. W. Hays, Ridgway
Boothsborough, Reg. and Rec.
George E. L. Weiss, Ridgway
District Attorney,
L. J. Blakely, Ridgway
Treasurer,
Charles Lubr, St. Mary's
County Surveyor,
George Waldsley, St. Mary's
Commissioners,
Charles Weiss, St. Mary's
Geo. Dickinson, Ridgway,
Joseph W. Taylor, Fox.
Auditors,
R. T. Kaylor, Fox
Jacob McCauley, Fox.
H. D. Herr, Benzett

Coal Lands For Sale.
This subscriber offers for sale the
Coal privileges, with the right of
mining and other minerals under 495
acres of land situated in Fox tp., Clear-
field county Pennsylvania, within 2
miles of the Ridgway & hawnot 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., Pa.

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 ac-
counts 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, 29th '65.—51.

The Little Drummer.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.
"Tis of a little drummer
The story I shall tell;
Of how he marched to battle,
And all that there befell.

Out in the West with Lyon,
(For once the name was true.)
For whom the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

Our army rose at midnight,
Ten thousand men as one,
Each slinging on his knapsack,
And snatching up his gun:

"Forward!" and off they started,
As all good soldiers do,
When the little drummer beats for them
His rat-tat-too.

Across a rolling country,
Where the mist began to rise;
Past many a blackened farm house,
Till the sun was in the skies:

Then we met the Rebel pickets,
Who skinned and withdrew,
While the little drummer beat and beat
The rat-tat-too.

Along the wooded hollows
The line of battle ran,
Our center poured a volley,
And the fight at once began;

For the Rebels answered shouting,
And a shower of bullets flew;
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

He stood among his comrades,
As they quickly formed the line,
And when they raised their muskets
He watched the barrels shine!

When the volley rang, he started!
For war to him was new;
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

It was a sight to see them
That early Autumn day,
Our soldiers in their blue coats,
And the Rebel ranks in gray:

The smoke that rolled between them,
The balls that whistled through,
And the little drummer as he beat
His rat-tat-too.

His comrades dropped around him—
By fires and tents they fell,
Some pierced by Minie bullets,
Some torn by shot and shell;

They played against our cannon,
And a cannon's splinters flew;
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

The right, the left, the center—
The fight was everywhere;
They pushed us here—we wavered—
We drove and broke them there:

The gray backs fixed their bayonets,
And charged the coats of blue;
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

"Where is our little drummer?"
His nearest comrades say,
When the dreadful fight is over,
And the smoke has cleared away,

As the Rebel corps was scattering,
He urged them to pursue,
So furiously he beat and beat
The rat-tat-too!

He stood no more among them,
For a bullet as it sped,
Had glanced and struck his ankle,
And stretched him with the dead!

He crawled behind a cannon,
And pale and paler grew;
But still the little drummer beat
His rat-tat-too.

They bore him to the surgeon,
A busy man was he;
"A drummer boy,—what ails him?"
His comrades answered, "See!"

As they took him from from the stretcher;
A heavy breath he drew,
And his little fingers strove to beat
The rat-tat-too!

The ball had spent its fury;
"A scratch," the surgeon said,
As he wound the snowy bandage
Which the list was staining red!

"I must leave you now, old fellow."
"Oh! take me back with you,
For I know the men are missing me,
And the rat-tat-too!"

Upon his comrade's shoulder
They lifted him so grand,
With his dusty drum before him,
And his drumsticks in his hand!

To the fiery front of battle,
That nearer, nearer drew—
And evermore he beat, and beat,
His rat-tat-too!

The wounded, as he passed them,
Looked up and gave a cheer;
And one in dying blessed him,
Between a smile and tear!

The last pursuit was o'er;
Brave Lyon rode the foremost,
And looked the name he bore!
And before him on his saddle,
As a weary child would do,
Sat the little drummer fast asleep,
With his rat-tat-too.

**SHORT PARENT SERMON ON PAYMENT
OF DEBTS.**
BY DOW, JR.

TEXT.—If you are honest, honorable men
Go ye and pay the printer.—Amos.

My HEARERS—There are many seem-
ing trifles in this world which you are
too apt to overlook on account of their
apparent unimportance, the neglect of
which has plunged thousands into the
deepest mire of misery, and sunk their
characters into irretrievable degradation.
Among these ostensible trifles, that of
neglecting to pay one's honest debts is
the most common, and attended with the
worst consequences. It takes off all
the silken furze from the fine threads of
feelings—creates a sort of misanthropic
coolness about the heart—skins off all
the cream that may chance to rise upon
the milk of generosity—and make men
look as savagely upon his brother man,
as does a dog upon one of his species
while engaged in the gratifying employ-
ment of eating his master's dinner. One
debt begets another, I have always ob-
served that he who owes a man a dollar
is sure also to owe him a grudge; and
he is always more ready to pay compound
interest on the latter than on the former.
Oh, friends, to be over head and ears
in love is as bad a predicament as a per-
son ought ever to be in; but to be so
deeply in debt that you can't sleep of
nights without being haunted by the
ghosts of some insatiate creditor, is
enough to give a man the hydrophobia—
make him bite a wheelbarrow—cause it
to run mad, and create a general con-
sternation among the lamp-posts.

My dear friends—the debt that sits
heaviest on the conscience of a mortal—
provided he has one—is the debt due
the printer. It passes harder upon one's
bosom than the nightmare—galls the
soul—frets and chafes every ennobling
sentiment—squeezes all the juice of frat-
ernal sympathy from the heart, and
leaves it drier than the surface of a
roasted potato. A man who wrongs the
printer out of a single cent can never
expect to enjoy comfort in this world,
and may well have doubts of finding
happiness in any other. He will be sure
to go down to the grave ere Time shall
have bedecked his brow with the silvery
blossoms of age; and the green leaves
of hope will fall before the first bad of
enjoyment has expanded. It is true the
mushrooms of peace may spring up dur-
ing a short night of forgetfulness, but
they will all wither beneath the sear-
ing rays of remorse. How can you my
friends, ever have the wickedness and
cruelty to cheat the printer, when you
consider how much he has done, and is
every day doing, for you. He has poured
into the treasuries of your minds, some
of the most valuable gifts that any thing
short of a God can bestow; ay, riches
with which you would not part for the
possession of the world and a mortgage
on a small corner of heaven. With the
keys of magic, as it were, he has opened
the iron-cased doors of the human un-
derstanding—dispelled the darkness of
ignorance, and lit up the lamps of knowl-
edge and wisdom. That mighty engine
—the Press—is surrounded by the glory
and its effluence extends all over the
broad empire of the mind, illuminating
the darkest avenues of the heart; and
yet the printer—the man who toils at
the lever of this soul enlightening in-
strument—is often robbed of his hard-
earned bread by those whom he has de-
livered from mental bondage, and placed
in a paradise to lay off and grow fat
upon the fruits of his labors!

Oh, you ungrateful sinners! If you
have hearts softened with the dews of
mercy, instead of pizzards filled with
gravel take heed what I say unto you.
If there be one among you in this con-
gregation whose account is not settled
with the printer, go and adjust it imme-
diately, and be able to hold your head
up in society, like a giraffe: be respected
by the wise and good—free from the
torment of a guilty conscience—the mor-
tification of repeated duns—and escape
from falling into the clutches of those
licensed thieves, the lawyers. If you
are honest and honorable men, you will
go forthwith and pay the printer. You
will not wait for the morrow—because
there is no to-morrow; it is but a vision,
ary receptacle of unredeemed promises;
an added egg in the great nest of the
future; the debtor's hope and the cred-
itor's curse. If you are dishonest, low-
minded sons of Satan, I don't suppose
you will ever pay the printer, as long as
you have no reputation to lose, nor char-
acter to sustain, and no morals to culti-
vate. But, let me tell you, my friends,
that if you don't do it, your paths to the
tomb will be strewn with thorns, you
will have to gather your daily food from
brambles, your children will die of the

dysentery, and you yourselves will never
enjoy the blessing of health. I once
called on a sick person, whom the doctors
had given up as a gone case. I asked
him if he had made his peace with his
Maker? He said he thought he had
squared up. I inquired if he had for-
given all his enemies? He replied, yes.
I then asked him if he had made his
peace with his printer? He hesitated for
a moment, and then said he believed he
owed him something like about two dol-
lars and fifty cents, which he desired to
have paid before he bid good bye to the
world. His desire was immediately gra-
tified; and from that moment he became
convalescent. He is now living in the
enjoyment of health and prosperity, at
peace with his own conscience, his God,
and the whole world. Let this be an
example to you my friends. Patronize
the printer; take the papers; pay for
them in advance; and your days will be
long upon the earth, and overflowing
with hourly happiness.

My hearers! pay all your debts and
keep an honorable reckoning with your
fellow men; but, above all, keep paying,
by daily instalment, that everlasting
debt of gratitude which you owe to Him
from whom you obtained capital suffi-
cient to begin the first transaction of life,
so that, when you come to balance ac-
counts at the day of general settlement,
all things may appear fair and above-
board. So mote it be!

Aunt Betsey "Riled up."

"I declare if I wasn't riled up," said
Aunt Betsey Greene, dropping the knit-
ting work in her lap, and pushing her
spectacles up over her cap border. "I de-
clare if I wasn't! If I could only have
taken that man by the collar, as I used
to my Reuben when he didn't 'too up' to
suit me, I'd have given him such a shak-
ing as he never heard on, I'll be
bound.

There he sat in his rocking chair, his
feet on the fender, and kept growling
out at Lizzy Jane to bring him his boots,
or fasten his collar, or some such un-
reasonable thing, all the while that she
was trying to dress those four young
ones, and had the headache so that she
looked more like a ghost than a breath-
ing woman. If I was in that one place
they call legislator, I'll bet there'd be
a law passed to build a penitentiary,
or some other kind of a pen, for such
critters as he is—with no mercy on a wo-
man whether she is sick or well, just
keeping up their 'you do this' or 'do that'
from sun rising to sun setting.

But then there's Lizzy Jane is most as
much to blame as he is. If she'd had a
bit of spunk she never'd have got her
under his thumb that way. Most likely
he begun to order her round before the
honey-moon, when she hadn't got her
eyes open no more'n a three-days-old kit-
ten, and that she should be blessed for
ever 'cause she'd got her neck in the
same yoke with his. If she hadn't
found out her mistake, and had some
tears to shed over 'cracked idols,' as they
tell about in poetry, I don't know what
kind of stuff she's made of.

When I was married—thank my lucky
stars—I didn't get tied to any such kind
of crockery. Joshua wasn't uncommon
handsome to look at, to be sure—any one
might have thought of a brown earthen
plate side of a china vase, comparing him
with such a whiskered, scented-up chap
as Lizzy Jane's husband, but I can tell
you he is "just what I took him to be,"
and I never shed one single tear finding
that my 'idol' must be handled carefully,
fussed over, waited on and ran for to
keep it in good humor without fear of
breakage.

I did feel kind of spiteful when Lizzy
Jane set her head up and acted like she
kind of crooked over me, 'cause she'd
got a city husband; but, ever since I
stopped there, I've felt real christian
about it.

I tell you, girls, when a chap asks
you to stand up before a parson with him
you find out whether he can stir out of
his rocking-chair long enough to find his
boot or not, and whether you are to be
head waiter or help meet after you ar-
rive in the County of Matrimony, State
of Bliss.

—The French papers tell a story of a
Japanese official of high rank who had
offended the Emperor of Japan, and had
the costly sword of ceremony sent him
with which to perform the "happy dis-
patch." Instead of taking the hint to
rip up his abdomen, he took the sword,
escaped to a French vessel, and sold the
jewelled weapon, in Paris, for 150,000
francs.

WASTE NOT, WASTE NOT.—A gen-
tleman who had put aside two bottles of
capital ale to recreate some friends, dis-
covered just before dinner, that his ser-
vant, a country bumpkin, had emptied
them both. "Scoundrel!" said his mas-
ter, "what do you mean by this?"
"Why, sir, I saw plain enough by the
clouds that it were going to thunder, so I
drank up the ale at once, lest it should
turn sour; for there's nothing I do
abominate like waste."