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Address

JOHN G. HALL,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

SELECT POETRY.

MARGUERITE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNS.

I.
She was a child of happiest air,
Of deep, dark eyes, but golden hair;
And ah! I loved her unaware—
Marguerite!

II.
She spelled me with her midnight eyes,
The sweetness of her voice replies,
And all her innocent wiferies—
Marguerite!

III.
The fever of my soul grew calm
Beneath her smile, that healed like balm
Her words were holier than a psalm—
Marguerite!

IV.
But 'twixt us yawned a gulf of Fate,
Whose blackness I beheld too late;
O Christ! that love should smite like
Hate,
Marguerite!

V.
She did not wither to the tomb,
But round her crept a tender bloom,
More touching than her earliest gloom—
Marguerite!

VI.
The sun of one fond hope had set,
A hope she dared not all forget,
Its twilight glory touched her yet—
Marguerite!

VII.
And ever, in that twilight fair,
Moves, with deep eyes and golden hair,
The child who loved me unaware—
Marguerite!

Correspondence of the Advocate.

LETTERS TO MEDICUS.

NUMBER FIVE.

My dear Sir:—At the close of my last letter I expressed the opinion that you held the doctrine of the "invocation of saints" for other reasons than because you think it is taught in the Bible. In justification I quote from your second letter: "The idea of our being still in communion with those near and dear ones, who have departed this life, is so consoling, besides being so much in accordance with common sense, that I imagine any thinking man will, upon mature reflection, be willing to admit its reality." If you had said any unthinking man without reflection, you had not gone far astray. But men who think, and I do not adopt opinions and accept articles of faith without mature reflection, these, my dear sir, are just the men who will not admit "the reality" of anything merely because it would be agreeable to have it so! On the contrary, if there are reasons for wishing a thing to be true; so that the thoughtless would be likely to believe it on insufficient grounds; thinking men would be all the more careful in weighing the evidence. What would you think of a man in your own profession who should adopt a theory of medicine and regulate his practice by it, not because on the most thorough examination it appears to be true, but because "it is so beautiful," and would he so nice to have true? Shall we readily conclude that the opinion of Origen is correct, because the everlasting punishment of sinners is so fearful to contemplate, and it would be "so beautiful" if all sinful creatures should at length become holy and continue holy and blessed forever? If that were true, no one should wish to believe otherwise; but if it be not true, what sensible man would wish to be comforted by a false opinion?

I very much fear that you do not come to the Word of God to find whether or no your doctrine of the "invocation of saints" be true, but rather to find what Scriptures may be quoted to bolster up a doctrine received on other grounds. But the prophet Isaiah, (8, 20) warns us against that: "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them." Whatever be the teachings of the Fathers and the tombstones of martyrs, I have not the means to ascertain at present. Yet, according to the text just quoted, I would regard them of no authority in comparison with Scripture.

In your second letter, near the beginning, you seem to confound the doctrine

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trine under consideration with that of the "communion of saints" mentioned in the Apostles' Creed. I do not say that "you stultify yourself" in so doing, but I say that your interpretation of that clause in the Creed is entirely new to me, and I verily believe it would be equally new to the Apostles—could they now rise from the dead and read our correspondence in the Advocate! I had always supposed that the "communion of saints" in the Creed was the same as that spoken of in the 1st Epistle of St. John, ch. 1, v. 3.

But you have not only failed to convince me that the Bible teaches your doctrine; you have furnished a practical argument against it of no inconsiderable weight. You say, in favor of asking Mary's intercession, "Divine justice would often demand the punishment of the sinner rather than his forgiveness; but Mary is peculiarly the Queen of Mercy, as she is called by the church, to her does not belong the attribute of justice, but of compassion and sympathy," and just below; "how beautiful is the idea of the sinner, laden down with crimes and transgressions, trembling with dread before the majesty and the justice of God, and not daring to appear before Him, lest the thunderbolts of His just wrath should be hurled upon him, casting himself at the feet of Mary and begging her to intercede for him, begging her pure and undefiled, to ask her Son to suspend His justice and allow her to exercise her attribute of mercy."

This seems to be very remarkable language to come from one acquainted with the Bible. However natural the device may be, and however successful it may sometimes be among men, it can avail nothing when we have to deal with God. But sometimes, even among men, the attempt to gain a favor through the mediation of some more acceptable person meets a signal failure. It was so with Adonijah, when he made a request of King Solomon through the young king's mother. He came to Bathsheba saying: "Speak, I pray thee, unto Solomon, the King, (for he will not say thee nay) that he give me Abishag the Shunammite to wife." She came into the royal presence, and was received with great respect. Then she said, "I desire one small petition of thee; say me not nay. And the king said unto her, Ask on, my mother, for I will not say thee nay." But what was the result of Adonijah's petition? "Adonijah has spoken this thing against his own life—he shall be put to death this day." See 1st Kings, ch. 2nd. Solomon would not refuse his mother anything she might ask; but his wisdom saw the wickedness of Adonijah, and his justice demanded punishment. He would not deny his mother anything, but he made it of little account to Adonijah whether Abishag were given to him or not.—Might not a like result happen to any who should try to circumvent "a wiser than Solomon," in the same way.

But there are several positive objections to your view of this matter, which seem to me very far to outweigh the argument from Fathers and catacombs, the consideration of which must be deferred to another letter.

Very truly yours,
EVANGELIST.

A FEMALE FREAK.—A beautiful young lady of Portland, frequently, during the last year, has been in the habit of getting herself up as an aged man, and coming to town on the cars. In her disguise she would stroll about the city to her heart's content, and return home to tell the few friends in the secret of the fun she had enjoyed. If spoken to, she feigned deafness. The venerable form had become quite familiar in the streets of Portland; but none dreamed that beneath those gray hairs nestled soft auburn ringlets; that behind those green goggles sparkled a pair of roguish eyes; that the sooty old coat covered shoulders that might rival those of Venus; that within those tattered unmentionables were the supple and rounded limbs of blooming young womanhood; or that unusual stoop of the "old gentleman" was quite necessary to conceal a certain plumpness about the front part of the

waistcoat. But the romantic youth heroine came to grief. Protracting her strolls too long the other day the train was leaving just as she limped into the depot.

A smart run enabled the foolish girl to throw herself upon the rear platform, but just as she did so, away hat, wig and goggles. Two gentlemen on the rear platform were considerably astonished, but the young lady had sufficient presence of mind to explain in a few frightened sentences the position of affairs, and it being nightfall, the gentlemen, who proved to be the genuine article, got the girl to her home without further publicity. The young lady sustains an excellent character, and it is hardly necessary to add that the ludicrous upshot of her adventures, as one of the "oldest inhabitants," has terminated her too-loving proclivities in that line.

Artemas Ward in London.

Mr. Pouch, my dear Sir,

You didn't get an instructive article from my pen last week on account of my nervous system having undergone a dreffle shock. I got caught in a brief shine of sun, and it utterly upset me. I was walkin in regent street one day last week, enjoyin you rich black fog and braicin rains, when all at once the Sun burst out and actually shone out for nearly half an hour study. I acted promptly. I called the cab and told the driver to run his boss at a frightful rate of speed to my lodgings, but it wasn't of no avale. I had awful cramps, my appetite left me, and my pulps went down to 10 degrees below zero. But by careful nussin I shall no doubt recover speedy, if the present sparklin and exhilaratin weather continues.

All of the foregoing is sarcasm. It's a singular fact, but I never set eyes on your excellent British Museum till the other day. I've sent a great many people there, as also to your genial Tower of London, however. It happened thusly: When one of my excellent countrymen just arrived in London would come and see me and display an inclination to cling to me too lengthy, thus showin a respect for me which I feel I do not deserve, I would suggest a visit to the Museum and tower. The Museum would ockey him a day at least, and the tower another. Thus I've derived considerable peace and comfort from them noble edifices, and I hope they will long continue to grace your metropolis. There's my fren Col. Larbins from Wisconsin, who I regret to say understans the Jamaica question, and wants to talk with me about it; I sent him to the Tower four days ago, and he hasn't got through with it yet.—He likes it very much, and he writes me that he can't never thank me sufficient for directin him to such a bildin. I writ him not to mention it. The Col. says it is fortuit to live in an intellectual age which wouldn't countenance such intamable things as occur in this Tower. I'm aware that it is fashin'ble to compliment this age, but I ain't so clear that the Col. is altogether right. This is a very respectable age, but it's pretty easily riled; and considerin upon how slight a provocation we who live in it go to cuttin each other's throats, it may perhaps be doubted whether our intellocks is so much massiver than our ancestor's intellocks was, after all.

The British Museum is a magnif'cent free show for the people. It is kept open for the benefit of all.

The humble costumonger, who traverses the busy streets with a cart contain all kinds of vegetables, such as carrots, turrips, etc., and drawn by a spirited jackass—he can go to the Museum and reap benefits therefrom as well as the lord of high degree.

"And this," I said, "is the British Museum! These noble walls," I continued, punchin them with my umbrella to see if the masonry was all right—but I wasn't allowed to finish my enthoosastic remarks, for a man with a gold band on his hat sed, in a hush voice, that I must stop pokin the walls. I told him I would do so by all means. "You see," I sed, taking hold of the tassel which waved from the man's belt, and drawin him close to me in a confidential way, "You see, I'm looking

found this Museum, and if I like it I shall buy it."

Instid of larin hartily at these remarks, which was made in a gorkin spirit, the man frowned darkly and walked away.

I first visited the stuffed animals, of which gorillers interested me most. These simple-minded monsters live in Afrika, and are believed to be human beings to a slight extent, altho' they are not allowed to vote. In this department is one or two superior giraffes. I never would I were a bird, but I've sometimes wished I was a giraffe, on account of the long distance from his mouth to his stumuck. Hence, if he loved beer, one mugful would give him as much enjoyment while going down as forty mugfuls would ordinary persons. And he wouldn't get intoxicated, which is a beastly way of amusing oneself, I like a little beer now and then, and when the totallers inform us, as they frekently do, that it is vile stuff, and that even the swine shrink from it, I say it only shows that the swine is a ass who don't know what's good; but to pour gin and brandy down one's throat as freely as though it were fresh milk, is the most idiotic way of goin' that I know of.

I enjoyed myself very much by lookin at the Egyptian mummys, the Greek vasis, etc., but it occurred too me there was rather too many "Roman antiquitys of a uncertain date." Now, I like the British Museum, as I said afore, but when I see a lot of ertzen jugs and pots stuck up on shelves, and all "of a uncertain date," I'm at a loss to 'zactly determine whether they they are a thousand years old or was bought recent. I can cry like a child over a jug one thousand years of age, especially if it is a Roman jug; but a jug of a uncertain date doesn't overwhelm me with emotions. Jugs and pots of a uncertain age is doubtless vallyable property, but, like the debentures of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, a man doesn't want too many of them.

I was debarred out of the great readin-room. A man told me I must apply by letter for admission, and that I must get somebody to testify that I was respectable. I'm a little 'fruid I shan't get in there. Seein a elderly gentleman, with a benevolent lookin face, nearby, I ventured to ask him if he would certify that I was respectable. He said he certainly would not, but he would put me in charge of a policeman, if that would do me any good. A thought struck me. "I refer you to Mr. Pouch," I said.

"Well," said a man, who had listened to my application, "you have done it now! You stood some chance before. I will get this infamous wretch's name before you go to press, so you can denounce him in the present number of your excellent journal.

The statue of Apollo is a pretty slick statue. A young yoman seemed deeply impress with it. He viewed it with silent admiration. At home, in the beautiful rural districts where the daisy sweetly blooms, he would be swearin in a horrible manner at his bullocks, and whacking 'em over the head with a bay-fork; but here, in the presence of Art, he is a changed being.

I told the attendant that if the British nation would stand the expens of a marble bust of myself, I would willingly sit to some talented sculptist. "I feel," I said, "that this is a dooty I owe to posterity." He said it was hily probable, but he was inclined to think that the British nation wouldn't care to enrich the Museum with a bust of me, altho' he ventured to think that if I paid for one myself it would be accepted cheerfully by Madam Tussaud, who would give it a prominent place in her chamber of Horrors. The young man was very polite, and I thank him kindly.

After visitin the Refreshment room and partakin of half a chicken of a uncertain age, like the Roman antiquitys I have previly spoken of, I prepared to leave. As I passed throo the animal room I observed I observed with pane that a benevolent person was urgin the stuff elegant to accept a cold muffin, but I did not feel called on to renounce with him, any more than I did

with two young persons of different sexes who had retired behind the Rynos, serious to squeeze each other's hands. In fact, I rather approved of the latter proceedin, for it carrid me back to the sunny spring time of my life. I'm in the shear and yellow leaf now, but I don't forget the time when to squeeze my BETSY's hand sent a thrill throo me like follin off the roof of a two story house; and I never squeezed that gentle hand without wantin to do some more, an feelin that it did me good.

Truly yours,
ARTEMAS WARD.

COUNTING-HOUSE
ALMANAC
FOR 1867.

Month	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
JANUARY	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
FEBRUARY	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
MARCH	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
APRIL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
MAY	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
JUNE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JULY	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
AUGUST	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
SEPTEMBER	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
OCTOBER	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NOVEMBER	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
DECEMBER	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

CURIOUS CLOCK.—Many years ago there was a clock made by one Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, which was renowned for its ingenious construction. The clock was so made as to be capable of performing the following movements. There was on it a negro, a shepherd and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. The clock was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it. "The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is the least merit. If your Majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the fidelity of the animal." The King took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand and barked so loud that the King's dog, which was in the same room during the exhibition, began to bark also, at which the superstitious courtiers, not doubting it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they went. Having desired the Minister of Marine, who was the only one who dared to stay behind, to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the Minister asked, but received no reply. Droz then observed that the negro had not yet learned Spanish, upon which the Minister repeated the question in French, and the black immediately answered him. At this new prodigy the firmness of the Minister also forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being. It is probable that in the performance of these tricks Droz touched certain springs in the mechanism, although that is not mentioned in any of the accounts of this clock.

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MILK AND HUMOR.

PARLOR MAGIC.

The following is a very good burlesque on the "Parlor Magic" which appears in the columns of the "Flag of our Union," the best paper, with the exception of the "Union," in the whole country:—

THE SPITTOON TRICK.—Take two half-gallon spittoons,—white ones are the best,—then select a strong red cord—a worsted one if it can be procured,—pass the cord through the two holes of the spittoons, and give the ends to a gentleman and lady, selected from the company, to hold. Now let a lady seize the spittoons, and sliding each to the opposite end of the cord, bring them together smartly, when they will break in pieces, and fall to the floor. This trick is easily performed, and will excite considerable applause.

THE MAGIC STICK.—To do this trick properly you will need a pearl-handled knife and a stout hard-wood stick some two inches in length. Sharpen the two ends of the stick, and then try to crush it endways, either between your hands or by sitting upon it. This, to your astonishment, you will find impossible to do.

THE FLYING HEN.—Select a large, well-fed hen,—the color is immaterial, though black is best,—and place her in a sitting position on some smooth surface. Then over her place a pasteboard box, eighteen by thirty inches. Pound smartly upon the top of the box with a bone handled table-knife for three minutes, and then suddenly raise it, when the hen will immediately fly away. This trick can be performed by any person of average intelligence, who gives his whole mind to it.

THE NAIL TRICK.—Take two large wrought-iron nails, and wire them together in the form of a cross. It will then be found impossible to swallow them. There is no deception about this.

THE CABLE.—Take a piece of tarred cable, about fifteen inches in length, cut it carefully in two with a sharp knife, and then try and chew the ends together. You can try as long as you like.

THE STRING TRICK.—This is very simple, as you will see by the explanation; still a great many people can't see through it. Take four pieces of fine string of equal length, each having two ends. Tie knots on the left hand ends, and weave them spirally through opposite loops, catching the intervening ones over the upper portion, and bringing diagonally between; now shift your hand, catching the space outside the loops upon the back of the right hand joint, casting it off at the proper moment, and bringing the thumbs in the former direction. The trick is then done. It possesses the singular peculiarity that nobody can ever do it twice.

THE MAGIC EGGS.—Put twelve fresh eggs carefully into a green worsted bag. Swing the bag rapidly about your head, hitting it each time about the door-post. Then ask the company whether they will have them boiled, scrambled, or fried. It will make no difference which they choose.

THE FOUR JACKS.—Select a pack of cards with plain white backs. Take out the four jacks, and burn them before the company, letting them see the ashes. Now shuffle the cards quickly, and holding them in the left hand, give them a sharp rap with the knuckles of the right. Then place them on the table with face down, and defy the company to find the jacks. They can't do it.

These are only a few of the tricks in our repertoire, but they will suffice for the present. They are calculated not only to amuse, but to inculcate a love of science among our young friends, and we shall feel amply repaid by their thanks.—Flag of our Union.

—A couple were divorced in Michigan on Monday after only twenty-four hours of married life. The wife left her husband on the ground that he was bald-headed and a Catholic, and would not give her a deed for his farm. The Court gave him a divorce.

Don't read this line.