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THE FATHERLESS.

"Come hither, 'tis thy father, boy!
Receive him with a kiss."
"Oh, mother, mother, do not just
On such a theme as this.
Though I was but a little child,
How bitterly I cried,
And clung to thee in agony,
When my poor father died."
"Come, child, this is no time to weep,
Partake thy mother's joy;
The husband of my choice will prove
A parent to my boy."
"Oh, mother, mother, say not so,
I cast no blame on thee,
But you cannot make a stranger feel
A father's love for me."
"Come, boy, 'tis for thy sake I weep—
"No, mother, not for mine!
I do not ask in all the world
One smile of love save thine,
O say, why is the widow's veil
So early thrown aside?
The hateful rumor is not true;
Thou wilt not be a bride?"
"Oh, mother, canst thou quite forget
How hand in hand we crept,
To my own honored father's bed,
To watch him as he slept?
And do you not remember still
His fond but feeble kiss?
"Alas! such thoughts but little suit
A day-of-joy like this."
"Of joy! oh, mother, we must part,
This is no home for me;
I cannot bear to breathe one word
Of bitterness to thee.
My father placed my hand in thine,
And bade me love thee well;
And how I love those tears of mine
May eloquently tell."
"Thou sayest you stranger loves thy child—
I see he strives to please;
But, mother, do not be his bride—
I ask it on my benighted knees.
I used to listen to his voice
With pleasure, I confess;
But call him husband! and I shrink,
Ashamed of his caress."
"For I am of an age to prize
The being in whom I blend
The love and the solitudes
Of father and of friend;
My father planned my boyish sports,
And shared each care I felt,
And taught my infant lips to pray,
As by his side I knelt."
"Yet deem not mine an impious grief;
No, mother, thou wilt own
With cheerfulness I spoke of him
When we have been alone;
But bring no other father here—
No, mother, we must part;
The feeling that I'm fatherless
Weighs heavy on my heart."

Unforgotten Words.

"Have you examined that bill, James?"
"Yes, sir."
"Anything wrong?"
"I find two errors."
"Ah! let me see."
The lad handed his employer a long bill that had been placed upon his desk for examination.
"Here is an error in the calculation of ten dollars which they have made against themselves; and another of ten dollars in the footing."
"Also against themselves?"
"Yes, sir."
The merchant smiled in a way that struck the lad as peculiar.
"Twenty dollars against themselves," he remarked in a kind of pleasant surprise. "Truly shall I correct the figures?" asked the lad.
"Not let them correct their own mistakes; we don't examine bills for other people's benefit," replied the merchant. "It will be time enough to rectify those errors when they find it out. All so much gain, as it now stands."
The boy's delicate moral sense was shocked at so unexpected a remark. He was the son of a poor widow, who had given him to understand that to be just was the duty of men.
Mr. Carman, the merchant, in whose employ he had been for only a few months, was an old friend of his father's, in whom he reposed the highest confidence. In fact, James had always looked upon him as a kind of a model man, and when Mr. Carman agreed to take him into his store, he felt that a good fortune was in his way.
"Let them correct their own mistakes,"—these words made a strong impression on the mind of James Lewis. When first spoken by Mr. Carman, and with the meaning then involved, he felt, as he had said, shocked; but as he turned them over again in his thoughts, and connected their utterances with a person who stood so high in his mother's estimation, he began to think that perhaps the thing was fair enough in business. Mr. Carman was hardly the man to do wrong. A few days after James had examined the bill, a clerk from the house by which it had been rendered called for settlement. The lad who was present, waited with interest to see whether Mr. Carman would speak of the error. But he made no remark. A check for the amount of the bill rendered, was filled up and a receipt taken.
"Is that right?"
James asked himself the question. His moral sense said no; but the fact that Mr. Carman had so acted bewildered his mind. "It may be the way in business—so he thought to himself—but it don't look honest. I wouldn't have believed it of him." Mr. Carman had a kind of way with him that won the boy's heart, and naturally tended to make him judge whatever he might do most favorable manner.
"I wish he had corrected that error," he said to himself a great many times when thinking in a pensive way of Mr. Carman, and his own good fortune in having been received into his employment. "It don't look right, but it may be it's the way of business."

One day he went to the bank and drew the money on a check. In counting it over he found that the teller had paid him fifty dollars too much, so he went back to the counter and told him of his mistake. The teller thanked him, and he returned to the store with the consciousness in his mind of having done right.
"The teller overpaid me fifty dollars," he said to Mr. Carman, as he handed him the money.
"Indeed!" replied the latter, a light breaking over his countenance; and he hastily counted the bank bills.
The light faded as the last bill left his fingers.
"There's no mistake, James." A tone of disappointment was in his voice.
"Oh, I gave him back the fifty dollars.—Wasn't that right?"
"You simpleton!" exclaimed Mr. Carman, "don't you know that bank mistakes are never corrected? If the teller had paid you fifty dollars short he would not have made it right."
The warm blood mantled the cheek of James under this reproof. It is often the case that more shame is felt for a blunder than a crime. In this instance the lad felt a sort of mortification at having done what Mr. Carman was pleased to call a silly thing, and he made up his mind that if they should ever overpay him a thousand dollars at the bank he should bring the amount back to his employer, and let him do as he pleased with the money.
"Let people look after their own mistakes," said Mr. Carman.
James Lewis pondered these things in his heart. The impression they made was too strong ever to be forgotten. "It may be right," he said, but he did not feel altogether satisfied.
A month or two after the occurrence of that bank mistake, as James counted over his weekly wages, just received from Mr. Carman, he discovered that he was paid half a dollar too much.
The first impulse of his mind was to return the half dollar to his employer, and it was on his lips to say, "You have given me half a dollar too much, sir," when the unforgotten words, "Let people look after their own mistakes," flashed upon his thoughts, made him hesitate. To hold a party with an evil is to be overcome.
"I must think about this," said James, as he put the money into his pocket. "If it is true in one case it is true in another. Mr. Carman don't correct mistakes that people make in his favor, and he can't complain when the rule works against himself."
But the boy was far from being in a comfortable state. He felt that to keep half a dollar would be a dishonest act. Still he could not make up his mind to return it, at least not then.
James did not return the half dollar, but spent it for his own gratification. After he had done this it came suddenly into his head that Mr. Carman had only been trying him, and he was filled with anxiety and alarm.
"Not long after Mr. Carman repeated the same mistake—James kept the half dollar with less hesitation.
"Let him correct his own mistakes," said he resolutely; "that's the doctrine he acts on with other people, and he can't complain if he gets paid back in the same coin he puts in circulation. I just wanted half a dollar," from this time the fine moral sense of James Lewis was blunted. He had taken an evil counselor into his heart, stimulated a spirit of covetousness—latent in most every mind—which caused him to desire the possession of things beyond his ability to obtain.
James had good business qualifications, and so pleased Mr. Carman by his intelligence, industry and tact with customers, that he advanced him rapidly, and gave him, before he was eighteen years old, the most respectable position in the store. But James had learned something more from his employer than how to do business well. He had learned to be dishonest. He had never forgotten the first lesson he had received in this bad science; he had acted not only in two instances, but in a hundred, and always to the injury of Mr. Carman. He had long since given up waiting for mistakes to be made in his favor, but originated them in the varied and complicated transactions of a large business in which he was trusted implicitly; for it had never occurred to Mr. Carman that his failure to be just to the letter might prove a snare to this young man.
James grew sharp, cunning and skillful; always on the alert, always bright and ready to meet any approaches towards a discovery of his wrong doing by his employer, who held him in the highest regard.
Thus it went on until James was in his twentieth year, when the merchant had his suspicions aroused by a letter which spoke of the young man as not keeping the most respectable company, and as spending money too freely for a clerk on a moderate salary.
Before this time James had removed his mother into a pleasant house, for which he paid a rent of four hundred dollars; his salary was eight hundred, but he deceived his mother by telling her it was fifteen hundred. Every comfort that she needed was fully supplied, and she was beginning to think that after a long and painful struggle with the world, her happier days had come.
James was at his desk when the letter was received by Mr. Carman. He looked at the employer and saw him change countenance suddenly. He read it over twice, and James saw that the contents produced disturbance.
Mr. Carman glanced toward the desk, and as their eyes met; it was only for a moment, but the look that James received made his heart stop beating.
There was something about the movements of Mr. Carman for the rest of the day that troubled the young man. It was plain to him that suspicion had been aroused by that letter. Oh, how bitterly he did repent, in dread of discovery and punishment, the evil of which he had been guilty! Exposure would disgrace and ruin him, and bow the head of his widowed mother even to the grave.
"You are not well this evening," said Mrs. Lewis, as she looked at her son's changed face across the table, and noticed that he did not eat.
"My head aches."
"Perhaps the tea will make you feel better."
"I'll lie down on the sofa in the parlor for a short time."
Mrs. Lewis followed him into the parlor in a little while, and, sitting down on the sofa of which he was lying, placed her hand upon his head. Ah, it would take more than the loving pressure of a mother's hand to ease

the pain from which he was suffering. The touch of that pure hand increased the pain to agony.
"Do you feel better?" asked Mrs. Lewis. She had remained some time with her hand on his forehead.
"Not much," he replied, and rising as he spoke, he added, "I think a walk in the open air will do me good."
"Don't go out, James," said Mrs. Lewis, a troubled feeling coming into her heart.
"I'll only walk a few squares." And James went from the parlor and passed into the street.
There is something more than headache the matter with him, thought Mrs. Lewis. For half an hour James walked without any purpose in his mind beyond the escape from the presence of his mother. At last his walk brought him near Mr. Carman's store, and at passing he was surprised at seeing a light within.
"What can this mean?" he asked himself, a new fear creeping with its shuddering impulse, into his heart.
He listened by the door and windows, but he could hear no sound within.
"There's something wrong," he said; "what can it be? If this is discovered, what will be the end of it? Ruin! ruin! My poor mother!"
The wretched young man hastened on, walked the street for two hours, when he returned home. His mother met him when he entered, and, with unobscured anxiety, asked him if he were better. He said yes, but in a manner that only increased the trouble she felt, and passed up hastily to his own room.
The morning the strangely altered face of James as he met his mother at the breakfast table, struck alarm into her heart. He was silent, and evaded all her questions.—While they sat at the table the door bell rang again. The sound startled James, and he turned his head to listen in a nervous way.
"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Lewis.
"A gentleman who wishes to see Mr. James," replied the girl.
James rose instantly, and went out into the hall, shutting the dining-room door as he did so. Mrs. Lewis sat waiting her son's return. She heard him coming back in a few moments; but he did not enter the dining-room. Then he returned along the hall to the street door, and she heard it shut.—All was silent. Starting up she ran into the passage, but James was not there. He had gone away with the person who had called.
Ah, that was a sad going away. Mr. Carman had spent the night in examining the accounts of James, and discovered frauds of over six thousand dollars. Blindly indignant, he sent an officer to arrest him early in the morning; and it was with this officer that he went away from his mother never to return.
"The young villain shall lie in the bed he has made for himself," exclaimed Mr. Carman in his bitter indignation. And he made the exposure completely. On the trial he showed an eager desire to have him convicted, and presented such an array of evidence that the jury could not give any other verdict than guilty.
The poor mother was in court, and audible in the silence that followed came her convulsive sobs upon the air. The presiding judge addressed the culprit, and asked if he had anything to say why the sentence of law should not be pronounced against him. All eyes were turned upon the pale, agitated young man, who rose with an effort, and leaped against the railing by which he stood, as if needing the support.
"Will it please the court," he said, "to direct my prosecutor to come a little nearer, so that I can look at him and your honors at the same time?"
Mr. Carman was directed to come forward to where the boy stood. James looked at him steadily for a few moments, and then turned to the judges.
"What I have to say to your honors is this," (he spoke calmly and distinctly), "and it may in a degree extenuate, though I cannot excuse my crime. I went into that man's store an innocent boy, and if he had been an honest man I should not have stood before you to-day as a criminal."
Mr. Carman appealed to the court for protection against an allegation of such an outrageous character; but he was peremptorily ordered to be silent. James went on in a firm voice.
"Only a few weeks after I went into his employment I examined a bill by his direction and discovered an error of twenty dollars."
"The face of Mr. Carman crimsoned."
"You remember it, I see," said James, "and I shall have cause to remember it while I live. The error was in favor of Mr. Carman. I asked if I should correct the figures and he answered, 'No, let them correct their own mistakes; we don't examine bills for other people's benefit.' It was my first lesson in dishonesty. I saw the bill settled, and Mr. Carman took twenty dollars that was not his own. I felt shocked at first; it seemed such a wrong thing. But soon after he called me a simpleton for handing back a fifty dollar bill to the teller of a bank which he had overpaid me on a check, and then—"
"May I ask the protection of the court?" said Mr. Carman.
"Is it true what the lad says?" asked the judge.
Mr. Carman hesitated and looked confused; all eyes were on his face; and judges and jury, lawyers and spectators, felt certain that he was guilty of leading the unhappy young man astray.
"Not long afterward," resumed Lewis, "in receiving my wages I found that Mr. Carman had paid me fifty cents too much. I was about to give it back to him, when I remembered his remark about letting people correct their own mistakes, and said to myself 'let him correct his own errors,' and dishonestly kept the money. Again the thing happened, and again I kept the money that did not of right belong to me. This was the beginning of evil, and here I am. If he had shown any mercy I might have kept silent and made no defence."
"The young man covered his face with his hands and sat down overpowered with his feelings. His mother, who was near him, sobbed aloud, and bending over, laid her hand on his head, saying:
"My poor boy! my poor boy!"
There were few eyes in the court room undimmed. In the silence that followed, Mr. Carman spoke out:
"Is my character to be thus blasted on the words of a criminal, your honors? Is this right?"

"Your solemn oath that this charge is untrue," said the judge, "will set you in the right." It was the unhappy boy's only opportunity, and the court felt bound in humanity to bear him.
James Lewis stood up again instantly, and turned his white face and lank, piercing eyes upon Mr. Carman.
"Let him take his oath if he dare!" he exclaimed.
Mr. Carman consulted with his counsel and withdrew.
After a brief conference with his associates, the presiding judge said, addressing the criminal:
"In consideration of your youth, and the temptation to which, in tender years, you were unhappily subject, the court gives you the slightest sentence, one year's imprisonment. But let me warn you against any further steps in the way you have taken. Crime can have no valid excuse. It is evil in the sight of God and man, and leads only to suffering. When you come forth again after your brief incarceration, may it be with the resolution to die rather than commit a crime." And the curtain fell on the sad scene in the boy's life. When it was lifted again, and he came forth from prison a year afterward, his mother was dead. From the day her pale face faded from his vision as he passed from the court room he never looked upon her again.
Ten years afterward a man was reading a newspaper in a far western town. He had a calm, serious face, and looked like one who had known suffering and trial.
"Brought to justice at last!" he said to himself, as he looked on the man, "convicted on the charge of open insolvency, and sent state prison. So much for the man who gave me, in tender years, the first lesson in idleness. But, thank God, the other lessons have been remembered. 'When you come forth again,' said the judge, 'may it be with the resolution to die rather than commit a crime' and I have kept this injunction in my heart when there seemed no way of escaping except through crime; and God helping me, I will keep it to the end."

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Of the 36,000,000 acres of land in Illinois, 21,000,000 are improved, and 10,000,000 under actual cultivation.

Solon Robinson asserts that the apple trees in this country are slowly dying out, and that nothing can save them.

Before the spring work multiplies, farmers should have gates and fences in order, and put all the implements of the farm in perfect order.

By putting a little borax into cold water, it will be found that flannels will not only come out better cleaned, but there will be absolutely no shrinkage.

The earliest society for the promotion of agriculture in the United States was established in Philadelphia in 1785. The Massachusetts society was the second institution of the kind, and was incorporated in 1792.

The OHIO FARMER, of February 20, says that the sheep panic in that State is subsiding, and that sheep which could not have been sold three months ago for 75 cents each, are now in demand at \$1.50 to \$3.00.

A correspondent of the COUNTRY GENTLEMAN says he killed briars by single cutting with a grubbing hoe, done after the snow was off in the spring, and before the ground thawed. Mowing in spring or summer increases them.

Mr. Trabue, a wealthy farmer residing near Humboldt, lately received a stallion direct from France. He is a cross between the Arabian and Norman, and one of the finest specimens of horse flesh ever brought to America.

The GARDENER'S MONTHLY says that if the people of the United States care to become successful grape-growers they must recognize the fact that the roots of the grape vine can scarcely be kept too dry—and that the very best way to accomplish this on flat land is to raise the soil above the natural level.

A short time before his death, Gen. Washington wrote a letter containing the following passage: "It is hoped, and will be expected, that more effectual means will be pursued to make better another year, for it is almost beyond belief, that with 101 cows reported on a late enumeration of the cattle, that I am obliged to buy butter for the use of my own family."

THE CALIFORNIA FARMER, of January 21, speaks quite enthusiastically of the great activity of farmers in that State. Hill sides and hill tops to the very summit are being brought under the dominion of that sword of the earth, that divides limb from limb, and particle from particle, and prepares it for that "Baptismal Font" which shall fulfill its destiny. What would the farmers of the East say to see the farrows of our grain planters?

The OGDENSBURGH JOURNAL says: W. H. H. Jones, of Massena, St. Lawrence county, has a pair of calves, eight months old, which weigh 950 pounds, stand four feet high, and girt five feet three inches. They are a cross between Devon and Durham, of a dark cherry color, and are twins from a four years old cow. Mr. J. challenges the county and State to produce a better pair of steers of their age.

Stock of every description need especial care during the period of change from winter to spring. Laboring animals should not be put too suddenly to hard work, but injured to it by degrees. Cows, ewes and sows should be sufficiently, but judiciously fed as the time of having their young approaches. Guard them strictly against accidents, and have them constantly looked after.

A Maine man gives his method of treating balky horses as follows: "Let me inform humane men and hostlers, and all who hold the rein, that the way to cure balky horses is to take them from the carriage and whirl them rapidly round till they are giddy. It requires two men to accomplish this, one at the horse's tail. Don't let him step out—Hold him to the smallest possible circle.—One dose will often cure him; two doses are final with the worst horse that ever refused to stir."

It is said that many farmers, in different sections of the country, avoid planting orchards because they fear there will eventually be more fruit raised than a market can, under the most favorable circumstances, be found for. These farmers should take a view of the dried fruit trade, or of the canned fruit traffic, and also make themselves acquainted with the wonderful consumption of fresh fruit which prevails in all directions. Thousands of dollars worth of fruit is now annually sent afar off, in good condition, to places which not long ago never received any,—all owing to the improved methods of packing, preserving, and transportation.—There can never be too much fruit raised.

Grant and Washburne.

Captain (now President) Grant had resided at Galena several years before Mr. Washburne knew him. Washburne then the leading man of his Congressional District, carrying it, as the phrase goes, "in his breeches pocket," owned and resided in one of the most elegant residences in the city, while Grant was clerk in his father's leather store, and occupied a little two story cottage on the top of a bluff, requiring him to climb a stairs some 200 feet every time he went home. At the first war meeting held at Galena, to muster volunteers, Washburne offered resolutions and engineered the meeting, and Rawlins made a speech.—Capt. Grant was present, but seems to have been too conspicuous to be called on to take part. At the second meeting, however, Capt. Grant was nominated Chairman. The first company raised, however, elected one Chetlain Captain, and Jessie Grant's partner, Collins, a peace Democrat, said to Washburne, "A pretty set of fellows you soldiers are to elect Chetlain for Captain!"
"Why not?"
"They were foolish to take him when they could get such a man as Grant?"
"What's Grant's history?"
"Why he is old man Grant's son, was educated at West Point, served in the army eleven years, and came out with the very best reputation."

Woman's Work and Wages.

The proposition of Hon. G. W. Scofield to give the clerkship in Washington to women, met with sneers from a pseudo Republican journal, but we think all acquainted with the kind and quality of work demanded from clerks in the various departments at the Capitol will agree with our county representative.
"The reason," he says, "why women did not command the same salaries as men was that nearly all the departments of labor were closed to them, and they were compelled to take smaller salaries than men—such salaries as they could get."
This is emphatically the case in locations, where the surplus population is mostly female, and the cruel wrong done to the sex and society calls for speedy redress.
In no place can the good work commence with more propriety than at Washington. There we will find thousands of young men wasting their lives in purely sedentary employments fitted for females by the very character and mode of conducting the same. At no place can the great reform be started in widening the channels of labor better than at the Capitol, and we thank Mr. Scofield for leading off in the good work.
Social science conventions may meet and resolve reforms in all affairs relating to the welfare of woman, but a practical effort like that we name does more real benefit than wordy conventions, and much talking by rival orators in rival Sororian societies.
The same objections to action on the part of the government in the above named reform were offered by the same class when Congress was requested by another Pennsylvanian—Thaddeus Stevens—to take the initiative in proclaiming equality in the District of Columbia. We trust Mr. Scofield will press his motion, and keep pressing upon the House until he succeeds in carrying through successfully the entering wedge for the improvement of woman's work and wages.
The New York Times may declare "the Government is not a benevolent society or a woman's right association," but we declare and know that all the great reforms in our social life of the present century come from the very body of representative man addressed by our Congressmen on behalf of women's right to be furnished employment at remunerative wages, and that she should have the preference.—Eric Dispatch.

He that by his plough would thrive, Himself, must either hold or drive.