

The Elk Advocate.

P. W. BARRETT Editor [INDEPENDENT.] TERM—\$1 25 per Annum if paid in Advance

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RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA., SATURDAY JANUARY 25th 1864

NO 23

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Laurie J. Blakely
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
Ridgway, or Benzinger P. O. Elk Co.

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

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Attorneys at Law, Ridgway Elk Co.
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Will promptly answer all professional
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block East of the late residence of Hon.
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Co., Pa. Will attend to all call
night or day. July 21, 1861.

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Luthersburg, Clearfield County Pa.

Frederick Korb Proprietor, having
built a large and commodious house,
is now prepared to cater to the wants of
the traveling public.

Luthersburg, July 16th 1861.—1y.

LUTHERSBURG HOTEL,
Luthersburg, Clearfield Co. Pa.

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NATIONAL HOTEL!
Corner of Peach Street and
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This House is now and fitted up
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of guests, at moderate rates.
See Attached Card

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DEALERS in Flour, Grain and
Feed—near the Passenger Depot.

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Corrected weekly:

Apples, (dry) bushel . . . 8 30

Buckwheat " " " " 1 50

Beans, " " " " 4 00

Butter " lb . . . 20

Beef " " " " 5@7

Boards " M. . . 10 00

Corn " bushel . . . 1 50

Flour " bbl. . . 12 00

Hides " lb . . . 08

Hay " ton . . . 30 00

Oats " bu. . . 1 00

Wheat " " . . . 2 50

Rye " " . . . 1 25

Shingles " M. . . 4 50

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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.

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Trains both ways between Williamsport
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For information respecting Passenger
business apply at the S. E. corner 50th
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.

J. M. Drill, Agent N. C. R. B. Bal-
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Merchandise Provisions &c., on the
Ready Pay system, at prices much to
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Clothing, Hats, & Men's Furnishing Goods
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General Manufacturer of Wagons,
Saddles &c.—ALSO Furniture, such as
Bureaus, Tables, Stoves, 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.

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Hon. R. G. White, Wellsborough.

Associate Judges,
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Hon. E. C. Schultz, St. Mary's
Shorff.

P. W. Hays, Ridgway
Prothonotary, Reg. and Rec.

George Ed. Weis, Ridgway
District Attorney.

L. J. Blakely, Ridgway
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County Surveyor.

George Walmley, St. Mary's
Commissioners.

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Julius Jones, Benzett

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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., Clear-
field county Pennsylvania, within 2
miles of the Ridgway & Shawmut 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.

POETRY.

Passed Away.

BY J. BRAINERD MORGAN.

'Twas when sweet guileless flowers
Did deck the dell;
And birds, through sunny hours,
Their joys did tell;
Their joys did tell;
Back to her pardoning God
Her spirit fled;
And, 'neath the raised sod,
We made her bed.

Flora's sweet charms since then
Have all grown pale;
In every grassy glen,
On hill and dale,
The warbling birds have flown
All far away;
And autumn leaves have strown
A mantle gray

Over her grave the snow
Doth lightly rest—
A pretty robin—now
Upon her breast;
The wind with mournful tone
Doth seem to sigh,
That 'o'er so fair a one
In death must lie.

But, though we sadly miss
Her presence here,
Our lonely home to bless,
Our hearts to cheer;
A little while, and we
Shall meet again,
When from earth's cares we're free—
Have ceased life's main.

A few more summer-hours
To quickly fly;
A few more beauteous flowers
To bloom and die;
A few more notes of praise
From birds below;
A few more wintry days
Of rain and snow.

A few more songs to rise,
And charm the ear;
A few more weary sighs
To breathe out here;
A few more hours to grieve,
A few of mirth,
And we'll be called to leave
This changing earth.

And if we've lived aright
Whilst here below,
Unto a land of light
We then shall go;
To meet our cherished friends,
Upon that shore
Where joyful meeting ends
Oh, nevermore!

A SHORT WALK.

W. O. EATON.

For the past six months, Mrs. Lucy
Rushmore had confined herself within
doors, with the sole exception of three
or four times, when she felt compelled
to go out to do a little shopping. She
was yet but young; but her naturally
slender frame, by thus being housed up,
had gradually grown more slender; and
books, music, drawing, painting, and
other means of in-door recreation had
ceased to vivify her. Coffee seemed
only bitter, tea insipid to her taste, and
only to add to that nervousness and bil-
lousness which darkened her mind and
complexion, and made her tremulous at
trifles; and while she felt the necessity
of fresh air and exercise abroad, she
had become so inert that the task of
dressing up and walking forth, to brave
the eyes of a staring world, seemed too
fearful to be undertaken. Her hus-
band's business so fatigued him, that he
was but too glad to remain at home and
rest after he got there, without inclina-
tion to accompany her abroad; and now,
the long-borne monotony of her life
having rendered her peevish, she com-
plained to him about it one sultry sum-
mer afternoon, when the sun had sent
him home earlier than usual.

"Oh, what a hot day, Lucy! I envy
you this cool shade and quiet at home,"
said her pale, dusty, and perspiring hus-
band, as he stretched himself out to cool
upon the sofa.

"Say warm, Marcus, say warm. Hot
is improper."
"I say hot, and warm is improper,
save to the cold-blooded creatures who
have no natural fire of their own, and
could talk etymologically conventional
in a hot oven. Oh, that I had ten thou-
sand icebergs inside of me. Do give
me a glass of lemonade and a map of the
world; I want to look at the North
Pole."

"I wish I could travel there, or some-
where," sighed his wife; "anywhere for
exercise."

"Exercise! The very thing I have
too much of, I wish it was so ordered
that we could share, Lucy, and share
alike."

"So do I. I ought to go out more. I
feel real peaked and ready to drop down,
I stay in so much."

"You ought to rush round more,
Lucy, that is true. Early in the morn-
ing would be a good time for you, before
I get up, and when the air is cool and
pure. What a fine walk you might
have, every morning before breakfast,
in the nearest park, all alone by your-
self!"

"All alone! How could I have a
fine walk in that manner, while you
were at home mooning. I declare I
believe you are ashamed to be seen out
with me. But that is no wonder.
Every time I look in the glass I am
ashamed of my own appearance. I am
getting all dried up, and prematurely
old and homely. My natural color is
gone, and I have changed from pink to
yellow."

"It is not my fault. How can I do
all the walking I have to do about my
business and then, after I have dragged
myself home, drag myself out again with
you? I wish I could; but I can't say
dear. The best of men don't have two
pair of legs; and if you don't feel like
walking out alone, I suppose the best
thing you can do is to take a tonic."

"Take a tonic, at my age!" exclaimed
she, nervously. "Perhaps poison would
be the best medicine for my complaints,
and satisfy you completely. Then you
would enjoy yourself all the more, and
would find yourself very strong all of a
sudden. For my part, I take no enjoy-
ment in anything, and don't care how
soon I die."

"Don't cry Lucy, don't. This is too
affecting, this is," was the anxious reply
to this desponding picture. "A thun-
der-shower is coming up, my dear, and
that will lay the dust, and cool the air,
and make you feel better; and after it's
over, if you say so, we'll go and take a
walk down-town, for now I remember I
have neglected one important errand."

Mrs. Rushmore made no answer, for
her soul was now absorbed in the terrors
of the thunder storm, the deafening
crashes and blinding flashes of which
seemed to indicate that the gods were
getting double-sparos in a celestial ten-
pin alley by the light of electricity. The
game lasted an hour, and so roused
Mrs. Rushmore, and its close so inspired
her, that she changed her dress and
assented to the proposal of her husband,
to accompany him down-town, on what
he called a short walk.

"What a difference the shower has
made in the air!" said Rushmore, as
with his wife clinging fast to his arm,
they began their walk. "We have on-
ly to walk two miles and a half down;
but I could wish, for your sake, it was
twice as far, it will so invigorate you."

"Coming back will double the distan-
ce," murmured she, "and perhaps I
may be able for the task; but if I faint
away, it will not be from want of will but
strength, my system is so enfeebled. I
feel as if I was about eighty years
old."

"You will feel about eighteen when
we come back, the faint will so revive
you up. Step firm Lucy! Don't be
afraid to put your foot down. The
ground won't sink under you."

"I feel like sinking into it, and as if I
had just come from the tomb."

"So much the more reason not to wish
to go back in a hurry. Don't press my
arm quite so hard, it hurts."

"The people jostle so. I feel like a
glass bottle. Somebody will smash me
if you don't guide me more carefully."

"Don't be alarmed. Your hoops will
protect you and give you sufficient warn-
ing. Great invention—hoops!"

"If people wouldn't walk on them
with their great muddy feet. My dress
is sadly soiled already with them; and
you walk on me, too."

"I walk on you? No, bless your soul,
love, I don't; or, if I do, it is because
you cling so."

"No, it is because you are awkward.
Do pray have some mercy on my skirt.
Walk slanting."

"A pretty figure I should cut. Just
look down and try the experiment. Now
you see. Here we are joined together
at the elbow, and I am walking so as not
to touch your skirt. You are erect or
one side of the way, and I am slanting,
like the leaning tower of Pisa, with my
feet on the curb-stone. How inelegant!
The police wouldn't permit such a mo-
nopoly of room, let alone the crowd. If
erinoine insists upon such expansion, it
is tolerated, but must suffer the conse-
quences; but no such latitude is allowed
to a man. The plan of walking length-
wise has never yet been tried, to my
knowledge; like chain-shot is difficult
enough in the crowd."

"Then let go my arm, and I will en-
deavor to support myself!" cried Mrs.
Rushmore, loosening her hold and walk-
ing without aid. "I see how it is. You

know I am weak, and purposely provoke
me, to prevent my coming out again."

"I know that you are nervous, Lucy,
and I feel that you are rapidly getting
strong; for my arm must be black and
blue where you have been hugging me
so. But I don't complain of that. On
the contrary, I rejoice at it, as evidence
of your returning vigor."

"Vigor! My arm feels almost bro-
ken, and my limbs are tottering. My
head begins to ache, and my side pains
me—the side where your great rough
elbow stuck. And my feet feel blister-
ed, and it is getting warm again—and—
and—I shall catch my death of cold,
the crossings are so damp—and—"

"I am quite willing to go back, if you
wish it."

"No, Marcus," said the invalid, reso-
lutely. "I am out at last, for a wonder,
and I will walk till I drop, if I make
a scene in the street."

"Bravo, Lucy! I admire your firm-
ness. It will do you good to keep up
your spirits in this way, and you will be
gathering strength at every step, believe
me. If we wish to regain our health
we must make an effort—I declare, you
jumped that puddle handsomely—you
are gaining power, Lucy, gaining pow-
er; and I see the returning bloom in
your cheek already."

"It is only because I am ashamed to
be so stared at by everybody. How vul-
gar to stare so. Don't I look odd?"

"No indeed. I am proud of your
appearance. You look beautifully.
Nobody takes the slightest notice of you.
Long seclusion makes you bashful; that's
all. Your step is getting more and
more elastic. More bloom, more power.
Doing better and better. Try and keep
up with me—a little faster—for I do
wish to accomplish that important er-
rand in time, if possible; and on our
way back it will be so pleasant to think
we have united business with pleasure
and killed two birds with one stone,
won't it? Hadn't you better take my
arm, to expedite matters?"

"Do you mean to insult me, Sir?"
was the startling reply from a voice new
to him.

Rushmore turned and stared at the
speaker. In his haste through the
crowd he had left his wife behind, and
unconsciously offered his arm to a strange
lady at his side; and straightway ex-
plaining, with a hurried apology, he
stepped aside and waited for Lucy to
overtake him, not doubting that he
should discover her at once.

Unfortunately for both parties, their
temporary separation, which the through
had caused, so increased the nervousness
of Mrs. Rushmore, that while her hus-
band was ahead, conversing with the
unknown lady by mistake, she sought
refuge and relief in an apothecary's
shop, where, faint, pale, and thirsty, the
combined solace of soda, hartshorn, and
a seat revived her, and where she now
impudently awaited the re-appearance of
her husband.

But that equally anxious man, failing
to discover her, suddenly came to the
mortifying conclusion that his wife had
seen him ascending the stranger, and an-
gry, and jealous of supposed neglect, had
determined to wheel about and return
home alone. This idea caused him to
hasten in that direction, to overtake her
and explain; and on his way, by chance
glancing up a cross street, he saw—but
we will let him say what he saw and did.
On his subsequent discovery of his wife
in the apothecary shop, about fifteen
minutes afterward, he explained him-
self as follows, with perspiring brow and
hasty voice:

"My dear, dear Lucy, I have been all
this time running after another woman!
This comes of unlocking arms. But for
that, we should not have missed each
other in the crowd, and you would not
poor, feeble angel that you are, have
been overturned, and trampled under
foot, perchance?"

"No," replied she, with some show of
spite to this half-interrogatory; "I have
not been subjected to any violence nor
other ill-treatment from strangers—only
erud ill-difference from you, Marcus, or
I should not have come out upon this
monstrous walk, to be left to drop down
upon the burning pavement, while you
were paying your attentions so strange
women!"

And the deeply injured
hypocondriac took another sniff of
hartshorn, by way of emphasis, which
in turn nearly took her head off.

"Strange woman, indeed!" declared
her husband. "I offered my arm to one,
without looking at her, taking her to be
you, and she thought I meant to insult
her; and recovering from that shock,
after hunting everywhere for you, I
spied a lady afar off, just about your
figure, dressed in precisely such a useful
and well-harnuzzing colors, with pre-
cisely your stately way of carrying your
head, exactly the peculiar grace of your
commanding stride, quite as big a bunch
of golden curls hanging down behind,
and, in fact, altogether so much like
you, at a distance, that I could almost
have sworn that she had your two corners
on her lovely little left foot—but gra-
cious Goody Two-Shoes! I ran so fast

to overtake her, that when I reached
her I was nearly out of breath; and just
then, intending to touch her shoulder,
I had sufficient strength to say, 'Lucy?'
when I stumbled, and fell at her heels—
look at my dirty hands and knees—
and then, while I was looking up, on all
four, she whirled around and gave me a
tremendous drubbing with her sun-
shade—broke it over me and my hat—
look at my hat, Lucy—and bestowed
upon me the foreign name of black-
guard, and swore, Lucy, swore awfully
that she was a lady, and no such woman
as I took her to be—I took her to be
you, Lucy!—and if it had not been for
the intervention of a police man, whom
she called and told that I had made an
attempt to demoralize the integrity of
her erinoine, I might have fared worse,
and not escaped to tell you—and take a
little soda, with red lavender, Mr.
Apothecary."

Mrs. Rushmore surveyed the soiled
exterior of her volatile husband, and
comparing it with his confused interior
arrived at the sudden conclusion that
she wanted to go home, as soon as he
had made acquaintance with soap and
water and a brush, which were quickly
put in use, and the important errand was
postponed, Marcus being now of the ex-
pressed opinion that—

"A series of devils had come down in
the thunder storm, to tempt him out to
take a short walk with his wife, and dis-
courage them from any wish for futuro
promenades."

And so, engaging arms, they resum-
ed their perambulation, steering for the
house which both heartily regretted they
had left.

"I expect to live and die in-doors,"
Marcus, murmured Lucy; "and after
this day's experience with you, I feel
resigned to my fate—but I don't wish to
die in the street, and so you need not
drag me along so fast as you do. Peo-
ple are staring at us, you hurry so."

"No, it is because you are slow, my
dear," replied he, now beginning to feel
irritable himself, under her continued
complaints. "I see how it is. A busi-
ness man like me has no business to be
walking with a woman. Hereafter, my
tortoise dove, I must commend you to the
charge of some gallant and sauntering
man of leisure when you wish to take an
airing. I feel that you consider me but
an awkward and unworthy companion
for a stroll, and to please you and make
sure that I don't walk too fast for your
strength and ideas of propriety, I will
walk behind, if you say so. Anything
for peace, and to get once more home
without further mishaps and reproach-
es."

Mrs. Rushmore dropped her arm at
these words, as if it had been a red-hot
bar of iron, and the much vexed hus-
band fell behind, while she slowly sailed
ahead, to pron I to reconstitute, or once
to turn to see if he attended closely, the
which he was now by no means careful
to do. On the contrary, inspired with a
fiend's contempt for appearance, and thir-
sty from anxiety and unusual exertions,
he indulged himself on the way with an
occasional glass of ale, and purchased a
few bunches of radishes, eating as he
went on, sometimes in the wake of his
wife, and sometimes passing her and tak-
ing the lead far in advance, affording
her an opportunity to see with what rap-
idity and nonchalance he disposed of
the ruby roots and tossed away their
green sprouts, regardless whom they hit,
and apparently indifferent to the fact
that he had a lovely woman for a wife,
and that she was blushing biliously at
his conduct.

The return home was thus rendered
quite as vexatious as the departure from
it, but it was reached at last; and the
woary pair in great tribulation re-entered
it, victims of a combination of such pat-
ty annoyances as often serve more surely
to make life miserable than great calam-
ities, which allow the soul to possess its
dignity though encompassed by sor-
row.

The grand result of the short walk
was that Mrs. Lucy Rushmore was for
the time cured of her long-cherished
desire to walk out with her husband; and
until time afforded them a more favor-
able condition of life, she was content to
dispense with her husband's escort in
the street, and when she went abroad,
to walk with women.

Magistrate—"What brings you
here, sir?"

Prisoner—"Two officers, please your
honor."

Magistrate—"Then I suppose liquor
has something to do with it?"

Prisoner—"Yes, sir, they were both
drunk."

A little girl was told to spell
ferment, and give its meaning, with a
sentence in which it was used. The
following was literally her answer:
"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, a verb, signifying to