

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

T. T. ABRAMS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LOCK HAVEN, PA. SOUTHER & WILLIS, Attorneys at Law, Ridgway Elk County Pa., will attend to all profession business promptly.

JOHN G HALL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ridgway Elk County Penna. LAURIE J. BLAKELY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

DR. W. JAMES BLAKELY, St. Mary's, Elk County Pa. DR. W. W. SHAW, Practices Medicines & Surgery Centreville Elk Co., Pa.

DR. J. S. BORDWELL, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, (Lately of Warren county Pa.) Will promptly answer all professional calls by night or day.

DR. C. R. EARLEY, Kersey Elk Co., Pa. Will attend to all calls night or day. July 21, 1861.

HOTEL CARDS.

FRED. KORB'S, Eagle Hotel, Luthersburg, Clearfield County Pa. Fredrick Korb Proprietor, having built a large and commodious house, is now prepared to cater to the wants of the traveling public.

LUTHERSBURG HOTEL, Luthersburg, Clearfield Co. Pa. WILLIAM SCHWEM, Proprietor, Luthersburg, July 27th 1864.—lf.

NATIONAL HOTEL! Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road, ERIE, PA. ENOS B. HOYT, Proprietor

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

HYDE HOUSE, Mrs. E. O. Clements, Proprietress, Ridgway, Elk County Penna. FOREST HOUSE, Boot-Jack Elk County Pa., H. B. SHONS, Prop'r., Ridgway Nov. 28th 1863.

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

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

FALLEN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA. E. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.

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

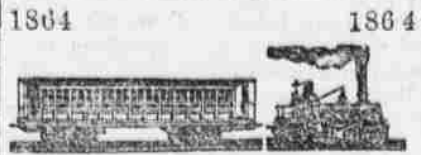
MOORHEAD HOUSE, Main St. Brookville Pa., C. N. Kretz, Prop'r. This house has been refitted and furnished in a neat style, and is every way adapted to the wants of the public.

Ridgway Markets. Corrected weekly: Apples, (dry) bushel \$ 3 50, Buckwheat " " 1 00, Beans, " " 4 00, Butter " lb 20, Beef " " 5 00, 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 56, Shingles " M. 4 02, Eggs " dozen 25

The Elk Advocate.

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

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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 12 24 p. m., Accommodation 9 45 a. m. Leave Westward. Through Mail Train 11 39 a. m., Accommodation 5 39 p. m.

Passenger cars run through without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie. ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS on Express Trains both ways between Williamsport and Baltimore, and Williamsport and Philadelphia.

For information respecting Passenger business apply at the S. E. corner 20th 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. R. Baltimore. H. H. HOUSTON, Gen'l. Freight Ag't. Phil'a. H. W. GWINNER, Gen'l. Ticket Agt. Phil'a. Jos. D. POTTS, General Manager, Wm'sp't.

DICKINSON & Co.—DEALERS in Merchandise Provisions &c., on the Ready pay system, at prices much to the advantage of purchasers.

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

FRANK X. ENZ TAILOR, Centreville, Elk county Pa. A DOLPH TIMM, Centreville, Elk county Pa.

General Manufacturer of Wagons, Buggies &c.—ALSO Furniture, such as Bureaus, Tables, Stands, Bedsteads and Chairs. All kind of Repair done at reasonable rates.

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

COUNTY DIRECTORY. President Judge, Hon. R. G. White, Wellsborough. Associate Judges, Hon. V. S. Brockway, Jay tp. Hon. E. C. Schultze, St. Mary's.

Sheriff, P. W. Hays, Ridgway. Prothonotary, Reg. and Rec. George Ed. Weis, Ridgway. District Attorney, J. C. Chapin, Ridgway. Treasurer, Charles Luhr, St. Mary's. County Surveyor, George Walmesley, St. Mary's. Commissioners, Charles Weis, St. Mary's. Julius Jones, Benzett. Joshua Keefer, Jones. Auditors, R. T. Kyler, Fox. Henry Warner, Jones. H. D. Dorr, Benzett.

NOTICE.—Is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the Stockholders of the Clarion River Navigation Company, at the House of Wm. H. Schram, Brookwayville on Saturday the 17th day of December next, for the purpose of organizing the company and the election of a President and four managers as required by the act of incorporation. All are requested to attend. N. B. LANE, A. I. WILCOX, J. S. HYDE, GEO. DICKINSON, N. M. BROCKWAY, Commissioners. Ridgway Nov. 14th 1864.

PEACE AND WAR.

"One murder makes a man a villain, ten thousand a hero."—BRON. Let others sing the song of War, Men's hatred to increase: Be mine the song of Hope and Joy, Love, Unity and Peace. Away with cannon, powder, ball, And all their kindred train; They've always been the curse of man, And so they will remain boys, And so they will remain.

Did ever war throughout the world, One blessing yet bestow? Has it not made men worse than brutes, Filled every land with woe? Taxation, debt and misery Have followed in the train— It ruined every country yet, And so it will again, boys, And so it will again.

The mutilated forms behold, Who have escaped with life, And ask how many human souls Have perished in the strife. Go hear the curses, prayers and groans Upon the gory plain— These things are but the fruits of war And so they will remain, boys, And so they will remain.

Ten thousand homes made desolate, Ten thousand widows made, Ten thousand murderers asking God, To bless their bloody trade. All justice trampled under foot— Truth treated with disdain— Such is the sad result of War, And so it will remain, boys, And so it will remain.

Now turn thine eyes from wretchedness, Where Peace, in calm repose, Has made the wilderness to smile And blossom as the rose. There Justice, Harmony and Truth, And Love in concord reign. Peace always made men happier yet, And so it will again, boys, And so it will again.

Sayings of Josh Billings.

It is highly important that when a man makes up his mind to be a rascal, that he should examine himself closely, and see if he ain't better constructed for a phool.

I groy in this way: if a man iz right, he kaint be too radical, and if he is wrong he can't be too conservative. "Tell the truth and shame the devil!" I kno lots of people who can shame the devil ezny enuff, but the tother thing bothers them.

If you don't believe in "total depravity," buy a quart of gin, and study it. There is one grate advantage in a plurality of wives; tha sife each other instead of their husbands.

It is a very delicate job tew forgive a man without lowering him in his own estimashun, and yures, tu. It iz admitted now by everybody that the man who can git fat on Berlony sassage haz a good deal of dorg in him.

I am poor, and I am glad that I am, for I find that wealth makes more people mean than it does genious.

Woman's influenz iz powerful—especially when she wants anything. Sticking up yure noze don't prove ennything, for a sople-biler, when he iz away from hiz hum, smells everything. No man loves tew git beat, but it iz better tew git beat than tew be rong.

Aw! kind of bores are a nuisance, but it iz better tew be bored with a 2 inch augur than a gimblet. It iz sed that "a boss don't know his strength," and I really suppose that a skunk don't nuther.

"Be sure yure right, then go ahead," but in case of doubt, go ahead enny wa. Men aint apt tew git kicked out of good sossiety for being ritche. The road tew ruin iz always kept in good repair, and the travelers pay the expense of it.

If a man begins life bi being a fust Lutenant in hiz familie, he need never tew look for promoshun. The onla profit there iz in keeping more than one dorg iz what you can make on the board.

I havn't got as much munny as sum fols, but I hav got as much impudense as enny of them, and that iz the next thing tew munny. It aint often that a man's reputashun outlasts hiz munny.

Don't mistake arroganse for wisdom; munny people have thought tha waz wise, when tha waz onla windy. The man who kant git ahead without pulling others back iz a limited ezult. Woman will sometimes confess her sins, but I never kno one to confess her faults. Oh, what a world this iz tew live in for the sole that iz afraid of dirt and devilry.

A Will.

If we possessed solely the most valuable things in the world and were about to will them away, the following would be our plan of distribution:

We would will to the world truth and friendship, which are very scarce. We would give to physicians, skill and learning. To Abolition editors power to tell the truth occasionally.

To clergymen, zeal in the cause of Christ crucified, instead of the nigger glorified. To lawyers, merchants, brokers and public officers, honesty.

To old women, short tongues. To young women, common sense, large waists and natural feet. To servants, obedience and honesty.

To masters humanity. To farmers punctuality and industry. To young sprouts of dandies, good sense, little cash and hard work.

To old maids, good tempers little talk and suitable husbands. To old bachelors, a love for virtue, children and wives.

"A YOKE OF CATTLE AT ONE CHAW." Many years ago, a man named Miller one of the early settlers of a neighboring county in this State, sold a yoke of oxen for \$50; and in payment received a fifty dollar bill, which he carefully folded and deposited in his tobacco box for safe keeping.

Mr. M. was accustomed to make use of the "weed" at any hour of the day, or night, whenever he left an inclination for it. The night following the sale of the oxen he sought his tobacco box, and finding the convention, put it in his mouth; but not readily obtaining the full benefit he expected; he chewed it most vigorously and effectually, exclaiming as he did so:

"Why, there's no strength in this tobacco—not a bit!" When, suddenly recollecting the transaction of the day, and the place where he had deposited the treasure, he added: "Great thunder! A yoke of oxen at one chaw!"

THE "RELIABLE" DESERTER.

The ausing war correspondent of the New York Leader, writing "from the front," on the Potomac or James, says: "A little farther on I came to a reliable deserter, who lay on a sand heap scratching himself. These deserters are very nice fellows. As I approached he arose and saluted.

"Jes come f'm other side, Gin'ral," he said. "What do you want?" says I. "I'm powerful dry," says he. I called an orderly and bade him fetch some whiskey.

"Now," says I, "how's things over on your side?" "Wall," says he, "pretty bad. old Lee, he ain't got no men whosomever;" "I guess you lie," says I. "We felt his line the other day it didn't feel good. You might just as well tell the truth."

"Oh!" says he, "I was only speakin' figeratively-like. He ain't got no men to speak of—fifty or sixty hundred thousand, mebbe."

"H'm that's enough," says I. "Yes, only they ain't good for nothin. They ain't got no ammunition."

"They keep up a d—d of a firing for iren without ammunition," says I. "Wal, yas," says he, "that's what's run the blockade."

"Short of rations?" says I. "Dreadful short," says he, "we didn't git only a cracker every three days."

"Why I killed a lot of you up yunder a while ago with their knapsacks full."

"O yes. That's what they got f'm the Shandoah Valley. They got a heap of food up yunder. Fact they has all they want to eat just now."

"How are you off for ordnance," says I. "O, our ordnance is off!" says he. "Yes," says I, "I s'pose so. But young man, I've got an ordnance, too, about off; and I keep it pretty well cleared out of these lines. Now, you'd better clear out. I go in for treating my countrymen well, but when it comes to rebels, and lying deserters at that, I can't say I see it. What do you expect to do around here?"

"Wall," says he, "I kinder thort I'd go North an' play refugee. I'm told it pays sustrate at Lincoln meetin's."

A FROG STORY.

A few years since, Squire G. was keeping a hotel in the town of C., State of Indiana. It was just after the war with Mexico, and the volunteers had been disbanded, and were on their way home, that among others that stop at Squire G's hotel was a volunteer who carried under his arm a cigar box.

To the question if he could spend the night the Squire answered in the affirmative. "Give me your box," said the Squire. It was handed to him, and he was about placing it under the bar room counter, when the volunteer remarked, that there was a great curiosity in that box.

"Ab!" said the squire, "I should like to see it." The volunteer took the box, drew back the lid, and exposed to view one of those horned frogs peculiar to Mexico. The Squire, as he had never seen its like before, took the box and exhibited it to the family, as well as several boarders about the house. The next morning the volunteer called for his bill.

"Seventy five cents, sir," said the Squire. "Then you just owe me one dollar," said the volunteer. "What for?" asked the Squire, opening his eyes.

"Why, for exhibiting my frog last night." The Squire found he was fairly caught and without more ado, paid the dollar. The volunteer went on his way rejoicing, and the Squire takes great delight, to this day, in telling his "frog story."

A Dutchman and his intended appeared before a newly installed Dutch squire to be married. Bidding them to join hands the squire began: "Hans, dosh you lofe this woman as mooth as you can?" "Yaw," replied Hans.

"Katherine, dosh you lofe Haus as mooth as you can?" "No," promptly replied Katherine. "Vel, den, dosh you lofe him so much as marry him?" "Yaw?" replied Katherine.

"Vell, den, I bronounce you man and womans." Hans asked the charge. "Oh! nothing, nothing," replied the squire, "if you ish satisfied I ish too."

SOME years since, the Duke of Wellington was sitting at his library table, when the door opened, and without any announcement, in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen.

"Who are you?" asked the Duke, in his short, dry manner, looking up, without the least change of countenance, upon his intruder.

"I am Apollyon." "What do you want?" "I am sent to kill you." "Kill me! Very odd."

"I am Apollyon, and I must put you to death." "Bliged to do it to-day?" "I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission."

"Very inconvenient—very busy—great many letters to write. Call again and write me word. I'll be ready for you," and the Duke went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, immovable old man, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was safe in Bedlam.

BEN HARDIN'S WIFE.

Ben Harden, of Kentucky, got a wife by a rich and funny stratagem. In the days of his young manhood, he was hard at work on a farm of a wealthy land-owner in that State, and there sprung up between the young laborer and the old man's daughter what is often called a secret attachment. By the by attachments are generally secret.

Ben and his dulcinea made up matters in proper time, without the knowledge or consent of his intended father-in-law. Indeed the old man never suspected that the aspirations of the youth were tending towards an alliance with his family—and if it had ever occurred to him he would have spurned the thought. Ben was aware of his aristocratic notions and the existence of all most insurmountable objections to the match. One day, consulting the ingenuity of his nature, he devised ways and means to bring it about.

Going to the old man, he told him that unfortunately he had conceived a liking for the daughter of a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood, and that it was impossible to gain the consent of the girl's father; that he loved her, and she loved him, and asked what course he would advise him to pursue.

"Wou't she run away with you," asked the old man. "She might," he answered, "if I could make the arrangements. Do you think it would be right and honorable for me to take the advantage in that way?"

"Certainly," replied the originator of the plot. "There would be nothing wrong." Ben kept at him and so enlisted the old gentleman that he made him a tender of his horse and a few dimes to carry out the elopement. The place of meeting was arranged, and reader, you know what followed. Ben ran off with the old man's daughter, a fact which the old fellow snuffed in the next morning's breeze, and which chagrined him not a little. Ben and his wife were fore-given.

AN UGLY HOOSIER.

A Hoosier, an awful ugly man, returning his travels in Missouri said that he arrived in Chickenville in the forenoon, and just a few days before there had been a boat busted, and a heap of people scalded and killed one way and another. So at last I went into a grocery, a squad of people followed in, and one bowed and said: "It's one of the unfortunate sufferers by the bustin' of the Franklin." Upon that he asked me to drink with him and as I put the tumbler to my mouth he stopped me of a sudden, with,

"I beg your pardon, stranger, but—" "But what?" says I. "Jist fix yer mouth that way again," sez he.

I done it just as I was gwine to drink, and I'll be hanged if I didn't think they would all go into fits. They yelled and whooped like a gang of wolves. Finally one of them sez:

"Don't make fun of the poor unfortunate he's hardly got over bein' blowed up yet. Less make up a puss." They all throvred in and made up five dollars. As the spokesman handed me the change, he axed me:

"Where did you find yourself after the explosion?" "How far from the Franklin?" he inquired. "Why," sez I. "I never seed, but as high as I can guess, about three miles." You'd oughter seen that gang scotter."

PUMPED HIM.

We find the following good one in the Nashville Union: One day while Forrest was making havoc of the railroad south of Pulaski, a gentleman dressed in gray called at one of our leading hotels. The guests were at supper, and the halls and sitting rooms were almost vacant, only a few persons remaining in them. Amongst these was a government detective. So soon as he saw the gentleman in gray he thought he "smelt a mice," and determined to keep an eye on him. Gray walked about apparently fidgety, and finally took a stand near one of the doors looking into the dining room. Detective approached him, and remarked:

"Forrest seems to be playing hell down the road!" Gray—"Yes, he seems to have things pretty much his own way." Detective—"He's a great fellow!" Gray—"Yes, he's the greatest General in the Confederacy."

Here the detective thought that he had made a point, had gotten a "great big" nibble, and the smile, in his eye denoted that he did not expect to catch anything less than a rebel spy. He put numerous other questions, and got answers, all tending to confirm his suspicions. He was in ecstasy, and could scarcely conceal his feelings. At last he ventured to remark:

"But, yet, if Forrest don't mind he may be caught." Gray—"And when he's caught, I hope they'll hang him! And, my good fellow, such fellows as you would do better in the army as soldiers, than loafing around hotels as detectives."

Detective turned on his heel and left, the most chop-fallen specimen seen for many a day. How HE DID IT.—A committee called upon a flourishing tradesman to solicit a subscription for the support of a clergyman.

"Can't do it, gentlemen," was the reply: "I gave five dollars to the Rev. Mr. P., yesterday."

After much persuasion, however, they succeeded in getting him to put down a like amount for the Rev. Mr. R., and departed with thanks; but a while afterwards he was overheard giving the following directions to an assistant:

"Draw off five dollars worth of liquor and fill with water. Take it out of the row of casks next to those that you watered yesterday for the Rev. Mr. P."

"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a county deacon of a new minister.

"Why, do you understand those languages?" "No but we pay for the best, and we ought to have it."

A lady asked a pupil at a Sunday school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

An editor and printer down South offers to sell his whole establishment for a clean shirt and a meal of victuals. He has lived on promises till his whiskers have stopped growing.

An Irishman said a few gooseberries gives so fine a flavor to an apple pie, that it would be a darling of an apple pie which was made of gooseberries entirely.

A man took off his coat to show a scar he had received some years past. "Oh!" said he, on not being able to find it. "I remember, now, it was on my brother Bill's arm."