

The Elk Advocate.

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

VOL. 5 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA., SATURDAY FEBRUARY, 4th 1865 NO 24

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Laurie J. Blakely
Attorney and Counsellor
at Law.

Ridgway, [or Benzinger P. O.] Elk Co.
Pa.

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.

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 remitted. 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. L. 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.—Residence one door East of the late residence of Hon. J. L. Gillis.

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

HOTEL CARDS.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE,

JOHN G. PORTERFIELD, Proprietor.
Ridgway, Elk County Penna.

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, July 16th 1864.—1y.

LUTHERSBURG HOTEL,

Luthersburg, Clearfield Co. Pa.
WILLIAM SCHWEM, Proprietor.
Luthersburg, July 27th 1864.—1f.

NATIONAL HOTEL!

Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road,
ERIE, 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 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.
Ridgway July 28, 1860.

HYDE HOUSE,

Mrs. E. O. Clements,
Proprietress.

Ridgway, Elk County Penna.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE,
CORNER OF MARKET AND WATER ST'S
Clearfield Pa.

GEO. N. COLBURN, PROPRIETOR

ST. MARY'S HOEL,
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.

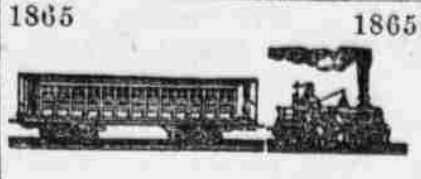
BUSINESS CARDS
WOODS & WRIGHT,

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

Ridgway Markets.

Corrected weekly:

Apples, (dry) @ bushel	3 50
Buckwheat " "	1 00
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
Eggs " dozen	28



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.

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 30th 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 Ag't. Phil'a.

JOS. D. POTTS, General Manager, Wmsp'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, Stanzas Bedsteads and Chairs. All kind of Repairs 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,

L. J. Blakely Ridgway

Treasurer,

Charles Luhr, St. Mary's

County Surveyor,

George Walmsley, St. Mary's

Commissioners,

Charles Weis, St. Mary's

Julius Jones, Benecett

Joshua Keefer, Jones

Auditors,

R. T. Kyler, Fox

Henry Warner, Jones

H. D. Derr, Benecett

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., Clearfield 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.

He Voted for the Draft.

BY ONE WHO WAS TAKEN IN,

"Good people vote for Abe,
The Union to restore,
To liberate the negro
And end this cruel war.
We'll have no more conscription,"
Said the Lincoln men and laughed;
"So vote for Abraham,
If you'd avoid the draft."

"As soon as rebel-dom
Shall hear the glorious news,
Of Abraham's election,
They'll tremble in their shoes,
They'll throw away their arms,"
Said the Lincoln men and laughed;
"So vote for Father Abraham
If you'd avoid the draft."

"Jeff Davis and Bob Lee
Will go to Mexico,
And Beauregard and Hood will hide
Themselves in Borneo.
They'll give us their plantations,"
Said the Lincoln men and laughed,
"So vote for Father Abraham,
If you'd avoid the draft."

I took them at their word,
I voted for their man,
And sat up all election night,
To hear how Shoddy ran,
The telegraph, did tick,
The Lincoln men all laughed,
And said, "the Copperheads are sick,
There'll be another draft!"

No copperhead am I,
But still I feel quite sick,
To think the draft should follow
My vote for Abe so quick,
I asked the Democrats,
How is this? and they laughed,
And said, "How are you conscript,
YOU VOTED FOR THE DRAFT!"

A NIGHT WITH A TIGER.

BY LIEUT. J. W. HENDERSON.

[The authenticity of the following narrative will scarcely be doubted by the reader, when he learns that I received it from the lips of my old friend, Raymond—a gentleman whom I have known from boyhood, and whom I never knew to indulge in fiction—a penurious and unprofitable habit, to which certain authors are addicted, and from which, Heaven knows, I am free. I give the story, as nearly as possible, in his own words, which will account for the frequent use of the personal pronoun I—another bad habit of storytellers, often worse than even the ungodly lies they tell. But this is no lie.]

I have heard (said Raymond—to me) that the human hair has sometimes been changed to white or gray, by sudden and excessive terror; and this reminds me of the night of fear which I once passed, in company with a monstrous tiger—he at liberty, and I un-armed and alone with him. Even now my blood thrills to think of it, and if my words do justice to the subject and my feelings, I shall curdle yours very shortly.

At that time, my generous, lamented uncle was the chief owner of a large menagerie, which was then in its city-quarters; and adjoining stood his residence, from which a private side-door opened into the temple of wild-moral and bestly-religious entertainments.

One midnight, after all was quiet, both in my uncle's house and the menagerie, I conceived the purpose which was the source of all my danger and fright. I took a lantern, passed secretly through the side-door, and stood alone—the only human being—inside that dark menagerie.

My purpose was double, or rather triple, and I may say it was manifold, in so doing. I wished to see how the wild animals would look and act at that lonely hour, with no other human eye upon them save mine. I also wished to find a bunch of keys, in charge of the head-keeper, Bill Ramsay, whom I knew to be off for the night, "fighting the tiger" elsewhere; and to select from the bunch the key to the cage where was kept a pet goat, which my uncle had promised me, and which was to go with me, at a very early hour in the morning, in the stage, to my father's in the county.

I wished to take the goat now, and into the house myself, because I feared that Ramsay would not be back in time, or, if so, might be drunk, fasten the side-door on its entertaining side, and not wake up and let me in and let out the goat, when I should about. I brought the lantern to aid me in the hunt for the keys; also to be enabled to see the ani-

mals as well as they could see me; and likewise to keep me from stumbling into awkward proximity to some of them, and thus be made into hashed-meat, depriving my father of a dutiful son and me of a beautiful goat.

What other wishes I had at the time, I don't recollect; but I do remember how I advanced between the rows of cages, cutting the darkness right and left with my lantern a sword of light; and how the strong smell of ammonia, which pervaded the atmosphere, raised the question in my mind, whether that was a cause of the wild luxuriance of the jungle.

Suddenly, I was started from my philosophical reverie; for having neared the far-end of the menagerie, most remote from the street, I was appalled to behold a huge cage, wide open in front of me, and upon its floor, crouching, unchained, and glaring at me, a royal Bengal tiger!

I am naturally light-hearted, which is one reason why I have been able to bound over numerous misfortunes, preserve my health, and become rich at last; and is perhaps the reason why I look so much younger than I am, as so many of my unmarried female friends often assure me; but I assure you that at that moment I did not feel like joking. No poet, with his liver out of order, his mistress out of temper, and his publisher out of funds, could describe my horror, the chill blight of my bravery which then took me by surprise, as if the sensation of fear were embodied in electricity, and darting through every vein in my system, had wilted me all over.

Byron says of Azo, in the poem, that
"In a moment, o'er his soul
Winter's memory seemed to roll;"

and it is the fashion for people who have narrowly escaped death, to say that in the momentary crisis of peril they remembered all the evil deeds they had ever committed; all of which is romantic but unnatural and improbable; for horror, if worthy of the name, as mine was, is too much absorbed in the contemplation of the present to trouble itself about the future, and, least of all, about the past.

Memory! My eyes were all before me, when I saw that tiger; and staring directly into his, I seemed to melt suddenly down to the floor before him, as if I had been an ice-cream, and he a burning July sun. I fell, lantern in hand, upon my knees, and then more prostrate, as if the lower my head went, the less notice his royal ferocity would take of me. So indelibly was that present time impressed on my mind, to the conclusion of any hazy memory about the errors of the past, that I can now truly tell you how I felt.

I felt, in the first place, for my lantern. If the light should go out, I should be ushered into eternity without seeing my way clear; and like Homer's Ajax, who had probably been seared in the dark when he was young, I wanted all the light possible:

"If I must perish, I thy will obey;
But let me perish by the lantern's ray."

Such was one of my thoughts, so, clutching the lantern, I looked the tiger in the face, and formed a very unfavorable opinion of his physiognomic denotements. He had language large, but it was like the language of the birch, easy to understand and hard to get used to. There was unspeakable eloquence lodged around the corners of that large mouth, even in repose; and how persuasive it might be, when open, it was not difficult to imagine. The cruelly receding character of the forehead, which I have often noticed in the British head, implied a lack of benevolence shocking to contemplate; while the muscular development of the forepaws, and the spread of claws, signified a grasping nature and ability, in grim harmony with the general aspect of the beast; whose hide, horribly beautiful, was the chief redeeming feature of the picture, and seemed to glow, like molten gold, under the light of my lantern.

By degrees, seeing that his Bengal Excellency made no undue haste to spring upon me, I recovered from my partial paralysis, sufficiently to compose my trembling limbs with less discomfort upon the hard floor, and to reorganize my scattered powers of reasoning; and I asked myself as to the policy of extinguishing the light. But the thought was discarded as soon as formed; for I remembered that this herculean cat could see as well in the dark as in the light, and that, singularly enough, a flame is often a terror to these fiery wild animals.

Having, therefore, decided upon the one point, of allowing the lantern to burn till my light and it should be perhaps extinguished together, I took a cursory view of the situation in other respects.

As the tiger did not yet move toward me, suppose I should move from him? I had a very strong inclination to do

this, but counter-considerations prevailed. A bit of poetry entered my head, in the shape of an old adage:

"To fly the boar, when he doth not pursue,
Will but incense the boar to follow you."

Were I to stir, the possibility of my getting along well enough without him might inflame his enterprise, and excite a rival activity on his part; and what kind of a chance should I have, a poor mouse, under the eye of that gigantic feline? I felt that, in such a scrum, bling game of all-fours, my hands would be speedily played out.

I was the more convinced of this "nuptial" probability, from the fact that the side-door, through which I had entered, and by which I might otherwise have hoped to escape, had shut to with a spring, and was self-fastening. With-out a key it could only be opened from the other side—a circumstance I did not learn till I had entered; and though I had found the bunch of keys, I might have opened it, or otherwise could have summoned assistance by pounding on the door, still this was no relief to me, distant as I was from it; and almost certain, that, before I could reach and have it opened, I should be within the embrace of the pursuing tiger.

Alas! this was a most disheartening reflection, and thoughts of a barbarous death thickened upon my sickening soul. I had seen a cats strategy, in playing with a mouse; mauling it, retreating awhile, pretending sleep, waiting till its hope revived, and pouncing again upon it. Was this to be my fate?

No, thought I, I am no mouse. Let me be warned by what I have seen. I am a divine soul, imbued with the essence of immortality; and, what is more to my present purpose, gifted with a certain amount of prescience, by which I yet accomplish my deliverance, if I look sharp and lie still. So long as the tiger does the same, I shall be safe. When he moves, it will be a good time for me also to be in a hurry.

It is possible for me to convey to you how, as thus I lay prostrate, surveying the savage bulk of that Asiatic despot, I longed, but dared not stir, for Bill Ramsay. It seemed as if I had been in that place of awful jeopardy for as much as two hours; if so, it was 2 o'clock in the morning; and it might be that Ramsay would abbreviate his sojourn at the gaming-table, lose all he had, or get intoxicated, and he compelled to return to his duty as night guard over the welfare of that establishment.

It might be! But how frail the hope on which so much depended! He was more likely to be too late to do me any good. It seemed highly possible that on his arrival he would find the mutilated remains of his employer's youthful nephew, ignominiously distributed about the premises. The bloody spectacle might effect a permanent reform in his habits. He might take buttons from my clothes, as relics of the sad cats, trophees, and show them away, as awful warnings of the effects of gambling. He might produce a world-wide reformation in that respect, and go down to the grave cursing his gray hairs, while the world was blessing them—but all this would do me no good. He might even shoot the tiger—but he could not put my parts together again. I should be dead and gone; and all for a goat.

How I hated drink and gambling then; for, had it not been for those propensities in Bill Ramsay, he would have been discharging his duty by sleeping faithfully at his post, and thus have been at hand to neutralize or prevent this frightful emergency.

The more I reflected upon the probability of his speedy return, the more I felt convinced of its improbability; and the consciousness that I was thus endangered, in the heart of a large city, within and yet beyond the reach of help, was so aggravating that at one time I actually felt desperate, and was on the point of making a sudden dash for the nearest cage, and climbing to the top or stowing myself away in some possible corner—which might easily have been done had not the tiger been there—a serious drawback. I had no doubt that he was a more excellent climber than I.

But, remaining where I had fallen, though ever so quiet, I might tempt the tiger's appetite in time; and as I peered up at his rapacious face, through the chinks of my fingers, and thought how naturally he might be hungry in the night-time, when the tyrants of the wilderness are accustomed to prowl and prey, I wondered he was so tardy with such a luscious spread before him. To be sure, there was no doubt he had had his supper; but I very much feared that a tiger's voracity was not to be measured by the regulation-diet of a menagerie. And if his hunger were appeased, who could set bounds to his perpetual fondness for killing and reading, for the mere sport of the thing?

The wholesale remorselessness of that massive visage; the intensified craftiness

those big sulphurous eyes; the bulging wickedness of the hairy cheeks; the slumbering malice harbored about the placid but deceitful jaws; the bunched sinuosity of the extended legs; and the venomous vigor lurking in that vast pair of velvet paws, were objects of a most objectionable criticism on my part.

Having lingered in my recumbent position for, as I should judge, about three hours, fatigued and lame with my unchanged attitude, and nearly exhausted with momentary apprehensions of some sudden change in the tiger's—for he seemed only waiting for me to stir to spring upon me—I now became imbued with a fresh fear to disconcert me. If Ramsay should come, what would be the immediate consequences?

I trembled for the result when he should be heard at the front door, putting in his key, opening, and perhaps drunk and staggering. I should not dare to shout, to tell him who and where I was, and that the tiger was at liberty; and if Ramsay should be the worse for liquor, he might not understand my exclamation, be himself helpless and in any event might make so much noise as to startle the tiger at once into active operations, which might end only with the immolation of both of us. Then, too the sanguinary monster might escape into the street, and pursuing his work of slaughter—But my reflections were not carried far in that direction. I confess that my principal fear was about myself—and the tiger.

There is no accounting for the irregularity of one's train of thought and mixed emotions when his mind is greatly excited. Appalled as I was, there was yet room enough in my soul for anger; and I was angry. My anger was not with the tiger for being loose, but with Bill Ramsay for allowing him to get so; for how, except through the reprehensible remissness of Ramsay, could the tiger have thus released himself from confinement within his bars and acquired free range of the premises? Had the keeper left his door unlocked? Could the tiger have burst the door himself, and afterward torn the front bars out? for there were none of this cage. Or, might it be that this was not the tiger's cage, but one into which, leaving his own, he had escaped?

This last conjecture I thought must be the true one. This cage must be an unfinished one; and the tiger, liking a change of quarters, had thus manifested his approval, both of the change and the range afforded. This made me exasperated with Bill Ramsay; and the possibility that he might be the first and only victim did not much grieve me—though I had previously some respect for him, as he had always treated me well when I visited the city.

It was at this stage of my thoughts when the long anticipated time of the crisis arrived:

I heard the voice of Bill Ramsay, outside, in the street. He was singing a song. If not drunk, he was partly so.

I heard his key in the door; and, tremblingly alive to the occasion, I divided my attention threw my eyes on the tiger and my ears toward Bill Ramsay, determined to remain motionless, and let him, as he approached, take the first spring!

I heard the door shut and locked. The tiger remained quiet. I heard Ramsay walking up to me. Still the tiger did not stir.

"Craft," thought I. "Or, is the tiger deaf, or asleep with his eyes open?" "Hallo, here!" now cried Ramsay, standing over me in astonishment, and touching me with his foot. "What are you doing here, Raymond?"

I looked up and told him to hush, mark that tiger, and open that cage for us both to get into as soon as possible.

"What! are you afraid of a stuffed tiger?" shouted he, laughing so heartily that I heard a lion-growl at him, some monkeys chattering, and my pet goat begin to baa.

"Stuffed!" said I; and I got up at once and found it so: for, as Ramsay explained, this Royal Bengal Tiger had been dead three months; but, having been so large and beautiful, my uncle had had him stuffed by a Frenchman, and sent home on the preceding evening.

This, then, accounted for my miraculous escape, and no thanks to the tiger nor my prudence in keeping quiet so long.

I have only to add that I got my goat, and went home with him in the early morning stage. But, speaking of intense fright turning the hair gray in a short space of time: I looked in the glass, and, to my surprise—I found one perceptible change about it; it seemed as if it curled more tightly than before. But this I attributed to the new hair-oil I was using.

LIFT ME HIGHER.—A little girl, thirteen years old, was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling, she said softly: Lift me higher! lift me higher!

Her parents lifted her up with pillows, but she faintly said:

No, not that! but there, again looking earnestly toward Heaven, where her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her gravestone these words were carved: Jane B—, aged thirteen. LIFTED HIGHER. A beautiful idea of dying, was it not?