

# The Elk Advocate.

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

VOL. 5 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. THURSDAY April 27th 1865 NO 31

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**LAURIE J. BLAKELY**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR  
AT LAW.  
Ridgway, [for Benzinger P. O.] Elk Co., Pa.

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

**OUTHER & WILLIS,**  
Attorneys at Law, Ridgway Elk county Pa., will attend to all professional 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 matters 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. W. SHAW,**  
Practices Medicines & Surgery  
Centreville Elk Co. Pa.

**DR. J. S. BORDWELL**  
ELECTRIC 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. C. R. RAWLEY,** Keesey 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. KORBS,**  
**Eagle Hotel**  
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 18th 1861.—ly.

**LUTHERSBURG HOTEL,**  
Luthersburg Clearfield County Penna.

**WILLIAM SCHWEM,** Proprietor.  
Luthersburg, July 27th 1861.—14

**NATIONAL HOTEL!**  
Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road,  
**ELK R. I. P. A.**

**ENOS B. HOYT, Proprietor**  
This House is new and fitted up with a 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 best part of the town, is well provided with house-rooms 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 STS.  
Clearfield Pa

**GEO. N. COLBURN,** PROPRIETOR  
**ST. MARY'S HOTEL,**  
ST. MARY'S ELK COUNTY PENNA.  
M. WELLENDOFF, Prop'r.

**FALLEN HOUSE**  
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

**E. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.**  
Omnibus running to and from the Depot free of charge.

**MOORHEAD HOUSE,** near 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.

## 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) 3 bushel	-\$ 4 00
Buckwheat " "	1 50
Beans, " "	4 00
Butter " lb	45
Beef " "	9@12
Boards " M	20 00
Corn " bushel	1 50
Flour " bbl	12 00
Hides " lb	08
Hay " ton	50 00
Oats " bu	1 00
Wheat " "	2 50
Rye " "	1 75
Shingles " M	4 50
Eggs " dozen	30
Hams " per lb	25
Pork " "	15



**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, 1861.

**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.

For Freight business of the Company's Agents:  
S. B. Kingston, Jr. Cor. 15th 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. Wm'p't.

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

**ADOLPH TIMM,**  
Centreville, Elk county Pa.  
General Manufacturer of Wagons, Buggies, &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 Duct. Blakely.

**COUNTY DIRECTORY.**  
President Judge,  
Hon. R. G. White, Wellsborough.  
Associate Judges,  
Hon. V. S. Broekway, Jay tp.  
Hon. E. C. Schmitze, 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 Walmesley, St. Mary's.  
Commissioners,  
Charles Weis, St. Mary's.  
Geo. Dickinson, Ridgway.  
Joseph W. Taylor, Fox.  
Auditors,  
R. T. Kyles, Fox.  
Jacob McCauley, Fox.  
H. D. Derr, Benzett.

**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.

**Love.**  
"Pete, what am I?" asked a sable youth, of his companion, a perfect African Plato.  
"And you don't know nuffin' about him?"  
"No, Uncle Pete."  
"Why your education is dreadfully imperfect. Don't you feel him in your business, to be sure?"  
The other inserted his hand beneath his waistcoat.  
"No, I don't Uncle Pete."  
"Ignorant nigger! I am a strong passion which rends de soul so severely dat even time itself can't heal it."  
"Den, Uncle Pete, I know who he is lub."  
"Who am I?"  
"Dis old bout ob mine. Its soul am rent so severely dat Johnson, de cobler, utterly refused to mend him; and he says dat he is bat do debble himself couldn't heel 'im."

**NOTICE.**—The Books and accounts of Jacob J. Storer & Co., and Charles H. Goring & Co., of St. Mary's, have been placed in the hands of the undersigned in settlement. Parties indebted to either of the above firms, are notified that their accounts must be settled by payment to the undersigned, within 30 days.  
**LAURIE J. BLAKELY, Atty**  
for **GERING & CO. & STORER & CO.**  
St. Mary's February, 26th '65.—64.

## The Bluebird.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.  
O, do you hear the bluebird,  
The herald of the Spring—  
How cheerily he tunes his pipe,  
How lithely he blanches his wing?

He breathes the native note of praise,  
To the great Source of Good;  
The trees are vocal with his lays,  
Instinct with gratitude.

He mounts upon his downy wing,  
He cleaves the ambient air,  
Inhales the balmy breath of spring,  
And wakes the world of prayer.

The fertile earth, at Nature's voice,  
Unlocks her precious store,  
And mount and vale and plain rejoice,  
To greet the genial hour.

The purling stream, no longer bound  
In winter's icy chain,  
Sparkles beneath the sunny ray,  
And freely flows again.

Flows, as life flows in infancy,  
Pure, radiant and serene,  
Through flowers and fields and fragrant  
groves,  
That animate the scene.

Flows on till winter checks its tide,  
And robs it of its bloom,  
Like death, that in your youthful pride,  
Consigns us to the tomb.

Yet man, for whom these notes are sung,  
For whom these waters flow,  
For whom this vernal wealth abounds,  
The monarch here below!

Man, on man! with lofty brow,  
With stubborn heart and knee,  
Looks o'er this smiling universe,  
Ungrateful, Lord, to thee.

The perils of the winter past,  
Spring, like a blooming bride,  
The summers and the autumns hope,  
All magnify his pride!

There—there he stands—a rebel still,  
A recreant of that Power  
That murmurs in each rimpl rill,  
And breathes in every flower.

**Wishing.**  
Of all amusements for the mind,  
From logic down to fishing,  
There isn't one that you can find  
So very cheap as "wishing."  
A very choice diversion, too,  
If we but rightly use it,  
And not, as we are apt to do,  
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish, indeed—  
My purse was something flatter;  
That I might clear the child of need,  
And not my pride to flatter;  
That I might make oppression reel  
As only gold can make it,  
And break the tyrant's rod of steel  
As only gold can break it.

I wish—that sympathy and love,  
And every human passion  
That has its origin above,  
Would come and keep in fashion;  
That scorn, and jealousy, and hate,  
And every base emotion,  
Were buried fathoms deep,  
Beneath the waves of ocean!

I wish—that friends were always true,  
And motives always pure;  
I wish the good were not so few  
I wish the bad were fewer;  
I wish that persons ne'er forgot  
To heed their pious teaching;  
I wish that practicing was not  
So different from preaching.

I wish—that modest worth might be  
Appraised with truth and candor;  
I wish that innocence were free  
From treachery and slander;  
I wish that men their vows would mind,  
That women ne'er were rotters;  
I wish that wives were always kind,  
And husbands always lovers.

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,  
And every good ideal,  
May come, ever while, throughout the earth,  
To be the glorious real;  
Till God shall every creature bless  
With his supremest blessing,  
And hope be lost in happiness,  
And wishing in possessing.

**Love.**  
"Pete, what am I?" asked a sable youth, of his companion, a perfect African Plato.

"And you don't know nuffin' about him?"

"No, Uncle Pete."

"Why your education is dreadfully imperfect. Don't you feel him in your business, to be sure?"

The other inserted his hand beneath his waistcoat.

"No, I don't Uncle Pete."

"Ignorant nigger! I am a strong passion which rends de soul so severely dat even time itself can't heal it."

"Den, Uncle Pete, I know who he is lub."

"Who am I?"  
"Dis old bout ob mine. Its soul am rent so severely dat Johnson, de cobler, utterly refused to mend him; and he says dat he is bat do debble himself couldn't heel 'im."

## BROTHER TOM'S WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.  
"If you marry that girl brother Tom,  
I'll have nothing to do with her. I  
won't visit her, nor call her sister, nor  
speak to her!"

And Lizzie Dawson put on an outraged and indignant air as it was possible for her to assume.

"What's the objection?" asked Tom of his cool way, fixing his large calm eyes upon the pretty face of his sister, as she sat unwearyingly swaying half around and back again on the piano stool.

"Objection!" The young lady's cherry lip curled. "Who is she? What's she?"

"A sweet-tempered, true hearted young woman, who will make me a good little wife. Are you not answered, sister of mine?"

"A sewing girl!" said Lizzie, contemptuously.

"What our mother was, as I have been told, before her marriage," answered brother Tom. "And if my eyes have not deceived me, she has been a sewing woman since my recollection of her."

"That's another thing," said the sister. "Mother was superior to her class and has risen above it."

"Suppose I answer your objections to Harriet, and say that she is superior to her class, and will rise above it? What then? My father made a good matrimonial venture, and I may do the same."

"But why, brother Tom," urged the sister, "don't you choose a wife from among those on your own level?"

"What do you mean by those on your own level? Let us understand each other."

"From among those who move in our own circle. From the educated, refined and accomplished."

"Such as the Misses Waltons, for instance."

"Yes, or the Misses Edews."

"Whose father supports them in idleness, and expect the young men who marry them to do the same. Now Lizzie, the fact of the business is, I like Mary Eden very well, and once came so near falling in love with her, that I was really frightened. I did not go near her pretty face again for six months after I felt the first movement of the tender passion."

"Dear Mary! O, Tom! why not marry her? I could love her as my own sister."

"Can't afford it, pretty. I'm but a poor young man, and have only my talents and industry to help me forward in the world. Mary can't do anything herself, and would expect me to put her in an establishment, but little less costly than the one her father owns."

"Oh, but Tom, there'll be no necessity for going to housekeeping at first. And then, you know, her father is well off in the world, and he'll give her a house, and furnish it, no doubt, when she is married."

But Tom shook his head.

"Mary Eden's father may or may not be rich," he replied. "My own private opinion is, that he is living up to, if not a little beyond his income. And as to the house and furniture which Mary's husband is going to get, that is something very fine to feed a fancy upon. The real bricks and mortar is another affair."

"Oh, but Mr. Eden's rich Tom."

"The rich men of to day are our poor men of to-morrow, Lizzie. I wouldn't give the soap of a finger for a rich father-in-law as a dependence. I mean to trust in myself, an honest purpose and a clear conscience. And as for a wife, I want a woman with life, purpose, industry and independence in her, not a great bundle of silk, laces, bonnets and curl papers, with a pretty little helpless do-nothing doll, hidden somewhere inside of the ermine circle revolution. And then, again, Lizzie, I am something of an independent young man, wonder fully given to the work of taking care of myself. I happen to be at the bottom of the ladder, and if I ever get to the top my own strength will carry me there. Now, a wife on my back, instead of one of the rounds of a ladder, keeping step with me upwards, would be a dead weight, and keep me at or near the foot forever. No, no, pretty, I cannot afford one of your finished boarding-school misses for a wife—the luxury is too expensive for me. So I am going to marry a girl who knows something of real life—a true, good patient enduring, self-denying, sweet darling little body, who is not ashamed to earn her living with the needle. And I can tell you what, Dolly, I only wish you were like Harriet Parker; there would be forty chances in favor of your marrying a man of sense to those you have now. Don't you know that a new society has been formed among young men, and that a new society has been formed among young men, and that some of the very best 'catches' among them have signed a pledge not to marry any girl who is not willing to commence matrimonial life with two rooms and kitchen,

and who doesn't know how to luke, cook and sew, and to wash and iron into the bargain? I am the President."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Lizzie. "You'll cry some other word when you get on the old maids' list, and see your place filled in the home of some man that is a man by a woman who was not ashamed of useful employment when she was a girl. I can tell you what, my dainty little sister, there's a reform at work, and men worth having are beginning to choose between no marriage or marriage with girls of plain notions and more useful accomplishments than are possessed by the butterflies who lounge on sofas all day knitting zephyr or reading novels. So making up your mind to reform or old maidism. And now, as in all probability you understand that I am in earnest about marrying Harriet Parker, I hope you will reconsider your hasty resolutions about not speaking to your sister-in-law. The loss, let me tell you, will all be on your own side."

Brother Tom understood his own position entirely. He was not a man to stoop below himself in marrying. He could not unite himself with one who was ignorant and unrefined—against that his generously educated soul would have revolted. But he wanted a real, not an artificial, woman—one who could take her place beside him, as he did on the lowest round of fortune's ladder, and keep step with him upward. Such a one he had found in Harriet Parker, and he was independent enough to make her his wife.

Lizzie soon discovered, after brother Tom actually got married and commenced housekeeping in two rooms, with his modest, cheerful, earnest-minded wife, that her new sister had about her something that insensibly won the love, commanded the respect and almost exerted the admiration of all who were so fortunate as to make her acquaintance.

"Marriage, they say, makes or mars a man," the brother overheard Lizzie once saying, in an undertone to a lady friend. "But it will not mar the fortune of brother Tom. He's got just the wife to help him along in the world; and one that will grace any position to which they may rise."

"My own sentiments exactly, pretty," spoke out brother Tom. "She's a jewel; and worth a thousand of your peeps and tinsel women. I told you so. But you couldn't believe me. Now, if you'll go and apprentice yourself to a dress-maker or a milliner, or learn to do any useful work—useful not simply ornamental I mean, I will recommend you to the new president of the society I told you about. I had to resign when I got married. He's a splendid specimen and will make a husband worthy of a queen."

**An Amusing Incident.**

Pat. [entering].—"Is Mister House in?"

Clark.—"No such man lives here. You must have made a mistake in the door."

Pat.—"Och, now I don't you be coming your blame! Sure, an' didn't I rade House's Tiltograph on the outside?"

Clark.—"Ah, I understand. I attend to Mr. House's business."

Pat.—"Och! ye do? Well, can ye send me brother Mick, in New York?"

Clark.—"Yes, have you a written message?"

Pat.—"Och, brother! Niver made of givin' a message in writin', at all. Niver a word can be rade. Just give him this five dollar bill, sure, to pay the fine the blackguards put upon him."

Clark.—"Oh, we can't send money by telegraph. Money must go by mail."

Pat.—"Sure, an' what 'ed I go buy mail for? An' isn't three pecks of illeggal mail I have in me-house already?"

Clark.—"No, you don't understand. I mean by post."

Pat.—"Post, is it? In a letter? An' ye can't send it by tiltograph?"

Clark.—"No. All we can do, if you have a message, we cauged that. That is, we charge the wire with electricity, and make it write in New York."

Pat.—"Make it right, is it? Well, now, be dadd, that's a thing indreely! Just make it right with Mick, and here's the money."

Clark. [angrily].—"We can't do any thing of the sort. I mean we can write, w-r-i-t-e, print the words you want to say to your brother in New York."

Pat. [scratching his head with a puzzled air].—"If you can do that, just be after discorsin' wid him soon as ye like."

Clark.—"But I tell you you must write the message you wish to send, on this piece of paper."

Pat.—"Och, bad luck to it! Niver a bit can I write, sure?"

Clark.—"Well, I'll do it for you. What's your brother's name?"

Pat.—"Mick."

Clark.—"What is his other name?"  
Pat.—"Same as me own. Sure, we're brothers."

Clerk.—"Yes, yes, I know that. What is he called?"

Pat.—"What is he called, is it? In the auld country they called him 'Shillelah Mick' becaise of the many fine hats he had at awigins' that he had a twig, an' many's the scone, sure, he cracked like an old lay pot when—"

Clerk. [angrily].—"Oh, nonsense! I don't want to know anything about a fighting propensity. I want to know his other name. It is Mick what?"

Pat.—"Och, beheration, no! Mick Watt is my cousin—bad luck to him! He as lives in the county of Kerry, an' he's been dead these five years."

Clerk.—"Confound it! Can't you tell me your brother's other name? He's not one besides Michael, hasn't he?"

Pat.—"Oh, ye, sure, why didn't ye be after tellin' me that's what ye had ad before; for, sure as me name's Pat Finnegan, ye should ha' been told the family name of my ancestors, widout blashin'."

Clerk.—"Ah! Finnegan is the name?"

Pat.—"No, jewel—Mick Finnegan, Niver an R. Finnegan in the fam, savin' Rory. He's listed for a sopp."

Clerk.—"No matter about that, I'm for the message. (Writes) 'Tell me you in paying the five imposed on me. I will send you five dollars by wire. There that will do. Here are eight words; the first ten will cost you five cents, the others twenty-four—make seventy-four in all!'"

Pat.—"Och, brother the first words! Sure Mick will niver miss 'em. Send the last!"

Clerk.—"We can't do that. You must pay forty cents, at any rate."

Pat.—"Sorra a bit can I do that! You may tell Mick the reason of it, but no message from me was owin' occasion of the money it cost; and explain the reason of his not hearin' me at all!"

Clerk.—"We can't do any such thing. You must pay forty cents, or we will send no message at all."

Pat.—"Och! be dadd, it'll never do! Sure I'll pay niver a cent to send a sage over your oild dirty wire, but a o' a tiltograph. [Exmuttering.]"

**TAKE MY HAND, PAPA!**  
dead of night I am frequently troubled by a little hand stealing out from under my side, with the pleading, "Please take my hand, papa!"

Instantly the little boy's hand is released, his tears vanish, and, notwithstanding the consciousness of his father's presence, he falls into a sleep again.

We commend this lesson of filial faith and trust to the anxious, loving ones that are found in every household.

Stretch forth your hand, O father, although you may be in the deepest darkness and gloom, and an anxious suspense may cloud your pathway, and that very act will be the presence of a loving, comforting Father, and give you the peace that is both all understanding.

The darkness may not pass away once; night may enfold you in its embrace, but its terrors will be dispelled, its gloom and sadness flee away in the simple grasp of the Father's sweet peace will be given and your rest security knowing that the "world cometh."—*Conyregionalist.*

**THE ROOSA MURDER—ARREST.**  
We learn that another arrest has been made with the view to the murderer of the Roosa.

This week one James Shroads, near Morrow, was taken up, on a charge of riot, but the real cause was a suspicion of his being engaged in the full tragedy referred to. He is said to be a man of very suspicious character, of the prisoner, exclaimed—"That's the murderer of my family!" He attempted to escape, but was retaken, and is now in custody. It is stated that at the time of the murder he had been in the brewery in the vicinity, in connection with the Roosa family.

The following verses were written in England in 1855. That was just ten years ago. They might have been written in America yesterday:

Unhappier age who ever saw,  
When truth doth go for treason,  
Every blockhead's will is law,  
And exco'm's sense is reason.

Religion's made the bawd of state,  
To serve the pimps and panders,  
Our liberty a prison gate,  
And our morals our commanders.

O how wretched is our fate!  
What dangers do we run?  
We must be wicked to be great;  
And to be just— undone.

"Do you think I'll get justice for me?" said a culprit to his counsel. "Don't think you will, for I see two on the jury who are opposed to hanging was the reply."

"If Gabriel happens to fight with the New England Puritans, there's no resurrection, for they will send him out of his horn before he can get a single tooth!"

**SHORT AND SWEET.**—"Fine morning, Mr. O'Sullivan." "Yes, sir; awfully too fine a morning for so early like you to be enjoying."

An India rubber horse car is said to have been invented, which, when jammed will hold a couple dozen more.

When you see a man on a light night trying to convince his neighbors that it is improper to follow a man, you may be sure that it is time for him to join a temperance society.