

The Elk Advocate.

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

VOL. 5 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. THURSDAY JUNE 22 1865 NO 35

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 professional business promptly.

Chapin & Wilbur
Attorneys and Counselors 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. W. Shaw
Practises Medicines & Surgery
Centerville 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. Earley, Kersy 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. Korps,
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 16th 1864.—ly.

Luthersburg Hotel,
Luthersburg Clearfield county Penna.

William Schwem, Proprietor.
Luthersburg, July 27th 1864.—tf.

National Hotel!
Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road,
ERIE PA.

Enos B. Hoyt, Proprietor
This House is new and fitted up with especial care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates.
GOOD BREAKFAST 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. It 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 ST'S.
Clearfield Pa.
GEO. N. COLBURN, PROPRIETOR

St. Mary's Hotel
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.

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.

BUSINESS CARDS

WOODS & WRIGHT

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

Ridgway Markets.

Corrected weekly:

Apples, (dry) @ bushel	-\$ 4 00
Buckwheat " " "	1 50
Beans " " "	4 00
Butter " lb "	45
Beef " " "	\$6 12
Boards " M. "	20 00
Corn " bushel "	1 50
Flour " bbl. "	12 00
Hides " lb "	08
Hay " ton "	50 00
Oats " bn. "	1 00
Wheat " " "	2 50
Rye " " "	1 75
Shingles " M. "	4 50
Eggs " dozen "	30
Hams " " "	35
Pork " " "	15

1865 1865



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.

W. Brown, 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'sp't.

W. T. LESHER,
Dealer in

Clothing, Hats, & Men's Furnishing Goods
WATER STREET,
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO., PA.

ADOLPH TIMM,
Centreville, Elk county P. a.

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 Doet. Blakely.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

President Judge,
Hon. R. G. White, Wellsborough.

Associate Judges,
Hon. V. S. Brockway, Jay tp.
Hon. E. C. Schultz, St. Mary's.

Sheriff,
P. W. Hays, Ridgway

Prothonotary, Reg. and Rec.
George Ed. Weis, Ridgway

District Attorney,
L. J. Blakely, Ridgway

Treasurer,
Charles Lahr, St. Mary's

County Surveyor,
George Walmsley, St. Mary's

Commissioners,
Charles Weis, St. Mary's
Geo. Dickinson, Ridgway.

Auditors,
Joseph W. Taylor, Fox.
R. T. Klyer, 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 & h. w. 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 Co., Pa.

NOTICE.—The Books and accounts of Jacob J. Sterer & Co., and Charles H. Gering & Co., of St. Mary's, have been placed in the hands of the undersigned for 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, Att'y
for GERING & CO. & STORER & CO.
St. Mary's February, 25th '65.—5t.

POETRY.

WISHING.

Of all amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There is not 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 fatter;
That I might cheer 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 fifty 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 here 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 covets;
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, erewhile, 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 is possessing.

Living in the Rear.

BY MARY CHIEF.

All the fashionables in our street were out of town. Whole rows of shutters were tightly closed, and long lines of doors dust-colored. After passing so many deserted homes, it was refreshing to come upon the curtain-draped windows and well kept vestibule of our own habitation. I entered quite exuberant, and danced through the hall, singing "Home Sweet Home," right into the presence of my mother and sisters, assembled in the tea-room in solemn conclave.

My eldest sister, Maria, the belle and beauty of the family checked my song with the curt remark: "I don't see anything sweet about one's home when it happens to be in the city, and every body who makes any pretensions to gentility is out of town."

I recognized the bone of contention immediately. It was one picked bare every season when the contest between inclination and ability waxed hottest. The cause of this was all written down in mamma's account book when the income refused to be at peace with the expenses.

There was a mistake somewhere. The Odell family should have had larger incomes or feebler aspirations. Under the present arrangement we were always engaged in a sort of mental arithmetic solving the algebraic problem, given a small income how much show we could make in the front of the house, and how much we could save in the rear. Mamma always eliminated the equation, multiplying the income by ten in the parlor and dividing it by the same number in the kitchen.

Unfortunately, the expenses of rustication did not admit of such elimination. Traveling expenses cost just so much, board just so much, incidentals just so much, the rent of the town-house, and city-tax, cotton-tax, and revenue tax, never stopping, and there was no division possible. It was a simple equation 2 by 4=7, and no mathematics could make it less. The sum was beyond the possibilities of our income, and mamma fretted and my sister fumed. I had always been told that I had no pride in the credit of the family, and therefore was not astonished that I had not been invited to a feast with the solemn assem-

bly. With an unfortunate allusion I had precipitated myself into the committee on ways and means, however and sat down patiently to listen.

Isabel, my second sister, less beautiful but more decided than Marie, now spoke:

"We must go to Newport for a fortnight in the height of the season. Louis Andermere will be there. It is a plain confession of poverty to remain home the six weeks before. Louis Andermere will so understand it."

Marie frowned. Louis Andermere was another bone of contention between them. He had been attracted to Marie by her beauty, but Isabel had won him to herself by her superior intelligence. She said, with considerable sarcasm:

"You talk as if Louis Andermere were a piece of personal property."
Isabel answered with silent scorn. She started up presently, saying:

"Let us close the front of the house, dismiss our up-stair girl, and live in the rear. We will be out of town to our friends, and Dinah will say to every one who comes, 'Pa is going East, and will not signify to him; we can live very cheaply, and save money and dresses for Newport. I can work steadily on the Afghan Dinah procured from the worsted store, and we can all work and economize without let or hindrance.'"

Marie applauded. Mamma consented. Isabel turned to me:

"Agnes, what do you say?"
"I say it indicates vanity, inanity, insanity, and the lowest form of serfdom."
Marie exclaimed, "Oh, for a Webster's Unabridged."
Isabel was practical, and quietly asked:

"And you will not do it?"
I laughed in derision.
"Certainly not. Make myself a voluntary prisoner, condemn myself to semi-barbarism, wander through a few back rooms in deshabille and self imposed disgrace, give up my music-lessons, and library, and friends, and pleasant walks? No, not for all the wealth of all the Andermeres!"

Then the storm burst. I was selfish, vulgar, plebeian, unworthy the name of Odell, and certain to disgrace it. My father's entrance spared me more. He would not reprobate with my mother. He had tried it before without avail; but if I, his pet child, wished the liberty of the house and city, I should have it.

At last it was settled. I was permitted to remain in the city, to pursue my music, and the rest of the family were to go out of town, i. e. live in the rear. The house was put in out-of-town order. Curtains came down, furniture was covered, shutters were closed, and the general air of desertion assumed.

Going out of the door with my roll of music a few mornings after, I recognized Louis Andermere across the street.

He came over and joined me, laughed over the general exodus, evinced some surprise at my sisters' sudden departure, and left me with the assurance that he should assume the duty of cheering my loneliness.

It was a new experience for my sisters to leave the parlors as they did when Louis Andermere's arrival was announced by a promontory ring. They did it without fear or trembling. Does stain fear comparison with homespun? Does the sun seem to shrink from fire, light, or the moon from stars?

"Are your sisters far out of town?"
"Inaugurated the series of questions I so much dreaded."

"Not very far," I answered, "but the place is not easy of access, neither cars nor steamboats connecting directly with it."
Steamboat-connections with our back-rooms!

"What is the name of the place?"
"Like some other country-places, it is nameless," I answered. "It is some distance out of Boston."
New York some distance out of Boston!

"It must be a great place," he suggested.

"Very," I answered. "They will be likely to have little gaiety or noise except of their own creation."

"Is it level or rolling land?"
"Level for considerable distances, rising abruptly into steep heights."

Such a description of our back stairs!

"Scenery fine?" he questioned.

I thought of the view circumscribed to a few feet of grass-plots, and the unsightly rear walls of our neighbors houses, and replied, with an irrepressible smile:

"I judge it would seem tame to one who had seen the Alps or the Rhine in its winding beauty."
I was glad when he branched off into other topics, books, arts, and music, where I could drop prerogative. Then at his request, I played and sang; played my best, and sang my sweetest, with his appreciative eyes upon me.

After this I met him often. Walking to my lessons, he would join me

and the way became henceforth a charmed walk; strolling in the park his voice would greet me, and all the paths were strewn with beauty; occasionally in the parlor he joined me as I sang, and the great dark rooms lost their loneliness.

Then my sisters took alarm, and one evening when I was waiting for Louis Andermere, looking, as Marie said, quite stylish and interesting, Isabel informed me it was not proper for me to receive his visits, and mamma forbade their continuance.

Troubled in spite of my pleasure, happy in spite of my trouble, part of the evening passed, when, following a ring at the door, burst in our Cousin Dick, our wealthy, privileged Cousin Dick.

"What's this?" he exclaimed.—
"Folks in the country, Dinah tells me, and Miss Agnes staying home to tend to her music. Andermere, how do you do? Music? Yes, I see, it takes two to attend to it. Aggie, I am hungry as a bear, and am going to the larder to help myself. Don't object, for I will do it. You need not look so frightened. If I don't find but two cruts I will leave you one!"

Louis Andermere came to my side as he left the room. He had been smiling before, but his face was grave now.

"Agnes, you are troubled to-night."

Troubled! I was thinking of a possible encounter between my Cousin Dick and eaves dropping sisters whom I heard flee up the back-stairs. The tone and manner of my companion drove away all thoughts but the possibility of seeing him no more. I tried to smile.

"It is hard work, Agnes. I think you are longing for a sight of home-faces."

I looked up quickly, there was so much merriment in his tone, and I caught a merry twinkle in his eye.
He continued: "Make a home-face of mine, or rather let me make a home-face of yours, Agnes. Look at the face I covet to have ever near me!"

He turned my head toward the mirror, and I withdrew my eyes from my own blushing face. He did not suffer me to speak, but drew me to himself and called me "wife" so much men take for granted.

Dick came upon us at this crisis.
"By all the storehouses of Egypt," he exclaimed, "you must have a prodigious appetite. I found bread enough down-stairs for a large family, and butter in proportion. There were fragments enough for several persons, and Dinah has just taken a batch of pies from the oven that ought to last you a month. Dinah says Miss Agnes is powerful fond of pies."

I blushed painfully, and again I caught that merry look in Louis Andermere's eyes.
"The house is haunted," he replied. "I hear footsteps sometimes when Dinah is in the kitchen, and Agnes is with me, and ever and anon I hear an involuntary gust of music like Isabel's. I believe these evil spirits steal Dinah's pies. I don't like Agnes under their influence. I shall take her away."

The sisterly spirits rebelled, and the motherly spirit reproached, but I found an active ally in my father; to-day Maria and Isabel quote, with great deal of pride, "our wealthy sister, Mrs. Louis Andermere."

The Dead Democracy.

"Democracy is dead," say the radicals. Yes, dead! as truth crushed to earth; dead as Christ crucified; dead as philosophy died with the crushing of Galileo; dead as discovery died in the impotency of Columbus; dead as liberty died in the dark days of the Revolution; dead as the steam confined.

Aud the din of battle—aud the clash of opinion in high circles for four years past, Democracy, that element indicative and productive of peaceful prosperity and national greatness, has been apparently powerless. Now, however, while fanatics and fools pronounce it dead, with slow, measured step it is rising—rising as element never rose before—rising to conquer, to control, to govern.

The dead principle lives not alone in the breasts of the so called "sympathizers"; it lives in the hearts of the national soldiers; it lives in the hearts of the impoverished tenant of the Southern people; it lives among the mass of unbought and unchangeable patriots of the North; it lives to condemn and oppose the fanaticism that has ruled the hour.

Whatever may be the results of four years of terrible warfare, so far as connected with the extinction of American slavery; whatever good may have been attained by its prolongation beyond the one year necessary to do away with secession and rebellion, Democracy can claim none of it. It should claim none.

"Honor to whom honor is due,
Disonor to whom disonor.

Should the war result in the total

annihilation of slavery, it is well. Democracy will rejoice in the grandeur and glory of the result attained.

The honor of its attainment she does not covet, nor the reptiles that America gathered in her bosom to garnish it.

The element that has swayed the sceptre during the past years of civil war is uncalculated to be perpetual. It is corrupt. It gathered corruption as such it daily becomes weaker.

Like the fate of the assassin (fore, shadowing the fate of defiance to constitutional law, and the disregard of the people's rights) the spot conceals the relics of the Republican party will be hidden in mystery. Unlike the remains of the unlawful murderer, no archangel's trumpet shall ever call it forth.

Democracy is not dead. It cannot die while a corrupt principle lives to crown it into life.

That element by the agency of which a disjointed Union can be reunited, that combination of powers by which a government can be purified a people strengthened and popular government made perpetual "as the eternal hills"—that, to us is Democracy. While the nation lives, while the people aspire to prosperity, to happiness, to national greatness and renown it cannot, will not die.—Hawley (Pa.) Free Press.

There has been a good deal said about an inscription, scratched with a diamond on a pane of glass in the McHenry House, Meadville, Pennsylvania, to this effect: "Abraham Lincoln departed this life August 13, 1864, by the effects of poison. It was attributed to Booth, who was in the cell region at the time. A few days ago however, a gentleman stopping at the McHenry House, and seeing the glass made a statement, which if true, clears all mystery regarding it. 'You will remember that on the 13th or 14th of August of last year, a report came over the wires that an attempt had been made to poison the President, and a report came to Meadville that the attempt had been successful. This gentleman states that on that day he and a friend occupied room No. 22, and his friend, after hearing the report, scratched the words upon the glass supposing them to be true.'

A WARNING TO MATCHMAKERS.—
Charlie—"Did the preacher put a stamp on you when you were married, Mary?"

Mary—"A stamp Charlie! What for pray?"

Charlie—"Why, matches ain't legal without a penny stamp you know?"

"Why don't you ask your sweetheart to marry you?" "I have asked her!" "What did she say?" "Oh, I've refused her."

The finest idea of a thunder storm extent, was when Wiggins came home tight. Now Wiggins was a teacher, and had drank too much lemonade—or something. He came home into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then he tumbled over the cradle and fell upon the floor. After a while he rose and said:

"Wife are you hurt?"

"No."

"Girls are you hurt?"

"No."

"Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

A man and his wife in Philadelphia quarreled and fought, one with a poker, and the other with a chair. When the daughter, who had gone into the cellar for some articles for dinner, returned to the room, both her parents were lying speechless and dying, with their skulls fractured.

"I want to buy a sewing machine," said an old lady entering a shop.

"Do you wish a machine with a feller?" blandly enquired the clerk.

"Sakes, no, dont want any of yer fellers about me."

The darkey who greased his feet so that he could not make a noise when he went to steal chickens, slipped from the hen roost into the custody of the owner. He gave, as reason for his being there, "Dat he cum dar to see de chickens sleeped with dere eyes open." He was ecceped.

Eleven negro soldiers were to be hung on Friday at Vickburg, Miss., for the murder of a white woman.

An Irishman called on his physician for advice and medicine. He was provided with a plaster and instructed to put it on his chest. When he saw the physician again he was asked if he felt any better? "No," said Pat.—"Where did you put the plaster?" "On the chest, right on the lid; the only one there is in the house and that's a blax one."

A retired merchant of Boston, who had kept his tomb-stone in an alcove in his chamber for 2 or 3 years, was found prostrate on the floor of his room on Thursday morning with the tomb-stone fallen upon his head, and so nearly dead that he couldn't be restored to consciousness.

"I suppose," said the quack, "you think me a fool." "Yes," said the patient, "but I did not think you could ascertain my thoughts by feeling my pulse."

It is not a single sudden blow that orbehes permanently, but the long endurance of heavy burdens, or an accumulation of smaller ones.