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> Address JOHN G. HALL, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Correspondence of the Advocate. LETTERS TO MEDICUS.

NUMBER ONE. My Dear Sir :- I am much obliged for your answer to my inquiry; for though I hardly expected evidence that would be satisfactory to my own mind, I like to know what others consider proof, and to hear their own statement of their faith, rather than trust to the representations of opponents. You reason: think it "can be established without difficulty both from the Bible and from other sources" that saints who have departed this life " not only hear us, but grant us their intercession and good offi- lamentation than any we had heard of To my mind you have not "established " either of these points, but your doctrine of the invocation of he try in their day. I should have said saidts. As a sincere inquirer after my uncle lived in New York, and all evidence which is not conclusive as to lies are. Well, the Elsworthy's were of admit that which is. If you can show from the word of God "that the invo- they had lost every acre of a good old cation of saints is not only proper, but that we are even directed to avail ourselves of their assistance," then I am in it was their grandfather's dice and cockis of no account towards establishing them to this poor pass; but there was The opinion and practice of any unin. spired men, even saints and martyrs, can at best but furnish a degree of probabil. sty-greater or less according to circumstances - that the thing is taught in the Bible. Yet you seem to think the tes. timony of such men as Basil, Augustine, Cyprian, Irenaeus must be admitted on this point, " to be not only sound but authoritative." If they were inspired, and spoke not their own opinion but the word of God, I grant it; however much we may esteem their testimony, it can te conclusive. You advance several arguments to show that departed saints know all our circumstances. hear our requests, and actually aid us by their intercess . 1. I would like to allow wherein these arguments appear to me inconclusive, and how some of them even make against your position. But in the first place you yield the very point I expected you would try to prove. Miss Westbay was a beauty, and the by admitting that they do not hear us directly-do not know our affairs by any direct mode of communication-but be. that this admission is well high fatal to after another. Her father was rather whatever you hear or see, you'll make may know whatever God is pleased to communicate to them, but I think you will not pretend that they are omni-Doubtless those who have departed this life " to be with Christ " enjoy the presence and fellowship of the infinite spirit. They "know God, but it does not by any means follow that they know all that He knows. That supposition would be unterly absurd, as they are still finite, and it is no less ab sand to assume that they know everything about their friends on earth, or all that anybody on earth may think or say in reference to themselves. Just think how many myriads daily offer requests to the Blessed Virgin. Does she know all these people and all their circum. stances, when they say " pray for us?" We agree then (do we not?) that depart, ed saints have only such knowledge of things on earth as God is pleased to ding day was fixed for the first of Janu. communicate to them. As you say, " they hear our petitions through Al mighty God, who is cognizant of all We have dire t communica. tion with God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, but not with Paul, Peter and the rest. It is therefore a very dit. tenest thing from asking christians on earth to "pray for us," to make the same request of those with whom we have no communication -who become aware of our request or not, according as Go! is pleased to reveal it to them or retain it in his own counsels. This henek departed saints to pray for us? You answer, yes but do not convince me. As the printer will prefer short letters, I will defer the reasons for my dissent

EVANGELIST. A gentleman remarked one day to an Irishman that the science of optics was now brought to a perfection; that by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance. "My dear tellow," replied the Irishman, "I have one at my house in the county of Wex. ford that will be a match for it; it brought the church of Eniscorthy so near to my view, that I could hear the congregation singing psalms."

to another time. Yours truly,

An Irishman, some time ago, was misdemeanor sentenced to work on the tread mill for a month. He observed had never seen him do any other; and at the expiration of his task, "what a when the workmen had gone home he great deal of botheration and fatigue it spent hours at night, finishing it by himwould have saved us poor craythurs, if self. they had but invinted it to go by stame like all other wether mills."

The Eth Advocate.

JHN G. HALL, Editor. FOLUME 6-AUMREB 37

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SELECI SIORY.

THE FALSE FUNERAL.

I never liked my uncle's business, though he took me when my father died, and brought me np as bis own son. The good man had no children. His wife was long dead, and he had an hon. est old woman for a bousekeeper, and a flourishing business, in the undertaking line, to leave to somebody, but he did not leave it to me, and I'll tell you the

When I had been about five years with him, and had grown worth my salt, as he used to say, a death occurred in our neighborhood, which caused greater since my apprenticeship began. The deceased gentleman was a Mr. Elsworbave rather furnished arguments against thy. The family had been counted gentruth, I am as much bound to reject the world knows what Yorkshire famigood family, and very proud of it, tho' estate which had belonged to them time out of mind. I am not sure whether duty bound to acknowledge your doc- fighting, or their father's going surety trine and adopt your custom. But any for a friend who did something wrong merely human testimony of that effect in a Government office, that brought such a doctrine as an article of faith. no house in all York where candles went further, and tealeaves were better used up. There was a mother, two sisters and a cousin who lived with them. The mother was a stately lady, never seen out of a black brocade. The sisters were not over young or handsome, but they dressed as fine as they could. The cousin was counted one of the prettiest women in Yorkshire, but she walked with a crutch, having met with an acciwas going to be married to the Honora

dent in her childhood. Master Charles was the only son, and the youngest of the family. He was a tall, handsome, dashing young man, uncommonly polite, and a great favorite with the ladies. It is said there were some red eyes in the town, when the story got wind that he ble Miss Westbay. Her father was younger brother to the Earl of Harrowgate, and had seven girls beside her, without a peany for one of them; but wonder was that she had not got mar, ried long ago-being nearly seven years out, dancing, singing, and playing tip come acquainted with our wants and top pieces at all the parties. Half a wishes only through the medium of the dozen matches had been talked of for divine omniscience. It seems to me her, but somehow they broke down one our theory. I agree that the saints impatient to see her off; and so were her sisters, poor things, and no wonder, for, grow up as they might, not one of them would the old man suffer to come out till the eldest was disposed of, and at last there seemed something like a certainty of that business. Young Mr. Elswor. thy and she struck up a courtship. He was fascen t d -isn't that the word ?-at an assize ball, paid marked attentions at the bishop's party, and was believed to have popped the question at a pic nic, after Lord Harrow, ate, the largest shareholder in the Northeastern Bank, got him promoted from clerkship to be manager. It's true, he was some years younger than Miss Westbay, and people said there had been something between him and his pretty cousin; but a lord's neice, with beauty, accomplishments,

> ary, and all the milliners were busy with the bride's bonnets and dresses. It was just a mouth to come, and ev eryboly was talking of the match, when Mr. Elsworthy tell sick. At first they said it was cold; then it turned to a brain fover; at last the doctor gave no hopes, and within the same week Mr. Elsworthy died. The whole neighbor hood was east into mourning. A prom. ising young man, in a mauner the only dependence of his family, newly promoted to a station of trust and influence, and on the eve of marriage, everybody lamented his ontimely death, and sympathized with his bereaved relations and his intended bride. think my uncle lamented most of all None of his customers, to my knowledge, ever got so much of his sorrow. When we was sent for in the way of business, it struck me that he staid particularly

and a serviceable connection, does not

come in every young way; so the wed

The good man could talk of nothing but the grief of the afflicted familyhow the mother went into fits, and the sisters fore their hair-how the cousin talked of wearing morning all her days -and how it was feared that Miss Westbuy, who insisted on seeing him, would never recover her senses. The county papers gave expression to the public grief. There were a great many verses written about it, Nobody passed the house of moruning without a sigh or committed to the penitentiary and for a a suitable remark. My uncle superintended the making of the coffin, as I

The funeral was to set out for the pleased with what he called my sense I cating as fast as I can," replied Sal

Beverly, about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was made a strictly private affair, though hundreds of the towns. men would have testified their respect for the dead by accompanying it all the way. The members of the family, in mourning coaches, and the undertaker's men, were alone allowed to fol. low poor Elsworthy to his last resting place, and the coffin was not to be bro't till the latest hour. My uncle had got it finished to his mind, but evidently did not wish me to look at his work He had a long talk with Steele and Stoneman, two of his most confidential assistants, in the workshop, after hours, and they went away looking remarkably close. All was in train, and the funeral to take place the next day, when, coming down his own stairs-they were rather steep and narrow, for we lived in one of the old houses of York-my un. cle slipped, fell, and broke his leg. I thought he would have gone mad when the doctor told him he must not attempt to move or mind any business for weeks to come, and I tried to pacify him by offering to conduct the furneral with the help of Steele and Stoneman. No. thing would please the old man; I never saw him so far out of temper before. He swore at his bad luck, threw the pillows at his housekeeper, ordered me to bring him up the key of the workshop, and kept it fast ciutched in his hand. I set up with him all that night. In a couple of hours he grew calm and sensible, but could not sleep, though the house was all quiet, and the housekeeper sporing in the in the corner. Then he began to groan, as if there was some, thing worse than a broken leg on his mind, and " Tom," said he, " haven't I been always kind to you?" " No doubt of it uncle," said I.

"Well, Ton, I want you to do me a great service-a particular service, Tom, and I'll never forget it to you You know Mr. Elsworthy's tuneral comes off to-morrow at 2 o'clock, and they're very

" Never fear, uncle; I'll take care of it as well as if you were there yourself." "I knew you would, Tom-I knew you would. I could trust you with the hearsing of an earl's cofflo; and for managing mutes I don't know your equal. But there's something more to done. Come over beside me, Tom : that old woman don't hear well at the best, and she's sleeping now, and no mistake. Will you promise me"-and his voice sunk to a whisper-" that tions as you can about the body? There's no foul play," said he, for I began to ook frightened; "but may be this leg's indement for taking on such basiness Howsomever, I'm to have three hundred pounds for it; and you'll get the half, it you'll conduct it properly, and give me your solemn promise. I know you'll never break that.

" Uncle." said I, " I'll promise, and keep it too; but you must tell me what

" Well, Tom "-and he drew a long breath-" its a living man you're going to put in that coffin in the workshop! I have made it high and full of air holes; he'il lie quite comfortable. Nobody knows about it bu: Steele and Stoneman and yourself; they'll go with you. Mind von trust no one cise. Don't look so stupid pan ; can't you understand. Mr. Elsworthy didn't die at all, and never had brain fever; but he wants to get off from marrying Miss Westbay, or some thing of that sort. They're taking a queer way about it, I must say; but these genteel people have ways of their own. It was the cousin that prepared my mind for it in the back parlor; that woman's up to anything. I stood out against having a hand in it, till I heard that the sexton of Beverly Church was poor relation of theirs. The key of the coffin is to be given to him, it will be locked, not screwed down, you see; and when all's over at the vault-it will be dark night by that time, for we don't move till three, and these Deember days are short-he'll come and help Mr Elsworthy out, and smuggle him off to Hull with his son the carrier. There's

under a feigned name." "Could be get off the marriage no easiet?" said I, for the the thought of taking a living man in a hearse, and hearing the services read over him, made my blood run cold. You see I was

ships enough there to take him anywhere

young then. "There's something more than the marriage in it, though they ddu't telli me. Odd things will happen in my business, and this is one of the querest. But you'll manage it, Tom, and get my blessing, besides you; half of the three hundred pounds; and don't be atraid of anything coming wrong to him, for I never saw any man look so like a corpse."

I promised my uncle to do the business and keep the secret. A hundred and fifty pounds was no joke to a young man beginning the world in the undertaking line; and the old man was so family rault, in the Minster church at and understanding, that before falling with her mouth full.

ssleep, close upon daybreak, he talked of taking me into partnership, and the job we might expect from the Harrow. gate family; for the downger countess was nearly fourscore, and two of the young ladies were threatened-rith decline. Next day, early in the afternoon, Steele, Stoneman and I were at work. The family seemed duly mournful, I suppose, on account of the servants, Mr. Elsworthy looked wonderfully well in his shroud; and if one had not looked close into the coffin, they never would have seen the airholes. Well, we set out, mourning coaches, hearse and all, through the yellow fog of a December There was nothing but sad faces at all the windows as we passed ; I heard them admiring Steele and Stoneman for the feeling hearts they showed ; but when we got out on the Beverly road the cousin gave us a sign, and away we went at a rattling pace; a fureral never got over the ground at such a rate before Yet it was getting dark when we reach. ed the Old Minister, and the curate grumbled at having to duty so late. He got over the service nearly as quick as we got over the miles. The coffin was lowered into the vault; it was more than half filled with Mr. Elsworthy's foretathers, but there was a good wide grate in the vault, and no want of air. It was all right. The clerk and the the mourning coaches went to the Crown Inn, where the ladies were to wait till the sexton came to let them know he was safe out-the cousin would not go home without that news-and I slipped him the key at the church door, as he discoursed to us all about the mysterious dispensations of Providence

My heart was light going home ; so were Steele's and Stoneman's. None of us liked the job, but we were all to be paid for it; and I must say the old man come down handsomely with the need ful, not to speak of Burton ale; and I was to be made his partier without deiay. We got the money and had the jolification; but it wasn't right over, and I was just getting into bed, when there was a ring at our door bell, and the housekeeper came to say that Dr. Parks wanted to see me or my uncle. What could be want, and how had be come back so soon? Parks was the Elsworthy's family doctor and the only stranger at the funeral; he went in the second mourning coach, and I left him talking to the sexton. My clothes were thrown on, and I was down stairs in a minute, looking as sober as I could; but the of the coves, and even out of the mill. man. "Thomas," said he, "this has turned out a bad business, and I cannot account for it; but Mr. Elsworthy has I opened the coffin we found him cold and stiff. I think be died from fright, such a face of terror I never saw. It wasn't your uncle's fault; there is no doubt he had air enough, but it can't be helped; and the less said about it the better for all parties. I am going to Dr. Adams, to take him down with me to Beverly. The sexton keeps poor Elsworthy to see if anything can be

can trust; but I know it's no use." The doctor's apprehension was foun. ded-Mr. Elsworthy could not be recovered; they laved him down again in the coffin with airholes. The ladies came back, and we kept the secret; but in less than six months after, a rumor went abreal of heavy forg ries on the Norteastern Bank. On investigation they proved to be over fifty thousand, and nobody was implicated but the decased manager. His family knew nothing about it; being all ladies, they were entirely ignorant of banking affairs; but they left York next season, toak a hand some house at Scarborough, and were known to get money regularly from Lon. don. They never employed any doctor but Parks; and his medical management did not appear to prosper, for they were never well, and always nervous; not one of them could sleep alone, or without light in the room; and an attendant from a private asylum had to be got for the cousin. I don't think the matter ever left my unele's mind; he never would take an odd job after it and all the partnerships in England would not have made me continue in the business, and run, the risk of another false funeral.

done; and Adams is the only man we

" Dar are," said a suble orator addres ing his bruthren, "Two reads tro' dis world. De one am a broad and narrow road dat leads to perdiction, and do oder a narrow and broad road dat leads to destruction." "If dat am de case, said one of his sable hearers, dis culled indiwidual takes to de woods."

A young man recently wrote to his sweetheart, saying: "There is not a globule of blood in my heart which does not bear your photograph." He had it very bad, hadn't he.

"I do declare Sal. you look pretty enough to eat." "Waul, Solomon, ain's

LOG ROLLING.

An Englishman who was traveling on the Mississippi river, told some rather tough stories about the London thieves. A Cincinnati chap named Case, heard these paratives with a silent but expressive humph ! and then remarked that he thought the Western thieves beat the

London operators all hollow. ' Why so?' inquired the Englishman. with surprise 'Pray, have you lived much in the West?'

'Not a great deal. I undertook to set up business at Desmiones Rapids a while ago, but the rascally people stole nearly every thing I had, finally a Welch miner run off with my wife." 'Good God!' said the Englishman,

and you never found her?' Never to this day. But that was

not the worst of it? Worse! Why, what could worse than stealing a man's wife?'

'Stealing his children, I should say,' said the implacable Case. 'Children?'

'Yes, a nigger woman, who had not any of her own abducted my youngest daughter, and sloped and jined the In gens.

' Great Heavens! did you not see her

'See her? Yes, and she hadu't ten rods the start of me, and she plunged clergyman started off to their homes; into the lake and swam like a duckand there wasu't a cance to follow

The Englishman laid back in his chair, and called for another mug of 'aff and 'aff, while Case smoked his cigar, his credulous friend at the same time said most remorsely.

'I-shan't go any farther west-I think,' at length observed the excited John Bull

'I should not advise any one to go, said Case quietly. 'My poor brother once lived out there, but he had to leave, although his business was the

best in the country.' . What business was he in?" . Lumbering -had a saw mill ' 'And they stole his lumber?'

Yes, and his saw logs too." ' Saw.logs.' Yes, whole dozens of fine black wal nut logs were carried off in a single night. True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it, hired men to watch his logs, but it was all no use. They whipped 'em away as easy as if there had been no one there. They'd steal them out of the river, out

Good gracious.' 'Just to give you an idea how they

WATS.

can steal out there, continued Case died in earnest. When the sexton and smiling a sly wink at the listening com pany; "just to give you an idea-did you ever work in a saw.mill!" Never.

" Well, my brother one day bought an all fired fine black walnut log-four feet three at the butt, and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whisky with them, snaked the log up the side of the hill, and then sat down on the log to play keerds just to keep them awake, you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log-bark four inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played keerds and drank whisky al night-and as begun to grow light they went asleep astraddle of the log. About a minute after day-light my brother went over to the mill to see how they got on, and the log was gone !"
" And they sitting on it?"

"Sitting on the bark! The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt end which pointed down the hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on and pulled it right out, leaving the shell, the Scotch ers sitting astraddle of it fast asleep."

The Englishman here arose, dropped his eigar stump into the spittoon, and looked at his watch, said he thought he would go on deck, and see how far we'd be down the river by morning.

-A poung man recently wrote to his sweet-heart saying: "There is not a globule of blood in my heart which does not bear your photograph." He had it very bad, hadn't he?

-A coment which is a good protec. tion against weather, water, and fire, to a certain extent, is made by mixing a gallon of water with two gallons of brine; and then stir in two and a half pounds of brown sugar and three pounds of common salt; put it on with a brush, like paint.

-The following purports to be a medical puff: " Dear Doctor-I shall be one hundred and seventy five years old next October. For over eighty four years I have been an invalid, una ble to step, except when moved by a lever. But a year ago I heard of the Granicular Syrup. I bought a lottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a man. I can now run twelve miles and a

-The past summer has been the wettert in Europe since 1703.

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The Printer and the Types.

Perhaps there is no departments of aterprise whose details are less under. tood by intelligent people than the art preservative"—the schierement of the types.

Every day, their lives long, they pre constoned to read the newspapers, to find fault with its statements its arguments, its looks, to plume themselves upon the discovery of some reguish and acrobatic type, that gets into a frolic and stands upon its head, or some word with a waste letter or two in it; but of the process by which the newspaper is made, of the myriads of motions necessary to its composition, they know little and think less.

They imagine they discourse of a wonder, indeed, when they speak of the fair, white carpet, woven for them to walk on, from the rags that fluttered off the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is to as something more wonderful still, when we look at the hundred and fifty two little boxes, some, thing shaded with inky fingers, that compore a "printer's case," noiseless, except the click of the types, as one by one they take their place in the growing line-we think we have found the mar, vel of the art.

Strewn in those little boxes are thin parallegrams of metal, every one good for something that goes to make up written language; the visible lostprints of thought upon extpets of rags.

We think how many fragments of fancy there are in these boxes; how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can make here and there, if he only has a little chart to work by; how many facts in small handsful, how much truth in chaos !

Now he picks up the scattered ele. ments until he holds in his hand a stan. za of Gray's elegy, or a monodony upon a Grimes "all buttoned up before." Now he sets up a "Pappy Missing," and now a "Parndise Lost." He arrays a bride in "small caps," and a sonnet in "Nonpareil." He announces that the languishing " live," in one sentence, transposes the word and deplores that days are "evil" in the next.

A poor jest ticks its way into the printer's hand, like a little clock just running down, and a strain of eloquenes marches into line. We fancy we san tell the difference by the click of the types; but perhaps not.

The types that told of a wedding yesterday, announces a burial to morrowperhaps in the self same letters.

of. Those types are a world with something in it, as beautiful as spring and as rich as summer, and as grand as aut. umn; flowers that frost cannot wilt, but fruit that shall ripen for all time.

This, That, and the Other, Domestic Cannibals - Back-biters.

What is most likely to become a woman? A little girl.

What is always lavisible, yet never out of sight? The letter s.

When is a bonnet not a bonnet?-When it becomes a lady.

What trade would you recommend to a short man? Grow sir (grocer.)

What color is a secret best kept in? In violet (inviolate.)

-General Sherman has declared himself in favor of the President. Morroes. - The Lauver's motto-be

brief. The doctor's motto-be patient. The potter's motto-beware. The typesetter's motto-be composed. -The New York Control Railroad is

about to import enough steel rails from England to relay two miles of their track in order to test their durability.

" Swear not at all," said a chaplain to He replied, " I do not swear at all, but

only to those who annoy me." Biddy, while on a be wing expidition was asked by a lady it she had any children. "Yes mum," replied Biddy, with great readiness, "I'm the mother

of an orphan." " As we two are one," said a witty

brute to his wife, "when I beat you I beat half of myself." " Well," said the wife, "beat your

own balf, not mine." A little girl of four years was recent-

ly called as a witness on a case in the police court, and in answer to the question of what become of little girls who told lies she replied that they were sent

Patrick rented part of a house near the root. On being asked which it was, he replied," Shure, if the house was just turned topsy turvy, it's the ground floor I'd be living on."

Mrs. Dobbs is of such a tenler disposition that before spanking Billy Dobbs, Sally Dobbs, and Beany Dobbs, she administers chloroform to them .-They are of the unanimous minion that this a large improvement on the old fushion of apauking