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Office on Main Street, in the second story of Hook & Gillis Store.

Address
JOHN G. HALL,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

SELECT POETRY.

THE MUSIC OF LABOR.

The banging of the hammer,
The whirring of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The cranking of the anvil,
The ringing of the drill,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
The fan's continual boom,
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the axel,
These sounds of industry,
I love—I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type,
The earnest talk of men,
The toiling of the giant press,
The scratching of the pen,
The tapping of the yardstick,
The tinkling of the scales,
The whistling of the needle,
(When no bright cheek is pale.)
The humming of the cooking stove,
The surging of the broom,
The pattering feet of childhood,
The housewife's busy hum,
The buzzing of the schoolers,
The teacher's kindly call—
The sound of active industry,
I love—I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful shout,
The drover's oft repeated shout,
Spurring his stock along,
The bustling of the market-man,
As he lies them to the town,
The hulloo from the tree top,
As the ripened fruit comes down,
The busy sounds of thrashers,
As they clean the ripened grain,
The husker's joke and catch of glee,
The leath' moonlight on the plain;
The kind voice of the drynana,
The shepherd's kindly call—
These sounds of pleasant industry,
I love—I love them all.

SELECT STORIES.

A DEATH STORY.

This isn't altogether a story of press gangs, as you'll find before I've done, and it made a good deal of talk here at the time, as I remember, though I was only a lad. But the crowner's inquest set all things right, and after that it was no use asking further questions. It is now now he was fifty years ago—fifty years! he repeated, half closing his eyes, and pausing, as his mind traveled over the space which had brought so many and great changes, even to that quiet little village, where an old sea-faring man they called Captain Meredith lived, at least that is to say, lodged, in the house of a widow named Penrhyn. You might see the spot from the brow of the hill, for the house itself has been pulled down long since then. Well, he might have been a captain or not. I don't pretend to say. It is certain he had a bit of money put by, and lived comfortably enough. Some say he had been in the smuggling trade, and made money in that way. However, it don't much matter; he was well respected, and though he had a daughter as was called Ellen, and the prettiest lass in Cawsand, and for miles around. Well, now, the old widow had a son named Paul, and a strange article he was. I remember him—a little, bony-legged chap, with red hair, and this people used to call him "Doctor."

"Was he then a surgeon?" I interrupted.

"I'm going to tell you. He had been apprenticed to a chemist in Davenport—we used to call him 'Doc' in those days—and after his time was out he had been stopping with his mother to take care of her, or perhaps he couldn't find a situation readily for himself. The old widow had put something by, I suppose, and Paul had been at home about a year when the captain came to lodge there with his daughter. This Paul's room was at the top of the house, where his light would be seen burning at a time when all honest folks were in bed and asleep. Sometimes he would be out all night, and be met in the morning returning with his arms full of weeds and plants, which he used to take up stairs into the 'doctor's shop' as they called it."

"Ah! a botanist," I remarked.

"I don't know about that," replied my friend, slightly puzzled; "but the people said he made poison out of them. Any way, once when Paul was passing by the blacksmith's the dog ran out and bit him, and the next day Paul was seen to give him a bit of bread, and the dog was dead within an hour. The neighbors blamed him for it, and I recollect when a youngster, calling after him: 'There goes Dr. Nightshade!' and his stopping and saying, 'If I had to doctor you, my lad, you wouldn't shout so loud.' Well, very shortly after Ellen and her father had been lodg-

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ing at the widow's house, it was clear to see that Paul wished to court her; wherever she went, sure enough, Paul wasn't far behind, and things went off in this way for about six months, when one night, when the wind blowing great guns and the sea running high, we saw signals of distress from some vessel on the point there. There was no life-boat in the place, and our small craft couldn't have lived a minute in such water. In the morning we saw no signs of the vessel, and we supposed she had gone down, and all on board lost; however, we heard in the day that one of the poor fellows had escaped, and the rest had been contrived to crawl up the point there, where he was found by Captain Meredith, who brought him home to his own lodging and nursed him.

"He was a fine young fellow, an orphan, as he said, by name William Randall, and had been working his way to Liverpool in hopes of obtaining employment. The clergyman of the place—you may see the church on the right as you go toward Edgercombe Ferry—heard of this, and becoming a good deal interested in the young man, offered him a place as gardener, or general servant, or something of other. Bill was a handy chap, and soon made friends with the people, and they persuaded him to stop here, instead of going to Liverpool as he had intended to. He didn't want much pressing, for any one could see there was a girl in the case, and that girl was Ellen Meredith, and it didn't want more than two eyes to see that she liked him. The folks used to jeer Paul about his nose being out of joint, and Tom Trevelian, the blacksmith, as owed him a grudge for the dog, used to say, 'Well, doctor, how's your nose by this time?' But they said the doctor only used to run white and rub his hands; it was a way he had and he did the same when he gave the dog the bread."

"Well, things prospered so well with young Randall that he at last made up his mind to ask the captain for his consent that he and Ellen should be married, and as the old fellow was a jolly, easy-going customer, and liked Bill very much beside, it wasn't long before he gave it. Just about this time, the folks in the village was frightened at the report that the press-gang were out; that they had been as far as Plymouth, four or five miles from the town there, and pressed one or two men. The Captain and Ellen wanted to put the wedding off, but Bill wouldn't hear to it, and, strange to say, Paul sided with him. Well, on the very day afore the wedding a strange man as hadn't been seen in the village afore, called at the house to speak to Paul, and a neighbor's daughter happened to be present at the time said afterward she had seen them talking together on the road to Plymouth. Now, mind me, in the evening, and just as they were sitting down to supper and drinking healths, Paul, who was late, ran into the room, leaving the door open behind him, and entreat William to look to himself, as the press-gang were already in the village; and before poor Bill could get away the press-gang were inside and had seized him, and in spite of his struggles and Ellen's cries and Paul's entreaties, carried him to the beach, where a boat lay ready, and took him away in it."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Not exactly, mate," said my friend, finishing the rum, "the strange part has to come."

So, replenishing his glass and refilling his pipe, he continued:

"Well, every one, of course, was very much cast down at this, but poor Ellen particularly; however, for many months she kept a brave heart, always telling the Captain that she knew William would return, and they would be happy yet, and it's no use no one liked to tell the poor thing different, although but very low thought they'd ever see him again. At any rate it was clear Dr. Paul didn't for after a while he began to pay his addresses to her, and this time more in earnest than before; but it was no use. Ellen would have nothing to say to him at all."

"Now, about two years after they had pressed poor Will, when it was getting on towards the winter time—there had been a good deal of dirty weather about, and several vessels had been lost on the coast—there was a report that several crews had been paid off, and when Ellen made up her mind more than ever that William would return; when one day a neighbor comes in and says he has heard that a vessel like the Spitfire—that was the one William went out in—had gone down off the Sicillys, and it was feared all hands had perished; he had it, he said, from a party who was told so by Paul, who had learned it when he went over to Davenport the day before on some matter of business."

"This was bad news for the poor lass, but I believe she still hoped and prayed for her sailor sweetheart, and all along kept telling the captain that he would live to see her and Will Randall bride and bridegroom yet; but about a fortnight after this Paul comes in, in a

great hurry, and shows the captain a bottle which he says had been picked up on the Cornish coast, no doubt having drifted in; and in it was a paper saying that the Spitfire couldn't live the night through, that praying that whoever found the bottle would, for heaven's sake, send it on to Captain Meredith, of Cawsand, with the last prayers of poor William Randall.

"This was dated back about the time when the Spitfire was said to have gone down; and so now there seemed to be no hope at all, and poor Ellen seemed to think at last, for she got paler and weaker every day, and moved about like one who had nothing to live for. To make things worse, the Captain had got into debt, and difficulties had got bigger and bigger. Well, one day all on a sudden the Doctor goes to him and offers to marry Ellen out of hand, promising to discharge all the captain's obligations, and stating his long and strong attachment had induced him to make the proposal. The Captain, as you may believe didn't much fancy Paul as a son-in-law, but at last he relented, and pressed by his debts and troubles, urged Ellen to accept him. The poor lass refused for a long time, but when she found her father's welfare and liberty depended on it, and besides, as she had lost all hope of seeing Will Randall again, at last she consented."

"But you don't mean to say they were married?" I interrupted.

"In two or three months they were, and a pretty couple they must have made; she with her tall figure and pale face, and he with his red head and bow legs shuffling along by her side. They were married at Millbrook church, (on the hill, sir,) and William Randall's old master read the service. They said Ellen didn't cry or faint, or have any non-sense of that kind, but went through her share quietly and calmly enough, while the Doctor seemed all abroad. Now, it seems this very evening, just about dusk, when the captain had gone out to smoke his pipe, that Paul, who had gone up stairs, heard a terrible loud scream, and rushing back into the room where he had left Ellen, finds her fainting, dead away on the floor, and William Randall himself kneeling by her side."

"William used to say afterwards that he never could forget Paul's face when they saw one another for the first time; he used to dream of it he said; he had many and many a time seen the faces of strong men who had been struck down in the heat and passion of battle, or who had met violent death in other ways; but Paul's face, he said, reminded him only of a picture he had seen, when quite a lad, of the devil, which he remembered had frightened him then, but which he had forgotten till their eyes met that night. When Paul recovered his surprise he said not a word about the marriage; but when William said he had just left Plymouth and hadn't seen a soul in the village yet, he suddenly seemed delighted at meeting him again, and insisted on their drinking together."

"He led Ellen into another room where, he told Will, his mother would attend to her, and shortly returned with two glasses of stiff grog, which he put on the table between them. 'Now, Bill, old mate,' says he, 'we'll drink to your return home. 'But what about Nelly, my poor girl?' says Will. 'Never mind her,' says Paul, 'mother will soon bring her round, and meanwhile, let's drink the grog; but first of all let's shut the door and be snug, eh?' So Paul shuts the door, and coming back to the table, says: 'Now, Bill here's your jolly good health and no hearties!' and they both emptied their glasses."

"William," says Paul after while, 'how do you feel?' 'Quite well, Paul, my hearty, thank ye,' says Will. 'Do you?' says Paul, grinning; 'then you won't for long, Will Randall, says he, getting white and trembling; and we've had a long account to settle, and now it's done.' 'What d'ye mean?' asks Will in surprise, as you may be sure. 'I've never injured you!' 'Yes, you have,' says Paul. 'Didn't you step in between me and the girl I had set my heart on? Didn't the neighbors jeer and mock me and drive me almost mad? And didn't I swear to be even with you, come what might? And I am! I am! When you were pressed,' says he, getting worse, 'I put the gang on you! I bro't the account that made them think you were dead! and now you have returned alive to find the woman you loved, the wife of a man you both despised!' 'It's a shameful lie,' cries Will, 'and I can't believe it.' 'It's true,' says Paul, 'for we were married this morning; but, true or false, it's all the same to you, for I tell you, Will Randall, and Paul turned very white and rubbed his hands, 'you are poisoned. You drank the brandy, and in an hour's time you are a dead man!'

'Paul Penrhyn,' says Will, speaking calm, and low, and looking the doctor fairly in the eyes, 'you've played a deep game, but you've made one mistake; I

heard of your trick with the press-gang, and I know you were a rival of mine, and you've just owned to the treachery. But when a man that I knew hated me and who looked as you did when we met just now, suddenly became my friend and asked me to drink, I grew suspicious, and while you closed the door, I changed the glasses.'

"When Ellen heard the fearful cry that Paul gave, she ran in, pale and weak as she was, and found him all twisted together like rage or pain, and foaming at the mouth from the poison he had swallowed."

"I don't know rightly what it was called," said the coast-guardman, 'but it was very strong, for they say Paul died within the hour, and before the two he had tried to keep asunder.'

"A strange tale," said I, rising to go. 'It's as good as a play!'

"It's better than most of them," said he, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "for this is true. Good night, sir."

"To Women were Saved."

"Not a woman saved?" If your ships are unseaworthy; if to gain a few more dollars, Yankee thrift builds them with so much top hamper that a gale endangers the life, or insures the death of hundreds; where at least is the discipline of your officers and crew, which ought to guarantee to a weak woman a share in the miserable safeguards that discipline affords, and which without that discipline brute force inevitably seizes? Officers and crew saved in part, but not a woman saved! Engineer and purser in one boat, with crew, but no woman; and the purser lives to tell the tale! The captain and sixteen men and only one woman and one child, on another boat! Fortunately, to avoid meeting the shaking of looks gory with the death-water of the sea caves, the captain of the ill-fated steamer after six struggles after life, has gone to meet, before another than earthly tribunal, the question propounded. "Why was not one among the crowd, of whose memory it may be said,

"Among the faithless, faithful only he?"

Some fifty years ago or more, a ship sailed from Liverpool with many passengers. Just after midnight, when little past the centre of the Atlantic, the Jupiter struck an ice island, causing her to settle almost instantly into the awful water. She was badly provided with boats, but such as they were, and all of them, were at once launched in silence and in order. Every passenger that was awake was summoned to the boats. Discrimination was used, for the boats could not hold all. Let those that are awake save their lives? Let those that sleep, pass to the sleep of death!—was the terrific, but merciful decree. Sleep is but the precursor, the portal, the simile of the great enemy of life! There can be no pang in dying to the sweet and unconscious sleeper. So every wake person was summoned; every sleeping person left to wake in an eternity! The two boats were already over-boarded; the devoted ship fast sinking. Again the Captain went to fore-castle, to steerage, to cabin, and on deck, to see if one conscious person still was left unprovided for. Not one! "Push off your boats," was the solemn order. "But where's my sister?" screamed a voice of despair from one of the boats; "I see her not, and I would die to save her." "She sleeps, I would not awaken her. One person more in, and the lives of all are endangered," replied the Captain from the deck of the foundering ship. "Then I sleep with her, if I can not save her," uttered the heroic brother, as he sprang upon the fastening vessel; and he and she and the ship went down together, with the great Ocean's hymns testifying to an heroic devotion and a self sacrifice cradled in affection, and dying to meet an immortality! "Not a woman saved!" from the Evening Star! What a contrast!

We cannot recall the name of the vessel, because, out off from the world, the Southern States, for four years back, have little chronology left; but not many years since, a British transport foundered in the deep Atlantic. She was crowded with soldiers, their wives, and women and children. Discipline prevailed, however, in the awful scene where a half a thousand were summoned to death! Every boat was launched and guarded; every woman and child was conducted to the gangway and securely deposited; as if the boats had been ball rooms, and the seamen the ushers! The boats were pushed adrift; each soldier repaired to his post; each sailor to his place; and with the drums beating and dyes playing, and a solitary gun booming a farewell to earth and sky, the ship and its officers and crew went down; and the British flag flying going down with them, but covering them with its cross of glory! There was discipline; there was seamanship; generalship, heroism! The gurgling waves told to the mute heavens the story of devotion, and the Recording Angel copied it from the heavens upon the Great Book of God. Not a woman, not a child was lost!—*Matches Courier.*

Correspondence of the Advocate.

LETTERS TO WRITERS.

NUMBER THREE.

My dear Sir:—In those of your good texts considered in my last, I do not find any proof at all of the doctrine for which you bring them. Let us now look at the remainder and see if your point is established.

You ask "Is there anything in the New Testament which would lead us to believe that our Savior rejected this doctrine?" This question would be in place if you had shown from the Old Testament, or from other sources, if this was the common belief among the people at that time. But it is rather out of place when you have not given a single text from the Old Testament, and only one from the Apocrypha—which, if it were inspired, would prove nothing as to the point in hand. Yet you answer, "On the contrary He speaks of it as a thing very well understood, and on terms far removed from reproach." If this were so it would be much to your purpose; but you fail to show it. By "this doctrine" I suppose you mean the doctrine you advocate concerning the "intercession of saints." But in the passage cited (Luke 15, 7, 10) there is not the slightest mention of the saints, or of anybody's intercession. The angels in Heaven know when a sinner repents, and rejoice over it. You assume that this is true of the saints before the resurrection—a point I would like you to prove. But if this were granted, (and I do not deny that it may be so, only I have not seen proof of it)—if it be so that the saints know some things that occur on earth, this does not go the length of showing that they know "all things concerning us;" and yet more, that it is proper to ask their intercession. Of "this doctrine" our Savior says nothing, and there is not a word in the passage which implies that he knew anything about it.

You next quote Matt. 18, 10, and interpret into it a meaning which I think can by no fair means be drawn out of it. Read the whole passage. The disciples came asking, "Who is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven?" Jesus called to Him a little child and taught there a lesson of humility. Man looks on the outward appearance; but God looks on the heart; and He esteems a little child more highly than the proudest monarch. All who would go to Heaven must be converted and become as little children. And so in v. 10, our Savior warns us against a worldly estimate of persons—admiring the great and despising the humble—by reminding us that these little ones are dear to God, and that He takes care of them—as is set forth in the 9th Psalm, "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee," &c. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones: for I say unto you, that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in Heaven." God so esteems these little ones that He sends the angels to take care of them—the angels "which excel in strength," and who stand continually in the presence of God—as courtiers of the King of kings! And if God so honors them as to make the angels that behold His face their ministers, how presumptuous, how dangerous for us to despise them! This seems to me the meaning of the text, and I cannot imagine how you can get from it any such ideas as you suggest—that they read in the countenance of God what concerns us in this life.

Your interpretation of Luke 16, 9 seems to me equally far-fetched and unnatural. You say well, "Here is a direct command to make friends of the poor servants of God;" but when you say "because if we relieve them in this life, by our alms, they may hereafter, by their intercession, bring our souls to Heaven," you add to the Scripture—There is no intimation that it is "by their intercession" that they will receive you into everlasting dwellings; nor is this suggested by anything in the context, or anything, that I can find, in the whole Bible. On the contrary, it seems to me evident that our Savior did not mean any such thing, but simply to incite us to copy the wisdom of the un-

just steward. His wisdom, I say—not in dealing unjustly, but in making provision against future need. "Use this world's goods in such a way as to secure for yourselves a goodly portion in the world to come." For whatever one gives to a disciple for the Master's sake will be reckoned as if done to the Lord himself. See Matt. 25—"I was hungry and ye fed me," &c. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Compare also I Timothy, 6, 17, 19—"Charge the rich that they be not high-minded, but be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

The parable of the rich man and Lazarus, in the same chapter, shows the un-speakable folly of laying up treasure upon earth, and neglecting preparation for eternity. After death there is no more space for repentance; the good are blessed, the wicked are punished, and that forever. But whatever communication may be supposed between the disembodied spirits of good and bad men, nothing is said here of any communication between departed spirits and those living in the flesh—which is the point at issue.

You say Rev. 2, 23, shows that the saints are appointed by Christ "to preside over nations and provinces as patrons"—as we read concerning angels, Dan. 10. But the next verse, and parallel places, seem plainly to refer this to their reigning with Christ after the first resurrection. That this, and the other text from the Apocrypha (5, 8) do not prove what you bring them for, I will endeavor to show you in my next. So that all the Scriptures you have quoted furnish no authority for your doctrine of the invocation of saints. That doctrine is not sound, by fair interpretation, in any of them.

Very truly yours,
EVANGELIST.

A Proclamation.

PENNSYLVANIA SS:

Whereas, It hath been the good and worthy custom of the Commonwealth to set apart, annually, a day for the special acknowledgment of the goodness of the Almighty, and for expressing, by the whole people, at one time, and with a common voice, the Thanks and Praise which throughout the year are springing from the hearts of men; therefore,

I, Andrew G. Curtis, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do, by this Proclamation, recommend that the good people of the Commonwealth observe

Thursday, November 29th, 1866,

As a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, and do then assemble in their respective churches, and places of worship, and make their humble thank-offering to Almighty God for all His blessings during the past year.

For the abundant gathered fruits of the earth;

For the thus far continued activity of industry;

For the general preservation of Health;

And especially for that in His Divine Mercy, He hath stayed the threatened Pestilence.

And, moreover, that they do beseech Him to continue unto us all His Blessings, and to confirm the hearts of the people of these United States, that by the lustful force of their will, Deeds of good Justice, Wisdom and Mercy may be done.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, and of the Commonwealth the ninety-first.

BY THE GOVERNOR &
[S.] ELI SLIPPER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

—Some of the Italian journals state that in anticipation of a marriage between the eldest son of Victor Emmanuel and the daughter of the Archduke Albert of Austria, the city of Turin has ordered from Valentinotti a rich cover of the finest lace to be presented to the bride.

—Don't read this hue.