

# The Elk Advocate.

JOHN G. HALL, Proprietor.  
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RIDGWAY, PENNA., APRIL 11th, 1867.

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## Elk County Directory.

COUNTY OFFICERS.  
President Judge—R. G. White.  
Additional Law Judge—Henry W. Williams.  
Associate Judges—E. C. Schultze, Jesse Kyler.  
District Attorney—L. J. Blakely.  
Sheriff—James A. Malone.  
Prothonotary, &c.—G. A. Rathbun.  
Treasurer—James Coyne.  
Co. Superintendent—James Blakely.  
Commissioners—William A. Bly, J. W. Taylor, Louis Vollmer.  
Auditors—Clark Wilcox, Byron J. Jones, Jacob McCauley.

TIME OF HOLDING COURT.  
Second Monday in January.  
Last Monday in April.  
First Monday in August.  
First Monday in November.

## Legal Advertisements.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas the Hon. Hon. Thomas W. Williams, President and Hon. E. C. Schultze and Hon. Jesse Kyler, Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and Justices of the Court of Quarter Sessions, and Orphans' Court, and Court of Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of capital and other offences in the county of Elk, by their precepts to me directed, have ordered the aforesaid named courts to be holden at Ridgway, in and for the county of Elk, on the LAST MONDAY IN APRIL, it being the 22nd DAY of the month, and to continue one week.—Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, and Constables of the county of Elk, that they are by these precepts commanded to be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, with their rolls, records and inquisitions, and other remembrances, to do those things which their offices appertain to be done, and that all Justices of said county make returns of all the recognizances entered into before them, to the Clerk of the Court as per Act of Assembly, passed May 4, 1834. And those who are bound by their recognizances to prosecute the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of said county of Elk, and to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

J. A. MALONE, Sheriff  
April 11, 1867.

DIVORCE NOTICE.  
John C. McConnell, Elk Co. Com. Pleas versus Charlotte McConnell, No. 151, November Term, 1867.  
To Charlotte McConnell:  
Take notice that you are required to appear at the next term of said Court to be held on the last Monday in April next to answer the complaint of the Libellant in this case. JAMES A. MALONE, Sh'ff's Office, April 4 Sheriff.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their applications for License at the Court of Quarter Sessions of Elk county, agreeably to the act of Assembly of March 31, 1856, entitled "an Act to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors."  
John A. Bell, Tavern, Jones township.  
Martin Sowers, Tavern, Jones township.  
Peter Wilhelm, Tavern, St. Marys.  
George Hathorn, Tavern, St. Marys.  
Thomas Kennedy, Tavern, St. Marys.  
M. Wellendorf, Tavern, St. Marys.  
Wolfgang Auman, Tavern, Jay Tp.  
Lenard Cook, Tavern, Ridgway Tp.  
G. A. RATHBUN, Prothonotary.  
April 4th, 1867.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration, with will annexed, on the estate of THEW JOHNSON, late of Benecize township, Elk county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to call and settle, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.  
J. O. JOHNSON, Administrator.  
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COPARTNERSHIP.  
The undersigned have this day entered into copartnership under the firm name of HEALY & GILLIS, in the sale of Provisions, Flour, Feed, Grains, &c., at the stand heretofore occupied by the late firm of Healy & Hill.  
W. C. HEALY, March 14, 1867.  
C. V. GILLIS,

## Selected Miscellany.

### AN EDITOR'S HOLIDAY.

It was seven o'clock and a sunny morning when I turned my back on the honeysuckle and rose-covered porch, beneath whose pleasant shade sat Polly and Harry, sedately eating their currants and cherries fresh with the dew, which always adds a delicious flavour to fruit gathered and eaten before breakfast.—The tempting red bunches and rosy lips reminded me of that charming line of Tennyson's—  
Maul with the sweet purple mouth, when my father dangled the grapes—  
And I thought the picture was a no less charming one in which the actors were both children, and one of them had his battered staak hat stuck all around with clover and wind flowers and ripe grasses, by the tasteful little hand of his tiny sister. With a hurree "Good-bye, Polly! good-bye, Polly, my lamb!" I strode away to meet the iron-horse, having a mile to walk across our breezy common, and less than twenty minutes to do it in. But Polly—irrepressible Polly—is not to be defrauded of her dugs. Out of the porch, currants and cherries forgotten, across the forbidden lawn (thus early in the morning), and along the winding path, now hidden by the shrubs, now in full view, with hair and ribbons streaming, she flies, screaming after "Papa." So a few precious moments are lost (no, not lost, but stamped upon the memory with an added brightness), while the "envied kiss" is hastily given, and then I depart in peace for Wraybury, in quest of an "Editor's Holiday."

And why an "Editor's Holiday?" and why "Wraybury?" Because an editor's holiday always means some kind of work which may conduce to the amusement or instruction of his readers; and at the distance of a mile, more or less, from Wraybury, is situated the parish church of Horton, memorable for its connection with the history of Milton. It was to Horton that Milton's parents retired in the decline of life, and from thence the poet dates much of his correspondence in the interval between 1632 and 1638. It was there, in 1637, that his mother died, and there, immediately in front of the chancel, she lies buried. It was in his new home at Horton, after leaving college, that our immortal poet made that intimate acquaintance with Nature to which his minor poems are indebted for their essential charms. Here he wrote his *Sonnet to the Nightingale*, his incomparable companion pieces, the *Allegro* and *Tenoso*, his *Acades*, and his *Comus*. Reader, if the first three of these pieces are not fresh in your memory, take your volume of Milton, and having filled your imagination with the "sweet images of nature" they suggest, tell me if I could have turned my short holiday to better account than by visiting the rural scenes which inspired them, and if my friend the artist could have found a prettier subject for his pencil within the same distance of London.

Leaving Wraybury Station, and passing over a rustic bridge spanning the dark waters of the Colne, we find ourselves on a level road which runs white before us, with a hawthorn hedge and a broad shallow ditch on either side, nearly at ear level. Already, perhaps, we are in the footsteps of Milton, for there can be no doubt that these wide shallow ditches, almost choked with water plants and rushes, are of ancient date; and if so, no important change, or change at all, can have taken place in the roads and foot paths. On the left are seen, at intervals between the trees, "the towers and battlements" of Windsor Castle, which are alluded to as a feature of the landscape in the *Allegro*. The Scotch thistle and various umbelliferous plants, Millefolium and "Jack in the hedge," Cockles and Pimpernels, grow abundantly by the roadside; and on either hand stretch the rich flat pastures of Buckinghamshire, bordered with pollard wythies and Milton's "hedge-row elms." A pleasant saunter of about a quarter of an hour brings us to where a cross road reveals some signs of a village, so hidden from view, however, that we require the assurance of a countryman that "Horton is all along here," before proceeding on our way with confidence. In a few minutes more, after passing the Five Bells and the adjacent smithy on the left of the road, and a handsome lodge on the right, we find ourselves opposite the ivy-clad church. Farther on still we come to a fine old elm in the middle of an open space where three roads meet, and though the houses have to be looked for in the nooks and corners around, there is evidence enough that this is the grand square—shall we call it?—of the village of Horton. For a mile further the road again runs white and straight to Colubrook; and having resolved to extend our walk to that town before visiting the interior of Milton's old

church, we find there a long street like a stranded wreck, with the desolate remains of at least a dozen inns, by which in the pre-railway period, a hundred coaches and waggons rattled and creaked daily on their way to and from London. Who know but that the railways will be obsolete, too, some day?

The way back to Horton is hot and dusty; but every step is interesting, as we are now certainly in the poet's track. These runnels at the roadside existed in his time, and in all essential features the landscape remains what it was. On these hedges grew the "bloomy spray" where the nightingale sang, to which he listened with a new-found joy on his first visit to the "paternal country house;" and hereabouts were those—  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

With every other charming feature of the scenery to which he has alluded in the *Allegro*, except the imaginary "mountains," for which it is necessary to substitute the modest Berkshire hills which bound the landscape. Returning thus towards Horton Church, pleasantly dreaming by the way of the old Paritan times, and of the footsteps which have so long since been effaced, we pass on the left the rectory—not the old house of Milton's time, for it has long since been replaced by a model structure,—standing in its own pleasant grounds; and see! on the right a carriage has drawn up at the door of a cottage, which proves to be the dwelling of the sexton. But what have muslin dresses, and gay parlors, and rosy faces half hidden beneath their shade, to do with this grave functionary? These are visitors, going like myself to Horton Church, not altogether on the poet's account, as I presently discover, but to see the gravestones of their people.

Like a true Englishman, I always try to climb as high as possible; so, the right key having been produced, I mount the stairs of the church tower, and find that it commands a fine view of the surrounding country. This is the only point, in fact, from which a "landscape" can be said to present itself in the neighborhood of Horton, except the distant view of Windsor from the Wraybury road. This fact set me thinking, until I persuaded myself that the young poet had often mounted these well-worn stairs, and that the scenery of the *Allegro* was sketched from this "coign of vantage." It may be a fancy, but where else could the poet have imagined himself standing, when he exclaimed, with a burst of delight—  
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
While the landscape round it measures—  
Mount the tower, as I did, after a ramble through the neighborhood, and you will not doubt for a moment that these lines mark a transition in the poet's feeling, and a new and larger view of the landscape, than had been present to his mind's eye a moment before. It may even be that the contemplative poet sat here at midnight to "outwatch the bear," unsphere the spirit of Plato, and brood over the tragic memories so solemnly recalled in the *Tenoso*.—Milton paints the enchantment of Night as only one familiar with its solemnity could paint it; and some "rising ground"—not easily to be found in Horton,—or some "lonely tower" formed his ideal of a spot suited for reflection.

Alas! My meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sharp ringing of a bell, and Milton and all belonging to him vanished angrily in the trail of smoke and steam, which told me once more that we are not now living in Milton's times, and—that I was just a minute or so too late for the train homewards!

True happiness is a tender plant; noxious in-cens over hover round it, an impure breath kills it. Man is appointed its gardener, and has for his wages blessedness. But how few there are who understand their business; how many themselves introduce into the close cup of the flower that flower's deadliest foe; how many look on unconcerned, or even amused, while hurtful insects settle, gnaw and fret, and the blossom fades! Happy he who looks up in time, and with ready hand saves the blossom and kills the foe; he preserves his heart's peace and saves his soul alive—these hanging together like body and spirit, this world and the next.

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows a thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to pluck the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfumes exhale to heaven in gratitude and adoration of Him who gave the rose to love.

Machiavelli has well observed that there are braids of three races.—The one understands of itself; the second understands as much as is shown it by others; the third neither understands of itself nor what is shown it by others.

Every day is a little live, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

## From the Rome Courier.

### BILL ARP ON THE SITUATION.

ROME, BIG SHANTY TERRITORY, No. 3, March 28th, 1867.

Mr. Editor—My intention was to have remained in dignified obscurity the small remnant of my miserable days, but my friends, Bob Hilde, Sam McCracken, Tip and other respectable gentlemen of all sexes and colors, seems to be desheveled about the times, and insist on my views about the momentous state of our suffering country. The good people in Atlanta have got shaky in the knees, and it is the duty of every good citizen to keep the disease from spreading if he can. I have been to Washington, nor been playing scintel on the watch tower, but my observations convince me there is a power of fess on hand about something. Politics look squally and alarming. Bill Sherman overran the country and destroyed and carried away our property, and now his brother John is finish up the job, robbing us of the rights and liberties our forefathers won. General Thomas is playing Vantoun with his 21 orders—puttin harmless boys in the barracks for tableaun with an old rebel flag—accusing us of all the crimes in the decalogue: such as murder, rape, larceny, arson, burglary, bigamy, perjury and suicide, throwin up in our teeth the *magnanimity of our conquerors*, as hein our safety valve from death and Belzebub. Good gracious. What an awful people we are.

But my friends we've got nothing to be ashamed of. Since the war our pursuits have been peaceful and honorable. We needn't humiliate ourselves through fear of what mankind can do to us. If the Radicals intend to confiscate us they will do it, and no acceptance of Sherman's bill will prevent it. If they want our cabbages, they are going to have 'em. If they will ride over one law, they will over another. If they disregard Mr. Johnson's great argument, they will disregard anything. I don't know how it is generally, but there ain't an unpaid Rebel in this country, and if they confiscate they have got to declare the pardons all void. Nobody knows what they won't do, or when they will quit doing it, and my advice is to *suffer and be strong*, endure everything and accept nothing.—All is lost save honor; hold up your manhood, don't lick the hand that's raised to strike the blow. Joe Brown's banner says 'all is lost save honor, and that is only tolerable I thank you, it grows poney and weak.' He says we can have representation in Congress. Who by? A man who can take the test oath and control the nigger vote. Who wants such representation? How long before he would jine the Radicals and go in for confiscation. If he controlled the nigger vote he'd promise 'em land or anything else. Demagogues have always controlled the ignorant whites, demagogues will control the ignorant blacks. Who controls the nigger influence in Tennessee? Why, Brownlow and his party. Tennessee has done just what Joe Brown wants us to do, and now look at her and weep! a nigger candidate running for Governor.

But suppose we had representation and elected all good men, fair men, just men, what could they do for us? Just nothing at all. With the present Radical majority all our votes wouldn't undo anything that has been done, and with a Radical President they could do as much as they pleased. Just let them all alone, give 'em rope, more rope; history is repeating itself, the crisis will come some time, tyranny and oppression must run its course. Joe Brown's programme wont stop it.—One of his resolutions made my head swim. I felt like taking chloroform. He would make the whole Yankee nation believe that we loved 'em like brothers, and wanted 'em to come out South and let us hug 'em. Well, all that sort of stuff is played out. There ain't a hundred men in the State that has any more respect for a Radical than a hyena, Joe Brown knows it. But the good Lord knows our hearts, and how loudly we cling to those moderate men of the mighty North who would save us from the humiliation that awaits us. Let a kind word be spoken to a subjugated Reb, and the warm blood quickens in the veins.

Oh, but here, the Union Leagues, somebody says, what are they going to do with us? Never mind, my friends, the Union Leagues ain't agoin to hurt nobody; they are made of flesh and blood like we are, and they are citizens, and their fate will be our fate. They are as much disgusted at Sherman's bill as anybody.—They are our neighbors and our friends, and if there is any bad men among 'em there is enough of the good to make 'em do right. So keep quiet and be easy, and the Union Leagues are not going to trouble you. If they want to save their own, it don't follow that they want to steal yours.

But Joseph is afraid we can't stand a military government. Well, I know it's humiliating, witherin, erasing, but we have stood it and can try it awhile longer. We do it till we can do better.

Military government aint the cause of our poverty and distress. Its a government higher than Sherman or Sheridan. Its loss of crop and the want of rain. The military never stopped the corn from growin, and their is just as much rain in one platform as another. If the Good Lord will only bless us with abundant harvests everything will go on smooth enough with the humble and honest people who drive the plough and hoe the corn. If they prosper, everybody else will too, if they mind their own business. We will have to quit talking so much, and quit writing altogether muzzled lips and gagged press. I've done took warnin myself and quit. Had my life insured in the Knickerbocker, and the policy wont allow me to expose myself to jump into unnecessary peril. The military can out write us anyhow. Folks say the pen is mightier than the sword, but you put 'em both together, and they will flank a man out of his liberty, and may be his life, in double quick. The Mayor of this town had a lide billet doin with General Thomas the other day, and only come out second best, though it wasn't an open field nor a fair fight. I thought myself that 21 order must be a hoax, got up by Brick Pomeroy or somebody, and was looking for the General to come out in a card denying it, but I soon found that it was a genuine Robesperean document. I still think his posterity will deny it some 20 years hence.

Well, I was mighty mad, I would have given a hundred dollars to have played Vantoun with him one hour, just to have been turned loose in the papers, all free, no gag, no jail, no barracks, no bayonets, no guard. I would have got such a grin on him for the next six months as would have made everybody except Brick Pomeroy forget that Beast Butler stole spoons. 'Living on their magnanimity!' I tell you that got me, that burnt me, when I knew there wasn't enough magnanimity in a ship load of all such to support a poor Reb 24 hours. Mag nanimity! My opinion is they have lost the seed and don't know what the commodity is. I was as full of epitaph as Brownlow is of pisen. Language comes to me spontaneously; regular hidelfifers, that would have peeled the bark from a man's carcass like skinnen an alligator. But you see I was in the cautious state, and had to smother my feelings.

I think I should have gone up with spontaneus combustion if my wife hadn't broke the spell with her comic scenes.—She is an amusin and interestin woman, but much given to music in these days of numerous and lively offspring, but just as soon as order 21 came out she hunted up they 'grey jacket' and the 'conquered banner,' and just such a sole soiree as I have 21 times a week, was never heard in Big Shanty before. She seems to take delight in lettin the Reb flag on the title page 'see the light,' and 'flaunts it about' in my face because I call myself a Union man. She says part of the order about Gen. Han-son's remains was founded on Scripture, and so was Phil Sheridan's about Gen Johnson's, for Solomon said in Ecclesiastics, 'that a living dog is better than a dead lion.'

My opinion is that it will be impossible to harmonize these women durin this century. Such orders as 21 will cut off all hope of it. I think if Gen. Thomas hadnt been a Virginian, he wouldn't have issued it. I've noticed that when a Virginian falls, he falls heavy and fur. He gets further on the side agin us than anybody. I've heard that the General and Edward Johnson were both powerful seesh, and got mighty impatient because the Old Dominion was so slow in movin. The General said all the good offices would be gobbled up before she seceeded. Well, they say old General Scott got hold of 'em about this time, and took 'em up in a high mountain and showed 'em a kingdom or two, and the General fell down and worshipped, and Ed Johnson wouldn't. I tell you my friends, a man ought to be careful about going up onto these dangerous mountains, and this leads me to remark we ought to petition Mr. Johnson to put over Big Shanty a General who stood squar to his State.

Hope for the best, my friends. Don't imagine you see panthers and Injuns, because you are in a territory. Don't mistake a Bureau track for a bear sign.—Don't fear it will be sickly because Florida is hitched onto our diggings. Attend to your business, keep off a high mountain, and all will be well. I would say more, but my wife's music has begun.

Yours, respectfully,  
BILL ARP.  
P. S.—I date my letter from Big Shanty, as I hear these 'digging' are to have that name. Let us all be thankful we know where we are. For two years it has been doubtful whether we were in or out. My opinion now is that we are out, and I hear a female voice say whoopee!  
B. A.

## Selected Poetry.

### A POETIC MEDLEY.

[The following humorous *marceau*, which we clip from the *Forest County Press*, in its peculiar style, is unique.]  
By the lake where drooped the willow,  
Row, vassals, row!  
I want to be an angel,  
And jump Jim Crow.  
An old crow sat on a hickory limb,  
None named him but to praise;  
Let me kiss him for his mother,  
For he smells of Schweitzerkass.

The minstrel in the war has gone,  
With the banjo on his knee;  
He woke to hear his ventrilo shrill,  
There's a light in the window for thee.  
A frog he would a wooing go,  
His hair was curled to kill;  
He used to wear an old gray coat  
And the sword of Bunker Hill.  
Off in the stillly night,  
Make way for liberty! he cried,  
I won't go home till morning,  
With Peggy by my side.  
I am dying, Egypt, dying,  
Susannah don't you cry;  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To brush away the blue-tailed fly.  
The boy stood on the burning deck,  
With his baggage checked for Troy,  
One of the few immortal names,  
His name was Pat Malloy.  
Mary had a little lamb,  
He could a tale unfold,  
He had no teeth for to eat the corn cake,  
And his spectacles were gold.  
Lay on, lay on Macduff,  
Man wants but little here below,  
And I'm to be queen of the May,  
So kiss me quick and go!

### THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

[The following article, which we transfer to our columns from the *Erie Observer*, meets so nearly with our approbation, that we give it to our readers without comment:—]—Pup.

It would seem as if a general effort were being made through the State to revive an interest in the cause of temperance, which was lost sight of almost entirely during the war. A State Temperance Association has been formed, having among its members some of the leading public men at Harrisburg, and auxiliary societies are rising up with extraordinary rapidity in almost every town. The friends of the cause have taken hold of the matter in earnest, and unless they repeat the mistakes of the past, will not fail to exert a most potential and beneficial influence. It must be confessed, however, that there is an unfortunate tendency on the part of the short-sighted advocates of this reform towards carrying it to an extreme that is always certain to rebound against any moral movement in which their advice is allowed to prevail. Of our sympathy with any measure that will tend to benefit our fellow-men we trust that by this time none will doubt, and it may be, therefore, that those to whom we refer will give to our views some of that consideration which is always due from those who are striving in a good cause to the opinions of their co-laborers.

The fact must not be forgotten that temperance, like religion, is a subject peculiarly of *moral suasion*, and cannot be made successful by mere compulsory measures or party action. Whoever it has entered the domain of politics, the inevitable result has been to defeat the purpose aimed at, or, if successful, the triumph has been simply of a temporary nature. We are not of those who believe in enforcing our own views or modes of life upon our fellows, any more than we are willing that they should enforce theirs upon us. A rigid prohibitory liquor law, such as is now advocated in some quarters, will fail of its object, and merely create an ill feeling that will in time react upon those who secure its adoption. Men's appetites can no more be controlled by law than their religion, their party sympathies or their affections. To reform those who indulge in immoderate drink, they must first be convinced of the evil effects of intemperance, and when this cannot be done by moral or intellectual influences, it cannot be done by legal remedies. The severest laws ever passed have not restrained a single individual who was determined upon having liquor from getting all he desired, or converted a solitary soul to the opinion that it was right to deprive him of it, when his taste called for a supply. A certain amount of intoxicating drink will be sold in every community, under all circumstances, and it is a question in our mind whether in the end it would not be found the best plan to a low of its sale on the same principle that we do all other articles, holding the dealers responsible for such violations of the criminal code of the State as may ensue from an improper use of their privilege. Let this fact be steadily borne in mind, that in all questions of a moral character, what cannot be done by conviction will never succeed by legal requirements, and that we can no more make men temperate by an act of the Legislature, than we can force them to accept of Methodism, Romanism, Baptism, or any other denominational creed, by the same formal ceremony.

Passion dies soon, killing itself with its own food. Esteem lives and strengthens by its own power.

The Fort Wayne (Ind.) *Gazette* tells of a lad named Marshall, aged fifteen, well known in that place, who last both speech and hearing sixteen months ago, having those faculties restored to him by a thorough drink which he indulged in experimentally a week or two since. A Mr. Lloyd, finding him intoxicated, plied him with more liquor, and then shook him and rubbed him vigorously. The result was a sudden return of these precious faculties to the usual delight of the boy.