

BY MISS MARY E. THORP.

'Calm and deep peace in this wild air, These leaves that rattle to the fall; And in one heart if calm at all, If any calm a calm despair.'

'Calm on the seas, and silvery sleep And waves that sway themselves in rest, And deep calm in that noble breast, Which heaves but with the heaving deep.' —TENNYSON.

It was evening—a beautiful autumn evening. The red leaves yet danced, rejoicing in the mild air; the yellow sunshine yet gilded the hill-tops, and the soft shadows were creeping silently up the valley, as the gentle widow Leedom, with her child in her arms, wending her way homeward.

She was tired, for she had toiled all day in Farmer Wood's kitchen, and though it was Saturday evening, she had not been paid for her labor. The kind-hearted house maid at Farmer Wood's had urged her to wait for her supper, but she thought of her hungry little ones at home, and she could not stay.

She had no eye for the glory of that superb October sunset as she walked wearily on, her tired arms scarcely able to hold the little joyous creature that laughed and crowded, and ever and anon peered into her bonnet, lisping his sweet-toned 'Mamma, Mamma.'—She thought only of her expectant little ones, and the means of obtaining bread for them to last over Sunday.

As she neared the village she seemed irresolute whether to enter in or pass on; but a vision of her lonely, fasting children rose up before her imagination, and she stopped, her lips moved a moment or two, as if in prayer, and then quickening her step and hurrying on, like one who has nerved herself to a sudden resolution, she turned into the main street, and was soon standing before the counter of the baker's shop. The baker was an amiable man, but it was not in human nature to resist the widow's pleading tone and touching expression as she falteringly asked him to trust her for a loaf of bread for a day or two. The man handed the loaf reluctantly, and was about to insist on prompt payment, when a glance at the widow's painfully flushed and embarrassed manner deterred him. With scarcely audible thanks, she concealed the loaf under her tattered shawl, and, drawing her babe closer to her bosom, hastened home.

'Mother's come! mother's come!' cried a couple of young, eager voices, as she entered the gate and her seven-year-old Robert and his little sister came running to meet her.

They were pretty children. The little Mary inherited her mother's mild blue eyes and delicate complexion, and the boy his father's handsome face and honest brown eyes. Poor children, they were accustomed to being left alone, for the widow went out to work daily, and the night was always welcome that brought their mother's loved return. They had a thousand things to ask and tell, which fell unheeded this time on the ear of the sad mother, though she instinctively answered them 'yes' and 'no,' as occasion required. She gave the loaf to Robert, and taking little Mary's hand, they entered the house together. The table was already set out by the little, expectant household, but there was nothing on it that could be construed into anything eatable, save a cup of molasses and some salt. The mother cut a slice of bread for each of her half-famished children, and sat quietly by, nursing the youngest whilst they ate it, for she had no heart to eat herself.

She was very sorrowful as she looked at those dependent little beings, and thought of her failing strength and shading her eyes with her hand, the tears stole silently down her pale patient face, and fell among the bright curls of the little unconscious head pillowed so peacefully on her bosom.

She had been sorely afflicted. The husband of her youth had been stricken down by a falling beam while attempting to save a sick child, that had been overlooked in the hurry and panic, from a burning building. The child was saved, but he who perished his life for it, the strong brave-hearted man, had perished.

The fruit of this union, her eldest born, the pride of her heart, the noble boy whose every movement and expression had been as many smiles of his buried father, was a wanderer, she knew not whither.

Years after the boy had left her, when Robert Leedom came often to see her in her loneliness, and ventured to tell her at length how he had loved her from the time they had played together at school, and how he had remained single for her sake, and came back always to the same air that she breathed, and besought her to let him sustain and shield her, to comfort her in sickness and sorrow, she gladdened the honest sailor's faithful heart by consenting to become his wife.

No wonder the young sailor loved her; she was so neat in her habits, so gentle and industrious, and her calm sweet face and holy eyes shone with the beauty that dwelt in her soul. She had learned to love her second husband, and had borne him three fair children, when the sad news came that the gallant vessel in which he had sailed was wrecked on the dangerous coast near Abasco, and in his generous efforts to save others, Robert Leedom was lost.

She had been a widow a second time only six months, and now, as she

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thought of her inability to support her fatherless children even in the summer time, and saw no other prospect before her whichever way she looked, and knew that the cold, drear, winter was gradually coming on, her heart failed her utterly and she could only weep.—The wondering little ones tried by each endearing art they could think of to attract the attention, but in vain.

Impressed by their mother's mournful mood, they ate their bread almost in silence, and when they finished, she arose mechanically, and laying her babe in its cradle, put them to bed.—She heard them say their prayers, and bade 'good night and God bless them' carefully and tenderly as usual, but with that subdued, spiritless tone that emanates from a heart without hope. She continued kneeling by their bedside long after she had prayed and wept. Bitterly she wept, but there was no pitying eye to see now, no tender hand to caress, no loving voice to soothe, as the cry from her overburdened, despairing heart, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!' went up over the unconscious sleepers in that hour of agony.

'No pitying eye, did I say? The eye that never slumbers nor sleeps, was there: the loving kindness that has said—I will be a Father to the fatherless, was about her even then, though she knew it not. In the power of the Spirit, came the blessed assurance, in answer to her despairing cry—'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee'—and her soul grew calm, all her old trusting faith returned, and she arose from her knees tranquilly, feeling that 'the Lord is a ever present help in time of trouble.' She took down the little worn Bible from the mantle, and as she read on through the closing chapters of St. John, an expression of peace ineffable,—the peace that passeth understanding—settled serenely on her sweet face. Putting the Bible reverently back, she took some mending from her basket, and soon the clear tones of a hymn sounded through the stillness of the little cottage; and 'How firm a foundation,' when pealed from lordly organs, and echoed through vaulted dome, never ascended more acceptable to Him who sitteth on the great white throne.

But other eyes beside the All-seeing had been looking in through the low casement at the lonely sufferer, and now the sweet tones of the holy hymn were interrupted by a knock at the door.—The widow opened it, and saw before her a travel-stained man, who asked only for a crust of bread and a sup of water. The widow glanced at the loaf which still lay on the table, and then at her sleeping children, and hesitated but only for a moment; there was something in the tone of the stranger's voice that came gratefully to her soul, as the breath of spring over violets, and she thought of her own beloved boy asking for charity in some distant land, and she hastened to place a chair, and reach him the loaf, trusting to Him 'Who causeth it to rain on the earth where no man is, to satisfy the desolate and waste ground' for her orphans.

'My mother! my own precious mother!' cried the familiar voice, in broken tones, and springing forward, she was caught and strained to the beating heart of her long lost son.

'My son, my son,' she could only murmur, while he exclaimed: 'I am rich my mother, I have been to California, and have come back rich, beyond all I ever hoped or dreamed of.—My poor famishing mother, I am just in time, thank God! thank God! and mother and son knelt together in one glad earnest prayer of thanksgiving.

—Who can estimate the value of a newspaper? No one, until he has lost it; until the pleasant periodical visits, like the face of a dear friend, bringing such a fund of wit, news and general intelligence, that he is always greeted with a hearty welcome, are withdrawn. It is in one sense, the light of the world, without which the metal universe would be as much in darkness as the terrestrial is without the sun.

There are books, it is true, good, wise, entertaining; but they do not tell us of passing events, or to direct us to the best place of business. Neither do they inform us of our friends are passing away or getting married; or who is doing a thriving business, or who is bankrupt, or who has sailed from the Eastern Continent, or who has returned from a tour thither, &c.

—Mrs. Partington said she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex; but just because she was the size of her first protector, and could wear out his old clothes.

—An Irish gentleman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: 'Be nie sowl, an' that's a good idea! Shure an' a stone coffin would last a man his life time.'

—When is a lawyer like a donkey? When he's drawing a conveyance.

## ARTEMUS WARD'S LAST.

[The following epistle from the lamented Artemus Ward, has only recently been given to the public. It is generally known that Artemus was a staunch Democrat and in this production he evidently intended to "take off" some of the mock philanthropy which controlled our politics during the last six or eight years. The dominance of Radicalism undoubtedly induced him to withhold its publication, but now that he has "gone to his fathers," his friends have ventured to send it abroad in the land.]

I was sitting in the bar, quietly smoking a fragrant pipe, when two middle-aged and stern looking females and a young and pretty female suddenly entered the room. They were accompanied by two umbrellas and a negro gentleman.

'Do you feel for the down trodden?' said one of the females, a thin-faced and sharp-voiced person in dark green spectacles.

'Do I feel for it?' answered the landlord, in a puzzled voice.—'Do I feel for it?'

'Yes for the oppressed, the benighted?'

'Inasmuch as to which?' said the landlord.

'You see this man?' said the female, pointing her umbrella at the negro gentleman.

'Yes, marm, I see him.'

'Yes!' said the female, raising her voice to a exceeding high pitch, 'you see him, and he's your brother!'

'No, I'm darned if he is,' said the landlord, hastily retreatin' to his beer casks.

'And yours!' shouted the excited female, addressin' me. 'He is also your brother.'

'No, think not marm, I pleasantly replied. 'The nearer we come to that color in our family was in the case of my brother John. He had the jaunders for several years, but they finally left him. I am happy to state that at the present time he hasn't a solitary jauder.'

'Look at this man!' screamed the female.

I looked at him. He was an able bodied, well dressed, comfortable looking negro. He looked as though might have three or four good meals a day into him without a murmur.

'Look at that down trodden man!' cried the female.

'Who trod on him?' I inquired.

'Villins! despots!'

'Well,' said the landlord, 'why don't you go to the villins about it? Why do you come here tellin us that niggers is our brothers, and brandishin your umbrellas round like a lot of lunatics? Your was than the spirit rappers.'

'Have you,' said the middle-aged female No. 2, who was a quieter sort of a person, 'have you no sentiment—no poetry in your soul—no love for the beautiful! Dost thou never go into the green fields to cull the beautiful flowers?'

'I not only dost,' said the landlord, in an angry voice, 'but I'll bet you five pound you can't bring a man as durst say I duest.'

'The little birds,' continued the female, 'dost thou not love to gaze onto them?'

'I would I were a bird, that I might fly to thou!' I humorously sang, casting a sweet glance at the pretty young woman.

'Don't you look that way at my daughter,' said female No. 1, in a violent voice; 'you are old enough to be her father.'

'Twas an innocent look my dear madam,' I softly said. 'You behold in me an emblem of innocence and purity. In fact, I start for Rome to-morrow, to sit as a model to the celebrated artist, who is about to sculpt a statue, to be called sweet innocence. Do you suppose a sculptor would send for me for that purpose, unless he well know'd I was overflowing with innocence? Don't make an error about me.'

'It is opinyin,' said the leadin' female, 'that you're a scoffer and a wretch! Your mind is in a wusser beclouded state than the poor negroes we are seeking to aid. You are a gruper in the dark cellar of sin. O, sinful man!'

There is a sparkling fount, Come, O, come and drink. No, no, sir; you will not come and drink.'

'Yes he will, said the landlord, 'if you'll treat. Jest try him.'

'As for you,' said the enraged female to the landlord, 'you are a degraded being, too low and vulgar to talk unto.' 'This is the sparkling fount for me, dear sister!' cried the landlord, drawing and drinking a mug of beer. Having uttered which goak, he gave a low, rumbling larf and relaxed into silence.

'My colored fren,' I said to the negro kindly, 'what is it all about?'

He said they were trying to raise money to send missionaries to the Southern States in America to preach to the vast number of negroes recently made

free there. He said they were without the gospel. He said they were without tracts. I said:

'My fren, this is a seris matter. I admire you for tryin to help the race to which you belong, and far be it from me to say anything agin carryin the gospel among the blacks of the South.'

Let the gospel go to them by all means. But I happen to know individually that there are some thousands of liberated blacks in the South who are starvin. I don't blame anybody for this, but tis a very sat fact. Some are really to ill to work, some can't get work to do, and others are too foolish to see my necessity for workin. I was down there last winter, and I observed that this class had plenty of preachin for their souls, but skurce any vittles for their stummuck. Now, if it is proposed to send flour and bacon along with the gospel, the idea is really an excellent one. If on t'other hand it is proposed to send preachin alone, all I can say is that it's a hard case for the niggers. If you expect a colored man to be interested in a track when his stummuck is empty, you expect too much.'

I gave the negro as much as I could afford, and the kind hearted lan'lord did the same. I said—

'Farewell, my colored fren. I wish you well, certainly. You are now as free as the eagle. But like him and soar. But don't by any means attempt to convert a Yethopean perscn while h's stummuck yeans for vittles. And you, ladies—I hope you are ready to help the poor and unfortunate abroad.'

When they had gone the lan'lord said, 'Come into the garden, Ward.' And we went and culled some carrots for dinner.

We heard a laughable anecdote of a 'man with a big foot.' He was a Buffalonia, who must be alive now, for a man with sc good a hold upon the ground is not likely to drop off in a hurry. He stepped one day into a small shop of a boot maker in the flourishing capital of old Erie, and asked Chrispin if he could make him a pair of boots. Looking at his long splay-pedal extremities, and then glancing at a huge uncut cow hide that hung on the wall, he said—

'Well, yes, I guess so.'

'What time will you have them done? Today is Monday.'

'Well, it'll depend on circumstances; I guess I can have 'em for you by Sat. urday.'

On Saturday, therefore, the man called for his boots.

'Have you got 'em done?' said he, as he entered the little shop.

'No, I havn't—I couldn't; it has rained every day since I took your meas. ure.'

'Rained!' exclaimed the astonished patron; 'well, what of that?—what had that to do with it?'

'What had that to do with it?' echoed Chrispin; 'it had a good deal to do with it. When I make your boots I've got to go out of doors, for I havn't room in my shop, and I can't work out of doors in rainy weather!'

WHO CAN IT BE?—The editor of the Brookville Herald relates that as he was "strolling about town the other evening, he picked up the following quaint poem. It was pathetically dedicated to any of the 'female persuasion' who are guilty of the crime of which it treats. Who the audacious, heartless, impudent fellow is, he is at a loss to know, but if he ascertains his name and place of abode, promises to have him tried under the Military Reconstruction Bill, and, if found guilty, smothered in crinoline and such other fixin's:

'She did not smoke, nor did she drink Beer, porter, ale or rum; But oh! she had one serious fault— That lovely girl chewed gum.'

'Her mouth was busy all the time, And never did she come To church, or any public place, Without her chewing gum!'

'The force of habit's strong in death, And when her time shall come, Her epitaph we hope to see— "She died of chewing gum."'

—One bar at Saratoga does a business worth \$42,000 a season.

—'Idlewild' has been let for a school. Schools are often idlewilds.

—It is certain that the hay crop will be unprecedentedly large, 'weather or no.'

—The hero and heroine of a runaway match in Indiana were middle aged man and a widow with five children.

—Punch reports the speech of an Irish M. P. who thought Ireland was overtaxed. 'Take a tenth of our income, sir. Ay, that they do, and they'd take a twentieth if they dared.'

—A lad who had borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it after having got through with the remark: 'It was werry nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject werry often.'

## A GAME DINNER.

Shortly after the war with Great Britain an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he fenced his grounds with a high, tight board fence. Here he lived, like an old Englishman, so none but the elite of the officers of the neighboring garrison were permitted to pass his gates. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and British officers at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap, who stuttered terribly, was fond of hunting, and was always getting into mischief.

One day this chap took the small boat that lay moored at the foot of the walls of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shores to have a hunt. He wandered over several miles in the rear of Fort George, without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow within the inclosure of the aristocratic Englishman, he scaled the high fence and brought down his game. The Colonel witnessed the transaction, and advanced while the soldier was reloading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing with a loaded gun in his hands, he gulped down his anger for a moment, and merely asked him if he killed the crow.

'I am sorry,' said the Colonel, 'for he was a pet. By the by, that is a very pretty gun; will you be so kind as to let me look at it?'

The soldier complied with the request. The Englishman took the gun and stepped back a few paces, and then broke into a tirade of abuse, concluding with an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized and entreated. The Colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and sternly repeated his command.

There was shot in the Englishman's eye; there was no help for it, and the stuttering soldier stooped down and took a bite of the crow, but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast, and it appeared as if he would throw up his toe nails. The Englishman gloated over the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional heave. When he had got through vomiting and wiping his eyes, the Colonel handed him his gun, with the remark: 'Now, you rascal, that will teach you how to poach on a gentleman's inclosure.'

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and the Colonel might have seen the devil in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Expostulations, prayers and entreaties were useless. There was shot in the Yankee's eye then. There was no help at hand, and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough to send all the good dinner he had lately eaten on the same journey with the garrison fare of the soldier, and while the Englishman was in the agony of sickness, Jonathan escaped to the American shore.

The next morning the commandment of Niagara was sitting in his quarters, and Colonel—was announced.

'Sir,' said he, 'I come to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage.'

'We have three hundred men here, and it would be difficult for me to know who you mean,' said the officer.

The Englishman described him as a long, dangling, stoop-shouldered, stuttering devil.

'Ah, I know who you mean,' said the officer, 'he is always getting into trouble. Orderly, call Tom.'

In a few minutes Tom entered, and stood as straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

'Tom,' said the officer, 'do you know this gentleman?'

'Ye-ye-ye, sir.'

'Where did you see him before?'

'I d-d-dined with him yesterday.'

It is needless to say that the joke was against the Englishman, and that Tom escaped punishment.

A HANDSOME YOUNG Yankee peddler made love to a buxom widow in Pennsylvania. He accompanied his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. 'Name them,' said the widow. 'The want of means to set up a retail store.' They parted, and the widow sent ample means. When they met again the peddler had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. 'I have another wife,' said the notion peddler.

—No statue that the rich man places ostentatiously in his window is to be compared to the little expectant face pressed against the window pane, watching for its father, when his day's labor is done.

We clip the following queries, from the Erie Observer:—

### Fertinent Queries.

Mr. Editor:—I am not superstitious, but I would like to ask you what the following signs signify:

What sign is it when you see a young man going about shaking hands with every one he meets that he never spoke to before, and kissing all the dirty faced youngsters in the neighborhood in which he lives? I might mention, Mr. Editor, that I have seen individuals who are candidates for election doing the same thing.

What sign is it when a young man gets a salary of about \$600 a year, and puts on the style and appearance of one getting \$1,200?

What sign is it when you see a man that you know has not a particle of religion in his composition, on Sunday morning take two or three Bibles and a hymn book under his arm, assume an elongated face and enter the church with the bearing of a saint, and when he gets away from home occasionally attend a dance and represent himself as a single man?

What sign is it when a man comes home about midnight, shakes hands with the pump, tries to pull off his pants with the boot-jack, and goes to bed with his boots on?

What sign is it when you see a young man who dresses in the highest point of fashion, who tortures himself with No. 8 buttons when No. 10's would fit him better, who crowds a long, lean leg into narrow pants to be in fashion, who won't speak to a decent honest man on the street because he does not dress in the same idiotic style that he does?—Some say it is want of brains.

K.

### Brother Crawford's Sermon.

A Southern exchange gives this as the first sermon of a new minister in a villa, &c in that section. He began apologetically as follows:

'You don't see me to day in the dress I allers wear; I come among you as a stranger and am now tricked out in my store clothes. I am not a proud man, but I thought it would be more becoming among strangers.'

After this he raised a hymn in which the congregation joined. He then began his sermon.

My dear brothers and sisters, first and foremost, I'm guize to tell you the affecting partin I had with my congregation at Bethel Chapel. After I had got through with my farewell sermon as I come down outen the pulpit, the old gray headed brethren and sisters who listened to my voice twenty years, crowded around me and with sobbing voices and tearful eyes, said—'Farewell, brother Crawford!'

As I walked down the aisle, the young ladies, tricked out in their finery, brass jewelry, gewgaws, jim-cracks, paints and doances, looked up with their bright eyes, and pronounced with their rosy lips—'Farewell, brother Crawford!'

The young men, in their tight pants, boots, high collars and dasy waist-coats—smelling of pomatum and cigar smoke—with shanghai coats, and striped Zebra pants—they too said—'Farewell, brother Crawford!'

The little children—lamb in the fold—lifted up their tiny hands and small voices, and with one accord said—'Farewell, brother Crawford!'

The colored brethren of the congregation now came forward (black sheep who had been admitted to the fold under my ministry) with tears rolling down their cheeks, they too said—'Farewell, brother Crawford!'

As I got on my horse and bade adieu to my congregation forever—I turned to take a last look at the church where I had preached more than twenty years—and as I gazed at its dilapidated walls and moss covered roof—it to seemed to say—'Farewell brother Crawford!'

As I rode through the village, the people who poked their heads outen the windows and the servants who leant on their brooms, all seemed to say—farewell brother Crawford!

As I passed along down the highway, through the forest, the wind, as it sighed and whistled through the tree tops, played on the leaves and branches the burden of salvation it too seemed to say—'Farewell, brother Crawford!'

Crossing a little creek that was gurgling and singing over its pebbly bed, as it rejoiced on its way to the great ocean of eternity, it to seemed to say—'Farewell, brother Crawford!'

As I rode along down a hot dusty lane, an old sow that was asleep in a fence-corner, jumped out of a sudden with a loud broo-too, broo-too; she too seemed to say—'Farewell, brother Crawford!'

My horse got frightened and jumped from under me, and as he culed his tail over his back—kicked up his heels and ran off; he too seemed to say—'Farewell, brother Crawford!'

A hard drinker objects to putting water in his whiskey because it dampens his spirits.

'I'll be round this way in a minute' as the second hand said to the pendulum.

The 'sugar wedding,' occurring thirty days after marriage, is the newest fashionable folly.

The Mayor of Utica has instructed the police to arrest tobacco chewers who expectorate on the sidewalk.

A Boston paper thinks these are called 'Jog days' because there is so much growling about the weather.

According to a New York paper that city contains 550 men who make their living as decoys for the fero table.