

Recited before the Pennsylvania State Law Convention, held in Harrisburg, Oct. 16, 1867, by the author, L. J. Blodgett, of the Centinara B. B. C., Allentown, Pa.

Another year since last we met, hath run its varied race, And grim old Time, with noiseless tread, hath made another base. The autumn winds, and winter snows, in the arms of spring have died, and bounteous summer filled the earth, and vanished, glorified; And now amidst painted rustling leaves, with autumn's patrician sky we meet once more, as then may meet, in generous rivalry. No blustering ranting demagogues, here ply their vocal trade, nor count the gains a thief would scorn, ill-gotten and ill made. Nor wily politicians, in whose cold and changing eye lurks every phantasm of twist and turn, and mean sleight of hand. With not an office in our gift, with none to take, nor make Nor wiser to fall, for pappet's dance, nor sinner's slates to break, have every one unfeigned can his true right hand extend. And greet his farthest neighbor with the dear old name of friend. To me is given the honored part, to greet you one and all, and give your hearty welcome, for the game we love, Base Ball. Mine is the joyful task, mine is the glad best, To "welcome the evening—speed the parting guest." Ye "humble Nine!" who haunt "Business" mount. I pray ye open for me the sweet poetic fount, My willing fluid bless, my gray goose quill inspire, And thrice my footsteps with the real poetic fire. Aid ye my task! Make smooth the rugged ways, And o'er my many blunders shed subsiding rays. Turn down each scornful sneer I pray, and bid the sneerer pause, And when the critic opens his mouth, I pray ye close his jaws. It does not need, that I should speak, of ball grounds or of bases, You know the game too well for that; 'tis written in your faces, (Of course there are no muffins here, nor butter-fingered men, Who fly their bulks to very neat to—let them drop again) But I would speak of another game, a harder, nobler strife. Where each, and every one must play, the rugged game of life. There Time is Captain, in his game there must be no "laggard" he. But each must play the base assigned with noble industry. There is no rest, nor recess; each inning must be played. Time waiteth not; his sure home run for no one can be stayed. But each has separate work to do, each hath a special aim, And when we cease a crown awaits, of glory or of shame. It is for us alone to say, the which we'll strive to grasp, To walk all fettered o'er with sin, or victor's hand to clasp. It is for us alone, to say, o'er our game is o'er, For our stoke with the lot of life is past for ever more. Whether we so will play our game, that when we sink to rest, We'll hear our mighty Captain call "Come unto me ye blessed." Our game is life. We leave the dear home base; Flashed with the faith and hope of youth we enter on the race, We do not think of slippery foes, we think our path is clear. We seem to falter on the road, we never think of fear. We look aloft to Heaven, and o'er the earth so broad. With the smile of youth upon our lips, and our trust in the living God, Mayhap, when reaching for the prize, upon our senses burst, Our heavenly Emperor calling, "Out on first!" And so from earth we vanish and our sun sinks on eternal night, o'er his first day is done. Some make home runs, and touching every base, Come in before Death's ball, can intercept their race. Some crowd their neighbors off, and in their greedy toils, And selfish lusts for glory, put both out. Some steal their way through life; we do not heed Their silent progress, till they claim the medal. Some safely reach their first, and in their prime And pile of life they only laugh at Time. They scorn his ravages, his roughest blows defy. Forgetting he unlocks eternity. Some make their second in the dawn of age, With life's grand valence clinging up their page. And now, the path descends, their footsteps lie In the dark valley of eternity. Fine pulls them on, while backwardly they cast Thoughts of regret upon their life, now past. Once more they feel the breath of joyous spring. And hear the sweet birds of the summer sing. Once more, beloved faces; gather round And in the heart the chords of memory sound. And so we go, the third last base we win. Death's gate, and we must follow in. And so we're back again from whence we came, From dust we spring; then back to dust again. Some bring to their home base nothing but error and crime and sin, And wretched frames, enshrouded souls, and misery within. Their bosoms fraught with malice, their old age full of woe. Their youth returned as a spectre, with none of youth's bright glow. And when from the clock of Nature there cometh a solemn chime, Telling that God hath added another year to time, It only marks their dial with another year of gloom, And in its soft cadences is echoed their coming doom. And they exist alone in anguish, and bitterness of soul.

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Back to the days of youth again, oh! Time, in mercy roll; Come back! come back! oh childhood, days passed without a sin. That once again my weary life rightly I may begin. But Time is headless, and he mocks and seems them in their woe, in life Time is our firmest friend, in death he is our foe. But some bring back to their Captain the glorious he gave of gold, enriched by toil, and fructified a hundred thousand fold; May you, companions, be of these! oh! struggle for the crown That waits above, surpassing aught of this poor earth's renown. And now, farewell! to all, farewell! it is at length the time When bulls of parading moments strike on the heart their chime. I fall would I—ger in the task; yet must the parting word By quivering tongue be sometimes spoke, by sorrowing ear be heard. All days for man at least must die, and glad pleasure have an end. The joyous palm, and sturdy oak with the dark cypress blend; Before another sunset comes, or twilight leaves the sky, Each will have said his parting word, mayhap his last good bye. For e'er another year takes life or the old one sails to sleep, It must be over some of us the hollow world will weep. Our toilsome game of life played out, our home base fairly made, And we in sleep that wakens not in our mother's breast are laid. We cannot hope to meet on earth, when autumn comes again, We'll seek some dear, familiar face, but seek, ah! all in vain; Death leaves to strike where least we think his blow would dare to fall, And loves to summon those away who least expect his call; But while you live, where e'er you walk, what ever your fortunes be, God speed you all in every way, and bless you plentifully. And soon or late we'll meet again before an Empire's throne. Whose slightest mandate all must heed, whose power all must own; Before him may your scores be clear, and may you gain the prize Surpassing aught that earth can give—the life that never dies.

For the Advocate. Women's Rights.

BY M. E. BARNES.

The right to worship, pure and deep, To hush the storm of life to sleep; To form the germ for manhood's bloom, To smooth the pathway to the tomb. To feed the orphan and the poor, The warfare of the world endure; First at the Saviour's cross to meet, To love with tears that Saviour's feet. To fold an angel's wings below, And hover o'er the cot of woe; To lay the Bethlehem babe to rest, And pour a balm o'er sorrow's breast. The aged head with joy to crown, To call celestial favors down; To teach aspiring, ardent youth The golden beacons of truth. First at the Saviour's tomb to weep, First in the fields of faith to reap; The right to suffer and to pray, To guide to Heaven the pilgrim's way. The right to bless a nation's hearth, And flower the thorny roads of earth; To cheer the saddened brow of care, And paint the future realm, so fair. To throw a gleam of sunshine round The darkened chasm of each wound, That glazes the lonely mourner's heart, When life's best treasures hence depart. Be this her bright and storied pile, — To save from sin by virtue's smile; This be her crown, her jewelled dome, Her wreath of love,—a happy home! ALLEGANY, N. Y.

State News Items.

—The Conneautville depot is going rapidly on towards completion. —The farmers generally are now busily engaged in getting in their fall crop. —The Reno, Oil Creek, and Pithole Railroad has been sold at auction for \$127,000. —Gov. Geary has appointed Adam B. Clover sheriff of Perry county, vice John F. Miller, resigned. —The large woolen factory of George Ballock of Norristown, has been sold for \$200,000. —The Episcopal church at Phoenixville has been robbed and set on fire two or three times within the past two weeks. —Montgomery, Berks, Chester, and a number of other counties have a poor crop of fruit for market this season. —A much respected native of Pennsylvania, named Rachel Haas, died recently at Pottersburg, Ill., at the advanced age of one hundred and eight years. —The Soldier's Monument for Dauphin county will soon be under way. The contract is for \$11,000, and has been awarded to Henry Myers of Harrisburg. —William Perkins, well known in Pittsburgh, died near Lakeville, Ohio, on the 15th inst. His loss will be mourned by all who knew him. —The residence of Dr. Lewis Heck, about six miles north of Harrisburg, was destroyed by fire on the evening of October 18. The fire caught from a bake-oven. —Those acquainted with Capt. W. C. Green, formerly a recruiting officer in Pittsburgh, will regret to learn of his decease from yellow fever, while on his return from California.

A Married Man Wakes up the Wrong Passage.

Mr. Z lives on Market street, in a certain house, bearing a certain number. He is the happy possessor of a wife and a score or more of children, is well blessed with the world's goods, and of course is much admired and patronized by all his neighbors. Mr. Z is also a public spirited man, and nothing delights him more than to see some work of internal improvement. He attends all meetings and other gatherings looking towards the promotion of these objects, and was never known to be backward in subscribing to any cause calculated to advance the best interests of St. Louis. Having given this short history of the man and his aspirations, it is unnecessary to add that he was present at the Miller's and Flour Merchant's Convention, held at the Merchant's Exchange, last Wednesday, and made one or two vigorous speeches. When evening came, it required but little urging to prevail upon him to stay at the banquet. Being of a social nature and much interested in the objects of the convention, he came to the conclusion that if he could advance these objects by taking his seat at the well filled supper table and putting down a few glasses of Heidsieck, he would do it; and so Mr. Z staid. It was late—or early, rather—when the company broke up to go home. There is nothing extraordinary in this circumstance but our duty as a faithful historian compels us to disclose the fact that Mr. Z was slightly fuddled, or if this is too harsh a term, elevated. His eyes fairly twinkled with merriment, and he became oppressed with such an inordinate desire for speech making that he was only silenced by a couple of gentlemen clapping their handkerchiefs over his mouth and leading him from the room. In this unsteady, uncertain and tottering condition, Mr. Z was conveyed to his room and left at the street door. Here he dismissed the kind friends who had piloted him, with a paternal blessing, and then addressed himself to the task of getting into the house and to bed without arousing the partner of his bosom. This undertaking, however, involved considerable difficulty. The sleeping room was in the second story, third floor from the stairway landing, and although Z could have found it well enough at other times, yet at this particular juncture he felt mighty uncertain. He opened the door softly and commenced to creep up stairs. It seemed to him as though he weighed a ton, for each and every stair seemed to groan and squeak with pain, and in an agony of desperation he clung to the banisters. Arriving at the top he groped around in the darkness until his hand came in contact with the knob of the door, and imagining that it led to the couch where reposed his partner in the dreams of innocence, he turned it softly and entered. He would not light the gas but disrobed in the dark, and off came his coat, vest and pants, and last his boots. He thought that he could not be mistaken in the room for he detected articles of dress such as could be worn by none but a feminine. He tangled himself in a set of hoops, stubbed his toe against some French corsets, and mentally swearing at Mrs. Z for leaving her things where he could stumble over them, shuffled up slowly to the bedside, and turning down the clothes, was in the act of placing his leg beneath, when a piercing scream broke out upon the midnight air, and a white robed figure jumped like lightning from the bed, and going to the window shouted, "Help, help! save me, its a man!" The whole house was soon in an uproar. A policeman, three blocks distant, hearing the hubbub, started for the scene, shaking his rattle vigorously as he ran; but Mrs. Z, who slept in the next room adjoining, was the first to rush to the rescue. We shall not attempt to describe the sight that met her eyes on bursting open the door. There in a corner, screaming with might and main, was the young lady guest that she had invited to spend the evening with her, and there by the bedside stood Mr. Z. in *paris naturalibus*, looking as though he had been fooled by Balaam's ass and was about to be turned out of green pastures. Mrs. Z gave one long, agonizing look, and muttered out: "Oh! you naughty man," and then tumbled backward on a death faint, while the unfeeling wretch alluded to, sat down in a chair, passed his hand over his brow once or twice, and exclaimed: "Well, I'll be cursed!" He had strayed into the wrong room. We are happy to state that the matter is now settled in consideration of his promising never to stay out another evening later than ten o'clock.—St. Louis Times.

Fun as a Profession.

The business of making people laugh is no joke. Yoricks, whose speciality is to set the table in a roar, are generally whee-off duty, a chop-fallen tribe. Writers who produce largely for the humorous papers are, in at least three cases out of five, gloomy and taciturn. Comic actors, as a class, have always been notorious for their melancholy bearing belied the scenes. Liston, the English comedian, the expression of whose face, even in repose, was so ludicrous that it provoked laughter, was one of the most confirmed hypocondriacs of his day; and "Billy Williams," for years the leading representative of broad farce in this country, used to blubber like a whipped schoolboy when anything went wrong with him. When "Dominique," the French *farceur*, was convulsing all Paris with his drolleries, a physician of that city was one day visited by a miserable looking man, who asked what he should do to get rid of a horrid desire to commit suicide which continually haunted him. "Go and see Dominique," said the doctor. "Alas!" replied the unfortunate wretch, "I am Dominique. Forced humor is indeed a sorry business. There is a reactionary principle in human nature which renders depression the inevitable consequence of overstrained merriment. The philosophy of all this is, that although wit and humor are cheerful faculties when suffered to develop themselves spontaneously, they are quite the reverse when compelled to drudge. In fact, no one faculty can be overworked except at the expense of all the others. To keep the body in a healthy, vigorous, elastic condition, all its attributes must be properly exercised. It is the same with the mind.

A Second Evangelist.

On the steamer which recently parsed up to Montana, was a young girl of scarce eighteen, who goes to the distant land of gold to meet her affianced. Four years ago she met and loved a young student in a German University. Their trysting place might not have been at "Bingen on the Rhine," but it was at just such a romantic spot not many leagues distant. Her attachment was reciprocated, and troth was plighted. Three years since the bridegroom came to America, and sought his fortune among the placers of Montana, shortly securing a lucrative position as superintendent of a successful mining company. A few weeks ago a brief message darted across two continents, and three thousand miles of ocean in a day, and found this beautiful, unsophisticated girl, surrounded by all the endearments of a home of wealth and refinement. It told her that near the far off shores of the Pacific some one waited her coming. A few days later she was rooking upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic, and later still she disembarked in a strange land, the language and customs of whose people were new to her. She is now slowly and happily ascending the Missouri, confident that her bridegroom is expecting her, having travelled alone from the banks of the Baltic to meet him. Suppose he should have died during her journey! What then?

A Wild Woman.

A couple of weeks ago, an old woman went to the house of Mr. Caleb, in Elk Neck, and asked for milk. Having drunk freely, she left, and was no more thought of, till a few days after, when James E. Oldham, Esq., in crossing Caleb's cornfield, was attracted by the tumbled condition of some of the shocks, which, on examination, appeared to have been arranged into a kind of tent. Making search, he found in a neighboring gully the same woman, then taking refuge under a briar bush. She seemed quite wild, and talked so incoherently that nothing can be found out of her origin. Her accent is Irish. The constable of the 5th district had been apprised of her condition and it was supposed would take measures to have her removed to the Almshouse, though at latest accounts he had not arrived.—Cecil Democrat.

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Elias Howe, whose fame as the inventor of the Sewing machine is world-wide, died at his residence in Brooklyn, New York, on the evening of the 3d inst. For the last three months Mr. Howe was afflicted with that terrible disease known as Bright's Disease of the kidneys, and although he was supposed to be gradually gaining, he took a sudden cold a few days previous to his death, which carried him off. He was born in Spencer, Massachusetts, in 1819, and was subsequently 49 years of age. Mr. Howe's life and struggles are an almost exact parallel of nearly every great inventor, and read in portions more like a romance than the relation of facts. His boyhood was marked by hard labor on a farm and in a mill owned by his father, so that he had very few educational advantages. At the age of sixteen he went to Lowell to learn the machinist's trade, where he remained about two years. From there he went to Cambridge, near Boston, where the idea of inventing a sewing machine first possessed his mind. On this idea he worked, giving his entire attention to it to the neglect of everything else. About the time he came of age he married. At this time he was receiving nine dollars per week, on which he was obliged to support himself. Worried by family cares, sickness, and unable to keep his head above water, Howe never for a moment despaired of accomplishing his idea, but until 1844 reached nothing which was satisfactory. In this year he confided his idea to a friend in Cambridge, who possessed a small capital, and who assisted him with means to get out a model machine, which was finished in the early part of May, 1845. Full of hope, he exhibited his machine in Boston, where he convinced the tailors of its usefulness and won their commendation, qualified by the expression of their opinion which accompanied it, that it would ruin the trade. Their praise of the machine was all the support the inventor received. Not one of them would invest a dollar in it. Again in despair, with all his money gone, his friend came once more to his rescue, and between them the machine was patented. This was the extent of his friend's support; the failure of further efforts to introduce the invention to public notice and patronage broke down his confidence. He was obliged to give up and seek employment to keep his family from suffering. For some time he worked as an engineer on a railroad, until his constitution, naturally delicate, gave way, and he was again reduced to almost destitute circumstances. At last he concluded to seek the patronage in England denied him at home, and, assisted by his father, his brother Amasa left with the machine in October 1846. Amasa found there in William Thomas, of Chesham, London, the first financial success, and Mr. Thomas got a bargain, receiving for £220 sterling the machine which the brother had brought with him, and the right to use as many as he needed in his own business of corset, tambrella and valise making. He offered £3 per week if Elias would come to him and work the machine. With this offer Amasa returned, and as the £250 were only temporary relief, Elias concluded to go to England and accept the offer of Mr. Thomas, which he did, accompanied by Amasa. Here he worked eight months, but Thomas was exacting, and Elias left him at the expiration of that time. In the meantime, his sick wife and three children had joined him. The story of his life for several months after his dismissal from the workshop of Thomas, is most painful in its details, ending in absolute penury and his return home, after an absence of two years, with an empty pocket. He landed at New York, where he learned that his wife, who had preceded him, was dying of consumption at Cambridge. He had not money enough to enable him to reach her. In a few days, however, he succeeded, reaching her bedside just before her death. Fate had not yet done her worst. The ship in which he had embarked the few household goods he had gathered together in England was lost at sea. This it would appear was fortune's last blow. He soon found himself in good employment, and better still, in a short time he realized that his machine had become famous during his absence. Ingenious mechanics, regardless of his patents, had constructed *fac similes*. They were being exhibited about the country as wonders, and in some places had been introduced in important manufactories. Howe now found friends, and after some delay, the necessary funds to establish his rights. In 1850 he was superintending in this city the construction of machines to order. With this litigation which accompanied the first steps of the inventor on the road to wealth our readers are familiar. It is known that so protracted were these law proceedings, that it was not until 1854, four years after his return, from England, that Mr. Howe established his prior claim to the invention. Then sole proprietor of his patent his years of increasing revenues began, which increased from \$300 to \$200,000. On the 10th of last month his patent expired, at which time it was calculated he had realized close on to \$2,000,000. With this princely fortune he enjoyed fame enough to satisfy him, had he worked for that alone, the last acknowledgment of his genius being the gold medal of the Paris Exposition.