

# THE ELK ADVOCATE

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JOHN F. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

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**The Drunkard's Daughter.**  
 Out in the street with naked feet,  
 I saw the drunkard's little daughter;  
 Her tattered shawl was thin and small;  
 She little knew for no one taught her.  
 Her skin was dark, her auburn hair  
 Was blown about her pretty forehead;  
 Her sad white face wore sorrow's trace,  
 And want and woe that were not borrowed.  
 Heart-broken child, she seldom smiled;  
 Hope promised her no bright tomorrow;  
 Or if its light flashed on her night,  
 Then up came darker clouds of sorrow,  
 She softly said: "We have no bread,  
 No wood to keep the fire burning."  
 The child was ill; the winds so chill,  
 Thin, cold blood to ice was turning.  
 When well fed and warmly clad,  
 And ladies robed in richest fashion,  
 Passed on the side where no one cried  
 To them for pity or compassion.  
 That long night fled, and then the light  
 Of rosy day in beauty shining,  
 Set dome and spire and roof on fire,  
 And shone on one beyond reproach.  
 Asleep—alone—as cold as stone,  
 Where no dear parent ever sought her;  
 In winding sheet of snow and sleet,  
 Was found the drunkard's lifeless daughter.

**Late News Items.**

- A New Orleans widow, on the sunny side of forty, has just taken to herself an eighth husband.
- Paran Stevens has built a family tomb and monument in Mount Auburn, costing \$20,000.
- American colleges have received over \$300,000 in endowments during the past year.
- A boy in Vermont, with his dog has caught two hundred and seventy-nine woodchucks during the past season.
- Six pilots on the Red River died week before last of yellow fever. They were regarded as the most skillful and trustworthy of the fraternity.
- Horace Greeley says, in his characteristic mild way, that Thurlow Weed is "an eminent veteran liar." Not calling the kettle black.
- But one hundred and five sabre wounds and one hundred and forty-three bayonet wounds were reported from the field during the first three years of the war.
- Miss Kearney, daughter of Gen. Phil. Kearney, who lost his life at Chancellorsville during the war, has married Monsieur de Kermet, a wealthy Norman gentleman.
- Lieutenant Buskirk, of Monroe county, Indiana, is a frail specimen of humanity, standing six feet ten in his stocking feet and weighing four hundred pounds gross.
- Boston has resolved not to take any advantage of the moon in future, but burn gas at all times of the night hereafter. This decision will cost her \$30,000 more.
- Virginia has nine and a half millions acres of improved and eleven and a quarter millions of unimproved lands. Plenty of room for improvement still.
- The Nashua, New Hampshire, Iron Company have lately commenced with good success, the manufacture of steel tires for locomotives, hitherto done only in England.
- A male teacher and two lady assistants in Crown school, of Chicago, were fined \$100 and costs a few days ago for alleged cruel punishment of an unruly pupil.
- A man was buried in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a short time since, who had kept his gravestone and coffin in his garret for twenty years. He was ninety years of age.
- The Georgia State Road is prepared to liquidate its entire debt of \$400,000 to the Federal Government, and that in a few days it will make the remittance to Washington.
- The author of the "Guide du Cerebral" says it is the proper thing for a gentleman on marrying a widow before the expiration of her mourning, to put on weeds for his lamented predecessor.
- A gentleman of Christian County, Kentucky, a few days ago, killed an enormous gray eagle. It measured eight feet from tip to tip. The longest talon measured two and five-eighths inches.

**Corry O'Leary's Epistle.**  
*Political—The Ring Convention—Corry Still in the Field—His Views of the Situation—The Ring Tariff—What a Nomination Costs—Corry's Pledges and his Platform.*

DEAR EAGLE:—As you are aware I did not get the nomination from THE RING CONVENTION. The price of delegates suddenly rose to two hundred and fifty dollars, and the City Bank wouldn't honor my checks to that amount. So I was beat. But not subdued,—I am still in the field. The honest, intelligent, high minded and virtuous voters will rally round me. The ring is everywhere repudiated, and is trembling in its shoes. I am glad to see the Eagle take such an independent stand. It don't approve of the Ring ticket. Nor the Republican ticket. Nor the Montague Hall ticket. Corry O'Leary for Mayor is your candidate. He is the candidate of the uncorrupted and the incorruptible. Of the unpurchased Democracy. Of the anti-Nicholson voters. Of the early Closing Association. Of the Target Companies. Of the Base Ballists. Of the soldiers and sailors. Of the Marines. He is the choice of the Germans. Of the Fenians. Of the widows. The tax payers demand Corry O'Leary.

**Children cry for him.**  
 Then what chance has Kalbfleisch got?

He may possibly poll votes enough to elect Bliss; but what good will that do him? He had better haul off and save his money. He has a weakness for economy and this is the best chance he will have of practicing that virtue. I see you admire muscle. You scored one in his favor the other day because he licked a man in New York. Just give me a chance and I'll whip a man before election. If I can find one that it would be safe to tackle. It wouldn't look well you know for Brooklyn to elect a mayor with a black eye. Kalbfleisch has the advantage of me in muscle as well as money. But if I am elected Mayor I will appoint a professor of the useful art, Water Commissioning, and make that department a nuisance for pugs.

**SCALE OF PRICES.**  
 For nominations adopted by the Ring, Oct. 1867.

- Member of Congress.....\$25,000
  - Register.....10,000
  - County Clerk.....5,000
  - Mayor.....5,000
  - State Senator.....5,000
  - County Judge.....40,000
  - Coroner.....5,000
  - Justice of Peace.....2,000
  - Member of Assembly, according to the complexion of districts from \$5,000 to.....1,500
  - Superintendent of Poor.....1,000
  - Alderman from \$100 to.....100
- Besides assessments, drinks, and Printers bills. Politics is a business that requires a good deal of capital, but these rates are altogether too high. It is owing to a few men having a monopoly of the nominating business. Which is not Democratic. And it is bad for the public, for the more a man spends for to get an office the more he has to make out of it.

**That is how it works.**

As my expenses have been light, I shall be the most profitable man for the tax-payers. My disbursements have been confined to necessary expenses, and I am not pledged to any great extent. I have promised Mrs. O'Leary if I am elected Mayor that she shall have an Austrikan cloak, a velvet bonnet and a Boulevard skirt. Themistocles is to have a new overcoat and Eliza Jane a pair of boots. And I shall probably buy a new hat for myself. But all these wouldn't cost as much as one delegate to the City Convention. Economy is my forte. If I am elected I will bring the city back to the glorious condition of four years ago, when the city wasn't put to the expense of cleaning the streets, or emptying the ash barrels. Or paying the legitimate debts of the city. All of which extravagance was left to the Republican Mayors, under whose administration the expenses of the city government have been largely increased by indulgence in such foolish luxuries as light and cleanliness. The people are no longer to be humbugged. They are wide awake and up to snuff. And mean to vote unanimously for Your virtuous correspondent, CORRY O'LEARY.

**The Highway of Nations.**

Men are too apt to pry into the hidden mysteries of the future, or to go back and excavate the ruins of the dead past, while they overlook what is going on around them in that immediate present, which is destined to mould the trade and commerce, while it to some extent controls the destinies of the world. For that reason, probably we have heard little of the grand enterprise of laying a track of iron from the eastern sea-board to the Golden Horn, where the City of San Francisco looks out upon the broad Pacific. And yet the managers of the Union Pacific Railroad announce that more than one-third of that stupendous work has been already accomplished and confidently prognosticate its final completion early in the year 1870. This has been effected within two years, and is the best guarantee that can be asked for or given that the original programme will be speedily and successfully carried out. The road of this company starts from Omaha, which is 933 feet above tide level, and traverses the valley of the Platte to Fort McPherson; thence into South Wyoming, passing over its entire width to the southwestern point, from which it extends to Salt Lake City.—Experience has demonstrated that there are no difficulties in the way which cannot be surmounted; but, on the contrary, new advantages open up as the road progresses. The ascent from Omaha to the base of the Rocky Mountains is but 5,079 feet in a distance of 518½ miles—an insignificant trifle; and the summit, 2,206 feet higher, is reached within 32 miles, a grade of less than 70 feet to the mile, which compares favorably with those on the Pennsylvania Central, and is not so steep as many on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This section of the road ends at Salt Lake City, and the Central Pacific Railroad already operating in western Nevada via Sacramento City, is pushing rapidly towards the junction. As they advance, it is proven by experiments that the lands penetrated are fertile and well adapted to agricultural pursuits, while the mines of Nevada, Montana, Colorado, and California, rich in precious metals, are brought into closer connection with the home and foreign markets. These inducements will foster emigration, and the new settlers will create rich States like Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa, which will become the customers of the road, shipping their products eastward and westward, and in return receiving their supplies by this route. Thus far, the Union is the only avenue opened up as a through line, and, therefore, the major portion of both the way and through freight must be transported over it. But while the Union Pacific Railroad shall continue to be the only road across the Continent, it is destined to monopolize not only our own traffic and travel, but likewise that between Europe and China, in conjunction with the Pacific Steamship line. The advantages it holds out are not only American, but cosmopolitan. Europe and China will be brought within forty days travel of each other. The traveler who leaves London will cross the Atlantic in eight days; the Continent in six, and the Pacific, from San Francisco to China, in twenty-six days. This rapidity of movement bids defiance to all foreign competition. By this route, also, the approach to the South American States will be greatly facilitated. But the success of the enterprise is

**A Love Scene.**

Paris is the place for romantic adventures. One night some month ago, a young officer of a cavalry regiment was returning to his lodgings late at night, when he saw on one of the bridges a young woman of considerable beauty, but clad in the mean garments of a work woman, preparing to plunge into the river. He seized her, and threatened to take her to the station house. She supplicated, however, so earnestly to be left alone that the officer consented to release her, first however exacting a solemn promise that she would not repeat the attempt. She hurried away, but the young soldier deemed it prudent to follow her. Luckily it was that he did so, for no sooner did she believe herself free from observation than the girl plunged into the river. The officer was close upon her, and with some difficulty, and not without danger, succeeded in dragging her to land. This time he insisted on accompanying her home. With extreme reluctance the would be suicide led him to a miserable lodging in the most wretched part of the city. Knocking at the door and old woman appeared, to whom the officer related what had happened. "Ah, madam," she cried, "it was for that then, you borrowed my clothes!" and she went on to relate to the young officer that the pretended daughter of a nobleman of the highest rank, and that she had that night come to borrow the dress in which she appeared, in order, as she said to avoid discovery in a love adventure. In proof of the truth of this story, the old woman pointed to the young woman's dress, which she had left on assuming her coarse attire. This naturally excited the young man's curiosity to the highest pitch. He insisted on accompanying the young lady to her father, to whom he related all that had taken place. Warm thanks were, of course, heaped upon him, and he was invited to the house where he subsequently became a constant visitor. An intimacy sprung up between him and the young lady, which ripened into affection, and the affection resulted in a marriage celebrated a few days ago. This tale is true, strange as it may appear. It has of course created an immense sensation in the upper circles of Parisian society; and at present it is said that all young unmarried ladies are bent on attempting to commit suicide at midnight, in the hope of being saved by a handsome officer of hussars, and whatever is romantic has immense popularity in Paris.

**Seth Jones' Courtship Scrape.**

Mr. EDISON.—There's been the dove to pay down ten our house, and I'm goin' to tell you all about it. You see Josh Doolittle, he took a notion to Suke Simpsons—though what he could see in her the dear knows—and shined up ten her quite a smart while, but Suke she jilted him and set her cap at Seth Jones, and she'd a got him, ten, if it hadn't been for Josh. But Josh he was as mad as a moment, and he determined she shouldn't have him. Wal, the Sunday after I was married I went up ten duds ten spent the afternoon an' evening. Wal, I hadn't been there but a lecture while before who should cum in but Seth Jones, all spruced up ten futs. He kept sidling up ten Suke, an' they kept gigling at the time. Patience sed Seth was goin' ten stay with Suke, fur she heerd him ask her, an' Suke sed yes, Wal, our folks went ten bed an' left Seth an' Suke setting alone. What they sed in course I don't no, but when it came time ten go, Seth went ten get up but he stuck fast ten the cheer, for Josh had put shoemaker's wax on it. Wal, he tuk hold of the cheer with both hands an' gin a jerk, an' such a rip tearin' ye never heern before. Seth thought his trousers was tore, and claped his hand on the place, an' made a rush for his hat. He, grabbed, not his hat but a basin of water (which Josh had sot down where his hat was,) an' emptied it all over himself. Jest then he seed his hat an' katched that an' put it on, but it was half full of flour, an' such a looking animal, ye never did see. The way he rushed fur the door was a caution. But his troubles didn't end here, fur while his feet catched on one string stretched across the door, an' sent him headlong out doors, his head-bit another one across the top an' rung a cowbell that waded up all in the house. How he got hum I kon't know, but I knew the next day when I went over ten old Miss Joneses she was a cleaning Seth's clothes an' wodering where he got all that dough on 'em. Seth didn't cum nerr our house agin, I kin tell ye. The next Sunday night he went to see 'Liz' Beth Mehitable Wick um, the schule marm, an' he's went ten see her ever since. Suke was orful mad, but she never found out who played sech a trick on Seth. But she didn't care so much about it sence Pete Johnsons cum ten see her. I s'pose they'll be married afore long. Josh thinks he paid Suke off with interest an' so do I. It is said that when Geary read the despatch from Gen. Grant in regard to the "Fort Delaware fraud," he very coolly remarked—"Just as I expected. I am getting too strong and Grant is afraid of me." Hurray for the G's. Which shall it be—Geary, Greeley or Grant. Gen. Warren, the Fenian, has been found guilty of treason.