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JOHN G. HALL,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

# The Elk Advocate.

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## SELECT POETRY.

### DREAM TIME.

BY W. H. VENABLE.

Elate in the morn of existence,
Pursuing life's pilgrimage long—
We enter a season auspicious,
Romantic and ringing with song;
A season delicious and dreamy,
Of joys without earthly eclipse—
We enter it trustful, ambitious,
The honey of love on our lips.

Distinct to the view retrospective
Is childhood's contracted domain,
Of which recollection, unfaithful,
Recalls neither sorrow nor pain—
But fondly its pleasures recounting,
Her soothing mellifluous tone,
Restores to the credulous bosom
A past rather fancied than known.

The upland of anticipation—
We see it aglow and abloom,
Forgetful that flowers will wither
And radiance vanish in gloom;
Forgetful that untrodden mountains
Deceive, in prospective, the eye;
That forests appear in the distance
Like fairy groves close to the sky.

Alas! that the charming ideals
Of confident youth should depart,
Reality banish illusion,
Despondency burden the heart;
I would that life's journey here ended,
Nor led to the woes that await
For here we are worthiest Heaven
And nearest its merciful gate.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, October, 1866.

## SELECT STORY.

### To Let—Inquire Within.

And the lady flounced out in rage.

Two young damsels and a spinster aunt followed, and after a lengthy inspection of the premises, came to a state council in the parlor.

"I like the house very much," said the spinster aunt, solemnly. "And with a few alterations, I will engage it for my brother's family."

"Very good, ma'am," said Nahum, rubbing his hands, and scenting a speedy termination to his trials, "Name 'em."

"The door handles must all be guilded, and I should like the house new papered with velvet and gold, and repainted, and the partition between the parlors taken down and replaced by an arch, and a new style of range in the kitchen, and a dumb waiter put in, and another furnace in the sub-cellar and ———,

"Hold on, ma'am—just hold on one minute," said Nahum, feebly gasping for breath.

"Wouldn't you like the old house carted away and a new one put in its place? I think it would be rather less trouble than to make the trifling alterations you suggest."

"Sir!" said the spinster, loftily.

"I don't think we can agree, ma'am."

"Very well—very well—come girls."

With prime dignity the lady marshalled her two cargos out, muttering something about the extraordinary ideas of landlords now-a-days.

While Nahum, wildly rumbling his iron-grey hair with both hands, soliloquized:

"Well, if Job had been alive, and had a house to let, there never would have been any book of Job written. There goes that everlasting bell again; I'll haul it out by the roots if this thing goes on much longer. I'll tear down the bell and put the place up at auction."

Another lady, but quite different from the other—a slender, little, cast-down lady, with a head that dropped like a lily of the valley, and a dress of brown silk that had been mended and darned and turned and re-trimmed, until even Nahum Briggs, man and bachelor though he was, could see how very shabby it was. Yes, she was pretty, with big blue eyes and shining brown hair and cheeks tinged with a faint, fleeting color, where the velvet roses of youth had once bloomed in vivid carmine. And the golden-haired little lassies who clung to her dress were as like her as tiny lily buds to a full-blooned chime of flower bells.

As Nahum Briggs stood looking at her, there came back to him the sunshiny days of his youth—a field of blooming clover, crimson in the June light, like waves of blood, and a blue-eyed girl leaning over the fence, with her bright hair barred with level sunset gold, and he knew that he was standing face to face with Barbara Wylie, the girl he had quarrelled with years and years ago, and whose blue eyes had kept him an old bachelor all his life long.

"This house is to let, I believe?" she asked, timidly, with a little quiver in her mouth.

"I believe it is, Barbara Wylie"

She looked up, starting with a sudden flash of recognition.

And then Barbara turned very pale and began to cry, with the little golden haired girls clinging to her skirts and wailing.

"Mamma, mamma—what's the matter, mamma."

"Nothing now," said Barbara, resolutely brushing away the tears, "If you please, Mr. Briggs, I will look at the the house. I am a widow, now, and very poor, and—I think of keeping a boarding-house to earn my daily bread. I hope the rent is not very high?"

'We'll talk about the rent afterwards,' said Nahum, fiercely swallowing down a big lump in his throat that threatened to choke him. "Come hear, little girls, and kiss me; I used to know your mamma when she wasn't much bigger than you are."

Barbara, with her blue eyes still drooping, went all over the house without finding a word of fault, and Nahum Briggs walked at her side wandering if it was really fifteen years since the June sunshine lay so brightly on the clover field.

"I think the house is beautiful," said meek Barbara. "Will you rent it to me, Nahum?"

"Well, yes," said Nahum, thoughtfully. 'I'll let you have my house, if you want it, Barbara."

"With privilege of keeping a few boarders?"

"No, *ma'am*."

Barbara stopped and looked wistfully at him.

"But I don't think you understand how very poor I am, Mr. Briggs,"

"Yes, I do."

"And that I cannot afford to take the house without the privilege of borders."

"I'll tell you what, Barbara," said Mr. Briggs, dictatorily. "I'll give you the privilege of keeping just one border, and him you've got to keep all your life long, if you once take him."

"I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Briggs," said Barbara, but she blushed very becomingly, and we are rather inclined to think that she told a naughty little fib.

"What do you say to me for a boarder, Barbara?" said the old bachelor, taking both the widow's hands in his. "Barbara, we were young fools once, but that is no reason we should be old fools now. I like you as well as ever I did, and I'll do my best to be a good husband to you, and a good father to your little girls, if you'll be my wife."

Barbara blushed again, and hesitated; but Nahum was not to be eluded thus.

"Shall I take down the 'To Let,' Barbara?"

"Yes," she murmured, almost under her breath.

So Nahum went deliberately out and coolly tore down the bill, to the great astonishment and disappointment of a party of rabid house-hunters who were just ascending the steps.

"And when will we be married, Barbara?" he next demanded.

"In the summer, perhaps," said Mrs. Barbara, shyly.

"To-morrow," said Nahum, decisively, and "to-morrow" it was.

"Upon my word, Barbara," said Nahum, on the first day of May, as he watched his wife's blooming face behind the coffee urn, "you can't think how much jollier it is with you for a housekeeper, than that hag, Mrs. Parley." Barbara only laughed, and said he was a "dear, good old stupid."

So the probabilities are, that Mr. Nahum Briggs nor his brown-stone house will be in market again as "To Let—Inquire within."

—When liars die and can lie no longer they lie still.

## Correspondence of the Advocate.

### HISTORY OF ELK COUNTY.

By A Northwestern Pennsylvanian.

ST. MARY'S SETTLEMENT—CONTINUED.

The building of this church and the large building attached, and occupied as a female seminary, which is well patronized from abroad, is a theme of proud satisfaction to the borough of St. Mary's and township of Benzinger, and deservedly so. Judging from the vast crowds that attend this church—the freedom from restraint to all worshippers—inclines one to the opinion that their religion is one of duty, and a sense of duty must affect the heart.

A modern religionist is apt to criticise too severely on that religion which admits of form and ceremony, and ignores all such religion that does not affect the *emotions* and *impulses* that outwardly flow from such impressions.

True religion does not require a boisterous expression of the feelings suddenly wrought up by a supposed divine interposition. It is the "still, small voice," that speaks to the soul, that leads it on to the perfection of human nature. First it is dawn as the twilight disappears, the Son of Righteousness opens the midday in all his brightness.

Religion thus perfects the man, and that is the religion which civilizes and christianizes the world.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF ELK COUNTY.

The little "History of Elk County," so far as the writer is concerned, is closed for the present. Subsequent events will no doubt be chronicled by its citizens, and through the weekly print that circulates within its bounds.

If the reminicences and little episodes that have been published, has given any pleasure to the reader, it is a sufficient reward.

This county was so remote, so isolated, (its present seat of justice "forty miles from any place,") that these changes are like a dream.

The writer of this, long, long ago, under his present *nom de plume*, in a series of articles published at the time, recorded it as his opinion, that this part of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania would, in less than one generation, become one of the most interesting parts of the State, and that there was a Providence that held back its products for a more auspicious season.

The Philadelphia & Erie Railroad now runs a distance of 40 miles within Elk county—lateral railroads to mines, about twenty-five miles more—making 65 miles of railroad within its boundaries, others are located, and will in a short period be built. Within a year or two the rails will be laid direct to Buffalo, opening that market for the coal lumber, bark, &c., which so abound.

The original plan of the Allegheny Valley Railroad will be consummated, though its former lines may be somewhat changed—and a "net-work" of railroads will mark the spot where but a few years since was only known upon the maps to fill up space and to close the surveys.

Geologists gave no practical knowledge of the mines of coal and iron ore, but simply said that they must exist there. So soon as means of ingress was afforded, large investments and enterprises grew up, and at this time not less than 20 incorporated and private companies for mining, &c., have been formed for actual business. It is safe to predict that within a very few years Elk county will export at least from 2,000 to 3,000 tons of coal per day alone, whilst that of lumber and other products will exceed 300 to 400 tons per day.

The population must and will, as a matter of course, keep pace, and Elk county in a short space of time, will number its 20,000 inhabitants. Let no one pronounce this as visionary—it only requires the usual per cent. increase that has followed all mining districts. It is easy of solution—by a little thinking and cyphering it will be found that within two years one thousand miners will be employed, and to each miner, at least five other persons, women and children, may be added.

Other avocations must necessarily follow, and multiplication goes on, and the 20,000 people are soon made up.—There are but few of the first settlers to witness these changes: James Reeseman, William McCauley, Jesse Kyler, John Green, Judge Horton, and a few others, are witnesses up to the present.

Little did James Reeseman think that in his day the land he had cleared, the house he had built, and which had been for so many years his quiet home, was underlaid with a material so useful;—and that in his day, men like moles, were to be digging out the substance, and the very earth shaking from explosions of gunpowder underneath; or that he should pass over the site of the first Kersey mill upon a railroad car.

It is not likely that Judge Horton will soon again get lost and unable to identify his own dwelling; nor will "rafting and running" be the engrossing topic during the floods. The whistle of the locomotive is the stirring note that startles all business into life and activity, and the hours count in place of days as heretofore. The weekly mail, slow but not irregular, was less complained of for its time, than the lightning speed of the telegraph, or minutes of non arrival of the daily mail at the present time. The non-arrival of a can of oysters, or some article of dress by the express of to-day, or a lot of flour or merchandise by the first local train evokes the temper of the expectant more than the disappointment of a week in former days. In those days of early settlement, no one expected to pay for dry goods and groceries under twelve months, or that sleighing would admit hauling the shingles. "Rafting and running" was a legal tender, and grudgingly allowed, and 50 per cent. on the creditor's claim was deemed promptness and liberality in the debtor; now, 30 days is the extreme limit of credit, and "greenbacks" the legal tender—if they can be had.

Then rafting pilots were paid $1 to $1,50 per day, now the wages of a captain of one of our government steamers is by these pilots doggedly received as a pittance, and unworthy *their* vocation.—Then the allotted hours for labor were from ten to twelve hours; now there is "Freeman's Bureau" that demands a contraction to eight. The maiden who laid up sufficient at one dollar per week to buy a "fitting out," now demands three dollars and goes satisfied. Then the healthful fruits of the country—the huckleberries, blackberries, apples and plums, for jam and preserves, were considered as luxuries—are now discarded for Zante currants, raisins and citrons. The condiments in the shape of pickles, &c, from their own gardens, and from pure vinegar of their own making, are cast aside for the dyspeptic preparations of copper-tainted gherkins and chow-chow used in their stead. The fine suckers, so plentiful in the Clarion in the spring, are met with upturned nose, and the early shad of the Connecticut or the trash cod from Newfoundland only, are declared "fit to eat."

Then the people of Ridgway were content to worship on Sundays in the school-house; now, they actually *talk* of building a church.

All these changes grow out of their communication with the world, which railroads render so quick and easy, and Elk county will soon take her place as one of the important counties of the State.

N. W. PA.

[CONCLUDED.]

—A gentleman had conferred a favor on a friend, an undertaker. Says the latter, "Brown, I am under great obligations to you, and allow me to say that your kindness is keenly appreciated, and I hope I may be able to do you a good turn some day or other. If you ever want a coffin, call on me. I should be be happy to bury you or any of your family at short notice, at greatly reduced rates." His friend retired, satisfied that his friend had an eye to business, and was not lacking in gratitude.

—Contesting seats is the only means by which the disunionists hope to hold their own in the next Rump.

## COUNTING-HOUSE ALMANAC FOR 1867.

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### Spurgeon—Eminent Preacher.

The most popular of English preachers is the celebrated Dr. Spurgeon—celebrated because of the homely and forcible way he has of approaching the understanding of his congregation. The following passages occurred in one of his recent discourses:

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects. He said to him: "What is your employment?" He said: "I am a blacksmith." "Go home and make me a chain of such a length." He went home, it occupied several months, and he had no wages all the time that he was making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said: "Go make it twice as long." He brought up again and the monarch said: "Go make it longer still." Each time he brought it there was nothing but the command make it longer still.—And when he brought it up at last the monarch said: "Take it and bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire." These are the wages for making the chain. Here is a meditation for you to night, ye servants of the devil. Your master, the devil, is telling you to make a chain. Some have been fifty years welding the links of the chain and he says: "Go make it longer"—Next Sabbath morning you will open that shop of yours, and pull another link; next Monday you will do a dishonorable action; and so you will keep on making fresh links to this chain, and when you have lived twenty years more the devil will say: "More links on still." And then, at last, it will be: "Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into the furnace of fire." There is a subject for your meditation. I do think it will be sweet, but if God makes it profitable, it will do you good. You must have strong medicine sometimes, when the disease is bad. God apply it to your hearts.

—Wendell Phillips says: As Butler ruled New Orleans so must the Government rule the South. Such a course would undoubtedly create a vast number of Spoonicists.

—Sally, said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, keep away from me or you'll set me on fire. No danger of that, replied Sally, you are too green to burn.

### A Beautiful Tribute to a Wife.

Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, was married to Miss Catherine Stuart, a young Scotch lady. After her death he thus depicted her character in a letter to a friend: I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother tender as children ever had a misfortune to lose. I met a woman who by tender management of my weakness, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually a hand to admonish my headlessness of improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or character. Even in her resentment, for which I too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments,) she had no acrimony or acerbity. Her feelings were warm, nay, impetuous; but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost, when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving after eight years struggle and distress has bound us fast together and moulded our temper to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived us of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.—*Exchange.*

### This, That, and the Other.

—Pretty—the fashions.

—Salt Lake enjoys two feet of snow

—A cow bells—a pretty milkmaid.

—Door-knobs bell-ropes, and rascals' noses were made to pull.

—An old maid is like an old boot—of no use without a fellow.

—The consumptive man has one advantage—he always keeps a hack.

—A sparrow can never be hungry. He takes a hundred flies a day.

—The man who lately received a "lock" of hair is on the lookout for a key to it.

—One hundred and twenty-five Pennsylvanians furnished fighting proxies during the war.

—A young lady told a typo friend he might print a kiss on her cheek, but he mustn't publish it.

—The governors of States generally are selecting the 29th inst., for a public Thanksgiving.

—The radicals are discovering that it would be better to impeach Butler than the President.

—The demand for laboring men in all parts of the State, is said to have never been so great as it is at the present time.

—Cincinnati is doing a big business shipping guns and ammunition South for darkies. So is Boston.

—It is calculated by staticians that the population of the United States is now fully 35,000,000.

—The New York *Acme* gives the Massachusetts negroes who have been elected to represent such mean constituencies.

—The Lancaster bakers have raised their "sour" to two cents per dip. Such fellows surely won't rise at the last day.

—Anthony Williams, his wife and two beautiful daughters were recently murdered at Rome, Ga., by tramps. Object money.

—A wealthy planter of Mississippi is at New York urging emigrants to go South instead of west.

—The Chicago *Republican*, after calling President Johnson a traitor, says that General Sherman is a far more dangerous man than the President.

—President Johnson may not be a "Moses," but we see that, he gives more money to aid the children of Israel and hominy, than all the Reds from Maine to Iowa, put together.