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JOHN G. HALL,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

SELECT STORY.  
A CHECK FOR A CARPET.

"And how about the carpet?"  
Pretty little Mrs. Mary Lane spoke coaxingly, with her hands clasped on her husband's arm. He looked down at her a moment before he answered. She had been his wife for five years, but her face was as sunny and as girlish as when he first wooed her. Her blue eyes had scarcely shed a tear in all those years, except the lazy, luxurious tears such happy little souls weep over the ideal woes of story-book heroines. Her monthly rose in the French window was not pinker than her cheeks—her scarlet geranium was not brighter or redder than her lips—and the pet canary chirping above the blossoms was no gayer or merrier than the little bird-like woman who waited for John Lane's answer. He smiled as he looked at her, and brushed back her soft, brown hair with an unconscious tenderness.  
"Yes, about the carpet, Annie. If I tho't we needed it, I would get it, of course. But we use the drawing room so little. The carpet that is on it now is almost as bright as it was the day we chose it, and you know how pretty we both thought it then."  
The girlish young wife pouted her dainty lip—  
"Well, John, but it has been down five years, and it is only nice because I've taken such nice care of it. If I'd been careless and let it get spoiled, you'd have got another without grumbling, you know you would. It's too bad, if I've got to see things round forever, just because I'm careful of them. Don't you get tired of seeing the same things always, John."  
"Not easily, so long as they are the same fresh and bright as ever. I am not tired of you, yet!"  
She laughed, and her pink cheeks flushed a little.  
"But I'm not a carpet. Ours is only a Brussels, you know, and I did so want a Wilton, like Mrs. Mayne's."  
"So Mrs. Mayne is the serpent in our Eden? Well, Annie, give me till night to think of it," and he bent toward her for his good-bye.  
After he had gone, she went into the drawing-room, and took a survey of her possessions. The carpet was that soft, many-shaded moss-like green, on which everything looks so well. She confessed to herself that it had a more refined air than Mrs. Mayne's large-figured Wilton, which held your gaze like the eye of the ancient mariner, from the moment you entered the room. But then, she thought, she needn't buy a great gaudy thing; and a Wilton was really so much more in keeping with her rosewood and brocatelle. Then she began dusting some of her books and ornaments.  
While she stood there she heard the bell ring, and a short parley at the door, a child's voice, apparently asking for food, and the cook's answer that to-day there was nothing to spare. A sound in the young sad voice, a sort of uncomplaining hopelessness, struck her, and she stepped down stairs just as Bridget was about to shut the door.  
"Come back a moment, little girl," she said, in those gentle tones that John Lane liked so well to hear.  
The child turned, an eager light coming into her face for a moment, and then going out. Mrs. Lane was acting on impulse. She almost always did; it was a good thing, therefore, that most of her impulses were sweet and gentle and true.  
"Are you hungry?" she asked, pityingly.  
"It doesn't matter so much about me, ma'am, I could bear to be hungry, but I do not know what to do for my mother. I have tried to find a place to work, but no one will take me. They say a child ten years old is more plague than profit. Mother had to work so hard to keep us, and now she has been sick a while, and she can't work, and so we have eaten up everything. So I came out to see if anybody would give me something for mother, and I've asked at every house in the street, and everywhere they said just the same, and that they had nothing to-day."  
"Where do you live—is it far?" Mrs. Lane asked.  
"Only a few steps, ma'am—three streets off."  
"Well, then, I'll go home with you, and see your mother. Come into the house, while I put on my bonnet, and Bridget will give you some bread and butter and cold meat."  
Mrs. Lane's sweet young face was full of pity, as she hurriedly packed a basket with bread and tea and sugar for the sick mother. Then she ran up stairs and tied on her pretty summer hat, and down again while the hungry girl was finishing her breakfast.  
"Come little girl," she said, "what is your name?"  
"Ellen Stanton; but my father always called me Nelly, and so does mother."  
"And is your father dead?"  
"Oh, yes! that's the way our trouble

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"But God knows," whispered Mrs. Lane, softly. "He pities you, you know, as a father pities his children."

Then came Ellen with coal and kindlings, and the subject was not alluded to again.

When their five o'clock dinner was over, that afternoon, John Lane went gaily into the sitting room with his wife. He had a pleasant surprise for her, and he laid it in her lap, in the shape of a check for two hundred dollars.

"There humming-bird," he said, lightly, "there's for your carpet. Business has prospered this year, and what is it good for but to make home pleasant, and wife happy?"

She turned her face and touched her lips silently to the kind hand resting on her shoulder. Perhaps John was disappointed that she expressed her pleasure so quietly. He had a merry exultation, her delighted chat about colors and patterns. Her new mood surprised him. He sat down beside her gravely, and waited for her to speak.

She told him the story of her day, leaving out nothing. He could see how deeply she had been moved, by the color which came and went on her cheeks, the tears which gathered unheeded in her eyes. When she was all through, she said hesitatingly—

"John we are happy, aren't we?"  
"Yes, dear."

"And we owe something, don't we to those who are less so? Think, John, if I had lost you as she lost her husband! And if I had not only lost you, but had, afterwards, no way to live?"

She paused, as if for encouragement, but she received none. John Lane was beginning to get a glimpse of a new phase in his little wife's character, and he meant she should bring out her own ideas unaided. She began to fear that she could not interest him. She went on timidly enough, but very earnestly.

"A part of two hundred dollars, John, would buy that woman the necessities which would make her comfortable, and she would soon be well again, for her disease is only the result of exposure and over-work. Then the rest of it would buy her a sewing machine and she could get along nicely with that. She wouldn't need any more help."

Still Mr. Lane was silent, and she drew a little nearer to him, and began smoothing his big fingers with her own little ones.

"I know, John, dear," she said coaxingly, "that two hundred dollars would be too much to ask you for in any one charity but I have so set my heart on really and substantially helping this poor bereft woman. Our drawing-room carpet really looks very nicely—you know you thought it would do this morning, and if, just this once, I might have two hundred dollars to do this good deed with, and keep the old carpet down, it would make me so happy. Just think, John, that poor widow, and those little children would say your name every day in their prayers, and they would be made comfortable for life. May I, John?"

John Lane bent down and kissed the tender, eager face. I'm afraid his eyes were too dim just then to see all its brightness.

"Are you sure, dear, that you would be satisfied with the old carpet?"  
"Quite sure, John. It shall last as long as the Wilton would. Oh, John, I never did any good in my life. Let me do this little now!"

"And I, you shall."  
"That great, tawny heart was too full just then for many words, but by the firm clasp which held her so tenderly, Annie Lane knew that her husband was not displeased.

She carried out all her plans. By August Mrs. Stanton was well again, and the sewing machine stood at the window of her comfortably furnished room. To her face of Annie Lane seemed like the face of an angel—God's messenger she has indeed been to the widow and the fatherless. I think there is one woman whose heart will never be moved to envy by Wilton carpets or wide-bordered shawls, since she has tasted the luxury of doing good. John Lane loved her well when she was his gay, laughing child wife; but he loved her now with a holier, deeper tenderness that reaches through time and takes hold on eternity.

A man stopping his paper, wrote to the editor: "I think folks ought to spend their munny for paper, my daddy did and everybody says he was the most intelligentest man in the kuntry and hed the smartest family of bois that ever dugged taters."

A lady who was very sick, was recently cured by using the following prescription: A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a new pair of gaiter boots.

Artemus Ward's success in a town in Wisconsin was not satisfactory. His agent took \$2 87 at the door and Artemus took the measles inside.

### POLITICAL.

[From the Round Table.]  
A FRENCH VIEW OF THE NEGRO.

Among the most valuable, if not the most attractive, periodicals published in Paris is the "Annales des Voyages, de la Geographie, de l'Histoire, et de l'Archeologie." Established in 1808, it is approaching the sixtieth year of its existence. Its editor, M. Malte-Brun, bears a name which is widely and honorably associated with geographical studies and researches, and not a few of the French savans are, from time to time, found among the contributors to its pages. In the January number of this periodical we observe an article by Count Adolphe de Circourt, which is not without a special interest for American readers at the present moment. It is a critical analysis of Burton's mission to the King of Dahomey. Mr. Burton is well known to us all as one of the most intrepid explorers as well as one of the most popular writers of the day. He was sent by Lord Russell a few years ago to attempt to induce the King of Dahomey to abolish the horrid custom of human sacrifices, which has so long prevailed among those barbarous negroes. In giving an account of this mission, Mr. Burton could not fail to express himself fully and strongly in regard to the African race, its moral and intellectual traits, and its capacities for self-government and self-development. His conclusion seems to have been that the negro was little better than a beast of burden, prepared by nature for doing the work of races more elevated in the scale of creation. M. de Circourt, in his brief but excellent article, resists this conclusion, claims for the negro the essential elements of humanity, and demands from others a respect for his fundamental rights. At the same time, however, he is not less emphatic in opposing the idea that the negro is fitted for taking part in governing a free country, or for enjoying and exercising those privileges and prerogatives which have heretofore belonged exclusively to the white race in our land.

The views of so distinguished and able a writer are worthy of being considered by all who take an interest in the subject. M. de Circourt is well known to not a few of our scholars and statesmen as a person of great intelligence and accomplishments. In the variety and accuracy of his information he has few equals among modern French writers. His contributions to the magazines both of France and of the continent are frequent and elaborate, and embrace a wide range of subjects, moral, political, literary and historical. We are sure that our readers will thank us for giving them the following translation of that part of M. de Circourt's article which now agitates our country.—It is certainly far better entitled to attention than the flippant utterances of his juvenile compatriot, whose "Eight Months in the United States" has furnished occasion for so many unworthy personalities:

"The population of Dahomey, in respect to language, is a family by itself, quite distinct from the Akreens and the Achantis, who are its neighbors on the west; from the Haoussians, who are on its north; and from the Ibboos and Egboos, who press upon its eastern side. The physical type of this race and its intellectual constitution class it most decidedly among the pure, woolly-haired negroes, with all the peculiarities in the shape of the head which distinguish the African. Now, what is the place of this race in nature and especially in humanity?" Mr. Burton has not shrunk from attempting the solution of this problem. He devotes to it the most piquant and one of the most interesting chapters of his work. We shall not, however, adopt his conclusions, notwithstanding the evident advantage he derives from an actual knowledge of the country which he describes, and from his rare perspicuity in discerning the characters of the populations which he visits. Evidently, to his eyes, the negro is only an instrument of labor, designed by nature to lighten the burden of existence to races more elevated in the scale of existence. We think, on the contrary, that the essential traits of humanity are found in the negro in a manner to exact from our race a respect for the fundamental rights of these African populations. That which essentially constitutes the man is less exterior form than instinct, less instinct than intelligence, less intelligence than morality. Now morality reposes in the conscience. That of the negro can be awakened, and when the image of truth is presented to it it makes a powerful effort to embrace it—a certain sign that it participates in the divine origin of humanity. It is true that in the state in which we find these populations still left to their own unaided resources this morality lies dormant, or shows itself perverted by abominable superstitions. It is quite certain that of themselves

these negro societies, when they emerge from a state of brutal anarchy, have not power to establish anything better than the grossest despotism. Nothing indicates that in the course of ages, if these races remain isolated, they could succeed in any sort of self-development. All their civilization must come from without, and be the gift of races more favored of Heaven. But these other races have hitherto abused this superiority by a conduct towards the Africans so cruel and perfidious as to involve themselves in a fearful responsibility: and we in our day are witnessing the first vengeance which Providence in its inflexible justice is wreaking upon this conduct. Let us hasten to turn aside this just retribution by doing all in our power to enlighten the minds and relieve the social condition of the blacks. This duty fulfilled (and our own security will demand that it should be thoroughly done), it would be to fall wantonly into an illusion refuted by all the verifications of science to attribute to the negro race an intellectual power, force of invention, or a capacity of development equal or even analogous to our own race, or even others less well endowed, as the Mongols, the Dravidas, and the Malays, have received from Providence. The teachings of our race are indispensable in order to render fruitful in the negroes the essential elements of humanity which they possess. Their civilization is nothing, and can be nothing but a reflection of ours; it becomes less and less imperfect exactly as it approaches nearer to an absolute copy and as every vestige of their primitive institutions is obliterated. It seems, indeed, extremely doubtful whether in a society exclusively negro the exotic plant of civilization could preserve itself from a rapid degeneration unless it were constantly sustained and refreshed by contact with European elements. The negro soon comes to a stop in his intellectual development, and retrogrades with fearful facility if the course of his studies is interrupted. He oscillates, as it were, between a careless anarchy and a despotism armed with the most exorbitant prerogatives, of which the first is the regulation and enforcement of labor. In societies where the two races live side by side with each other, the political direction belongs of right to that race which alone can maintain and advance civilization. To reverse this providential order would be the work of a fanaticism which the memory of recent and even still existing iniquities renders but too easily intelligible, and which, as its final result, can produce only the most lamentable consequences, especially for the negro race itself."

[From the Phil'a Age.]

### CALIFORNIA AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The permanent occupation of Mexico by the French, or even a French protectorate over that country, has already met a determined opposition in California. The people of that State do not relish the idea of having a monarchy established on their borders, from which agents can easily be sent to disturb their peace and tranquility. When the Spanish authority over all the country lying between what is now the northern line of New Mexico and the southern frontier of Mexico proper, was abolished, it was dedicated to republicanism. To be sure the Mexicans passed from one revolution to another, but they were all struggles towards the great idea of a popular form of government. One fragment separated entirely from the main body, and by a revolution effected a State organization. This State soon gravitated towards the Confederate States of this republic, and Texas became a portion of the American Union. From that period until the French troops were landed upon the soil of Mexico, the idea of a more liberal and enlightened system of political rule steadily increased, and the opposition to French usurpation now manifested in Mexico is a convincing proof of the devotion of the people to a separate and distinct nationality.

But French bayonets have broken down the old Mexican republic and established a monarchy in that country, upon the throne of which sits Maximilian, one of the Hapsburgs, a family celebrated for ultra despotic tendencies. This state of things is sought to be made permanent by French military power, and against this attempt the Legislature of California has remonstrated by the following resolution recently adopted by that body by an almost unanimous vote:

Resolved, That the occupancy of Mexico by any European power, or the permanent establishment of a monarchy in that country, being dangerous to our peace and safety, should not be consented to by the government of the United States under any circumstances whatever; and it is the opinion of this Legislature that our national government should prevent any European power from interfering with the affairs of Mexico, and that it is the imperative duty of the government to prevent the establishment of a monarchy in that country against the wishes of the people thereof.

The preamble to this resolution sets forth, in the language of President Monroe, that the attempt of foreign powers to extend their peculiar systems to any portion of this hemisphere, is dangerous to the peace and safety of this republic, and hence all such attempts should be opposed promptly and firmly. This is the broad ground on which the authorities of California stand, when urging upon the general government the duty and necessity of preventing the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico against the wishes of the people. They contend that if the Monroe doctrine was just, and right, and necessary, when it was first promulgated, it is doubly so at this time, when the very state of things against which it was pointed has taken place. A foreign power has forced its peculiar system upon the people of a portion of this hemisphere without their consent, and now it is asked that the policy upon which we have so long insisted shall be made effective.

But California has another reason to oppose French supremacy in Mexico. Napoleon has for years speculated upon the best manner of opening communication between the two oceans through the Central American States. When a prisoner in the Fortress of Ham this dream haunted him, and he wrote a treatise upon the subject. At a subsequent period an agent of the French government interfered and prevented a transit line from being established which would have been controlled by American influence. As the canal across the Isthmus of Suez is intended to control the trade of Europe in that direction, so is a line of communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean meant to operate in favor of French interests in this hemisphere. With Maximilian on the throne of Mexico, and French and Austrian troops quartered in all parts of the empire, the smaller States on the Isthmus will be overawed and coerced into adopting any policy which Napoleon may suggest or desire. Under such circumstances any communication opened between the oceans will be entirely under French rule and influence. They will regulate the trade, and all discrimination will be in their favor. This will make French supremacy on the Pacific complete, and hence the determined opposition manifested by California to the Napoleonic movement in Mexico. Separated as California is from the balance of the Union, she must depend upon this transit route for aid and assistance in case of war with a foreign nation, and with that avenue shut up or governed by a European power her situation would be most perilous.

With all these facts to stir the people of California to action, no wonder their Legislature insists upon a practical application of the Monroe doctrine. They neither wish in time of peace to be troubled with the machinations of secret agents of a despotic power stirring up discontent among the half-civilized inhabitants of some portions of the State, nor in case of a war to be cut off from all communication with the Atlantic States by a stoppage of the Isthmus route. These are grave considerations and demand serious attention from the national authorities. Napoleon talks in a diplomatic manner about a withdrawal of French troops from Mexico, but they still remain; and in the meantime his agents are operating in all the Central American States, and thus he is obtaining a hold on the Isthmus. The use to be made of French power and supremacy in Mexico, and further south, is what has alarmed the dwellers on the Pacific coast, and hence the earnest appeal to the general government contained in the resolution adopted by the Legislature of California.

A punctual man is rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit and when a man has lost that he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

George N. Sanders, of rebel notoriety, and accused of being an accessory to the assassination of President Lincoln, has been arrested in London for debt. He seems to have walked into the good graces of his friends to the extent of about \$50,000.

Southerners are buying nice residences in the fashionable parts of Boston. Over twenty first-class houses there have lately been purchased by Southerners, who say they made fortunes during the war and have come North to invest it.

The Maine Democratic convention, which met in Portland on Friday, nominated Mr. Kelly of Dolles county for Governor.

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