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Address
JOHN G. HALL,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Correspondence for the Advocate.

Why Forney Ralls.

The Clerk of the Senate and proprietor of the Washington Chronicle and Philadelphia Press, has found new objects of defamation. He now intersperses his denunciations of the President and Secretary McCULLOUGH with fierce vituperation of Mr. DAVIS—a helpless prisoner, and of two of the gentlemen who are understood to be his counsel, Mr. CHAS. O'CONNOR and Mr. Wm. B. REED. In this the public may not be aware, though we are, he is but fattening an ancient grudge.

Mr. DAVIS was one of the Southern gentlemen (Governor WISE was another,) who, on Mr. BUCHANAN'S accession to office in 1856, warned him earnestly and successfully against trusting FORNEY as the editor of the administration journal, on the score of his private character. Men of unspotted reputation could not stand the contact.

Against the other gentlemen this man has still more specific grievances. In the great FORREST divorce case, years ago, Mr. O'CONNOR was the leading counsel for the lady in New-York, and Mr. REED in Philadelphia—the latter gentleman being the one who forced FORNEY, on his examination as a witness, to admit he wrote the infamous ROBERTS letter, in which he advised the suborning of a drunken witness to confess to adultery, with an absent woman. No wonder FORNEY hates and defames these distinguished gentlemen.—N. Y. World.

The following is the letter alluded to above. The "Newgate Calendar," does not furnish a more degraded specimen of human depravity.

[PRIVATE.]

Our friend Forest is now here and is about to apply for a divorce from his wife. He has had for eighteen months the proofs of her infidelity, but has chosen to keep them quiet, and would have done so still, but for her folly in censuring him for leaving her. It is really astounding how he has kept these proofs to himself, from all his friends for all that time, but it is so nevertheless.

The facts are these: Eighteen months ago, while playing in Cincinnati, he caught Mrs. F., in a very equivocal position with a young man in his own parlor, not in actual connexion, but near it. She protested innocence, and he had let it pass by, loving her, as he did, most profoundly. They passed on to New Orleans and so home to New York.

After they reached, and had been there for some time, he found one evening on his wife's table a billet doux in the hand writing of, though not signed, by this young man, in which she was alluded to in terms most amorous and unmistakable.

The language alluded to her white arms that wound about his neck, to the blissful hours they had spent together, and the letter had been kept as a memento till it was well worn. Upon this evidence, with the other confirmatory proofs, he intends applying to our Legislature for a divorce, but you are now in a position to serve him in a manner he will never forget. The person who wrote to Mrs. F., and in whose company she was detected is George Jamieson, now playing in New Orleans. If you don't know him you can, as the editor of a leading daily paper, soon make his acquaintance. What Forrest now desires to clinch the nail, is to obtain in some way an admission from Jamieson. I named you to him as a safe, steady and intelligent friend, and he will never forget whatever you may do for him, in this, (to him) a most vital matter. He suggests that you might institute intimate relations with J., and induce him, either in your presence or in company, to admit as a thing to be proud of, his connexion with Mrs. F. He is fond of a glass and possibly in a convivial mood might become communicative.

No harm will come to him; he is game too small for Forrest, and any admission he may make, may be important only as aiding an injured man in getting relieved from a hateful bond.

Can you manage this thing, my friend? It will require skill and caution, and if successful will endear you to Forrest. He is nearly crazy at the idea of being placed in his present position, but he will spend half he is worth to be released from it. This matter must be kept secret; above all do not name

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me in connexion with it. Excuse me for troubling you in regard to it. My ardent attachment to glorious Forrest must be my excuse.

Now won't you help to relieve him? It would help in the matter, probably, to know that John Green, the actor, now in New Orleans, is the warm friend of Forrest, and may know Jamieson well. You can use your own discretion in letting him know the facts and invoking his aid. This letter is addressed to you in the knowledge of Forrest. Please write as soon after receipt as you can find opportunity to look about you. With kind regards, I am dear Roberts,

Yours very truly,
JOHN W. FORNEY.

To GEORGE ROBERTS, Esq.
Philadelphia, Jan. 25, 1850.

A Beautiful Illustration.

The following is from a brilliant lecture recently delivered in New Orleans by the Hon. Charles Gayarre, on the subject of "Oaths, Amnesties and Rebellion." The moral pointed out is, that President Johnson may trust without fear those men who fought to the last for the cause they so loved, and which claimed their fidelity—may trust the rebels who come to him with clean hands, after having deposited the keys to their loyalty on the dead body of the Southern Confederacy:

Some centuries ago two kings were contending for the crown of Castile. I forget their names for the present, but to facilitate the feeling of my story, I shall call one Alfonso and the other John. Alfonso proclaimed, of course, that John was a usurper and rebel, and John returned the compliment. Well, John defeated his rival, horse and foot, and carried everything triumphantly before him, with the exception of a single town, which Alfonso had entrusted to a stout old knight called Aguilar, and which, after a long siege, still remained impregnable. "You have done enough for honor," said King John one day to the knight; "surrender, and you shall have the most liberal terms." "If you had read the history of your country," answered Aguilar, "you would have known that none of my race ever capitulated." "I will starve you, proud and obstinate fool!" "Starve the eagle, if you can." I will put you and the whole garrison to the sword. "Try!" was the laconic response, and the siege went on.

One morning as the rising sun was beginning to gild with its rays the highest towers of the beleaguered city, a parley was sounded from the camp of the enemy. The old knight appeared on the wall, and looked down on the King below.

"Surrender!" said John again, "my rival Alfonso is dead, and the whole of Castile recognizes my sway as that of its legitimate sovereign."

"Sire, I believe you, but I must see my dead master." "Go, then, to Seville, where his dead body lies; you have my royal word that I shall attempt nothing against you on your way, nor against the city in your absence." The knight came out with banner flying and a small escort of grim-visaged warriors. Behind him the gates closed; before him the dense battalions of the enemy opened their ranks, and as he pressed along, slowly riding his noble war-horse, shouts of admiration burst wide and far from the whole host who had so often witnessed his deeds of valor, and the echoes of the loud and enthusiastic greeting accompanied him until the red plume which waved over his helmet, was out of sight. He arrived at Seville, and went straight to the cathedral, where he found the tomb of his former sovereign. He had it opened, and after gazing awhile with moist eyes at the pale face which met his look, he thus addressed the dead monarch: "Sire, I had sworn never to deliver to anybody but yourself the keys of the town which you had entrusted to my care. Here they are. I have kept my oath," and he deposited them on the breast of King Alfonso.

Then, bestriding his steed, he galloped back to his post. As soon as he approached again, the ranks of the enemy opened, and King John confronted him. "Well," said the King, "are you satisfied, and do you now give up the con-

test?" "Yes, sire." "Where are the keys of the town?" "On the King Alfonso's breast; go and get them; we meet no more." "By heaven, we shall never part," exclaimed the King. "Get the keys back yourself, and remain in command of the town in my name." The followers of the King murmured, and complained of his rewarding a rebel. "He is no longer one," said King John; "such rebels, when won, become the best of subjects."

A Rebel's Opinion of the Civil-Rights Bill.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from Paris, says: I had a long and very interesting interview and conversation a few days since with Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior under Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Thompson, with his family, has just returned from a tour through Egypt and the Holy Land, and are only awaiting the return of events to return to the United States, and to their former residence in Mississippi. Mr. Thompson expressed himself very freely and fully upon the various grave matters of interest now agitating the people and Government of the United States. "Sooner or later," he said, "the Southern States must be admitted to representation in Congress; and the sooner it was done, the sooner would past dissensions be healed, and success, security and progress secured." "What the people of the South want now," he said, "is peace and an opportunity of rebuilding their ruined fortunes, and restoring their section of the country to its former prosperity." "Have you and the thinking men of the South," I asked him, "altered your opinions at all since the close of the war, in regard to the right of secession, or do you still theoretically hold the same opinion on that subject that you previously did?"

Mr. Thompson replied to this, "That until the close of the war he believed that the States in their union under the Federal Government had reserved to themselves the right of withdrawal from that Union; but that there had been a revolution, and that by the arbitrament of the sword it had been decided that no such right now existed, and we are willing to accept the decision." "Do you mean by that," I asked, "simply that having fought upon this issue, and having been defeated, you feel yourselves at present powerless to sustain your theory, or do you in good faith acknowledge that the right of secession does not now exist?"

"I acknowledge that it does not exist; and the Constitution and the Government have been revolutionized, and by the decision of the sword the right of secession has been removed and no longer exists." "Are you convinced that the majority of thinking men of the South are of your opinion, and accept the result in good faith?"

"Most unquestionably," replied Mr. Thompson. "What we now want is peace and quiet, and an opportunity to do our share towards the restoration of that prosperity and happiness which existed before the war."

"Do you in good faith accept the fact of the abolition of slavery?"

"Certainly; and I am convinced that the slave system during the war was a weakness to us rather than a strength."

"Do you think any considerable number of Southern property-holders would, under any circumstances, favor the re-establishment of the slave system?"

"No; but would oppose it."

"What do you think of the civil rights bill?"

"That the President was perfectly right in vetoing it, and that the Supreme Court will unquestionably declare it unconstitutional. One of my principal objections to it is the injury that it will necessarily inflict upon the negro, who will really be the greatest sufferer by it. Creating as it does a special tribunal for the investigation of cases to which he is a party, it invests him with a certain degree of superiority over white men. It assumes that, in cases which will come up for adjudication, the negro is right and the white man is wrong. It will lead to continual trouble

and annoyance, and the result will be that rather than place himself in the position that he will under the making of this law, the white man will avoid, as far as may be, employing or making contracts with negroes, preferring to employ white men in all cases where it is practicable, as with them he is placed at heart on an equality before the tribunals."

"Do you not think," I asked him, "that some special legislation is necessary in the new state of affairs which has resulted from the abolition of slavery, to protect the negroes formerly slaves from oppression and wrong?"

"If it is," he replied, "it should be done by the local legislatures. It is absurd for men who have never lived in the South and know nothing of the actual relations between master and servant there to attempt to legislate for us. We have no disposition to oppress the negro, but on the contrary to render him as fit as possible for his new condition. I believe that the effect of the enforcement of the civil rights bill in the Southern States will be to create confusion, disorder and ill-feeling, and will be infinitely more injury than service to the negro."

Six Months Labor for Party Supremacy.

The Rump has been in session for six months, and, in all that time has not performed a single act of importance or benefit to the country or people. Almost every measure broached has either the negro or something looking to partisan supremacy in it. Days, weeks and months pass in discussing the ways and means by which the present batch of plunder and power. Congress—so-called—has thus been turned into a vast electioneering booth, where "politics," not political economy, are discussed; where Presidents and governors and legislatures are designated; and whence forensic champions sally forth to the various States to drive away poachers upon the "loyal domain."

No thought whatever is taken of the public weal. Questions relating to finance, taxation, tariffs, internal improvements, commerce, agriculture, mechanics, mining, bounties, pensions, treaties, and a score of other interests are never mentioned, or, if mentioned are immediately dropped or abandoned. Personal aggrandizement and party supremacy are the all-engrossing subjects of thought, conversation, discussion and action; and no attempt whatever is made to conceal the disgraceful fact. It is patent to every observing and reading man, woman and child throughout the country.

Look at the record. What have been the leading measures and acts of the Rump for the preceding six months? A bill to establish negro suffrage in the District of Columbia; a bill to enlarge and make permanent and tenfold more expensive the Freedmen's Bureau; an act to give the negroes civil or political equality with white men and a host of "amendments" to the Federal Constitution, which are aimed at the subversion of that character, the destruction of State rights, the establishment of negro suffrage and the concentration of all power in a Central Directory of the most arbitrary and despotic character.

Of what use is such a Congress? It is such a revolutionary fragment may be so designated. Having done nothing for the country's welfare, and having only excited, agitated and produced distrust and alarm within the public mind, it could not render a more important service, at this late day, than that of dissolving, and, by individual resignations, allowing the people to elect representative men, who will try to be servants to the people and not labor to wield the rod as masters.—Patriot and Union.

JEWELRY OF A PRINCESS IN THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

Dr. Livingston, in his recently published account of his voyage up the great river of Eastern Africa, says the sister of one of the chiefs wore eighteen solid brass rings, as thick as one's finger, on each leg, and three of copper under each knee, nineteen brass rings on her left arm, and eight of brass and copper on her right; also a large ivory ring above each elbow, or seventy-one rings in all. She had a pretty bead necklace, and a bead sash encircled her waist. The weight of the bright brass rings around her legs impeded her walking and chafed her ankles, but as it was the fashion she did not mind the inconvenience, and guarded against the pain by putting soft rags around the lower rings. So much for fashion.

HONORING THE DEAD.—The Chicago Tribune is very fierce in its denunciations of the people of Richmond, because on a recent occasion they repaired in large numbers to a cemetery and cast flowers upon the grave of "Stonewall" Jackson. It sees in this incident an evidence of untameable rebellious spirit that merits severest reprehension. Upon this text the Albany Journal (Rep.) well says:

"We cannot agree with this view. Whatever the faults of the cause in which he died, Jackson was a brave man—noble-hearted, generous, and the beau ideal of a soldier. Personally, he lived a blameless life. To the service in which he was engaged he gave all the energies of a mind, mistaken and wrongly directed indeed, but free from malice and from taint of intended crime."

"We conversed recently with the major-general who commanded the division in front of which Jackson fell. In speaking of him, this brave Union soldier could not repress a tear. He said 'he was gentle as a woman, and my men, who were taken prisoners by him, always came back loudly praising the kindness they received at his hands.'"

"Beyond the grave there are no revenges." For the hateful spirit of rebellion there can be neither forgiveness nor toleration—but it is not necessary to the honor or to the welfare of a great people that its mistaken votaries should be followed with obloquy into their tombs."

A SINGULAR FACT.—The Locality of the Presidents.

The Cincinnati Inquirer calls attention to the singular fact that the opposition to the Democracy, which has always made it a subject of complaint that so many of our Presidents were taken from the South, has nominated none but Southern born Presidents itself for near forty years—that is during all the term of the anti-slavery agitation, when the complaint was first heard. Thus, in 1832, they nominated Henry Clay, a Kentuckian, a native of Virginia, for President. In 1836 they selected William H. Harrison, a son of one of the first families of Virginia, where he was born, for this office. In 1840 they selected this Virginian again, and put up with him for Vice President John Tyler, another Virginian. Tyler became President. In 1844 they again nominated the Virginian-Kentuckian, Henry Clay, for President. In 1848 they went to the extreme South, and selected another son of Virginia, General Taylor, as their standard bearer. In 1852 they again went to Virginia and selected another distinguished son of that State General Winfield Scott, for President, and they put with him, for Vice President, Mr. Graham, of North Carolina. In 1856 they voted for John C. Fremont, a South Carolinian by birth, and a Missourian by adoption and family connection. In 1860 they selected Abraham Lincoln, a Kentuckian, and in 1864 they re-elected him, and with him Andrew Johnson, a native of North Carolina, and a resident of Tennessee, for Vice President. Thus we find the party declaiming against the influence of Southern men, and yet invariably selecting Southern men by birth and education for the highest offices of the country for nearly forty years. During most of the time the Democracy have voted for Northern men, like Van Buren, Cass, Pierce, Buchanan, Douglas and McClellan.

NOTES THE WAY HE SHOT.—The writer of the following pithy letter, who is vouched for as a Republican soldier by the Waynesburg (Greene county) Messenger, is evidently a man of sense: [For the Messenger.] Col. Jennings:—Will you grant a Republican soldier room in your paper for a very short article? I merely wish to notice an admission in the last Greene County Republican, and to assure the editor that his advice is good, and I believe will be very generally followed by the soldiers of the county. The editor says: "To those who have borne the blunt, vote the way you shot." Now, Mr. Editor, we shot for the Union, and not for the negro, and we intended to vote for the Union and not for the negro. This is all I have to say at present.

A REPUBLICAN SOLDIER.

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NAMES OF COUNTRIES.—Europe signifies a country of white complexion; so named because the inhabitants there were of a lighter complexion than those of either Asia or Africa.

Asia signifies between, or in the middle, from the fact that geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn, or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. This country was once so infested with these animals, that the inhabitants petitioned Augustus for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch; from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired; as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants.

Hibernia, is utmost or last habitation, for beyond this, westward, the Phoenicians, we are told, never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin; as there were great quantities of lead and tin found on the adjacent island. The Greeks call it Albion, which signifies in the Phoenician tongue, either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

A very entertaining book, by Elisha Burrott, has been published in London. It is called "My Walk to Land's End." He footed his way from John O'Groat's to Land's End with a knapsack and staff. In Devonshire he visited the celebrated place of Lady Rolle, who has in her splendid park no less than 3,000 varieties of trees and shrubs. Among them are two hundred varieties of the pine, three hundred kinds of willow, and nearly two hundred of the oak. There is an artificial lake deep enough to float the Great Eastern, whose surface is covered by aquatic birds of every form and plumage. There is a wonderful Swiss cottage in the grounds, which is made of the trunks, branches and leaf-stems of hundreds of various trees. The floor is a rare piece of mosaic. It looks like ivory, yet it is really paved with the knee-bones of sheep, with the half-joints uppermost! They are fitted together so compactly that 406 of them only make a square foot. The floor is so broad that it required 76,000 sheep shanks to pave it with these fluted joints of "ovine ivory."

SARDINES.—The lovers of the "little fishes billed in ile" should know that the fish which furnishes them with such a delicious repast belongs to the herring family, and genus alosa. The popular name was given to it by Cuvier, who was the first to assign it to a distinct place in the fishy tribe. He called it sardine, from which it is known as the sardine. Sardines are caught principally along the coasts of Brittany, and to a less extent in Portugal. The fisheries employ a large number of men and women. The fishing vessels—generally of eight or ten tons each, and carrying a crew of from six to ten—go out two or three leagues from the land and watch for shoals of fish. When they see them, they spread their gill-nets for them, and scatter on the water the bait which has been prepared, and which consists of the eggs and flesh of fish, especially of cod and mackerel, and sometimes of salted fish. Large quantities of sardines are taken in this way. Some are salted on board and others are carried on shore, and either sold fresh, or prepared for shipment. For the latter purpose, they are salted and packed away in tin cans, with melted butter and olive oil, which are poured upon them in an almost boiling state. The cans are sealed up to prevent the air reaching the fish, and are then ready for shipment. The sales in Europe are very great, as the fish are there considered a great delicacy, and large shipments are annually made to America, where they are no less esteemed than in Europe.

Where is paper money first mentioned in the Bible? When the dove bro't the greenback to Noah.

VOTE FOR CLYMER.