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JOHN G. HALL,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

# The Elk Advocate.

JOHN G. HALL, Editor.  
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## SELECT STORY.

### The Poor Musician.

One beautiful summer day there was a great festival in the large park at Vienna. This park is called by the people the Prater. It is full of lovely trees, splendid walks, and little rustic pleasure houses. At the time of which I am speaking there were people there, some old, and many strangers, too. And all those who were there enjoyed such a scene as they had probably never beheld before.

So that as it may, the Prater was almost covered with the crowds of people. Among the number were the organ-grinders, beggars, and girls who played on the harps. There stood an old musician. He had once been a soldier, but his pension was not enough to live on. Still he didn't like to beg. Therefore on this particular festival day he took his old violin and played under an old tree in the park. He had a good faithful old dog along with him, which lay at his feet, and held an old hat in his mouth, so that passers-by might cast coins into it for the old man.

On the day of the festival which I have now mentioned, the dog sat before him with the old hat. Many people went by and heard the old musician playing, but they did not throw much in. I wonder the people did not give him more, for he was truly a pitiable object.

His face was covered with scars received in his country's battles, and he wore a long, gray coat, such as he had kept ever since he had been in the army. He even had his old sword by his side, and would not consent to walk the streets without his trusty friend with him. He had only three fingers on his right hand, so he had to hold the bow of the violin with these. A bullet had taken off the two others, and almost at the same time a cannon ball had taken off his left leg. The last money he had had been spent in buying new strings to his violin, and he was now playing with all his strength the old marches he had so often heard when a boy with his father.

He looked sad enough as he saw the multitude pass by in their strength, youth and beauty, but whenever they laughed it was like a dagger to his soul, for he knew that on that very evening he would have to go to bed supperless, hungry as he was, and lie on a straw couch in a little garret room. His old dog was better off, for he often found a bone here and there to satisfy his hunger.

It was late in the afternoon—his hopes were like the sun, they were both going down together. He placed his old violin down by his side, and leaned against a tree. The tears streamed down his scarred cheeks. He thought that none of the giddy throng saw him, but he was much mistaken. Not far off stood a gentleman in fine clothes, who had a kind heart. He listened to the old musician, and when he saw that no one gave him anything, his heart was touched with sympathy. He finally went to the dog, and looking at the hat he only saw two copper coins in it.

He then said to the old musician, "my good friend, why don't you play longer?"

"Oh," replied the old man, "my dear sir, I cannot; my poor old arm is so tired that I cannot hold the bow; besides, I have had no dinner, and have little prospects of supper."

The old man wiped his feeble hands. The kind gentleman with whom he had talked resolved to aid him as he best could. He gave him a piece of gold, and said, "I'll pay you, if you will loan me your violin for an hour."

"Oh," said the musician, "this piece of money is worth more than half a dozen old fiddles like mine."

"Never mind," said the gentleman, "I only want to hire it one hour."

"Very well; you can do what you will," said the owner.

The gentleman took the fiddle and bow in his hands, and then said to the old man, "Now, my mate, you take the money and I will play. I am quite sure people will give us something."

Now was not that a singular musical association? They had just become acquainted, and immediately entered into an arrangement to work together for the public. The strange gentleman began to play. His mate looked at him with great wonder; he was so stirred that he could hardly believe it was his old violin that such beautiful sounds came from. Every note was like a pearl. The first piece had not been finished before the people, observing the strange sight and hearing such wonderful music, stopped a moment in curiosity. Every one saw that the fine-looking gentleman was playing for the poor man, but none knew who he was.

By and by the people began to drop money into the hat, and the old dog seemed delighted to receive so many pieces of gold for his master. The circle of hearers became larger. Even the coachmen at the splendid carriages begged the people inside to stop and hear

the music. Still the money increased. Gold, silver and copper were thrown into the hat by the old and young. The dog began to growl. What in the world could be the matter? One gentleman, as he dropped a large piece of money into the hat had struck him on the nose, and he came very near letting the hat and money fall. But it soon became so heavy that he could not hold it any longer.

"Empty your hat, old man," said the people, "and we will fill it again for you."

He pulled out an old handkerchief and wrapping the money in it, put it into his violin bag.

The stranger kept on playing, and the people cried out, "Bravo! bravo!" in great joy. He played first one tune, and then another; even children seemed carried away with rapture. At last, he played that splendid song, "God bless the Emperor Francis!" All hats and caps flew off their heads for the people loved their Emperor. The song finally came to an end. The hour was ended, and the musician handed back the violin to the old man.

"Thank you," said he. "May God bless you!" and he disappeared in the crowd.

"Who is he?" said the people, "Where does he come from?"

A person, sitting in one of the coaches, replied that he knew him—"It is Alexander Boucher," said he "the great violinist. It is just like him; he saw the old man needed help, and he determined to help him the best way he could."

The people then gave three cheers for Alexander Boucher, and put money in the old man's hat. When he went home that evening he was richer than he had ever been before. When he went to his bed, he folded his hands and prayed that God might bless good Boucher so that when he should grow to be an old man he might have good and kind friends.

Now, I believe there were two happy men that night in Vienna. Of course, the poor old musician rejoiced now that he was out of want; but of more value to him than all his money was the consolation that somebody had proved a friend to him. For it does us all good to know that we have friends, even though they are of no further advantage to us. There was another who was happy, and that was the good Alexander Boucher. How could he go to bed that night without thanking God for putting it into his heart to be kind to the old friendless starving soldier?

### A Word to Every Democrat.

The Democracy of Pennsylvania intend to win in the pending political contest. They have served notice to that effect on the Radical disunionists, who follow the lead of Thad. Stevens. The leaders and the masses are in earnest. They intend to elect Clymer, to return a majority of true Union men to Congress, and to secure a majority of members of the Legislature pledged to prevent the election of Simon Cameron to the United States Senate. They have the power to accomplish all these patriotic purposes. A poll of the entire democratic vote of the State, swelled as our numbers will be by multitudes of thoughtful Conservative Republicans, will give us a great and complete victory. But the contest will be a fierce one. The Radicals know that their political existence is staked on the issue of the present campaign. If they are defeated in October, they will be buried so deep beneath the scorn of an indignant people, that they can never hope for a political resurrection in Pennsylvania. Hence they will not give up their hold on official position without a desperate struggle.

The Democracy must go into the pending contest resolved to leave no agency which may conduce to honorable success unemployed. Every man must do his whole duty. There must be such close and perfect organization as never existed in our ranks before. Every Democratic vote in the State of Pennsylvania must be polled. This cannot be done without the most vigorous and well directed effort. Every

election district must be thoroughly canvassed. To do this effectively will demand the organization of a club in every ward and township. Now is the time to attend to that work. It should not be delayed a single week. It can be easily done. Let a few leading, active Democrats get together and take initiatory steps at once. Any man who reads this can start a club in his district. Let him call on half a dozen of the prominent men in his district and have an evening set for meeting.—Large meetings are not needed as yet. We will have those when the contest grows warm. What is needed now is the formation of clubs for perfecting the work of organization. These need not be very large to be effective, but they should embrace at least one good man in each school district. As soon as such a club is formed let them send one of their number to the chairman of the County Committee. He will lay down work for them which can be done easily, and which, if it be done thoroughly, will tell with tremendous weight at the polls in October. We hope every Democrat who reads this will act at once on our suggestion. Do not wait for your neighbor to move. Take the initiative yourself, and do so this very day. If but a single Democrat in each township in the State should act upon our advice, the party would be so thoroughly organized within a month that defeat would be impossible and a glorious victory absolutely certain. Nothing can prevent our success but a lack of proper efficient organization. Let each man who reads this act at once. The responsibility rests on every one alike. All the best interests of the country combine to urge to action. Let there not be another hour of delay. The prompt, efficient action of a single man in each election district in the State is all that is needed to effect such thorough organization of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, as was never had before. You, reader, are the man on whom this work devolves. Do it, and do it this very day. Remember that with thorough organization defeat is impossible.

### Mr. Voorhees' Last Words in Congress.

It will be remembered that the report of the committee of Mr. Voorhees' case was in favor of a clear right to the seat, but that the majority, in obedience to Thad. Stevens' command, had EXPELLED HIM FROM CONGRESS BECAUSE HIS VOTE STOOD IN THE WAY OF THEIR PLANS.

Below will be found the closing words of Voorhees. For fearless outspoken manliness, and defiance of those who have converted themselves into a "modern judgment," it cannot be excelled:

"MR. SPEAKER, I have but little more to say and but one favor to ask. You know, and I know, and the country knows, that I have the legal majority of the votes; but if the report of the committee is to be sustained, let it be done on its true ground. I have met you in open, honorable warfare, and I am entitled at least to candid hostility at your hands. I have neither skulked nor dodged on this floor, and if a sacrifice is required to appease the political Moloch which has so long presided here, you have selected the proper victim. He will not shrink from the blow. God being my helper, this political gabbit shall not be a reproach to me or mine. If you wish to 'purge Parliament,' and reduce this already fractured Congress to a still greater uniformity of opinion, you hold the axe and I defy its edge, as well as the malice of its edge, as well as the malice of its executors. Strike; but you cannot kill. Benish me, sir; my heart is not here. It is in my beautiful Western home.

I am thinking of that people who have so often covered me with their affection, as with a shield, in the hour of storm and danger. To them I will gladly go. I owe them more for their confidence than I can ever pay; but at least one merit they will concede to me. I have never shrunk from the vindication of their rights; and may the light of heaven be denied to my eyes when, for the sake of power or place, I prove recreant to their principles."

### GEN. GEARY'S LETTER.

To S. Maguire, Esq., a leading Cooperhead of Philadelphia, who wrote to him to know if he would accept a nomination from the Democratic party.

His fidelity to party is such that he can conscientiously accept a nomination for Governor from that party.

His following the flag has not caused any entanglements inconsistent with fidelity to the Democratic party.

NEW CUMBERLAND, CUMBERLAND CO., PA., August 14, 1865.

S—M—, Esq.—Dear Sir:—

Having been absent and just returned, I have the honor to find your two letters, viz: That of the 26th ult., covering your excellent letter of S—I—, and that of the 3d inst. from Connellsville. The subject matter of both, and of the letter enclosed, has been carefully noted, and for the fraternal manner of its presentation I feel indebted to you.

I feel assured you will bear me testimony, that I have never personally aspired to the honor of the Chief Magistracy of the State of Pennsylvania, for which position you have the kindness to indicate my name; and, further, that when it has been a subject of conversation, that I have instinctively shrunk from the responsibilities it involves upon its possessor. I have never been an aspirant for that honorable position. I never have, directly or indirectly, given my consent to any person or party to use my name for it. Therefore, I am perfectly free from any entangling alliances on the subject, and frankly say to you, that if the nomination and election were laid at my feet, I would still feel my inability to fill so high a position with that exalted capacity and sparkling intellect which is so eminently desired in the Executive chair. Impressed with the considerations to which I have just glanced, to which I may superadd, the WEALTH with which it seems necessary for the candidate to possess is not mine, I must, therefore, AT PRESENT decline to be considered a candidate.

I have been a life-long Democrat, in the truest and most ample construction of the word and meaning of the term, without any prefix or affix whatever, maintaining all the immutable truths which underlie the superstructure of our form government, in all their length and breadth, height and depth—not as mere abstractions, but as active and positive vitalities, invigorated by the greatest intensity of patriotism.

This letter has been written in haste for your own inspection only.

Again thanking you for your many kind expressions, I have the honor to be truly, &c.,

Fraternally yours,  
JOHN W. GEARY.

P. S. Enclosed is Mr. Jenkin's letter. Come and see me soon.

From the Genius of Liberty.

John W. Geary, and the Soldiers of the Mexican War.

READ! READ! READ!

John W. Geary, the candidate of the Radical Abolitionists for Governor of Pennsylvania, was elected Lieutenant Colonel of the 2d Pa. Regiment of Volunteers in the war with Mexico, upon the organization of that regiment in the city of Pittsburgh. William B. Roberts of this county was Colonel commanding, and died in the city of Mexico.—After his death, Geary was promoted to the Colonely. The Fayette County Volunteers were attached to this regiment, and known as Co. H. They distinguished themselves for gallant conduct and intrepid bravery, in all the important engagements from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, including the bloody assaults upon the gates of that city. They continued in service until the end of the war, and were honorably discharged. The survivors, upon their return home, were received with well earned and highly distinguished honors by their fellow-citizens. Here at the county seat, they were honored by a splendid reception, participated in by the citizens of the county generally, as well as by their ladies, who greeted their return with all that delicate attention and refined taste peculiar to their sex. At Connellsville, also, they were the recipients of a handsome ovation, the

heartfelt tribute of the citizens and ladies of that place and vicinity. The reception at Connellsville took place on Saturday July 15th, 1848. The reception speech was made by Dr. James C. Cummings, and the response by Sergeant Peter A. Johns. After the delivery of the speeches, and partaking of an elegant dinner, prepared for the occasion, the returned soldiers met together and unanimously adopted a preamble and series of resolutions, which show up the character of John W. Geary in such a light, as would render his election as Governor, an everlasting disgrace to the State of Pennsylvania.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted by true and tried soldiers, by men who knew Geary well, and by men who did not hesitate to proclaim their estimate of his character, and that too not in tender, dainty sentences, but in well expressed and forcible language.

The testimony of these proceedings, gains additional force from the fact, that it was uttered at such a time and under such circumstances, as to exempt it entirely from any imputation of political influences. The proceedings, were published in the paper of this county; by request of the soldiers, on the 27th of July 1847, and here they are. Again we say, read, read, read.

The following Preamble and Resolutions, were offered by the returned volunteers, of Company H, 2d Pennsylvania Regiment, and unanimously adopted by the meeting:

Whereas, The discharge and arrival home of the remaining members of the Fayette Volunteers has again placed them in the position of citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and enabled them to speak and assert their rights, they now embrace this occasion, the first opportunity since their return to express their deep and ABIDING INDIGNATION of the conduct of John W. Geary, since he was elected to the command of the 2d Pa. Regiment, at the City of Mexico. The said John W. Geary procured his election by a mere plurality of votes, by FALSEHOOD and DECEPTION—while he was promising to give company H, the privilege of electing their own officers, according to the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, he, the said Geary, bargained with others for votes, promising and giving appointments in said company H, to men from other companies who might answer his peculiar purposes. The law of Congress on the 13th of May, calling for volunteers for the war with Mexico, has this provision.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, that the said Volunteers so offering their services shall be accepted by the President, in companies, battalions, squadrons and regiments, whose officers shall be appointed in the manner prescribed by law in the several States and territories to which such companies, battalions, squadrons and regiments, shall respectively belong.

The said Geary, while he availed himself of this law to get himself into a high office, refused the same right to company H which legally and properly belonged to them. Therefore, Resolved, That we the remaining members of the Fayette county Volunteers, view the conduct of the said John W. Geary towards company H as an outrage upon their just rights, as secured to them by the laws of Pennsylvania, as well as the laws of Congress.—The whole course and conduct of the said Geary and INCONSISTENT WITH THE CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN OR MAN OF HONOR—it was treating us as a set of men who did not know their rights, and who could not appreciate them—it was corrupt and mercenary in all its bearings, characteristic of a low and groveling creature, hunting and seeking popularity for courage and patriotism that he never earned, by bargaining with supple tools and mercenaries, one of whom at least was a notorious black-leg.

Resolved, That the arrest and trial of 1st Sergt. John A. Cummings, by a court-martial, for daring to assert his rights and those of the company, was a base and cowardly exercise of usurped authority on the part of the said John W. Geary; and he, the said Geary, had

surprisingly and villainously suppressed the order of the Adjutant General of this State, (issued by directions of Gov. Shunk,) directing him to fill all vacancies in the 2d Regiment of Penna. Volunteers, by election—taking advantage of his stolen authority to cover up his worse than base motives, and to injure the hard earned fame of a brave and gallant officer.

On motion of Peter A. Johns, it was Resolved, That all the harm we wish Col. Geary, is that his disgrace may follow through all the lanes and avenues of life, and that he may never die or get old.

### TEY REASONS

Why Hiester Clymer Should be Elected Governor in Preference to John W. Geary.

1. Because he is more capable to discharge the duties of the office than Geary.

2. Because he is a gentleman of fixed and correct political principles, which Geary is not.

3. Because he is thoroughly acquainted with the wants and interests of the people of Pennsylvania. Geary is not.

4. Because he is opposed to Negro Suffrage and Negro Equality in every shape. Geary is in favor of these outrageous measures.

5. Because he sustains the patriotic policy of President Johnson. Geary don't.

6. Because he regards the war as ended and desires the people of every State to dwell together, once more, in unity and peace. Geary, on the other hand, has promised to support old Thad Stevens and Sumner, in their efforts to keep the Union divided and the country in everlasting turmoil.

7. Because as Governor, Mr. Clymer will uphold and respect the Constitutions of the State and country. Geary will be the tool of designing and corrupt politicians, "who will throw consciences to the devil," and have no regard for Constitutions.

8. Mr. Clymer has established an unblemished reputation for honesty and integrity. He is a pure man. Geary can lay claim to no such character.

9. Because Mr. Clymer, if elected, will oppose any alteration of our State Constitution. Geary will prostitute the position to have the word "white" stricken from the Constitution, which will give negroes the right to vote, to hold office, to sit on juries and to enjoy all the rights and privileges of white people. Wm. D. Kelly, John W. Foreney and other leading disunionists have publicly declared that it is their purpose to do this when they have the power.

10. To elect Mr. Clymer would be to return to the good old days of Simon Snyder and Francis R. Shunk. He is descended from an old-fashioned Pennsylvania German family. To elect Geary would be to reinstate into power men of the Thad Stevens stripe, when plunder and roguery would be the order of the day.

No good man—no patriot, should hesitate how to vote next fall.—Ex.

Gen. Stoneman says, in his report of the Memphis riots: "Very few Confederates were mixed up with rioters the larger portion being registered voters." Scarcely a person in Tennessee can be a registered voter unless he is "loyal," and is a supporter of old Brownlow and his rascally "legislature." Four-fifths of the bona fide voters have been disfranchised by the Brownlow Disunionists, for their connection with the Confederacy. It appears from Stoneman's report, therefore, that it was the "Southern Unionists" of the Brownlow stripe who prevented the dargies from again "bearing off the palm." This takes much of the "pressure" off the "reconstructed rebels."

—Mr. Eldridge, Democrat, of Wislitz, rose to a point of order in the Rump House, a few days ago, while one of the numerous "freedmen's" meetings was under discussion, when he was greeted with a storm of hisses from the negroes in the galleries.

SUPPORT THE PRESIDENT AND HIESTER CLYMER.