

For the Advocate.
CRIVOLLE.

By G. D. G.

'Twas two o'clock at Harrisburg
When to Williamsport I took the train,
And as I had not sleep enough
I prepared to sleep again.
When a female with much baggage
And handboxes half a score,
Came and took a seat beside me
With her boxes on the floor.

She was one of those fair creatures
Seldom in romance seen,
She, I thought was all of fifty
Or perhaps three times sixteen.
She was dressed in latest fashion,
And on her head a hat she wore
Filled with flowers of all colors,
And protruded a foot or more.

She was tall, thin and seraway
And, in fact quite masculine,
And her ample dress of satin
Spread an awful Crivolle.
But, without my leave or license
She did spread it over me
Ah! thinks I my handsome lady
You are making rather free.

In a voice she then addressed me,
Neither musical nor sweet,
Sir! I've a little pet dog
Who wants to have your seat.
Have you madam? said I smiling
Indeed that is rather odd,
Where I came from we learn manners,
You never troubled such a school.

But you're welcome to it madam,
For your Dog now take my seat,
Surely such a handsome lady
From me should but politeness meet.
Take it, and I took another,
And in it soon I sleeping lay,
And slept without once waking,
Till the dawning of the day.

A Cretan Chief.

Among the brave men who, in the ill-fated Island of Crete, are sustaining, single-handed, against a powerful and brutal foe the cause of civilization, there is one whose portrait, as we find it to be drawn in a Greek journal, is worthy of a place besides the figures of a Homeric hero. Demetrius Petropoulaki is indeed a striking proof, if one were needed, that the ancient blood of Greece still runs in the veins of living men.—Seventy years of war and suffering have left their mark upon the gigantic form; fatigue and wounds and exposure have left visible inroads upon the iron frame. Half patriarch, half cavalier, there is an expression of resignation to suffering on his face, and a look as of a dying lion in his half closed black eye, while an affable smile of goodness dwells on his lips, beneath his long, heavy moustache, and his hands are slashed with saber cuts, and he has been so riddled with balls that when he speaks you can hear every word produce a painful hissing in his breast. All over his martyred flesh is written the epic of his life.—An unchanging gentleness, an august serenity, exhale, as it were, from his person. The impression he leaves upon you is that of the just man who, content with the past and assured of peace with God, awaits his hour in confidence. Chief of a powerful clan in Maia, that small district, the home of the ancient Spartan, which the Turks have never been able to penetrate, Demetrius Petropoulaki has remained faithful to the manners of his ancestors, and the white tunic and scarlet sash—the splendid costume of Shepherds—still lend their aid to enhance the majesty of his person. Careless of the presence of men, he falls upon his knees at his wonted hour, and prays to the God of battles, as a patriarch might have prayed, or a Highland Chief. By day he journeys on, over mountains and through valleys, on his sorrel mule, stopping on the way sometimes through fatigue and pain. At night he spreads a bit of carpet, and stretches himself out on it, and thus discourses with his faithful followers on the perils they have encountered, and of the victory that is to come. He himself never sleeps, only slumbers; rising up gently if he hears one of his companions restlessly moving in order to spread over him his own sole covering, and then returns to lie on the bare ground. When the hour of battle is come his son Leonidas heads the phalanx, and followed by his son George Petropoulaki; for three generations of this heroic race are fighting there for the freedom of Crete. The chief will remain behind until the last pillar is in line, and then seated on his mule, he rides or tranquil and fearless into the midst of the balls, with his majestic cry of "On, my children!" Of such men as these, the accounts we have from Crete make little mention, yet it is such men as these who alone make those accounts credible, for the world has never witnessed a spectacle of greater endurance and more astounding heroism than is exhibited daily in the lives of these Cretan volunteers for liberty.—But history will some day do them justice, and when that day comes, the grand old Chief Petropoulaki will form the leading figure in the awful drama which barbarism and civilization are enacting, as Edmond Desmazes says, behind closed doors, in the blood-soaked Island of Crete.

"I say, boy how far do these rocks run into the sea?" asked of a half-clad, trowsy-haired fisherman's son, on the east coast of Scotland.

"They digan run av, zar; they joost lie still there."

The population of New York in 1860 was 39,131. It has been four times doubled in one hundred years. Paris has been doubled within thirty-two years; London within forty years, and Vienna within forty four.

THE ELK ADVOCATE

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**"The Man of the World"—
Manton Marble.**

Though very unlike Henry Mackenzie's hero, Manton Marble is generally known in New York, and the country at large, as the "Man of the World." He is emphatically such, and no one who knows him can say that the *World* is not worthy of him. His rise in journalism has been rapid. He was hardly known ten years ago, and now his reputation is only second to that of Greeley, Bennett and Raymond as the editor-in-chief of one of the four great quartets of the metropolis. He is a native of Massachusetts, we believe, and began his career, after taking his degree at college, in Boston. The story is that in his very early manhood he went, entirely unknown, into a newspaper office (the *Traveller*, we think), in that city, and asked for a situation.

"What can you do?" inquired the managing editor.

"Anything at all," said the self-confident Marble. "Try me on a leader, a paragraph, a criticism or a review; it's all the same to me."

"Have you ever had any journalistic experience?"

"No, but I have written a good deal, and I know I can suit you if you'll only give me a chance."

"Well, I like your self-reliance. It argues well, and I judge from your manner and conversation you are educated, and have seen something of the world. [He had not seen so much of it then as he has since.] I am favorably impressed with you."

Give me a trial; that is all I ask; I don't wish to sound my own praises. I want to work. I have long had a fancy for journalism; and I intend to write for some newspaper; if not for this, for some other."

"That's the right spirit young man. Now, I remember, Forrest plays Lear to-night, and I have no one to send to the theatre. Will you undertake the job?"

"Certainly. Can I write at length?"

"Yes, you shall have two columns, and I'll see what you can do."

The next morning the journal contained two columns of graceful, learned, and often brilliant criticism of the actor, with a careful examination of the text, a reference to Scotch history, and a fine analysis of the character, which delighted the managing editor, charmed his readers and secured Marble a position at once at what was then regarded in the City of Notions as a liberal salary.

Mr. Marble remained on the Boston press for several years, but, desiring a large field for his journalistic capacity, came to New York soon after the *World* was started as a one cent religious paper. He went into the office first, we think, as a general writer, but soon became the managing editor, and afterwards the editor-in-chief. Through all the changes of the paper he not only retained his place, but rose higher and higher, and secured a larger and larger interest in the establishment. To what extent he is a partner in the *World* no one knows; but he is supposed to own at least a quarter or a third of it, for he almost entirely controls and directs its political and journalistic course. He has never had connection with any other newspaper in the city, but has given all his energy, time and talents to the building up of the *World*, which is now the ablest as well as the most prominent Democratic organ in the country.

The journal, though it is quite economically managed, has always contrived to have some of the best writers on its staff of editors and correspondents that are to be found in the metropolis. And this selection of able men for the different departments has been made by Mr. Marble, who seems to have, like Charles A. Dana, the rare faculty of getting the right men in the right place.

Two or three years ago Mr. Marble married a young lady of wealth and accomplishment in this State, and has since devoted himself more to domesticity than journalism. He still supervises and directs the political and editorial part of the paper, leaving to subordinates the general management.

Mr. Marble is a gentleman of rare culture, a fine *belles lettres* and classical scholar, and deeply versed in the mysteries both of transcendental and positive philosophy. He has studied the advanced thinkers profoundly and earnestly, and is intimately acquainted with Kant and Hegel, Comte and Cousin, Buckle and Herbert Spencer. He writes very gracefully and forcibly; and though many articles not his are attributed to his pen, it is safe to say that some of the very best which appear on the excellently-written fourth page of the *World* are exclusively his property. His political opponents have often declared him insincere; insisting that any man of his mental training and culture must be a Republican of necessity. It is fair to suppose, however, that Mr.

Marble knows his own convictions better than others; nor is it impossible for a student of liberal philosophy to be a Democrat.

Personally, Mr. Marble is probably about fifty years of age, though the premature appearance of gray in his hair makes him perhaps look a trifle older. He is below the medium stature, rather heavy set, easy and graceful in his movements, and of prepossessing and winning address. He is quite handsome, and has decidedly a foreign look, with a cast of Oriental countenance in his face, such as is often seen in the inheritors of Hebrew blood after it has coursed for two or three generations through what is ethnologically styled "Christian" veins. He is, however, of paritan stock, we believe; but must be, as they would say in the South, rather of Norman than Saxon lineage.

If he were attired in purple doublet, with a carbine swung to his back, a peaked hat, streaming with ribbons, put upon his head, and thrust upon the stage of the Academy to make love to Zerlina in Italian song, no one would suspect he was not the proper person for a sentimental bandit.

Mr. Marble is much the handsomest of the prominent editors of New York; lives in ease, even luxury; enjoys the library and his dinner; lounges and talks gracefully at the Manhattan Club; is a power in his party and a pleasant gentleman in society and that very rare thing—a highly successful and materially prosperous journalist—while still young and in the possession of perfect health.

The Virginia Election.

With a clear white majority of 13,000 votes, the State was so gerrymandered that the negroes were enabled to elect 56 delegates and the whites only 43, when it should have been the reverse—56 white conservatives and 43 negro radicals. The negroes had been drilled so well, and were in such dread of their mean white managers, that they voted almost unanimously for the nominees of the Radical party, no matter who were their opponents. And not only this, but by violence and threats they prevented the blacks that desired to do so, from voting the Conservative ticket. In Albemarle county, one of the richest and most populous counties in the State, Judge Alexander Rivers, who has been a Republican all his life, before, during, and since the war—a man of intelligence, wealth and position in society—did not receive a dozen negro votes; a man named Thompson, from your State, who was publicly denounced as totally unworthy by the United States officer, and a negro named Taylor, were elected almost unanimously over him. A similar case occurred in Henrico, where Mr. Franklin Stearns was the candidate, nominated by Republicans, only claim to their suffrage, was that he hid in the swamps during the war, and because he was a member of the League and their President. In Mecklenburg county a negro who cannot read or write, and who has been convicted five times in the court for stealing, was elected over a respectable Union man. All over the eastern portion of the State, the same results have been secured; but the above will give you a sample of how Virginia and Virginians are to be governed in the future. The candidate for this city, amidst the notorious Hunslett, the corrupt and detestable Underwood, an Irishman named Morrissey, a disgrace to his gallant countrymen, and two negroes. These men received only fifty white votes in the whole city, and were denounced publicly by some of their own gang as scoundrels and perjurers. The respectable Northern men among us did not and would not vote for them; they were elected by fraud, as the card from Mr. Gilmer to General Schofield abundantly shows. The President of the registration board, one Rose, (by no means a sweet one,) on the last day of election said he "he didn't care a d—n for all the people in Richmond;" some of his friends had bet on the Radical majority of so much, and he intended they should win.

WHISTLING GIRLS.—Show me a girl who will dare to whistle in these days when everything natural even to the hair of your head, is at a discount, and I'll show you a girl who can be depended upon, one who will not fill you in time of need, and will give you the true hearty grasp, the cordial hand shake, the warm, genuine welcome, no tip of the kid glove, and a cold "how do you do?" who can brave danger, look toil in the face without shrinking, laugh with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep, as well as whistle; who can in short take the world as she finds it, rough and rugged, not go through life as though she was walking on eggs and afraid of cracking a shell, who deals in substance, not shadow.

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Othello in Utah—Show us that Tragedy is intensified Under Mormon Suspicions.

At a Mormon theatre, not long ago, they played "Othello." Othello was represented, as usual, but polygony demanded more than one Desdemona, so there was fifteen Mrs. Othellos for this Moor to be jealous of. The consequence was he grew fifteen times as jealous as any other Othello on the stage, and raved and ranted fifteen times as loud. The actor who undertook the part has been laid up in bed ever since.

In the first place there were fifteen Brabantios clamoring for their daughters, who had eloped and married the Moor. The text had to be changed a little of course. When brought before the Senators, charged with winning fifteen young women of Caucasian blood by the use of charms, love powders, etc., he said:

"Their fathers loved me, or invited me; Still questioned me the story of my life, From year to year; the battles sieges, fortunes That had passed."

Fifteen mortified and repentant fathers immediately regretted that they had seemed to countenance negro equality by inviting the black men to their homes although he had fought nobly during the war. Then Othello drew a touching picture of the sympathies which his tale excited in the breast of the fifteen young women; how they would hurry through their housework to listen to it, half washing their breakfast things and leaving the chamberwork until after noon. He found at length "a plantain hour," when the fifteen susceptible young women are all together, and drew from them, a prayer of earnest heart, that he would give them the story entire in one number, which they got in fragments from day to day. He consented, and did beguile tears from fifteen pairs of eyes when speaking of some distressful stroke that his youth suffered. Fifteen women-power sighs rewarded his story, and then they swore "fifteen of us—"

"They wished they had not heard it, yet they wished That heaven had made them such a man."

They requested him, if he knew of any promising young man of good income who was in love with them, to teach him how to repeat that entertaining yarn of his, and that would woo them. On these fifteen hints he spoke:

"They loved me for the dangers I had passed, And I loved them that they did pity them, Here come the ladies, let them witness it."

Then the fifteen Desdemonas enter, perceiving a divided duty between their husband and the fifteen paternals, but they shake their papas and cling to the Moor, thus administering a salutary rebuke to the opposers of universal suffrage.

The plot progresses. Iago excites the jealous rage of Othello by pretending to find fifteen pocket handkerchiefs, that the Moor had given his wives, in Cassio's bedchamber. They were neatly embroidered handkerchiefs, with a butterfly in one corner and his initials "G. W. O." (George Washington Othello) in red.

It was hard to make Othello believe for some time that his fifteen wives had gone back on him, but the wily and treacherous Iago plies his arts so skillfully that the Moor is at length convinced, and resolves to avenge his honor, that had received fifteen deadly stabs, by making himself a widower. This he accomplishes by smothering his fifteen wives in their fifteen separate bed-chambers with fifteen different bolsters, being called before the curtain by the enraptured audience at the death of each of the fifteen Desdemonas.

A DAY.—A Day! It has risen upon us from the great deep of eternity, girt round with wonder; emerging from the womb of darkness, a new creation of life and light spoken into being by the word of God. In itself one entire and perfect sphere of space and time, filled and emptied of the sun. Every past generation is represented in it; it is the flowering of all history, and in so much it is richer and better than all other days which have preceded it. And we have been recreated to new opportunities, with new powers—called "time," this centre of all coming life. And it is for to-day's work we have been endowed; it is for this we are pressed and surrounded with these faculties. The sum of our entire being is concentrated here: and to-day is all the time we absolutely have.—*Chapin.*

A well known minister in New York repudiates the received theory of their being music in Heaven. He declares that his choir has given him so much trouble on earth, that the idea of music in the world to come is wholly repugnant to his idea of eternal peace and rest.

Concentrating Man.

Wonders at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; but thence it happens that many know but little about the "house we live in"—the human body. We look upon a house from the outside, just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages, and the ingenious internal arrangements of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man, the harmony and the adaptation of all his parts.

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are 165 bones.

The muscles are about 570 in number.

The length of the alimentary canal is about 32 feet.

The amount of blood in an adult averages 39 pounds, or full one fifth the entire length.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 200,800 times per day, 30,772,000 times per year, 2,595,410,000 in three-score and ten, and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute, six hundred and fifty-six pounds per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. This little organ, by its ceaseless industry—

In the allotted span

The Palmsist gave to man.

Lifts the enormous weight of 370,700, 200 tons.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breath on an average 1,200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air or 21,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces, of a female two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. The nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "body guard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshalled!

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one fourth to one eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds! Pretty tight tug.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or respiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile, one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

Man is made marvelously. Who is eager to investigate the curious, to witness the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him no longer wander the wide world round to see them, but examine himself. "The proper study of mankind is man.—*Cincinnati Journal of Commerce.*"

RULES FOR MEASUREMENT.—The following rules for measuring corn and liquids will be useful to many of our readers.

1. **Shucked Corn**—measure the length, width, and depth of the crib in feet; multiply these three dimensions and their product by eight; then cut off two figures to the right; those on the left will be as many barrels, and those on the right so many hundredths of a barrel.

2. **Unshucked Corn**—Multiply as in rule 1st, in the above example and the product obtained by 5½; then cut off two figures on the right; those on the left will be so many barrels, and those on the right so many hundredths of a barrel.

For grain, fruits, herbs, in house or box, find the length, breadth and depths; multiply them together; then annex two cyphers and divide the product by 124; answer in bushels, pecks and quarts.

3. **Liquid**—Find the length in inches from the bung, the under edge, to the chime; multiply it into itself twice and the product by 570; Answer in gallons, quarts, pints and gills.

Measuring 307 feet on each side, and you have, lacking an inch, one square acre.

An Irishman went to confession, and while relating his sins his eye lit on a plug of tobacco sticking half out of one of the pockets of his father confessor's pants. The furtive instinct of the son of the Green Isle was tempted beyond its strength by the sight; so heedless of time and place, he slyly transferred, "the bit 'o backy" into his own pocket, and after enumerating a long series of violations of the command of God and the holy church, concluded by saying, "an sure, father, I stole a plug o' tobacco." "You must either restore it or its value to the owner," said the priest. "Take it thin, yer reverence," said Pat, producing the stolen article. "I don't want it," replied the priest, "give it to the owner, I say." "Sure an' I offered it to the owner," said Pat, "an' not a bit would he take, yer reverence." "Oh, it that's the case you may keep it." "Thanks to yer reverence," rejoined Pat, pocketing the weed, "I'm riddy for the absolution."