

A True American Story.
The ancestors of the good people of the United States went to that country ostensibly to escape the persecutions of aristocratic England, but alas! for the inconsistency of human nature, they were far from abandoning aristocracy when they left their mother country. They took it with them, together with all its accompanying notions and absurdities, and have left it to their children, an inalienable legacy, which they seem to be trying to increase every day.

In the days of the good colony of Virginia the distinctions between the rich and the poor were based upon laws which, like those of the Medes and Persians, altered not. One of the most devout followers of this code was a wealthy planter, living in what is known as the Northern Neck. He was in all other respects a frank, open hearted, manly gentleman; but his estimate of his fellow men was founded upon the principles which governed his selection of his horse—blood. Wealth, too, was by no means an unimportant feature with him. He had our human weakness, and like all of us, was influenced more than he ever believed, by pounds, shillings and pence. This Mr. G. had quite a large family, and among them was a daughter who e beauty was the standing toast of the country. She was just eighteen and budding into lovely womanhood. Not only was she beautiful in person, but an amiable disposition and many accomplishments made her still more attractive, and half the gentlemen of the Northern Neck were already sighing for her love.

There was in the country at this time a young man who was already rising in the esteem of his neighbors. He came of a poor family, and was, as yet, a poor young surveyor, who had taught himself his profession, and who spent much of his time in traveling unknown forests, with nothing but his compass for his guide, and his chain for his companion, locating lands and settling disputed titles. He was a model of manly beauty, and excelled in all the various feats of strength in which the olden time Americans took such pride. He was calm and reserved and there was about him dignified sweetness of demeanor that accorded well with his frank independence of character. He was a great favorite with all who knew him, and there was no gathering to which he was not asked.

Mr. G. seemed especially to like the young man, and it was not long before he insisted that the latter should abandon all ceremony in his visits to him, and come and go when he pleased. The invitation was hastily given, and as promptly accepted. The young man liked the planter, and he found the society of the beautiful Mary G. a very strong attraction. The result was that he was frequently at the planter's residence, so frequently, indeed, that Mrs. G. felt called upon to ask her husband if he did not think it wrong to permit him to enjoy such unreserved intercourse with their daughter. He laughed at the idea, and said he hoped his daughter knew her position well to allow anything like love for a poor surveyor to blind her duty to her family.

Nevertheless, Mary G. was not so fully oppressed with conviction of duty as was her father. She found more to admire in the poor surveyor than all her wealthy, aristocratic suitors; and, also, before she knew it, her heart passed out of her keeping and was given to him. She loved him with all the honesty and devotion of her pure heart, and she would have thought it a happiness to go out with him into the back woods and share his fatigues and troubles, no matter how much sorrow they might bring her.

Nor did she love in vain. The young man, whose knowledge of the world was afterwards so great, had not then learned to consider as binding the distinctions which society drew between his position and that of a lady. He knew that all that makes a man, in integrity and honesty of purpose, he was the equal of any one. He thought that except in wealth he stood upon a perfect equality with Mary G., and he loved her honestly and manfully, and no sooner had he satisfied himself upon the state of his own feelings than he confessed his devotion simply and truthfully, and received from the lady's lips the assurance that she loved him dearly.

Scornful to occupy a doubtful position or to cause the lady to conceal aught from her parents, the young man frankly and manfully asked Mr. G. for his daughter's hand. Very angry grew the planter as he listened to the audacious proposal. He stormed and swore furiously, and denounced the young man as an ungrateful and impudent upstart.

"My daughter has always been accustomed to ride in a carriage," he said. "Who are you, sir?"

"A gentleman, sir," replied the young man quickly, and left the house. The lovers were parted. The lady was married soon after to a wealthy planter, and the young man went out again into the world to battle with his heart and to conquer his unhappy passion. He subdued it, but although he afterwards married a woman who was worthy of his love, he was never wholly dead to his first love.

The time past on, and the young man began to reap the reward of his labors. He had never been to the house of Mr. G. since his cruel repulse by the planter, but the latter could not forget him, as his name soon became familiar in every Virginia household. Higher and high-

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er, he rose every year, until he had gained a position from which he could look down on the planter. Wealth came to him, too. When the great struggle for independence dawned he was in his prime, a happy husband and one of the most distinguished men in America. The struggle went on and soon the "poor surveyor" held the highest and proudest position in the land.

When the American army passed in triumph through the streets of Williamsburg the ancient capital of Virginia, after the surrender of Cornwallis, the officer riding at the head of the column, chanced to glance up at a neighboring balcony, which was crowded with ladies. Recognizing one of them he raised his hat and bowed profoundly. There was a commotion in the balcony, and some one called for water. Turning to a young officer said gravely:

"Henry, I fear your mother has fainted. You had better leave the column and go to her."

The speaker was George Washington, once the poor surveyor, but then commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. The young man was Colonel Henry Lee, the commander of the famous "Light Cavalry Legion;" the lady was the mother, and formerly Mary G., the belle of the Northern Neck.

Habits of New York Millionaires.

The Boston Journal's New York correspondent writes: A. T. Stewart works probably more hours than any mechanic or laboring man in the State. His vast business is in his own hands. He consults nobody as to buying or selling. He has many partners in the profits and not in the management of the business. His system is exacting but efficient. His men are all timid. If they are late, or if they overrun the time allowed for lunch, if they set down during business hours, if they eat in the store, they are fined. No person is allowed to take a bundle into the store unless the "walking gentleman" marks it." No bundle leaves the store without being examined. Mr. Stewart is about the first one down in the morning. He takes an early breakfast, and in one-horse coupe rides to the store. He indulges in a leisurely dinner at a public house at five o'clock, and then returns to his den and continues his labors until every item of business in the store is finished. Pleasure seekers going home from the theater often see the twinkle of Mr. Stewart's light in the counting room, showing that the great millionaire is hard at his tasks. But it is his recreation. He finds his pleasure in work, and asks nothing more.

Vanderbilt is a gigantic speculation. Like Frederick the Great he takes his leisure to mass his troops, and in an unexpected moment throws himself upon his foe, sure of victory. He is after the Harlem and Hudson roads. He is after the New York Central and means to control the Erie. He takes his leisure in the morning and divides it between his breakfast, his cigar and his horses. He spends a great deal of his time in the stables. He has a trotting track in his yard, so that he does not have to go far to try his favorites. At ten, precisely, he enters his uptown office. At twelve he rides up to the Harlem, and then over to the Hudson railroad. The rest of the day he gives to business and rides. He seldom appears at the Stock Board. He buys through other hands, because he can do it better.

Daniel Drew is a very quiet man, of plain simple habits, seldom speaks and in his down town office in Broad street, would be taken for a rustic farmer or a New Jersey trader who is not bright enough to sharply invest his money.

Chaffin, who is trading so close on the heels of Stewart, in the dry-goods trade, was a small trader in Worcester. He bought goods in very small quantities and was not for carrying home his own bundles. Like Stewart he manages his own business. He found his complicated trade wearing upon him, and like a wise man, as he is, he purchased a little place up the river. He leaves his store at four, every afternoon, drives up his own team, and spends the evening in the quiet of his own family.

It is the younger class of traders and speculators who trade in the night and give themselves no rest on Sunday. They reap their reward in premature decay, sudden failure or great losses. The line of demarcation between the old style of doing business and the new is very broad.

Over 5,000 different articles of common use are manufactured from the basket willow. It will best grow where nothing but grass can be produced, and there are many waste places where not even the grass is saved in which the willow will thrive.

The God of the Ring—Back us.

[From Ballou's Monthly.] THE NEGLECTED.

BY LAURA M. WATKINSON.

I sit beside our cottage door,
And watch for thee to come;
The shadows darken o'er the moor,
And yet thou art not here.

Ah, seldom, seldom do we meet,
As in the long ago!
I listen for the lark's feet
That lag and come so slow.

The moon is rising bright and clear
Above the forest trees,
The hound's deep bay falls on my ear,
Borne on the evening breeze.

My thoughts a gloomy coloring take;
At every sound I start;
Ah, come! thy presence still can make
A sunshine in my heart.

I fear that thou art careless grown,
Forgetful of each vow;
Or else I would not sit alone
In solitude as now.

Though thou art distant, cold to me,
Thy presence, love, I miss,
And envy stars that look on thee,
All trembling with their bliss.

The roses twining round our door,
Their fragrance breathe for thee;
The birds their notes of music pour,
To lure thee back to me.

Return, beloved one, return!
Why live we thus apart?
Bright on its altar still doth burn
Love's flame within my heart.

And as the lonely watchfire
Shines on mid death and doom,
Shooting afar its rays of light
O'er the surrounding gloom—

So love survives, though Hope and Joy
In their pale ashes lie;
All that thy coldness could destroy,
All dead that e'er could die.

Yet once thy voice was low and soft,
Trembling with passion's fire,
As the sweet south wind murmurs oft
O'er the Eolian lyre.

But now thy glance is cold and stern
As bleak December's sky;
Alas! that we should live to learn
That love can never die.

We think not in youth's sunny hours
How soon joy will depart,
And all life's fairest, brightest flowers
Lie withering in the heart.

News and Other Items.

—The Democratic majority in New York State is 48,922.

—Land in Tennessee sells at from 75 cents to \$32 per acre.

—It costs \$20 to take a lady to the opera respectfully in New York.

—Twenty-five lives of Abraham Lincoln have afflicted this poor public.

—The Italians shout 'Long live Prussia.' Straws show which way the wind blows.

—Captain David Hinckley, of Livermore, Me., died some days ago, aged 102 years.

—Over four million gallons of sorghum sprout are made in this country annually.

—Four persons were drowned at Grand Haven, Michigan, a few days ago, by the upsetting of a boat.

—The arrival of a large number of German emigrants in Texas is announced by the papers of that State.

—The majority for Gen. McCormick, Democrat, as member of Congress from the 3d district of Missouri, is estimated at 550.

—Over 7,000 new buildings have been erected in Chicago, within a year, at a cost of from \$8,000,000 to \$9,000,000.

—It is estimated that 600,000 pounds of beet sugar will be made in Illinois the present season, from the product of 600 acres.

—There were 357 deaths in New York week before last—precisely the same number as during the week previous.

—The population of Chicago is 275,000 against 161,044 in 1860, being an increase in seven years of 113,956.

—The first Christian marriage in the United States took place in Virginia, between John Laydon and Ann Burras in 1608.

—Col. McCantie, editor of the Vicksburg Times, has been imprisoned by direction of General Ord, it is supposed for reflecting on the General.

—The Alabama Reconstruction Convention has rejected a proposition to insert no prohibitive provisions in the new State Constitution.

—The order of Judge Fisher suspending Mr. Bradley from practicing at the bar, was sustained by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

—Statistics of the corset trade in Boston seem to show that one woman out of every three over the age of sixteen uses these suicidal abominations.

—Six members of the Colored Union League in Pikesburg, S. C., are to be hung next month for murder in a late riot. Eighteen others go to prison.

—A waiter in an Albany restaurant knocked a man down and broke his leg the other day, because he had muttered an intimation that his steak was overdone.

—Four American prima donnas are now singing in Europe. Fatti, Kellogg, Laura Harris and Jennie Van Zandt. The last named lady is the daughter of Signor Blitz.

—A young lady living near Weston, Va., saw a squirrel running through the yard, and took down her father's rifle to shoot it. The gun had not been used for a long time, and in order to ascertain if it was loaded or not she pushed back the hammer with her foot, and applied her mouth to the muzzle, when her foot slipped off, and the gun was discharged, the ball entering her mouth and killing her instantly.

Bachelor's Perils.

Marriageable men are beginning to be wary. Even if a man is allowed to visit in the guise of a friend, the chances are that he will eventually drift into matrimony. Supposing there are several daughters in the family where he visits, he will look on the number as the greatest safeguard. He may imagine that he will never attempt to single out one, from the difficulty of discovering which one to single out. The girls would, of course, lead him to believe that they looked upon him as a brother, and that papa and mamma looked upon him in the light of a son—not a son-in-law! The lucky bachelor would thus be lulled to sleep. He would become unguarded in his actions, and would allow his feelings to lead him whither they listed, and as a consequence he would eventually single some one rose from these flowers of womanhood, as being a little fairer, having a little more charming manner, or for in some way or other coming nearer than her sisters to his ideas, of all that is excellent to a woman. If a bachelor of middle age, he would most probably have selected the youngest of the family, cheating himself into the belief that he did so simply out of a sort of fatherly regard for her. He would christen her the "baby" of the house, though she might be a fine maiden of eighteen summers, and have all the airs and ideas of a woman of three times her age. He would prefer walking with her, that he might point out the beauties of nature, or illustrate the harmonies of creation; and in effect, he would fail to show his preference in spite of his awkward apologies and grotesque efforts at concealment. The sisters would be careful not to check legitimate sport. They would manoeuvre so that the lovers, as they would jokingly call them, always sat next one another at the family board, that they are partners in all amusements, and that in party drives or walks they should either be left behind or be left in front. Of course this style of proceeding would not fail to be observed. The lady friend of the family would be in duty bound to tell her husband, and the husband would have no other alternative, than to inform his friend that, owing to the talk of the neighbors, he must either cease his visits altogether, or continue them on a different footing. The poor bachelor has but one course open to him—as a man of honor and a gentleman, he must as speedily as possible raise the "baby" of the family to the dignity of matron.

Getting Even.

A few days since, a scene occurred in the Railroad Hotel, at —, which was exceedingly ridiculous, and excited the mirth of the whole city.

Mr. Reynolds, the showman, had just landed with a large collection of wild animals, among which were bears, lions and monkeys—rare birds and huge anacondas. He went to the hotel, secured a room, and took his snakes with him in a large trunk. The first night or two he did very well, having no one with him in the room. Soon, however, another person was sent to his room at a late hour of the night. He, the new comer, pulled off his clothes, lit a cigar, placed a candle by his bedside and commenced reading a book.

Mr. Reynolds being much fatigued, requested the stranger politely to put out the candle and allow him to sleep.

The stranger, objects, and says that he has hired half the room and his bed, and has the right to burn his candle just as long as he pleases.

Mr. Reynolds turns over and tries to woo the sleepy god, but all in vain. No sleep nor slumber would visit his restless couch. So, in a fit of desperation, he jumps up and addresses his room mate thus:

"I say, stranger, if you have a right to burn a candle in this room all night, I have a right to bring in my boy."

The imperturbable stranger looked over his book and simply said:

"You can bring in your boy, and your gal, too, if you like," and went on reading.

Mr. Reynolds seized his pantaloons, jerking out of his pocket a key and proceeded to unlock his trunk. He took therefrom the enormous spotted snake approached the bed of the stranger, and said:

"Permit me to introduce to you my boy," (boas,) at the same time presenting the distended mouth of the monster close to the affrighted man's face.

The stranger gave one look of awful horror—his face became as pale as death—his book fell from his hand, he overturned his table, candle, and all; gave one leap from his bed and in *paris naturalibus*, he ran down stairs, out in the street, and yelled for the police. What became of him afterwards was never known.

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Mexico.

The elevation of Juarez to the Presidency of the Republic of Mexico does not promise peace, repose, and tranquillity to that torn and distracted country. Gen. Diaz is reported to be discontented with the manner in which the elections were conducted and the result obtained, and Mendez and Guzman, popular leaders, to not pretend to recognize as legal, honest, or fair the Juarez movement. It is said that these men, who have great local strength, will unite with Corona, declare against the government of Juarez, and attempt to form a Northern Confederation out of the States of Chihuahua, Lower California, Sinaloa, Sonora, and Durango. If such a revolution is started, it will be popular in that portion of Mexico bordering on the United States. The people in this section of the Mexican Republic detest Escobedo. They pronounce him a monster; and as he is one of the favorite counsellors of Juarez and dictates the policy of the Republic, they are desirous of escaping from under the Juarez administration of public affairs. In addition to this, the inhabitants of the northern part of Mexico long for Union with the United States. Many of them are natives of this country, while all have become accustomed to American manners and customs by constant intercourse with the people north of the Rio Grande. If, therefore, a movement is started to a separate republic out of the portion of Mexico touching this country on the south, it will be championed by thousands of bold, adventurous men, and may prove a success. The people of Mexico are dissatisfied with Juarez. A late writer from the capital says, "what they desired when war ceased was that constitutional government should resume its sway, that the shattered administrative and judicial systems of the martial law, the suspension of constitutional guarantees and all exercise of arbitrary powers should wholly cease, and that the people be called upon without delay to recognize their general, state and municipal governments." The charge against Juarez by the Liberals "seems to be that he has been performing in Mexico the part of the Radical Congress in the United States, acting outside of the Constitution, usurping unconstitutional powers and violating the fundamental law of the land."

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, in a letter from the City of Mexico, under date of October 8, declares that there is a prevalent, almost universal conviction among the people of Mexico, and foreigners residing in the country, that another outbreak is near at hand. All trade and business is suspended, and the finances of the nation are in a most deplorable condition. In the meantime, and to complicate matters still more, the Juarez party have proclaimed their intention of ceasing diplomatic relations, and refusing to carry out treaty obligations with all nations which recognized the authority of Maximilian. This is a dangerous position to occupy, and France and Austria and other European powers may not agree that their subjects shall be robbed and plundered by Mexican officials. If Juarez makes a stand upon such a policy as that stated, he will assuredly enbroll Mexico with more than one foreign nation, and in such a manner and in such a platform as to deprive his government of all sympathy from the people of the United States. In case such a war should take place, a Northern Mexican Confederation would be a certainty.

THE TRUNDLE-BED.—The balmiest sleep we ever experienced was when we were nestling in the old trundle-bed with a curly-headed brother just turned out of the parent nest to make room for a new customer. But trundle-bed dreams were soon at an end, for when the next customer came we were crowded out of the trundle-bed to make room for the next that was turned out of the parent nest, and so they kept alternating for years, until fairly turned out into the world.

O! where are the little heads, that we have kissed a thousand times o'er as they nestled in the old trundle-bed? Some of them have grown old and gray; and others are resting on their everlasting pillow in widely separated lands. We are always sad when we think of the old trundle-bed.

Kit Carson is thus described by a correspondent: Five feet six in his stockings, deep chested and squarely set, with the slightest stoop of the shoulders; feet and hands small, an oval face, very young looking for his fifty-eight years of age; light blue eyes, gentle as a woman's and clear as a boy's the mouth well cut, but with straight lines around the corners, and the appearance of having been made from a harder material than the rest of the face; the nose not remarkable, but the brow broad, rounding and smooth, with thoroughly Saxon hair falling to his shoulders, and looking a little thin on the top and streaked with threads of silver; a moustache of the same color was the only hair on his face. He wore his brigadier general's uniform in a careless, half-Indian way that looked very comfortable.

Englishmen in India are complaining loudly of the expense of British ale in that country at the present time—a fact due largely to the immense loss by leakage (25 to 50 per cent.) from the casks, caused by the perforation of the wood by a small insect. The staves become a mere honey comb, held together only by the hoops.