Elk County Advocate.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 18 1.

HON JOHN COVODE, member of Congress from the Twenty-First, District of this State, one of the leading politicians of the Republican State Central Committee, died of heart disease, at Harrisburg, on Wednesday morning while on his way to Washington. When a boy he drove canal horses—when in the prime of life he found himself in of wealth, influence and social standing.

EDWARD H. RULOFF.

THE BINGHAMTON HORROR.

Conviction of Ruloff of Murder in the First Degree.

An Authentic History of the Sanguinary Burglary in Halbert Brothers' Store—Biographical Sketch of the Murderer—The Drowning in the Chenango River.

[*From the N. Y. Sun, Jan. 12.*]

BINGHAMTON, Jan. 11.—Between two and three o'clock on the morning of August 16 the dry goods store of Halbert & Co. in this city was entered by burglars. Two clerks named Burroughs and Myrick slept in the rear part of the store, and were simultaneously awakened to find a man in mask standing near their bed, who, at the first sign of returning consciousness, dealt the nearest (Burroughs) a heavy blow on the head with an iron bar. The clerks, thoroughly aroused, jumped from their bed, Myrick grasping his pistol and Burroughs leaping upon their assailant. A fierce struggle followed, which brought the combatants out of the bedroom into the main salesroom, and near a stairway leading into the basement below. At this juncture the other two masked men came to the rescue of their companion, who by this time had been disabled and disarmed by the clerks. Leaving him prostrate upon the floor, the clerks turned to meet the assault of his pals. This was an unequal contest. Myrick's pistol had missed fire, and the only serviceable weapon the clerks had was the iron bar wrenched from the hands of their first assailant. With this and with chairs and stool tips they drove the burglars into the basement. They soon returned, however, and made another attempt to rescue their comrade. One fired three shots at Burroughs, and then rushing up to Myrick, who had a burglar in his grasp, placed a pistol at his head, and literally blew out his brains.

Without waiting for similar treatment, Burroughs rushed out into the street, crying "murder!" The cry was echoed by the night clerk at the American Hotel, and soon a crowd of people had collected on the street, rushing toward the scene of the tragedy. Before reaching there, however, the murderers had fled, leaving behind them a pair of boots, some tools, the iron bar, a cap, mask, &c., and a pair of shoes, one of which was ill-shapen, and fitted by wear to a deformed left foot. This was the only clue on which the authorities rested for the apprehension of the murderers.

A cordon of pickets surrounded the city immediately, and for two days and nights maintained ceaseless vigilance. The Chenango river above and below the scene of murder was searched for traces of the burglars, but with no avail. On the second night after the murder, two officers stationed at the Erie railway bridge saw a man approaching, whom they ordered to halt, and questioned him as to his character and calling and as to his destination. He said he was going to New York, and had been put off the cars at Union for lack of money. The officers decided to detain him for examination, but just at this time a freight train came along, and the stranger dashed across the track ahead of the engine, to the imminent danger of his life. The train now dragged its length between the officers and their man, and all trace of him was lost. He was subsequently found, however, in an outhouse on Chauncey Livingston's place near by, and was marched to jail. He gave his name as Smith, and on his examination repeated the story of his unfortunate ejection from the cars at Union. Judge Balcom, however, after a sharp scrutiny of the prisoner, stood up before him, and in a calm, solemn manner, pointing with outstretched hand to his altered but still familiar face, said: "You are Edward H. Ruloff! You murdered your wife and only child at Ithaca over twenty years ago. You escaped the gallows then, but I sentenced you to fourteen years in prison for the abduction of your family!" During the fearful accusation the face of the prisoner assumed a stolid and stern expression. Nothing abashed, however, he changed his tack and said he left the cars at Union because he feared some one at Binghamton might recognize him, and he had good reason, as the Judge has stated, for not wishing to be known. His business, which was that of a lawyer in New York, often took him to Batavia, hence the unused ticket in his possession. Ruloff was discharged for want of evidence, and picking up his hat passed out of the court room. Scarcely had he left town when A. C. Mathews, treasurer of the county, came rushing into court for a look at Ruloff. On learning the route he had taken, Mathews procured a buggy and in company with the veteran sheriff Brown started in pursuit. Ruloff was overhauled five miles east of Binghamton, which distance he had made in less than an hour. On his second arrest Ruloff began to show signs of uneasiness. The sheriff had with him the deformed shoes left by the burglars on the night of the murder. When he ordered Ruloff to remove his boot, producing at the same time the tell-tale shoes, the man sank to the ground overcome with fear. His foot was deformed and fitted the shoes exactly. A second time was he marched back to prison, with but small chance of release. But still there was room for doubt. The deformed foot might be a coincidence, and one of the escaped burglars yet to be found might turn out to be the wearer of the crooked shoe. On the third day after the murder, the bodies of two men were found floating in the Chenango, near Halbert's store, one badly bruised, in stocking feet, and the other a tall, burly fellow, with feet encased in rubbers. Both answered the description of Burroughs of the burglar, as did also Ruloff, the only live man of the three. Neither of the drowned men had a deformed foot; but one of them did have on his person a ticket to Batavia, bearing the same date as that of Ruloff. The drowned men were identified as reckless desperadoes from Tompkins and Cortland counties, in whose company Ruloff had been seen more than once during the summer. Letters from Ruloff in New York to the pals in the country were unearthed, and finally a formal indictment for murder was found against him. The trial began on the 17th inst., and the testimony confirmed the above story. Ruloff defended his own case with consummate skill. The clerk, Burroughs, however, positively recognized him as the burglar who shot Myrick. During the shooting the mask had fallen away, and Burroughs saw the murderer's face. The case was given to the jury about noon to-day, and this evening, after an absence of six hours, the jury returned with a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

The prisoner's counsel has moved for a stay of proceedings, which Judge Hogeboom will hear at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. If the motion should be decided adversely, the prisoner will receive sentence immediately.

Edward Howard Ruloffson (his known aliases being Edward H. Ruloff, John Doe, James H. Reville, James E. Dalton, E. C. Howard, Ewire Lewis, Charles Augustus, and George Williams) is of German descent, and a native of New Brunswick, N. J. He began his career of evil doing by stealing from his employer, and in 1842 removed to Dryden, Tompkins county, N. Y.

THE HISTORY OF HIS CRIMES.

In December, 1843, he married a daughter of a Mr. Schutt, a refined and intelligent gentleman of Dryden, and soon after his marriage he went to Ithaca, Ruloff having engaged as clerk in a drug store. While here charges of infidelity were heaped upon the young wife by her husband, his rage taking the shape of fiendish violence. Once he tried to make her take poison, and she was only prevented by the arrival of witnesses. On this occasion he renewed his insults and insinuations upon his wife's character, when she dropped on her knees and cried, "Oh, Edward, Edward, I am as innocent as an unborn child of this cruel charge!" The brute struck her in the face while yet on her knees, and said "Get up, G—d d—n you, you know better than to whine at me in that manner when I am mad." In spite of these cruelties she clung to him, refusing to go to her father's house, and endeavored in every way to hide from her natural protectors the character of her husband.

A few months afterward Ruloff took his wife and infant daughter to live in a rented farm house, four miles from Lansing. One morning in June, 1845, Ruloff called at the house of a neighbor and borrowed a horse and wagon to take, as he alleged, a box of books and other articles to an uncle of his wife, who lives some eight or ten miles distant. The neighbor went to Ruloff's house and assisted him in loading the box. The latter said his wife had gone on a visit, and had taken her child with her, and that he would be back the next day.

MURDERING HIS WIFE AND CHILD.

He kept his word, and after disposing of the horse went to his house, but soon came out and started in the direction of Ithaca with a bundle in his hand. The mother and child have never returned from that alleged visit, and to this day no one has ever seen them. How he murdered them and how he disposed of their bodies will undoubtedly ever remain a subject for conjecture. Ruloff told his counsel on the trial for abduction which followed that he strangled his wife, and then took up a board in the house floor, and, opening an artery, let her bleed to death, the blood flowing through the opening in the floor. Having smothered the child, then nine months old, he put the bodies into the box, which the neighbors innocently helped him load into the wagon. He then drove to Ithaca and to the lake shore, where he put the box into a skiff, and when far enough from the shore sunk it in the water.

ESCAPE AND CAPTURE OF THE MURDERER.

Ruloff hung around Ithaca for some time, giving conflicting accounts of the whereabouts of his wife and child. At last, suspicion thickening, he was only saved from arrest by promising to have the missing woman write to her family and inform them where she was. He said they were in Madison, Ohio. While waiting for the letter, Ruloff escaped, but was followed at once by Ephraim Schutt, his wife's brother, who apprehended him at Rochester. Finding himself captured, Ruloff proposed to Schutt to go on to Ohio with him and get the missing wife and child. At Buffalo they stopped at the Mansion House, where Ruloff was kept locked in a room. The two the next morning took a steamer for Cleveland, and in the bustle of departure Ruloff again escaped, leaving Schutt on the steamer. Schutt went on to Cleveland, and Ruloff followed him on the next steamer, when he was arrested, put in irons, and taken back to Ithaca. Here he was tried on the charge of abducting his wife and child, found guilty, and sentenced to Auburn prison for ten years.

He served out his term patiently, employing his genius and acquired knowledge in light occupations, chief among which was the drawing of patterns for carpets. From designs made by him, most of the carpets manufactured in prison during his term were wove. On his discharge from prison he was rearrested on the charge of murdering his infant child, an indictment was found against him, and in August, 1856, the trial began at Ithaca. But the excitement was so high that it was found impossible to empannel a jury, and the cause was removed to the Supreme Court and the place of trial changed to Owego. Here the trial was held in October, with Daniel S. Dickinson as counsel for the people, and Joshua A. Spencer counsel for the prisoner. The result was a verdict of guilty. A writ of error carried the case to Binghamton, where arguments were heard and the verdict sustained. Ruloff was taken to Delhi and sentenced to death.

But law again warded off justice. The case was taken to the court of appeals, where the verdict was set aside on the ground that no murder had been proved, as there had been no body produced. While waiting for the execution of the order for his discharge Ruloff was taken to Ithaca and lodged in jail. Public indignation at the result ran high in Tompkins county. The public verdict was guilty of murder in the first degree. Feeling that justice had been grossly violated, printed calls for an indignation meeting in Ithaca, for the purpose of forcibly taking Ruloff from jail and lynching him, were clandestinely circulated throughout the county. The day arrived in March, 1859, and a larger or more ferocious mob was never seen in any inland town of New York State. Every appliance had been prepared, even to the ropes and a battering ram with which to batter down the stone jail, should the sheriff refuse to give up the victim. The sheriff, however, on the morning before the appointed day, quietly removed Ruloff from the county jail, and found safe keeping for him in the Cayuga county jail at Auburn, where he remained until his discharge came.

While in jail in Ithaca Ruloff spent the time in studying criminal law and in teaching the languages. He received students in jail, and at times would have a number of young men, and even young ladies reciting to him. He so won the confidence of his jailer, Jarvis, and his wife, that they committed their young son, Albert M. Jarvis, to his tutelage. The results of his instructions was a life of crime, which terminated with the Binghamton burglary and quick-following death in the Chenango river. Since his release he has been engaged in writing a treatise on the grammars of nations. The manuscript of this work has been found in his room in New York. In his room were found burglars' tools, disguises, and various other appliances of rascals. He had recorded an assumed name, "Lenrio," as the author of the treatise. Ruloff is now about sixty-five years old.

[*From the Sun, Jan. 13.*]

THE MONSTER RULOFF SENTENCED.

To Be Hanged on the Third Day of March—Assumed Indifference.

BINGHAMTON, Jan. 12.—Edward H. Ruloff, the convicted murderer, received his sentence of death to-day, the court having denied the application of his counsel for a stay of proceedings. He entered the court room with his head bowed, but his face really wearing an expression of indifference. He chatted pleasantly and familiarly with his counsel, as though the proceedings were of very ordinary interest. In response to Judge Hogeboom's question whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he replied very calmly and in an almost inaudible voice, that "it was not deemed desirable to say anything at present." Ordered to stand up, he rose quickly, and while he stood his countenance exhibited at first entire disregard of the circumstances about him, then contempt or anger, and finally a broad smile suffused his features. This last expression was caused by the solemn exhortation of the Judge to repent of his misdeeds and prepare in the few days remaining to him for his doom. He was sentenced to be hanged on the third day of March. There were immense crowds, numbering several thousands, in and about the court house.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

REV. O. M HEARD, EDITOR

The Great Love of God.

A lady gives the following account of the way in which she was brought out of deep conviction of sin into peace:

"I do not know what made me go to see Dr. Cabot, the minister. He received me in that cheerful way of his, that seems to promise the taking one's burden right off one's back,

"'I am very glad to see you, my dear child,' he said.

"I intended to be very dignified and cold—as if I were going to have any of Dr. Cabot's undertaking to sympathize with me! But those few kind words just upset me, and I began to cry.

"'You would go speak so kindly,' I got out at last, 'if you knew what a dreadful creature I am. I am angry with myself, and angry with every body, and angry with God. I can't be good two minutes at a time. I do everything I do not want to do, and do nothing I try to do. Everybody plagues me and tempts me. And God does not answer any of my prayers, and I am just desperate.'

"'Poor child!' he said in a low voice, as it to himself 'Poor, heart-sick, tired child, who cannot see what I can see, that its Father's loving arms are all about it.'

"I stopped crying, to strain my ears to listen. He went on:

'Katy, all you say may be true. I dare say it is. But God loves you. He loves you.'

"'He loves me!' I repeated to myself. 'He loves me!' O Dr. Cabot! if I could believe that! If I could believe that, after all the promises I have broken, all the foolish, wrong things I have done, and shall always be doing. God, perhaps, still loves me!'

"'You may be sure of it,' he said solemnly. 'I, his minister, bring the Gospel to you to-day. Go home, and say over to yourself: "I am a wayward foolish child. But He loves! I have disobeyed and grieved Him ten thousand times. But he loves me! I have lost faith in some of my dearest friends, and am very desolate. But He loves me! I do not love Him. I am even angry with Him! But He loves me!"

"I came away, and all the way home I fought this battle with myself, saying: 'He loves me!' I knelt down to pray, and all my wasted, childish wicked life came and stared me in the face. I looked at it, and said with tears of joy: 'But he loves me!'

"Never in my life did I feel so rested, so quieted, so sorrowful, and yet so satisfied."

How the Wife Felt.

A man, at whose house I was a guest, told me that he had been a hard drinker and a cruel husband; had beaten his poor wife till she had become almost used to it. 'But,' said he 'the very moment I signed the pledge I thought of my wife—what will my wife say to this? Strange that I should think of my wife the first thing, but I did; and, as I was going home, I said to myself: 'Now, if I go home and tell her all of a sudden that I have signed the pledge she'll faint away, or she'll up and do something; and I must break it to her by degrees.' Only think of it; why, the night before, I'd knocked her down, just like as not, if she hadn't *looked* to please me; and now I am planning to break good news to her, for fear it would upset her."

As near as I could gather from what he told me, he found his wife setting over the embers, waiting for him. As he came into the house, he said:

'Nancy, I think that——'

'Well, Ned, what is it?'

'Why, I think I shall—that is—I mean to—Nancy, I mean——'

'What's the matter, Ned? Anything the matter?'

'Yes,' said he, 'the matter is just this—I have signed the temperance pledge, and, so help me God, I'll keep it!'

'She started to her feet and she *did* faint away. I was just in time to catch her; and as she lay in my arms, her eyes shut and her face so pale, thinks I, she's dead, and I've done it now. But she wasn't dead; she opened her eyes, and then she put her arms round my neck; and I didn't know she was so strong, as she pulled and pulled till she got me down where I had not been before for thirty years—on my knees.—Then she said: 'O God! help him!' and I said, 'Amen!' and she she said, 'O God! help my poor Ned, and strengthen him to keep his pledge,' and I hollered 'Amen!' just as loud as I could holler. That was the first time we ever knelt together, but it was not the last.'

Put your trust in God.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

ON and after MONDAY, DEC. 5th, 1870, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Philadelphia	9.40 p. m.
" " " Ridgway	1.56 p. m.
" " arrive at Erie	7.40 p. m.
Erie Exp leaves Philadelphia	12.40 p. m
" " " Ridgway	2.20 a. m.
" " arrive at Erie	5.40 a. m.
Accomodation, leaves Renova	7.15 a. m
" " Ridgway	5.01 p. m.
" arr at Kane	8.00 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Erie	9.00 a. m.
" " " Ridgway	3.00 p. m.
" " arrive at Phila'd'a	6.50 a. m.
Erie Express leaves Erie	9.00 p. m.
" " " Ridgway	2.20 a. m.
" " arr at Philadelphia	5.30 p. m.
Accomodation, leaves Kane	7.20 a. m.
" " Ridgway	10.40 a. m.
" arr at St. Marys	12.00 m.
" leaves St. Marys	7.15 a. m
" " Emporium	9.35 a. m.
" arr at Renovo	3.00 p. m.

Express, Mail and Accommodation, east and west, connect at Corry and all west bound trains and Mail accommodation east at Irvinton with the Oil Creek and Allegheny River Rail Road.

WM. A. BALDWIN, Gen'l Sup't.

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Day Express leaves Oil City at	10.30 a m
Arrives at Pittsburgh	5.30 p m
Night Express leaves Oil City	9.30 p m
Arrives at Pittsburgh	7.00 a m
Kittanning Acc'n, leave Rad'ton	6.10 p m
" " arrive Kittanning	9.00 p m
Mixed Way leaves Oil City	7.00 p m
Arrive at West Penn Junction	7.05 p m
Day Express leaves Pittsburg at	7.15 a m
Arrives at Oil City at	1.55 p m
Night Express leaves Pittsburg	8.00 p m
Arrives at Oil City	6.00 a m
Parker Acc'n leaves Kit'n'g at	7.20 a m
" " Arrives at Parker at	9.55 a m
Mixed Way leaves West Pa. June	7.00 a m
Arrives at Oil City at	6.00 p m

Passengers travelling by this Route will find better accommodations and make better time than by any other road from the Oil Regions to Pittsburgh.

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HENRY SOUTHER, Attorney-at-Law Ridgway, Pa. (feb29'68),

G. A. RATHBUN, Attorney-at-Law Ridgway Pa. 2 2 tf.

HALL & BRO.

Attorneys - at - Law.

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DR C. H. FULLER,

BOTANIC PHYSICIAN.

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Oct 20 1869.

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dec13'66 1y DAVID THAYER.

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H. LARGEY.
my30 1868 1y J. A. MALONE.

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JOHN G. HALL, Attorney at law, Ridgway, Elk county Pa. [mar-22'66

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"The weight of reliable evidence being overwhelming for that of the Willcox & Gibbs Silent Sewing Machine, I decided upon it, procured it, *and am more than satisfied.*"
GRACE GREENWOOD, M.D.

"I have the Wheeler & Wilson, the Grover & Baker, and the Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machines in my family. I use the Willcox & Gibbs most frequently, thinking it far superior to either of the others."
MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"My wife would not accept a Sewing Machine of any other patent *as a gift*, if she must receive it on condition of giving up the Willcox & Gibbs."
REV. OLIVER CRANE, Carbondale, Pa.

"The Willcox & Gibbs is the *only* Sewing Machine whose working is so sure and simple that I could venture to introduce it into Syria."
REV. A. T. PRATT, Missionary American Board.

"We have used various Sewing Machines within our family, but it is the unanimous opinion of the household, that the Willcox & Gibbs is the best of them all."
REV. J. S. HOLMES, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"For simplicity and mechanical accuracy of construction, I have seen no Sewing Machine equal to the Willcox & Gibbs."
ENOCH LEWIS, Of the Pennsylvania Central R. R.

A correspondence on the subject of Sewing Machines is respectfully solicited.

D. S. EWING,
720 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

SOMETHING NEW IN RIDGWAY

BOOT & SHOE ESTABLISHMENT!

The subscriber takes this method of informing the citizens of Ridgway and vicinity that he has opened a

BOOT & SHOE STORE,

in the room lately occupied by Henry S Thayer in the west end of the Hyde House where may be found a general assortment of

Ladies Shoes,
Gentlemans' Boots and shoes,
Boys' Boots and Children's shoes,
ALSO,

Connected with the above establishment I have a Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Establishment where work Will be made to order. Repairing done on short notice and on reasonable terms.

The public are to give me a call.

n1 tf GEORGE WALKER.

NEW LIVERY STABLE

IN

RIDGWAY.

DAN SCRIBNER WISHES TO INform the Citizens of Ridgway, and the public generally, that he has started a Livery Stable and will keep

GOOD STOCK, GOOD CARRIAGES

and Buggies, to let upon the most reasonable terms

He will also do job teaming.

Stable in the Brooks Barn, near the Post Office, on Mill street. All orders left at the Post Office will meet prompt attention.

Aug 26 1870. tf.