

PROFESSIONAL CARSD.

SOUTHER & WILLIS. Attorneys at Law. Ridgway Elk county Pa. will attend to all professional business promptly.

CHAPIN & WILBUR. Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office in Chapin's Block, Ridgway Elk Co. Pa. Particular attention given to collections and all monies promptly remitted. Will also practice in adjoining counties.

W. James Blakey M. D. HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON St. Mary's, Elk county Pa., will promptly answer all professional calls, by night or day.

DR. J. S. BORDWELL, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN. (Lately of Warren county Pa.) Will promptly answer all professional calls by night or day—Residence one door East of the late residence of Hon. J. L. Gillis.

DR. C. R. EARLEY, Kersey Elk Co., Pa. Will attend to all calls night or day. July 21, 1861.

S. A. HILL, M. D. KERSEY, Elk county Pa.—Will promptly attend to all calls in his profession.

HOTEL CARDS. TOBY ED SE, Fox township Elk county Pa. ENOS B. HOYT, Proprietor. This house has lately been refitted and furnished for the purpose of accommodating the public. No pains will be spared to render guests comfortable.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, Ridgway, Elk county Pa. DAVID THAYER, Prop'r. This house is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Clarion, in the lower end of the town, is well provided with house room and stabling, and the proprietor will spare no pains to render the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable. Ridgway July 28, 1860.

JEFFERSON HOUSE, Main Street, Brookville Pa., C. N. Kretz, Prop'r. This house has been refitted and furnished in a neat style, and is every way adapted to the wants of the public.

FOREST HOUSE, Bootjack Elk County Pa. H. B. SHONS, Prop'r. 28th 1863.

WATER ST. HOUSE, Proprietor. R. D. S. in prices much to purchasers.

DIRECTORY. President Judge, Hon. R. G. White, Wellsborough. Associate Judges, Hon. V. S. Brockway, Jay tp. Hon. E. C. Schultze, St. Mary's.

Sherrif, P. W. Hays, Ridgway. Prothonotary, Reg and Rec, George Ed. Weis, Ridgway. District Attorney, J. C. Chapin, Ridgway.

Treasurer, Charles Lahr, St. Mary's County Surveyor, George Walmsley, St. Mary's. Commissioners, Charles Weis, St. Mary's. Julius Jones, Berzest. Joshua Kenfer, Jones.

Auditors, T. Kyler, Fox. Harry Warner, Jones. D. Derr, Berzest. Coroner, Louis Volmer, St. Mary's.

Ridgway Markets. Corrected weekly. Apples, (dry) bushel \$ 3 00. Buckwheat " " 1 00. Beans, " " 4 00. Butter " lb 28. Beef " " 5 00. Boards " M. 10 00. Corn " bushel 1 50. Flour " bbl. 10 00. Hides " lb 7. Hay " ton 20 00. Oats " bu. 85. Wheat " " 2 00. Rye " " 1 50. Shingles " M. 4 00. Eggs " dozen 25.

H. A. HARRISON'S, BOOT & SHOE SHOP, On Main Street, Ridgway, May 2d 1863.

The Elk Advocate.

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P. W. BARRETT, Editor [INDEPENDENT.] TERMS—\$1 25 per Annum if paid in Advance.

Homeopathic Soup.

Take a robin's leg, Mind, the drumstick merely; Put it in a tub, Filled with water nearly, Set it out of doors, In a place that's shady; Let it stand a week, (Three days for a lady.) Put a spoonful in, To a five quart kettle, It should be of tin, Or perhaps bell metal. Fill the kettle up, Put it on a boiling; Skim the liquor well To prevent its oiling. Let the Liquor boil Half an-hour or longer, (If 'tis for a man You may make it stronger.) Should you now desire That the soup be flavory, Stir it once round, With a stick of savory. When the soup is done, Set it by to jell it; Then three times a day Let the patient smell it. If he chance to die, Say 'twas nature did it; But should he get well, Give the soup the credit.

A Night Adventure.

BY A NORTHERN RANGER.

Relinquishing our recumbent postures we crept on our hands and knees until we reached the next window, which belonged to the room we were so anxious to explore. To our great satisfaction we found it not only unfastened, but wide open, and after the other we passed into the interior. Again paused in motionless silence, and again we listened intently, but nothing beyond the sounds already mentioned met our ears, and we proceeded to search in the darkness for the bags of ammunition. We came upon them simultaneously in one corner of the room piled in a heap. We commenced our work at once by passing them out two at a time, through the window upon the roof. Silently and swiftly was the task accomplished till not a bag remained. We searched every foot of the floor traversing its length and breadth, until we were the sole objects, animate or inanimate, it contained.

Passing out, our next movement was to carry round the bags to the extreme end of the piazza. This involved the necessity of traversing the whole length of one side of the building. With much labor and anxiety as we had to proceed more warily than ever at each step, we at last accomplished it. And now we held consultation whether it were better to risk the attempt of carrying off our prize by degrees to the spot where we had concealed the wagon, or destroy it at once by lowering bag after bag into a deep well that if, informed me was beneath us as we leaned over the balcony of the piazza. We concluded the latter was the best, and accordingly my companion uncoiled the rope he still carried around his neck and fastened one end to the balcony rapidly descended, after telling me to haul up the other end again, attaching it to the bags (three or four at a time) and lower them to him, when he would drop them into the well.

We had nearly finished this part of our task, when rendered reckless by the apparent security with which it was continued—the splashing of each bag into the well exciting our suspicion on the part of our dangerous neighbors at the other extremity of the dwelling. It flung down into its depth the last three at once, instead of dropping them as he had hitherto done. At this movement the close proximity of approaching footsteps along the roof, made me turn in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, and instantly I was engaged in a deadly struggle with an antagonist. The scene now became one of the wildest confusion. The rush of hostile feet, along the roof bespoke the rapid advance of foes whose numbers it would be madness to contend with. Beneath a desperate encounter was going on between my comrade and one or more of the rebels, as many a fierce oath testified. My left hand was firmly fastened on the throat of the man with whom I was contending, yet he clung to me with maddening tenacity.—Reflection and action were the twin born of an urgent second. With my right hand I managed to draw and cock his revolver.—My life and liberty were in the hands of a grasp-

ing foe. There was no compromise here; my life or his? Pressing the muzzle of my pistol to his head I fired, and he fell, with scattered brains at my feet. The next moment I dropped from the balcony to the ground, where H. was battling in close quarters. Here I stumbled over a fallen man. In the act of regaining my feet, my hand came in contact with his breast or side, and was instantly bathed in a warm gush of streaming blood.

"Where are you, H.?" I shouted. "Here." The response came from within a yard or two of the spot where I stood. I found my companion struggling on the ground, in savage fury, with a fellow evidently of much superior muscular power to himself. Quick as thought my strength was united to his and with concentrated, determined and desperate effort, we flung our herculean foe, headlong down the well.

"This way," cried H.; and keeping close together, we quickly reached our concealed wagon. To spring inside was the work of a second, and away we went for the camp. The Zouave drove, and his driving was like the driving of Jehu! "I guess it we'd have been all up with me," he said at length, "if you hadn't come as you did. There were two of them on me before I knew where I was, so when I found I'd lost my Colt, I gave one dig with the full length of my bowie, and went in for a wrestle with the fellow we treated to a drink."

We reached the camp unpursued.—The wagon was returned punctually next night as was promised, to the astonished darkey; but whether or not he received any further remuneration for the loan of his property than the safe return of it, I am unable to say.

Renomination of Mr. Lincoln.

The "Republicans," or a certain clique of them, have exhibited an indecent haste in thrusting Mr. Lincoln forward for re-election. It shows that the demagogues who are moving in the matter regard the issue of the struggle within their own party for the succession, as of more importance than the great business of putting down the rebellion. If we may believe Mr. McMichael, the friends of Mr. Lincoln have considered it wise to take the start of the partisans of other Republican aspirants. Hence the "Union League" up Chesnut street, have formally nominated Mr. Lincoln for a second Presidential term. The "Republicans" in our State Legislature had previously done the same thing. And these few scheming, selfish politicians, like the three tailors of London, fancying themselves to be the people of the whole country, imagine, no doubt, that their action settles the question of the succession conclusively. The "League," in a preamble and resolutions recently adopted and published, declare the reasons of their preference of "Old Abe."

"That document is remarkable for fulsome adulation and gross falsehood. Witness, for example, the following: "Resolved, That to the prudence, sagacity, comprehension and perseverance of Mr. Lincoln, under the guidance of a benign Providence, the nation is more indebted for the grand results of the war, which Southern rebels have wickedly waged against liberty and the Union, than to any other single instrumentality; and that he is justly entitled to whatever reward it is in the power of the nation to bestow."

"Resolved, That we cordially approve of the policy which Mr. Lincoln has adopted—and pursued—as well the principles he has announced as the acts he has performed; and that we shall continue to give an earnest and energetic support to the doctrines and measures by which his administration has thus far been directed and illustrated."

It would puzzle any candid mind to find out the "policy" of Mr. Lincoln amid his many contradictory declarations of opinion and purpose and his grossly unwise and impracticable measures. Instead of having any clear perception of his powers and duties, and any manly independence and steadiness of action in his high office, he has repeatedly done what he confessed he had no intention of legal authority to do, and he had no intention or legal authority to do, and he has allowed himself to be used as the weak tool of men who have positively forced him by persuasion and threats to violate his official oath and to trample under foot all the pledges he made to the people in his inaugural address and his succeeding messages and proclamations. Such a chief Magistrate may satisfy the requirements of those who find their fittest leader in one who is imbecile and pliant enough to be easily used for any purpose of corruption, but the great mass of the people will likely demand for the Presidency a man of more individual character, brains, and virtue.

What is the fruit of all the consequent agitation? We have on the contrary tortured and torn, from centre to circumference, for year and years, by that cursed humbug of humanitarianism and fatal philanthropy, known as "abolitionism," "free-soilism," "black republicanism," and so on through all its Protean shifts of name, and organization, and movements, from first to last. And what has it profited us? What good thing has come out of it? How much better off are we to day than we would have been had the demagogical strife never disturbed our national peace and harmony? Has any really valuable, really beneficial, really positive and permanent thing been accomplished by it, even in the interest of the negro race in this land, free or slave? We believe, and I candid men who know anything of the truth of the case must believe, if they will not confess—that the professed friends of the negro here, in their insane crusade for his supposed rights and happiness, have done him infinite and remorseless mischief; and turn him loose to a sudden, strange, unavailing, and insufferable freedom, they have proposed to pass him through a moral and social transition that is simply impossible in this age and land; and their violent and wrongful invasion of private rights and constitutional compromises, in their efforts to force, in his case, the natural progress of Providential plans, in the eventual breaking up and dissolution of all forms and conditions of positive feudalism and bondage, have actually set back the normal course of negro emancipation in America, and postponed indefinitely, the era in which the fact of human freedom, irrespective of class, race, color, or nationality, is to be yet realized and established, as the result of God's laws and the convictions of social and individual interest all over this continent.

But while the negro has not been put forward a hairs breadth towards actual and practical redemption; while, indeed, his manacles have been tightened, and the term of his bondage been protracted incalculably, by the visionary and aggressive propagandism of the Lloyd Garrison, the Lucy Stones, the Theodore Parkers, and all the other "higher law" theorists and kidnapping and "underground railroad" enthusiasts, who have been so long impertinently and absurdly busy in his entrenchment and elevation the country has been distracted with bitter jealousies and contentions—the States have been set against each other in fierce sectional warfare—the people of the North and South have been estranged—the sentiment of nationality has been almost extinguished, and the earnest thought, as well as the passionate threat of disunion, has been made a rallying motive in the public mind and in the political policy of the nation. This, then, is what we have gained by the persistent agitation of the slavery question. Nobody has been benefited. Even the negro is worse off.

How much longer shall we go in this insane career? Is there to be no end of the disastrous sedition? Shall the Republic be forever distracted and harrowed by intestine war, in order that a few misguided fools and malignant knaves may enjoy the amusement of setting a whole family of States by the ears and floating themselves into public importance and influence upon the wave of political excitement and turmoil? Really we think that the patience of these baneful fomenters of sectional strife and tumult. The little good and the vast amount of evil they have achieved, ought to condemn them to the execration or contempt of all honest men—all sincere and rational patriots. Until they are recognized as being what they really are—the worst of traitors—the mad incendiaries who would fire the very temple of our liberties and reduce the whole to blood and ashes in a wild, pur-suit of visionary ideas—our national peace and unity cannot be restored, nor can the wise and salutary counsels of conservative statesmen become effectual in arresting the Government in that swift course in which it is running to anarchy and permanent dissolution.

But the first resolution above quoted says that the country is indebted to Mr. Lincoln for the "grand result of the war"! What result, pray? We can see none beyond the expenditure of three or four thousand millions of brave soldiers, the crippling of many more, the destruction of our domestic commerce and industry, the devastation of vast sections of the Union, the creation of implacable hatred between our people, and innumerable other consequences of like character. The rebellion itself, is, we honestly believe, quite as far from being really conquered, as it was in the beginning. And we owe this civil war and its "grand results" to Mr. Lincoln and his party—to their opposition to Southern slavery and their nefarious doctrine of a "higher law" and an "irrepressible conflict" between the free and slave States.

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Terrible Railroad Accident.

Seven Cars Destroyed, and Between Twenty-five and thirty Persons Injured.

One of the most fearful accidents which we have ever been called on to record, took place on the Pennsylvania Railroad, on Sunday morning. The Express train, coming West, approached Bridge No. 8; over the Juniata river, about four miles east of Tyrone, Blair county, the hinder axle of the tender snapped in two, throwing two of the express cars off the track. The train at the time was in full motion, and before the brakes could be put on, the engine reached the bridge, dragging the two express cars to the edge of the abutment. The coupling between the tender and express car now parted the engine and tender passing over the bridge without further injury than described; The first express car was precipitated a distance of about forty feet into the Juniata, and the second express and the baggage car, containing the mail and baggage of the passengers were piled in a heap. The first passenger car, nearly filled with soldiers, rolled from the bridge, breaking into pieces, and was followed by the second passenger car, which as it plunged from the track into the river, turned bottom side up. This car drew the Philadelphia sleeping car from the track, the front part resting on the top of the second passenger and the hind end on the abutment of the bridge. The Allentown sleeping car remained on the track at the edge of the bridge, it still being coupled to the Philadelphia car.

The cars had hardly struck before the cry of fire was raised, the baggage and first and second passenger cars being already in a blaze. The great height of the Philadelphia sleeping car from the ground made escape from it perilous indeed. The shout was raised that Mr. Cass, President of the P. Et. W. and C. R. R. could not get his state room open, which was corroborated by his calling for help. But men crawled over him, not heeding his effort to relieve himself, each and every one intent on saving himself. But Mr. Cass' shouts were not in vain. An English boy, whose name we were not able to learn with the assistance of Mr. C., pushed the door open and he escaped. Mr. Brittingham's only chance of escape was to leap from the window to the ground, a distance of some twenty five feet. He made the leap without sustaining any injury.

By this time the cars were being fast consumed, save the two express cars which escaped. The news of the accident was early communicated to the inhabitants in the neighborhood, and soon brought men, women and children to the sufferers. Those passengers but slightly injured had saved most of the mail bags containing the letters, but the baggage was entirely consumed. But a few moments elapsed before the accident was dispatched to Enoch Lewis, General Superintendent of the road, who was on the spot soon with a train and a number of men. Before three o'clock in the afternoon a train containing those of the passengers that could ride was on its way to this city, where it arrived about nine o'clock.

The following is a partial list of the passengers injured; A Steiemyer, of this city, badly not expected to survive; Thomas Howard, Lawrenceville, badly; Sergeant Hasser, arm broken; Mr. Kinney, slightly; Mr. Crulter, slightly; Mr. Kennedy, injured internally, will recover; G. Sherry, leg broken; Mr. Samuel Helving, arm broken; Mr. Marshall shoulder blade injured; Mr. Simpson, hurt about the head; Mr. Henry Hitcher, hurt about the head; Mick Bohanna, badly injured, not expected to survive; Henry Light, slightly; and several others whose names we have been unable to obtain; but their injuries are so slight that they will without doubt recover. Those of the injured who were notable to come on the train last evening, are kindly taken care of by Mr. Lewis, and are at Altoona. The first span of the bridge was burned, but this will not delay the trains. The

conductor, Mr. Leisinger, and express man Waco, are considerably injured about the face. No fears of their recovery are entertained.—Pitts. Chronicle

Awful Railroad Accident.

Our community was horrified on Tuesday evening, by the information of a disastrous railroad accident which took place early that morning, on the Cleveland & Erie R. R., about three miles east of Painesville. The passenger train which left this city at 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning found the snow too deep to make its way thro', and was obliged to stop at the point mentioned. The accommodation train was known to be following at a short distance, and two men were at once sent to the rear, to watch alternately for its arrival, and signal the engineer of the situation ahead. One of them came near crossing with the cold, and while the other was following him, the train came along and he was unable, from some cause, to give timely notice. The result was that the locomotive ran into the sleeping car of the first train splitting it in two, driving the trucks forward, killing five persons, wounding a large number of others, some mortally, and setting fire to the three other cars, which, together with the sleeping cars, were almost totally destroyed. None of the injured parties belong to this vicinity, although some of our citizens, including Col. John H. Bliss, C. Siegel, Hon. M. B. Lowry, Geo. Lyon, Paymaster in the Navy, and the wife of Rev. Dr. Lyon were upon the train. Some of the wounded have since died.

Superintendent Nottingham, with that energy that has always distinguished him, immediately upon learning of the casualty started out from Cleveland with an extra train, accompanied by several physicians, well provided with articles of relief. They succeeded in making their way to the scene of the accident, and were instrumental in the prevention of much suffering. The passengers were taken to Cleveland, where the wounded are being carefully cared for at hotels and private houses.

This is the first severe accident that has happened on the Lake Shore Road for a period of several years, and our confidence in its officers convinces us that no blame will be found to rest upon their shoulders. It is the testimony of the entire traveling community that no road in the country is conducted with more skill and regard to the safety or comfort of passengers; and the occurrence, after a lengthy interval, of one such affair as that of Tuesday, painful as it was, should not be allowed to detract from the high reputation it has had amongst all who have ever enjoyed its advantages.

Slacking Murder in the Fifth Ward.

The murder of Mrs. Elizabeth Gill by her husband, Felix Gill, on Wednesday last was a deed that has caused a thrill of horror to pervade the community, notwithstanding the feast of blood on which we have been gorging for nearly three years. Mrs. Gill is represented as a mild tempered woman, not given to quarrels, and yet on Wednesday morning she appears to have been attacked by her husband, infuriated by many weeks of unrestrained indulgence in liquor, and beaten to death. The Coroner's physician, who made the post mortem examination, although familiar with such objects asserts that he never saw such a dead body, covered as it was with bruises and cuts from head to heels. How severe the struggle; how persistent the efforts of the poor woman to save her life, will never be known, as the conflict took place without witnesses. The neighbors living adjoining the house, No. 404 Spruce street, heard a scuffle during the morning; but that it was not of such a nature to create alarm, is shown by the fact that it was not until evening, when the absence of noise excited suspicion that it was deemed proper to enter the house.

There was little difficulty in fixing the crime of the murder upon the husband. When arrested, Gill had on the bloody shirt, although in the cell at the station house he appeared to recognize the full force of this damning evidence, as he endeavored to tear the bloody fragments from his person.

The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict that Felix Gill murdered his wife, and he stands committed to await his trial.

The murder is the result of an im-proper dissip of money. Gill was a laboring man, and the receipt of \$80,000 seems to have unmanned him. The money was expended lavishly—Gill's idea of happiness being centered in liquor, of which he partook freely and constantly. The result is a murder, the like of which has not occurred in Philadelphia since the butchery for which Arthur Spring paid the penalty with his life.

A wretch who was arrested for counterfeiting Mr. Chase's ship-plasters told the judge that he thought the whole d—m thing was a fraud, and he considered that he had as good a right to have a foger in the pie as any body else. He was a printer by trade, but Chase was a rat in the business.