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Address
JOHN G. HALL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The Elk Advocate.

JOHN G. HALL, Editor.
VOLUME 7—NUMBER 39

RIDGWAY, PENN., SEPT. 6th, 1866.

J. F. MOORE, Publisher.
TERMS—1.50 Per Year in Advance.

Rates of Advertising

Advertisements, 10 lines, each	\$2.00
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LEAH J. BLARELY, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and U. S. Commissioner. Ridgway P. O. Elk county Pa. [mar-22-66-ly.]

SOUTHERN AND WILLIS Attorneys at Law, Ridgway, Elk county Pa., will attend to all professional business promptly. [mar-22-66-ly.]

D. R. J. S. BORDWELL, Electric Physician. Late 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. [mar-22-66-ly.]

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WASHINGTON HOUSE, St. Mary's, Elk county Pa., Edward Rabel, Proprietor. This house is new and fitted up with special care for the convenience of guests. Good stabling attached. [mar-22-66-ly.]

BORDWELL AND MESSENGER, Druggists, Dealers in Drugs and Chemicals, Paints, Oils and Varnishes, Perfumery, Toilet Articles and Stationery, Ridgway, Elk county Pa. [mar-22-66-ly.]

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J. W. BAILEY, Surgeon Dentist, Saint Mary's, Elk county, Pennsylvania, offers his professional services to the citizens of Elk county—Office opposite O'Connell & McVein's Store. [July 25, 66-ly.]

OLIVER & BACON, Manufacturers and Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Flour, Food and Grain. CANAL MILLS, ERIE, PA. Orders solicited and promptly filled at market rates. [aug-6-66-ly.]

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Lord Nelson's Portage.

It was a bright morning in spring, and the English fleet lay at anchor in Portsmouth harbor, awaiting the admiral's signal to start out on a cruise. The flag ship, a large, formidable ship of the line, with its dark sides bristling with guns, was all in commotion. The admiral, the most famous sailor of his day, was coming off from the shore, and the ship was ready to receive him. Already the guns of the squadron were beginning to thunder forth their welcome, and soon the vessel was wreathed in smoke and quivering beneath the discharges of her heavy ordnance, as Admiral Nelson touched her deck, surrounded by a brilliant staff. Standing near the edge of the quarter-deck, and watching the scene with intense eagerness, was a young lad of about eighteen. He was dressed simply but neatly, and his cheeks glowed and his eyes kindled, as he watched the exciting events that were going on around him. As he returned the salutes of the officers, the admiral chanced to observe the lad.

"Who is this?" he asked, turning to the captain of the vessel.

"He's a young lad that came aboard a few hours ago, sir," replied the captain. "He insists on seeing you, sir, as he says he has something of importance to say to you."

"Well, my lad," said the admiral, kindly, "speak out freely."

"If you please sir," said the boy, "I've come to ask you to take me to sea with you."

"Is that all you have to say, you young scamp?" asked the captain sharply.

"Let him alone," said the admiral, laughing. "What position do you want?" he asked, turning to the boy.

"If you would take me as your cabin boy, sir," said the lad, "I should be very glad."

"That's a poor chance for you, if you wish to rise above it," said the admiral, kindly.

"It will be a beginning," replied the lad. "If you'll give me a start, I'll work my way up, sir. You did it; and I mean to do so too."

The admiral gazed at him kindly but searchingly, and then said, with a smile, "I'll take you with me on this cruise; and if you want to rise, I'll give you a chance. What is your name?"

"Edward Lee," was the reply.

"Very well, then, Edward, I take you into my service," said the admiral. "I shall expect you to prove yourself worthy of the trust."

"I'll do it, sir," said the boy, earnestly, as he bowed respectfully, to let the admiral pass.

In two hours the Vanguard stood out to sea, followed by the squadron, to join Earl St. Vincent at Gibraltar. The young valet of the admiral made a decidedly favorable impression upon the officers of the ship before the completion of the voyage.

"Tis too bad," said the admiral to his flag captain, one day, "that that boy should fill a menial's position."

The captain agreed with his commander, and the result of the matter was that a few days after the arrival of the Vanguard at Gibraltar, Edward Lee was given a midshipman's warrant by Earl St. Vincent, at the special request of Admiral Nelson.

Then came the famous cruise in the Mediterranean, in search of Bonaparte and his fleet. In the terrible gale which dissipated the admiral's ship, young Lee proved that he merited the kindest his great commander had shown him, and won praise from all on board. Then came the brief halt at Syracuse, the arrival of the wished-for reinforcements, and the departure for Egypt. As the dawn of the memorable first of August revealed in the eyes of the English the tri-color floating over Alexandria, and the French fleet in the bay of Aboukir, Edward Lee was standing by his chief on the deck of the flag-ship.

"There they are," burst from a score of voices, as the distant vessels came in view.

"Yes," muttered the boy; "and we'll be there, too, before long."

Nelson glanced at him approvingly.

"Here's a chance for promotion for us all to there," he said smiling.

He was right. The fearful encounter which carried such sorrow and despair to so many English homes brought to these two men fame and honor.—Through the whole action the admiral's eye was on the young "midly," and all through that long and thrilling summer night it never lost the gleam of satisfaction which had illumined it as he heard the young sailor's words in the morning. The same despatch that greeted him as Lord Nelson informed him that his request for a lieutenantcy for young Lee was granted.

Steady devotion to his profession and conspicuous bravery in times of danger soon made the youthful lieutenant a noted man in his Majesty's navy. The battle of the Baltic was a memorable day to him. It was truly the greatest battle he had been in. Though severely

ly wounded, he refused to go below, and stood at his post until the close of the action. When Sir Hyde Parker gave the signal for discontinuing the fight, Lieutenant Lee reported it to Lord Nelson. The admiral, putting the glass to his blind eye, said, with mock gravity, "I really don't see the signal. Keep our flag for closer battle still flying. That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast."

It seemed that the fortunes of the great admiral and his portage were mysteriously united, for this victory, which made the one a viscount, made the other a lieutenant, though he had but just come of age. He followed his commander, who had become warmly attached to him, through all the years that intervened, so that when the great day of Trafalgar came, he was the second in command to Capt. Hardy. As the action began, Lord Nelson approached him, and, placing his hand upon his shoulder, said, "We are going to have a hard day, Edward. I hope you may pass through it safely."

"I shall try to do my duty, my lord," said Lieutenant Lee. "But," he added, pointing to the uniform and decorations which the commander wore, contrary to his custom, "why does your lordship render yourself so conspicuous today? You will surely draw upon you the fire of some marksman."

"I have a presentiment," said the admiral, "that my race is run; so I have put on all my harness to-day. In honor I gained them," he exclaimed, proudly laying his hand on the insignia, "and in honor I will die with them."

The presentiment was realized. It was the last action of the great sailor. As he fell on the deck, in the heat of the battle, the captain and lieutenant of the ship sprang to him, in an agony of grief.

"Go back to your post, Edward," he said, as the lieutenant knelt by him. Then he added, gently, "God bless you lad."

With a sad heart the young man returned to his place. The fate which had seemed to unite his destiny with that of his commander was fully realized on this day, for just as the victory was gained, a heavy discharge of grape from a French ship of the line swept the deck of Lord Nelson's ship, and when the smoke cleared away Captain Hardy saw his lieutenant lying all most in the same spot where the conqueror of the Nile had fallen, with his breast torn open by the terrible discharge.

An Incident.

The following is an extract of a letter from New York, published in the Baltimore Episcopal Methodist on the 4th instant. We don't know how much truth there is in this incident, but facts, within the knowledge of many persons, at least makes the statement possible if not plausible.

A Southern lady on a visit to this city went to worship in one of the up town churches. Soon after, an elegantly attired New York lady, of high social standing, entered the same pew and remained during the service; after which the Southern lady called her aside into the vestry room, and in the presence of the Rector, with whom she was well acquainted, thus addressed her: "Madam, I do not wish to offend you, but that shawl you are wearing belongs to me." (The shawl was a superb one.) The New Yorker protested and declared that there must be some mistake.

"If," says the Southern lady, "you will examine a certain corner, you will see my initials worked in it, and the Rector knows my name very well." The corner was found as well as the initials. The Southern lady then remarked, "That ring you have upon your finger is also mine, and if you will take the trouble to examine the interior you will see the same initials engraved in the ring." Similar movements as above described took place with similar results.

Turning to her again, the Southern lady said: "Madam, that bracelet you have on is mine also, and by pressing a spring on the inside it will unclasp and show you my portrait. The New York lady did as requested, and there was the lady's portrait. She promptly returned the ring and bracelet, as she was convinced beyond the power to controvert that they were the property of this Southern lady, and remarked as she did, "they are yours and you are well come to them, but as I wore the shawl to church, I must beg the privilege of wearing it home again."

The Southern lady acceded, of course, and they exchanged cards. The shawl came back in due time, but the New York lady had probably obtained the articles in such a manner as to render it too unpleasant to divulge. No more was said about it.

—The cholera is on the increase in Memphis, Tennessee. Nineteen cases were reported yesterday of which thirteen proved fatal.

STRANGE REBELS.—A noticeable feature in the great National Convention was the large number of prominent general officers of the Federal army during the late war. There was Stead, man—and who seeing him rise in the Convention, but remembered the terrible, scorching battle heat of Chicksa mauga, where Steadmann stood unwavering among the most trusted and valued of the lieutenants of Thomas. There was Custer—how the nation loves and adores him! Custer! the synonym of dashing gallantry and unflinching fidelity. Said Sheridan on one of the days before Cold Harbor, "Custer I wish you would take a regiment and clean those fellows out." "Those fellows" were a brigade of the enemy a half a mile away upon the left. Custer looked at his watch, estimated mentally the distance, and mounted his horse, saying, "General, it shall be done in twenty minutes." In twenty minutes it was done. That was Custer! There was Rousseau—we all remember him, the gallant soldier, the steadfast patriot, who rode the Union battle-line through scores of conflicts. There was Crawford, a division commander in the Army of the Potomac from Wilderness to Appomattox. There were McPherson, McCook—from first to last throughout the war serving the cause of the Union in the van of its armies, and holding high commands. To these could be added scores of others of lesser renown perhaps, but not less faithful soldiers of the Republic.

Strange "rebels" these!

Breech-Loading Guns.

Revolution in the manufacture of infantry fire arms has fairly begun—like other great changes, it has required time for its inception; but it is now actually started, and promises to be sweeping and thorough. Governments are proverbially sluggish in the adoption of innovations. But prejudice has been at last overcome, and only the recent achievement of Koeniggratz was needed to rouse all Europe from its lethargy, and open the eyes of the world to a full appreciation of the last great improvement in fire arms.

Though Prussia has been the first to effect an entire radical change in her small arms, and to demonstrate to the world its advantage, yet it is due our own Government to have the credit of fostering that special improvement, which secures the consummation of success in this direction. More than a year ago, our Government organized a commission to investigate the subject of breech-loading arms, and report upon the merits of such specimens as might be presented for examination. The experiments were continued for many months, with a great variety of guns. The report of the deliberations of that Commission has not yet been made public, but it cannot be doubted by those who are acquainted with the trials made, that the new Remington breech loading rifle will be approved as the most effective weapon of the kind that has yet been produced.

Since that time, as fast as samples could be procured, similar trials of this gun have been in progress in several of the countries of Europe; thus far with but one result—the most favorable.

In these trials, the desiderata are, of course, extent of range, portability, durability, accuracy, safety and convenience of handling in action, simplicity and cheapness of construction, and finally, capacity for the most rapid firing. The superiority in other respects, being easily established, and in most cases readily conceded, competition has been attempted almost solely in respect to the rapidity of firing. And here again, the success is most triumphant. In none of the public trials is its rate of firing quoted at less than thirteen shots per minute, while in the hands of an adept it has often exceeded sixteen shots per minute. In the report just received of a recent trial in England, it is stated that "the Remington gun was fired 41 times in less than three minutes, while the Spencer gun was fired only 26 times in the same space of time." (Moreover, it is to be noted that the use of the Remington gun is not attended with the dangers and disadvantages of a magazine in the breech, which is necessary to the Spencer gun.) But more important than all hitherto, the last news from Austria. The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says: "Lindner & Remington will have the honor of seeing their system tried in actual combat; and much more, to the effect, that Austria's decision is not doubtful; also that "all the resources of private and public works are to be taxed for the supply of these new descriptions of fire-arms." Confirmatory of the above, we learn that Messrs. E. Remington & Sons, of Ilion, have just received a dispatch by the Atlantic cable, saying Austria has adopted the Remington arm. France impatient for the arrival of the sample guns ordered. Apropos to this, we learn that the samples for France have probably by this

time just reached their destination, while the additional guns ordered by England are also now ready for shipment. The Minister of War of Belgium has applied for authority to manufacture Arms in that country under the Remington Patent. Thus all look upon the eventual adoption of this gun as the standard arm of the world.

This peculiar feature of novelty in this invention consists in the application of a swinging breech piece, pivoted by a firing pin, to a barrel bored "through and through," and acting in combination with a tumbler attached to the hammer, so that the curved edges of the tumbler and the breech piece will correspond and interlock to brace against the recoil. Thus it is adaptable to any style of barrel, and can be used in the pistol, carbine or sporting gun, as well as in the field arm.

There being a large quantity of superior Springfield rifles in the various arsenals of this country, an economical method of altering them to effective breech-loaders, has also been devised by the Messrs. Remington, which may obviate for a time the expense of manufacturing entirely new arms of the improved pattern.—*Utica Herald.*

Correspondence for the Advocate.

HISTORY OF ELK COUNTY.

By a Northwestern Pennsylvanian.

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF RIDGWAY AND VICINITY—CONTINUED.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

In our first description of the face of this country, it was observed that from the well defined valleys and streams, and their regular courses, that in weather enduring, and a due observance of their character, and by following their meanderings, would always guide a lost person to settlements, or to some recognizable spot. The fall consciousness of being lost in the woods excites emotions of a most startling character—misleading the judgment, if not entirely transposing all objects that surround him, or that come under his observation—places that to them had been familiar, lose their identity, or appear as some long forgotten scene of their childhood, or as the faint impression of a dream. He wanders in a circle, often striking upon his own footsteps, which he had but lately made, and which he follows with accelerating speed, either to overtake the pedestrian or to bring himself out. Soon he finds two tracks, and he hurries on—making the third. He afterwards discovers that from some mark or some old article of his own, that all these footsteps are his, and the appalling truth rushes upon his mind, that he is lost! Then conjecture becomes weary—the compass, should he see one, would be at fault—the "dipper" and the "north star" had changed their positions in the heavens—streams had changed their course, or that he was on the waters of a divide that would take him directly from the quarter he wished to go. He may have been during all this while within a mile or half a mile of some dwelling; may have heard sounds that would indicate a home or a refuge, but his bewilderment leads him in an opposite direction, and as the sounds fade away in the distance which he himself is making. His senses reel as he becomes aware that his fancies have only beguiled him; or, if somehow given to superstition, that the sounds came from some weird spirit leading him to full further depth of forest and to his destruction. He is lost! he sinks exhausted to the earth and gives himself up to the embrace of death.

Happily such cases have been very rare in this section of country; the chances for escape are so great, that unless the weather is inclement, and snow precludes travel the cases would be still less rare. A few cases will be mentioned of those who have escaped perils and have lived to describe their sensations when lost in the woods.

Judge Horton lived at Brandy Camp, close to where his present dwelling stands. He started to cross the woods from Kyler's, or that neighborhood, perhaps a distance of one and a half miles. It was evening—moon shining—and yet in that short distance he got lost, as much to his own surprise as can be imagined. After wandering for hours, he came suddenly to a clearing—there was a road, house and barn, and

vegetables growing around. He climbed the barn and sat cogitating: "Who under the canopy resides here; no light to be seen, midnight and all asleep, thought he knew everybody and their settlement for miles around, but what stranger has nestled here and made such improvements as quietly, raised these buildings and not a sound of his nose have I heard?" It occurred to him that he had been lost—perhaps had a Van Winkle sleep, for a long while he set upon the bars, unwilling to rouse the sleeping inmates of the house. "He would creep into the barn, and in the morning ascertain his whereabouts."—Suddenly a familiar object catches his eye, then another, until all the surroundings became as familiar to his eye as household words. He was sitting on his own bars, that was his barn and home, and that was his potato patch, planted and hoed by himself. The spell of "lost" was broken, as the moon obscured by a murky cloud, suddenly emerges into brightness, so his understanding saw all before him in its natural and recognized form. "He was lost, but was found."

The writer, with several others, started for blueberries, which grew upon the margin of the windfall northwest of Dickinson & Co's saw-mill. There were log roads running to within two or three hundred yards of the berries, and they took horses—each one depending on the other for guide. Supposing they had arrived near the spot, they hitched their horses and started for the berries, supposed to be just at hand. Quandaries arose in the minds of all that it was not the right place, and before they had lost sight of the horses, took the precaution to blaze the bushes. They soon were lost, with all the peculiar horrors that attend the situation. They were enabled by the blazes to retrace their steps to their horses; it was a dark, cloudy afternoon, and they concluded they might as well go home. They were soon mounted, but in their bewilderment could not recognize a vestige of the path by which they had come—they were again lost, and although they were not half a mile from the mill, it is doubtful whether they would have found it that night but for the sagacity of the horses. It was suggested that "Old Maj," a ravenous old rascal, should take the lead, and trust to his judgment. The old fellow, when at liberty to take his own course, picked up his ears, and after a few turns, this way and that way, like a honey-bee maneuvering for a tangent flight to his hive. He started on a "bee line," and in less than ten we have spent in writing ten lines, came into a log road that led directly to the mill. "Old Maj" was voted a "faithful compass." The party arrived safe with "a nary a berry," running the gauntlet of jokes and shouts of the villagers. "Tis a queer sensation to be lost in the woods."

While the surveys of the Sandury & Erie Railroad were in progress in 1836-37, there were no houses nor clearings between Shippen and Ridgway, and with the exception of a cabin at Johnsbury, there were none between Ridgway and Tomesta waters. All provisions were carried upon men's or horses' backs, it was truly a pack-horse country. One engineer party had an campment in the woods some here in Highland township, (then in Ridgway) They were north some two or three miles from the road or path before described as running from Montauque to Warren. The party had run short of flour and meal, and as some days must expire before the regular pack-horse supply could arrive, Mr. Hoffman, the engineer who had charge of the party, sent a couple of young men with a horse for a supply from "Gibson Settlement" at Thionia Forks, or, in case it was necessary, to go on to Warren. Their route was due south to strike the "Warren road," and then to the right, toward Byzome township, they crossed the path, and soon thereafter concluded they were lost. By a series of wanderings on foot they soon lost sight of their horse, which they had hitched to a sapling, and they were completely at fault. Edward Miller, the engineer in chief, had often enjoined