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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

The Poet's Corner.

THEY SAY.
They say—Ah! well, suppose they do,
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought,
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say.
They say—but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?
They say—Well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress?
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"
They say—Oh! pause and look within—
See low thine heart inclines to sin;
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour,
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power.
Pity the frail, weep o'er the fall,
But speak of good or not at all.

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong,
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unrightly?
Why not seek joy instead?
Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all the day be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark;
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have faded,
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.
Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb.
Whist stars are nightly shining,
And the heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

JOHN MORGAN.

How He Escaped from the Ohio Penitentiary.
From the advance sheets of the forthcoming life of John Morgan, the rebel "raider," written, we believe, by Basil Duke, we extract the following account of the escape of Morgan and his confederates from the Ohio Penitentiary. They had succeeded in breaking through the stone floor or hole large enough to admit the body of a man, and had reached the air chamber. The narrative proceeds:

The method adopted, then was for two or three to descend and go to work, while the others kept watch. In an hour or two a fresh relief would be put on, and the work would be kept up in this way throughout the day, until time of locking up arrived except at dinner time, when every man who was away from the table had to give a reason for his absence. The work, conducted underground, was tedious and difficult, but all labored with a will. The candles which had been purchased and hoarded away, now did good service. Without them it would have been almost impossible to finish the task. A code of signals was invented to meet every contingency. By passing a bar of wood upon the stone floor, the above ones communicated to those beneath it. A rat was used to indicate the position of every danger which threatened, and called on those to come forth, if necessary. The watch of the air chamber were two or three feet thick, and built of hugest stones. Two or three of these stones were removed, and a tunnel was run straight to the outer wall of the hall. Fortune favored the work at this juncture, and showed in their way an adequate tool with which to accomplish this part of their work. Some one had discovered lying in the yard through which we passed on our way to breakfast, an old rusty spade with a broken handle. It was at once determined that the said spade must be secured. Accordingly men were detailed and instructed in their respective parts, and at the first opportunity the spade was transferred to their chamber, and put to work in digging up the tunnel. This is the manner in which that valuable, the priceless, old, rusty, broken spade was gotten.

One man was selected to secrete the spade about his person—him I will call No. 1. He wore, for the occasion, a long, loose sack coat. Six or seven other men were his accomplices. It was a usual occurrence for those who were awaiting their turn at the washing troughs to rumple and ruffle with each other in the yard. The co-spirators were, this morning, exceedingly frolicsome. At length No. 1, fell, apparently by an accident, upon the spade, his accomplices tumbled to a heap upon him. No. 1 desperately slipped the spade under his coat, and buttoned it up. He went into breakfast with it, and sat modestly straight, and carried it safely into the hall, and down into the air chamber.
When the main wall of the hall was reached, the heavy stones of its foundation were removed in sufficient number to admit of the passage of a man. But it was then discovered that the tunnel

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led right under an immense coal-pile. It was necessary that this difficulty should be remedied; but how? Without a view of the ground just outside of the wall, no one could calculate how far, or in what direction to run a tunnel, so that when it was conducted to the surface all obstructions might be avoided. In this emergency, General Morgan engaged Scott in conversation about the remarkable escape of some convicts, which had occurred a year or two previously, and which Scott was very fond of describing. These convicts had climbed by the balconies, in front of the ranges of cells, to the ceiling, and had passed out through the skylight to the roof of the prison. Scott declared his belief that there were no two other men on the continent who could perform the feat of ascending by the balconies.

"Why," says General Morgan, "Captain Sam. Taylor, small as he is, can do it."
Thereupon a discussion ensued, ending by Scott's giving Taylor permission to attempt it. Taylor, who, although very small, was as active as a squirrel, immediately commenced the ascent, and sprang from one to the other of the balconies, until he reached the top one. He was one of the men who had been selected to escape with General Morgan, and comprehended immediately the latter's object in having him attempt this feat. It would afford him a chance to glance out of the windows at the ground just beyond the wall. As he leisurely swung himself down, he studied "the position" carefully, and his observations enabled them to direct the tunnel, right. Once during the tunneling, while Captain Hookersmith (another of the projectors of the plan) was at work under ground, Scott called for him and seemed anxious to find him at once. General Morgan's presence of mind prevented a discovery, or, at least, a strong suspicion of the plot from at once resulting from Hookersmith's absence. The General said to Scott, "Hookersmith is lying down in my cell; he is sick," and he requested Scott to examine and give his opinion upon a memorial which he proposed forwarding to Washington. It was something regarding our removal to a military prison. Scott (highly flattered by this tribute to his judgment) took the memorial, looked at it attentively for some minutes, and returned it, saying, "I think it will do first rate." It did do. In the mean time, Hookersmith had been signaled, and had "come up," and he made his appearance complaining of a serious indisposition.

While the work was going on, General Morgan and those who were to escape with him habitually slept with their faces covered and their hands concealed. This was done to accustom the night guard to take their presence in the cells for granted, by the appearance of the buik upon the bed, without actually seeing them. This guard went the rounds at the expiration of every two hours during the night and he would place his lantern close to each cell door, in order that the light should fill the cell and show the occupant. General Morgan used to say that a peculiar shading and creeping of the flesh would assail him whenever this man approached. He would frequently creep about with his slippers on his feet, and he moved them without the slightest noise. He used to remind me of a sly, cruel, blotted, suspicious, night-prowling spider.

When the tunneling approached its completion, all the other necessary preparations were made. The prison-yard into which they would emerge from the tunnel, was surrounded by a wall twenty five feet high, and means for scaling that had to be provided. There was an inner wall running from the corner of the "East Hall" to a smaller building, in which some of the female convicts were imprisoned, but it was comparatively low, and they anticipated little difficulty in getting over it. The coverlets of several beds were torn into strips, and the strips were platted into a strong rope nearly thirty feet in length. A strong iron rod, used for stirring the fires in the stoves, was converted into a hook, and the rope was attached to it. Hoop and hook were taken down into the air chamber, where all the "valuables" were stored.

General Morgan had managed to get a suit of citizen's clothing, and the six men who were going to escape with him were similarly provided. The Warden had prohibited the introduction into the prison of uniform clothing, but occasionally allowed plain suits to be received. The General had also gotten a card of the schedule time of the little Miami Railroad, and knew when the train left Columbus, and when it arrived at Cincinnati—for this he paid fifteen dollars, all the money used in effecting his escape.

Despite the strict search instituted when we first entered the Penitentiary, several of the party had managed to secrete money so that it was not found,

This was now divided among the seven who were to escape. These were, besides Morgan, Captain Thomas H. Hines, Ralph Sheldon, Sam Taylor, Jacob Bennett, James Hookersmith and Gustavus McGee. It is plain that, as each man was locked in a separate cell, and could not get out of it by the door, without an interview with the night guard, it was necessary to cut an opening into the air chamber, through the floor of each cell, from which each one of the seven would escape. If these apertures were cut from the top of the floors of the cells, the risk of detection would be proportionately increased; so an accurate measurement of the distance between the cells were taken, and with Hine's cell was a point of departure, it was easy to calculate where to commence cutting from an *underneath*, in order that the floors of all these particular cells should be perforated. A thin crust, only of the cement was left, but to all outward appearance the floor was as sound as ever.

By means of an arrangement which had been perfected for obtaining all absolutely necessary articles, each one of the party about to escape had procured a stout, sharp knife—very effective weapons in case of surprise and an attempt to stop their escape. When everything was ready, they waited several nights for rain—trusting to elude the vigilance of the guards more easily in the obscurity of such a night—and taking the chance, also, that the dogs which were turned loose every night in the yard, would be driven by the rain into their kennels, which were situated on the other side of the yard from that where they would emerge. Two or three days before the effort was made, General Morgan received a letter from an Irishman in Kentucky, warning him not to attempt to make his escape, from which, he predicted, great evils to him would result. She alluded to his kindness to the poor in Lexington, and claimed that she was informed of the future in some supernatural manner.

On the 26th of November, General Morgan learned that there had been a change of military commands at Columbus. Well knowing that this would be followed by an inspection of the prison and a discovery of the plot, he determined that the effort should be made that very night. His own cell was in the second range, from which it was impossible to reach the air chamber and tunnel, but the cell of his brother, Colonel Richard Morgan, had been prepared for him, and when Scott rapped, as usual, on the stove, as a signal for each man to retire to his cell, the exchange was effected. There was a sufficient resemblance between them to deceive a man who would not look closely, especially when they were seated with their faces turned away from the door.

At any rate, Scott and the night guard were both deceived, and efforts were made by the occupants of the cells near to both of those, where close inspection would have been dangerous, to attract to the attention of the guard when he went the rounds. As it was especially necessary, on this occasion to know certainly when the night guard approached, small bits of coal had been sprinkled, just before the hour for locking up, on the floor of the first range, so that (traced as lightly as he would) the slinking cur could not help making a loud noise.

It had been arranged that just after the twelve o'clock visit from the guard, Captain Taylor should descend into the air chamber and give the signal under, near the floor of each cell. Fortunately, the only man, who was vile enough to have betrayed the plan, was absent in the hospital. Six hours elapsed after the locking in; regularly the night guard during that time went his rounds, making an awful crackling as he passed along the lower range. Sixty odd men lay awake, silent and excited—with hearts beating louder and blood rushing faster through their veins that the approach of battle had ever occasioned. Perhaps the coolest of all that number were the seven who were about to incur the risk.

Twelve o'clock struck, and the clang of the bell seemed to be in the hall itself—the guard passed with his lantern—a few minutes elapsed, while the adventurers lay still lest he should slip back, and then at the signal they sprang from their beds; hastily stuffed flannel shirts with material prepared before hand, and made up bundles to lie in their places and represent them. Then stamping upon the floor above the excavations the thin crust of earth gave way and they descended into the air chamber. They passed over by one along the tunnel until the foremost man touched the terminus, and with his knife cut away the sod, which had of course been left untouched. Then they emerged into the open air.

JOHN QUINN ADVERTISETH FOR HIS DOG.

The dog is a very useful animal. That is, when he is active in the pursuit of rodent vermin, and don't bite. As the high school compositions I always say, "he is the friend of man," and of women too, for that matter, and boys and girls and children in arms, and every variety of the human race. I am partial to dogs. Always like to have them about the house. They have such an intelligent way of running right into the entry, and letting you know when anybody is lurking around, and then they "bay a deep-mouthed welcome home," when you've been out, which is very refreshing. To be sure, they sometimes howl a little, too much at night, when you chain 'em up in the back yard, but this is easily remedied by a proper application of boot jacks and paper weights. I own a dog, black and tan terrier. Has his ears clipped to a sharp point and his tail amputated. Tail points straight upwards now, when it was first cut it was inclined to curl. Tendency was so strong that it threw the dog into a frightful series of back somersaults, that must have ended his existence if I hadn't tied him down. After that I put the traguntary in a bad spirit, and he gets along now with only a slight hitch in his hind legs, that gives him the appearance of traveling in a continuous zoster.

He was a nice dog, used to look very ferocious and fly around the room when any body said "rats," although I never knew him to catch any. But he was great at raw beef. In that respect I never saw his equal.

He answers to the name of "Jack." I suppose there must be several million dogs who rejoice in the same corrupted cognomen. Jack strayed away a week or two ago, left the minima of my house for the flesh pots of some beguiling stranger, I suppose. Missed him when I came home. House seemed empty without him. His "bark" wasn't "on the sea" or in the second story front, or any where else. Children cried for him, while on Thomas cat no longer mounted hurriedly on the chairs and tables as he approached. I was distressed. I consulted my wife, I advertised for him, offered five dollars reward. Advertisement appeared in the morning papers.

Ring at the door bell about 6 A. M. Whole family in bed. Rose and put my head out of the window. Man with two spotted dogs, that looked as if they had just recovered from a severe attack of the measles. Fellow looked up and wanted to know "if either one of them was his." Don't use profane language, so simply said "no" and shut the window.

Door bell rang eighteen minutes with, in the next hour. Got up at last and dressed. Began to eat my breakfast. Another ring at the bell. Short man with shiny hat. Wore what my oldest girl called "spit curls." Had a bull dog, with a head like a cast iron water spout, and crooked legs. Said he'd found my dog. Told him that wasn't his. Said he knew it was, rather savage. Dog began to growl and look hard at me. As I assumed a mild, persuasive tone, and described my lost canine. Fellow said, anyhow he was a better dog than mine, and he guessed that he would leave him. I said I wouldnt have him under any circumstances. Fellow pushed the dog, and said "S— keep 'em." Dog made a dash at me. Sprang inside and shut the door in his face. Went into the parlor, and watched him leave through the front gate. Saw another man coming in. Had a red-tailed poodle with a brass collar around the neck. Threw up the window, and told him that wasn't my dog, so he needn't bring him. He eyed me with a sarcastic smile, and said I couldnt afford to own a dog like that. Told him I didnt want to, either. Said that dog had killed his nineteen rats in four minutes, he had. Said I wouldnt believe him if he crossed his breast to it. Fellow then dared me to come out. Said he would poke me in the nose, or something of that sort.

I didnt go out.

Another ring at the bell. This time a fellow in a fur cap, and a yellow mousetail that had but one eye. Asked me if I had lost a dog. Said yes. Fur cap said he had found him, and wanted the reward. Told him that wasn't my dog. Fur cap wanted to know if my dog was it named Jack. Said he was. He then called his billions little e-nine by that name. Dog flapped his attenuated tail against the pavement three or four times, and flung his undamaged optic around in a wild sort of style. Wasnt convinced, however, and the fur cap left after breaking the third commandment in a most horrid manner.

Hadnt got fairly in the house before there was another call. This time a chap in a tattered raiment, nothing purple about him but his nose, and no blue line on his face, or coarse either, as far as I could see. Had a big black and tan terrier with him. Dog looked a good deal scared. Had a way of putting his tail

between his legs. My impression is that the fellow went out and hunted up a dog to get the reward. Didnt seem to take kindly to his education. Syntax was defective. Said he had "fetched back that dog of yours." Told him that he was not the one I had lost. Fellow insisted that it was. Seemed rather down-hearted because I wouldnt take him. Asked me if I didnt observe how glad the dumb beast was to see me. Said I hadn't observed it. Fellow said I'd regret it if I let such a chance slip to get a valuable beast. Said I guessed I'd have to let her slip. Then he tho' awhile, and asked me if I wouldnt lend him five dollars anyhow, and take the dog as security. Told him I was unable to perceive it precisely from that stand point. So he went away, looking as if he felt hurt.

Then another man came with a fierce looking bulldog, with hairless tail. Bulldog rushed right at me, and commenced exercising his obnoxious up and down my trousers. Looked as if he might bite with very little provocation. Man said he'd brought my dog. Told him rather sharp that my dog was a terrier. Said so was this one. Gave his rats before his eyes were open, and had been engaged in that blood thirsty occupation regularly ever since. Told him I couldnt take him. Man said he wouldnt leave with the five dollars. Said I would see him in the tomb of the Capulets first. Fellow thought I was swearing at him, and struck at me. Dog took it up right off his face, and tore my trousers, besides tasting my flesh. I escaped into the house, shut the door and locked it. Determined not to answer any more rings. Bell was pulled two hundred and seventy five times more. Didnt answer it. Und-rested afterwards that several of my friends had been to see me and gone away off-aded. About dinner time went up and looked out of the window. Found seventy-five or eighty men there, all of whom had dogs. Bull terriers, spaniels, setter pups, bloodhounds, doubted nosed pointers, Newfoundland, lap dogs, whiffs, greyhounds, mastiffs, mongrels. Dogs with straight tails, curly tails, bob tails, and no tails at all. Yellow, black, white, brown, spotted and flea bitten. I suppose that every variety of dog that ever went on four legs, or three either, were gathered in my front yard. Put the sack up and attempted to disperse the crowd. Crowd all commenced to talk at once. Dogs all howled, yelped, barked and snarled. Couldnt hear my own voice, and shut the window in disgust.

Haveent seen my dog yet. Dont ever expect to see him, or any other dog. Have seen enough of dogs to last me the balance of my natural life.

Horrible stories are in circulation, connecting dogs with restaurant sausages. Hope my dog is tucked away in some sausage skin. Wish all the dogs were made into one large sausage, and the fellow who owns the dog with the hairless tail, that bit me, had to eat it at one sitting.—E.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S LAST VOTE.—"Measures not men."

Yesterday being Washington's Birthday, a national salute was fired on Capitol Hill in honor of the day. It will not be amiss to publish the following, which we clip from an exhalator:

The Father of his country was conscientious in the discharge of every duty as a citizen, and never failed to vote. The last occasion of his doing so was in the spring of 1733, in the town of Alexandria. He died on the 11th of December following. The court house of Fairfax County was then over the old market house, and immediately fronting O'Leary's tavern. The entrance into it was by a slight flight of crazy steps on the outside, and while the election was progressing—several thousands of persons being assembled around the polls—Washington drove up in his own well known carriage. The crowd spontaneously gave way and made a lane for him to pass through as he approached the court house steps. A gentleman who was standing at O'Leary's door saw eight or ten good looking men immediately spring toward and follow the General up the steps, in order to uphold and support him, if necessary. According to the custom of that time, the five or six candidates were sitting on a bench who rose to a body and profoundly on the entrance of Washington. Very gracefully returning their salutation, the Register of the polls said: "Well General, how do you vote?" (It was then by *elect vote*.) He looked a moment at the candidates, and replied: "Gentlemen, I vote for measures not men," and having audibly pronounced his vote, he made another graceful bow and retired. He was loudly cheered by the onward crowd on returning to his carriage.

The Republicans in Washington say the impeachment furor will, in the end, amount to nothing.

Cannon was in delicate enough to occupy Senator Cowan's seat in the Senate the other day, during the temporary absence of the latter.

At an exchange of letters at which we take care to be present, they talk hair of the water.

This, That and the Other.

- A Nashville paper speaks of radical blood pudding.
 - Why is a lady's dress like a roasted goose? Because it has been basted.
 - A colored poet is giving readings in Washington.
 - One of the State Senators of Virginia owns 100,000 acres of land.
 - A western paper dubs Thad. Stevens the Great Vulgarian.
 - A young man in Iowa, after his father's death, married his step-mother.
 - Joel Lindsey, the child murderer, gets only four years and three months in the penitentiary.
 - During the past month there have been 1,907 rations issued to the Mississippi negroes, an increase of 119 over the previous month.
 - P. T. Barnum is a candidate for Congress at the approaching Connecticut election.
 - A woman has been brought into court in Northampton, Pa., on the charge of bawling a common scold.
 - A woman in Chicago on visiting her husband's office, discovering long hairs in her brush, applied for a divorce.
 - It is estimated that since the close of the war, the colored population of Virginia has been reduced 193,000.
 - John McDuff, of Marietta, committed suicide, last Saturday, by taking poison. Whisky caused him to commit the rash act.
 - Hon. John Morrissy is said to have lost \$400,000 by the Cumberland corner smash, in Wall street, last week.
 - Miss Gustina Bartlett died at Bartlett's Island, Me., on yesterday. She was but fifteen years old, and weighed four hundred pounds.
 - A bill levying a specific tax on old bachelors, to support a bureau of emigration, has been introduced in the West Virginia Legislature.
 - An unwashed street boy being asked what made him so dirty, his reply was, "I was made, they tell me, of the ground, and I reckon it's just working out."
 - At a recent fashionable reception in New York, several young men appeared in maroon velvet coats and breeches, with silk stockings—a sort of court costume.
 - A bill has been introduced in the New York Senate, providing for conventions to amend the State Constitution, so as to secure the franchise to colored persons.
 - Speaking of impeachment, Mr. Greeley says no patriot will wantonly or lightly shake the twin fabrics of Public Order and Public Credit.
 - The radicals have no objection to their membership in Congress doing, but only of their being told of it.
 - Carpenter's "Death Bed of Lincoln," represents Schuyler Colfax, who wasn't there, as one of the chief mourners over the couch of our martyred President.
 - Never despise counsils, from whafv'er quarter they reach you. Remember that the pearl is keenly sought for in spite of the oarless shell that envelops it.
 - A Colorado woman eloped from her husband and three children. Adding insult to injury, she left a note behind informing her husband that not one of the children were his.
 - The Tennessee Legislature—so-called—which represents about one-eighth of the people of the State, has passed a negro suffrage bill with which to prop up the racial usurpation.
 - The Rules of the Nevada Legislature have passed a resolution asking their brethren of the House to give them State jurisdiction over the territory of Utah. Quite a modest (?) request, truly.
 - The Harrisburg Telegraph complains that certain parties steal its subscribers' papers. Any person who can bring himself down to stealing that sort, must be a mean cuss in loed.
 - The Maine House has refused to join in the motion of the Senate in amending the law so as to permit white persons to intermarry with negroes, Indians, or mulattoes.
 - A number of blockheads were arrested in New York lately for violating the excise law. They polished boots for twenty five cents and gave drinks of whisky to their customers from small bottles which they had about them.
 - G. W. Eery, the last of 17 children of Wm. Ellery, signer of the Declaration of Independence, died at Newport last Monday. Deceased had been collector of the port of Newport for forty years.
 - Bob Schenck wants to have the military academy removed from Annapolis, Md., because the "fossil seat" are likely to work upon the irrepressible "feelings" of young sons of Mars. Guess Massachusetts wants the school.
- IMPORTANT TO OFFICERS OF THE LATE WAR.**—By a late decision of the court of claims all officers engaged in the late war are entitled to one, two, three or four servants, according to rank, or in lieu of servants, to the pay of a private soldier, for each servant they are entitled to. On the 1st of May 1841 congress increased the pay of a private soldier to \$16 per month. On the 31st of March 1855 congress explained the measure of an officers allowance for a servant to be "the pay of a private soldier, as fixed by law at the time." Since which date, but not before, officers have been allowed \$16 per month for each servant they were entitled to, between these dates, officers were allowed only \$14 per month for each servant, between these dates viz: May 1st, 1841, and March 31, 1855, officers are entitled to the difference between \$16 and \$14 or \$2 per month for each servant they are entitled to.
- At an exchange of letters at which we take care to be present, they talk hair of the water.