

Selected Miscellany.

(From the N. Y. Sunday Morning News.)
FAMOUS ABDUCTION CASE.

Reminiscence of Thirty Years Ago—Kidnapping of a Young Lady by a Steamboat Captain—The Capture and Arrest, &c., &c.

The actors in the drama which I am about to relate (says a correspondent) have, for the most part, passed from the busy stage of life; hence no one's feelings can be lacerated by the recital of the tale by one of the prominent actors in the play.

In 1838, having reached my home in New York City, after one of the most tedious and perilous passages of seventy-five days duration, from Liverpool; having lost nearly all our sails, with a crew most of them frost-bitten and -used up by excessive hardship and unusual labors, I heard, from the lips of a Western friend, such glowing accounts of the magnitude and beauty of our inland seas, and the great and increasing demand for sailors there, that I determined to abandon my ocean life and try the fresh water for awhile.

I resigned my position on the crack New York and Liverpool liner, and with many letters of introduction and recommendation from my employers to their friends in Buffalo, I reached the latter place in the month of March 1838. As the opening of lake navigation drew near, while waiting about for employment, I met one day at the counting house of Joy & Webster, Capt. B. C. Bristol, who professed me a situation on the steamship James Madison, then lying at Erie. I accepted the position, as second officer, and reaching Erie I commenced the duties of getting the ship in readiness for sea.

While engaged in the details of "fitting out," I took up my quarters at the old Mansion House then kept by the "widow Chapman," and noted as one of the best hotels in those days when good "substantials" and clean beds had not given place to the show and glitter of our present public houses, with a corresponding loss of many of the "creature comforts."

One afternoon, while engineers, carpenters and sailors were busily busy in their several departments, Capt. B. approached me and asked me if everything would be in readiness for a short trial trip that evening, in my department, saying that the carpenters would have on the requisite floats or buckets on the wheels. I replied in the affirmative, and he then requested me to call upon him at the Eagle Hotel, where he stopped, after I had been to tea.

I noticed that he seemed a little nervous and excited, but I attributed it to his anxiety as to the perfect working of the machinery and the "behavior" of the ship, on a trial trip in the Spring.

Accordingly, after tea I called on Capt. B. at his room at the Eagle, and he then asked me if I had heard of "the Erie love affair." I told him I had not; that I had made but few acquaintances in town, and that my leisure time had been occupied in reading and writing letters to far away friends and relatives.

He then proceeded to state: Some time ago I was an accepted suitor of Miss Josephine Hamet, the lovely daughter of a rich old French gentleman, whose lordly residence on the bluff you must have noticed in your walks to the pier. Matters had progressed so far that last fall everything was in readiness for the full consummation of the long-cherished hopes of this beautiful girl and myself.

But on the eve of the wedding, on visiting the home of my intended's father, I was rudely rebuffed, and forbidden to hold any further communication with one I dearly loved.

The first conversation with my wooing were generally known and understood, and after a short time, finding all my endeavors to change the old man's determination vain, I left Erie to pass the winter with my eastern friends.

Referring to a short time since I learned that my affianced bride was to be married to Mr. Walker, an old room-mate of mine, to whom my discomfiture was easily forgiven; for he had written a anonymous note to old Mr. H., stating that I had a wife at the East, and other stories worse in character, and equally untrue.

I then that this unhappy wedding is to be solemnized on a narrow evening, while I know from mutual friends that Josephine's affection for me is unchanged, and she only requires to be withdrawn from the father's pernicious influence to become mine.

"This I want you to assist me in, carrying to a successful result, and to this end I have been hurrying up the work on the Madison."

Prominent and influential citizens, aware of the justice of my cause, have volunteered their services for tonight; and I will give you my plan of operations.

"My lady here will attend the best ball of the season to-night; at the American. She will leave the festive scene at half-past eleven, in company with James Pitts Christy, her father's clerk and ward. They will pass along on that side of the street, crossing here at the Eagle and when they reach you request let you and I will stop and await them. A coach containing two friends of mine, which is now in readiness in the large barn opposite, will wheel into the road, we will jump into it, drive to the Madison, embark for Dunkirk, and there we will have the marriage wedding at which you ever participated."

"My desire for your companionship here is that you may prevent the lady's attendant from giving the alarm and

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Illustrating the success of my operations.

"My old sailors, you know, are cognizant of three sorts of men; those who are always willing, but never ready—those who are ever ready but never willing, and those who are always both ready and willing. May I class you among the latter number, and claim your hearty co-operation to-night?"

I replied if everything was "on the square" and truly "level," if all that was necessary to be done, was to give the young lady a fair chance to obey the dictates of her heart; if she was agreeable to this arrangement, I would go with him, heart and hand. This assurance was readily and solemnly given, and I listened to a long and enthusiastic dissertation from the gallant Captain on the young lady's beauty and accomplishments. It appeared that she was a heiress in her own right; her mother, at her death bequeathing to her quite a snug fortune for those peaceful days.

At length the Captain, looking at his watch and that it was 11 o'clock, and as he had lost all night, for the devoted prize would make her appearance in just half an hour.

A full moon was shining in an unclouded sky that night as bright as day.

Standing in the shadow of the Eagle—a mighty good shadow to be under, but not tell you, in peace of war—the captain emphatically and nervously exclaimed, "There she comes!"

I looked up the street and saw a couple emerging from the American Hotel, and looking at my watch the hands indicated "half-past eleven."

This looked like a natural understanding. The parties came along as Bristol had foretold, crossed where he had indicated hours before, and as they reached the "vanishing point," we stepped up to them; the captain laying his hand on the lady's shoulder, who, turning her beautiful face toward us exclaimed: "Captain Bristol is that you?" He replied: "Yes, Josephine and I want you to go with me."

Her countenance turned with raised arm and threatening gesture, and exclaimed: "No, Captain Bristol, by G—d."

I laid my hand upon his shoulder, saying, "My good friend, there is no need of any force here."

"Oh no," said he, "I didn't intend any. Let me get my pumps, won't you?" He had dropped them in the street.

At this moment the promised coach wheeled out into the road, the gallant captain and his "lady fair" sprang into it, and away they went at a "rattling pace," leaving me, a stranger in a strange place, with my hands upon a strange gentleman's collar, on the public highway.

Holding him only so long as I thought expedient, I at last relinquished my grasp, and put off after the disappearing coach, at a 240 paces. Down past old Hamet's mansion, down the almost precipitous hillside, down the long pier, I rushed with constant accelerating speed—the cold air from the ice-fields in the lake cutting my very lungs.

I reached the steamer almost as soon as the matrimonial candidates, sprang over the rail, ordered my men to slip the moorings, while pilot Bristol, at the wheel, guided the steamer through the tortuous channel of the bay, and out into the lake, where large and heavy ice-fields seemed to bar our course toward the New York ports, where licenses for marriage were not needed or required.

Finding Dunkirk a blockaded port, it was deemed advisable to head the steamer up the lake, and thus, boring through masses of floating ice, the long night at last gave place to the daylight of a dark, gloomy, lowering, March morning, which found us at Ashtabula, short of fuel, and with our small complement of seamen and firemen utterly exhausted with excessive labor.

Bristol, McFadden and myself were gathered around the pilot-house, in earnest consultation, and this plan was decided upon: to land at Ashtabula, take on a supply of fuel, and if the wedding ceremony could not be accomplished there, to steer for Detroit.

We made fast to the dock, and while the crew were busily employed in wooding, Capt. B. went up to the town to see "how the land lay." He had not been absent many minutes, before McFadden called my attention to a large steamer in the offing, her decks black with people, evidently bent on mischief. This was the Jefferson, the master ship of the Madison, both owned by old Col. Seth Reed, of Erie.

I hastened up to town to acquaint Captain B. with the fact, but I met him coming down, and he then said he had dispatched a boy on a fast horse to Jefferson, to get a license—that he would take Miss H. on shore, and we must put off up the lake and thus deceive the "Jefferson party," who, he hinted, would give him time to get his license, he spilled, and then all would be well.

We tried the ruse, but the Jefferson ran under our stern, and Captain Dobbings of the revenue cutter ordered us to put back to Erie at once, or he should seize the ship; which he could have done, as we had no ship's papers on board.

We accordingly retraced our steps, and reaching Erie we found all the inhabitants on the dock, awaiting the denouement of the exciting "Love Chase," with breathless interest.

As soon as we reached the dock scores of Bristol's friends jumped on board and eagerly asked how the wedding had progressed.

I told them that it was all right—that we had landed Bristol and Josephine at Ashtabula, an hour or more before the Jefferson arrived—that the license had been sent for, and that in all probability "everything was lovely."

But while we were talking thus, the Jefferson came round the point of the Peninsula, and the cutter's boat was soon alongside, while a lady was seen descending the steps into it.

The matter now looked blue to me, and what had hidden fair to be a very romantic affair, seemed, suddenly, to assume a very matter-of-fact proportions.

In a very short time all the officers of the Madison were arrested, except myself; but I had taken a state room in the latter's cabin determined to await the further development of the evening. The town seemed divided into the two adverse factions, and the Bristol party numbered four to one of the opposition. The ladies to a man, were sympathizers with the gallant Capt. Bristol, whose sterling good qualities have since been fully developed.

The disappointment of the eloping parties was soon retailed. It seems that the pursuing party, headed by Capt. Dobbings, had seen the whole movement of the captain and his lady companion, and after the Madison had left the scene of operations, they rushed up the Ashtabula pier, found Bristol and Miss Hamet at the Hotel; and by dint of forcible persuasion, they induced the lady to return with them to Erie.

There, the young lady assured many of her friends that Captain B. had treated her with all due respect and consideration; but her vindictive father, completely terrified her, to assent to an immediate marriage with Mr. Walker.

That gentleman, however, was currently reported to have refused such an arrangement, until the rich old Frenchman, agreed to increase the lady's dowry, some thousands of dollars.

On the evening of our return to Erie, I sent for Mr. Fitz Christy, and it transpired that he knew me readily, having sailed under me in one of the Liverpool liners, several years before.

He told me that Mr. Hamet conspired with me about the elopement of his daughter; and if I would go to the old gentleman's house, and there assure him that he [Fitz C.] had done all he could to prevent the "spiriting away" of his daughter, he would see to it that I should be held harmless in the matter.

That, crossing however, one of the accounts of the Bristol faction came to me with the intelligence that my quondam sailor boy was to play me false, and had the officers prepared to arrest me, after I had exculpated him before Mr. Hamet.

Old Col. Seth Reed sent word to me to come to his house, and after receiving my explanations of the whole affair he had me carefully bestowed until the next Sunday night, when, in the midst of a heavy rain storm, a horse was brought to the door, and disguised as an English drover I sprang into the saddle, and never drew bridle until I had crossed the State line.

Soon after—much of the excitement having subsided after the lady's hasty wedding—I resumed my birth on the Madison; and in the early summer Captain Bristol also returned to his command, when P. S. V. Hamet had him arrested for abduction upon the *High Seas*, and he was sent to prison at Pittsburgh to await his trial.

Early in the ensuing fall I was notified by Capt. B. of his approaching trial, and he earnestly begged me to be on hand, as the only witness on his side of the Madison's crew who had not been arrested.

Accordingly I joined a large party of Bristol's friends—a cloud of witnesses—at Erie, bound in four horse post coaches to the Iron City.

Thither also went the Hamet faction in great state. The trial soon commenced, with an array of legal talent seldom combined in any court.

There were the venerable and talented Judge Wilkins, Mr. Biddle, and Messrs. Forward and Shaler.

Miss Ellen Tree was then "starring" it at Pittsburgh in the "Love Chase," and the Hamet *per se et filie*, with their witnesses, were nightly attendants at the theater. The actors, during the day, visited the court room, and as the case progressed it was so evidently rid-

iculous on the part of the prosecution that many things were said on the boards at night not contained in the original drama, reflecting on the haughty and vindictive old Frenchman.

The merits of the case for the prosecution hinged upon the question whether the lakes were "high seas" or *low ones*.

To bring it under the jurisdiction to the Supreme Court, it was necessary to swear that the alleged crime had been committed upon a small triangular space of water between Ohio and Pennsylvania, of thirty miles area, which had not been laid down in the surveys, and which, consequently, would have made non offence committed thereof unenforceable to the laws of the United States Court.

After several days of most able and exhaustive argument on both sides it was decided that the United States Congress had jurisdiction in the matter, and Captain B. C. Bristol was released from custody, and the charges and welcomings about of a crowded court room; the masses who thronged the city in the immediate vicinity halting his appearance with wailing laments and shouts of satisfaction; while horses and grays greeted the carriage of the defeated parties in a silent but low back and fewer friends.

Gen. Charles A. Reed, the Erie mill-rounder, stood upon the steps of the principal hotel, his hand well filled with rolls of bank bills, which he freely dispensed to the many witnesses to defray the expenses of their merry trip to Pittsburgh and their homeward journey home.

Thus ended one of the most exciting incidents of those early days in the history of Lake Erie; and throughout the Far West, and among the Mississippi captives, the affair excited the most intense and absorbing interest. Captain Bristol soon afterward was married, and under the patronage of his good friend, General Reed, he became one of the wealthiest and successful wheat dealers in Chicago.

A few years ago, however, he met with some serious reverses, and is now taking out a patent, I believe, for a new cut off which he invented some years ago, and has since been perfecting.

The Jacobin Arch Fenian.

Phillips raves and flaments the month. He has gone stark and over the release of Davis. He wants the "chief rebel hung"—nothing less will satisfy him. Greely is abused without measure by this blood-thirsty and bloodless ruffian for going bail.

Let Phillips take care. The history of the war which he was so instrumental in provoking will not be complete until he gets his deservings. Robespierre foisted his career on the guillotine, and if Phillips has only half justice done him, he will terminate his at the foot of the gallows. He is not a human being, but a hell hound, and his bloodless, putty like, cadaverous look, his cold-blooded unimpassioned manner, all give warning of the devilish hate, the devilish malice, with which he is filled to overflowing.

Josh Billings truthfully remarks that "a trying to live on the reputation of a dead grandfather is just about as enterprising as trying to latch on rotten eggs under a tin weathercock."

It is said that Horace Greeley has written a letter to John C. Breckinridge, requesting him to return home and aid in "reconstructing" the country, regardless of what may be said about him by "narrow minded block heads."

Beer fills many a bottle, and the bottle many a liver.

We walk here, as it were, in the cradle of life; at times from the great Cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting of the choir; we see light stream through the open door, when some friend goes up before us—and shall we far to mount the narrowness of the grave? It leads out of this uncertain twilight into the serene eternities of the life eternal?

Heaven is not a place to be bargained for on a death bed or at life's close. It is not a place into which you are to be tickled by Priest or by Pope, or by the Lord himself. The future world cannot be cheated of its due by the fligh of a sick room, or by forced prayers on a sinking ship. We are all our lives long shaping with resistless energy the characters by which we are to be judged in accordance with the words, "He that is unjust let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous let him be righteous still; and he that is holy let him be holy still."

A wise man once said: "There are three things which will surprise us when we get to heaven: First, to find many there whom we did not at all expect. Second, not to find many there whom we did expect. Third the greatest wonder will be to find ourselves there."

Discoveries at Pompeii.

Another very interesting discovery lately made, says a late letter is that of four skeletons—three female and one male—now lying in glass cases, which are preserved in almost perfect fullness of form and outline, but have been completely converted into gypsum. Even their fingers and toes are almost as complete and round as on the day when, 1788 years ago, the fearful flood of fire and smoke took away their lives. The process is explained as follows: These bodies were prostrated in the streets by the cloud of suffocating vapors which came first, and which soon stopped respiration, and after them came the ashes, light, of course, but piled up in enormous masses, so that the lower strata were compressed into solidity. At the same time, that the process of decomposition was going on—very slowly, of course, so far under the surface—the ashes about the body appear to have become encrusted, perhaps with the assistance of the moisture that dripped down through from above. At last all the soft parts had disappeared, and there was nothing left but a hole in which the more imperishable bones remained. It was a long time before the workmen learned how to preserve these remains, and hundreds have been broken to pieces and lost.

The process now adopted is very simple, but very efficient. As soon as the workmen come to a man supposed to be a skeleton, it is carefully probed, a hole cut through, and melted gypsum poured in, until the cavity is filled. The result is a perfect model of the person as he was on the day he fell in the streets of Pompeii. Even the rings on the fingers remain in place, and are filled with gypsum. The male form has about it a bulk filled with coins, forming a mass half as large as one's head, with which he was intending to escape.

The Florida Reels.

The following are Agassiz's estimates of the formation and age of the Florida reefs on the Florida coast:

These reefs are built up by an insect that begins to work on the ground, in water of twelve or fifteen fathoms deep, and he cannot live unless he has the constant action of the open sea upon him, so that he stops at the height of high tide. By numerous experiments it has been ascertained that the coral builder constructs at the rate of about half an inch in a century; but in order to err, if at all on the safe side, Agassiz doubles his estimate in his calculations, making it an inch in a century. Now outside of the Florida Keys there is a long reef with an average height of seventy feet, which, therefore, must have been begun 7,000 years ago, or 1,000 years before Adam. Secondly, the Keys themselves are nothing but an inner repetition of the same sort of coral reefs; or at least the same average height; and the builders must have finished them before they began on the outside reef, as appears from their necessity of having the open sea, and from the fact that there are now none on the outside of the one we have mentioned above. The Keys, therefore, swell the record to 14,000 years. Next we have the shore bluff of the mainland, which is also of the same coral construction, and which carries the earth's record above 20,000 years. Moreover, there are, as you go inland, seven well defined, and of course, successive coral reefs, which, added to the foregoing, would make the world 70,000 years old. And Professor Agassiz regards this as a very moderate estimate.

The bodies of Maximilian, Miramon and Mejia have been embalmed.

Hon. Daniel McKee, an ex-member of Congress, and Postmaster at Lafayette, Indiana, shot himself dead at his home on Thursday, July 23.

It is reported in Montreal, Canada, that recent petitions for the release of McMahon, the Fenian, are to be favorably considered.

A boy nine years of age, the son of Andrew Jackson, of Centre Hill, N. J., fell dead while his father was chastising him on the 27th ultimo.

R. H. Farquhar, county clerk of Nevada county, California, and Radical candidate for Clerk of the Supreme Court, was killed July 27th, by an explosion of gas in the court-house.

A Cincinnati editor attempted to swim across the Ohio river on the 25th July, with Aaron Jones, the pugilist, whom he had bantered for a swimming race, but he came near drowning, and was rescued by his antagonist.

The American brig William Robertson, from Havana, arrived at Pass a Poutre, Louisiana, some days since, with 23 coolies on board. Other shipments of small numbers had also arrived, and were at work on the plantations.

Original Poetry.

THE CHURCH OF DESOLATION.

Well aloft the elements of my God,
The church of desolation,
The state of Zion calls aloud
For grief and lamentation.

Once she was all alive to Thee,
And thousands were converted,
But now a sad service we see,
Her glory is departed.

Her pastors love to live at ease;
They covet wealth and honor,
And while they seek such things at these
They bring reproach upon her.

Such worthless objects they pursue,
Warily and unheeded,
The church they lead to ruin too,
Her glory has departed.

Her private members walk no more
As Jesus Christ has taught them,
Riches and pleasure they adore,
With such the world has lost them.

The Christian name they still retain
Aureally and false-hearted,
And while they in the church remain,
Her glory has departed.

And has religion left the church
Without a trace behind her,
Where shall I go, where shall I search,
That I once more may find her?

Ah! no, ye proud, ye haughty, ye gay,
I'll seek the hidden-hearted,
Who weep when those of Zion say
Her glory has departed.

Some few like good Elijah stand
While thousands have revolted,
In earnest for their heavenly man
They never yet have halted.

With such religion doth remain,
For they are not perverted,
O, may they such and all again
Her glory that departed. W.

The Constitution Against All Comers.

Beyond the greatness of any other occasion, the issue between subversion and conservation of a system of public order of unequalled excellence towers up before the eyes of a people renowned above all people for their love of civil liberty. In such a controversy, no man is possible, in the imagination of man more exciting and more inspiring than the Constitution against all comers. This great organic law is called the charter of our liberties. To uphold it, if necessary, against any rule of action under heaven, against every public officer. With this in our hand we invite the alien to our shores. In this we deliver to him his title, deed of freedom. We never sculpture the figure of any of our statesmen without putting the Constitution in his hand. We cannot carve a national device but the parchment scroll must share the design. The beautiful herality of the Republic but figures a wonderful symmetry.

The glorious flag is its starry symbol alone, wherever there is air to float a banner, or men to see a sign. "E pluribus unum," words so matterless as its marvelous theory, would be senseless sound were the national motto to survive the National Constitution. All the leaders of all the parties—the heroes of war, the managers of office, the statesmen of the Senate, House and the Bench, the savants, the flatterers, the poets and painters, and above all, and more majestic than all, the people, have, from the days of the patriot fathers, united in one voice of praise and exultation for the Constitution. From the nations came the ambitious who for our admiration. To Washington, as the historical father of such a system, the proposal to rear a monument from over every people on the globe, and from hundreds of organizations of men of every variety of doctrine, the offering of a stone and a message, carved to endure forever in it, to testify the world wide glory of the American Constitution.

Was this all devotion? Is it possible that an organic system capable of evoking such a veneration—a mere human institution, yet of an excellence so potent and so universally acknowledged among men that it has been applauded by nations not yet accepting the Revolution of God—can it be that such a Constitution is not worth preserving;—that it may be suspended, infringed, or abrogated in favor of an electioneering project? Are we to be told that the testimony of civilized mankind is to be disowned, repudiated, and defied, and that counsel shall be had, for good government, from the practices of paganism or barbarism? Yet to what else are we invited by the impious political subverters who lead the air with their canting, their misdeeds, and their blasphemy, who have pretended that a lawful purpose brought them to the Capitol for a session of Congress, when they know that their object is to provide for continuing a fraudulent agitation of the people, through which they still hope to end the constitutional Republic with the present Presidential term?

The agrarianism which became a flog in Pagan Rome two thousand years ago, is openly advocated by the Vice President of the United States, in opposition to the provision, "nor shall any person be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law." The courts of justice are stigmatized as "refuges of treason." The country is declared to be desolate of all binding civil obligation, and in "a state of insurrectional anarchy;" the "dark" days of revolution is proclaimed to be the only remedy against the intolerable heinousness of judicial justice, and finally the world is boldly notified, through the central organ of sedition, that if the election which is to be constitutionally held in November, 1868, should result in favor of civil rights, a rebellion is to be made against the Constitution—National Intelligence.