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# The Elk Advocate.

JOHN G. HALL, Editor.  
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## Select Story.

### A WOLF RACE.

Many years ago a party of emigrants were resting a few days at a small settlement in the southwestern part of the United States preparatory to crossing the broad plains which lay beyond, between them and their journey's end, tired with the travel already accomplished, and knowing that still greater privations and fatigues that, any they had passed, were likely to beset them beyond this point, they lingered here till one of the number a somewhat opinionated obstinate man named Walsh, refusing to wait longer, started alone with his family, which consisted of his wife and four children, ranging from a year to eight years old.

Mrs. Walsh, more timid if not more prudent than her husband, remonstrated against proceeding thus, but in vain, and they accordingly set out, leaving the remainder of the company to follow at their leisure, the intention being to remain several days still where they were. The first day passed pleasantly enough, the impatient travelers making such progress as caused Mr. Walsh to congratulate himself repeatedly on the advantage he had gained by not waiting for his tardy companions. His wife did not, however, reply to his rejoicing. She continued to feel nervous and timid at being by themselves in a country so new, and where the uniformity of objects presented on every side, rendered it so easy a matter to lose the way.

Her fears proved to be well founded before the close of the second day. Her husband, after repeatedly altering his course, confessed at her half frantic solicitation, that he was completely at fault concerning the route to be pursued.

Night came, but was cloudy, and morning found him in no way relieved of his perplexity. What to do he knew not, but it seemed as safe to push forward as to remain where they were, and they accordingly did so, but with far less hopeful feelings than at the beginning of the journey.

Toward evening of the third day, just as the despondent Walsh was dreading another night passed in the harrowing uncertainty of the previous one, his eldest child, a bright pretty little girl, called out:

"Oh, papa I see a dog!"

Her father turned eagerly to look, the relieving thought instantly presenting itself that by some fortunate chance the party of emigrants that he had separated himself from were approaching.

It was not so however—no wagons or anything that looked like them were to be seen, but away to the right of the animal which the child had called a dog, were several dark, creeping figures, the sight of which made the man's cheeks pale.

"What a curious looking dog!" exclaimed Mrs. Walsh; and then catching a glimpse of her husband's face she dropped her tones to a breathless horrified whisper, straining the baby in her arms close to her bosom.

Walsh, without speaking began to urge his horses to swifter pace, and the children stared at they knew not what, huddled round their mother and laid their faces in her dress.

"Is there danger?" questioned Mrs. Walsh.

"I have heard that such creatures seldom attack any but people on foot, and there are only a few of these."

Her husband did not tell her that from his more exposed seat he could see the brutes gathering in numbers that appalled his very heart's core; but he said in a low warning voice, glancing at the frightened little ones.

"Don't let a cry escape one of the children. Put your hand upon the baby's mouth if she cries, and stifle the sounds of your shawl. You might as well throw them out of the wagon as to let these brutes hear them cry."

Neither husband or wife had uttered the word wolf. Both seemed to shrink from it as though to speak it would bring danger nearer.

It was not yet dark, and their blood, thirsty enemies approached so slowly, seemingly doubtful of pursuit, that Mr. Walsh began to hope that he might be able to distance them before night closed in. He urged his horses, therefore to their utmost speed, and they, weary with the past day's travel, stretched every sinew in the race, conscious, poor beasts, what they flew from.

Their driver looked every moment behind him, and every moment hope grew stronger as he beheld the distance increase between him and the savage foes, when suddenly, a jolt of the wagon in its hasty course, Mrs. Walsh, whose face was turned anxiously toward the opening in the back part of the covered wagon, fell forward on the babe she was holding and the other children clinging to her in their fright, and somewhat hurt, too, a chorus of screams burst from each little throat. It was impossible to hush them at once though the frantic mother strove wildly to do so.

## THE FENIANS.

### Reported Rising in Ireland--The Green Flag Floating--Collision between the Opposite Forces--Losses on both Sides.

LONDON, March 7.—Evening.—Despatches received during the day from Dublin and Cork give the following particulars of the last outbreak in Ireland:

A fight took place on Tuesday night at Talaha, about eight miles south of Dublin, between the armed police and a large body of Fenians. One of the latter was killed and five were wounded.

The police captured eighty prisoners and six loads of ammunition, and up to dark to-day over two hundred prisoners have been brought into Dublin.

The main body of the Fenians engaged in the fight retreated to the hills north of Dublin, with Lord Strathovon, the commander of the British forces in Ireland, in pursuit.

The police station at Kilmallock, nineteen miles south of Limerick, in the county of Munster, was attacked by two hundred Fenians, who were repulsed, leaving three of their number dead on the field and losing fourteen prisoners.

The barracks of the police at Dromore, county Down, in the North, had been fired by an incendiary, and totally destroyed.

Reports from Dublin state that the various bands of Fenians appeared to be well supplied with rations, and they seem to have risen suddenly in all parts of Ireland.

They attacked the coast-guard station at Killelah, in county Clare, and took away their arms. Assaults have been made upon the stations at Caryfort, in Wicklow county, and upon that at Holy Cross, and supplied themselves with arms at all these places.

The excitement of Tipperary is intense. General Gleeson is reported to be there.

LONDON, March 8.—Evening.—Despatches from Dublin, Cork, and other parts of Ireland, received during the morning and afternoon, give the following intelligence:

A body of Fenians, fifteen hundred strong, are reported to be threatening the town of Tipperary. The troops had a battle with a band of insurgents near Kilsheane, in county Limerick, and defeated them, killing one man, wounding several, and taking fifty prisoners. Among the latter was a Fenian chief, General Lane. A force of the rebels, some three hundred strong, was also beaten by the soldiers at Clonmel. Several of the former were killed, and eighteen prisoners were taken, and a quantity of arms captured.

The Fenians strip private houses of all guns and other weapons. Armed bands of men are moving through the counties Clare, Tipperary, and Limerick, and have frequent conflicts with the police and constabulary. A Dr. Cleary is reported to have been killed at Kilmallock. Incendiary fires are frequent in the city and county of Limerick.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, March 10.—The bands of Fenians previously reported to have taken possession of the barracks at Killeah, in county Kildare, has been dispersed by the troops. The insurgents made an attack on the barracks at Mount Mellick, at the foot of the Slieve Bog Mountains, and were repulsed. Two of the attacking party were shot. The rebels are said to have assembled to the number of 3,000 in the neighborhood of Aberle. Troops have been sent out to disperse them. The existence of a Fenian council, which has been secretly in session in this city, has been discovered, and its members have been arrested by the police. General Burke, one of the Fenian leaders in the South, has been captured at Tipperary.

LONDON, March 11.—All accounts from the scene of disturbances in Ireland, represent that matters have become quiet and order reigns once more. There have been no fresh conflicts between the armed police and Fenian bands, who are fleeing to the mountains and hiding from the pursuit of the military.

DUBLIN, March 12.—Evening.—Arrests of Fenians are being made in all parts of the country. Large quantities of arms have been seized by the police. A dispatch from Cork states that a detachment has been sent in pursuit of a large number of insurgents who were reported to have gathered in the vicinity of Mallow Junction, at an important railway centre in the county Cork.

APPEAL OF THE IRISH PATRIOTS TO THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

The provisional government of Ireland has issued the following proclamation to the Irish people:

After seven centuries of outrage and misery unequalled in the history of humanity; after having seen our laws, our rights, our liberty trodden under foot by

## A WAR ANECDOTE.

While in winter quarters at Centerville, it came to pass that one of the rebel drummers (who was, on account of his conduct, not a particular favorite of the Colonel of the Sixth Louisiana regiment) beat the wrong call. The Colonel rushed out of his tent, and meeting what he supposed to be the rascally drummer, at once went to work to punish him; and having done so, he returned to his tent, where he found his orderly, Fred, a German youth, of quite genteel manners, sitting before the fire with a broad smile upon his countenance, evidently suppressing outright laughter. "What is the matter with you, my boy?" quickly inquired the Colonel, who was still excited from his corporal exercise. After some hesitation, and repeated questions of the Colonel, he said: "That was not the drummer you whipped; it was Sergeant —, of Company F, who looks so much like him." The Colonel now became enraged at Fred, for not apprising him of his mistake, in time, and came near chastising the Teutonic youth; but his good nature and heart now resumed their sway, and forth he sallied from his tent in search of the injured individual to make reparation. On turning the second avenue, he met the object of his search, grasped him by the hand, apologized in the most sincere manner, and the weather being cold invited him to his tent, and treated him to apple toddy. The appeased individual departed, and Fred was again seen smiling and sneaking at the fire. This time the Colonel waxed warm, and demanded peremptorily to be informed of the cause of his unbecoming behavior and suspicious merriment; when Fred, bursting out, said: "You treated the drummer to apple toddy; he looks so much like the sergeant of Company F, whom you whipped awhile ago." The sequel may be imagined. Fred got something, but it was not apple toddy.

A SNAKE IN A STOVE.—We learn that a gentleman residing in our town some weeks ago purchased a lot of old condemned sleepers from the Railroad Company for the purpose of using them as firewood. They were accordingly conveyed to his residence and sawed in suitable lengths for the stove and were used as fuel, and as such gave great satisfaction, until one evening the good wife placed one of the pieces in the stove, when a very strange and remarkable occurrence happened. Shortly after placing the wood in the stove her attention was attracted by a singular noise in the room, not unlike the crying of a child or the moaning of a person in distress, and upon searching for the cause it ascertained that the noise proceeded from the stove, and becoming somewhat alarmed called in her husband and acquainted him of the matter. The gentleman at once advanced to the stove and upon opening the door a strange and fearful sight met his astonished gaze—right in the very midst of the blazing flames was a large black snake writhing in agony, and uttering the piteous noise which had attracted the attention of the lady. The snake slowly crawled out of the stove and dropped on the floor, a veritable "fiery serpent," and in a few seconds expired. The snake had doubtless entered a hollow cavity in the sleeper in the Fall and relapsing into a torpid state, was only aroused when encompassed by the flames.—*Hanover Spectator.*

A MILLIONAIRE MINER.—The most famous mine in Montana is owned by a young man named Whitlatch, who, several years ago, was quite fortunate in the possession of a silver mine in Nevada. He was then considered quite "lucky," and doubtless is thought to be more so now. But what, by some, is called "luck," is generally the result of experience judgment and good management. Some men when they possess a good mine do not know it; others, fully appreciating the value of their mining property, cannot work it to advantage, either from lack of practical mining knowledge, or of common business tact, which teaches a wise economy. But Mr. (or "Jim," as he is popularly called), Whitlatch happens to possess these valuable qualities, and with them untiring energy. Hence, within the past seven years, he has raised himself from obscurity to a position of influence and distinction—worthy of a place alongside such men as Hayward, the Watt Brothers and other eminently successful miners of the Far West. Mr. Whitlatch is now in New York, en route for Paris. He says that he intends to take the Exposition a bar containing the first \$100,000 of gold turned out by his "Whitlatch Union" mine in Montana, which yielding an average of some \$8,000 per week. Doubtless his golden bar will make the Parisians stare somewhat.

—A seven year old boy is in prison for the sixth time in Boston for "arceing."

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## THE DAILY LIFE OF A CONGRESSMAN.

MAN.—The Washington correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press* has just published a humorous account of the arduous life of a congressman.

I think Willard's is a good plan to stop, because here you can perhaps better than elsewhere, witness the habits and daily routine of business of Congressmen, which is as follows:

Come down about eight in the morning, and visit the engineer, where they get their stomach fillers. (This is for dyspepsia—Congress is an awful place for dyspepsia.) Breakfast at nine, before this, each one takes more or less impeachment, which is disposed in the House at the low price of twenty cents a glass, plus. After breakfast a brief impeachment is taken by way of opening the day's business. The time until the hour arrives for them to assemble is devoted to abusing each other and unlimited damning the President.

After this they saunter over to the Capitol and spend the morning investigating the case of some friend in a whiskey distillery, involving the immense sum of about a hundred dollars, and talking impeachment. At noon, all assemble at Willard's and investigate more whiskey frauds; this time in smaller quantities—satisfy says a pint each. Dinner at four three to four, after which time most of the men are fatigued and retire, looking considerably impeached. Some don't make their appearance until the next morning, when they do, they look as though they were sorry they had. The prayer meeting comes in some time during the day, I haven't attended any yet, but shall for I am resolved to see all the curiosities.

—Sir Joshua Reynolds was very fond of good conversation at the dinner table. At a venison feast, where the company were more intent upon eating than talking, Reynolds tried to no purpose to engage his neighbor in conversation. The taciturn man at last broke silence, merely to say, "Sir Joshua, whenever you are at a venison feast, I advise you not to speak during dinner time, as in endeavoring to answer your question, I have just swallowed a fine piece of culture, without tasting its flavor."

—When Captain Grose, who was very fat, first went over to Ireland, he one evening strolled into the principal market of Dublin, where the butchers, as usual, set up their cry of "What d'ye buy? What d'ye buy?" Grose passed this for some time by saying that he did not want anything. At last, a butcher started from his stall, and eyeing Grose's figure, exclaimed, "Only say you buy your meet of me, sir, and you will make my fortune."

—When is a boat like a heap of silver? Ans.—When it is a drift.

—Why is an orange like a child of balls? Ans.—Because we have a peel from it.

—Why are schoolmaster and pupil like a dog and cat? Ans.—Because one is the canin' species, and the other the feelin'.

—A Congressional church near Boston, has recently voted to restrict the term of deacons to one year, so that each brother may have a chance to officiate.

—The Louisville Journal says: "Buyer buy goods of those who don't advertise. They sell so little that they have to sell dear."

—The simultaneous weddings of three brothers with three sisters is announced in Burlington, Iowa, and great preparations are being made for the event.

—The eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of St. Peter occurs on the 26th day of June, and at Rome preparations are making for its celebration.

—The Thomsville (Ga.) Enterprise says that less than one-half of the Southern people have changed homes since the war, and one-third of them have changed States.

—"Restoration" is taking a new shape. A fellow out in Illinois stole a sword from the home of the rebel General Van Don and wants to restore it to the General's widow—for the sum of \$500.

—One pint of molasses, one tea spoonful of saleratus, half a tea cup of ginger, butter size of an egg, and flour enough to make it roll very thin. Cut with a tin ring and bake quick. Recipe for ginger snaps.

—A manufacturer in New York city is filling an order for two thousand four hundred thimbles at eighteen cents per dozen, for the manager of a popular gift enterprise. "No blanks! Every thimble entitles the holder to a present."

—"S. P."—The Prussians are so unpopular at Frankfurt that when the burg here give a party, they send out cards with "S. P." in the corner. This meant for *Sons Prussians*—no Prussians will be present.

—Why are suicides the most successful people in the world? Because they always accomplish their own ends.