

THE ANDOVER ADVERTISER.

VOL. IV NO. 10.

ANDOVER, ALLEGANY CO., N. Y., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 166.

Andover Advertiser
PUBLISHED BY
H. S. BARRETT,
No. 101 Main St., Andover, N. Y.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
A limited number of advertisements will be inserted at the following low rates. From other sources, however, the advertiser is responsible for the amount of the advertisement. Advertisements for more than one insertion will be charged at a special rate.

Length	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth
1 inch	\$1.00	.75	.50	.30	.20
2 inch	1.50	1.00	.75	.50	.35
3 inch	2.00	1.50	1.00	.75	.50
4 inch	2.50	2.00	1.50	1.00	.75
5 inch	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50	1.00

Job Department.
Having just made some important additions to the material of this department, we are enabled to do all the work in the most complete and satisfactory manner. Orders from abroad promptly filled.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
Cards of five lines or less will be inserted in this column one year for \$5; each subsequent line free.

PHYSICIANS.
Dr. W. W. Randall, Dr. J. A. S. Slocum, Dr. J. A. S. Slocum, Dr. J. A. S. Slocum.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLORS.
Rufus Scott, Attorney & Counsellor, Office over the Bank, Andover, N. Y.

Real Estate Agent & Auctioneer.
E. H. HUGHES, 114 Main St., Hornellsville, N. Y.

Exchange Hotel, ANGELICA, N. Y.

American Hotel, ANDOVER, N. Y.

SWINK'S HOTEL, ANDOVER, N. Y.

Exchange Hotel, ANGELICA, N. Y.

American Hotel, ANDOVER, N. Y.

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ERIE RAILWAY.
NEW AND IMPROVED
Rooms and Sleeping Coaches, combining the best of both, and offering the most comfortable and convenient mode of travel.

STATION	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Franklin	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30
Franklin	1:30	2:00	2:30	3:00
Chester	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00
Franklin	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00
Franklin	5:00	5:30	6:00	6:30

Additional Local Trains Eastward.
5:00 A. M. except Sunday, from Franklin to Andover, N. Y.

Additional Local Trains Westward.
7:30 A. M. except Sunday, from Andover, N. Y. to Franklin.

Additional Local Trains Eastward.
10:00 A. M. except Sunday, from Franklin to Andover, N. Y.

Additional Local Trains Westward.
12:30 P. M. except Sunday, from Andover, N. Y. to Franklin.

Additional Local Trains Eastward.
3:00 P. M. except Sunday, from Franklin to Andover, N. Y.

Additional Local Trains Westward.
5:30 P. M. except Sunday, from Andover, N. Y. to Franklin.

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8:00 P. M. except Sunday, from Franklin to Andover, N. Y.

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10:30 P. M. except Sunday, from Andover, N. Y. to Franklin.

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1:00 A. M. except Sunday, from Franklin to Andover, N. Y.

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6:00 A. M. except Sunday, from Franklin to Andover, N. Y.

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11:00 A. M. except Sunday, from Franklin to Andover, N. Y.

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4:00 P. M. except Sunday, from Franklin to Andover, N. Y.

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9:00 P. M. except Sunday, from Franklin to Andover, N. Y.

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11:30 P. M. except Sunday, from Andover, N. Y. to Franklin.

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2:00 A. M. except Sunday, from Franklin to Andover, N. Y.

Additional Local Trains Westward.
4:30 A. M. except Sunday, from Andover, N. Y. to Franklin.

Additional Local Trains Eastward.
7:00 A. M. except Sunday, from Franklin to Andover, N. Y.

WELLSVILLE MARBLE WORKS,
WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

GRANITE, PEBBLE, AND ITALY MONUMENTS,
MARRIAGE TABLES, AND VARIOUS HEAD STONES.

Stonch Plates Cut to Order.

FURNITURE !!

ALL KINDS OF Upholstered, Veneered, Solid Walnut

PLAIN FURNITURE.

LOOKING GLASSES,

CTUR FRAME

Walnut, Mahogany,

PLAIN COFFINS.

UNDER TAKING

SEASONED PINE LUMBER

BUILDING MATERIALS

READY FOR USE.

Turning, Planing and Sfitting

CALL ANDYSEE, ME.

J. H. EL

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"HOME AGAIN"
BY A. DONNELLY.

Purgatory, The Pigot, British Occupation of the Island.

CHAPTER VI.

Passing over the beach and the creek which courses Easton's Pond with the ocean, we stand on a rock of land dividing two beaches. Easton's Pond, better known to the boys in my school by the name of "The Pond," I have good reason to remember. It was there that I learned to swim, and it was there that I learned to row.

The "Crik," as we called it, was another famous place of resort for the smaller fry of Newport boys. It was a prime place to bathe, where a boy had not acquired the art of swimming, and there I first learned to "take a stroke," to use the school-boy's language. There we used to catch herring and perch, by making a dam of seaweed across some shallow place in the creek, then we would go up stream and drive the fish down, very much as the fish-boys do in the Allegheny creeks. The fish-boys were caught in the bank of seaweed and we then caught them in our hands and threw them out upon the land. A dozen of us have often caught a basket or more of fish in this manner in half a day.

Passing over the neck, we reach the bluff, a bold line of grey rock, facing the shore. Near its northern extremity, and at its highest point, is a dark chasm, which had been clearly marked by the sea. I have heard it called the Lover's Leap, and there is a legend connected with the spot, to the effect that an Indian maiden demanded of her darsky swain that he should leap across the frightful abyss as a proof of his affection. He declined, making so dangerous and causeless a venture, the maiden declared that she would not become his bride if he did not thus prove his devotion. She leaped, and her body was seen for many days floating in the bay.

There is also a story that His Serene Majesty once had a "little" accident, with a spaw and flung her down the abyss. The footprints of the father of evil are plainly visible on the rock, and I remember, when a child, to have had the pretence of red shoes on the rocks pointed out to me as spots of blood. There is also a fable on the rock said to be the mark of the Devil's hatchet, who, according to the legend, betrayed the spaw before committing her to the yawning gulf.

Passing over the second beach, we reach Saclure Point, the extreme south-east of the Island. At this place a daring deed was performed in 1778. The British troops were then occupying the southern part of the Island and were desirous of cutting off all communication with the mainland. To effect this, the Pigot, a gally carrying ten eighteen-pounders, ten swivels, and fifty-five men, was anchored directly in the passage of the East River. In this commanding position, this vessel did great injury to the American forces by intercepting supplies, and Maj. Talbot conceived the daring plan of taking her. He procured a small sloop, called the Hawk, armed her with two ten-pounders, and manned her with a crew of seventy-five picked men. His little craft was fired upon from the fort at Bristol Ferry but received no injury. At Mount Hope Bay the Hawk was anchored and the Major landed and rode down to the point to examine the British vessel. On the 4th of November, 1778, the capture was made. Henry F. Tuckerman, in his Life of Talbot, thus describes the capture: "As the sloop dropped slowly down the river, they had a ledge under in the jib-boom, to tear and at the same time grapple at the rigging of the Pigot. They drifted by the lighted fort under bare poles, without being discovered, although they saw the signal each time he passed the barnack light. This was a most suspicious circumstance, for one shot would have given an alarm to the gally. All hands being ready for action, they again hoisted sail; but, fearing they should see a stry of their object in the darkness, they anchor once more, lowered a boat, and went in search of her with musket oars. They had proceeded but a few rods when her son-

form was seen rising in the gloom; they noted how she rode with the wind and tido, returned to the Hawk, and directed her course accordingly. Being soon perceived by the watch on the deck of the gally, they were gratefully hailed, but made no answer; when nearly alongside, a volley of musketry was discharged at them; but before the Pigot could fire one gun, the jib boom of the Hawk had torn its way through the rigging, and grappled the fire-irons, while their salute had been completely returned, and Lieut. Helm, followed by his detachment, mounted the deck, sword in hand. With shouts, the crew of the Hawk drove every man into the hold of the gally, except the commander, who fought desperately in his own defence, and was at length taken and dragged, until convinced that resistance was useless. When informed, however, that he was vanquished by a little sloop, he wept over his line-inhale dagger, and Major Talbot in vain offered him the consolation of his sword. This brilliant exploit was effected without loss on either side."

Through all the gloomy scenes and sanguinary conflicts of the Revolution, Rhode Island was conspicuous in the struggle for national independence. The first act of popular resistance in the great drama which separated the Colonies from the mother country, and that finally resulted in making them what they stand, all democratic, Thomas Jefferson, and his illustrious associates declared they were, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, though chained by and awarded to others, was really made at Newport, in the destruction of the British sloop-of-war, Liberty.

This vessel had been fitted out by the King's officers at Boston to enforce the unjust and exorbitant revenue which had been imposed upon the people of the American Colonies.

Two vessels, a sloop and a brig, belonging to Connecticut, were taken on suspicion of violating the revenue laws and brought into Newport. A few days later, a cowardly and unprovoked attack was made upon the life of Captain Packard, commanding the brig, by the officer in charge of the Liberty, who was a man of a high rank and put that large number of her crew on board the Liberty and cut her cables. She drifted over to a wharf on the Point, where she grounded. The exasperated populace soon boarded her, cut away her masts, threw her arms and ammunition overboard, cut her and left her to the mercy of the winds and waves.

Her boats were dragged by the infuriated and infuriated multitude upon Long Wharf, whence up the Parade to the Common at the head of Broad St., where they were burned.

The Newport Mercury of July 31st, 1769, says:

"Last Saturday, the sloop Liberty was fired by a high tide, and drifted over the rocks, and in the morning near the North end, near the place where the pirates were buried. What this prognosticated, we leave to the determination of astrologers."

The same paper, under date of August 7th, contains this item:

"Last Monday evening, just after the storm of rain, hail and lightning, the sloop Liberty, which was on her last voyage, having drifted to Goat Island, near where the pirates were buried, was discovered by a fire on the island, and continued burning for several days, until almost entirely consumed."

This was, beyond question, the first blow struck in the Revolution. The Gaspee was destroyed three years later, and the people of Massachusetts were their famous dash of tea for the 16th, in Boston harbor in 1773.

When the fleet arrived, there were two new frigates, the Providence and the Warren, and eight or ten privateers, all Rhode Island vessels, in the harbor. They all got under way and ran up the river. During the winter however, they all took advantage of the N. E. wind, and their escape and put to sea, notwithstanding the vigilance with which every passage was guarded.

The British army landed in December, 1776, and immediately commenced plundering the inhabitants. They, sheep, poultry, &c., found their way to the mess tables and manglers of His

that pressed heavily on me. "But, there wasn't any particular pain, and for a long time I couldn't think of it. How long I stayed there, I can't tell. I suppose it wasn't long, but I felt somebody pull my arm and I heard Jim Robinson say: "O, Lord! Poor fellow!"

I knew he was there, and I could feel him touch my eyes. He thought I was dead. Then I wondered if all dead folks could hear and think things as I did. I tried to move my hands. I tried to breathe. I tried to scream. But I couldn't do anything. The King's boat, and the next I remember, I was pulled out from under the "tribe" and hauled to the shanty on one of the ships. Yet my heart was in the boat, stable excitement among the boys when I was taken into camp. I could feel that I was dead. My heart didn't beat. I couldn't move. But I could hear, and had a kind of misty notion about everything that was going on about me.

Some of the boys after feeling of my forehead wanted to send for the doctor. "It's no use, boys," said the doctor, "the poor fellow's gone. His neck was broke. The worst we can do for him is to take him to his folk."

Well, they laid me out on one of the sleds, and after fixing me up as dead as a door nail, they carried me in a sledge to a way as a corpse could be in a sledge, and put me in a sledge, and started with one of the teamsters for my folks.

I first didn't realize just how bad the situation was. When it began to look into my head that I was really dead, and was going to be buried in the ground, and that I was forever from the light of the sun, it frightened me. The big side to O'Leary's passed by those things that happen in a dream. We got there, and I was taken to my father's house. He felt terribly bad when I was brought home. I had no idea that he thought so much of me as he did. I could hear him cry and talk, and still I hadn't the power to move a muscle. I was put in a coffin, and it finally came out that I was to be taken to Watertown to be buried. My old mother lived there, you know, O'Leary. I hope none of you will ever be able to feel the horrors that I felt when I knew that I was boxed up in a coffin, and would soon be buried. Seven years have gone by since then, but I never think of it without a shudder.

I could feel them putting on the lid of the coffin, and then I was fastened to it. The coffin, and then I was fastened to it. The coffin, and then I was fastened to it. The coffin, and then I was fastened to it.

From that time until the cover of the coffin was raised again I haven't any recollection of what happened. Only that I was continually in motion. Though I couldn't open my eyes, I remember that it was dark and I was going somewhere. All of a sudden I felt that some one was turning the screws of the coffin-lid, and after a while the cover was taken off.

My poor mother screamed as though her heart was broke. I couldn't stir, and yet I could feel the warm drops from her eyes upon my face.

I would rather die a thousand times over than to go through the terrible suffering of that affair again. There I was dead and going to be buried, and yet I was alive, and I knew what was going on. Boys, you may talk, but there is nobody in this world but thinks as much of you as your mother. You can imagine my feelings, you see, you can't have the least notion of how I felt when she was taking so over me.

After a while I could feel that my mother stopped crying. Then I thought she might have fainted. I never was much in the praying line, but if any one made a strong effort to call on God for assistance, I did then. I could feel my mother's soft hand on my head.

"George," said she to my brother, "this forehead don't feel very well. How strange it is!"

Then George's hand was put on my forehead, and could feel his place his hand on my head.

They seemed to think that I might not be dead.

Pretty soon a neighbor came in, and there was a good deal of talking that I couldn't understand. Then I was lifted out of the coffin and placed on a bed. I was rubbed all over with a coarse towel.

Still I couldn't stir or open my eyes. They gave up all hopes as I lay there. Then my mother came to give me that look. I could feel her near me, but as she tried to be when I was a boy, and her hand touched my forehead in the old way that seemed to me no back to the time when I was a boy, I was all right.

I tried with all the force I was capable of to make one strong effort, but I couldn't do it. I was all right, but I couldn't do it.

My mother fainted, but help came, and after taking some medicine, and doctor's stuff, I was able to breathe freely and breathe again. In a

few days I was able to get up, and I was all right. I was all right. I was all right.

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