

Lancaster Intelligencer.
MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8, 1881.

Judge Black's Vindication.

The contributions to the early history of the war made by an interview with Judge Black in the Philadelphia Press, are of undoubtedly great value in shedding light upon a little understood and much misrepresented period of our national history. It cannot be complained that the disclosures made unduly vindicate Judge Black, since manifestly no one but himself could give the facts and documentary evidence which he produces and which he has patiently kept back, although knowing that he could at any time by their publication stem a torrent of abuse to which he has been subjected by those whose interest lay in misrepresenting him. His letter to General Scott and his memorandum to the president as his legal adviser, both of which are included in this interview, and which will reappear at our earliest convenience, show conclusively that who ever lost his head or whoever quailed with fear of consequences at that critical time, it was not Judge Black. That he was the patriotic cabinet officer, the clear headed lawyer and loyal citizen there can be no doubt. There really never was on the part of those who knew him or even of those who examined into the facts of that period and did not yield their judgment and fairness to prejudice and partisan misrepresentation. The position assigned to Judge Black, as the constitutional adviser of the president at that time, has been that he counseled against the power of the general government to coerce a state from rebellion, and that in substance he proclaimed the right of secession. Had he even done this he would have done no more than concede what the abolitionists had taught for over half a century from the Hartford convention down, and had he even encouraged the overt acts of rebellion, he would only have been in accord with that sentiment which has since been canonized by the Republicans, that our only legal bond of union was a "league with death and a covenant with hell"; but the fact is, as is now disclosed in clear light, that Judge Black steadfastly held them to this sound Democratic faith:

"The Union is necessarily perpetual. No state can lawfully withdraw or be expelled from it. The federal constitution is as much a part of the constitution of every state as if it had been textually inserted therein. The federal government is sovereign within its own sphere, and acts directly upon the individual citizens of every state. Within its limits its coercive power is ample to defend itself, its laws, and its property. It can suppress insurrection, fight battles, conquer armies, disperse hostile combinations, and punish any or all of its enemies. It can meet, repel and subdue all those who rise against it. But it cannot obliterate a single commonwealth from the map of the Union or declare indiscriminate war against all the inhabitants of a section, confounding the innocent with the guilty."

This declaration, made at a time when one element of the Republican party was ready for a forcible separation of the states and another was trying to reconcile the country to a peaceful dissolution of the Union, contains a concession of all the federal powers that existed under the constitution and all that were necessary to wage war for its preservation, without having that regard for the rights of the states, which is just as necessary to a proper view of the Union as the other. Taken with his letter to Gen. Scott, which was so ungraciously received by the man who eight years before had been the Whig candidate for president, and his memorandum on the answer to the South Carolina commissioners—which we will find occasion to review hereafter—Judge Black's position at that timeset forth unmistakably, and shines conspicuous for sagacity and aggressive patriotism by the side of those of whom Greeley spoke as the "very many Republicans and those by no means without consideration or influence—who would have cheerfully consented to a peaceful withdrawal from the Union of the cotton states, with such others as might have chosen to accompany them, had these accorded time for decently effecting and assenting to such a separation."

The Late General Patterson.

Gen. Robert Patterson's death removes from the Philadelphia community one of its oldest, most popular and distinguished members. He had so long passed the allotted tenure of human life that the deprivation of his fellow-citizens in his taking off comes without any suddenness. His experience ran back to the early days of the republic, and his personal acquaintance with nearly every presidential administration. Loyal soldier as he was, three wars commanded the best services he could render; and public spirited citizen of whose liberal to civil life found him in the foremost rank of those who direct and develop our great manufacturing interests. Liberal in his feelings and genial in his social relations, few festive occasions were found without a place at table for him and a toast on the programme to call forth his wit and eloquence. Born on a foreign soil he brought with him the energy and the ardor of his race, and was never forgetful of the land of his birth, nor stinted in his sympathy with her sorrows and her glory. None the less he was an enthusiastic American, proud of his adopted country's past, influential and interested in her present, and hopeful for her future. Without political aspirations for himself he was an aggressive defender of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democracy, and no more biting answer was given super-loyal political patriots than when he told a mob who called to make this old soldier hang out his flag, to go to the front and fight for the cause in which they were so earnest in times and places of safety.

The Republican county committee which exempted Judge Livingston from assessment should pay back, out of the cash campaign fund raised in this off year, the assessment made upon Judge Patterson when he ran.

THE WAVE OF BLOOD

Various Calamities in Every Section. How THEY MET DEATH.

Herman Bohlander, a well-to-do coal dealer of New York, hanged himself. Louis Oterson, a despondent lager beer saloon keeper, took some India rubber tubing, connected it with the gas pipe, introduced the other end into a refrigerator, locked himself into the icebox, turned on the gas, and was found dead, sitting on a tinned beer keg.

In Bridgeton, N. J., the thirteen year old son of Mrs. Louisa Duffy, a visitor there, was falling with a gun, "not loaded," and shot and killed George Poole's ten year old son at Port Washington fell overboard the boat on a mill pond, in a fit, and drowned; David Landa, aged 8, fell from a barge at Williamsburgh and drowned; while George Shaw of Bay Shore, was sailing, the strap holding the mast head broke and he tumbled into the water.

Some Neighboring Exchanges. Mrs. Simpson shot and killed William Plyburn in Corvallis, Ohio, on Friday, for refusing to deny that certain affectionate letters in his possession were written by her.

John Otis, a painter, 30 years old, was found dead in James Smith's barnyard, in East Longmeadow, Mass. Turpin Jencks, a brother of Mrs. Smith, and 70 years old, has been arrested. Circumstantial evidence is strong against him.

George B. Brown, Washington county, Oregon, a few days ago, in a fit of rage, shot his daughter, inflicting a painful though not dangerous wound. He then fled to the woods and committed suicide.

While Bob Osborne and his son Tom, who shot and killed George Poole, was in his son Willis, in Weavly county, Tennessee, on July 11, were going home from McKenzie, Carroll county, they were ambushed and shot dead, being riddled with bullets.

George Harrington, aged 67 years, had died at Steepbank, New York, from injuries inflicted by Michael Ward, a neighbor. Ward's cattle broke into Harrington's corn field on Thursday, and caused an alteration, in which Ward jumped on and kicked Harrington, breaking his ribs and causing other injuries. Ward surrendered himself to the authorities, and is now in the Troy jail. He pleads self-defense.

Crow Dog, captain of the police at the Rosebud agency, shot and instantly killed Spotted Tail. There had been a feeling between them since the war. Crow Dog went to Niobrara to await further developments. Trouble is apprehended.

Gasatities by Storm. In a heavy storm in Rochester, hailstones of the average size of marbles fell, damaging skylights. Eight quarts of stones were gathered from a canvas six feet square. Some were picked up measuring from 3 to 4 inches in circumference.

A terrific storm of wind, rain, thunder and lightning passed over Western New York yesterday, doing much damage to property and prostrating telegraph lines on several places. Buildings were struck by lightning and burned.

On Thursday afternoon a group of twenty men, all white road hands, were standing close to the house of J. H. Clyburn, near Hartsville, S. C., when a single stroke of lightning killed four and wounded ten of the number. Five of the wounded are desperately hurt and may die. There was no storm at the time, though a heavy rain fell shortly afterwards.

At Ashley, Luzerne county, in the middle of Saturday afternoon there were few clouds in the sky and no signs of a storm, except far off to the west, where a few "thunder heads" were visible. No rain was falling and the atmosphere was close and extremely hot. Cora Deardon, four years old, was standing near a window on the south side of her residence, drinking out of a glass when suddenly a bolt of lightning struck about ten inches from the sill and the child stood about a foot from it. Suddenly a loud report was heard and the little girl was sent flying across the room.

Her mother, who was in another department, ran to her aid and raised her from the floor. The long, flowing hair of the child was in flames, which her mother soon extinguished by wrapping her apron about the head of the sufferer. A physician was subsequently called and it was found that her neck was encircled with a huge blister, her face burned in several places and the child's system was terrific, but it is thought that no fatal results will follow.

An Atrocious Crime. Mrs. Fisher, a widow, and her two children have been residing near Queenstown, in the county outside of Washington, D. C., with her sister and family. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Fisher (whose name having married brothers) conducts a truck farm and dairy at the place, and has employed several negro farm hands. During the absence Saturday afternoon of Mr. Fisher and the two Mrs. Fishers, the children, aged two and ten years, were left in the house, the parents coming to the city to attend to their usual market business. The parents and relations returned to the house to find that the children, a boy and girl, had been taken to such an extent, that the head of the boy had been cut off, and that the girl, who was the elder, was mangled so badly as to be almost beyond recognition. By the side of the children lay an axe covered with blood and hair showing conclusively that it was the weapon used to commit the crime. The neighbors are in search of a missing negro employee who is suspected.

A New Haven Mystery. The body of a beautiful young woman, tastefully dressed, has been found at West Haven Beach, a much-travelled summer resort, four miles from New Haven, Conn. The body was lying face downward in the sand. One of the fingers of her right hand was clenched against her throat, and the dead woman bore this mark—"J. C." By this means the body was identified as that of Miss Jennie Cramer, eldest daughter of a respected man, a cigar dealer of the city. The dead girl had been intimate with Mr. James Malley, Jr., a young drygoods clerk and son of a wealthy merchant, of New Haven. At young Malley's request she had visited and entertained Miss Blanche Douglass, of Spring Street, New York, a young lady friend of Mr. Walter Malley, who had arrived at one of the hotels in New Haven. She did not return home until the next day, on which day Miss Douglass paid a visit to the Cramers, and to shield Miss Cramer from reprisals for her absence, said that they had been out together at the shore and returned quite late, and passed the night at the hotel. On Thursday Miss Cramer left home again and her father sought her at the hotel only to learn from Miss Douglass that she had gone to New York to visit a brother there. With many misgivings the father returned home. On Friday he received a note from James Malley, Jr., that his daughter was in New York at her brother's.

Both of the Malleys deny with great feeling having seen the girl or been at the beach on the night of her death. Miss Douglass denies all knowledge of the girl since their meeting at the Cramer home on Thursday.

Mr. Cramer, in his testimony, referred to letters received by his daughter as to the Malleys, Miss Douglass, and herself written for calls and rides and interviews. One was written by James Malley for Miss Cramer to convey to Coney Island, her consent to be exposed by meeting him at 10 1/2 p. m. at the corner

GEN. ROBERT PATTERSON.

Death of an Old and True Soldier. General Robert Patterson, who has been suffering for two weeks from Bright's disease of the kidneys and fatty degeneration of the heart, died at 9:30 last evening, at his residence in Philadelphia, aged 89. He was born in county Tyrone, Ireland, on the twelfth of January, 1792. While a mere youth, he came to the United States, and was placed in care of a merchant, and after a good education had a military experience by service in the war of 1811, which he left with the rank of captain. Returning to commercial life at the close of the war, he became in time, largely interested in manufacturing business, which he carried on successfully for many years, and at the time of his death was owner of three cotton mills, in which over 4,000 operatives are employed. He took great interest in militia organizations in his city and state, and became the major general of the First division in 1834, which rank he held for forty years. In the violent political disturbances which took place in December, 1835, General Patterson, in obedience to the proclamation of the governor, repaired to Harrisburg, and was there, and by his prompt, energetic and soldierly deportment allayed the unhappy excitement which then prevailed at the capital, and which, but for his forbearance and good conduct, might have produced the most disastrous consequences. In 1844 he represented important military services in suppressing the disgraced riot of that date. He took a high position in the Mexican war and at the outbreak of the late war was at once commissioned by Gov. Curtin as major general, and assigned to the command of the Pennsylvania reserve militia volunteers; ordered by the Federal government to the command of the states of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, and District of Columbia; assumed command of the troops at Chambersburg, Pa., and moved into the Federal service at Washington, and held his forces at Winchester during the battle of Bull Run. In early life he was a decided Democrat, and took an active part in politics, especially in support of his dear old friend General Jackson, and was a member of the Federal office. "When I left my father's house," he said one day, "about seventy years ago, I determined not to take an office of profit, but to rely on my own energy and industry to support myself and my family. I ever felt, and I have adhered to this purpose, and have never allowed either of my sons to take an office of profit. I have voted at every presidential election since the war of 1812, with an intimate and friendly terms with Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Lincoln, and Grant; but I have declined with nearly all of them at the White House, and most of them have dined at my house. I had the honor of intimate and friendly relations with Henry Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Hugh L. White, Tazewell, Grandall, Dallas, Binckley, Lincoln, and Sherman. I was also intimate with Sivas Wright, Marcy, Bayard, Johnson and most of the intellectual giants of the Senate and House of Representatives in bygone days."

When the civil war broke out, some of the local politicians urged him to take the office of major general, but he was a Democrat, and they committed the folly of sending a crowd to his house to force him to put out the flag. A number of gentlemen heard of the proceeding, and rallied to the general's house, and placed themselves in his defense. The multi-tude of men, and the honorable citizen, rushed to the front of his residence and boldly faced them. He told them he had heard of their visit, and that he was ready for them. "I have fought for my country and for the old flag in two great wars, and I shall do so, as long as the present rebellion. But I do not apologize to you. You will be sorry for this wrong to one of my years; but, before I go, I want to give you a little advice. Go to the front your eyes, and when you have shown the right kind of man, you can come and see me, and I will do all I can to help you. Teach them to me." Needless to say that the party retired a good deal crestfallen.

General Patterson's public employments have been chiefly confined to the military service of the country. He has, however, occupied civil positions of prominence. He was the first president of the Philadelphia & Wilmington railroad company. When the state of Pennsylvania resolved to commence a system of internal improvements, and authorized the appointment of a board of canal commissioners, he was appointed a member. General Patterson was appointed major general in 1827 on the part of the board. After serving about two years he resigned. He was presidential elector, and presided over the electoral college in 1837. He was for many years president of the board of inspectors of the extending judiciary, and as early as 1817 elected by the Legislature as a director of the Philadelphia bank, continued until the war with Mexico, when this appointment, and others of a civil character, which he held, were vacated by his absence from the country. He was major general in the army of the United States. For many years he has been president of the Hibernian society.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE COUNTY TOWNS.

The News Up the River.

Looks, the mermaid man, caught on last Friday night, 95 catfish and 16 eels.

The wind is doing her blowing over the cats stubble; the dog-chewed bicycle rider did his in Squire Roath's office on Friday afternoon.

A deaf and dumb man made things lively at the St. John house Saturday night. Dave Garrison, knocked him down, the only thing that would quiet him.

Col. James Duffy, who has been confined to the house by sickness for about ten days, is, we are happy to state, about again.

Prof. Brecht and wife, who have been visiting our town for the past two weeks, left to day to spend the remaining four weeks of their vacation with friends at Lititz, and with Dr. S. Brecht, near Mantua.

A heavy thunder storm passed over Marietta Sunday afternoon. The rain fell in torrents. It was followed by a sweet and balmy air, humming birds shook the flowers with their buzzing wings, and every breeze that murmured by left behind it odors sweeter than music or the song of birds.

Rev. George Brown, a colored preacher from Marietta, went to Harrisburg to attend the Odd Fellows parade. He mounted a freight train and when he landed in Harrisburg an officer landed George in prison for a few days. He will remain there until the hot wave passes by.

Big Dan on the War Path.

"Big Dan," as he is familiarly known, a pudler in the Chickies rolling mill, is one of the most powerful men in this part of the county. He is about six feet and six inches high, weighs 240, and thirty years of age. On Saturday morning while walking up Front street, about five o'clock, he was attacked by a bunch of roughs and attacked him with black jacks, stones and razors. He defended himself until he reached Constable Ruby's door, where he demanded a police officer, who had hands of that officer. Ruby said to him that the crowd was large, yet he would do all in his power to save him. A son of the officer handed the old man a revolver. This had the effect of keeping the crowd at bay. Dan was badly cut on the head and head severely. The officer, the wounded man up to the office of Jacob Windolph. Dr. Reach and Mr. Windolph dressed his wounds. After he was fixed up he started off toward home. Just as he walked across the street at Central hall he met Capt. E. J. Reacher, the leader of the gang who had assaulted him. Eater is a powerful man, weighs about 200 pounds, and is about 25 years old. Eater saw him coming, but did not attempt to get away. Dan struck him a sledge-hammer blow over the eye hard enough to kill an ox. Eater fell on his back and was a mass of rags and cried most pitifully for mercy. Friends of Dan interfered and took him away. This pair of giants have had a grudge against each other for a long time.

OBITUARY.

Death of Mrs. S. T. Montgomery.

On Saturday morning, between 11 and 12 o'clock, Mrs. Salto T. Montgomery, died at the Millersville normal school. Mrs. Montgomery was the widow of Professor J. V. Montgomery, and a sister to Dr. J. P. Wickersham, ex-superintendent of public instruction.

The deceased was a native of Chester county, where many of her friends and relatives now reside. With the early history of the Millersville normal her name is inseparably associated. Before her marriage, and when the normal school system was in its infancy, struggling for a foothold in this state, she was one of the able band of normal instructors, who, under the able leadership of her brother, Dr. J. P. Wickersham, did so much to "break the road" and establish the system in our commonwealth.

Never physically very strong, about six years ago she suffered a severe attack of this kind of disease, consumption. For weeks her life hung on a thread, but supported by her indomitable will, the ministering hands of love at last nursed her back to some degree of health. Since that time, life to her has been a constant struggle with death. Nothing but the leadership power of her strong will—aided, no doubt, by her constant hope of seeing her son graduate from the institution beneath whose roof he has been—could have sustained her so long. During the past summer she was growing weaker and weaker and at the recent commencement she was carried into the chapel in a chair to hear her son, Mr. C. Eugene Montgomery deliver his graduate's oration.

Mrs. Montgomery was a kind, sensible and most estimable lady. Beloved by the poor and laboring people she so often befriended; revered by her countless friends among the "normal boys," who came to her as a mother for advice, counsel and comfort; respected and esteemed by all who knew her sterling qualities of mind and heart, her death has left a void that can never be filled. Many who sorrowfully read the notice of her death feel that a friend, staunch and true, is lost to them—that a noble woman has passed away. And as they remember how often her influence for good has restrained and guided them, they realize that the story of their life could not be told with her name left out.

After life's fulfilment, may she rest well.

Another Obituary.

The death of Mrs. J. V. Montgomery, formerly Miss Wickersham, calls for more than a passing notice. She was born in Chester county, near Kennett square, and was a descendant of the family of the same family are Dr. J. P. Wickersham, late superintendent of public instruction, Dr. Swaine Wickersham, of Chicago, and Col. M. D. Wickersham, of Mobile, Ala. Early in the history of the normal school, she became one of its teachers and was exceedingly efficient and popular as such. After her marriage, in 1858, she and Mr. Montgomery taught for two years in Maryland, but were compelled to leave on account of sickness ensuing by the climate. They then returned to Millersville, where she again taught until compelled to desist on account of failing health. For many years she was a victim of that dreaded disease consumption, and it was only by the force of her indomitable will that she was so long enabled to resist its ravages. Finally, on Saturday last, after a long and painful struggle, her strength gave way—the vital spark went out. She desired to live, on account of the love she bore her devoted husband and her only son; but it was an alleviation of the pain of departure that she had in mind, and she never regretted that she had done so.

That result, and the manner of its accomplishment, gave her the highest gratification—a result that was due, in no small degree, to her encouragement and assistance.

Though for many years Mrs. Montgomery was not actively engaged in the work of teaching, yet she was always, in one sense or another, hundreds of students were brought within her influence. By many sinned, indeed, she was regarded as a kind of mother, and they carried with them and will always retain an affectionate remembrance of her many acts of kindness. Few, indeed, even among teachers, are permitted to exert so wide an influence, and few have the power of attaching to themselves so many devoted friends. Her loss will be deeply felt at the normal, and by the friends and parishioners of the normal school, but the good she accomplished will live with her survivors.

"To live with friend—we leave behind is not to die."

A FRIEND.

DROWNED.

The Baptist Minister's Brother Steers His Death in the Conestoga.

Robert Morrison, aged 16 years, a brother of Rev. Wm. Morrison, pastor of the first Baptist church, this city, was drowned in the Conestoga canal between the Pennsylvania railroad bridge and Ranck's mill, on Saturday afternoon between 5 and 6 o'clock. The young man, company with W. P. King and Linton Witmer, went to the creek to bathe, and had just reached the water when Morrison, who was some distance from his companions, was noticed to be struggling and soon sank. It appears that he could not swim, and had ventured beyond his depths. Neither of his companions were strong swimmers, and were unable to save him. They at once gave the alarm, however, and Isaac and Jacob Ranck, of Ranck's mill, hastened to the scene, and in less than an hour found the body at the bottom of the stream, near the place where young Morrison went down. Efforts were made to resurrect the young man, but in vain, and the body was placed in a well cured lot of tobacco for the liner.

Messrs. Hess & Diller have commenced work on their store building; to tear down the old and remodel it. They are doing business men, general and oblique, attempting their own success.

J. D. Warfel sold for D. Atholus at the Styger horse, New Holland, August 5, 14 head of Canada horses at an average of \$223.08 per head, and 15 head of Indiana horses for Isaac Murr at the Farmers' and Drivers' hotel, Intercounty, at an average of \$190.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Thrown from a Sulky and His Neck Broken.

John Sharp, of Brummersville, while riding in a sulky near Lexington on Saturday, was thrown from the vehicle and killed. It appears that the horse fell and Mr. Sharp was thrown violently forward, and alighted upon his head, broke his neck, and probably was instantly killed, though his dead body was not discovered until some time afterwards.

Deputy Coroner Lenhart was notified and held an inquest, the jury returning a verdict in accordance with the facts. Mr. Sharp was aged about 35 years, a farmer, and unmarried.

Cost Killed.

George Galbreath, of Colerain, a son of Jno. Galbreath, was the owner of a fine two-year-old colt. A day or two ago it got out of the field in which it was grazing, and, running up the road about a quarter of a mile, entered the barnyard of Squire Galbreath. In the barnyard was a sleigh, and in the sleigh was a crane, used for cutting grain. By some means the colt became entangled in the crane and in his struggles had one of his feet caught in a wire at the pasture, and his hind legs also badly mangled by the kee edge of the blade. The colt, which was quite a valuable one, was killed to end its sufferings.

Successful Operations.

Yesterday Dr. C. H. Brown assisted by Dr. J. W. Hess performed very successful operations at the county hospital. They amputated a foot of Emma Murry, a colored woman, who has been in the hospital for some time. She has been inured and it was found necessary to amputate yesterday. The physicians also removed a cataract from the eye of Susan Coyle.

Uncle Sam's Letters.

The following is the list of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice for the week ending August 5:

Ladies' List.—Mrs. Jacob Allen, Mrs. Emma Deane, Blanche Hording, Anna Henry, Mrs. Eliza Kemp, Mary Masard, Anna Reynolds, Nellie Straley, A. Remm, Mrs. Elizabeth Train.

Gent's List.—Edgar P. Barton, E. C. Boutelle, J. W. Duitenhof, H. E. C. Boutelle, Fred. Lavan, John Mathru, R. G. S. Moore, Osman Broth's, Henry Robinson, Ira Willis.