

Lancaster Intelligencer.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, 1884.

Concerning Capital Punishment.

The London Lancet joins those who are discredited with the results of capital punishment. Punishment for crime has as its chief aim its prevention; and the Lancet is struck by the fact that notwithstanding the steadiness with which the law has imposed death as a penalty for murder, murders not only will not cease, but, in fact, continue to increase in number. It has come to the conclusion that "the chance of being hanged to death never deterred an intending murderer, or a villainous person so excited as to be on the eve of becoming a murderer from the commission of a crime."

That is going somewhat farther than we would go, but not a great deal. It is, however, going farther than it is necessary to go in the argument against death, as a preventive of murder. We may concede that there are many persons who would commit murder if they did not fear being hanged for it; but we must concede also that there are many persons who do commit murder who would be more likely to be deterred from it by a punishment of physical pain than by the sudden release from all physical pains and ills that is offered them at the hangman's noose.

There are people of all degrees of sensibility to fear at the prospect of death. To some it appears a weak punishment, while to others it is the severest. Certainly we cannot contemplate the calm demeanor of the many hardened criminals who die on the gallows without a doubt of the efficacy of the punishment which they meet so nonchalantly.

The Lancet says that a life imprisonment, with a dozen strokes of the cat administered every month or quarter, would be far more horrible in contemplation to the deliberate murderer than death on the gallows; and we believe it to be right as to the class of men who are disposed to make of murder a trade. That class of men, while small comparatively, is the one which the law should be specially directed against. It is only the deliberate murderer who can be expected to be deterred from killing by the thought of its punishment; for he who kills in the heat of passion or the excitement of fear, or because of any uncontrolled emotion, is not in condition to be deterred by the contemplation of any consequence of his act. Of course, such killing is not strictly murder, whose essence is in its deliberation. But our courts have come to such an unnatural construction of what constitutes sufficient deliberation in murder, that it in fact generally happens that the men who are hung for murder were not really at the time of their crime in that condition of mind and body, which made their act one of calm deliberation. They are more or less under the influence or effect of stimulants or of disease.

To such, a periodical administration of the lash through their lives in prison, would be a punishment more cruel than death. Imprisonment is a sufficient atonement for their unruly passions. But for those who deliberately plot murder, we can have no compassion. What they should get is just what would tend best to their extinction, whether it be the lash, the rack or the noose.

An Official Outrage.

Peter Witwer, of New Haven, has been appointed tax collector of this township, at \$48.—Littiz Express.

He has been, has he? He was not the lowest bidder. The attention of the county commissioners was called to this fact long ago. The lowest two bids for the collection of the tax in Warwick were Jeremiah Achey, \$45; Peter Witwer, \$48. The township school directors of whom Witwer is one—and two of the Littiz board, nevertheless, petitioned the commissioners to award the tax collection to Witwer. They gave no reason for preferring the highest bidder. Their reason was that Achey was a Democrat and his competitor a Republican. In a similar case in Leacock township, Commissioner Summy and Myers awarded the collection to the highest bidder; they prostituted their offices in both cases to serve a spirit of narrow minded, miserable, partisan greed. Mr. Myers is a candidate for reelection. It should receive no consideration whatever. A man who is capable of doing what he has done in these two cases is capable of doing worse, and is not fit for public position.

A Stub and a Bohemian Lover.

"A. M. Sweet, Bohemian Lover," was the label on an empty bag on a telephone pole in Florence, Mass., Thursday night. Sweet is the son of a minister in Plainfield, is 25 years old, and has lived in Florence about two years. He became attached to a young woman employed in the silk mills about a year ago, and became engaged to her. The expected bride had prepared her wedding outfit, and the young man had engaged a tenement and furnished it. The first in his contract was the discovery that he had been simply disposing of a portion of his fortune. When the lady demanded an explanation he said that he had changed his mind. He was driven from the town by a great crowd.

A Temperance Fight in Wilkesbarre.

Ira N. Marcy, the editor of the Valley Centinel, of Pittston, and the leader of a temperance organization, petitioned the Luzerne county court Friday to allow him to inspect petitions for saloon licenses and for a peremptory order on the clerk of the court to allow it. Judge Woodward issued the order as desired, holding that the records of the quarter sessions are public records, open to the inspection of citizens at all proper times. The clerk now proposes to charge fifteen cents for search in each case, which will be paid under protest and the clerk prosecuted for receiving illegal fees as the fee bill will not warrant such a charge. Judge Woodward's opinion is held as sound and sound by all but the intemperate.

The Dress of the Year.

Ethelred London is paying a pilgrimage to the bridal dress of the future Mrs. Oscar Wilde. The shrine where the nuptial garment is exhibited in the show room of a fashionable French dressmaker in Regent street. The dress is saffron colored, and has in it eight seconds and the fourth in six seconds and has nothing left of the thirty eggs but the shells. Pearsalls said a cigar and said he would go to inconvenience, and that he would eat sixty more eggs to-day just for good measure. He has \$15 to \$10 that he will eat forty at a sitting to-morrow.

AN OCEAN HORROR.

OVER ONE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

The steamer Daniel Steinmann, which was bound for Halifax, was wrecked on the coast of Brazil—July 1883. Known to be saved.

The ever dangerous Nova Scotia coast has been the scene of another disaster—the most severe one since the great loss of life which attended the wreck of the steamer Daniel Steinmann. While the details are not yet at hand, there is no question that another long list of victims must be added to the necrology of the year. As to when, precisely, or how the catastrophe occurred it cannot be ascertained.

The steamer was the Daniel Steinmann, of the White Cross line, from Antwerp to Halifax and Boston. She struck at 10 o'clock Thursday night on Sambro, South West Island, about three miles from the mainland, and 200 yards from the light house, during a very dense fog and heavy rain.

Several passengers were the first to be saved, getting to the lighthouse during the night. At daylight on Friday a harbor tug, the Acadia, was sent out and rescued the captain and a small boy from the rigging, in which were nine men, the sole survivors—the crew and all other passengers, to the total of 124, being lost.

Tugs visited the scene, but were unable to get anywhere near the spot on account of the very heavy weather, and they returned to Halifax on Friday morning.

The survivors are all on Sambro island, the light station, and communication with the shore is impossible except by signal when the fog lifts. It is not known whether any women are among the saved, but it is unlikely.

The Daniel Steinmann was an iron vessel of 1,750 tons, built at Antwerp in 1875, and owned by Steinmann & Ludwig, of that place. She was schooner rigged, had a crew of 124 men, passengers and crew. The following were the passengers to be landed there, the New York but not having been received by the Halifax agents:

Conden, Cornelius, Nella, Ahiana, Jonathan, Joan, Braganca, A. Paulus, Maria, Maria, Heilgander, Arca, Kramandoh.

The latest information from the captain is to the effect that out of the crew of thirty-nine and the captain and ninety passengers at nine were saved, the captain, three crew members, and three women are now on Sambro island, one-half mile from the mainland. It is impossible that the survivors will reach the mainland until to-day, owing to the exceptionally heavy sea that rages in the vicinity of the island.

Nothing definite can, therefore, be learned regarding the particulars of the calamity. The government steamer Newfield left Halifax Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock for the scene of the disaster. The tug was so high loaded with provisions and made to reach the fatal spot, the captain deeming it unsafe to launch a surf boat on account of the heaviness of the sea.

The Newfield will make another effort to get near the place where the ill-fated vessel was lost. The steamer also attempted to make their way to the wrecked steamer, but were forced to turn back, being unable to get beyond Herring Cove, ten miles from the sunken ship. The schooner Bristle will leave the city Saturday morning, and will attempt to make an effort to be made to recover the bodies of the victims and whatever portion of the cargo can be saved. Various rumors are current in reference as to where the vessel struck, the most plausible theory being that she went down on the West side of Sambro, within a short distance from Sambro island.

The roughness of the sea will certainly cause breaking up of the vessel before many hours. The captain of the Steinmann, being unacquainted with the dangers of Sambro, was probably unaware of the peril he was about to be too late to avoid the disaster.

MAKING FOREST FIRES.

For three days and nights the most destructive forest fire that this section has ever known has been burning in the North Carolina, extending into six or seven counties. Vast forests of long leaf pine have been attacked. They formed the chief source of the timber supply. The fire was first seen in the flames into fury, and hundreds of thousands of acres were burned and some of the largest turpentine orchards in the state were ruined. Many farm houses were destroyed. The people have been bravely fighting the fire. A number of towns narrowly escaped destruction. At Marley, the high school and Augustus railway, a number of houses were burned. Large stores of lumber and rail road rails on the line of the road were also destroyed and a dozen turpentine distilleries were ruined.

The fire has not yet been extinguished, and is spreading in all directions. Many families have been rendered homeless. The fire has swept here and there, some fifty miles in one direction and thirty in another. Few places, it is reported, escaped. The high wind drove the sparks into the turpentine woods so that they went in many directions at once. The fires extended far into South Carolina. On the lines of the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta railroad the fire, burning through through miles of fire. Two dwellings and eight or ten barns were burned in that district. So far as known no lives were lost.

Where Charivari Do Not Thrive.

A few days ago a young fellow, attended in the dress of a scout, appeared in Scranton. He came from the West, and gave his name as King. He registered as a physician, under a title that he claimed the Indians had bestowed upon him. He accompanied a young woman employed in the silk mills about a year ago, and became engaged to her. The expected bride had prepared her wedding outfit, and the young man had engaged a tenement and furnished it. The first in his contract was the discovery that he had been simply disposing of a portion of his fortune. When the lady demanded an explanation he said that he had changed his mind. He was driven from the town by a great crowd.

Extraordinary Egg Eating.

Charles Pearsalls, the Fulton market, N. Y., fish dealer, walked into Roe's restaurant Friday afternoon to eat the last installment of the sixty eggs a day for five days that he had contracted to eat for \$25. He ate thirty in the afternoon and the other thirty in the morning. He ate thirty in the afternoon and the other thirty in the morning. He ate thirty in the afternoon and the other thirty in the morning.

Drunk and Disorderly.

Levi Landron, a countryman came to town yesterday and landed too freely of liquor. He became drunk and fell on a tangle foot and became drunk and fell on a tangle foot and became drunk and fell on a tangle foot.

Mayor's Court.

This morning the Mayor's court was held. The Mayor was present and the court was held. The Mayor was present and the court was held.

THE STREET LIGHTS.

WHAT THEY WERE DOING LAST NIGHT.

The police report that twenty-three of the gasoline lamps were not burning last night and that the electric lamps at the places named below were out or burning poorly as stated:

Electric Lamps—Orange and Ann, Church and Lime, Frederick and Lime, Walnut and Shippen, Franklin and Chestnut, Plum and New Holland, Plum and Chestnut, Strawberry and Woodward, Duke and Green, Rockland and Locust, Freiberg and Low, Freiberg and Locust, John and Locust, Rockland and Ann, Manor and Laurel, James and Mulberry, James and Chestnut, from 7; St. Joseph at the church, from 2; Chestnut and Charlotte, Water and Orange, from 10; Walnut and Mary, from 12; Orange and North Queen, from 2; East King and Duke, from 3; Prince and Chestnut, Rockland and Mulberry, Rockland and Low, North and Duke, post all night; Chestnut and North Queen, post from 2; Orange and Shippen, out for two hours; North Queen and Walnut, out for one hour. Total, 31.

Mr. Geo. W. McIlwain, manager and a leading stockholder of the company which owns the electric light plant here, visited Lancaster yesterday and spent last evening at the works and in the city, to investigate the causes of popular complaint against the system. He declared that the company is responsible, in its own good and that he is anxious to deal fairly by the citizens and furnish Lancaster with a satisfactory light.

He was assured in turn that the popular prejudice existing against the light arises entirely from its failure to work satisfactorily. As to that, he said, he would have been made in council with Mr. Demuth, "had written to the manager of the Maxim company, saying that a certain lamp burned poorly, and the answer he received was highly offensive and unbecomingly so."

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A WAR HEROINE.

HOW F. J. HOUTSON AIDED REBELS.

Extracted from the "Festivals—True Story of the War in the Valley of Virginia." Thought Phil Sheridan should recognize it.

W. W. Grist, one of the editors of the Lancaster Inquirer, has a notably interesting article in today's Times on Miss Winchester and the woman who gave information that led to the capture of Winchester and whom Simon Cameron thought Phil Sheridan ought to marry. During Sheridan's command in the Valley of Virginia in 1862, she communicated valuable information to him of the rebel movements, which decided Sheridan to attack early. Four days later Winchester was again in the possession of the Union troops, the rebels had been sent "whirling up the valley" and Sheridan had himself taken the plucky Quaker girl whose loyalty had made possible a victory that virtually broke the backbone of rebel resistance in that fertile valley, so long the storehouse of Southern supplies. Mr. Grist tells the story of her subsequent recognition:

Sheridan did not forget his fair benefactress in the distressing times that followed. The hungry rebel hordes had poorly well depleted the resources of man and soil in the immediate vicinity of Winchester and far up and down the beautiful pike that for many a year prior to the war had maintained its pre-eminence among America's most magnificent highways, pillage and devastation had followed in the tracks of Confederate and Union armies. The rebels, it was told by the old gentleman who is the local historian of the town and the country thereabouts, that the contending forces marched in and out of Winchester thirty seven different times during the two years they ravaged it. They despoiled the fair valley, beneath whose now gradually rejuvenating soil 5,000 of them sleep their last sleep. It is not difficult, therefore, to imagine the privations that the poor people of that country endured. As Rachel Wright and her daughter Rebecca soon found that their subsistence must depend upon the gratitude of the general to whom they had rendered such signal service. As soon as Sheridan learned of their circumstance he sent orders for their immediate relief, one of which, still preserved among the papers of Major Grist, of this city, who was then issuing commissary on Sheridan's staff, is as follows:

CAPTAIN GRIST: Give Miss Wright all the fresh beef she needs.

M. H. SHERIDAN, Major General.

After the war had closed Sheridan further expresses his gratitude by presenting her with a handsome gold watch and chain.

Attention toward Miss Winchester. The fact of this presentation became known and the cause that led to it soon leaked out. As a result Miss Wright and her mother were socially ostracized by the people of Winchester; their boarding house was tabooed, their means of livelihood disappeared and they were reduced to extreme distress during the war. About this time Mr. Robert J. Houston, of this city, heard of Miss Wright's story through Mr. James Van Ormer, a Winchester merchant, whose wife was a Lancaster county woman.

Mr. Houston, who was a Quaker, learned during the war and the condition she was now reduced to by reason of her devotion to the union in 1862 acted Mr. Houston to endeavor to lay her case before Thaddeus Stevens in Washington. The old commoner however, was even then on his death bed, and Mr. Houston finally approached Senator Simon Cameron, stated to him Miss Wright's case and suggested that he should secure her a pension.

In reply Senator Cameron said to Mr. Houston: "No, I don't think I could get her a pension and anyhow I am opposed to granting pensions to civilians. There were numberless loyal Southern people who gave us information during the war. Even when I was secretary of war hundreds of these Southern unionists sent us intelligence of great value; it is my duty, their claim for a pension would be equally strong with that of Miss Wright."

But there ought to be something done for her. Sheridan ought to marry her and I'll tell him so, too. He is all powerful with this administration and he could get a pension for her as easily as not. You leave this matter with me," continued Mr. Cameron, "and when Sheridan gets back to Washington I'll lay the matter before him and between us we'll see what can be done." Mr. Houston then left, having as he said, secured the promise of Mr. Cameron, thinking he only wanted to get rid of a deformed joint.

Simon Deans. New Englander. Mr. John Chapman, of Blue Ball, was stricken with apoplexy on Thursday evening and expired instantly. Mr. G. was in good health and he and his wife attended the side of the widow Musser in the afternoon. After getting home he partook of a hearty supper after which he and a neighbor, and while standing near the stable conversing he suddenly fell backward and expired. He was taken to his home where the terrible shock prostrated his wife, who is now well up in years and rather delicate health. The funeral will take place on Sunday.

Officers Installed. The officers of Monterey Lodge, No. 242, O. E. F., were installed last evening by E. J. Frisman, D. D. G. M., as follows: N. grand, John G. Siebe; V. grand, D. B. Bowman; secretary, L. Rathous; assistant secretary, Thos. C. Burr; treasurer, Adam Olander; chaplain, Wm. H. G. Baker; trustees, James B. G. Baker, D. G. Baker.

The lodge has 307 members; paid out for relief in the past six months \$2,528, and the assets are \$15,931.16.

Killed on the Railroad. At Pinegrove, Lebanon county, while Frederick Huber was in the act of putting on a brake on a car which had been run on the scales to be weighed, his hold slipped and he fell on the track, the wheels of a car passing over his body, cutting it in twain. The deceased was aged about 31 years and leaves behind him a wife and child.

Runaway. This morning a horse hitched to a buggy tore loose at the Lancaster stock yards and ran into Plum street to Orange and down Orange to Market. Shortly after turning into the latter street he was caught by a gang, who was badly broken, was left on Orange street. The animal was not injured.

Drunk and Disorderly. Levi Landron, a countryman came to town yesterday and landed too freely of liquor. He became drunk and fell on a tangle foot and became drunk and fell on a tangle foot.

Who Lost a Ring? Nelson Boker, residing in the vicinity of Christiansburg, after killing a steer found in its stomach a gold ring. His son Winfield is now wearing it.

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MISS NEVIN'S WORK.

The Monument for Peter Muhlenberg.

The statue of Gen. Peter Muhlenberg, executed in marble in Florence by Miss Blanche Nevin, for a place in the capital at Washington, under a commission from the State of Pennsylvania, is now in the possession of the artist, and will soon be unpacked and placed upon its pedestal in the gallery, which is the repository of such memorial gifts from the states. Miss Nevin herself, after several years absence devoted to her art, has returned to her home in Lancaster about the 1st of June. Meantime her many friends in this city and elsewhere will be gratified to learn that her work has met with the highest commendation from the most critical foreign journals. A fair sample of their notices of the Muhlenberg statue is the following extract from La Nation, Florence, Italy, March 10, 1884, translated for the INTELLIGENCER:

"The name of Miss Blanche Nevin, of Lancaster, Pa., in the United States of America, will be a new one to most of our citizens, but not to those who have had the opportunity to admire her artistic talent and appreciate the devotion, not to say passion, with which for several years she has given herself to the pursuit of sculpture, so successfully that we are speaking in no wise extravagantly in pronouncing her a credit and ornament to art and to her profession. Those who have not seen her statue of Muhlenberg, which she finished, after years of patient modeling and remodeling, can have no idea of the strength of her genius."

Charged by a commission of the state of Pennsylvania to model and set in marble the statue of General Muhlenberg, a leading Pennsylvania hero of the American War of Independence, she has succeeded in a manner which has surpassed expectation both in the matter of sentiment and expression.

The statue is admirably treated in the history of her country, deserving the applause of all intelligent minds, and is enough of itself to introduce her reputation into her own country as favorably as it has been made in Florence, where her statue has so faithfully reproduced one of her country's heroes."

A BRIDE SHOTS HERSELF.

Who Formerly Worked in a Mill in This City.

Ellis E. Kieber, the 17 year old step-daughter of a well known but wealthy citizen of this city, who was married to a man of the name of Kieber, attempted her life Thursday under circumstances replete with romance. Miss Kieber is a very pretty brunette, who worked in a mill in Lancaster, more out of independence than from necessity. On the 1st of March she was married to a man who was in business in Wilmington, Del., but who lived with his parents at 1325 North Thirteenth street, Philadelphia. The pair went to live in Wilmington, Rutine apparently making a good deal of money as a wringer and bed spring manufacturer.

Both wrote home frequently, saying they were happy enough and all went well until early in March, Rutine failed in business and took his wife to live with his parents in Philadelphia. They remained there about three weeks, when Rutine deserted her.

The bride went home with a broken heart. She tried to conceal her grief from her mother and her friends, but they saw too plainly that the flight of the man, she still loved, was more than she could bear. Thursday she wrote a note to her mother, telling how her disgrace and distress weighed on her so much that life was a burden. She gave directions for the disposal of her personal effects and for her interment. Retiring to her room she placed a revolver in her hand and fired. She had intended the bullet should cleave her heart, but it deviated and passed through the left lung, lodging in her shoulder blade. She will probably die.

Wants to Play the Lancaster Champion. Wm. Boat, in an interview with the Littleton Era, explains that he failed to meet John Cline, of Lancaster, in a recent match game of billiards arranged for them because he was not allowed \$15 and expenses by the Littleton Era, at the place where the game was to have been played. He further says: "Mr. W. M. Rush, a Lancaster house dealer, was here last Tuesday and called to see me. He asked me whether I was the man that played Mr. Cline in the billiard match that I was. He then asked me for what amount I would play Mr. John Cline, and I told him for any amount he might mention. He mentioned \$100 and when I requested him to wait a few minutes I went home to get more money to equal his. On my return he refused to put up the forfeit but promised to be up from Hanover the following day, but has not yet put in an appearance. I am perfectly willing to play at York, Littleton or any other place that Mr. Cline wishes to play me at any of the three named places he has but to notify me and I will promptly accept."

THE OPERA HOUSE.

Mattie Vickers and Charles Rogers in Last evening Miss Mattie Vickers appeared in the opera house in her well known play of "Jaqueline, or Paste and Diamonds." The audience was small, but she played very well. Her performance as the play is a very good one and has been presented here several times. Miss Vickers is a very clever soubrette and she was seen as Jacqueline, a character which suited her exactly. In the specialty sketch of the evening she sang "The excellent songs, dances and imitations. Mr. Charles Rogers, the leading support, appeared as Dick Tinton, the bill poster, and a feature of his performance was his imitation of Booth, Mayo, Jefferson and other great actors.

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