

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - May 11, 1877.

JOHN FORSYTH, the able and well known editor of the Mobile Register, died on Wednesday of last week, aged sixty six years. He was a son of the distinguished John Forsyth, of Georgia, who was a leading member of the Senate of the United States when General Jackson was President, and afterwards filled the office of Secretary of State under Martin Van Buren. His son, of whom we speak, was a man of remarkable ability, and his name has for a whole generation been familiar to the country. The Register was regarded as the leading Democratic journal of the South, and exercised a vast and controlling power over public opinion. Mr. Forsyth was firm and unyielding in his political opinions, but in advocating them never forfeited his reputation as a true gentleman. He was Minister to Mexico under Mr. Buchanan. It will be difficult to fill the editorial chair made vacant by the death of so brilliant a writer and so honest a politician as John Forsyth.

OWING to some delay in the mails, as well as to the fact that we were "pushing things" to some extent in order to get our paper to press on Wednesday instead of Thursday afternoon, as heretofore, we have found it impossible to make room for our Washington letter entire, but give place to the most important parts, as follows:

A BILL is in course of preparation, and will be introduced in the House of Representatives on Monday next, the 14th inst., for the purpose of providing for the payment of the public debt, and for the purpose of providing for the payment of the public debt, and for the purpose of providing for the payment of the public debt.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA CANARD. The writer of the letter detailing the alleged murder of the colored man, in the State of South Carolina, which threw the New England conference into such spasms of indignation, was Abner Webster, a merchant at Charleston, S. C. As it has since appeared that Scott was not only not murdered but that the man who was killed was Webster, how and why he connected himself with such a transaction, and thereby rendered upon the Department and its proper laws, and it is to be hoped that the P. M. will have to step "down and out."

LOUISIANA. There is a strong probability now that the true ownership of the Louisiana Retiring Board proceedings will in a short time be made public. Packard feels much embarrassed by the fact that he has been unable to find out who is the real owner of the Board, and he is now endeavoring to get the matter straightened out. The principal interest in the matter is held by Messrs. Packard, Wells, Anderson & Co. who will be the recipients of the secret transactions with certain leading Republicans. Now that the parties to the villainy have fallen out, there seems no room for question that the Board did actually receive a large sum of money from the Republican managers, besides the promise of a large sum of money.

THE NEW ERA is the title of a daily and weekly journal which has just been established in Lancaster city Pa. Its publisher is John B. Warfield, ex-Republican State Senator, and its editor J. M. Geist, to whom we are indebted for the first number of the weekly edition. It is an eight-page paper, neatly and elegantly printed, and presents a very attractive appearance. While the New Era will advocate the true principles of the Republican party, as its editor and publisher understand them, it proposes to be fearlessly independent of all corrupt Republican rings and factions. It is well known that the Cameron clan of politicians has long exercised supreme control over the Republican organization in Lancaster county, as well as in the State, and we judge that it will be the mission of the New Era to rescue its party from the foul incubus of that demoralizing political power. It is only recently that Mr. Geist severed his connection with the Lancaster Express, which, under his long and able editorial management, became one of the leading Republican organs in the State, and if he now wages war to the knife against political corruption and in favor of honesty in government, national, State and local, which we do not doubt the New Era will fulfill all the expectations that its name implies. We hope in the meantime, however, that the FREEMAN will be deemed worthy of a daily instead of a weekly visit from this new and so timely advocate of public and general approval.

J. J. WRIGHT, a colored lawyer, formerly residing in Honesdale, Susquehanna county, in this State. Soon after the close of the rebellion, and about the same time that John J. Patterson carpet-bagged from the Janata valley to South Carolina in search of "fresh fields and pastures new," Wright also pitched his tent in the Palmetto State. While Patterson's chief object was plunder and the putting of money in his purse by any means whatever, Wright was intent on achieving high judicial position on a very small capital. During the memorable days of reconstruction in the Southern States, and while the political cauldron was boiling, the seam was sure to come to the surface. In a very few years a motley Legislature of South Carolina elected Wright to the high and honorable office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. During the last few months some of Wright's official as well as unofficial acts have caused his colored brethren to doubt his judicial purity and to think that it was not above suspicion. The Legislature of the State being now in session, Mr. Minot, a colored Republican member of the House, has introduced a resolution for the appointment of a committee of five to make a full examination of all matters pertaining to the proper discharge of the official conduct of J. J. Wright, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 75 to 13, our only purpose in referring to this matter now is that inasmuch as Wright is a colored man and a Judge of the highest Court in the State of which Wade Hampton is Governor, if he should be impeached and removed from office, Republican sympathy for him cannot charge his judicial downfall to the "rebel delusion," but must attribute his sudden taking-off to men of his own political party and of his own unbleachable color.

ALTHOUGH it was announced time after time, on the authority of members of the Cabinet and by others in the confidence of Mr. Hayes, that an extra session of Congress would be called to meet on the 4th of June next, the meeting has been postponed until the 15th of October. Mr. Hayes' proclamation to this effect, issued on Saturday last, has created much surprise. The only reason for an extra session at all, and it is the single one assigned in the proclamation, is the failure of Congress to pass the army appropriation bill, which will leave the Secretary of War after the 30th of June without any money to pay the officers and men. He concluded, however, that he could carry on the affairs of his department without a new appropriation until the 1st day of October, and so stated at a Cabinet meeting on Saturday, and this, it is claimed by the friends of the administration, was the reason for the postponement. This appears plausible enough, but other and weightier reasons could be readily given. It has been well known that Hayes has all the time been opposed to an extra session, if it could possibly be avoided. The people also are opposed to it unless it is absolutely necessary, as the country always breathes freer and deeper when Congress is not in session. Hayes and his Cabinet fear to run the gamut of the discussion of his Southern policy, which would be certain to take place in June if Congress was in session, although we believe that the political situation in Ohio was the true cause of the postponement. The election of that State will take place on the 9th of October, six days before the time fixed for the extra session. Hayes dreads losing his own State by the election of a Democratic Legislature, which would displace his friend, counselor and guide, Stanley Matthews, from his seat in the Senate, to which he desires a re-election. Too much discussion in Congress in June might make it very uncomfortable for both Hayes and Matthews in Ohio in October, and hence the eleventh hour postponement of the extra session.

An Act of Assembly passed in 1871 directed that 3,000 copies of Small's Legislative Hand Book should be published annually for distribution among the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, as follows: One thousand to the Senate and two thousand to the House. We will not now discuss the question whether or not such an act should ever have been passed at all. At every session, however, since its enactment, the Legislature, not satisfied with the large number of 3,000 copies furnished to its members without money and without price, has authorized the printing of 3,000 additional copies of the same book, to be also distributed among the members, thus entailing on the treasury the cost of publishing at each session 6,000 copies in all. The printing and donating to the members of these 3,000 additional copies has been a gross outrage and does not admit of the least palliation or excuse. One would suppose that with 6,000 copies at each session this thirst for Hand Books would be assuaged and that the appetite of members would cease to grow upon what it fed. But the last Legislature clipped all its predecessors by authorizing the printing of six thousand additional copies, two thousand for the Senate and four thousand for the House, thus making nine thousand copies for distribution at one session. All this supplemental legislation is a clear violation of the letter as well as spirit of the original act, and a shameless robbery of the public treasury. The Legislature has no more legal or moral right to use the public money to print and supply its members with this or any other book than to furnish each of them with a new hat or a new pair of boots, and especially has it no right to vote these additional numbers of the Hand Book at its own sweet will and pleasure. But such is the style of Pennsylvania legislation, and the taxpayers submit without a murmur to the extravagance of the Legislature that the more they are plundered the better they like it.

STATE SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION. The 13th Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania Sabbath-School Association will be held in Harrisburg, Pa., Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 12, 13 and 14, 1877. The Rev. Maxwell D. Bean, LL. B., late of London, and one of the foremost Sunday-school men of England, will deliver an Opening Address on Tuesday evening. B. F. Jacobs, Esq., of Chicago, is expected to speak on Thursday; Rev. W. F. Crafts will give the address on "The Coming Man is the Present Child," Mr. W. F. Crafts will present "The Ideal Primary Class." Among distinguished workers from our own State who may be expected to add to the interest and enthusiasm of the programme of the Convention are: D. D. (to speak at a children's meeting), Rev. George A. Pelz, Presidents Carter, Wyllie and Hays; Rev. H. W. Warren; Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D., and many others. Harrisburg extends a hearty welcome to all friends of Sabbath schools throughout the State. Those expecting to attend will please notify S. J. Metcalf, Esq., Harrisburg, who is chairman of the Committee on Entertainment, before June 4th, and they will be provided with cards in introducing them to free homes during the Convention. Further information in regard to the programme of the Convention can be obtained of the State Secretary, Rev. W. R. Ries, Philadelphia, or of Jas. W. Wier, Harrisburg, Chairman of the Local Committee of Arrangements.

The Lancaster New Era says that one of the most remarkable contests ever witnessed by the fishermen at Columbia took place in the dam on Tuesday morning, at Millin's Island, above the bridge. A number of "Fly up the creeks," commonly called "white (2) poles," take their position daily to capture fish that venture into shallow water. Mr. "Fly up the creek" by some mistake caught a bass six or seven inches long. The battle commenced at once. The former tried to swallow the fish, but he found his mate; the latter got out into deep water and forced the light. During the entire distance, from a mile, the fish-woman in the dam, or trying to swallow the fish, was kept up, trying to swallow the fish, which was determined not to be swallowed. A number of the fishermen at Mr. Read's fishery witnessed the struggle, and when the combatants passed through the fish-way, they went on to the boat and captured the belligerents. Both were in the throes of death. They can be seen at Professor Rathvon's.

The Fate of the Benders.

A NARRATIVE BY ONE OF THE MEN WHO LYNCHED THEM—SHOT TO DEATH.

The Benders might have continued their blood and prosperity for an indefinite length of time had they continued planting their victims in the garden. But previous to the killing of Dr. York they had murdered a man named Jones. In February a man named Conklin, in company with another man, while riding along the banks of Drum creek, and after viewing the body of Jones held a council.

At this meeting the Benders were spoken of suspiciously, and it was determined to keep the discovery of the body quiet until future developments. The next day a tramp and had footed it from Independence on his way to Fort Scott, stopped at Detroit's house and asked for something to eat. In conversation with this man, Detroit learned that late the previous evening the tramp had, while looking around for a place to pass the night, come across a dead body of a man caught in some driftwood. It proved to be the body of Jones. He had had his skull smashed in with a hammer and his throat cut from ear to ear. The body had no clothing upon it save a shirt. Some ten or a dozen men met quietly on the banks of Drum creek, and after viewing the body of Jones held a council.

On the morning, about eight o'clock, the party assembled on the creek and immediately proceeded over the prairie to the suspected house. But when they arrived there they found the Bender ranch deserted. The Benders, however, the squad of horsemen riding upon the creek, and the previous evening, and during the night had bundled up their effects and departed. The Benders at this time had four horses, a cow, and a wagon load of household truck. While the scouting party were canvassing the news of the Bender ranch, Detroit and others went in search of the wagon, and others went in search of the wagon, and others went in search of the wagon.

The track of the Bender wagon could be seen leading to the southwest. The horsemen followed it a full mile. Just before the fugitives, they had evidently changed their teams on with all speed possible. They were a good forty-five miles from their tavern, and their animals appeared well used up. There was no cow with the outfit, nor had the Benders' cow been seen since they left their home. As the pursuers came in sight of their quarry, they gave a yell and charged down upon them. At the moment the Benders caught sight of their pursuers the greatest consternation appeared to seize upon them. John Bender, who was walking by the side of the wagon, and who had been leading the cow, as though to unitch them, but was evidently recalled by the old man, who handed him out an old fashioned smooth-bore Yeager rifle. With this weapon he fired a harmless shot at the advancing horsemen, and then drew his revolver and reloaded his hand into the wagon for another shot.

Old man Bender stood up in the wagon, and as the pursuers closed in, he yelled at his horses in German and then threw a revolver over his head. The pursuers wished to capture them alive, if possible, but did not like to approach too close to the old man's revolver. As they were going down a roll in the prairie one of their lead horses fell, and Kate, springing out of the wagon, went to the fallen animal as if to get it up. Instead of raising the fallen beast, she cut loose its mate, and mounting it, was endeavoring to make her escape on its back. At this the old man seemed crazed with anger and he yelled at her to get up. He did not hit her, however, but he threw a spring forward caught a leg in the breeding of his fallen mate and went down with Kate under him. The old man having emptied his revolver, the pursuers closed in on him and beat him down with their gun barrels, though he fought like a tiger.

The party moved over to a "run" and camped for the night. Old Bender refused to say a word in English, but both he and his wife cursed their captors in German. Kate Bender seemed to think their captors answer questions she made, and she would not of the hellish work they had been carrying on at the tavern, and asserted firmly that they had killed over 100 persons. She said she had done most of the throat cutting herself; that John was afraid; that he or the old woman did well enough to knock the brains out of the man, but they appeared to be afraid of them after they were down. When asked why they killed so many (referring to her assertion of having killed 100 persons) she replied that the old people (meaning her parents) liked the money, but she liked to see the blood. She was lying on the ground, and her broken limb prevented her escape. One of the men happened to sit down near her when, quick as thought, she jerked the revolver from his belt and fired at him. The ball missed him and entered the fleshy part of the thigh of a man named Love. Before she could fire again she was shot, one of the balls passing through her head, and the old couple looked with apparent indifference upon the terrible scene, and when spoken to would make no reply save to give ut-

terance to maledictions upon their pursuers. The farmers held a long consultation as to the disposal of their prisoners. A bond of sworn secrecy was entered into, and so the old man and his wife were both shot, and the bodies were buried in a hole. The following morning their effects were divided up among their captors. The bodies were buried on the spot.—Chicago Times.

A Thrilling Welsh Story.

COLLIERS IMPRISONED TEN DAYS IN AN ENGLISH PRISON—THE SYMPATHY OF ALL ENGLAND AND ITS QUEEN.

LIVERPOOL, April 21.—During a period of nearly ten days a terrible battle has been raging in the Welsh valley of Troedrydd, a battle in which the brave miners of one side and the brave miners of Pontypidd on the other. The tale is one that will live long in the homes of the Rhondda valley. It is a story the details of which have been given day by day, and which has stirred to the uttermost depths the sympathy of the English people, and elicited the earnest solicitude of the Queen herself. Day after day since the strange calamity occurred which closed a number of hapless miners in a living tomb, the first tidings for which the newspaper was searched at every household table, has been the latest report from the central office of the miners. When the news had been read that the miners were still entombed, public sympathy and interest gradually quickened into an absorbing anxiety, which converted the battle waged so long and earnestly for life into a national event. It was on Wednesday, the 12th inst., that the day of the colliers were quitting the Troedrydd Pit, when the catastrophe occurred. Some late incautious blow, or some accidental breach of wall or vein, burst the thin partition which held back a vast concealed reservoir of subterranean water, when suddenly, with a rush from the roof of a narrow gallery, a black Coxytus of flood broke in upon the mine. Filling the lower galleries and the bottom of the shafts, driving before it the atmosphere from every portion of the workings, this mysterious deluge cut off two parties of men, who escaped with difficulty to the surface, and surrounded the others to find themselves immersed in the fire and second adits of the mine nearest the upper shafts. No sooner was it known that a number of operatives were missing than scores of brave, hardy volunteers were forthwith assembled to form a rescue party. At once descended the shaft, which is 475 feet deep, and entered the workings. It was then ascertained that all the workings within a few hundred yards of the bottom of the shaft were filled with water to the roof, and no hope was entertained that any one could be discovered alive. While the explorers were consulting as to what movement should be made, faint knockings were heard on the other side of the coal, as was conjectured, at a distance of thirty or forty feet. No sooner was this discovery made than a score of men threw off their jackets and with manly determination entered through the solid mass. The imprisoned were also at work. Throughout the night, relays of men toiled with desperate, unflinching energy, cheered and encouraged by the knocking and sounds of labor of the imprisoned men. One of the very laborious, it having to be performed in the dark, but such was the progress made that on the following morning a maul struck through and a hole was made into that part of the pit where five men were shut up. The next moment a terrific explosion occurred and one of the small prisoners, by the name of Morgan, was hurled into the air, and the inundation had been so sudden as to imprison the air in the inner workings, and the force of this had kept back the water from the five men in that locality. His body was soon after brought to the surface, and immediately following the four living men were brought up and delivered to the rescue party. The other three, however, were still imprisoned in the pit, and once more the explorers, with willing hands and stout, manly hearts, set to work. Once more knocking was heard, but at a considerable distance. The explorers, a deed to be undertaken, released fellows, shut up in a chamber of compressed air leading out of a gallery which the water had entirely filled. The other end of this chamber was a thick solid wall of coal, and beyond this again was another passage filled with water. Divers were sent down to cut through the passage, but failed, and it was not until Monday, the 18th inst., that the water in it was far reduced by pumping as to render working practicable. Till Thursday following the men who had volunteered for the task endeavored continuously by constant relays in endeavoring to penetrate this latter passage, which wall separated them from the imprisoned comrades. The passage was about three feet in diameter, and the men carried on the work on their hands and knees. So great was the interest to effect their rescue that a party of private men at least \$50,000 went down in the train of a collier to lend a helping hand. On Thursday the rescuers came near enough to communicate with the entombed. Shouting at the top of his voice, a miner asked, "How many of them are you?" The reply came back, "Five." To this answer was made, "By what clock is it?" Do make haste." Shortly after 10 o'clock on Friday morning, the 20th inst., it was known that the men would be brought out alive, and a message which had been sent effect drew forth a ringing cheer from the excited crowd. "A cheer which was re-echoed from the pit of the village to the other. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon the men who had been living for quite ten days in a tomb far underground once more came into the light of day and breathed the free air of the upper world. By happy coincidence, when the last man was brought to bank and was being conveyed on a stretcher covered with blankets into the hospital, a message was received from the Queen. Mr. Parker, one of the officers of the company, mounted a horse, and, with a loud voice, said, "A cheer which was re-echoed from the pit of the village to the other. 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