

CENTRE REPORTER.

RED KURTZ, Editor
CENTRE HALL, Pa., Mar. 15, 1883.

A Washington correspondent says Don Cameron is in the dumps politically as well as physically. Ailments of long standing that are about to be treated by the surgeon having doubtless distracted his attention from politics, and meanwhile his opponents have not overlooked their opportunities. Until within a year he had only to command in order to be obeyed. The patronage of Pennsylvania was his. The confidence of the Administration was lavished upon him without his going out of the way to seek it. With the November elections his interest in public affairs began to wane. He held aloof from the counsels of the party managers, and they seemed to get on quite as well without him. Several Pennsylvania appointments were made without his knowledge. He was too proud to complain, but not discreet enough to hide his chagrin. Recklessness of expression and behavior soon provoked remarks, and then Cameron ceased to care what happened. He announced to friends, whom he knew would talk outside, that public affairs had ceased to concern him and that he would not seek re-election to the Senate. There was some bartering over this announcement, but no regrets, and Cameron stopped visiting the Senate Chamber. His malady grew worse. The surgeons warned him of the danger of postponing treatment, but he had determined to vote against the Tariff bill and would hear of nothing to interfere with that purpose, saying that after adjournment the surgeons might sharpen their knives for use, but not until then whatever danger might be threatening. He left the Senate Chamber on Saturday so badly used up that a rumor soon came flying back of his death on the way home. There was so little of improbability in the rumor that Senators were deeply concerned over it and it was not discredited elsewhere at the capital until by positive and authentic denial. Since then he has not left the house, and from all reports he is indifferent as to his chances of recovery. Restoration to health may be expected to improve his spirits, but after what has happened politically it is believed that he will not re-enter the field as a fighter, but at best will only look on. Ex-Tariff Commissioner Oliver is credited with being the prospective legate of the Cameron political estate, including the seat in the Senate. The Camerons are to be interested in the next Legislative contest only to the extent of delivering their forces to Oliver.

HANGING OF URIAH MOYER.

HE MEETS DEATH IN A CALM AND BRAVE MANNER—HIS LAST NIGHT ON EARTH—SCENE ON THE SCAFFOLD.

On Wednesday, March 7, Uriah Moyer, one of the Snyder county murderers, was hung at Middleburg. He was the second of the four sentenced to death who has suffered the penalty upon the scaffold. For a week or so previous to the execution he had been failing both in body and in mind, and fears were entertained that he would not be able to face the terrible ordeal with any degree of calmness. Three or four days before the appointed time he however began to rally, and on the day of the execution surprised every one by his firmness. On the evening before his execution he was visited by his spiritual adviser, Rev. A. H. Spangler, who found him sitting on his bed coolly watching the workmen erecting the gallows. The minister was overcome by his emotions for the first time, and burst into tears, when Moyer jumped from the bed and said, "Don't get excited now, Spangler, as long as I am cool, I am ready to die. I have greatly sinned and broken the laws of my God and my country, and I want to suffer as God directs." He then handed Rev. Spangler a card with the name of his sister, Mrs. Eliza Bogenrief, printed upon it and requested to have it pinned to his breast after he was dead.

HIS LAST NIGHT.

About 9 o'clock he engaged in prayer and then retired to his rest. His sleep was sound and not disturbed at all. He declined having any one sleep in his cell with him.

About daybreak he awoke and immediately arose, engaging in prayer. He seemed to be in excellent spirits and showed no signs of weakness. Shortly afterward the chains were taken from his hands and feet, and was allowed the freedom of his cell for the remainder of his time. A breakfast consisting of mush, pudding, bread, pie, cake, etc., was served to him. His unfortunate position did not seem to affect his appetite at all, and he ate rather heartily. During the early part of the morning he was shaved by his keeper, and then dressed in the suit intended for the execution and burial. He wore slippers which he kept on until hung.

He requested Mrs. Retchly, wife of the Sheriff to keep him company during the early part of the morning, which she very kindly did. About 8:15 the Lord's Supper was administered.

VISITORS TO THE CELL.

At 9 o'clock he was visited by Revs. Shindle, Edmunds, Herald and Spangler. He engaged in prayer and singing with the ministers for a long time, and had them sing a favorite German hymn. When not particularly addressing any one he was pacing his cell, and frequently looked out upon the gallows and crowd assembling to witness his execution. A little before 10 o'clock an aunt of the doomed man, Mrs. Moyer, of Troxelville, visited him. Shortly afterward his brother also entered the cell, both remaining until he was taken forth to the gallows. A number of others with whom he was acquainted called to take leave of him. He once or twice expressed his willingness to die, as he was prepared to meet his Maker.

A DISORDERLY CROWD.

During all this time a large crowd of people had collected in front of the jail made up from all parts of the county. The town presented more of a holiday appearance than anything else. At 10 o'clock those holding passes to the execution were admitted, and soon the jail-yard was filled. Ladders were placed on the walls from the outside, and many thus found seats on the top of the wall. A disgraceful noise and confusion was kept up all the time by the crowd, who seemed to have no regard at all for the feelings of the prisoner, as every thing could be plainly heard in the condemned man's cell and somewhat disturbed him. Appeals were frequently made to the crowd for order, but every time without effect. One or two were so rude as to follow at the prisoner when he appeared for a moment at the window. Nearly 400 passes to the execution had been issued, but room could not be found for all, and a number were necessarily refused admittance to the jail. A besieging crowd around the jail made it difficult to obtain entrance. One man had his thumb caught in the heavy door of the jail and was held fast for six or seven minutes before he could be released. The crowd begged only to be allowed the privilege of viewing the gallows after the execution.

LAST SCENE IN THE CELL.

Before 11 o'clock the final religious services were held in the cell so as to occupy as little time as possible on the scaffold. When the hour of 11 had arrived the Sheriff approached the prisoner and said, "Uriah, the hour has come, are you ready?" In a firm tone he replied, "I am." "Do you want to go now?" the Sheriff asked. "I do, I am prepared," was the reply. He then took leave of his aunt and brother, and at 11:02 the procession started for the gallows, headed by the Sheriff and followed by Moyer and two ministers.

ON THE SCAFFOLD.

He ascended the gallows with a firm step and took his place directly under the rope. An opportunity was given him to speak, when he said: "Ettinger and myself were the only ones at the place on Friday evening. My brother Jonathan was not along, although they swore in court he was. We were alone. Jonathan had confessed." He then stopped for a moment and then looking up said, "I thank the people for all they have done for me." He then repeated the Confession of Faith after Rev. Edmunds, after which he shook hands with and kissed the ministers and the Sheriff. The ministers descended from the scaffold and the Sheriff immediately pinioned his arms and legs, Moyer all the while standing firm and motionless. The noose was then placed around his neck with the knot under the left ear and a white cap drawn down over his face. Moyer uttering a prayer. The Sheriff descended, and at 11:08, just six minutes after leaving the cell, the drop fell and Moyer was suspended between heaven and earth with his neck broken. Death seemed instantaneous, for scarcely a shudder passed through the body and only a very slight twitching of the legs was seen. The beat of the heart was very slow at first but soon increased. In 8 1/2 minutes the physicians pronounced him dead. The body was left hanging for 12 minutes longer, and after being viewed by the Coroner's jury was taken down and placed in a walnut coffin.

The fall of the body was three feet and two inches, the toes being about four inches from the ground. The knot slipped around to the back of the neck.

After the body had been placed in the coffin, Israel Erb, the last of the murderers, was permitted to view it. He shed tears and was moved by the sight. When visited in the morning he did not display much emotion. The body was placed on the pavement in front of the jail and viewed by the immense crowd.

HISTORY OF THE CRIME.

John and Gretchen Kintzler were an aged couple living near the village of Troxelville, Snyder county, Pa., at the foot of a mountain, in an old, wretched hut. They were quiet people and did not associate with any one, and were generally believed to possess a good bit of money. On Sunday morning, December 9, 1877, the hut was seen to be burning. Neighbors gathered around and saw the charred remains of the aged couple in the smouldering heap. There was much speculation as to the cause of the fire, but nothing definite could be learned until Mary Hartly, a girl of 17 and mistress of Ettinger's, told a story charging Israel Erb, Emanuel Ettinger, Jonathan and Uriah Moyer for the murder of the couple. Dec. 10, 1878 they were tried for the murder of John Kintzler, but were acquitted. Uriah Moyer and Ettinger immediately left for the west. New evidence turning up they were again arrested and on September 27, 1880, tried for the murder of Gretchen Kintzler. The four were found guilty and sentenced to death. Ettinger committed suicide with poison. March 24, 1882, Jonathan Moyer was hung, and Wednesday, 7 instant, Uriah Moyer. Erb alone remains, and his case is pending before the Board of Pardons, and will probably be disposed of in a few weeks.

Uriah Moyer leaves a wife and five children—four boys and one girl—in Michigan. But one member of the family, a son aged 19 years, had visited the father during his confinement. Uriah's mother is still living and visited him several times before the execution. The body was buried on Friday, beside his brother's, near Troxelville, on the Moyer farm.

WHAT THIS CONFESSION CONTAINS.

Moyer said in his confession that he never thought of murder until Erb spoke to him about the killing of John Kintzler. Erb said the old man had a great deal of money, and that he had it buried under a tree. He called Kintzler a mean old devil and a rail thief, and that he would like to see him killed, and that it would be perfectly right to put him out of the way, as he had no friends to hunt up for him. He called Kintzler a mean old devil and a rail thief, and that he would like to see him killed, and that it would be perfectly right to put him out of the way, as he had no friends to hunt up for him. He called Kintzler a mean old devil and a rail thief, and that he would like to see him killed, and that it would be perfectly right to put him out of the way, as he had no friends to hunt up for him.

and told him that he was ready to "go along and do that work now." Erb then said: "We don't need to kill the old woman, we can lay in the woods above the house and then when old John comes up to let off the water, to run it over his land, we can shoot him and then tie our faces up so the old woman would not know us; which would scare her and she would tell us where all the money was. Moyer then told Emanuel Ettinger of the conversation, and the two watched in the woods, at different times, to get sight at Kintzler. On one of these murderous expeditions Perry Bickart, on whose statement the Moyers, Erb and Ettinger were arrested the first time, was with the party. He was waiting for an opportunity, behind a high wall, to shoot the old man, but Uriah Moyer and Ettinger failed to induce him to leave the house, as they had expected, by making a noise. Bickart is not to be found.

A DETERMINATION NOT STUCK TO.

After this Moyer determined never to pursue Kintzler any further, but being in straitened financial circumstances Erb said if he had done what he had suggested he might have secured enough money to help him out of his difficulties. Moyer yielded to the temptation again. The following description of the murder appears in the confession: I then saw Emanuel Ettinger and we made out to go there on Friday evening. On the Thursday before I went into the woods where my brother Jonathan was splitting wood, and told him what we were going to do. I asked him to go along. He said that he must go to Krieb's to butcher on Friday, and at any rate he did not want to go along. I then went home. The next evening Ettinger came to my house. I put a load in one of my rifles—not a very heavy load. I had taken a load can to Kintzler's several days before to have it mended. We then went to Kintzler's, and after entering the house I asked him if he had mended that can. He said no, but had not, and why I did not take it to a tinner. I told him I knew he was handy at doing such things and thought that he would mend it for me. But if it did not suit him I would wait until he had time to mend it, but I wanted to butcher the next day. He then said "I will mend it for you so you will not have to come again after it." He then went to work. While he was mending the can he stood within reach of his gun; I stood along side of him.

ETTINGER AND KINTZLER.

Ettinger was sitting on the grindstone behind us, with a gun lying across his knees. He once pulled out the hammer with his thumb and Kintzler heard him and asked him what he was doing. Ettinger said, "I was just playing with the hammer." Kintzler said, "I want nobody to fool with a gun in my house, put it down." I then said, "yes, Emanuel, put it down." He did so. After the can was mended I said, "I think it still leaks." Kintzler said, "No it don't, I shut all the holes in it." I then said we could see if we would put water into it, and that I would go and put water into it. When I started to the spring Kintzler came to the door. Ettinger stepped out of the door a little to the right and stood there. I went to the spring, filled the can about half full of water and as I was coming away from the spring I was holding it up and said, "I don't think it leaks for all." Kintzler then came walking toward me. When he was close to me I said, "I guess it don't leak for all." Just as I turned the can to pour out the water Ettinger fired. Kintzler turned toward the house immediately, Ettinger intercepted him and a severe struggle ensued. I started to run up through the lot, got on the fence and looked back just as Ettinger dispatched the old man. He then came running up the lot where I was. I beckoned him with the hand to go back. I meant to kill the old woman, for I knew she would tell on us. He turned, ran toward me and met the old lady right inside of the door. He struck her once with the gun when she sank to the floor. He then came to where I was. We waited long enough for any one in the neighborhood who might have heard it to appear on the scene. When all danger was past, we both went back into the house.

THE MURDER COMMITTED.

After we entered I heard the old lady breathe very heavily, when I said to Ettinger, "My God, the old woman is not dead." He then said, "I must finish it now." He then took a stick of wood and struck her several times. We then hunted for money, but not very long. We thought we heard some one coming, when Ettinger kicked the lid off a chest or box of some kind. We grabbed what was in it and ran. We had nothing but watch crystals and a few trinkets. Not a cent of money. By this time it was dark. "My God, the old woman is not dead," I then went to my brother Jonathan's, for whom he was working at the time. The next day (Saturday) I butchered. After the hogs were killed and the lard was on the fire for rendering, I took a pair of shoes and went over to Israel Erb. I thought if the thing was known I would find it out. Erb and I did not speak of it that afternoon. When I returned home Jonathan and Ettinger were at my house. They had finished rendering the lard and had put away the meat. I had some wine in the cellar at the time. They had drank of it pretty freely. We waited until after dark, when we three started for Kintzler's. I don't know what time it was when we got there, but think about 9 o'clock. We got a light and began to search for money. We hunted high and low in every place we thought there might be some, but found only \$75—either a few cents more or a few cents less. Jonathan found an old coffee pot in the west corner, up stairs under an old bed. It contained something like fifty-two dollars. Ettinger found a paste board box with something like twenty-three dollars in it. The largest piece of money found was a five dollar bill, which was in the coffee pot.

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