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Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

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JOB PRINTING,
OF ALL KINDS,
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

WILLIAM S. REES,
Surveyor, Conveyancer and
Real Estate Agent.

Farms, Timber Lands and Town Lots
FOR SALE.

Office next door above S. Rees' news Depot
and 2d door below the Corner Store.
March 20, 1873-4.

DR. J. LANTZ,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.

Still has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walburn's book building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself by eighteen years constant practice and the most careful attention to all matters pertaining to his profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations in the dental line to the most careful, tasteful and successful manner. Special attention given to saving the Natural Teeth, also, to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver or Platinum Gums, and perfect fits in all cases insured. No person knows the great folly and danger of allowing their work to be done by an ignorant, or to those doing at a distance. April 13, 1873.—1y

DR. J. H. SHULL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office 1st door above Stroudsburg House,
residence 1st door above Post Office.
Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., from 3 to 5
and 7 to 9 P. M. [May 3 '73-ly.]

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER.

In the old office of Dr. A. Reeves Jackson,
residence, corner of Sarah and Franklin street.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
August 8, 1872-4.

DR. H. J. PATTERSON,
OPERATING AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.

Having located in East Stroudsburg, Pa., announces that he is now prepared to insert artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner. Also, great attention given to filling and preserving the natural teeth. Teeth extracted without pain by use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. All other work incident to the profession done in the most skillful and approved style. All work attended to promptly and warranted. Charges reasonable. Patronage of the public solicited.

Office in A. W. Loder's new building, opposite Anomink House, East Stroudsburg, Pa.
July 11, 1873.—1y.

DR. A. E. PECK,
Surgeon Dentist.

Announces that having just returned from Dental College, he is fully prepared to make artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner, and to fill decayed teeth according to the most improved method.

Teeth extracted without pain, when desired, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, which is entirely harmless. Repairing of all kinds neatly done. All work warranted. Charges reasonable.

Office in J. G. Keller's new brick building, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Aug 31-4

JAMES H. WALTON,
Attorney at Law.

Office in the building formerly occupied by L. M. Barson, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Jan 13-4

AMERICAN HOTEL.

The subscriber would inform the public that he has leased the house formerly kept by Jacob Knuch, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, Pa., and having repaired and refurnished the same, is prepared to entertain all who may patronize him. It is the aim of the proprietor, to furnish superior accommodations at moderate rates and will spare no pains to promote the comfort of the guests. A liberal share of public patronage solicited.
April 17, 1873-4] D. L. PISLE.

KIPLE HOUSE,
HONESDALE, PA.

Most central location of any Hotel in town.

R. W. KIPLE & SON,
Proprietors.
159 Main Street,
January 9, 1873.—1y.

LACKAWANNA HOUSE,
OPPOSITE THE DEPOT,
East Stroudsburg, Pa.

B. J. VAN COTT, Proprietor.

The BAR contains the choicest liquors, and the TABLE is supplied with the best market affords. Charges moderate. [May 3 1872-4]

WATSON'S
Mount Vernon House,
117 and 119 North Second St.

ABOVE ARCH,
PHILADELPHIA.
May 30, 1872-1y.

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Willsboro, N. Y.) Recipe for CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully compounded at

HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE.
Medicines Fresh and Pure.
Nov. 21, 1867.] W. HOLLINSHEAD.

Nothing to Lend.

Rushing 'round the corners,
Chasing every friend,
Plunging into banks,

Nothing there to lend,
Piteously begging
Of every man you meet,
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Shinning on the street.

Merchants very short,
Running neck and neck,
Want to keep a going,
Praying for a check,
Dabblers in the stocks,
Blue as blue can be,
Evidently wishing,
They were fancy free.

All our splendid railroads,
Got such dreadful knocks,
Twenty thousand bulls,
Could't raise their stocks.
Many of the bears,
In the trouble sharing,
Now begin to feel,
They've been over-bearing.

Risky speculators,
Tumbling with the shock;
Never mind the stopping,
More than any clock.

Still they give big dinners,
Smoke, and drink, and sup,
Going all the better,
For a winding up.

Banking institutions,
Companies of "trust,"
With other people's money,
Go off on a bust.

Houses of long standing,
Crumbling in a night;
With so many "smashes,"
No wonder money's tight.

Gentlemen of means,
Having lots to spend,
Save a little sympathy,
Nothing have to lend.

Gentlemen in want,
Willing to pay double,
Find they can borrow
Nothing now but trouble.

Half our men of business,
Wanting an extension,
While nearly all the others,
Contemplate suspension.

Many of them, though,
Don't appear to dread it,
Every cent they owe,
Is so much to their credit.

Brokers all are breaking,
Credit all is cracked,
Women all expanding,
As the banks contract.

Panic still increasing,
Where will the trouble end,
While all hands want to borrow,
And nobody can lend.

Running 'round the corners,
Trying every source,
Asking at the banks
Nothing there, of course.

JOHN F. HERRMAN,
East Stroudsburg, Dec. 16th, 1873.

The Virginus Massacre.

STORY OF THE EXECUTIONS BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The bark *Morning Star*, from Cuba, brings authentic particulars of the massacre of the crew and passengers of the Virginus.

The second mate, Francis Coffin, a highly intelligent young man, was an eye witness of all the proceedings, from the moment the Virginus entered the harbor of Santiago de Cuba escorted by the Spanish ship of war *Tornado* until the last executions took place.

From him, a few days ago, a reporter of the *Times* obtained the following deeply interesting account of the tragedy:—The Virginus was brought into the harbor on the 1st of November, escorted by the *Tornado* and another Spanish man of war.

On the morning of the following day, Sunday, a detachment of companies of soldiers was marched down to the wharf and formed in a kind of hollow square about it, protecting every avenue of approach.

The news, meanwhile, had spread that the prisoners captured on board the Virginus were going to be brought ashore and lodged in the jail preparatory to their trial by court martial.

Soon all the streets and avenues leading to the wharf were densely crowded with people anxious to catch a glimpse of the prisoners when they should be landed.

Such was their eagerness to obtain good positions to see the prisoners that frequently the soldiers were compelled to employ the butts of their muskets to keep them back.

Every window and house top also had their occupants gazing with intense interest on the scene below. The people were not all demonstrative. They seemed, however, to be deeply impressed with the gravity of the situation, and conversed in low tones as to the awful fate that probably awaited the prisoners.

The captives first taken from the ship consisted exclusively of passengers, Capt. Fry and crew being left aboard, and were conveyed on shore in boats belonging to the *Tornado*.

Among the first to be landed were Gen. Ryan, Bernabe Varona, Pedro Cespedes, and Gen. Jesus del Sol. These four placed apart as being the leaders of the expedition, and were treated with more consideration than was exhibited to ward the remaining prisoners.

They were not manacled, whereas the others, without exception, before leaving the vessel,

had their elbows pinioned to their sides, and were hand cuffed besides. The irons were not removed until after they had been lodged in jail.

When all the captives had been landed, a Spanish officer stepped up to Gen. Ryan and his three companions, and, respectfully saluting him, intimated his pleasure that they should accompany him.

Without a word the four obeyed the intimation, and marched away from the wharf to the prison, which was only about two blocks distant, followed by a file of soldiers with bayonets fixed. Meanwhile the other captives were standing grouped upon the wharf, chatting and smoking. None of them appeared to understand the awful peril of their position.

Many laughed and joked about their position, evidently considering that they had got themselves in a bad scrape, but nothing more. Neither the populace nor the soldiers at that time made any hostile demonstrations against the captives, nor were they subjected to any ill treatment or indignities beyond the pinioning before mentioned.

A few moments after Gen. Ryan and his companions had been taken away the remainder of the captives were taken to the prison. The people then dispersed. Late in the evening a rumor was circulated that Ryan, Varona, Cespedes, and Jesus del Sol had been condemned to death, and were to be shot on the following morning.

The report, which was soon ascertained to be only too well grounded, excited the most intense excitement, and was everywhere the universal topic of discussion.

Many persons it was apparent condemned the action of the authorities, but were afraid to express their sentiments for fear of becoming involved in trouble.

How the four condemned men spent the night before their execution Mr. Coffin said he did not know. Gen. Ryan, a short while previous to the hour for going to the place of execution, obtained permission to write some letters and make his will.

Before being granted the permission, he was compelled to make an oath that he would not make any attempt to escape. About five o'clock on Monday morning, the fated four were marched to the "Slaughter House," which is about ten minutes' walk from the prison.

Ryan was dressed in a blue flannel shirt and light pantaloons, wore a white felt hat looped up at the side, and carried a small silver star on the left side of his breast.

"He showed," said the mate, "more grit and courage than one would have thought possible. A person would imagine he was going to his wedding in stead of to his death."

The others, too, acted like brave men, especially Cespedes, the youngest of the three, whose courage never for an instant quailed. On the way to the execution ground Gen. Ryan spoke two or three times to the Spanish officer who walked beside him, protesting that his execution was without justification, as he had not had a fair trial, or any trial at all, in fact.

A Catholic clergy man offered his ministrations to Ryan, but he refused to speak to him and moved away. On arriving at the slaughter house Mr. Coffin states that the Spanish officers directed the condemned men to kneel down with their faces to wards the wall.

Ryan and Cespedes protested against this as an indignity, and asked to be allowed to kneel with their faces turned toward their executioners. Finally, however, they submitted and assumed the required position.

Then there was a pause for an instant, followed by a flash and a report, and the four were writhing in the agonies of death. Their sufferings did not last long, and all were dead within the space of four minutes.

The reports circulated in New York that a Spanish officer thrust his sword through Ryan's heart, and that the heads were chopped off the four murdered men and carried in triumph through the streets.

Mr. Coffin pronounces as altogether untrue. The moment life was extinct the four bodies were placed in a cart and taken to the cemetery, where they were thrown into a rude hole hastily dug, and some shovelful of clay thrown over the remains.

Meanwhile, the house of Mr. Smith, the American Consul, had been placed under a guard of Spanish soldiers, and Mr. Smith was compelled to remain within doors, and not allowed to hold communication by letter or otherwise with any one outside.

He was not even permitted to come out on his verandah. Of the massacre of Captain Fry and the crew of the Virginus Mr. Coffin gives the following graphic description:—"The execution took place in the afternoon. The trial had been on board the *Tornado*, and on the morning of the execution the entire party was taken on shore and marched to the prison. I talked with Captain Fry on the way from the jail to the slaughter house. The first question I asked him was where the Virginus was when captured.

He said that she was just eighteen miles south east from Fort Morant, on the coast of Jamaica. When I saw that we were certain to be captured, said the Captain, I sent for Varona, and asked him what he proposed to do, to fight or surrender, adding, it is all one to me. He replied that he thought it best to surrender. There was a slow march to the magazine, but he had got the men into their present position, and he thought he ought to give them a chance for their lives. Accordingly they had surrendered."

"At the place of execution," continued Mr. Coffin, "one of my mates, Charles Bell, the steward of my vessel,

gave poor Fry a glass of water. The Spaniards treated the Captain well, and never pinioned him from first to last. He, and indeed all the others, bore up bravely, and never flinched for an instant.

When the crew had knelt down the Captain walked along the line, and bade good bye to all the men in turn, white and black, for there were several negroes in the crew. As the men knelt they were distant from the wall that surrounded the execution ground about three feet, while about three paces behind them, with levelled muskets, stood the detachment of marines detailed to execute the sentence.

Just before the fatal volley was fired Capt. Fry took off his hat. He seemed as if he was saying a prayer. Of the whole thirty seven, Capt. Fry was the only person who fell at the first fire. His body was riddled with bullets, and he died almost instantly. All the others were but slightly wounded. The scene that followed was the most frightful I ever witnessed, and I have been on many a battle field.

After the first volley I jumped upon the wall, and from there I could see everything that happened. The poor creatures who were wounded lay upon the ground, rolling about frantically in their own blood, and uttering shrieks of pain and agony, and loud appeals for mercy. Their appeals for mercy fell upon men deaf to compassion. The murderers rushed upon them like demons, and, thrusting their muskets into the mouths and ears of the unfortunate wretches, absolutely blew their heads off.

Some of the poor creatures frantically endeavored to burst the bonds and seize the muskets, but of course could not succeed. I shall never forget the awful groans and shrieks that resounded from the place of slaughter. Full ten minutes, that looked as if it might have been an hour, elapsed from the time the first volley was discharged until the last of the unfortunate men was dead.

I heard men say who were on ships in the harbor that after the first volley was fired the reports of the guns subsequently discharged continued to sound like the cracking of fire works on the Fourth of July in New York. It is a positive fact that, with the exception of Capt. Fry, the head was blown off every man in the thirty six.

The marines seemed to exult in their work of blood. I felt ashamed that day of being an American. After all the party were dead, as in the cases of Ryan and his companions, the bodies were thrown into a cart and carried off to the cemetery. As many as a dozen bodies were thrown into the same hole.

On the 7th of November the remainder of the passengers were to be executed—fifty in all; but on that day an English man of-war, the *Niobe*, arrived in port. The Captain, on coming into the harbor, did not salute the Spanish forts. He was in his boat before the anchor touched the bottom, and on landing proceeded straight to the Governor's house, and peremptorily demanded that the executions should cease.

The Governor at first declared that he had no right to interfere, but the Captain said that in the absence of an American man of war he would take the responsibility of protecting American citizens, and guarding the honor of the American flag.

It is said he give the Governor General his choice between yielding to his demands or having the city bombarded, and the Governor accordingly gave way. Only for the arrival of the *Niobe* there can be no doubt but that the fifty would have been shot that afternoon.

All the Americans in port were loud in praise of the manner in which the Captain of the *Niobe* acted. I ascertained a few days after his arrival that he came in answer to a telegraphic message from the American Consul, sent after the massacre of Capt. Fry and his crew, asking to have an American man of-war dispatched to Santiago de Cuba.

There happened to be no American man of-war at Kingston at the time, but the commander of the *Niobe* immediately got up steam, and even though he had not his full complement of men, many of them being on shore, without delay started for Santiago de Cuba. One of his first acts was to compel the Spaniards to remove the American flag from the place on the deck of the *Tornado*, where it had been thrown about and trampled upon for days, more like a rag than a flag.

He also compelled the Governor of Santiago to furnish him with five copies of the official proceedings in regard to the trials—one for himself, one for his Commodore, one for the American Government, one for the British, and the remaining one for the American Commodore. When concluding his story, Mr. Coffin assured the reporter that the Spanish authorities somehow seems to have no respect for the American Government, and do not hesitate on the slightest pretext to insult the American flag.

One exceedingly warm day in June, a neighbor met the old man, and remarked that it was very hot. "Yes," said Joe, "if it wasn't for one thing, I should say we were going to have a thaw."

"What is that?" inquired the friend. "There's nothing frozen."

"Well, friend Jim, how did you make it down South?" "First rate—made plenty of money."

"What did you do with it?" "Laid it out in houses and lots."

"Where?" "Every place I have been where there were any."

"What kind of houses and lots?" "Coffee houses and lots of whiskey."

Providentially Directed.

Among the attendants at a late Methodist conference was a very beautiful and intelligent looking young lady, who drew the admiring gaze of many eyes, masculine, always on the lookout for female faces. During the intermission at noon, a spruce young minister stepped up to the presiding elder, and said, with an air of secrecy:

"Did you observe the young lady who sat by the first pillar on the left?"

"Yes," said the elder, "what of her?"

"Why," said the young man, "I feel impressed that the Lord desires me to take that young lady for my wife. I think she would make a good companion and helpmate in the work of the ministry."

The elder, as a good Christian ought, had nothing to object.

But in a few moments another candidate for ministerial efforts and honors, and for the name of husband, came confidently to make known a like impression regarding the same young lady.

"You had better wait awhile. It is not best to be too hasty in determining the source of such impressions," said the prudent elder.

And he said well; for hardly were the steps of the second youth cold at his side, ere a third approached with the same story, and while the worthy confidant still marveled, a fourth drew near with the question:

"Did you notice the fine, noble looking woman on your left?"

"Yes," cried the swelling elder.

"Well, sir," went on the fourth victim of the unsuspecting girl, "it is strongly borne in upon my mind that it is the will of the Lord that I should make proposals of marriage to that lady. He has impressed me that she is to be my wife."

The elder could hold in no longer. "Impossible! impossible!" he exclaimed in an excited tone; "the Lord never intended that four men should marry that one woman!"

Late-Fashion Notes.

A novelty just introduced is English embroidered cashmere, all eyelet holes and compasses, the open-work done with silk floss, and to be worn over black silk in tunics, sleeveless jackets, and, indeed, polonaises. It is shown in gray, brown, and black.

Sets of linked balls for collar and cuffs, in black, gray, blue, and red fancy compositions, and also in oxidized silver, cost \$1.75.

The newest linen collars, high and flaring behind, with rounded fronts, are made with tiny chemisettes, and sold for 35 cents; fastened by balls and a chain, they cost \$1. These are in the best style and well made. With embroidered edges, they cost from \$1.25 to \$2.50.

It is the fashion abroad for ladies when traveling to wear leather bags slung over the shoulders like a tourist's strap satchel. Side pockets and pockets behind in redingotes are preferred here. Fancyful pockets made entirely of jet net work and fringed are worn with black silk dresses.

Little girls wear Normandy caps of black velvet, trimmed with colored ribbons and Valenciennes lace. Later in the season Normandy caps of white cony skin will be worn with the little fur sack cloak to match. Larger girls wear felt hats with low crowns and turned-up brims, pointed and dented fancifully, bound with velvet, and ornamented with a wing or cock's plumes, and worn far back on the head above flowing wavy hair or else long braids.

The woman who said the latest thing out was her husband, was answered by her neighbor, who remarked that her husband always came home early—before any one was up.

An old lady from the country, with six unmarried daughters, went to Augusta, Ga., the other day, hunting for the patrons of husbandry. She meant business.

In Jefferson township, Berks county, there is a man named John Strauss, who attends to his farm in person although he is ninety-one years old. He is as vigorous as a man of fifty. His descendants have reached the fifth generation.

A gentleman who rather suspected some one was peeping through the key-hole of his office door, investigated with a syringe full of pepper sauce, and went home to find his wife had been cutting wood and a chip had hit her in the eye.

They had a miracle up in Maine, last week. A sick man's son went out and beat about the bush all the afternoon to get a nice, tender partridge for him, and just as he reached the house at night, tired, faint and empty handed, and thinking how he should console the old man for the disappointment, a gigantic hawk flew over and dropped, almost at his feet, the very partridge he wanted.

Titusville has had an Enoch Arden case. The *Courier* says: "We gave an account in yesterday's *Courier* of one Deitrich, who went away from this city about a year ago, leaving behind his wife and two children. During his absence his wife married again, and her first husband returned home Tuesday night last. The parties all met yesterday, and an agreement was drawn up between the wife and the second husband that they each go their way, and neither would ever be molested. So accordingly, Deitrich is now in possession of his wife and his children, and Smith is a 'widower'."

Five thousand miners and mechanics in and about Scranton have agreed to subscribe ten cents per month each to ward a memorial fund for the support of the Lackawanna hospital in that city.

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