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May 16, 1872.

MORMON HISTORY.

A Horrible Story of Cold-Blooded Assassination.

The recent attempted assassination in Southern Utah of Phillip Klingen Smith, the Mormon bishop, who participated in the Mountain Meadow massacre and then turned State's evidence, has brought to light a diabolical deed which was committed by Brigham's agents in September, 1857. The following story is from the Truckee Republican of December 22, and was related to the editor of that journal about a year ago by one of the prophet's favorite assassins: "The Aiken party, composed of the Aiken brothers, a man known as 'Colonel' Aiken Buck and two others, started East from California just as Johnson's army was entering Utah. They were wealthy gentlemen of an adventurous, speculative turn, and had the finest outfit of mules, equipments, guns, pistols, etc., ever seen in Salt Lake City. They carried with them about \$30,000 in gold. On the Humboldt they fell in with a train going East, and traveled with the emigrants until they reached the Utah settlements. Near Ozen they were arrested as spies, brought to Salt Lake City and closely confined. Utah was under martial law, and this fact was the pretext for this outrage. The emigrant train came along and vouched for the men as being good, honest gentlemen, but without effect. Their money was too tempting a prey. After being incarcerated some time, two were left in prison, and the four others sent by the Mormons to California, under an escort. The apparent firmness of this move vanished when we learn that the escort was Porter Rockwell, John Lot and One-eyed Miles, three of the blackest-hearted villains that ever lived. When the party arrived at Nephi, a council was called among the Mormons, and sixteen men were appointed to use up the Aiken party. The few who opposed the cold-blooded plot were silenced by the argument that it was God's will expressed through his prophet Brigham. At midnight a team was fitted out and driven on ahead of the Aiken party, who were asleep at Nephi. The next evening just as the victims were camping at the Sevier river, a party of men drove up from the opposite direction and asked permission to camp with them.

THE PLOT OF THE MURDER
Was well planned. The Aiken party never suspected that these men were assassins, who had been in Nephi the night before. They were pleased to have company, and the camp fires were built side by side. The Mormons outnumbered their victims four to one, yet were too cowardly to make the attack until sleep rendered the poor victims helpless; then they pounced upon the sleeping, defenceless fellows and struck them on the head with king-bolts, clubs and iron bars. The Colonel bounded up, and bruised and bleeding as he was, escaped in the bushes. A second one of the Aiken boys sprang to his feet, but was shot down. The other two were brained where they lay. The three lifeless bodies were thrown into the river, and the brother who was shot down revived when he came in contact with the cold stream. Poor fellow, a night of horror awaited him which was worse than a thousand deaths. Crawling over the cruel pebbly bottom of the river, drenched, bleeding and half dead, the man reached the willows near the camp. Here he lay shivering with fear and heard the murderers boast of the brutal deed. Summoning all his strength the wounded man crawled away through the bushes.

AND STARTED BACK TO NEPHI.
It snowed lightly during the previous day, and that night there was a bitter, biting frost. Aiken had on nothing but his pants and shirt. The crisp snow and the sharp stones cut his feet until he could hardly endure the pain. Weak from loss of blood, dazed and stunned by blows on his head, cold, deserted and lonely, weary and worn out, the man traveled all night long. Naught but thoughts of a murdered brother lying mangled and unburied in the black waters of the Sevier gave him strength to press forward to where he vainly hoped for assistance. Just at dawn he completed his twenty-six mile journey, and fell exhausted at the foot of the little hill in the outskirts of Nephi. He had fallen in front of a house, and from the inmates he learned that one of his comrades had likewise escaped and had ascended the hill only a few moments before. Wild with the hope that it was his brother, he struggled to his feet and staggered onward. In spite of all his efforts he fell heavily four or five times, and could not rise until he had lain still and rested for a few moments. When he reached the hotel he found the Colonel instead of his brother. The poor, half-murdered man uttered not a word, but looked in each other's arms fell swooning to the ground. Even the Mormons who looked upon the scene were affected to tears.

COLD-BLOODED ASSASSINATION
Awaited these brave fellows after all. Thoughtlessly they told that they recognized some of their murderers. The hotel was guarded day and night by the Mormons lest the victims should escape. The hotel-keeper was in league with the assassins. His team had hauled the murderers to the Sevier. When three weeks had passed, the wounded men had so far recovered as to wish to return to Salt Lake City. The hotel-keeper refused to let them go until his bill was paid. They had escaped with nothing but a gold watch and a silver-mounted Colt's revolver. Their money and valuable property was laying in

the Nepal fishing office—in God's storehouse. They offered the hotel-keeper the watch worth \$250, for their bill, but he demanded the revolver instead. As he took the pistol, Aiken said: "There goes our last friend. We'll never leave this valley alive." Disarmed, wounded and utterly helpless, these men were put into a wagon and driven to an old stable a few miles out of Nephi. The driver backed his wagon up close to the stable and unhitched the horses, saying he wanted to feed them. The hind end of the wagon had been taken out before starting and as soon as the horses were out of the way

A VOLLEY OF BUCKSHOT

Fired from the stable fairly riddled the bodies of the two Californians. The party of cowardly wretches concealed in the stable continued to fire until every muscle in the victims' bodies ceased to quiver. Then they stripped off the clothing and threw the bodies into one of those round springs or natural wells which seem to have no bottom, and filled it in with large stones. To this day the place is known as "Murderer's Spring." Sufficient proof is in the possession of the United States officials at Salt Lake to convict the perpetrators of this frightful crime if justice could be obtained in Utah. Timothy B. Foot is the hotel-keeper's name; Wolfe is the man who drove the fatal wagon and Bishop Bryant presided over the council at Nephi that passed the sentence of death. Actual participants in the crime have confessed, and if protected would testify to all the particulars. From one of the murders I obtained my information. I have not colored any portion of the narrative; the bare facts are before you.

Seventeen Years Among Savages.

An Australian correspondent of the London Times writes: "An interesting case of naturalization of a white man among savages has just come to light. Seventeen years ago the French ship St. Paul, with three hundred and twenty-seven Chinese coolies for Australia, was wrecked on a reef off Rossel Island, in the Louisiade Archipelago, east of New Guinea. The coolies were landed on an island, where they were left by the captain. The story of the Chinaman is a short one, for, as the natives happened to be cannibals, it seemed good to them to fetch off the fattest every day and eat them, so that when at last a ship came to fetch them away there were only seventeen left. The boat containing the captain and his crew of eight Frenchmen made the coast of Australia near Cape Direction, on the Cape York Peninsula, and the captain and crew landed in search of water. Among them was a boy twelve years old, named Narcisse Pelletier, of St. Giles, near Bordeaux, who cut his feet badly in walking over the rock, and unable to keep up with the others; consequently, when the boat started on its course he was left behind, and remained three days alone on the coast. He was lying asleep under a tree when a gentle shaking made him aware that he was in the presence of three black men and two black women who made signs of surprise and commiseration. They gave him some food, and led him away without any violence to their camp, where he was received by others of the tribe in an equally friendly manner. He became one of the tribe and adopted their way of living, which, as he describes it, is, perhaps, as primitive as any that can now be found. Shelter and clothing are dispensed with altogether, except that the women wear a small fringed girdle around the hips. Their food consists of fish, which they take entirely by spearing and harpooning, fruits, and a few animals. They use fire for cooking, obtaining it by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together. Their personal ornaments consist of a few scars made by cutting the flesh with broken bottles and pinching the incision repeatedly until a cork-like excrescence is formed. The design, as exemplified in his person, consists of two straight cords across the lower part of the chest, the longer of them about ten inches in length, about a third of an inch thick in the middle, and tapering off to the ends, the other somewhat smaller; four or five short lines parallel to these and above them on each side of the front of the chest all the lines being at an equal angle; some similar short lines or tracings in front of the right shoulder, and a few slight ones in front of the left; besides that he has a hole through the lobe of the right ear large enough to hold a piece of wood of the size of a five-franc piece when stretched, and finally a hole through the division of the nose to admit a piece of bamboo as large as a common lead pencil just below the nostrils. They do not practice any other mutilation or modification of any part of the body, but they cut their hair (which is black and straight—not curled in the smallest degree) with broken bottles. The incisions applied to the women differ only in pattern from those of the men. When it rains heavily they try to shelter themselves with pieces of bark or branches, but they have not even the rudiment of a hut. They seldom stay long in one place. They have no stone implements in use; their weapons and fish spears are tipped with iron, obtained from hoops of casks picked up on the beach. Their language, about a hundred words of which have been written down from Pelletier's dictation, does not appear to have anything in common with Malay, or any Papuan dialects, of which vocabularies are at hand. It abounds in nasal sounds. They are wholly unable to count, and have no words for numbers. Their relations between the sexes are those which obtain among animals other than man. The strongest

take three or four women each, and fights for their possession are of frequent occurrence. When a man for any reason is dissatisfied with or tired of his wife, he simply spears her and there is an end of it. Domestic troubles are consequently of short duration. Neither cannibalism or infanticide is practised by this tribe; on the contrary, according to Pelletier's statement, they are rather good-natured people, and would be kind to any white man who came among them unarmed. Of any religion, or belief in the existence of any kind of unseen world, they appear not to have the slightest vestige. Pelletier is, of course, a living curiosity. He is to be handed over to the French Consul at Sydney, who will no doubt forward him to France. What his ultimate fate may be no one can say, but it is certain that if he is to thrive as a civilized man he will require a large amount of discretion than his training up to this point is likely to have given him."

A NEW CURE FOR PARALYSIS.

How a Young Woman Restored Her Paralyzed Arm to Action.

[From the Virginia Enterprise.]
"About a year ago a curious thing happened here," yesterday remarked a robust and rosy-cheeked butcher, whom we had been complimenting on his fresh and healthy appearance. "I know," continued our butcher acquaintance, "that, as a rule, men engaged in my business enjoy good health, and have a fresh, rosy look; but whether dabbling in blood and breathing and absorbing the fumes and vapors arising from fresh meats has nothing to do with this, as you appear to believe, I cannot say; neither have I seen any blood drinking, either by butchers or others. But, as I have said, a very curious circumstance occurred here about a year ago. I generally work in the market—so I must get my red cheeks through what I absorb from the meats I handle—but about a year ago one of our butchers took sick, and I filled his place in the slaughter house for about six weeks. 'I had not been in the slaughter house long until one afternoon about two o'clock—our time to begin killing—a carriage drove up. Two gentlemen, one known to me as the proprietor, and the other a young lady, got out of the carriage. I afterwards learned that the young lady had been paralyzed from the neck down, and was unable to use her right arm. She had a course dress of some heavy woolen stuff that she wore for the purpose, and when the bullock fell, and the knife had done its work, she at once ran up and seated herself on the floor, as regardless of the blood as if it had been so much water. There she would hang across the neck of the beast until it ceased to bleed. She was so brave that we were all glad when she got well. I remembered how happy she was when she came one day and showed us that she could begin to open and close her fingers. From that time forward she improved rapidly. Soon she could move her arm, and finally could grasp and lift things with her hand. I think she came for about three weeks before she was cured. The last day she came she was quite bright and merry—more so than I had ever seen her. After putting on her mantle she thanked us all for our kindness to her and shook hands with us, giving us the cured hand, which, as she laughingly said, we had 'some right to.' After the young lady went away we thought we should see many persons there to try the blood bath, but none have ever come. The girl was the only one, and I never saw anything like it before or since."

Notice Under the Exemption Law.

Judge Pearson, of Harrisburg, has decided a case involving the notice required from a debtor who elects to retain three hundred dollars under the act of 1871, exempting personal property from levy and sale and securing to the debtor the remainder, either in land or money, to make up the deficiency. All the property of Ephraim Ney had been sold, on a *p. p.*, and the day after the seizure Ney served a written notice on the sheriff that he claimed the benefit of the exemption law. The appraisers valued the personal property at \$6470, which was returned to Ney; reported that the real estate could not be divided without prejudice, and it was sold for \$410. Mr. Ney made claim to \$235 24 of this fund, which, with the appraised value of his personal estate, \$6470, made \$3000. The main point raised was, whether the notice served upon the sheriff was sufficient to entitle the Ney to claim a portion of the money in Court—to take out his \$3000 of the real estate. The Court held that, although it was certainly intimated that the party must express his determination to take land, if capable of division, and can only get his money from the necessity of a sale, because it will not divide, yet the exact form or notice is not prescribed by the statute, nor is it clearly set forth in the cases cited. If it had been we may probably suppose it would have been adhered to on the principle of "stare decisis." More mature reflection and the habit of society have caused a relaxation of what we might infer was intended by those earlier cases, though in reality they all turned on other points. As a general rule I think that old law, like old wine, is better than new, in this instance the new is preferable. By the notice served in the present case the officer was fully apprised of the defendant's demand, and what he claimed and desired. We find him accordingly selecting appraisers; they valuing the personal property selected by the debtor, determining that the real estate would not divide and fixing its value. The notice given was fully understood and its work as proved by the result. The court directed the \$235 24 to be paid to Ney as claimed.

Curious surgery. A number of years ago a young Iowa farmer dislocated his limb, which was not properly reduced, and left his leg two inches short, which was lengthened out with cork sole and heel. A few days ago a woman ran against him, the wheel-hub striking him on the defective hip, and knocking him over. When he arose his leg was two inches too long, and he was obliged to remove his cork-extension, the wheel having reduced the dislocation. He walked home immediately.

Leonard Kapp, of Marion township, Berks county, raised this year, on a farm of 165 acres, 1,800 bushels of good wheat, 700 bushels of rye, 1,540 bushels of corn, 800 bushels of oats, 300 bushels of potatoes, 40 loads of hay, 80 loads of straw, besides raising and pasturing 36 head of horned cattle, 17 swine and 9 horses. The value of the crops raised was \$5,854, besides the stock. Who says that farming does not pay if managed right?

The Hungry Ten Thousand.

Many amusing as well as some sorrowful stories are being related in connection with the unprecedented raid upon Washington for the two hundred and odd subordinate places in the house of representatives at the disposal of the Democratic party. Among others is that of the two ancient ex-members of congress who years before the war figured somewhat conspicuously as proslavery leaders in the house of representatives. With the fall of slavery and rebellion these individuals sank out of sight, but came to the surface again as soon as the Democratic party had achieved its first victory. They repaired to Washington on the assembling of Congress, one seeking the position of clerk of the house and the other that of sergeant-at-arms. Both were defeated and they next sought places of a lower grade, and so kept going lower until they reached the folding and pasting department of the document rooms, where they were finally successful in securing quarters at a salary of eight hundred dollars a year, for the performance of the humblest drudgery. The New York World's Washington correspondent asserts that the applicants for the various places in the gift of the house of representatives, from clerk down to postmen and folders, numbers not less than ten thousand, representing every state from Maine to California and from the northern borders to the Gulf of Mexico. Hundreds of these applicants are unable to reach their homes again except by the assistance of the members of congress who represent their districts. A once rather conspicuous state legislator of South Carolina has secured employment to wheel the mails from the house of representatives to the city post office, while others who held equally prominent positions in the south before the war are happy in securing positions as assistant door-keepers and similar unpretentious places. The post master of the house of representatives, Col. Stewart, has given great offense by taking all his assistants from among his own neighbors at Alexandria, including all his male relatives, while Mr. Adams, the clerk of the house, committed a like offense by giving all the best places in his gift to members of his own family—including the chief clerkship to his uncle, Green Adams, formerly a member of congress from Kentucky.

What Hampers Industry.

If now we reflect upon these facts—how one large slice of the aggregate product of industry is shorn off by the prodigality and recklessness of governments; how another large slice is shorn off by the criminal classes, directly to support themselves, and indirectly to support those persons by whom they are watched and guarded; another large slice by the drones, who contribute nothing and take much; and a fourth by those habitual vices which render us unfit for continuous and effective exertion, we shall see one reason why the lump that is left to be distributed among actual workers, and others entitled to it, is so diminished. The rats have nibbled at the corn. The capital of the nation, which is only its savings for future use, is pared away before it can be put to that use. A vast crop of funguses impoverish the soil that would be otherwise drawn around the roots of wholesome plants. In other words, the wealth of society, which is all it has to live upon while creating new wealth, is diverted from the process of creation to various destructive processes. Rewards of labor that would have gone to the creators are sucked into the remorseless jaws of the destroyers, and they who deserve much are robbed by those who deserve none. Economical and just governments, good habits, and the extirpation of the blood-suckers, are the primary conditions of a better distribution of the gains of industrial enterprise.—New York Post.

The report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Pennsylvania is a document of considerable interest at the present time. There are 2,088 school districts in the State; 17,002 schools, an increase of 450; 18,825 school directors, 87 superintendents, 19,880 teachers, 890,973 pupils in all, and 551,848 average attendance, an increase of 8,822. Average salary of male teachers per month, \$41.07, a decrease of \$1.88 from 1874; average salary of female teachers, \$34.02, a decrease of \$1.78. Average cost of tuition per pupil each month, 92 cents; cost of tuition for the year, \$4,746,875 52; an increase of \$219,593.40; cost of buildings, etc., \$2,050,464 83—total cost of tuition, fuel, buildings, and contingencies, \$9,254,059.13, an increase of \$207,158.76 over the past year. There was also an increase of \$541,941.62 in the total expenditures for school purposes during the year. The estimated value of the school property is \$24,269,780. Concerning the question of retaining the Bible in the public schools the report says: "I would like to have a copy of the Bible upon the desk of every teacher, in the sight of all the children in the land. The painful alternative of discontinuing the use of the Bible in the public schools is seldom forced upon us. In 14,500 of our 17,000 schools it is now read without giving serious offence to anybody. If the work of the school be so arranged as to allow the Bible-reading to take place at the close of the day, neither loss of time nor disorder need result from a part of the pupils quietly leaving the room at a given signal."

A school house has been erected at Danville which cost about \$35,000.

The receipts of Berks county from taxes, etc., in 1875 were \$204,403 63, and the expenditures \$105,850 70.

There were fifty births and twenty-five deaths in Allentown during the month of December. Forty-eight marriages were recorded during the same period.

Ten convicts from Luzerne county were taken to the Eastern Penitentiary a few days ago. Their aggregate sentences reached sixty-five years five months. One of the convicts received fourteen years and ten months.

The Sunbury Daily says: "Ministers evidently are plain spoken in Schuylkill. Not long since, while one of them was sermonizing from the pulpit, the church door opened and a young lark hesitatingly stood in the doorway. The reverend gentleman gave him a withering look and caused his sudden retreat by saying—'Go out, young man, she's not here!'"

The annual report of Adjutant General Latta shows that there are now in the service 870 officers and 9,275 enlisted men; 194 company organizations, 10 cavalry, 6 artillery and 178 infantry. But six infantry companies are unattached. The rest are attached to nineteen regiment organizations. There is one provisional battalion of four companies. The Adjutant General speaks well of the different commands.

One of the most singular breaches of promise cases on record has just occurred in New York. About twelve years ago Mr. and Mrs. Salspaugh were divorced, in 1874 they were reconciled, Mr. S. inviting his former wife to become his housekeeper under a promise of remarriage. Month after month passed, only to bring about a postponement of the happy day. Finally the woman's patience became exhausted, and she has just sued her former husband for damages, as stated.

The suspension of work in the Wyoming coal region will not affect the Lackawanna region. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, Delaware and Hudson Canal Company and Pennsylvania Coal Company, the principal corporations operating in the Lackawanna Valley, although having their yards stocked at tide-water, command along their great highways a sufficient inland trade to keep their mines working during the winter season at their present capacity, or a little more than half-time.