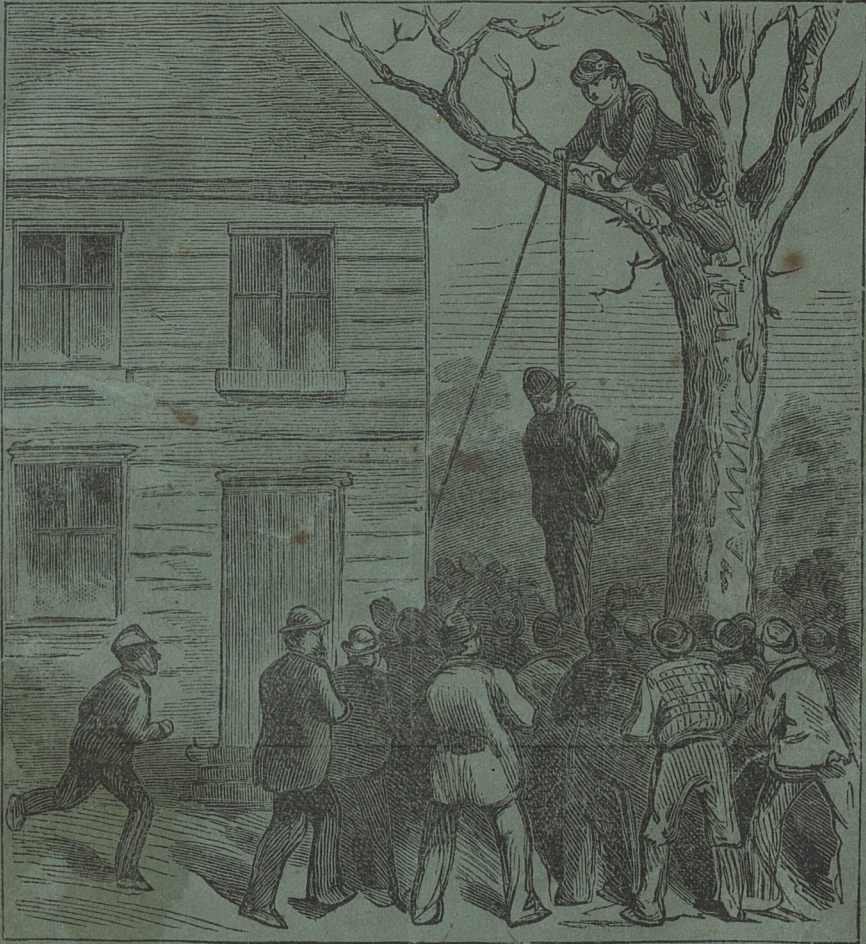


---

# MURDER OF THE GEOGLES,

---



---

## AND LYNCHING OF THE FIEND SNYDER.

---

Published by Barclay & Co., 21 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

—AGENTS WANTED AT ALL TIMES.—



THE  
MURDER OF THE GEOGLES

AND LYNCHING OF

THE FIEND SNYDER,

BY THE OTHERWISE PEACEABLE AND LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS OF BETHLEHEM, PA., AND ITS VICINITY.

---

A COLD-BLOODED MURDER,

A SWIFT RETRIBUTION,

A REMARKABLE CASE,

AND

THE FIRST RESORT TO LYNCH LAW IN PENNSYLVANIA.

---

PUBLISHED BY BARCLAY & Co.,  
21 NORTH SEVENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

—♦—  
**AGENTS WANTED.**

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by  
BARCLAY & CO.,  
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

---

# THE FIRST LYNCHING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

---

*The Quiet Citizens of Bethlehem Borough Swing off*

## **SNYDER, THE COLD-BLOODED MURDERER.**

**A Horrible Crime.—A Double Murder.—Born of Unholy Passion.—Retributed on the Spot by otherwise Peaceful Citizens of Northampton County.**

---

**N**OT only the quiet borough of Bethlehem and the adjacent country, but the whole of Northampton county, Pennsylvania, was horror-stricken on the morning of December 27th last, by the discovery that Jacob Geogle and his wife, Annie, had been butchered while asleep in their beds, at their home on Monocacy creek, about three miles north of Bethlehem, near the boundary of Hanover township. This, added to the speedy discovery, confession and lynching by the infuriated populace of the murderer, Edward Snyder, who boarded in the family of his victims, has thrown the community into a state of excitement never known there before. Jacob Geogle lived with his wife and three children, Alice, aged fourteen; Mary, aged twelve, and Henry, aged eleven years, in a comfortable stone house, which stands facing the road running between Bethlehem and Bath. He went there about a year ago from the vicinity of Plainfield. Geogle, who was thirty-eight years old, worked in the Coleman ore mines. Snyder, the murderer, also worked in the Coleman mines and has boarded with the Geogles since July last. He was twenty-four years old and came from

Mount Bethel. Snyder's motive for the murder was brutal lust for the daughter Alice. While living with the Geogles he made repeated attempts to debauch her. Alice, who is a mere slip of a girl, repulsed him and informed her parents. Geogle, it seems, threatened Snyder with the consequences if he did not let the girl alone. Snyder then determined upon revenge on the parents and the ruin of the girl at all hazards. On Christmas Eve Snyder dressed himself as Belsnickel, or Santa Claus, and went masquerading about the neighborhood, creating much amusement among the rustic German inhabitants.

On the fatal evening the Geogles had company at supper. Constable Samuel B. Fogel and his wife and two young daughters of Aaron Young, aged fourteen and twelve years, were there. Snyder was present and seemed in his usual spirits, but it was remembered afterwards that he did not eat much supper. Snyder joined the children in singing hymns they were practising for a Sunday-school entertainment. The party broke up quite late, Mr. and Mrs. Fogel going home, but the Young girls, at the earnest solicitation of Alice and Mary Geogle, decided to stay all night with their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Geogle retired to a small bed-room on the first floor opening off from the kitchen and also communicating with the sitting-room. Snyder slept on a cot in the hallway, at the head of the stairs. Two bed-rooms opened off this hallway. Alice Geogle and the oldest Young girl slept in one of these bed-rooms and the other three children in the other. None of the rooms in the house were locked. About midnight Snyder arose from his cot, crept stealthily down stairs to the kitchen, where he lighted a candle, by the light of which he found an axe, which was used for wood-chopping and which was left standing in a corner near the stove. He then gently opened the door leading into Mr. and Mrs. Geogle's bed-room, placing the candle

on a table in the kitchen so that its light would, without awakening the sleeping victims, enable him to see where to strike. Both the victims were lying on their backs, with their faces upturned, sleeping quietly. Geogle lay next the wall, his wife occupying the front side of the bed. Summoning all his strength the murderer raised his weapon and struck Geogle a terrific blow with the pole of the axe, crushing in his forehead in a frightful manner. So deadly was the blow that a slight tremor was the only sign that the murdered man made. In another instant the forehead of the sleeping woman had been crushed in the same manner. Then the murderer turned the blade of his axe and chopped his victims in a most frightful manner. The mouths of both were cut nearly to the ears, and the necks were cut by repeated blows until the heads were nearly severed from the bodies.

Leaving his bloody axe lying across the mutilated bodies of his victims, Snyder returned to the kitchen and took off his blood-bespattered shirt, the only garment that he wore, and replacing it with a clean one crept back up-stairs and entered the room where Alice and her friend, Miss Young, were asleep. But his first attempt to carry out his brutal intentions with regard to Alice awoke the girls, who screamed and fought off the villain and woke up the smaller children, who slept in the next room. Little Mary, hearing the screaming and struggling in her sister's room, ran down stairs to alarm her parents. A moment afterwards she came up stairs again, crying wildly that her mother's face was all bloody and that she could not wake her. Snyder, still dressed only in his shirt, seized the three younger children and threw them into the room where the two older girls crouched shivering in terror. He locked them all in this room, and proceeded coolly to dress himself. He then went to the house of George B. Ritter, a farmer, living near

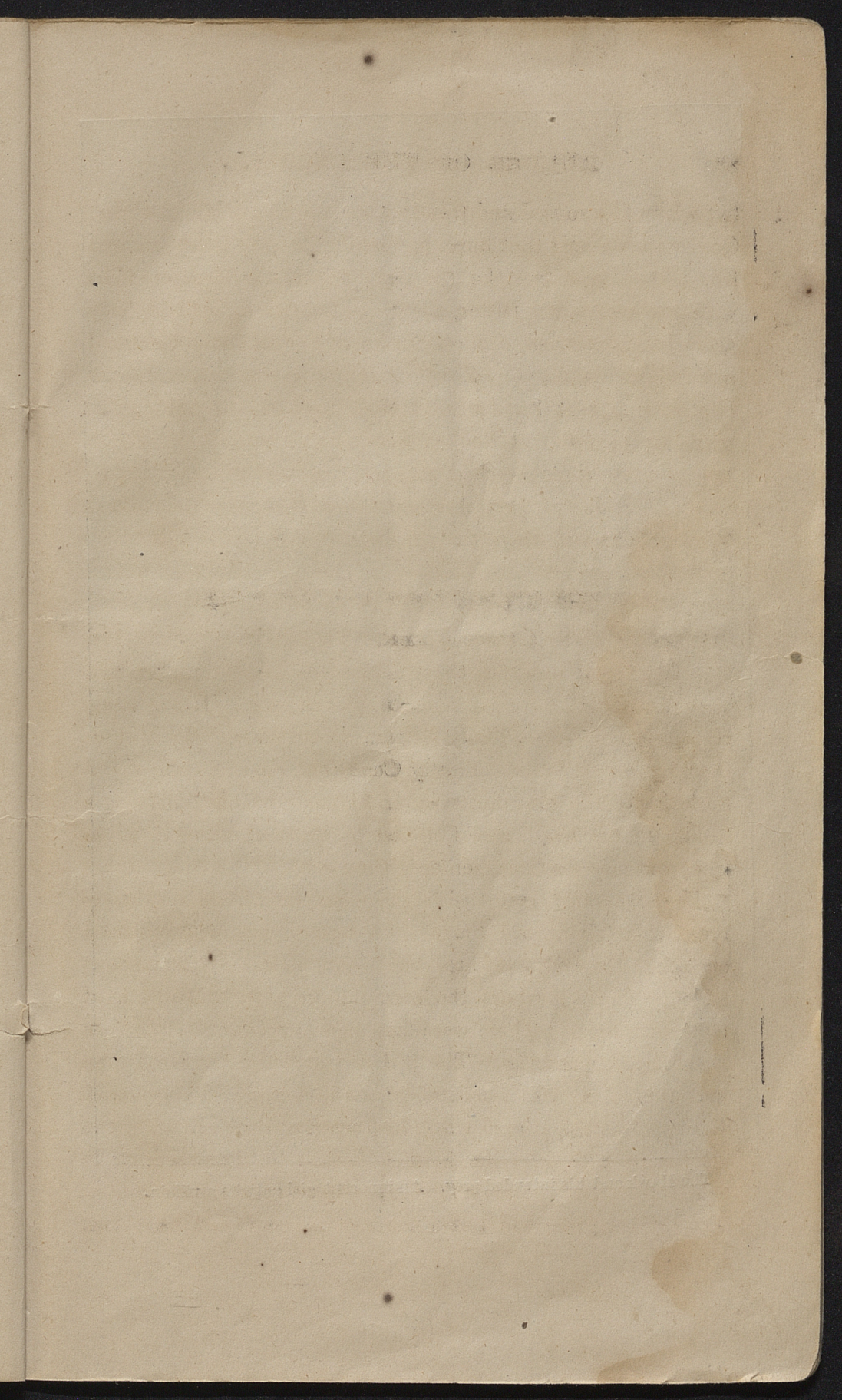
by, whom he aroused and told that he was afraid Mr. and Mrs. Geogle were dead; that burglars had broken into the house and killed them, and that he (Snyder) had had a desperate fight with the burglars. Ritter, at the entreaties of his wife, who was greatly alarmed, declined to leave her, but sent his hired man, Hugh Sandt, with Snyder. These two then met Joseph Santee, who sent Snyder and Sandt back to Geogle's house, while he went to call Reuben Schmiele and Constable Fogel. When these three reached the scene of the tragedy Sandt, Snyder and Joseph Henschue were there, but none had dared to enter the room where the murdered couple lay.

### THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

It was now about three o'clock. The children had broken out of the room in which they had been locked by Snyder, and were crouching in fear in a room in the attic. It was some time before the men, hardy farmers as they were, dared enter the chamber of death. Finally Constable Fogel, as the representative of the law, mustered up his courage, and, carrying a candle in his hand, and followed by the rest, all with white faces and noiseless steps, entered the room.

The scene that met their sight froze their blood and paralyzed their limbs and tongues, all but Snyder, who was cool enough. He said, "It is too bad," and pointing to a window, added, "There is where the men jumped out. I had a hard fight with them. There were four men altogether." The men stood about speechless. The bed on which the murdered man and woman lay was a mass of gore and brains. The walls of the room were spattered with blood nearly to the ceiling. The men went back into the kitchen and stood there, talking in whispers. Soon the room filled up with neighbors, men, women and children, who had heard the horrible news and had come







The Hawk and his intended prey. An innocent girl outwits a villain.

to verify it. Their courage increased with their numbers, and before daylight they had become an angry crowd, vowing vengeance, but doing nothing. In the meantime Alice had told a few women of Snyder's attempted assault upon her and expressed her belief that he had murdered her parents, and the story gradually got around among the crowd, but there was no one among them hardy enough then to arrest the cool villain who was repeating to every fresh arrival his incredible story of the burglars, and it was not until after Snyder had quietly slipped away that their anger, which afterwards carried them to the extreme length of taking the law into their own hands, was sufficiently stirred to make them take any active steps to secure the murderer.

### EXCITED CROWDS.

Shortly after Snyder aroused the neighbors and informed them of the murder George B. Ritter and George Young drove to Bethlehem and reported the facts of the probable crime to Magistrate Fradeneck, and he, without taking any steps to investigate the case, started at once for Easton, the county-seat, for the purpose of notifying Coroner Uhler and District Attorney Anstett. The news spread rapidly, and when Detective W. W. Yohe, of the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad Company, reached the house of the Geogles he found an excited crowd of men, women and children surrounding it. The roads were filled with sleighs bearing curious people to the scene of the crime, and from every farm-house within a radius of five miles came people to swell the crowd. The greatest excitement prevailed and hundreds of rumors about the identity of the guilty party were circulated and discussed. The visitors were all anxious to view the horrible scene in the back bedroom, where the murdered man and wife lay, but one look was

enough to satisfy the most morbid curiosity, and but few persons remained in the presence of the dead longer than an instant. The yard and road, and the lane on the south side of the house, were filled with knots of people to the number of several hundred, and, although there was no boisterousness, it was evident that they were dreadfully in earnest, and that it would not fare well with the criminal if he was found. Snyder, dressed in dark jeans, pants tucked in his boots, blue shirt, a brown jacket of overall stuff and woollen cap, mixed with the people freely and appeared perfectly cool. To every new arrival he repeated the story of the four strange men who retreated through the window, and it was noticed that during the many visits he paid to the room where his victims lay, he did not flinch a particle, but looked calmly on the dead and talked as fluently of the murder as he would of any ordinary topic.

#### HUNTING FOR THE MURDERER.

The neighbors, after the first horror had worn off, began to look on Snyder with suspicion, and his movements were closely watched. He detected the change in public feeling, and under pretence of going after a hitching strap, escaped the notice of the crowd and went into the barn. No one followed him, because by this time the majority of those on the ground believed him to be the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Geogle, and therefore a man not to be trifled with. About six o'clock it was discovered that Snyder had gone through the barn, crossed a stubble field, and after clambering a hill had reached the public road, and for the time being escaped. This discovery caused the wildest excitement, and two parties of resolute men, armed with guns, revolvers, pitchforks, clubs, or indeed any weapon that could be found, were about to start in pursuit of Snyder when Detective Yohe arrived and took charge of the expedition.

The two parties were subdivided into five, the members of which were instructed to search the neighboring cross-roads, fields, barns and houses, while Mr. W. Yohe drove up and down the public roads near by. After two hours of ineffectual work the searchers returned to the house, and from their reports the detective was convinced that Snyder was lurking somewhere near by, and had not taken to the road. Followed by about one hundred men and boys, the detective searched two barns without results. The third visited belonged to George B. Ritter. The courage of the hunters oozed out when the large, gloomy barn was entered, and as the detective mounted the ladder leading to the upper mow, which was filled with sheaf wheat, the farmers on the floor below cautioned him to "be careful and have your revolver ready, or he will kill you if he is there." The detective hunted around among the sheaves for some time, and the crowd breathlessly awaited the result. Mr. Yohe's foot finally struck some object, and on putting his arm down into the straw he clutched a man's wrist and yelled out: "Here he is."

### CAUGHT IN A HAY MOW.

"Look out for him," "Mind his revolver," and similar cautions followed the first hoarse shout of savage joy the crowd sent up when the murderer was found. A farmer, named Samuel Kincade, was the only one of the hunters that went up the ladder to the mow, but before he reached the top Detective Yohe had handcuffed his man, secured the much-feared revolver, a four-barreled affair, and was ready to descend with his prisoner. The detective and Kincade came down the ladder and told Snyder to follow, but he deliberately jumped to the barn floor, a distance of over twenty feet, and arose unhurt. The crowd now became perfectly wild, and cries of "Hang

him," "Cut his throat," "Hang him up by the thumbs" and "Burn him," filled the air. Detective Yohe seized Snyder by the arm, and a march of half a mile across the fields to Geogler's place began. When about half the distance was traversed George Ritter, a man of eighty years old, discharged a revolver in the air as a signal to the people at the scene of the murder that Snyder was captured. The signal was not received in that way, however, as the crowd supposed the prisoner was attempting to escape, and in the rush they made to assist in his detention both Snyder and Yohe were handled pretty roughly. When the crowd discovered their error in regard to the pistol shot, and were reinforced by a number of women and men from the Geoglers' house, they endeavored to take Snyder away from the officer for the purpose of hanging him. Mr. Yohe clung pluckily to his man, however, and after a struggle of five minutes in the snow and another brief battle in crossing the Monocacy creek, Snyder was pulled into the house of the Geoglers and placed in the front room, adjoining the one in which his victims still lay weltering in blood. The people surged into the house until every inch of standing room was occupied, and the women, who were far more bitter than the men, urged their masculine friends to take the prisoner out and hang him. A man named Eshlman mounted the front steps and harangued the crowd, telling them the murdered man and woman should be avenged at once. He said: "If we let it go to the courts, this trial will cost us thousands of dollars in taxes, and even then he may escape." This argument had a strong effect on the people, and about this time a man went up-stairs to Snyder's bed, and, throwing the mattress on the floor, brought down the bed-cord. Then came another rush, but the officer succeeded in keeping his man behind him in a corner until the would-be lynchers retired.

**THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION.**

It was now about ten o'clock, and Detective Yohe was anxious to keep Snyder until the district attorney arrived. The Rev. D. F. Brendle arrived about this time, and the room was partially cleared in order that he might converse with the prisoner. The first thing the minister said was, "Did you do it?" and Snyder replied, "Yes." This confession so incensed the people that they poured into the room, pushed the minister aside, hustled Detective Yohe into the room with the dead, and, after placing a noose around Snyder's neck, dragged him to the front door. Here some one struck Snyder from behind with a club, and knocked him down the five stone steps leading up to the house. When he regained his feet he was pulled across the road and about thirty yards from the house, to a monster chestnut tree. Fully fifty men held the rope that was around Snyder's neck, and fully as many more struggled to get hold of it. When the tree was reached, however, the men suddenly seemed to realize what they were about to do, and in all that host of yelling savages no one expressed a willingness to climb the tree and pass the rope over a limb. During this pause Detective Yohe managed to get out of the house by means of a back door. He ran across the road with his revolver in his hand, and, dashing into the crowd, pushed his left hand between the rope and Snyder's neck, and in the name of the law ordered the men to give him possession of the prisoner. At this moment an excited man pushed his way through the crowd, and confronting Snyder and the officer, said, as he removed his coat: "I have come to kill you, Snyder." The stranger is a brother of the murdered man, and had just arrived on the ground. The crowd yelled, "That's right; go in and kill him." The deter-

mined officer covered the stranger with his revolver, but turned and said :

“Snyder, I am afraid I can't protect you from them much longer.”

“They do act like they meant business, don't they?” replied Snyder.

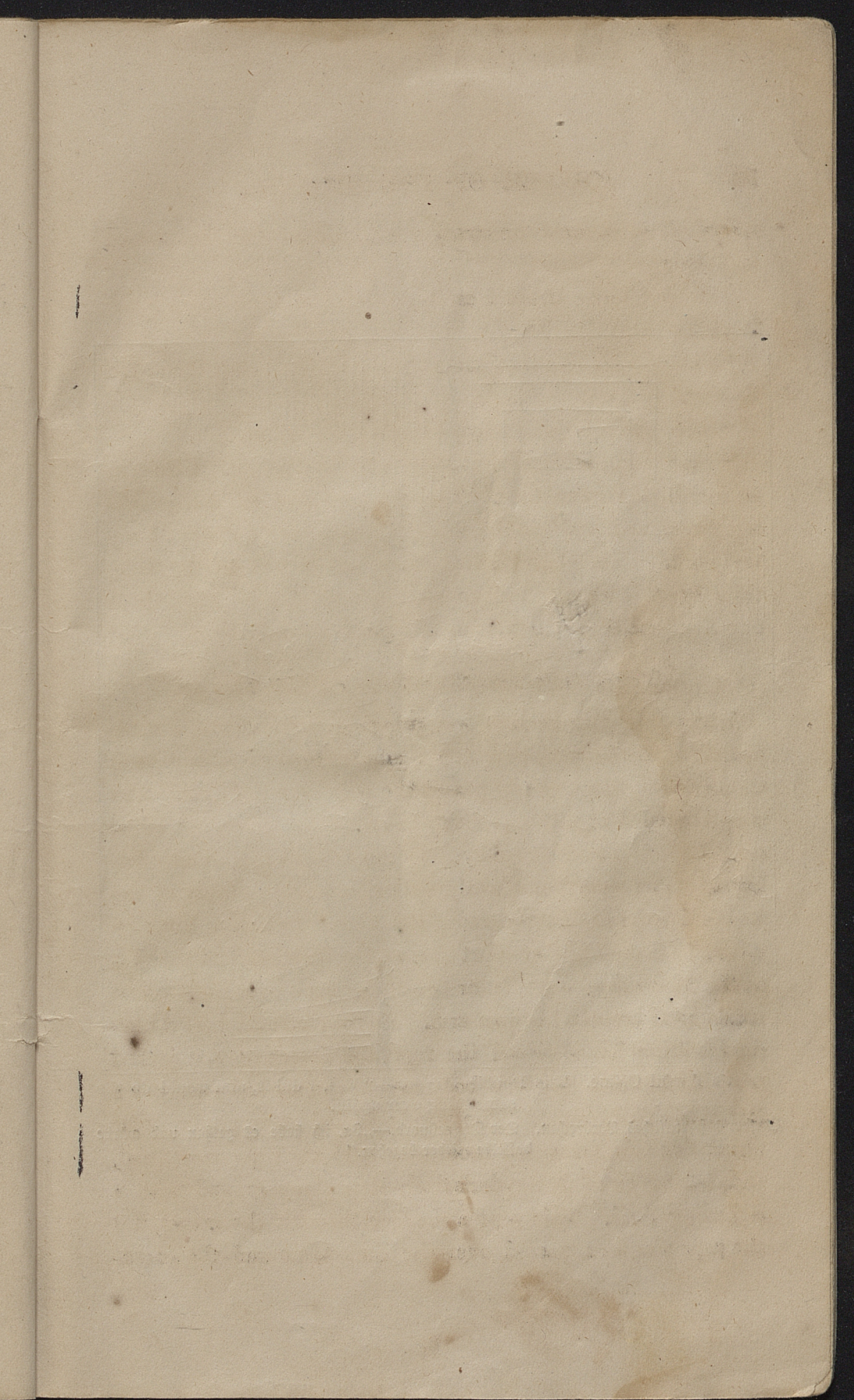
“Have you anything to say?” asked the officer.

“Yes; I will tell you that I am not afraid to die. I deserve to for what I have done. The old man and me had words some time ago, and I said I would fix him, and I always keep my word. I am glad I killed them, and would do the same thing over. I want to talk to you a minute, and all I ask those devils is that they will wait until I get through.”

### THE MURDERER LYNCHED.

While this conversation was going on, John Mack, a shoemaker, of Bethlehem, mounted a pile of cord-wood, and then clambered up the tree and passed the rope over the limb. The crowd gave a shout, and Snyder, on seeing the cause of it, smiled grimly, said “good-bye” to the detective, without offering to shake hands, and coolly walked around the body of the tree and stopped directly under the limb. Detective Yohe resolved to make one last effort to save Snyder's life, and running to the rope wrapped a turn or two of the slack over the doomed man's head around his own arm. At that instant half a hundred willing hands seized the rope, the detective was jerked from his feet and Snyder's body rose in the air and swung ten feet above the ground. The people looked on unpitifully for about five minutes, when those who held the rope grew tired, and, letting go of it, Snyder's body struck the ground with a sickening thud. This sent a shudder through the crowd, but the rope was soon passed over the limb again and the uncon-







Snyder's Awful Crime. The Double Murder.—“Yes, I did it, and would do the same thing over again.

Snyder's schreckliches Verbrechen. Der Doppelmord.—„Ja, ich habe es gethan und würde dasselbe wieder begehen.“

scious man, with his face bruised and covered with dirt and snow, was once more pulled up. Some one made a half-hitch of the slack end around the tree, and, after hanging for three-quarters of an hour and dying from strangulation, Snyder's body was cut down. After Mack, those who were most conspicuous in the lynching were Dr. Detwiler and George Boers, both well-known citizens of Bethlehem.

### THE INQUEST.

Coroner Uhler held an inquest on the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Geogle, which, from the nature of the case, was a mere formality. The furniture had all been removed from the room in which the murder was committed, and the floor had been washed up, but it was impossible to remove the stains from the white-washed walls. The bodies of Snyder's victims were prepared for the grave and were lying in the sitting-room. With all the undertaker's art it was impossible to hide the ghastly wounds, and when the sheet which covered them was lifted, a horrible sight was presented. A sister of the murdered woman and some friends watched with the bodies. Mr. and Mrs. Geogle were both very exemplary in their lives, and stood well with their neighbors. They were industrious and self-respecting, and their tidy home shows that the wife was an excellent housekeeper. The children were removed to the house of a relative. Snyder's body was taken to the county poorhouse. The excitement ran high. At every farm-house crowds were gathered discussing the horrible event. The hotels and bar-rooms were crowded with men talking of nothing else. Snyder's crime and the swift retribution which followed it has no parallel in that section, nor indeed in the entire State. District Attorney Anstett gave orders that all implicated in the lynching should be arrested. Nobody believed it would amount to anything,

however, and it is very doubtful if a jury could be got together who would convict the lynchers of such a cold-blooded murderer.

The evidence of Snyder's guilt was conclusive. Marks of his bloody hands were on the counterpane of the girl's bed, on her night clothes and on her person. The girls saw him burn his bloody shirt, and he not only confessed to Rev. Mr. Brendle, but also to a reporter, to whom he said: "I don't want to get away. Let them take me out and shoot or hang me." The people did not make much noise when the hanging was done. It was a matter of quiet determination. They said: "Lawyers shall not get this devil off, as they did Laros, on the ground of insanity."

Thus we have here the first case of lynching that ever occurred in the State of Pennsylvania. There must be "something rotten in Denmark," a looseness in the way the laws of our land are now being administered, that causes deep-seated disgust and a total disrespect for the machinery and the administrators, when a quiet and heretofore law-abiding, peace-loving people take part in such dreadful scenes. Let it stand as a warning to those men to whom power has been given, lest some day these same people, with one accord, take part in the swinging-off of those who "drive a coach and four" through our best laws, and bring justice into ridicule. There can be no two opinions as to this lynching business—it is altogether wrong; but severe cases oftentimes require severe remedies, not to say desperate means, to set the organization of society well aright.

The people of this State, nay, of the entire country, have stood by in amazement, beholding murderers, of whose guilt there could not be the slightest doubt, walk out of their prison-cells under the protection of the law. The plea of insanity, in many cases, has been but "too thinly gauze," and has become a *joke*, a subject of oft-recurring jest. Think of it, jesting on

such a subject! Thus does the majesty of the law lose its meaning, its very being, and at last lynch-law takes its place in meting out justice in the "civilized Eastern States."

In the Snyder lynching case too much credit cannot be given to the brave and determined efforts of Detective Yohe in trying to save the prisoner's life. Three times did he drag him from under the fatal limb, and winding the rope around his right arm placed his own body between the murderer and his enemies. The prisoner, instead of pleading for mercy and his life, seemed to rather court death, and in direct opposition to the efforts of Mr. Yohe, placed himself under the tree. At this moment an agile youth mounted the tree and threw the rope over one of its branches. The eager crowd grabbed the other and hauled the murderer up. So quickly was it accomplished that Yohe, whose arm was still entwined in the rope, was hoisted three or four feet in the air with the murderer.

A well-known and respected citizen of this Commonwealth has given us his views on lynching, and in his reasoning, taken as a whole, most of us must concur:

"It will not do, under whatever stress of honest indignation, for men to take the law into their own hands by becoming its volunteer executioners. A resort to lynch-law is never justifiable or expedient. Apart from its attack upon the sanctity of those judicial methods which are the chief guarantee of the safety of society, there is the risk of making a terrible mistake in slaying the wrong man. The most strenuous apologist for the exercise of this 'wild justice' will admit that recourse should not be had to it unless the proofs of guilt are not only strong, but conclusive. If the proofs are conclusive, the ordinary course of justice, it would seem, could be safely trusted for the conviction and due punishment of the offender, even in this age of petted and pampered criminals.

“As to the wretch Snyder, there can be no doubt, if the statements so far received are correct, that he was the real murderer, and that he killed his victims in cold blood. It is not on his account that his lynching is to be condemned. He richly deserved his end, and worse, if worse were possible. Such miscreants should be sent to the gallows with the least delay possible, in accordance with the forms of law. The offence of the mob is against the whole body of the community. In this country there is nothing more august than the law. A self-governing people cannot afford to disregard its majesty nor to suffer others to disregard it.”

Still, after all this honest man's reasoning, we yet hold that where the law does not fulfil its mission, a community is left in that wild condition where only “wild justice” can be meted out to evil-doers of this heinous class. There was no hanging here on circumstantial evidence, for the evidence was too plain to leave a doubt in any one's mind. Away with this sickly sentimental bosh; let the law take its free, unobstructed course, or let us substitute “wild justice,” such as gained for the old Virginia farmer Lynch the soubriquet of “Judge,” and gave to America the term Lynch-law.

The recent terrible occurrences deserve the most earnest consideration by the entire community. When hundreds of quiet and law-abiding farmers set to work to hang a criminal, we may be assured that there must exist a widespread want of confidence in the regular machinery of justice. If juries did their duty, and if there were no boards of pardon, there would never have been a case of lynch-law in Pennsylvania.

With regard to the Board of Pardons, it must be said that there is little confidence felt in the justice of its action. We shall this year have a session of the Legislature, and it is to be

hoped that the Bethlehem tragedy may be the means of bringing about enactments that may make the course of justice less uncertain.

What is needed is to establish some sort of control over the actions of the Board of Pardons, and probably the best would be an act of Assembly requiring that no action should be taken by the board in any case in which the application for pardon was not backed by a recommendation *signed by the judge who tried the case*. Of all men in the community he is precisely the one who knows most about the matter—more than the whole Board of Pardons taken collectively.

If a complete conviction could be impressed on every individual in the community, that if he committed murder he would surely suffer death for it, the crime of murder would almost disappear. Men would still sometimes kill each other in the fury of sudden anger, but this is not murder. Murder, in the eye of the law, is the taking of life with malice aforethought, either express or implied. There is, probably, not one murderer in ten or twenty who would deliberately take life if he knew that it was an absolute certainty that he would hang for it.

This last fact is matter for the gravest reflection, for it shows us the threefold reason why murders are still so prevalent: First, the hope of escape, by inefficiency of the police in arresting; second, the hope of acquittal through incompetent juries, earwigged by the attorneys; third, the hope of release by culpable abuse of the pardoning power. Could these three loopholes of escape be blocked, murder would almost be done away with.

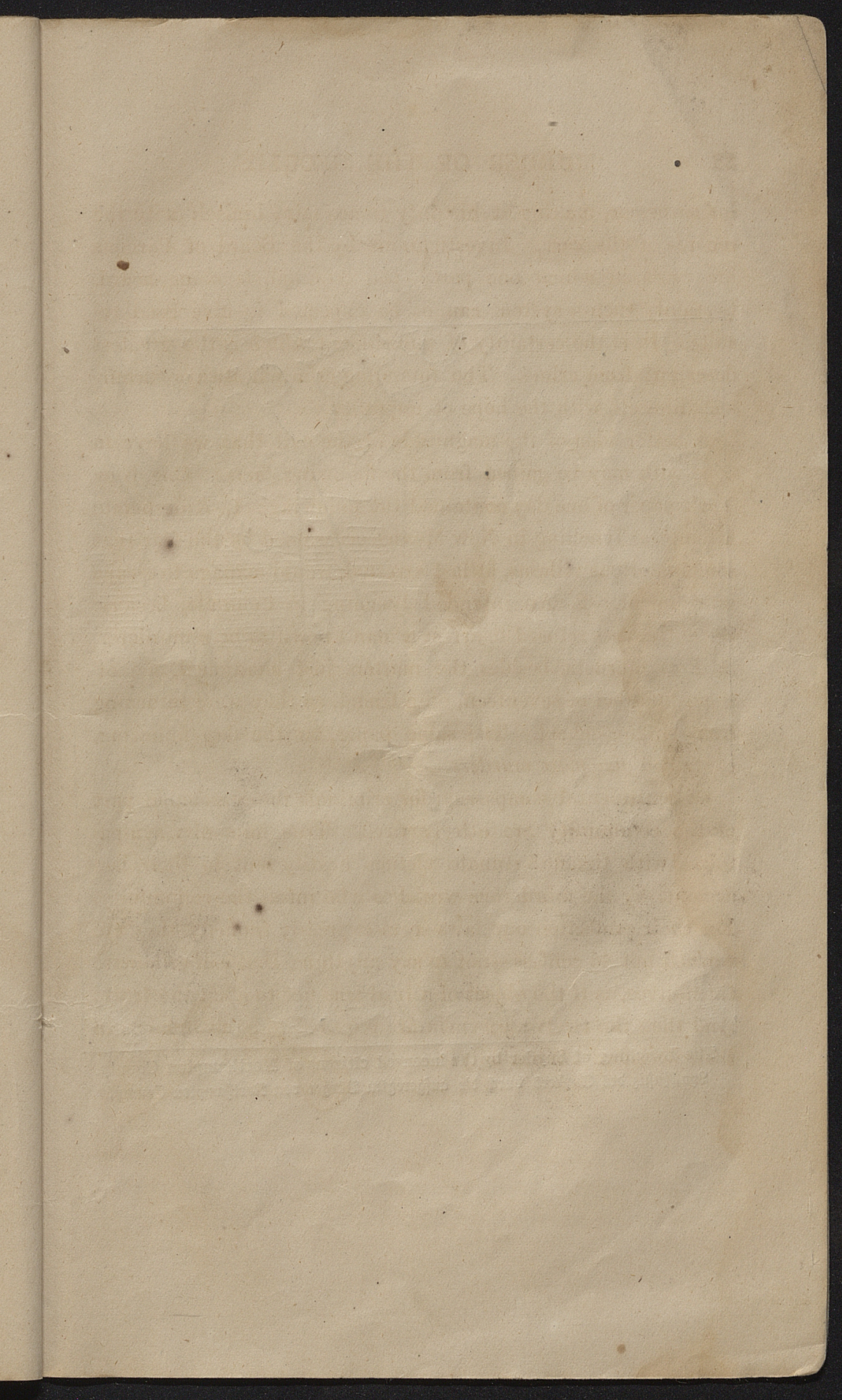
Attention should be given to all these three points; and, first of all, let us have an act of Assembly restricting the power of the Board of Pardons to cases where the application is backed by the judge who tried the case, or, if he is no longer alive, by

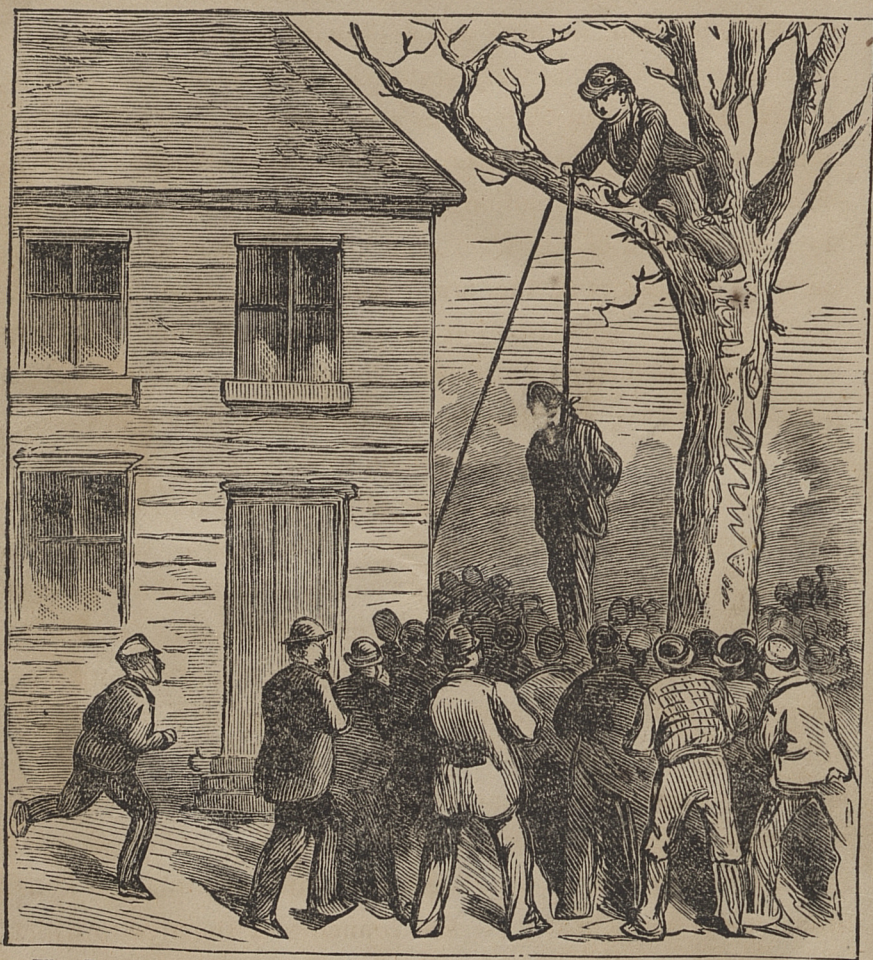
his successor, making it his duty to acquaint himself with the records of the case. Investigations by the Board of Pardons are cases in which one party, the criminal, is alone heard. Certainly such a system cannot be expected to give good results. It is the certainty of punishment which is the greatest deterrent from crime. The intending criminal always encourages himself with the hope of impunity.

A better idea of the magnitude of the evil that we have to cope with may be gained from the following facts: One New York paper of one day contained the following: 1. A desperate attempt at lynching in New Mexico occasioned by the fear that some notorious villains, at last arrested, would manage to escape punishment. 2. An intended lynching in Colorado, because the authorities refused to arrest a man known to be a murderer. 3. *Five* murders, besides the matters just mentioned, one of them by a lad of seventeen, on a friend, as they were returning from singing-school. The same paper, on the day following, contained *five more murders*.

Of sentimental compassion for criminals the reasonable part of the community are utterly tired. True humanity sympathizes with the unfortunate victims hastily sent to their last account by the murderous wretches who infest the community. For their protection our laws seem expressly framed; they are warned not to confess—not to say anything that can criminate themselves, as if the object of a trial was not to elicit the truth. And then the twelve jurymen are required to be unanimous in their decision. What folly!







The Lynching of Snyder by the incensed citizens of Northampton County.  
Lynchjustiz des Snyders durch die aufgeregten Bürger von Northampton County.

### **The Talk About Prosecuting the Lynchers—Visits of Relic-Hunters.**

District Attorney Anstett's official term expired on the 31st of December, and nothing was done with regard to the Snyder lynchings. He had already stated, in an interview with a reporter, that his own father was a participant in the lynching, and it was not likely that he would feel like stirring to set the machinery of law in motion, especially as it wanted but a few days to the end of his term and his relief from any responsibility as an officer of the law. But beyond that he was not bound to issue warrants, but to prosecute offenders who had been regularly informed against. Robert James, Esq., succeeded him, and he gave no intimation of the course he would pursue.

Meanwhile, though public opinion was opposed to prosecuting and punishing the lynchings, some of those who are said to have been participants were very uneasy. The fact is, that it was not the farmers of the immediate vicinity who did the lynching. They did a great deal of shouting and threatening, and some of them even proposed to roast the careless and defiant murderer; but the men who actually did the hanging were undoubtedly Bethlehem people.

Sleigh rides to the scene of the murder and lynching were the order of the day, but not of the night, for soon there was a "spook" story round about the very uncanny place. Relic-hunters cut down nearly all the branches of the tree to which Snyder hung, and hundreds of visitors inspected the rooms of the house in which he killed his victims.

As regards the sentiments of the farmers after the lynching, the following incident well illustrates:

After the body had been hanging about half an hour, the coroner, coming down with his jury, met a man on the stairs,

who said, "Here is another subject for you—look at this," and pointed to the tree. The coroner's jury had just rendered a verdict "that the said Jacob and Anna Geogle came to their death by blows and cuts inflicted upon their heads and bodies with an axe in the hands of Joseph Snyder, December 26th."

"Who did this?" said the coroner. "Why the people did," said some one. By and by the District Attorney, C. M. Anstett, arrived. The body of the murderer lay at the foot of the tree. "This is all wrong, all wrong," said he. "Is it?" said a respectable farmer. "Go in and see what this man did. This is all right. You don't get any more men off on the ground of insanity." "Did you have a hand in this?" said the district attorney. "No, sir; but it is right." "Do you know who did?" "No, and I don't care. It was a good thing to do."

Sentimentalists, of the kind that make pets of brutal murderers, sending them flowers and delicacies denied to deserving people, and who resort to every device to obstruct the execution of the death sentence, and, occasionally, to defeat justice altogether, are, to no inconsiderable degree, responsible for such lawless proceedings as the lynching of the Northampton murderer. The fear or the feeling that some plea of insanity or drunkenness, or other claim of irresponsibility for the brute Snyder, might have interposed to save him from the gallows, appears to have been a very influential factor in the work of killing him on the spot, made horrible by his own deed of slaughter. Many people have come to a belief that the more savage the murder the more persistent are the efforts of a class of maudlin sentimentalists to rescue the murderer from the penalty of his crime. There is a sufficient percentage of instances in which this is true, to give color to the popular belief.

We have elsewhere in this work called attention to the fact that there were mentioned in one issue of a New York paper

five murders, and five more in the issue of the day following. Is capital punishment of no avail? or do too many escape unwhipt of justice? In most cases, with the looseness of the pardoning power, "Sentenced for Life" strikes no terror to the breast of your hardened criminal. So many are pardoned that all go into their cells with high hope springing eternal. Prominent amongst cold-blooded murders of recent occurrence may be mentioned that of the Meierhoffer murder, of West Orange, New Jersey.

Mrs. Margaret Meierhoffer was the wife of John Meierhoffer, to whom she had long been married and by whom she had several children. After the close of the war, in which he was a Union soldier, John Meierhoffer and his wife did not get along together very well, and the husband, though they were well to do, slept in the barn of their snug little property in West Orange, N. J. Late in August, 1879, Lammens appeared at the farm-house door, asking for a light for his pipe. Mrs. Meierhoffer supplied him with a match and offered him employment on the farm. He accepted, and slept in one of the upper rooms of the house, with Mrs. Meierhoffer's son. The first intimation of the husband's murder was given by Mrs. Meierhoffer. School teacher Pierson, who boarded with her, says that during all the afternoon of October 9th she tried to communicate the fact to him by signs. Finally she wrote on a slate asking him to call in assistance. She says she was afraid to make it known, because Lammens had threatened to kill her if she did. Pierson shared the fear, and it was not till late at night that he succeeded in slipping from the house without arousing Lammens' suspicions. When, in response to his alarm, the Orange police went to the house, Mrs. Meierhoffer opened the door to admit them. Lammens was found lying in her bed asleep, or simulating sleep. She said he had climbed

into her room, as had been his custom, through one of the windows looking into the yard. Lammens said that she invited him there, in order to throw the responsibility of the crime on his shoulders. Beneath the cellar steps was discovered the body of the murdered man with a hole in his head. Mrs. Meierhoffer said that she saw Lammens, while her husband was going down the steps with a bag of potatoes on his back, put a pistol at the crown of his head and fire. The ball taken from the old man's brain fitted the bore of a pistol found in Lammens' satchel. The shooting took place at eleven o'clock in the morning, and for over twelve hours the body had lain in the cellar. Mrs. Meierhoffer said that she gave no alarm because just before the shooting Lammens had threatened her with the pistol. Lammens declared he knew nothing of the murder till he was arrested. As to Mrs. Meierhoffer, the State showed that during the day she was visited by two or three persons whom she saw in the absence of Lammens, and to whom, if she had desired it, she might have made the fact of the murder known. The prisoners were tried together, and there was no second trial for the woman, although Lammens was given a second chance for his life, and a second time convicted.

They were both hanged at Newark, N. J., January 6, 1881. The woman met her fate without confessing or uttering a word. The man protested his innocence to the last.

THE  
MYSTERIES OF MARRIAGE;

BEING THE LIFE OF

THE MAN WHO WEDDED  
TEN WIVES,

ONE OF WHOM WAS THE SO-CALLED

“ESCAPED NUN.”

STRANGE PHASES OF HUMAN NATURE BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN

*THE PHILADELPHIA COURTS.*

---

PUBLISHED BY  
BARCLAY & CO.,  
21 N. SEVENTH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# RUNAWAY GIRLS,

AND

## THEIR STARTLING ADVENTURES

---

True Narratives of Actual Occurrences.

---

WITH REAL NAMES OF MANY YOUNG WOMEN WHO IMBIBED ROMANTIC NOTIONS OF LIFE, THROUGH READING SENSATIONAL NOVELS IN A CLASS OF HIGHLY INJURIOUS WEEKLY STORY PAPERS, AND LEFT THEIR HOMES.

---

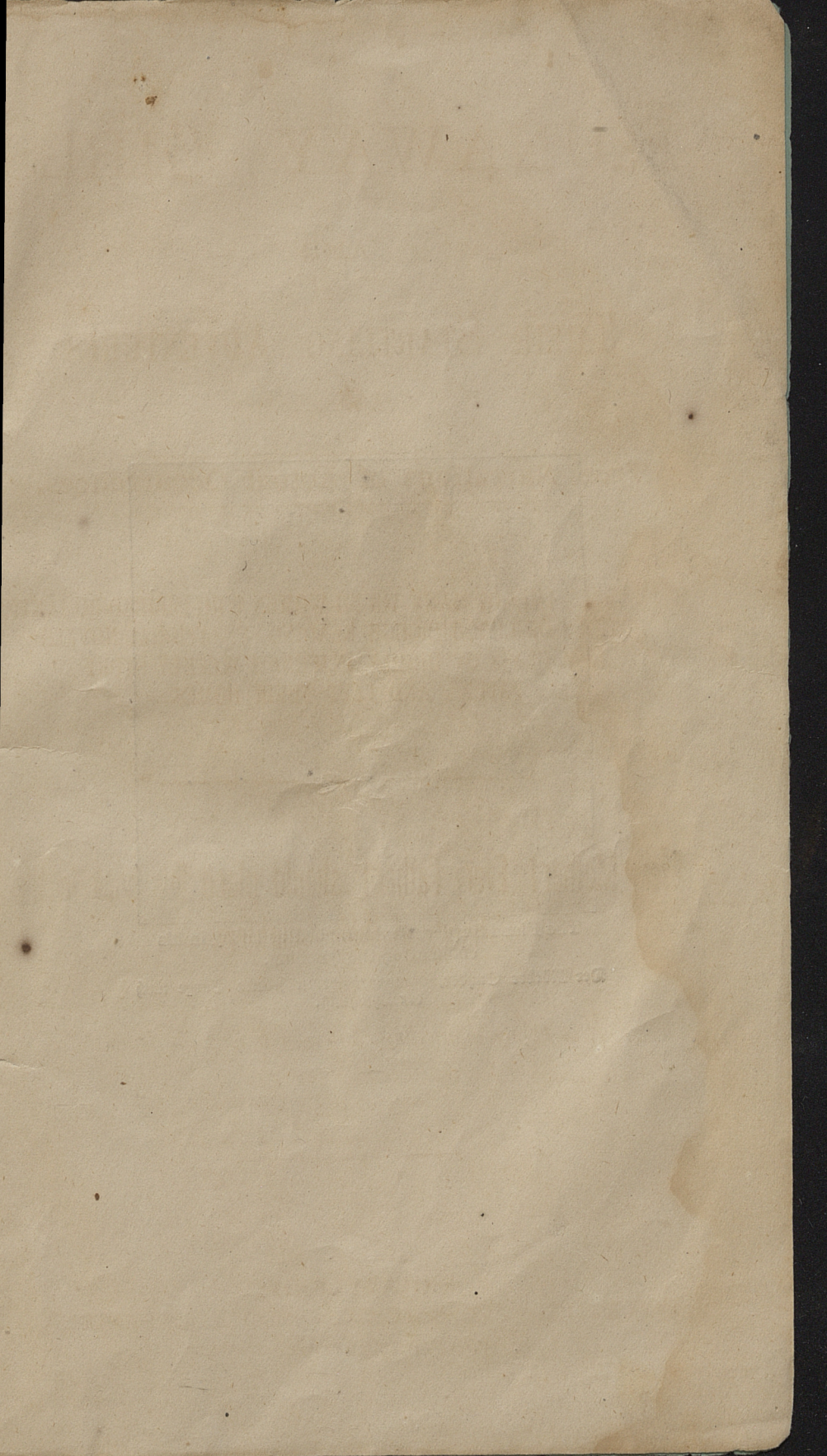
Every Mother! Every Father! should place this book in the hands of their daughters,

*It is highly interesting, although it tells the truth.*

---

PHILADELPHIA:  
BARCLAY & CO., PUBLISHERS,  
21 NORTH SEVENTH STREET.

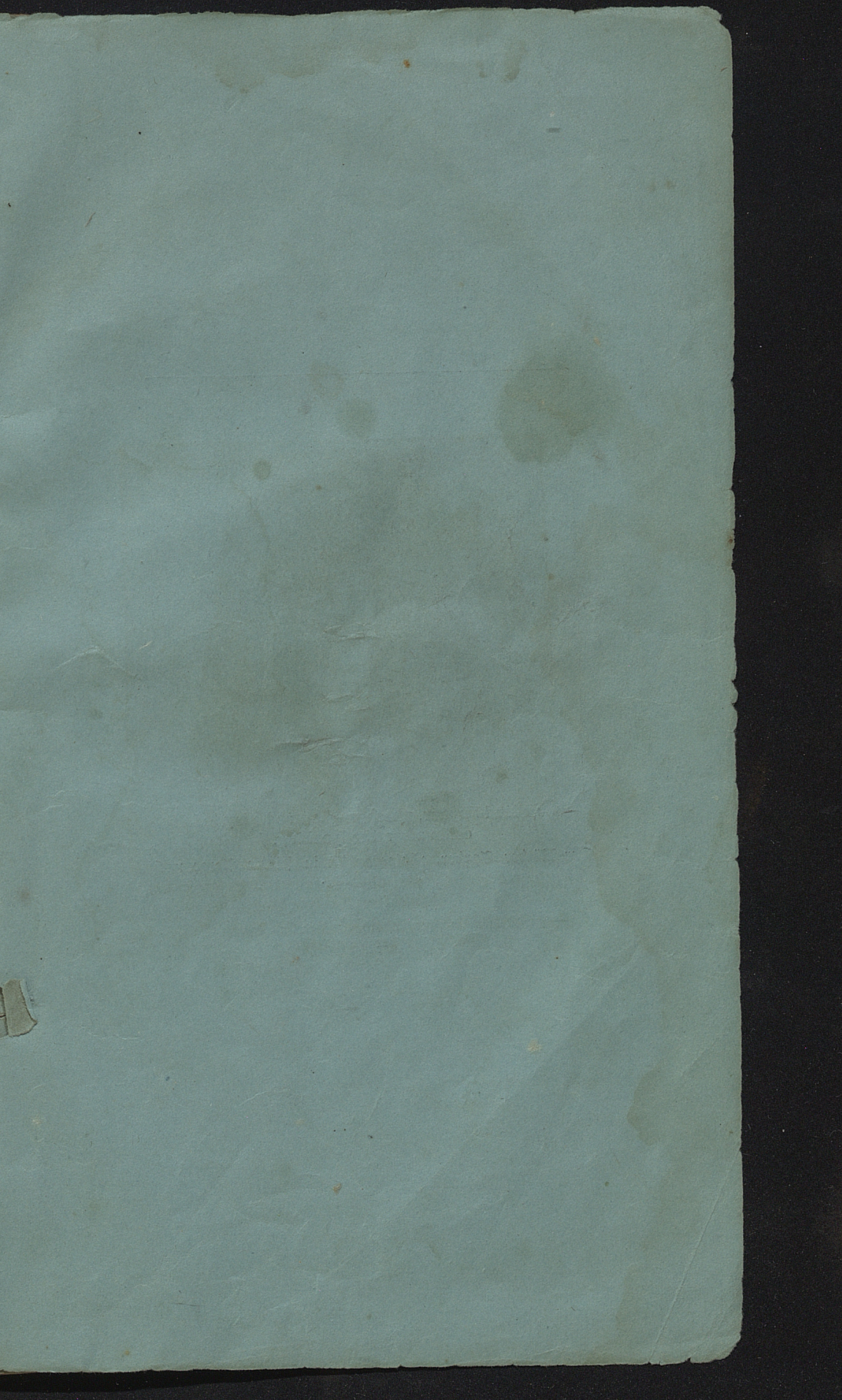






The Fiend Snyder, photographed as he lay in his  
coffin after the lynching.

Der Mörder Snyder, photographirt in seinem Sarge nach  
der Lynchung.





The Fiend Snyder, photographed as he lay in his coffin after the lynching.

Der Mörder Snyder, photographirt in seinem Sarge nach der Lynchung.