THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 24. STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA MARCH 1, 1866. NO. 51.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if no paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cts. will be charged.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

☞Advertisements of one square of (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions $1 50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOB PRINTING,

OF ALL KINDS,

Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

CONSTITUTION WATER.

The astonishing success which has attended this invaluable medicine proves it to be the most perfect remedy ever discovered.—No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions to the debilitated and shattered system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of DIABETES, IMPOTENCY, LOSS OF MUSCULAR ENERGY, PHYSICAL PROSTRATION, INDIGESTION, NON-RETENTION, or INCONTINENCE OF URINE, IRRITATION, INFLAMATION or ULCERATION OF THE BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, DISEASES OF THE PROSTRATE GLAND, STONE IN THE BLADDER, CALCULUS, GRAVEL, or BRICK-DUST DEPOSIT, and all Diseases or Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, and Dropsical Swellings existing in Men, Women, or Children.

For these Diseases Peculiar to Females, Constitution Water is a Sovereign Remedy.

These Irregularities are the cause of frequently recurring disease, and through neglect the seeds of more grave and dangerous maladies are the result; and as month after month passes without an effort being made to assist nature, the difficulty becomes chronic, the patient gradually loses her appetite, the bowels are constipated, night sweats come on, and *consumption* finally ends her career.

For sale by all Druggists. Price, $1.

W. H. GREGG & CO., proprietors.

MORGAN & ALLEN,

General Agents, No. 46 Cliff street, N. Y.

February 1, 1866.–6m.

Important to Everybody.

The subscribers would inform the public very respectfully, that they are carrying on the

Boot & Shoe Business

at their old stand, one door above the Express Office, on Elizabeth St., Stroudsburg, Pa., where they will be happy to wait on their old customers, and as many new ones as can make it convenient to call.

They have on hand a good arrortment of

BOOTS & SHOES,

for men, women, misses' and childrens' wear, Gum over Shoes and Sandals for men, youth and misses. A general assortment of Lasts and Boot-Trees, shoe Thread, Wax, Heel Nails, Pincers, Punches, Eyeletts and Eyelett Setts, Pegs and Peg-Cutters, Shoe Hammers, Crimping Boards and Screws, also, lining and binding skins, a good articie of Tampico Boot Morocco, French Morocco and French Calfskins, Lasting and all kinds of Shoemaker tools, Ink Powder and Shoe Blacking, and Frank Miller's water-proof oil blacking. All of which they offer for sale at small advance upon cost. Give us a call, no charges for showing goods.

P. S.—Boots and Shoes made to order and warranted.

CHARLES WATERS & SON.

Stroudsburg, Jan. 18, 1866.

Save Your Money!

By buying of CHARLES B. KELLER, the following named superior articles cheap for Cash. I have the finest assortment of

Boots and Shoes,

for MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN'S wear that has ever been offered in town, consisting of

Men's, Boys, and Childrens Boots,
Women's Glove Kid Polish Boots.
Misses' do do do do
Children's do do do do
Women's Morocco Polish do
Misses' do do do
Children's do do do

These are a new and beautiful style of Ladies Boots of the finest quality, and just suited for cold weather. Also, a fine assortment of COMMON SHOES, for Women, Misses and Children.

Also, a splendid assortment of GUMS and SANDALS for Men, Women and children.

I have also a fine assortment of

Linen and Woolen Shirts,

of a superior quality, together with STOCKINGS, NECK-TIES, COLLARS, &c.

Also, a quantity of the best quality of Heavy and Light SOLE-LEATHER; together with a lot of the best MEN'S and FRENCH MOROCCO Also, Lining, Bindings, Lasts, Boot-Trees of all sizes, Thread, Wax, Nails, Pincers, Punches, Eyelet-set, and Eyeletts, Peg Cutters and Shoemakers Ink, &c., &c. Store opposite Marsh's Hotel.

CHARLES B. KELLER.

Stroudsburg, Nov. 30, 1865.

Saddle and Harness Manufactory.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Stroudsburg, and surrounding country, that he has commenced the above business in Fowler's building, on Elizabeth street, and is fully prepared to furnish any article in his line of business, at short notice. On hand at all times, a large stock of

Harness, Whips, Trunks, Valices, Carpet Bags, Horse-Blankets, Bells, Skates, Oil Cloths, &c.

Carriage Trimming promptly attended to.

JOHN O. SAYLOR.

Stroudsburg, Dec. 14, 1865.

For The Jeffersonian.

Mr. WHACKHAMMER'S LECTURES.

NO. X.

UNION.

In uinion there is strength,
In union there is joy;
In union there is life and love,
And gold without alloy.

And nothing found in church or state,—
Between two plighted hearts,—
In families, in neighborhoods,
A greater good imparts.

Why an old bachelor should profess to be in favor of disunion I can very readily comprehend—he can't find any one to help him make a union!—but why any other thinking being should ever advocate a cause so against nature is beyond my investigation. We, as Americans, have learned more fully than ever, during the past few years, the real meaning of union; and, as the Union has triumphed, I suppose there will, hereafter, be less old bachelors and maids, for unions must now be popular for all time. I predict that even Illinois will not, hereafter, carry on that free and easy wholesale business of "cleaving asunder" the dissatisfied *ones* who patronize her from the different States. I think such parties will now set themselves to quelling these little rebellions between themselves and by themselves. Canada has now no attraction for the negro, and I hope Illinois will have none for "the party aforesaid."

The United States was a very proper name for our country; it covered the *idea* of union, but a united people we never were—not even during the Revolution—and we never could have been without the awful upheaving of the Great Rebellion. This has stired us, as a people, to the very foundation, and of a varied compound, formed a oneness which only lacks time to make a perfect whole. Had we been disposed to cast away from us "the accursed thing" and, been united for our country's good, there would have been no civil war, but we would not, and God permitted our wickedness to force us to it. The South won not what it aimed for, the North gained more, and the Union gained the whole; and this was Heaven's aim, not man's. There is no North or South now; both are swallowed up in one Union. Maine and Texas met with the sword and kissed each other in peace. Time will "reconstruct" the renewed republic better than hasty legislation. The volcano was too great, the breaking-up too deep, to be rearranged and grown over in a moment. Time, time is the great necessity now, and it is but just and right that those who sinned the most should bear and wait the longest.

For many years before the war our congress was but an intestine broil.—Men, elected from different sections, met there as open enemies, ready for a personal encounter of slander or knife! It is not so now; it never will be again. The great common isterest must now be the same from all parts and local claims will always be respected. Now, as we have found a more perfect Union of States, I thought it would be a most opportune time to make an effort towards a like improvement in neighborhoods, families and homes. Less selfishness and more brotherhood will accomplish this object.—Fellow-feeling, sympathy, interest and love are also great necessities, and they will bring a good reward.

A man can labor daily for the good of himself and family and yet delight in the welfare of his neighbor. Whether he has enough of this world's goods or not he need not be covetous. Because it is the lot of man to labor he need not make himself miserable because some do not appear to cultivate such a lot. Because there is wickedness in the world a man need not think everybody condemned but himself. If there is such a thing as hatred there is such a quality as love too, and there can be more of this and less of that if we try to make it so. There are, in reality, but five families living on this ball of ours. If we only loved the one to which we belong we would do well, for if this were the case there can be no doubt but we would have a morsel of sympathy to spare for less favored families, as the African, Asiatic and Indian. "Union of hearts and union of hands." There is sweetness in these words, but where is the example? There may be, here and there, such a household family, but where is the neighborhood, the church, the villiage? Where is the union between those who profess to believe the Bible and follow its teachings? Are all christians going to a union above without tasting a union here? Do sectarians all go to the same Heaven? I understand the Bible to teach that what we most delight in here will be our delight above; if so there will be another Paradise Lost to be written. There are a few christians who speak out for a united church, but they are far down in the minority and will long be unless the Ruler above stirs up the christian world too with blood into a compounded whole.

A little country villiage where all work together for the happiness and best interest of all would be a paradise I should like to find. Union would beam from every countinance and love animate every heart. No distrust, no selfishness and no pride, except for each to act well his part. But how shall we hope to find such a villiage when it is so difficult to find union among kindred! Some live long lives in the same neighborhood and never speak to the brother of their boyhood! Some battle for years over an imaginary wrong before a court of justice! These things are sickening to humanity but they are facts. Kindred hating their own blood! The Chinese show us a better example than this.

Now, friend, just bear in mind this world was not made exclusively for you. The seasons, day and night, sunshine and blessedness are intended for a mutual good, and whilst you are trying to gobble up more than your share you are sure to choke yourself and make yourself uncomfortable. If you make it your point to help others to all the happiness you can you will find it the very best way to keep your own vessel full to overflowing, and so long as you make this the aim of your life you need have no such fears as haunt the oil men lest their wells should suddenly cease to flow.

Love is the main-spring of union, you see,
Love that wells up to our kind, full and free;
Love for the family, love for the state,
Love for our neighbor, though humble or great;
Love that will shame not in that world or this,
Love that is full of a united bliss.

ICHABOD WHACKHAMMER.

Somewhere, Feb. 26, 1866.

Couldn't Gum Him.

When the telegraph was first put in operation between Portland and Boston, a countryman drove a flock of turkeys to the former place for a market, but not finding so good a sale as he anticipated, he inquired of some bystanders their price in Boston. Some wag of a fellow advised him to step into the telegraph office. Jonathan entered and put the all-important question to the operator, who immediately telegraphed to Boston, and in a few minutes received an answer to his inquiry, and informed his customer. Jonathan looked at the operator with a sly wink, and exclaimed—

"You can't gum it over me."

He was about leaving the office, when the operator told him that there were nine shillings to pay. Jonathan bristled up and burst forth in a rage—

"You can't gum it over me. That darned old tick-box of yourn hain't been out of this room since I've been here."

The operator, finding that he had caught a greenhorn, let him off on the easiest possible terms.

A Profitable Biddy.

The Providence *Bulletin* gives a detailed account of the achievements of a hen in the town of Warren, R. I., from the 28th of April last to the 29th of November last. In that period, the busy biddy laid seventy-six eggs, besides incubating twice, once bringing off five turkeys and three ducks, and the next time hatching eleven chickens. The money result of Dame Partlet's labors was $26,37; her rations for the seven months cost $9, and the balance to profit was $17,37.

A distinquished lady of title has lately made a communication to the French Academy of Science, in which she declares that she has discovered the cause of cholera in a microscopic insect, which she calls the "winged leech," and which she says is developed especially in marshy and filthy localities. The details she gives in relation to this animalcula and its connection with cholera are so minute that the Academy, which commenced by laughing at the first paragraphs of the report, finished by deciding to investigate the matter.

The Erie Railroad.

The Erie Railway for the month of January, 1866, including Buffalo division were $1,187,187 72. Earnings month of January,

1865, including Buffalo division, were,	$1,070,890 90
Increase,	$116,196 82

For The Jeffersonian.

The following was intented to appear in last weeks paper but was received too late.

The criticism of "Priscilla" on the "Whackhammer lectures" has brought to my mind the saying of Dr. Brown:

"That the best sense he knew of, was common sense." There is certainly not much of that commodity in "Priscilla's" article in last week's Democrat.

It reminds me of a young student who was requested to explain why, when parts of a torn Bank note were brought together, and briskly rubbed with a polished instrument they would adhere—replied; that "by the rapid friction of the parts in contact they first *ignited* and then *congealed*."

"Priscilla" commences by saying that she is "but an occasional reader, in the temporary indulgence of intellectual relaxation."

If Priscilla means that she is only "an occasional reader" most persons will concur in the statement; but if she means that she is a reader in a work entitled: "*Temporary indulgence of intellectual relaxation*," we feel like envying her for getting hold of a work with such a glowing title, in advance of the publishers announcement. She has "but recently become cognizant of the *cosmopolitan publication* of Mr. Whackhammer's lectures." What does this mean? It beats "temporary indulgence of intellectual relaxation."

Whackhammer is not a citizen of the world, and the "Jeffersonian" lays no claim to being a universal publication establishment.

Again: "A circumstance the more to be deprecated." What *circumstance* is this? That she is only an occasional reader? ergo, a very bad reader. This indeed *is* a circumstance *much to be deprecated*. "If I had been simultaneously aware of that amalgamation of miscellaneous memoranda, I could have contributed a personal quota of characteristic colloquial concomitants."

What a pitty Priscilla had not been "*simultaneously aware*" of all that Whackhammer had been doing! How much the world has lost by not having her "*personal quota*" of the numerous articles of Whackhammer! Then we should have had her "colloquial concomitants added to his lugubrious reminiscences." Shade of Mrs. Partington! or does the old lady still live? Priscilla says too, they would have been "*characteristic*." Characteristic of which, Whackhammer, Priscilla or Mrs. Partington?

At this stage of the communication Priscilla becomes dreadfully "*obfuscated*."

She has evidently in one of her brilliant flights caught her foot in her "Hoop skirt" and comes down with a crash, and then it is that she sees the sparks fly, for she speaks in hurried accents of "brilliant sinctillations." She evidently hurt herself too, and perhaps mortally, for in the next paragraph she vaguely hints at "*defunct luminaries*."

A gay young traveler fresh from the schools reins up his horse at the Hotel and accosts the hostler thus: "Halloo you inferior, extricate this quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aurora of the morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your amicable hospitality."

This sounds very like "Priscilla" though differing in one important particular, and this difference is between high-flown *sense* and high-flown *nonsense*.

Priscilla asks the Squire's "*periodical permission* to adduce some repartee from his anecdotical memorabilia."

Now all the world knows the "Squire" is the most obliging of men, as well as editors, and grants the most liberal use of his columns, and though he may take his periodical imbibitions, I cannot see why he will grant only "periodical permission" to Priscilla's "anecdotical memorabilia."

Whackhammer's lectures are certainly liable to criticism. They are greatly inferior to his poetical productions—some of which have decided merit.

There is not enough thought bestowed on these lectures. They read as though they had cost the author nothing, and that he was able to accomplish better things. A just criticism by Priscilla or some one else would be of service to Whackhammer. But, to say that he is "but a sorry *ass*-imulator" is not criticism but the merest vulgarism.

JUSTICE.

The Great Concord Bank Robery.

Arrest of some of the Thieves—Recovery of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Langdon W. Moore, *alias* Charley Adams, David Kinney and Thomas Bouton, have been arrested by the detective police on a charge of having been concerned in the robbery of the Concord National Bank, on the 25th of September last, when nearly $300,000 in bonds and bank bills were stolen.

The robbery was effected by burglars between the hours of 12 and 2 P. M., during the absence of the paying teller of the Bank, Mr. Cheshire, who had gone home to his dinner. After entering the Bank by means of false keys, the burglars had to open seven doors before they could reach the safe in which the stolen bonds were deposited. The key to the safe door, which was secured by a patent combination lock, was found by the thieves lying on a shelf. With this key they unlocked the safe and stole the entire contents, which they did up in a small bundle. The burglars having secured the plunder, then re-locked all the doors and escaped.

On the return of Mr. Cheshire, the teller, from dinner, he found that the key of the safe was gone, and immediately concluded that a robbery had been committed. Mr. Haywood, the President, who was the only person who had a duplicate key, was in Boston at the time.—He was immediately telegraphed to, and on his arrival the great loss of the Bank was discovered.

Mr. Haywood immediately laid the facts in the case before Colonel Kurtz, Chief of the Boston police. That officer directed detectives Heath and Jones, of the Boston force, to work up the case.—Superintendent Kennedy, of New York, was notified of the robbery. That gentleman made the case known to a number of New York detectives, who were set to work to recover the bonds and arrest the daring thieves.

Captain Jourdan remembered that "Charley Adams," a well known counterfeiter, lived twelve miles from Concord, Mass., and he imagined that he might have been instrumental in committing the robbery. He repaired to his residence, but "Charley" had flown. A suspicious looking character, who visited a house in 54th street, in New York, was next arrested, it being thought that he communicated with Adams. His name is Bouton, and at the time of his arrest he had $1,000 in counterfeit currency on his person. On condition that he should not be prosecuted, Bouton informed the police that a man named David McKinny was in communication with Adams. Through the instrumentality of Bouton, McKinney was arrested after a supposed visit to Adams. On his person was found $12,000 in bonds on the Concord Bank. The President of the Bank, however, could not identify them, and the prisoner said they were his. McKinney finally told the President if he would not prosecute him he would tell where he got the bonds, to which Mr. Haywood agreed.

From information McKinney imparted, to the officer, on the 25th ult., went to the village of Paulsboro, near Camden, New Jersey, and made a decent on a small cottage on the banks of the Delaware.—Here they found Adams, but could not discover any money or bonds. After paying several visits to the house and searching it, they came home without discovering anything. Capt. Jourdan and detective Elder, however, went back again a few days afterwards, and tore up the floor and dug up the earth beneath, and at last discovered a glass jar, hermetically sealed, containing $100,000 in bonds, which were identified as a portion of the stolen property. They next visited a water-gate on the banks of the Delaware river. Digging down four feet, they found a tin box, hermetically sealed, which contained $79,000 in U. S. bonds, also stolen from the Concord Bank. The property was brought to New York and placed in the possession of Superintendent Kennedy. That officer sent for the Bank officers, who identified the bonds.

Since his arrest, Adams has given the following history of the burglary:

Charles Adams, Henry Howard, alias English Harry, alias Henry Hock, were eight months in perfecting the robbery. One of them happened to pass one day and thought what a good Bank it would be to operate upon. He went in to get a bill changed, but Cheshire did not like its appearance, and refused to give change. A week afterwards Adams went into the Bank to purchase some bonds, and discovered where the money was kept, &c.—The burglars then spent fifteen nights in getting impressions of the outside door lock. They afterwards fitted keys to seven other locks, working some seventy or eighty nights on them. Having gained access to the safe, they found the lock a combination one, and the key taken away by the officers of the Bank. They then made preparations to blow the safe open. Fearing that they would awaken a man who slept in an adjoining house, the burglars calculated to blow open the safe on a night during the equinoctial storm, but the equinoctial storm proved too light for their undertaking. They concluded finally to follow the cashier, and take the safe key from him by force, determining to take every risk to secure the plunder. On the day of the robbery, two men drove up in front of the Bank while Mr. Cheshire was out, one of whom entered the Bank with false keys, found the key of the safe lying upon a shelf, opened the safe with it, took the money and bonds out of it, wrapped the plunder up in a bundle, and coolly walked up the street. He was subsequently joined by the man in the wagon, and they made their escape undetected.

A more particular account of the way in which the Bank was robbed will be found set forth below. Adams and Howard were the two thieves who performed the work. They watched the paying teller and other employes leave the Bank, and as soon as they were out of sight set to work. Adams, being the cooler hand of the two, decided to enter the Bank, while Howard was stationed in a covered wagon in such a position that he could see any one who might approach the Bank, while he himself was unseen.

While engaged in unlocking the outer door, a little girl came along, and asked for the cashier. She was informed by Adams that he had gone to dinner, She passed up the street, and met a young man with whom she conversed for a moment, and then passed on. The young man then came to the door of the Bank, and rapped on it. In the meantime Adams had gone into the Bank, locking the door behind him. No attention was paid to the young man, who, becoming tired, and probably believing that no person was inside, turned and walked away.

In a short time Adams made his appearance with the contents of the safe, made up in a neat dundle, under his arm. He had found the key of the safe in the position in which it was kept during the day time, and after taking from it the contents, locked it, placed the key in his pocket, and then carefully locked the various doors behind him. On reaching the street he locked the outer door, and taking no notice of his companion, with the bundle under his arm he sauntered coolly and carelessly up the street.

Passing through the village, he turned into a wood on the outskirts, and sat down to wait for his companion. The latter had remained in his wagon until Adams was out of sight, and then, jumping from his vehicle, went into a hardware store in the vicinity, and purchased some nails. On concluding his purchase, he returned, took the blanket from his animal, unhitched him, and, getting into the vehicle, drove off in an opposite direction from that taken by Adams—to all appearance a quiet country farmer, who had come to town to make a trifling purchase, and was now proceeding leisurely homeward. On reaching the outskirts of the village, he made a detour, and, joining his comrade, they drove hastily off, and for the time being escaped with the plunder.

The case is without doubt one of the most remarkable that has ever occurred in this country. Its conception and execution were daring in the highest degree, while the manner in which the case was worked up by the detectives is above all praise. The reward obtained by the latter is no small one, the bank authorities, in their circular issued soon after the robbery, having offered a reward of ten per cent., on all the stolen property recovered.

A Pawtucket man lately accused a woman of larceny, caused her arrest and imprisonment, in the Providence county jail, for two days and nights, and, after her innocence had been fully established, seriously inquired of his counsel if he could not bring an action for damages against her for all the trouble and expence she put him to.

The latest effusion of the renowned Artemus we have yet seen in print. It is said that being at one of the New York churches recently, he electrified the audience by his unexpected reply to the preacher's text, which was as follows:—"How are the mighty fallen?" After a short pause Artemus looked up inquiringly and said meekly, "I give it up!"

He thought it was a conundrum.

In olden times men used to get drunk. Later years they were "tipsy," and then they "got tight;" but in this highly progressive age primitive titles don't seem to fit modern subjects; so, when gentleman, these times, is not familliar with his own capacity, and takes in more cargo than he can well sail under, he is denominated "exhausted with happiness."

A tender maiden of forty-three obtained a verdict of $3000 damages in Ohio the other day, against a blushing youth of seventy-seven, who failed to keep his promises.

The following verse contains all the letters in the alphabet, and may be used as an exercise for children in tracing the letters;

God gives the grazing ox his meat,
And quickly hears the sheep's low cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his praises high.

A German being required to give receipt in full, after much mental effort produced the following: "I ish full. I wants no more monish. John Swachammer."

Mr. Beardslee has introduced into the Senate a bill to increase the compensatien of jurors of Wayne, Pike and Monroe counties.