



The Jeffersonian.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1871.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:

COL. DAVID STANTON, OF BEAVER.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL:

COL. ROBT B. BEATH, OF SCHUYLKILL.

We stirred up the Democracy, hereabouts, some, by our proposition, last week, to thoroughly organize the Republican party hereabouts, hold a Convention, and place a full ticket in the field. The fact of the business is, that the leaders of that party here know full well that, for Republicanism, there is wisdom in the proposition, and that concerted action upon it could not but rebound to our present advantage, and to our triumphant success in the no distant future.

Let the masses of the people composing the Democracy know that we have set out to stand and walk alone, upon the basis furnished by the glorious principles of Republicanism—that hereafter we act as a party without conniving, cahogling, or in any way poking our noses into the work of the Democratic leaders—that we are neither to be wheedled, bought nor sold from the straight forward pursuit of the goal of our ambition—the greatest possible amount of good to our whole people—and we shall soon see in the ranks of that party an independence, manliness and hubbub that we shall be surprised at, because never suspected. The leaders of Democracy know this, and they would rather that anything else should happen, than that the course suggested by us should be approved and acted upon by our friends.

We have recently, in our Senatorial relationship, been joined to a new people. We have been cut loose from the line which tied us to a political juggernaut, which insisted that because a Ticket was formed, why, therefore we must go it without a why or wherefore and it is well for us to consider whether our "new Departure" should inaugurate an era, with new ideas, new hopes, new and more thorough determination, and consequently better hopes of success.

Our new brethren are men—largely Democratic we admit—but not so politically hide-bound but that they can occasionally step to our side, and elevate good reliable republicans to the county offices, the Legislature, the Judiciary, and even to the Congress of the United States itself. This has been done more than once, and it will be still often repeated in the future, if we, at this end of the district, go to work, as though we really intend to be true to ourselves, and support the efforts of our friends at the other end.—Indeed, it may speedily become a permanent line of conduct throughout the entire district. When we consider what has been done in Luzerne, and that there, independent Democrats enough have been found to lay even the Woodwards—father and son—on the shelf, by majorities ranging from several hundreds to several thousands, the idea that, with proper organization and work, the new district may be revolutionized, and made permanently and reliably Republican, ceases to be chimerical. The truth is, that men all over the district are beginning to, more than ever, read and think; and when reading and thinking sets in, actions suited to the thought are sure to follow. It is one of the duties of every Republican to keep this reading and thinking in motion, by furnishing food for it of the right quality, and we should all labor to that end. Can we labor so effectively on any other basis as on that which will be found in thorough organization, active work, and the spreading of unmistakable truth before the people? Let us reflect over this, and let us act as earnest men, having the best interests of the country at heart should act, and we need not fear the result—we need no longer set in fear, that we are always to endure the mortification of living in a hopeless minority.

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BOROUGH AND COUNTY.

Our Scranton Letter appears on the first page of our paper this week.

Got Its Hat on—Peter S. Williams' neat brick domicile on Franklin square.

About Completed—Professor Jacoby's elegant brick, on Centre street.

There will be no public services in the M. E. Church, of this borough, on Sunday next.

Moving Along Finely—John G. Keller's neat and convenient frame on Centre street.

Going up—Sheriff Marsh's fine new House on Main street. The Philadelphia brick look splendid.

The Camp Meeting at Hinkle's woods was largely attended. The grounds were literally packed with people on Sunday.

Query.—Does a "tin hat" of enormous dimensions, upon the head of an individual denote a man of function? Ala. J. A. C.

The weather during the past week has been unusually fine, with nice warm days—not oppressively hot, and cool, pleasant nights for sleeping.

The displays of female Horsemanship, are getting to be quite fashionable on our streets, and beautiful to look at, they are too. Just think of it, a beautiful lady, a handsome horse and elegant equestrianism, what can be more attractive. A display that we witnessed on Friday last sent a pang through our "bosom," that has not yet altogether healed over.

The Camp Meeting at the Water Gap, commenced on Tuesday, and is a success in every particular. Large numbers from the cities, and other localities distant from the Camp Ground, are present.

The Stroudsburg Street Passenger Railroad Company, on Saturday morning last, brought from the Depot and delivered to customers, over one hundred tons of freight, before 7 o'clock, a. m.

Honesdale and Port Jervis are much excited over a base ball match played at the former place, in which the Port Jervisites were beaten by one run. They expected to lick the Honesdalers, but did not.

Our friend R. M. Kresge, of East Stroudsburg made us happy, on Friday last, over a crate of luscious peaches, with which he presented us. They were beauties, and no mistake, and we and ours enjoyed them hugely.

Our town has been kept well supplied with peaches during the past week. In price they have been first quality, selling at prices ranging from one Dollar a basket, to two dollars per crate. In quality they were nothing to brag of—a very few so, but the great bulk of them very poor.

The end of the arrival of city visitors is not yet. Each day and each train brings large accessions to the numbers already here. Well, let them come, there is always room to spare for a few more, and plenty to feed them on.

Rev. D. W. Bartine, D. D., a former Presiding Elder of this District, will preach on the camp ground, at the Water Gap, this (Thursday) morning, at 10 o'clock.

Rev. Dr. Nelson, President of Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa., will preach on Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

The carelessness of our typos, made us guilty of an apparent negligence, in overlooking the pail of elegant and excellent "huckleberries," sent by our highly esteemed friend, L. T. Smith, esq., of Forks Station, Pa. We could not have been better pleased with them, had they been made to order.

What with the camp meetings, and the transient sojourners hereabouts, our livery stable keepers have their hands full in supplying the demand for equine conveyances. It is a rich harvest to the proprietors, but it would be death to the equines, only, you know, "livery stable horses never get tired." "You can see how it is yourself."

We notice that Mr. James Gardner, of the firm of Wallace & Gardner, is at present engaged in excavating a cellar, on his lot on Ann street, directly opposite the residence of the late John Shively, preparatory to the erection of a handsome frame dwelling. When completed it will add much to the appearance of that portion of our borough.

Harvest Home.—In the interest of the Pine Ridge Church, Pike Co., will be held upon the grounds of Mr. Cook, between the church and the Bushkill Falls, on Wednesday, August 30th. Dinner, supper, and refreshments prepared. Also accommodations for horses. If the weather should prove stormy, it will take place the next day.

The Portland juveniles or juniors have concluded to acknowledge the corn, and give up the ball so fairly won by our White Caps juniors. This is wise on their part. Content manfully, boys, while there is hope, but when "manifest destiny" overtakes you give up like men. We presume the game will be repeated soon, when the Portlanders will have an opportunity to recover their loss.

We observed a two-horse picnic passing through our streets, on its way to the Country, on Saturday last, the participants all ladies—not a masculine among them, save the driver. We doubt whether a more perfect array of beauty and joviality could be gathered in so small a space anywhere, than was stowed in that carriage on Saturday. We almost wished we were a "gall," so that we could go along.

Select School.—Miss Hannah Grattan respectfully announces that she will open a Select School in the Stroudsburg Seminary, September 4th, for the instruction of a limited number of young ladies and gentlemen. Miss Grattan is an accomplished young lady, and has, heretofore, given entire satisfaction in her capacity as teacher. Parents should bear this fact in mind, and avail themselves of the opportunity now offered, as but a limited number will be admitted.

Our streets were rendered lively, on Thursday evening last, by the passing through of some twenty-five or thirty young Misses in procession. On inquiry, we learned that they were engaged in celebrating the birth day of Miss Lizzy Davis, daughter of the Rev. J. Kirby Davis, who had just completed her 11th step towards her teens. As the procession was passing a given point we heard an old Curmudgeon, spitefully ejaculate the expression, "Bed-lum's broke loose." If that old "codger" should ever, by accident, reach Heaven, he would spit out the same thing on hearing the voices of the Angels.

The public schools of our borough will open on Monday, Sept. 4th, and with but one or two exceptions, an entire new set of teachers have been employed, who come among us well recommended. With the various school houses in a perfect state of cleanliness, and with new teachers, who will, undoubtedly, introduce a different routine of studies from that which has heretofore marked the progress of our schools, it is to be hoped that parents will manifest more interest, in the welfare of their children than usual, and that a full compliment of scholars may be in attendance. In order to make our public schools what they should be, it is absolutely necessary that parents and teachers should co-operate with one another.

Fair of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Institute at Easton, Pa.—The board of Directors of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Institute have resolved to hold their annual fair this year, on their grounds, at Easton, Pa., on the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d days of September next. The premium list is liberal and the building, grounds, track and stabling are the finest of any society or association of a like kind in the State of Pennsylvania. [aug. 10/71-5t.

Last week we mentioned in these columns the fact that one of the great needs of Stroudsburg, was a new hotel, first-class in all its appointments. We would now announce that another great need, and one which becomes more and more severely felt as the heated term progresses, is the formation of an ice company, and the erection of suitable buildings, that our citizens might be supplied with that article during the summer months. Let some of our enterprising citizens take the matter in hand at once.

The improvements being made at the Washington Hotel, and of which we made mention in these columns some time since, are now completed, in fine style. Mine host Baldwin never does anything by halves, and his bar-room now presents an air of ease and comfort second to none in the State. His table and bar are always stocked with the best the market affords, and as "Stick-em," that princely mixer of drinks is ready at all times to attend to the wants of his customers, it is certainly a very pleasant place at which to "drop in."

Accident.—On Saturday last, a horse attached to a marketing wagon, and belonging to Mr. Chas. Kistler, of Sciota, was hitched to a post in front of Mr. Joseph Wallace's store, when the animal suddenly became frightened at some object flying in the street, and in his frantic endeavors to break loose, fell heavily to the ground. Fortunately, the vehicle was unoccupied at the time, and no damage was done, further than the breaking of the shafts of the wagon.

We accidentally dropped into Mr. Samuel S. Lee's cabinet-ware rooms, on Franklin street, a few days since, and were not a little surprised to see what a thriving business he has succeeded in building up. After passing through the lower rooms, where we were shown some splendid sets of furniture, we repaired to the paint shop, and there we were shown a half dozen of the most elaborately finished chairs which certainly reflect great credit upon the artist. Call and see him.

The Storm, on Tuesday, night of last week, of which we got a slight touch here, was unusually terrific and destructive to the north and northwest of us. In Scranton the rain poured down in torrents, and several houses were struck by the lightning. A man named Davis, residing in Hyde Park, was drowned in a run, usually of insignificant dimensions, but whose banks were filled to overflowing by the rain. In Honesdale the storm was pronounced one of the most terrific that has ever visited that section.—Buildings were struck and badly shattered, but fortunately no lives were lost. After a vivid description of the Storm, the Herald, offers, the aspiration "may we never see its like again."

A man named David Bowen, while passing a lager beer saloon on Shanty Hill, near Honesdale, was shot and mortally wounded by the proprietor of the saloon, Jacob Longendorfer on Tuesday night of last week. A dance was going on in the Saloon, the participants in which had been annoyed by some outsiders, when Longendorfer procured a loaded gun for the purpose of shooting the disturbers. Bowen coming along, quietly walking to his home, was made the target of Longendorfer's ire, and received the full charge of the shot in his abdomen and lower extremities. He died on Wednesday morning. Longendorfer gave himself up, and, after a hearing before Justice Eldred, was lodged in prison to await his trial.

The Stroudsburg woolen mills are, as fast as possible, getting ready to run up to their full capacity. Quite a number of hands are already at work, but these are not a "flee bite" to the number that will be engaged when all is ready. Mr. John Dearing, the proprietor, has had much experience in the business, and will, doubtless, make it pay, for himself and for our citizens, in the necessity which the work will create for additional produce and merchandise to feed and clothe his hands and their families. Mr. D. we see, has brought his family here, preparatory to taking up his permanent residence among us. Being a man of the stripe necessary to make a town prosperous and its people happy—gentlemanly, liberal, energetic and enterprising—we extend to him and his a most cordial welcome to Stroudsburg. It would be good for us if a few hundred more of just such men would come and settle among us.

The State Fair.—The policy of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, is to make choice of a location for holding its exhibition, and make an arrangement for its second show at the same point, so that each portion of the State shall have the opportunity of witnessing the progress of Agriculture, Horticulture and Cottage Industries in its own, and from other portions of our Commonwealth. In pursuance of this plan, Scranton is again the location for the coming Fair. To give exhibitors every opportunity for the display of their productions or articles, a carefully prepared and large space of ground has been enclosed, abundantly supplied with water; easy of access to any part of the city of Scranton, and surrounding towns; and upon which has been erected two halls, carefully protected from the weather, 250x30 feet each; one hall 175x45; several spacious tents; 125 horse stalls; 150 cattle sheds; 50 sheep pens; 50 pens for swine; an amphitheatre with 1,000 seats, and every other arrangement for the comfort of visitors or exhibitors in every department usually represented at such shows. We advise all—but especially those who have never seen the operations in the great coal and iron district to visit Scranton and the State Fair, which commences on Tuesday, the 19th day of September, 1871. A very considerable exhibition of recently imported stock will be in attendance.

The Trot.—On Saturday last, quite a large assemblage gathered at the Fair Grounds, to witness the trot, as announced in these columns last week, to come off at that time. A majority of the number in attendance were members of the sporting fraternity from this and adjacent counties, conspicuous among whom was a successful operator of "the little joker," who succeeded in fleeing several of the unwary ones out of a few dollars. Everything passed off in a satisfactory manner, however, the Easton horse carrying off the palm in three successive heats. The following were the entries: Mr. Reuben Shupp of Chestnut Hill, entered "Sally Clay;" "Patchen jr.," owned by Martin Brod, of Portland; "Hambletonian," owned by J. K. Smith, of Flabersookville, driven by Benj. Hannah; "Bucksin" owned by Joseph Fisher, of Easton. Considerable jockeying was at first indulged in by all hands, but finally, when scurged up for the fourth time the word "go" was given, when horses and drivers plied themselves vigorously to their work, and some splendid trotting was witnessed, especially on the part of "Bucksin," she having the outside track on the start, and winning the first heat by about half a length, in three minutes. The two remaining heats were taken by the same horse, in 2:50 and 2:49. As usual, on such occasions, "tangle-foot" flowed freely, and, from the fact that we saw several who had laid themselves away—in fence corners—we judged that some of the numerous Democratic candidates hereabouts had been furnishing the "fluid."

An Adjourned Court was held at the Court House, in this borough, on Monday, August 14th, present, Hon. S. S. Dreher, President Judge, and Hon. John DeYoung and Theodore Schoch, Associates, at which the following business was transacted:

Sarah B. Storm appeared in open Court, and chose Nicholas Ruster as her guardian. In place of Susannah Safer, widow of George Safer, dec'd, was read, asking for the appointment of Commissioners to make partition of the real estate of said decedent; whereupon, Jacob Felencer, R. W. Swink and Charles Fetherman were appointed said Commissioners, with instructions to report at the next regular term of Court.

On motion, George Transue was appointed Supervisor of Pocono township, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the removal of Peter Transue, the Supervisor elected last fall. In the matter of Jesse R. Smith vs. A. Reeves Jackson, Petition and Affidavit for a change of venue were presented; whereupon, a rule was granted to show cause why the case shall not be certified under the Act of Assembly of April 18th, 1870, returnable at the next term of Court, the cases to be taken off the Trial List for September.

Peter Kunkle vs. same.—Same disposition made; as also in cases of Wm. S. Rees vs. Same; Jacob L. Wyckoff vs. same; Jerome S. Williams vs. same, and Joseph Felencer vs. same. The application is to take all these cases, for trial, to Northampton Co. Joshua Briggs vs. George L. Walker—rule granted to show cause why judgment shall not be opened, and defendant let into a defence. Returnable to next term. This rule is in nowise to affect the lien, and the service of the attachment execution in the case.

Petition of Mathias Frable, Executor of Conrad Getz, dec'd, for an order of sale of real estate of said decedent, was presented and read, and an order of sale granted.

Peter Fraley & Ezra Marwin vs. Herbert Ike, Adam A. Singer et al.—Rule granted to September term.

Excursion parties and pic-nics have been indulged in by our citizens generally, this season, to an unlimited extent. To those who have the time and means wherewith to enjoy themselves in this manner, we presume there is a great deal of social enjoyment; but imagine yourselves, ye excursionists! house-bound and moneyless year in and year out, with your dish of pork and beans awaiting you at meal time—and for which we are very thankful—and then you could realize the curse of poverty in its worst form. Imagine yourself in that predicament, and then you can realize the fate of the printer. We have oftentimes imagined the exquisite pleasures which are necessarily derived from an excursion to some romantic spot, romping over hills and through vales in company with a party of pleasure seekers, and last but not least, after becoming thoroughly fagged out, to seat ourselves at a well-filled table, and for once in our lives, partake of a good square meal. But alas!—in the language of our devil—there is no such luck in store for us. However, these pleasant little excursions are occasionally thrown into a state of excitement, and not without just cause, either, as will be seen by the following little incident which occurred a short time since: A party numbering some fifteen couples, composed of the elite and beauty of our borough, was gotten up last week, their destination being the celebrated Water Gap with its romantic scenery, than which, a more beautiful spot for such occasions cannot be found. They started in the morning with well-filled baskets, and with the brightest anticipations of passing a pleasant day in the woods. And neither were they disappointed; for the weather was all that could have been desired, and the pleasures of the day were unalloyed—in fact, so deeply were their minds absorbed in their fun and frolic, that ere they were aware of it, darkness had spread her mantle o'er mother earth, while they were yet within the deep recesses of that labyrinthine forest. Here, indeed, was a sad predicament to contemplate. The frail maids and maidens became very much alarmed at the prospect of spending the night upon the mountain among the wild beasts, who go prowling about seeking whom they may devour, while the heroic gentlemen plied themselves vigorously to the work, if possible, of extricating themselves from this frightful dilemma. In searching about the party in some way became separated, and a few of them succeeded in finding their way out, reaching their homes on the night express train, while they exhibited no small degree of anxiety as to the fate of the remaining portion of their party, whom they knew to be still upon the mountain, and with a good prospect of remaining until daylight came to their relief. After roaming about in the dark-

ness for several hours, however, now plunging headlong over fallen trees and then groping their way through dense thickets of underbrush, they finally came out near the village of Stateford, with their clothing sadly torn, and on the whole, presenting a rather dilapidated appearance. Yet, these little inconveniences were overlooked, and expressions of joy were visible upon each countenance, when they found themselves once more upon the high road, "homeward bound." They reached their homes at a late hour, and many a hearty laugh has since been indulged in, as some one of the party relates the adventures of "these little wanderers."

FIAT JUSTITIA.

Upon the beauties of Milton, Shakespeare, Homer and Byron, able writers have enlarged; biographies have made us familiar with all the instances of their lives. Reviewers and critics eagerly seize upon new works, and give to the public a knowledge of their merits and faults; but amid this general anxiety to criticize, many meritorious articles, both of poetry and prose, are allowed to pass unvoiced, and sink into oblivion. Among such neglected productions we may class a little epic poem of considerable merit, which we now desire to place in its rightful position.

This poem possesses brevity in a most remarkable degree. It contains, in fact, but six lines. Greatness in size, however, is not necessarily a concomitant of merit. Napoleon was but five feet six inches tall. The writer of this is but—ahem!

The poem does not commence in the usual florid style so common among our modern writers. It is not introduced to us in any such sounding words as

"Honder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east."

In its composition we find nothing so romantic as this:

Upon a rock, high up and sheer,
A weary huntsman of the deer,
Had sat him down to rest—

Nor yet does it run like this:

The boy stood on the burning deck
Eating potatoes by the peck,
And all around his mouth and chin
Was nothing but po-ta-to-skin.

Nay, it commences with a line remarkable at once for its beauty and simplicity:

"Little Bo Peep."

A modern novelist would probably have said: Dear reader, with your kind permission I will introduce to your notice Sir William Frederick Bo Peep, of Bo Peep Manor; he sits by his fireside surrounded by his family; there is his well-beloved wife and his sons Charles and Fitz William, and his youngest boy Augustus, who, on account of his diminutive proportions is called by his friends, "Little Bo Peep."

But in the poem in question there is no such waste of words. No, the hero is introduced in a few simple words.

Who Little Bo Peep was, must forever remain shrouded in mystery, perhaps he was a Count or a Duke, maybe he was an editor, but what we read in a subsequent part of the poem disproves all these theories.

In historical vagueness he can compare with the grandfather of Cain's wife, and with the individual who invented sleep.

From the monoxylotic division of his name we might be justified in assuming that he was a Celestial, a "Heathen Chinee." But if the question be squarely put, who was Little Bo Peep? we can only answer, "give it up."

Having now made us acquainted with the hero, the author's next step is to make us familiar with one of the important events of his life. We read:

"He lost his sheep."
Now, we might infer from this that "Bo" was a shepherd, but 'tis not necessarily so, he might have been a farmer and lost the animals betting on base ball matches (Portland vs. Stroudsburg.) Mayhap he gambled on the green, that supposition is plain—o perchance he was fleeced in that little game, "which its name it euechre." All these are probable, but the next line leads us to believe that the animals wandered away from home, for we read,

"And didn't know where to find them."
Such a state of affairs is not uncommon; a great many persons have lost things which have never been found, and vice versa, many people have found things which have never been lost.

We would naturally suppose that Mr. Bo Peep at once employed an experienced detective and instituted a thorough search for the missing property. It is at least fair to suppose that he advertised in the newspapers the loss of the aforesaid property, but he didn't, and there's where Bo was wrong.

"He let them alone."
Astounding! it seems like sheer insanity to exhibit such indifference, especially when we take into consideration the high price of mutton and the great demand for wool.

Notwithstanding our fears for their welfare and safety, everything turned out all right, all went as smoothly and satisfactorily as the last scene in a drama, for we are told by the poet,

"They all came home."

It is to be hoped they all come home before morning. Whether they came marching home like the historic Johnny, we cannot tell. Notwithstanding his apparent indifference, Bo Peep was doubtless very glad to see them, and probably killed one or two of them and set out a free lunch for the neighborhood. The manner in which the animals returned is shown in the next line.

"And carried their tails behind them."
Thus is dispelled the idea that they walked backwards, or carried their tails in their pockets.

So ends this beautiful little poem, and here we must remark, the story stands a powerful argument in support of the assertion that figurative language is not necessary to beauty and force in composition.

Through the varied and eventful history of Bo Peep, as above detailed, not a single figure of rhetoric has been employed, yet all that is intended is grandly expressed thus:

"Little Bo Peep
He lost his sheep
And didn't know where to find them;
He let them alone,
They all came home,
And carried their tails behind them.
Philadelphia Aug. 14, 1871.

We have received a season thicket to the "Grand Military Festival and Fete Champetre in aid of the Union Home and School for Orphan Children of Soldiers and Sailors, at Fashion Course, L. I., commencing Oct. 2nd, 1871, and continuing two weeks." Benjamin W. Hitchcock, of N. Y., general manager, will please accept our thanks for the compliment. The object of this entertainment is a good one, and we hope there will be a large attendance from all parts of the country.

D. Kalbfus, Esq., of Mauch Chunk, boasts of having caught, with hook and line, the immense number of eleven thousand three hundred trout from the streams of Carbon county, during the months of April, May, June and July.

Thirteen cabbage heads growing from one stem is the latest vegetable curiosity developed in Lancaster county.

Philadelphia has 763 lawyers, 1,073 physicians and 21,563 domestic servants. The number of loafers and politicians is not given.

Sequel of the "Damascus Outrage."

Thompson R. Kent, the young man who was arrested on the charge of abducting the girl Helen Slater, was last week released on bail John Jackson, of Damascus, becoming his security. The following letter presents the case in a changed aspect:

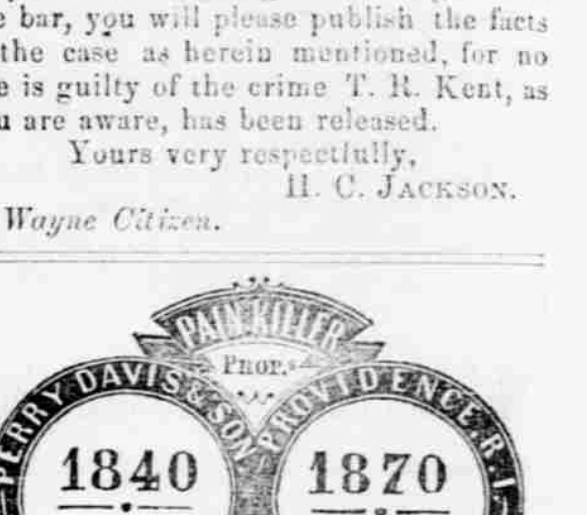
DAMASCUS, Pa., Aug. 6, 1871.

EDS. CITIZEN: At the wish of my father (Mr. John Jackson) I drop you a line in regard to the late tragedy of Tylerville.—The girl has acknowledged to Mrs. Fertman (the lady for whom she worked) and others that she went alone to the river with the intention of drowning herself, which, after entering the water she failed to do, and reached the bar alighted to on previous occasions, where she stayed until removed, as has been before published.

In justice to the young men who were suspected of dragging and taking her to the bar, you will please publish the facts of the case as herein mentioned, for no one is guilty of the crime T. R. Kent, as you are aware, has been released.

Yours very respectfully,
H. C. JACKSON.

—Wayne Citizen.



CHOLERA.

At the commencement of the Diarrhoea, which always precedes an attack of the Cholera, take a teaspoonful of the Pain Killer in sugar and water, (hot if convenient), and then bathe freely the stomach and bowels with the Pain Killer clear. Should the diarrhoea or cramps continue, repeat the dose every ten or fifteen minutes until the patient is relieved. In extreme cases, two or more teaspoonfuls may be given at a dose.

The Pain Killer, as an internal remedy, has no equal. In cases of Cholera, Summer Complaints, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Asthma, it cures in one night by taking it internally, and bathing with it freely. Its action is like magic, when externally applied to Old Sores, Burns, Scalds and Sprains. For Sick Headache and Toothache, don't fail to try it. In short, it is a Pain Killer. Directions accompany each bottle.—The Pain Killer is sold by all dealers in Medicines. [aug. 3-1m.

HON. GEORGE SANDERSON, Mayor of the city of Lancaster, Pa., writes: "MISLER'S HERB BITTERS is extensively known and used, and so successful are its curative powers that it has become as familiar as a Household Word and a necessary addition in the medical requirements of every family.—Having used it myself and knowing others who have used it with beneficial results, I can only add that in my opinion it is the best remedy ever introduced for the cure of the numerous ills to which flesh is heir."

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, H. C., Recommending Misler's Herb Bitters to a friend, pronounced it the most successful combination of medical herbs he ever saw.

August 3, 1871.—1m.

DIED.

At the residence of her son, Martin Place, Monroe county, Pa., August 14, 1871, Mrs. Mary Place, in the 83rd year of her age.

Caution!—Take Notice! The public are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting any person, under any pretense whatever, from this date, on my account, as I am determined to resist, to the full extent of the law, the payment of all debts contracted by any one in my name, without regard to person, except upon my written order.

THEODORE SCHOCH, STROUBSBURG, PA., June 7, 1871.

POCKET BOOK FOUND

Containing a sum of Money, which the owner can have by calling on the undersigned, describing the same, and paying for this notice. Found near the Stroudsburg Depot. aug. 24/71-3a.] CHAS. L. RHODES.

NOTICE.

THE MEMBERS of the Monroe County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, are hereby notified that the annual election of Managers for said Company, will be held at the Court House, in the borough of Stroudsburg, on Monday, September 4th, 1871, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at which time Thirteen Managers will be chosen to serve for one year, or until others are duly qualified to fill their places, pursuant to Section 4th of the act of Assembly incorporating said Company.

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