



The Jeffersonian.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1860.

FOR PRESIDENT, Abraham Lincoln, OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT, Hannibal Hamlin, OF MAINE.

FOR GOVERNOR, Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, OF CENTER COUNTY.

The Stroudsburg Cornet Band have been engaged to furnish the music for the celebration of the 4th of July, at Bushkill, Pike county, Pa.

Col. S. C. Barnett, of this place, has consented to be present and deliver the oration.

The Democracy have done it.—They have ripped themselves up from stem to stem in regular Japanese style. The chief difference is, however, that the ripping up of the Japanese saves their property from confiscation, but the ripping up which the harmonious Democracy have just done to themselves, utterly and irretrievably confiscates all the sources of the public plunder that they have been fattening upon, and reveling in for the last eight years.

The Charleston Convention which adjourned to meet at Baltimore on the 18th of June, met according to adjournment, and after five days of bitter quarreling over the "irrepressible conflict," 125 Delegates withdrew. This occurred in consequence of the Douglas wing of the Convention refusing to admit those delegates into the Baltimore Convention who saw proper to withdraw from the Charleston Convention. After which the Douglas portion of the Convention put in nomination the following ticket:

For President, STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, of Illinois. For Vice President, BENJ. FITZPATRICK, of Alabama.

Fitzpatrick concluded he could not run on this ticket and accordingly declined the proffered honor, whereupon the National Democratic Committee substituted Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia.

The Administration wing of the Democracy have nominated the following ticket:

For President, J. C. BRECKINRIDGE, of Kentucky. For Vice President, JOSEPH LANE, of Oregon.

Messrs. Breckinridge and Lane accept the positions assigned them on the ticket, and declare that their only duty to the country and the Democracy demands that they should do so. Such is the composition of the tickets presented by the harmonious Democracy, and surely from this great variety the most fastidious Democrat ought to satisfy himself. The only consolation we have to offer our Democratic friends in this their great trouble is, that it will make no difference which side of the Democratic Hulk they jump upon, for they both will lead to precisely the same conclusion,—which is, merited and overwhelming defeat. We must say, however, that we are rather sorry that they are split asunder, for in this canvass we desired to have them united upon some man, for we have long been of the opinion that the country is sick and tired of what is called Democracy, and for this reason we wished to measure their strength fairly and squarely by the Republican doctrine. As it is the battle is ended before it is begun. Lincoln, from present indications will be the next President without a struggle for it.

A Distressing Cough causes the friends of the sufferer as much pain as the sufferer himself. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will certainly cure coughs, and colds, and arrest consumption, and that speedily. When did it ever fail!

There's a vile counterfeit of this Balsam, therefore be sure and buy only that prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, which has the written signature of I. BUTTS on the outside wrapper.

The Lincoln Coat of Arms. A gentleman of this city, who reached home from the Upper Mississippi, states that last week the boat on which he was a passenger, the Doctor Kane, passed an enormous raft, slowly floating down the stream, on which appeared to be lodged about twenty hands, "jolly raftsmen," no doubt. An immense staff, fifty feet high, shot up from the middle of the raft, from which floated the American colors. Immediately on the bow of the raft was planted a huge rail, about twenty feet high, near the top of which appeared an axe and maul, crossed, forming an excellent representation of the LINCOLN COAT OF ARMS. This float, its men and devices were loudly cheered along the shore and by passing boats.—St. Louis Democrat.

The Old Tenth Legion.

We believe it is time that we should move for a thorough organization of the Republican party of the five counties composing the 13th Congressional District—Northampton, Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne. We are not prepared to say that we should be in any particular hurry about the nomination of candidates for Congress and State Senate, but we do believe there should be a general meeting of the people of each county, say at Stroudsburg, when the state of the party could be duly considered, and such action taken as might be deemed expedient.—We, therefore, respectfully propose, for the consideration of our friends of Northampton, Monroe, Pike and Wayne, that a grand mass meeting be held at Stroudsburg, Monroe County, on Tuesday, the 24th day of July next, and to secure eminent speakers from abroad to address the meeting.

Whilst we might not be ready on said day to make our nominations, we do think it is not too soon to begin the good work of organization and spreading the truth among the people. If we can only have the people thoroughly understand our principles, victory is certain, even in the "Old Tenth Legion." And Stroudsburg, we believe, is just the place—the most central—to start the ball rolling.

Will the Honesdale Democrat, the Stroudsburg Jeffersonian, and the Easton Times, Free Press, Journal and Beobachter give us their views?

[March Chunk Gazette.]

We most heartily agree that the Republican party ought to be thoroughly organized in this District, and that too as soon as practicable. Perhaps the time above indicated is as good as any that can be fixed upon. We of course will not object to having the rallying point at Stroudsburg. We hope to hear from our contemporaries of this District at an early date, on this subject.

The World.

Is the title of a new daily paper established in New York, two or three numbers of which have been sent us. Instead of making any comments of our own, we prefer to copy the following notice of the enterprise, from the National Intelligencer. We learn that the paper has a large capital, and that experienced and able men will conduct it. Mr. Cummings, formerly of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, is one of the publishers. Mr. J. R. Spaulding, long and favorably known from his connection with the Courier and Enquirer, is chief editor. Richard Grant White, the accomplished Shakespearean scholar, is placed at the head of the literary department. Mr. Manton M. Marble, who has been connected with the Boston Journal, the Traveler and the New York Post, occupies the chair of assistant editor.

Defalcations—A Parallel to 1840.

Defalcations under the present administration are becoming as common as they were under Van Buren. The last discovered swindle is that of T. C. Hunt, receiver of public money at Natchitoches, La., who is a defaulter to the government for \$25,000. It was so in 1840. The campaign opened in the same way. Charges of corruption and extravagance made against the then existing administration were sustained by successive disclosures of defalcations on the part of the Government officials. The people became alarmed at the extent of these swindles, and swept from power the false Democracy in whose name they had been perpetrated. They made an honest, straight forward old Pioneer of the West—neither politician—President of the United States, taking him from obscurity and making him the instrument and the representative of their power. In twenty years we are going the same routine.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Col. Curtin's Prospects.

The editor of the Clearfield Raftsmen's Journal, who has just returned from a tour, through the western part of the State, expresses the opinion that Col. Curtin's prospects of election are of the most flattering character, if the condition of affairs in that section can be taken as an index to the remainder. In Westmoreland county, where Gen. Foster, the Democratic candidate, resides, he will receive the full party vote, as he will also in the balance of the Congressional district to which that county is attached.—We are ever ready to give Gen. Foster all the credit he deserves as a man and citizen; but must insist on it that his friends who regard him as an unusually popular candidate, are greatly mistaken; nor will be surprised to hear of him being beaten from 15,000 to 20,000 west of the Alleghenies. This, however, should not deter the friends of Col. Curtin from keeping constantly at work, and making every honorable exertion to give him a large vote in the eastern part of the State. On the other hand, let it encourage every one to "lay his shoulder to the wheel" and make the victory the more decisive and brilliant, and by doing so secure the State for Lincoln and Hamlin in November.

Death of Hon. John Schwartz.

Washington, June 21.—Hon. John Schwartz, member of Congress from the Eighth District of Pennsylvania, died here last night. His death will be announced in the House to-day. His remains will be taken to Reading for interment.

A boy, Charles Byers, while carrying locusts in his hat, in Wetzel county, Virginia, recently, was stung on the head, and died from the effects of the injury.

It is stated that John Morrissey, the pugilist, is to go immediately into training with a view of fighting Heenan, in August. He has left New York, and expresses his determination to vanquish the champion of the world.

National Democratic Convention.

The adjourned Convention of the Democracy re-assembled at Baltimore on the 18th inst., at 12 M. The President, Caleb Cushing, of Mass., called the Convention to order, and made a brief address, closing with a recapitulation of the state of the business before the Convention, regarded simply as an adjourned body. Hereupon a wrangle commenced, relative to the re-admission of the delegates from seven or eight Southern States who had seceded from the Convention when in session. This continued throughout the day, showing a bad state of feeling, and the existence of strong sectional antagonism between the North and the South. Various motions, counter motions, suggestions, &c., were offered, only to be smothered or withdrawn, and thus the wrangling went on for seven or eight long hours.

On Tuesday, the Convention re-assembled. As soon as order could be obtained, Mr. Church, of New York, asked consent to make a proposition to the convention calculated to harmonize the pending motions and to arrange in a friendly manner the question of the admission of delegates.

There were cries of "hear him," and unanimous consent was given. Mr. Church then stated that an arrangement had been entered to withdraw Mr. Gilmore's amendment and the latter portion of his own, so that the question of seats be simply referred to a Committee without conditions.

This proposition was finally carried, and a recess was taken until 5 P. M.—The cutting of the "test oath" was a decided victory over the Douglas men, who were strongly in favor of it, and who proposed it with the view of tying the hands of his enemies in the South, or of compelling them to leave the Convention. Its rejection heads Douglas off at both points, and places the Little Giant, in a position which renders his defeat either in the Convention or at the polls a "foregone conclusion."

The Convention re-assembled in the evening, but did nothing in the way of business. It became pretty evident on Tuesday evening that a new shuffle and cut of the cards when in progress, the object of which was the turning up a Jack, whose name is not Douglas. The New York delegation is the power which is relied upon to slaughter the Little Giant. They profess to support Douglas, but they really mean to nominate Gov. Seymour, if they can bring it about. But the earnest friends of Douglas are not easily subdued. When their favorite is slaughtered, they will turn the tables, and "lay out" Seymour. Each faction is strong enough to whip the other, and the prospect for a mutual flogging is very imminent, and "most devoutly to be wished."

Personal altercations among the delegates were quite frequent, promising a crop of duels. Messrs. Hooper and Hindman of Arkansas got into a quarrel on Tuesday evening, which is to be settled with pistols, and a similar difficulty is on the tapis, for adjustment with powder and ball, between a couple of Virginians.

On Wednesday, a fight took place between Messrs. Whiteley and Townsend, delegates from Delaware. No duel is apprehended in consequence. The fracas occurred at a hotel.

The Convention on Wednesday did nothing down to 5 P. M. It was waiting for the report of the Committee on Credentials.

On Thursday the Convention received three reports from its Committee on Credentials—that of the majority favoring, in the main, the newly-chosen or Douglas delegates from the Cotton States, in place of the bolters at Charleston. There was a break-down, with about the usual number of fights, but no decisive action—the New Yorkers again asking and carrying an adjournment over to Friday morning, in order that they might consult as to the course they should pursue. In the evening, they determined, by a majority of 41 to 27, to go for the report of the Committee which admits the Douglas delegations from Louisiana and Alabama, and half the Douglas men from Georgia.

On Friday the explosion happened, and the Democratic party is hopelessly and irreconcilably broken in pieces. The Douglas men would not yield to the demands of the South. The Minority report from the Committee on Credentials, which gives the seceders their seats, was rejected by a vote of 150 to 100.

The vote on the admission of the Douglas delegates from Louisiana is 153 yeas to 95 nays.

The Convention accepted the report of the majority of the Committee on Credentials, excepting so far as relates to Georgia. Adjourned to 5 o'clock. The evening's session was spent in confessions, explanations, deprecations, imprecations, and jeremiads over the last final great catastrophe. The Convention was addressed in one strain or another by some fifteen delegates from all quarters. Virginia opened the ball by the withdrawal of 124 of her electoral votes. North Carolina followed with 8 of her electoral votes. Tennessee went out with 9 1/2 votes; California with 4; Massachusetts with 8. Maryland went with an undefined portion, and even the Chairman, Gen'l Cushing, withdrew disgusted with the open advocacy of the Slave trade. Stephen A. Douglas was nominated for President, and Senator Fitzpatrick, for Vice President.

Above we give an insight into the proceedings of the Baltimore Convention.

The Seceders' Convention. The seceders organized on Saturday by electing Caleb Cushing Permanent Chairman. John C. Breckinridge was nominated on the second ballot. Gen. Joseph Lane, of Oregon, was unanimously nominated for Vice President on the 1st ballot. The platform adopted by the seceders was the one reported by the minority at Charleston.

I say, John, where did you get that rogue's hat? "Please your honor," said John, it's an old one of yours that misses give me yesterday."

The Rival Democracies.

The National Democratic Convention has at length split its party into two rival and intensely hostile factions, and has nominated two antagonist tickets, as follows:

1. For President STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, of Illinois. For Vice President, BENJ. FITZPATRICK, of Alabama. 2. For President J. C. BRECKINRIDGE, of Kentucky. For Vice President, Gen. JOSEPH LANE, of Oregon.

It is noteworthy that all these candidates are taken from the Senate-chamber; Mr. Breckinridge presiding over the Senate as Vice-President, while the other three are Senators. Mr. Fitzpatrick takes us by surprise, as we have counted him one of the Senatorial majority who have waged so fierce a war on Douglas for the last year or two. He sustained the Leecompton policy throughout, voting for the Leecompton bill and against Douglas at every stage of the controversy; and we have understood that he concurred in the policy of ejecting Mr. Douglas from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Territories. His vote, if we mistake not, stands recorded in the affirmative on the Senatorial Caucus resolutions, concocted expressly to put Mr. Douglas and his followers out of the Democratic party, to which the Senate has devoted a good part of the session, to the neglect of its proper and pressing duties. All things considered, Mr. Fitzpatrick's position seems to us an awkward one, badly requiring elucidation. He is, like Douglas, a man of ability, was formerly Governor of his State, and has, politics apart, maintained a respectable position in the Senate.

The bolters' ticket is far weaker in talent and character, but has a prestige of personal good luck. Mr. Breckinridge is yet comparatively young—not quite forty years of age, (though he will be a hundred before he is elected President.) He is a grand-son of John Breckinridge, who was a U. S. Senator from Kentucky in 1801, and died Attorney-General under Jefferson in 1806. The son volunteered for the Mexican War, too late to see any service, but early enough to gain the rank and title of Major. In 1851, he was elected to Congress, and in 1853 re-elected in a District which had previously been opposite (Whig) politics; but his relationship to Whigs in it was very extensive, while the age of Mr. Clay, and the certainty that he would never be President, had disposed many to regard a change with indifference if not with positive favor. "Gen. Combs," said Breckinridge to Leslie, a while ago, "I consider that you have done more for your party and received less return for it than any man living."

"Just the opposite of your case," responded the General; "I judge that you have done less for your party, and got more for it, than any other live man."—And they were both pretty nearly right. Mr. Breckinridge delivered in the House a very good eulogy on Mr. Clay, and has probably made some good stump speeches, but they do not bear printing. He made one in '57 or '58 on Kansas and the Leecompton scheme, which was not only bad but poor, and another on "Southern Rights" in Frankfort last Winter which was distinguished by every trait of the worst effusions of the Fire-Eaters ability and eloquence. Unless we sadly misjudge, he is destined to be badly beaten in his own State.

As to Gen. Lane, currently known as "Joe Lane," he is just the poorest stick ever set up for so exalted a station. He is a son of Gen. Amos Lane, who was one of the inventors of the Jackson party in Indiana, ran for Congress and was beaten sundry times, but finally ran in on the top of the Jackson wave in '32, and was again elected in '34, when he subsided. We seem to remember that the son made his way into the Legislature of Indiana some fifteen or twenty years ago, and know that he volunteered in the Mexican War, wherein he was made a Colonel, which title has expanded, under careful nursing, into that of General. We have seen him called "the Marion of the Mexican War," but cannot recall any exploit which would seem to justify that title. He emigrated or was sent soon after to Oregon, whence he returned in '51 as a Delegate, having been chosen in June of that year. He was re-elected in '53, again in '55, and again in '57, when he received 5,665 votes to 3,471 for Lawson, Republican. Having run the Democratic machine for several years, he now, on the adoption of a State Constitution, was sent (or sent himself) to the United States Senate, wherein he has distinguished himself by the most unbounded servility to the extreme Pro Slavery faction. He has done his little all to proscribe Douglas and drive him out of the Democratic party, for which he is about to be rewarded by one of the most humiliating defeats ever administered to an unprincipled, small-minded demagogue. He telegraphed the Oregon delegation to bolt at Charleston when the Slave-Code platform was voted down, and has been a most abject tool of the Fire-Eaters throughout. We shall be disappointed if his ticket does not run third in Oregon as well as throughout the Union.

On the whole, the Douglas men have no reason to complain of the ticket pitted against them. Next to Caleb Cushing and Jeff. Davis, this is as good a ticket to run against as they could have made if the selection had been confided to their own hands. We predict that Douglas and Fitzpatrick will beat it in the popular vote of the Slave States, and run it out of sight in the Free States.—Tribune.

The president of a debating society out West lately decided that 'the milk of human kindness' meant milk-punch with a nutmeg in it.

The sting of the locust is said to be very poisonous. A lad died at Danville, Warren County, N. J., a few days ago from the sting of one of these insects.

The Case of Rev. Jacob S. Harden.

From the Trenton True American, June 22. The Court of Pardons were in session yesterday afternoon, from 3 o'clock to 6 o'clock. The morning was spent at the State Prison. A number of cases were taken up in the afternoon.

The principal case was that of Jacob S. Harden. Petitions were presented, containing twelve to fifteen hundred signatures, asking for commutation of the sentence to imprisonment for life.

The Court deliberately examined the papers, and calmly discussed the points in the case, and came to the unanimous conclusion to reject the application.

The question of reprieve, which remains with the Governor alone, has not been considered.

The father of Jacob S. Harden has been in this city since Tuesday last, pleading before the Court of Pardons for a commutation of the sentence of death pronounced upon his son, to imprisonment for life. All who have met with the old gentleman have been favorably impressed with him, and have highly commended the spirit in which his sad mission has been discharged. A great deal of sympathy has been expressed for him in every quarter. He left the city yesterday afternoon, with no assurance whatever of a favorable result. This affair has not only thrown the family into deep gloom, and very plainly impaired the health of the father, but it has almost impoverished him. He has already expended several thousands of dollars in defending his son.

The Confession of Rev. Mr. Harden. TRENTON, Saturday, June 23, 1860.

We have reliable information here that Harden has made a confession of having poisoned his wife, showing in the whole transaction a degree of guilt seldom equaled.

Governor Olden has respited the execution of Jacob S. Harden for one week and a day, bringing it to Friday, the 6th day of July.

BELVIDERE, N. J., June 22.—The Rev. Jacob S. Harden, under sentence of death, for the murder of his wife, has made a confession acknowledging his guilt. The Rev. Mr. Day, of the M. E. Church, announced at the Union Prayer Meeting this evening, at his church in Belvidere, the fact of the confession, and desired the prayers of the meeting in behalf of the condemned and penitent criminal.

This announcement caused a great sensation in the church. The Rev. Mr. Kirk made a touching and feeling prayer in behalf, after which the congregation united in singing the beautiful hymn commencing with the words

"Just as I am, without one plea," Our informant states that Harden is even now writing his confession, and that he has communicated certain portions of it to the jailor and one or two others.

The administering of the poison to his wife commenced on her return to Ramsey's and was given to her while sitting on his knee even during the endearments of an apparently loving wife. He kindly invited her to partake of an apple on which he had spread arsenic. She unsuspectingly ate it, remarking that it appeared to have something gritty on it—He replied that it was "nothing."

There are statements said to have been made by the prisoner, involving his criminality with others who shared his affections, but we do not think it proper to speak of them until Harden chooses to make them public himself.

His purchase of the arsenic at Easton, his using that which was about the house, are all confirmed by Harden's own words. What is most astonishing is the statement that in the preparation of these enormities Harden does not seem to have the slightest compunctions. He did them without for once thinking that he was doing anything very dreadful.

A New Tribe of Indians.

Hon. T. Corwin is, as most folks know, a man who has a dark complexion. His joke about his "mulatto" adventure in New Orleans, which he tells at his own expense, is equalled by this one, which we never before happened to meet with:—Corwin was introduced in New York to a freshly-arrived Englishman as being an Ohioan. This term puzzled John Bull; but in a moment his face brightened, and he seized C. by the hand, expressed his joy at making his acquaintance, and kindly inquired "whether his tribe were at peace with the whites."

The age of a horse is now more easily told by his eyes than his teeth, in this way: After a horse is nine years of age, a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one more defined wrinkle; add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always have the age of your horse. So says a writer, and he is confident it will never fail. As a great many people have horses over nine, it is easily tried.

New York Markets.

WEDNESDAY, June 27, 1860.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Wheat flour, the sales are 17,400 bbls. at \$5 35 to \$5 40 for superfine State and Western; \$5 80 a \$5 95 for shipping brands of Round Hoop Extra Ohio; \$6 50 a \$7 50 for St. Louis Extras. Rye flour, sales of 176 bbls. at \$3 50 a \$4 20. Corn Meal; sales of Jersey at \$3 45, and Brandywine at \$3 75.

GRAIN—Wheat; the sales are 38,400 bush. Milwaukee Club at \$1 31 1/2 a \$1 34; 6,000 bush Chicago Spring at \$1 30.—Rye; sales of Northern at \$2 a \$2.88. Oats at 36 1/2 a 40c. Corn; sales of 35,000 bush. at 65 1/2 a 67 1/2c. for Eastern mixed, and 70c. for good sound Yellow.

PROVISIONS—Pork; the sales are 675 bbls. at \$18 62 1/2 a \$18 75 for New Mess; \$17 45 a \$17 50 for thin Mess.—Cut Meats; sales of 175 hhd. and to. at 74 a 8c. for Shoulders, and 91 a 10c. for Hams. Butter is plenty at 9 a 15c. for Ohio, and 12 a 17c. for State, and choice at 18 a 20c. Cheese at 7 a 9c. for Ohio, and 9 a 11c. for State.

Letter from the Hon. A. H. Reeder.

St. JOSEPH, Mo., June 6th, 1860. MESSRS. EDITORS.—Having travelled over a route of 1500 miles, I am here at the end of railroads and telegraphs, where, as I write, I can look from my window across into Kansas. I shall be in Leavenworth city to-morrow. A great change has come over this place since I knew it last. It was then a pro-slavery town of small pretensions, notorious for sending voting parties to control the elections of Upper Kansas, and when a man dared not to express an unfavorable opinion of slavery except at the risk of his life and property. Now it is a city with a large and increasing population; a hotel superior to any in Eastern Pennsylvania, out of Philadelphia; a free State or Republican paper, and plenty of free State men. Slave labor is fast disappearing, and free labor is taking its place. A mob at one time had assembled and given notice to the free State editor that his office would be demolished and destroyed, and himself be driven out. He answered that he came to publish a paper and would do it; armed his friends and prepared to fight, when they changed their minds, and ever since have let him alone. It will ere long be as much of a free State city as St. Louis. Being compelled to lay over in Springfield one night, I saw our candidate for the Presidency, and was very much pleased with him. He is an able, intelligent, agreeable, and interesting man fully equal to the position we intend to put him in. This great North-West is a wonderful country, and no man can form an adequate idea of it till he sees it. It is only four years since I travelled it last, and the progress is plainly to be seen even by a traveller. The foreign Germans are a very decided element in the population, and have many leading men of enterprise and ability. They are supposed to number 300,000 votes, and it is a curiosity to find among them a man who is not a Republican. When I tell them that many of their countrymen with us still adhere to the Democratic party, they cannot understand how Germans can prefer slavery to liberty, or slave States, nor why they should be enlisted against the cause of free white labor, which is the only thing that can elevate themselves and their children. "If they do not like liberty and free speech," said one of them to me, "then for what did they come to America? Such Democracy as they have they could have got in Austria or France." The enthusiasm for Lincoln and Hamlin in the States of the North-West exceeds all my expectations. Even with Douglas I am satisfied the pro-slavery Democracy cannot carry a single one of them.

Yours, &c., A. H. REEDER.

CHOICE OF PARTNER.

BY THE BARD OF THE EASTON HALL OF FASHION.

Don't think of wealth and station, when looking for a wife

Young man! but choose a partner who in journeying thro' life, Will help to bear your burden; let Tom Morton's fate Prove warning not unheeded; list ere it be too late.

Tom was a clever fellow; I am sorry though to say,

Too indolent to earn the means by which his debts to pay,

So he resolved, that rather than have his precious life Dunned out of him by creditors, he'd marry a rich wife.

Now Tom, like every other man, had on his heart's pure throne Enshrined a queen he fondly hoped one day to call his own,

Circumstances being such as to forbid a union With her, he skeptical became about the soul's communion,

And thought it mattered little, whom man took to be his wife,

Provided she placed it in his power to lead an easy life.

Then he looked around, and managed by some very skillful move

To inspire the heart of Margaret Briggs with sentiments of love.

Margaret was called a pretty girl, reputed to be rich;

At last her father was they said, it mattered little which

To Tom; she was an only child, and likely once to own

Unnumbered bank shares, and a "fine, large palace of brown stone."

Well, they were married; for a time things went smooth and nice,

But ere long Tom became aware he bought at fearful price

A life of leisure; for his wife (with woman's instinct) learned

The better lesson that herself, without gold, would have been spurned.

Accustomed from her earliest years to rule, he sure that now

She made Tom feel if gold bought him, for gold he'd have to bow.

Haw oft he thought 'twere better far, to eat the laborer's bread,

To rest upon the poor man's couch, at night, his weary head

In home where peace, love, quiet resigned; than feast on dainties far,

In lordly hall, with heart the while oppressed by heavy care.

This is a simple story, but the experience of many proves

There's little happiness where gold takes precedence of love.

Next to the choice of partner, which is puzzling sure enough,

Comes the important question, which is the kind of stuff

Most suitable for wedding dress; our advice is to call

For an answer to that query, at Pyle's Easton Hall.

Jeddo, the capital of Japan, must be pretty considerable of a village. One of the Embassy has informed a Philadelphia coterie that it contains 8,000,000 of inhabitants, and is many times as large as the Quaker City, although the houses are much smaller.