



The Jeffersonian.

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1860.

FOR PRESIDENT,
Abraham Lincoln,
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
Hannibal Hamlin,
OF MAINE.

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

Lincoln, Hamlin and Curtin
MEETING.

All persons favorable to the election of Lincoln and Hamlin to the Presidency and Vice Presidency, and Curtin, Governor, are requested to meet in the Court House, on next Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of taking the necessary measures in order to the formation of a Lincoln & Hamlin Club. Turn out friends.

Only Fifty Cents!

We will send a copy of the "JEFFERSONIAN" from this date, July 11th, until the 29th of November, for the trifling sum of Fifty Cents, to all those who are not subscribers to the paper.

Let the friends of the cause we advocate make up clubs at once.

The Fourth at Bushkill.

The ladies' fair at Bushkill appears to have been quite a success. An immense crowd was present from the surrounding country, and probably not less than four or five hundred dollars were realized from the days proceedings. In the morning the church was crowded to listen to the oration, which was delivered in fine style by Gen. C. Barnett, of Stroudsburg. After the delivery of the oration, the company set down to an excellent dinner prepared by the ladies of Bushkill, to which all did ample justice.

A Democratic meeting was advertised to take place at Maple Grove in the afternoon, but either from want of interest, or because the gentlemen found greater attractions elsewhere, the meeting was very thinly attended indeed. Hon. Richard Brodhead made one of his characteristic rambling speeches, the sum and substance of which was, "Behold! how great a man am I! How I have labored, how I have sacrificed in the cause my country."

The Democracy appeared considerably divided in their sentiments, some adhering to Douglass, and some to Breckenridge.

The Douglas half of the double-headed Democracy met at the Court House on Saturday evening, July the 7th inst., for the purpose of forming a Douglas Club. Conspicuous posters announced this fact for a day previous, but at the second ringing of the bell, only about 30 persons made their appearance, nearly half of whom were R-publicans, who were attracted either by curiosity, to see of what material the Douglas Democracy was composed, and rather to our surprise we found it composed of about equal parts of what were, but a few months or weeks ago, Douglas Curser and Buchanan Curser—but a number of the former were not present. This surely is a very peculiar material out of which to make Douglas Democrats. The only query presented to our minds is, will they last, or will they, like the mushroom soon run their course.

To take it altogether, to outsiders, it was rather an amusing sight to witness the futile efforts of those few faithful Democrats, to infuse new life into the fainting, prostrate Democratic body, for their serious faces, their low whispering, and heavy sighs, clearly evidenced the melancholy fact, that they were convinced that the Democracy was rapidly approaching its end.

We hope that our Democratic friends will grieve but lightly over their loss, for it is thus that the fates will. If they are true patriots, we can assure them that there is no occasion for sorrow, but that they should rather rejoice, for the administration of the Government, which has for the last eight years been so shamefully abused by the Democracy, is about to be transferred to the hands of a man whose name has become a synonyme for honesty, and whose talents and ability are unquestioned.

Let all then who wish to rebuke the Administration, rally around the Lincoln standard, and success will be sure and signal.

Sick Headache, Dizziness and Indigestion.—Where among all the remedies for these complaints, is there one which so quickly, so effectually, and permanently removes them as the Oxygenated Bitters?

Douglas A Free-Trader.

Now that Mr. Douglas is on the track as a candidate of one of the wings of the "great Democratic party," it is well to let the people know where he stands on the great question of Protection to American Industry. The following taken from the official document, will show that he is a worthy occupant of that plank of the platform which declares in favor of "PROGRESSIVE FREE TRADE." Read it Pennsylvania, and then say whether you can vote for a man who goes further in favor of Free Trade than even the Tariff of 1846:—

December 11th, 1843.—Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina, moved a suspension of the rules in order to introduce the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Committee of Ways and Means do inquire, as soon as practicable, into the expediency of reporting a bill repealing the tariff act passed in the year 1842, and in lieu thereof imposing a maximum rate of duty of 20 per cent. *ad valorem*, on imports, discriminating below this maximum in the duties imposed on the principle of producing revenue only."

—STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS VOTED YEAS!

See *Cong. Globe*, vol. 13, page 44.

January 3d, 1844.—Mr. Rhett submitted the following resolution, on which he moved the previous question:—

"Resolved, That the Committee of Ways and Means be instructed to report a bill reducing all the duties on imports over 30 per cent. *ad valorem*, to that amount, and providing for a final reduction within two years, to 20 per cent. *ad valorem*, with such discrimination below this maximum as the purposes of revenue shall require."

—STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS VOTED YEAS!

See *Cong. Globe*, vol. 13, page 98.

The Contest Between Breckenridge and Douglas.

The contest between Messrs. Breckenridge and Douglas has no reference whatever to the result of the Presidential election in November. The leaders of both sides freely admit that question is practically settled, and nothing but the legal formalities are necessary to complete Mr. Lincoln's success. Their struggle is for the control of the future organization of the party, and nothing more. The design is to crush Mr. Douglas out entirely, and leave him powerless hereafter. After the 4th of March next, he will be solitary and alone in the Senate as Mr. Pugh has already been voted into exile by Ohio, and no other has espoused his cause. The Breckenridge Executive Committee having abundant command of means, and control of the official corps throughout the country, intend to organize independently in every State, and to run an electoral ticket which will not be withdrawn or compromised by any bargain. They are in for the war, and to the knife, and have notified temporizing followers in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New-York, that no fusion or combination ticket will be accepted on any terms. They consider any temporary coalition as calculated to demoralize their ultimate object, while it is incapable of effecting any present advantage. This general purpose will soon be announced in a more authoritative form.

Douglas and Protection.

The Hon. F. W. Hughes in his speech to the Democracy in the Court House, declared that he could not vote for Douglas, because he was a Free Trader, and opposed to Protection. Mr. Douglas never gave a vote in favor of Protection in his life, and according to the following extract from "Independent's" letter to the *North American*, he carries his opposition to Protection to the extreme point, even singling out Pennsylvania Iron to strike at:—

So far as Pennsylvania is concerned, everybody knows that Mr. Douglas, during his whole Congressional career, has consistently opposed her interests. All the votes he ever gave upon the Tariff, were on the side of the most radical free traders; and even went farther than Mr. Hunter was willing to do, in proposing the admission of railroad iron free for 5 years. No argument or persuasion could induce him to concede a fraction of protection to the prostrated and suffering industry of our State. Mr. Johnson, his colleague on the ticket, belongs to the ultra school of free traders, and in that respect is a very proper associate for Mr. Douglas.—*Pottsville Journal*.

The N. Y. Herald publishes a list of Democratic papers, showing their political preferences. From this it appears that there are for Breckenridge: Northern papers, 31; Southern, 145. For Douglas: Northern papers, 141; Southern, 21. Total, as by this list: Breckenridge, 176; Douglas, 162.

Another Quarrel.

Senator Gwin, of California, had a quarrel with the President on Saturday last. The war of words became very violent, and during the altercation the Senator denounced Mr. Buchanan in not very accurately measured language, and concluded by telling the old gentleman that he would never darken the doors of his mansion again. Gwin has hitherto been Buchanan's right-hand man, and this private quarrel will doubtless manifest itself, in time, in California politics. The man who betrayed Broderick has been in turn betrayed. Serves him right.

Mr. Charles Goodyear, inventor of the process of vulcanizing India rubber, died at the 5th Avenue Hotel, N. Y., on Sunday, aged 60. His time has been devoted since 1836, to this invention, and he spent and applied the whole proceeds of his inventions and patents to the perfecting of the many forms and applications of the new material, vulcanized Indian rubber, which his inventive talent called into existence.

No Coalition.

The Philadelphia Press denounces the proposition to run coalition Douglas and Breckenridge electoral tickets. It says: "The forces of the Secessionists, struck with dismay at the pluck of the Douglas Democracy, have dropped intimidation, and now seek by cunning suggestions, to decoy the latter into a disgraceful compromise. They propose that no Douglas ticket should be run in the South, and in the North to put Douglas and Breckenridge men upon the electoral tickets, with a condition annexed by which, if the majority should be for Douglas on these tickets, or the reverse—the whole vote should be cast in the Electoral College, in December next, in accordance with this arrangement."

"A more shameless scheme never entered the head of any one but a dependent of the present corrupt Administration. The friends of Douglas in the North would never touch a ticket soiled with disunion, especially when called upon to vote for Mr. Breckenridge, whose name is used to destroy and degrade their gallant allies in the Southern States."

At the Douglas ratification meeting in Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, one of the speakers, John Forsyth, of Alabama, took ground against any coalition with the Breckenridge men. He said: "We shall not, must not, compromise with Breckenridge. [Tremendous shouts of 'No!'] The Breckenridge party must be punished for their treason. You can never compromise with a mutineer! You must hang the deserters. Douglas has won the nomination for the Presidency fight, as Heenan has won the Champion's belt. [Cheers.] If you in the North compromise with Breckenridge, the disunionists will put their feet on us in the South. How did Washington treat Major Andre? Why he sent the spy to the gibbet. I tell you the voice of the true people North, South, East and West, is coming up for Douglas." [Applause.]

One fact in the history of Lincoln, which shows the estimation in which he has, from the first, been held by the Republicans, seems to have been overlooked and that is, that he was the competitor of Judge Dayton for the Vice Presidency in the Philadelphia Republican Convention of May, 1856. He was urged by Illinois and the West, and only owing to the fact that Fremont was from the West, he would have been nominated. Judge Dayton was urged by New Jersey and a portion of Pennsylvania, upon the ground that he would unite the Americans on the ticket, and that Commodore Stockton was anxious for his nomination. The result did not confirm the views presented upon the floor of the Convention.

Good news comes by the last Pony Express, overland. Gen. Lane's party has been defeated in the recent election, and a Legislature chosen which will not return Lane and his colleague, Smith, to the U. S. Senate, and Oregon may be set down as Republican. In twelve counties there is only one vote difference between the Locooco and Republican candidates for Congress. Stout, the present Loco Congressman, had but 20 majority when first elected.

A Big Screw Loose.

Major Thomas P. Campbell, one of the best stump speakers in the State, and the leader of Locoocoism in Huntingdon county, has come out in favor of Lincoln, Hamlin, Curtin and a Protective Tariff. His influence will be felt in the present contest, as he is going to take the stump immediately.

According to Dr. Fortes Winslow.

There are in London 16,000 children trained to crime, 5000 receivers of stolen goods, 15,000 gamblers, 25,000 beggars, 30,000 drunkards, 180,000 habitual gin-drinkers, 150,000 persons subsisting on profligacy, and 50,000 thieves. This would make an interesting colony; fancy the state of society that would exist in a city occupied exclusively by this list.

The *Easton Express* states that the hay crop in that county is very heavy and now nearly all gathered in. Old hay was selling at \$10 per ton, and the farmers are said to have considerable on hand.

A young musical prodigy is attracting a good deal of attention in the vicinity of Salem, N. J.; a little girl aged three years and seven months who plays upon the piano more than fifty separate airs, having composed two or three herself. She learns very readily; can play in the dark or blind folded.

Singular Occurrence.

A few days since, a clergyman called at a farm house, at Urbana, in Frederick county, Md, and hitched his horse to a fence, while he went to the fields to seek the proprietor. He returned, after an absence of a few minutes, and found the body, head, mouth and tongue of the poor animal covered with bees, which had stung him so badly, that he died soon after.

California Cabbage.

The Sonora (California) cabbage grows so high that the birds build nests in the top. An account is published of one eight feet high, the lower half a bare stalk, about the size of a man's wrist.—Possibly some of this tall variety may be successfully grown on the plains for shade-trees.

Fire at Easton.

The large stable of the Red Line Transportation Company at Easton, was consumed by fire on Saturday evening last. Eleven mules and one horse died in the flames. It is supposed that the fire was the work of an incendiary, as the doors were found to be nailed shut, when the fire was discovered.

Execution of Harden.

At 1 1/2 o'clock yesterday, Jacob S. Harden, who has been fifteen months in prison, was executed in the yard attached to the jail at Belvidere, Warren County, N. J. The crime for which this man was doomed to death has occupied so prominent a place in the public journals of late that it is needless to repeat the details of the murder at this time. Suffice it to say that after a long and ably conducted trial he was found guilty of having administered to his wife a quantity of arsenic which resulted in her death. He then fled to Virginia, was suspected, sent for and arrested, and on being brought back was placed upon trial to answer for her murder. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on the 28th day of June. From that day he was respited to July 6, and on that day the sentence was duly executed.

Jacob S. Harden was born at Blairstown, N. J., of very respectable parents, both of whom are still living. He has two brothers and two sisters all of whom are residing in the immediate neighborhood. Jacob, at the time of his execution was a little less than 23 years of age. He commenced life as a school teacher, but in consequence of the liberties he was in the habit of taking with his female pupils incurred the displeasure of his parents, and was obliged to relinquish that calling. He then became a Methodist circuit preacher, and for two years or more traversed on foot the northern section of the State in which he was born, preaching in the various towns and villages on his route. He became quite noted as an extorter, and was exceedingly successful as a camp-meeting preacher. The title of Rev. does not belong to him by right, he never having been ordained as a minister, but acted only as an associate or circuit preacher. Since his trial it has been ascertained that his iniquitous career was commenced before he became a preacher of the Gospel, and was pursued by him at all times. The confession which he has written and decided to have published for the benefit of his father, is said to contain so much scandal that its publication as it has been deemed inadvisable.—It has therefore been submitted to two clergymen who are now engaged, in revising it. After having shown himself so competent as a circuit preacher, he was at length called upon to preside over a congregation at Mount Lebanon. With much apparent hesitation on his part, he accepted the call, and entered upon his duties.

It was while so engaged at Mount Lebanon that he was married to Miss Catharine Dorlon, a young lady with whom he had attended school. There had been much difficulty between Mr. Harden and Miss Dorlon previous to their marriage, and it was only in consequence of there having been so much scandal circulated in regard to them as to attract the attention of the Methodist Conference that he submitted to the union. Mrs. Harden is represented to have been a very pretty woman, about 20 years of age, and was to him a loving and truthful wife. Scarcely had they been married for half a year when she suddenly sickened and died.—So peculiar were the circumstances attending her death, that suspicion immediately attached to Mr. Harden, and he subsequently fled to Virginia, where he was discovered teaching school under an assumed name. With the particulars of his trial, which was but recently concluded, our readers are familiar.

On the night previous to the execution the town of Belvidere, where the murderer was confined, was overrun with visitors. Every hotel was overflowing with people from the country and neighboring towns, many of whom were compelled to take lodgings upon the floor. The trains of cars coming into the place were crowded with men, women, and children, all hastening to get as near as possible to the jail. On the morning of Friday the Court House, in which is also the jail, was surrounded by an anxious crowd, all eagerly seeking admission to the prison yard. But few were successful, however, as the jail yard would not accommodate more than one hundred and fifty people. All along the side of the park opposite the Court House, temporary booths had been erected, where speculating Jersey-men and ambitious urethras dispensed small beer and ginger-bread to the hungry crowd. Great numbers of females congregated on the corners of the streets near the jail, and all the forenoon farm wagons, with the owner's family and "help" were continually arriving. The whole town wore a gala day appearance, and the crowd resembled that which used to assemble in country towns on "General Training" days.

The scaffold on which Harden was executed was an entirely new one, erected under his own supervision, and in full view of the grated window of his cell. It occupied the north west corner of the yard, and took up nearly one fifth of the space inclosed within the fifteen foot brick walls. It consisted of two uprights, the full height of the wall, with a cross piece at the top. A flight of steps led to a platform erected about midway of the scaffold. A few inches below this platform was placed the fatal drop, he having expressed a preference for that mode of death, the usual custom being to raise the body suddenly by heavy weights. Supporting this drop was a swinging arm so arranged that the dropping of a fourteen pound weight jerked the arm away, allowing the drop to fall aside thus leaving the body suspended in the air. This scaffold was erected at Harden's special request, and its operation fully tested by him previous to his execution.

Up to the last moment the condemned man preserved a calm and composed exterior, talking freely with all who were admitted to see him. His father took a last farewell of him on Friday, the 29th of June, the interview being represented as very affecting. Last Thursday night was spent in prayer and religious conversation with the Rev. Mr. Kirk, a Presbyterian clergyman, and the Rev. Mr. Day of the Methodist persuasion. He slept but little till after daylight on Friday morning, and on awakening had another interview with the clergymen. One of his brothers also saw him on Thursday, since which time none of his relatives have seen him. He has written a small book of admonition to the young, full of useful precepts, and showing the manner in which he was led into crime. Notwithstanding the confident assertions of the citizens of Belvidere that Harden has made a full and detailed confession of his many crimes, his counsel assert that they know nothing of it, and do not believe in its existence. The only confession they know of is that contained in the little pamphlet mentioned. His mother has not been to see him at all since his trial, in consequence of sickness, nor has either of his sisters visited him. It was only within the past two or three days that he realized the enormity of his crime and appreciated his true position more fully. Then he admitted the impartiality of his trial, and the fairness of the Judge and the Jury, and said that he felt that his sentence was a just one. He thought that he was prepared to die, and that he could walk with firmness to the scaffold, but could not be positive. He admitted also having seduced several young girls, and having had illicit intercourse with married women with whom he became acquainted during his ministerial career. He stated that he has repented of his sin and had full faith in the forgiveness of God. Harden talked freely, clearly, and plausibly, and it was by means of his good conversational powers that he was able to prosecute his villainies so successfully. The impression left upon a person who conversed with him was that he was a most plausible villain—one who had been so long a living lie to all the world that he was now unable to believe himself—that he was laboring hard to convince himself that he was penitent and striving to do what was right, but that, knowing himself so well, he was doubtful of his own thoughts as well as words. In short, he seemed like a man whose life-long object had been to deceive others, and that object had been so successfully accomplished that he was now afraid of himself—it was the immortal Jacob S. Harden striving to believe and place confidence in the Jacob S. Harden of flesh and blood. After an interview with such a man, one could not help feeling a deep sorrow on leaving his cell that one so young should have been able to achieve such hypocrisy.

As the hour for the execution drew near, all the people who had assembled in the town flocked to the Court House, to catch at least a glimpse of the building in which Harden was to be hung. A small force of the Warren Blues of Washington, Capt. Stout, were stationed on the steps of the building to preserve order.—The arrangements for admission were exceedingly bad, the military simply serving to increase the confusion. When the crowd formed in front, waiting for the doors to be opened, these country soldiers made frequent run-ins on them, telling them to fall back or they would charge on them. The people were perfectly peaceable, merely wishing to keep their places near the door so as to pass in at the earliest moment. The soldiers while trying to preserve order, flourished their muskets frantically about, using a great number of most soldierly oaths. In one of their demonstrations a young man received a cut from a bayonet just under the left eye, which came near depriving him of that useful member. At last, with a rush, a crowd, a squeeze and a jam, those who had tickets got inside the building. A long time was passed in the prison yard, in the hot sun, before the prisoner was brought forth. Meantime, the outside crowd had climbed upon all the neighboring barns, houses, and trees, overlooking the yard. One cherry tree, upon which was perched a great number of boys, broke down with a crash. Several persons received a variety of bruises, one man being reported as seriously injured.

At 12 1/2 o'clock the Sheriff went into Harden's cell and told him that the hour was fast approaching, and that he must prepare for immediate death. He requested the Rev. Mr. Day to pray with him for the last time, and for half an hour they were so occupied. At 1:25 he appeared in the prison yard, his arms tied behind him, walking by the side of Sheriff Sweeney, and followed by the two clergymen who had attended him, his counsel, and a physician. They mounted the scaffold, when Harden glanced around at the crowd beneath him. He is a good looking young man, having a clear sharp eye and good complexion, wearing dark whiskers. He stood about five feet seven inches high, was very athletic, and weighed about 150 pounds. He was dressed in a dark blue coat, partly buttoned over his chest, black pants, dark velvet vest, white shirt with a turn over collar, and light summer cravat. He appeared like a man who was vain of his broad shoulders and well developed frame. Having reached the center of the platform, he knelt down with his hands and prayed. His language was not audible to those on the ground, the last sentence "Lord Jesus have mercy on my soul, and support me in this trying hour," being the only words heard. He then stepped upon the drop, in company with the Sheriff, and gave him some directions about the signal, which he desired to give himself. He next took leave of all his friends near him, shaking them by the hand, and thanked Sheriff Sweeney for his kindness to him. As the black cap was drawn over his head a perceptible shudder passed over him, and a low groan escaped his lips. He stood up firmly, however; the Sheriff placed a white handkerchief in his hand, and then descended to the end of the scaffold where the weight was fastened. But a moment elapsed before Harden dropped the handkerchief as the signal that he was ready. Instantly the Sheriff cut the little cord which held the weight, and at 1:31 the weight dropped, the drop fell, and Harden was suspended in the air, having fallen with a sudden jerk about three feet and a half. His

dying struggles were very hard and long continued. The legs were frequently drawn up to the body, the hands and legs twitched convulsively, and his efforts to catch his breath could be heard all over the prison yard. After hanging about ten minutes the attending physician felt his pulse, and found that the heart was still beating. At 1:45 he was pronounced quite dead.

At the end of half an hour the body was cut down, and after the usual examination and verdict by the Coroner's Jury was placed in a coffin and delivered to his relatives. The coffin was of mahogany, silver mounted, bearing on a silver plate the simple inscription "Jacob S. Harden." The remains were taken to the residence of his father about twelve miles distant, where the funeral services will be performed to day.

And thus passed away Jacob S. Harden, a young man of fine talents, but possessing a mind which was not well balanced. Those who knew him before the commission of the crime for which he died say that he was not vicious in the slightest degree, but was thoughtful and reckless, and committed his sins, not so much from a deliberate desire to do evil as from thoughtlessness at the moment and recklessness as to consequences. The deliberate and premeditated murder of his young wife, who, at the moment of taking the poison he had prepared for her, was sitting on his lap and receiving his caresses, would seem to show a mind capable of committing any crime.

Among the crowd who witnessed the execution, were several of the witnesses who testified against him at the trial.—There were also several women among the spectators in the prison yard, while many others were exceedingly indignant because they were not admitted. The father and brother of Mrs. Harden were also in the crowd, and anxious to see her murderer pay the penalty of his crime. After the execution many of those who were inside the jail, hastened to pay a visit to the cell formerly occupied by him. The cell had been comfortably arranged, and contained a bed, table, small stand, two or three chairs, etc. His table was well supplied with religious books, bearing evident marks of constant reading. The walls of his cell were entirely covered over with the various illustrated papers, all of which had been pasted up by himself. His conduct during his imprisonment was always gentlemanly and courteous, and he had won the esteem of the Sheriff and keepers to that degree that it seemed to them like losing an old friend when they hung him. Very little sympathy was expressed by the people in the vicinity for him, except by a few of that class of females who delighted to sing psalms beneath his windows. All about him expressed the greatest horror of his crime, and many, who would be unwilling to see the execution of another man, offered considerable sums of money for tickets of admission to witness his death.—*N. Y. Tribune, July 7th.*

John Lawrence, of Penn township, Locomo county, has a duck that has produced 80 eggs this season. Mr. L. considers this something unusual, and thinks it hard to beat.

G. P. R. James, the English novelist is dead.

Brigham Young is the reputed father of over two hundred children.

Postage stamps of the denominations of twenty-four, thirty, and nine cents, will soon be issued.

The expenditures of England, in 1860, for military and other naval defenses, will amount to \$159,000,000.

Good morning, Mr. Gramm; what is the news to-day? Oh, there is no news, my wife was sick yesterday, and didn't go out, no news—no news!

New Counterfeit.
Peterson's Detector notifies the public of the discovery of a dangerous counterfeit \$5 note on the "Penn Township Bank" of Philadelphia. It is said to be a perfect fac simile of the genuine issue.

Death of a Member of the Bar.
George W. Yates, Esq., a well-known member of the bar of Northampton county, died at his residence at Easton, on Friday the 29th ult. His funeral took place, on Sunday afternoon and was attended by a large concourse of the Masonic Fraternity, and of citizens generally.

FOURTH OF JULY.
BY THE BARD OF THE EASTON HALL OF FASHION.

'Tis the Fourth of July,
And our Eagle flies high,
And-clapping his pinions together;
But the drawback to joys,
Is the sultry, inflammable weather.

We simmer and roast,
Till we're brown as a toast;
Our shirt collars wilt, and are wetted,
By the fierce glaring sun,
We are all over-done—
And our tempers get rusty and fretted.

But joy of all joys,
Both to men and to boys,
Behold where Pyle's banner is flying:
Here is speedy relief
From our hot summer grief,
And coolness, to those who are frying.

Go and purchase a suit,
Then from neck to boot
You'll be cool as the coolest cucumber,
For material he sells
Which checks and dispels
All the warmest simoons of mid-summer.

The handsomest assortment of Ready Made Clothing and piece goods ever seen in Easton is now on exhibition, at Pyle's Great Easton Hall of Fashion, opposite the Easton Bank.