

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN,"
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.
H. B. MASSER, Editor.
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THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.
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UMBRELLAS, CHEAP
BEST FENNER & CO.
Manufacturers of
UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, and SUN SHADES,
No. 143 Market Street,
Philadelphia.
INVITE the attention of Merchants, Manufacturers, &c., to their very extensive, elegant, new stock, prepared with great care, and offered at the lowest possible prices for cash.
The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, and selling it at the low price for cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.
Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture, they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers.
A large assortment of the New Style Curbin Parasols.
Philadelphia, June 1, 1844.—1y

HERR'S HOTEL,
FORMERLY TREMONT HOUSE,
No. 116 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
THE SUBSCRIBER, recently of Reading, Pa., would inform the public that he has fitted up the above capacity and convenient establishment, and is ready to receive visitors. His excellent reputation in the line, is heaped, will afford full assurance, that his guests will be supplied with every comfort and accommodation; and his house will be conducted under such arrangements as will secure a character for the first responsibility, and satisfactory entertainment for all in regards to boarding.
Charge for board \$1 per day.
DANIEL HERR.
Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—1y

To Country Merchants.
Boots, Shoes, Bonnets, Leghorn and Palm Leaf Hats.
G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR,
The S. E. corner of Market and Fifth Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
OFFER for sale an extensive assortment of the above articles, all of which they sell at unusually low prices, and particularly invite the attention of buyers visiting the city, to an examination of their stock.
G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR.
Philadelphia, May 25, 1844.—1y

LAND FOR SALE.—The small farm, containing about 100 acres, about 2 miles from Northampton, adjoining lands of Jesse C. Horton, John Leghorn and others, will be sold in a separate lot, made soon to the subscriber.
Seabury, Aug. 21, 1844. H. B. MASSER.

OFFAGE BIBLES.—Five copies of the Cottage Bible, the cheapest ever published, containing the commentary on the Old and New Testament, just received and for sale, for six dollars.
June 15, 1844. H. B. MASSER.

REMOVAL.
DOCTOR J. B. MASSER,
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and its vicinity, that he has removed his office to the white building in Market Square, east of Dr. Clement's store, and immediately opposite the S. E. corner of the line of his profession.
Sunbury, May 4th, 1844.

DAVID EVANS'
Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, Slate lined Refrigerators, with Filters attached when required.
EVANS & WATSON,
No. 76 South Third St., opposite the Exchange,
PHILADELPHIA.
MANUFACTURE and keep for sale, DAVID EVANS' celebrated Water and Provision Coffers, and Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, Decrees, Jewels, Gold, Silver, &c., &c., made of Bolt Iron, (and not over Plank as money-five of every one hundred now in use, and for sale made) with first rate Locks and David Evans' Patent Keyhole Covers, similar to the one exhibited at the Philadelphia Exchange, for three months the summer of 1842, when all the Keys were set by to be used, and the Chest not opened, although the experiment was tried by at least 1500 persons. One of the same Locks was tried by officers, at the Delaware Court Office, in Walnut Street, above Third, but did not succeed.
Hoisting Machines, Iron Doors, superior locks, and all kinds of Iron Railings, Seal and Copying Presses, and Smithwork generally, on hand and manufactured at the shortest notice.

CAUTION.—Do hereby caution all persons against making, using, or causing to be sold, any Keyhole Covers for Fire Proof Chests, or Doors, of any kind similar in principle to my patent, of 10th July, 1841, and also against Lining Refrigerators with Slate, for which my Patent is dated 20th March, 1844, as any infringement will be dealt with according to law.
DAVID EVANS.
Philadelphia, April 13, 1844.—1y

FORESTVILLE
BRASS EIGHT DAY CLOCKS.
THE subscriber has just received, for sale, a few of the above celebrated Eight Day Clocks, which will be sold at very reduced prices, for cash. Also, superior 30 hour Clocks, of the best make and quality, which will be sold for cash, at \$4 50. Also, superior Brass 30 hour Clocks, at \$8 00.
Dec. 2, 1843. H. B. MASSER.

STONE WARE for sale.
225 Stone Jugs, from 1 quart to 3 gallons, 50 Stone Jars, from 2 to 6 gallons. For sale, cheap, by Oct. 14 H. B. MASSER.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Feb. 15, 1845.

Vol. 5--No. 21--Whole No. 229.



WINTER HAS COME AGAIN.
BY N. P. WILLIS.

Winter has come again! The sweet southwest is a forgotten wind, and the strong earth has laid aside its mantle to be bound by the frost fetter. There is not a sound save the skater's heel, and there is laid an icy finger on the lip of streams. And the clear icicle hangs cold and still, and the snow falls as noiseless as thought. Spring has a rushing sound, and Summer sends many sweet voices with its odors out, and Autumn rustleth its decaying robe with a complaining whisper. Winter's dumb! God made his ministry a silent one. And he has given him a foot of steel, and an unlovely aspect, and a breath sharp to the senses—and we know that He tempereth well, and hath a meaning hid under the shadow of his hand. Look up! And shall it be interpreted?—Your home hath a temptation now. There is no voice of water with beguiling for your ear, and the cool forest, and the meadows green. With not your feet away; and in the dells There are no sunny places to lie down. You must go in, and by your cheerful fire Wait for the offices of love, and hear Accents of human tenderness, and feast Your eye upon the beauty of the young— It is a season for the quiet thought, And the still reckoning with thyself. The year Gives back the spirits of the dead, and Time Whispers the history of its vanished hours; And the heart, calling its affections up, Counteth his wasted ingots. Life stands still, And settles like a fountain, and the eye Sees clearly through its depths, and noteth all That stirred its troubled waters. It is well That Winter with the dying year should come.

FEMALE ENTERPRISE AND MISFORTUNE.—A young woman left Philadelphia for the South some years ago, and by her industry and business tact soon amassed a fortune. It seems that, very lately, she became embarrassed in business and failed. A correspondent of the N. York Herald writing from that city thus speaks of her failure. "The failure of Miss —, of Mississippi, falls heavy on the merchants here, to whom she owes \$60,000. Several houses are in for large amounts from \$4,000 to 15,000. The commercial enterprise and career of this woman has been most extraordinary. Her credit was unbounded for years. She has made her regular visits to this market, and taken off large amounts of every description of merchandise, and always paid up punctually. She was estimated to be very rich. She is a woman of masculine proportions, and when she used to attend the auction sales to make her purchases, would crack and enjoy a joke with any man, and was always the occasion of a great deal of mirth and jollity. She was famous, every time she left this city, for taking off with her half a dozen pretty girls, as clerks in her great Western Bazaar, whom she could not keep in her employ much longer than a season, as they were certain to get married off to rich Southerners; so that if a girl wanted to get well settled in the South, she had only to enter the service of Lydia —. But, with all her tact in marrying others she could not succeed in getting off herself. Many rich jokes are told of her. The following has had wide circulation:—That she took a fancy to one of her neighbors, and inviting him into her place of business, put in his hands a roll of bank notes, and told him to count them. He did so; the result was \$100,000 in bills of one thousand dollars each. She told him they were his, providing he would take her with them; but the bait did not answer. In fact Lydia was rather a hard subject. Her total liabilities are \$15,000, and what dividends the creditors are likely to receive, you can imagine as well as I can, when I inform you that she has made an assignment to a young lawyer in Mississippi."

A TRUE FISH STORY.—Dr. Gardner (and it is said that he can be relied upon) thus speaks of the fish in Columbia river. It is almost worth a trip to Oregon, just to wet a line in such waters. Hear the Doctor: "I have ascertained already the existence of six different species of salmon in the Columbia river; the period of spawning of each is different; they are found to run up to the very sources of this river, rapids and cataracts to the contrary notwithstanding. It is common to find them in the months of November and December, at the heads of these streams, in such quantities as to choke up the current, and die by thousands." Farther, he adds, "such are their efforts to ascend, that they not only become emaciated, but actually wear off their noses in the severity of their struggles."

Doctor Franklin says Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a good deal more saucy.

THE BORDERER'S CHILD; OR WASHINGTON AT EIGHTEEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a calm, sunny day in the year 1750—the scene a piece of forest land on the Northern Neck of Virginia, contiguous to a noble stream of water. Implements of surveying were lying about, and several men, idly reclining under the trees, betokened by their dress and appearance that they composed a party engaged in laying out the wild lands of the then frontier of the old Dominion. These persons had apparently just finished their noon-tide meal, for the relics of the banquet were scattered around.

Apart from the group walked a young man, evidently superior to his companions, though there was nothing obtrusive in his air, which, on the contrary, was distinguished by affability. A certain dignity of aspect, however, accompanied him. Added to this he was of a tall and compact frame and moved with the elastic tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air. His countenance could not have been said to be handsome, but it wore a look of decision and manliness, not usually found in one so young, for apparently he was little over eighteen years of age. His hat had been cast off, as if for comfort, and he had paused, with one foot advanced, in a natural and graceful attitude at the moment that we have introduced him to our reader.

Suddenly there was a shriek, then another, and then several in rapid succession. The voice was that of a woman, and seemed to proceed from the other side of a dense thicket. At the first scream the youth turned his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded, but when it was repeated he pushed aside the undergrowth which separated him from it, and quickening his footsteps as the cries succeeded each other with alarming rapidity, he soon dashed into an open space or 'clearing,' as the borderers even then called it, on the banks of the stream, in the centre of which a rude log cabin stood, whose well-pole poised over one end, and smoke curling from the chimney, gave signs of habitation. As the young man, with a face flushed by haste, broke from the undergrowth, he saw his companions crowded together on the bank of the river, while in their midst a woman from whom proceeded the shrieks, was visible, held back by two of the most athletic of the men, but still struggling violently for freedom.

It was the work of an instant to make his way through the crowd and confront the female. The moment her eyes fell on him she exclaimed— "Oh! sir—you will do something for me. Make them release me—for the love of God! My boy—my poor boy is drowning and they will not let me go." "It would be madness—she will jump into the river," said one of those who held her, as the frantic mother strove again to break from his grasp. "The rapids would dash her to pieces in a minute." The youth had scarcely waited for these words. His eye took in, at a single glance, the meaning of the sad group. He recollected the child of the woman, a bold little fellow of four years old, whose handsome blue eyes and flaxen ringlets made him a favorite with strangers and filled the mother's heart with pride whenever she gazed on him. He had been accustomed to play at will, in the little enclosure before the cabin; but, this morning, the gate having been accidentally left open, he had strolled out when his mother's back was turned, reached the edge of the bank, and was in the act of looking over, when his parent's eye caught sight of him. The shriek which she uttered precipitated the catastrophe she feared, for the child, frightened at the cry, lost his balance, and fell headlong into the stream, which here went foaming and roaring along amid innumerable rocks, constituting the most dangerous rapids known in that section of the country. Scream now followed scream in rapid succession as the agonized parent rushed to the bank. She arrived there simultaneously with the party whom we left reclining in the shade, and who were scattered about within a few steps of the accident. Fortunately it was that they were so near, else the mother would have plunged in after her child and both been lost. Several of the men immediately approached the brink and were on the point of springing in after the child, when the sight of the sharp rocks crowding the channel, the rush and whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the boy deterred them, and they gave up the enterprise.

Not so the youth we have introduced. His first work was to throw off his coat; his next to spring to the edge of the bank. Here he stood, for a second, running his eye rapidly over the scene below, and taking in, with a glance, the different currents and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to shape his course by them when in the stream. He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when his gaze rested on a white object in the water, that he knew at once to be

the boy's dress, and, while his companions, aghast at his temerity, were prevented, as much by consternation as by the awe with which he had already inspired them from interfering, he plunged headlong into the wild and roaring rapids.

"Thank God, he will save my child," gasped the woman, "see—there he is—oh! my boy, my darling boy, how could I leave you!" Every one had rushed to the brink of the precipice, and was now following with eager eyes, the perilous progress of the youth, as the current bore him onward, like a feather in the embrace of a hurricane. Now it seemed as if he would be dashed against a jutting rock over which the water flew in foam; and now a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape would appear impossible. At times the current bore him under and he would be lost to sight; then, just as the spectators gave him up, he would re-appear, though far enough from where he vanished, still buffeting amid the vortex. Oh! how that mother's straining eyes followed him in his perilous career—how her heart sank when he went under—and with what a gush of joy she saw him emerge again from the waters, and fling the waves aside with his athletic arms struggle on, in pursuit of her boy. But it seemed as if his generous efforts were to be of no avail, for though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes, scarcely ten feet distant, he could not, despite his gigantic efforts overtake the drowning child.

On they flew, the youth and the child; and it was miraculous how each escaped being dashed to pieces against the rocks. Twice the boy went out of sight, and a suppressed shriek escaped the mother's lips; but twice he re-appeared, and then, with hands wrung wildly together and breathless anxiety, she followed his progress, as his unremitting form was hurried onward with the current.

The youth now appeared to redouble his exertions, for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the river, when the rapids, contracting between the narrowed shores, shot almost perpendicularly down a declivity of fifteen feet. The rush of the waters at this spot was tremendous, and no one ventured to approach its vicinity, even in a canoe, lest they should be sucked in. What then would be the youth's fate unless he speedily overtook the child. He seemed fully sensible of the increasing peril, and urged his way now through the foaming current with desperate strength. Three several times he was on the point of grasping the child, when the waters whirled the prize from him. The third effort was made just as they were about entering within the influence of the current above the fall, and when it failed, the mother's heart sank within her and she groaned aloud, fully expecting to see the youth give up the task. But no! he only pressed forward the more eagerly, and as they breathlessly watched, they saw, amid the boiling waters, as if bearing a charmed life, the form of the brave youth, following close after that of the boy. And now, like an arrow from the bow, pursued and pursued shot to the brink of the precipice. An instant they hung there, distinctly visible amid the glassy waters, that seemed to pause on the edge of the descent. Every brain grew dizzy at the sight. But a shout of involuntary exultation burst from the spectators when they saw the boy held aloft by the right arm of the youth—a shout alas! that was suddenly checked by horror when the rescuer and rescued vanished into the abyss.

A moment—rather many moments elapsed, before a word was spoken or a breath drawn. Each of the group felt that to look into the mother's face was impossible. She herself had started eagerly forward and now stood on the bank, a few paces nearer the cataract, where she could command a view of its foot, gazing thither with fixed eyes, as if her all depended on what the next moment should reveal. Suddenly she gave a glad cry.

"Where they are," she exclaimed, "see, they are safe—Great God I thank thee!" and for a moment wildly turning her face to heaven, she hurried with trembling steps along the side of the river in the direction of the fall.

Every eye followed hers, and sure enough there was the youth, still unharmed, and still buffeting the waters. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the cataract. With one hand he held aloft the child and with the other he was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did until they reached his side, just as he had struggled to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted. The boy was senseless, but his mother declared he still lived as she pressed him frantically to her bosom. His preserver, powerfully built and athletic as he was, could scarcely stand, so faint was he from his exertions.

Who shall describe the scenes that followed—the mother's calmness while she strove to resuscitate her boy, and her wild gratitude to his preserver when the child was out of danger and sweetly sleeping in her arms? Our pen shrinks at the task. But her words, pronounced then—

"We may hope in the spirit of prophecy—were remembered afterward by more than one who heard them.

"God will reward you," she said, "as I cannot. He will do great things for you in return for this day's work, and the blessings of thousands, besides mine, will attend you."

And it was so. For to the hero of that hour were subsequently confided the destinies of a mighty nation. But throughout his long career, what tended perhaps most to make him honored and respected beyond all men, was the self-sacrificing spirit which, in the rescue of that mother's child as in the more august events of his life, characterized our WASHINGTON.

ASTONISHING A COCKNEY.—The Rev. Doctor Breckenridge, in his travels in Europe, relates the following amusing anecdote: "A gentleman-like and well-informed Englishman, who was in the stage coach with me, and who found out that I was an American, after dilating on the greatness, the beauties, the majesty, in short, of this noblest of British rivers, (the Thames,) concluded thus: 'Sir, it may seem almost incredible to you, but it is nevertheless true, that this prodigious stream is, from its mouth to source, not much if at all short of one hundred and fifty miles long!' I looked steadfastly in his face, to see if he jested, but the gravity of deep conviction was upon it. Indeed John Bull never jests. After composing myself a moment, I slowly responded—'perhaps, sir, you have never heard of the river Ohio?' 'I think I have.' 'Perhaps of the Missouri?' 'I think so, though not sure.' 'Certainly of the Mississippi?' 'Oh yes, yes.' 'Well, sir, a man will descend the Ohio in a steamboat of the largest class a thousand miles.' 'Oh what, sir! How many, sir?' 'A thousand miles—and there he will meet another steamboat, of the same class, which has come in an opposite direction, twelve hundred miles down the Mississippi—he may see that flood of waters disengaged by fifty channels into the sea.' I had made up my mind to be considered a cheat, so I went calmly and emphatically through the statement. As I progressed, my companion seemed somewhat disposed to take my story as a personal affront, but at its close he let down his visage into a contemptuous pout, and regularly cut my acquaintance."

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF WITCHES.—During the seventeenth century 40,000 persons are said to have been put to death for witchcraft in England alone! In Scotland the number was probably, in proportion to the population much greater; for it is certain that, even in the last forty years of the sixteenth century, the executions were not fewer than 17,000. In 1731 the madness may be said to have reached its highest pitch; for in that year occurred the celebrated case of the Lancashire witches in which eight innocent persons were deprived of their lives by the incoherent falsehoods of a mischievous urchin. The civil war, far from suspending the persecution, seems, if possible, to have redoubled it. In 1644-45, the intemperate Matthew Hopkins was able to earn a comfortable subsistence by the profession of witch finder, which he exercised, not indeed without occasional suspicion, but still with general success. And even twenty years later the delusion was still sanctioned by the most venerable name of the English law; for it was in 1644 that the excellent Sir Matthew Hale, after a trial conducted with his usual good sense, condemned two women to death's witches, both of whom were executed accordingly.—Edinburgh Review.

A DEVOTEE GOING OUT OF THE JURISDICTION.—By our law, says the Boston Post, if a creditor has reason to believe that his debtor is about to leave the state, he may make oath that he intends to do so for the purpose of avoiding payment, and have him held to bail to abide judgment. This law, we are informed by a lawyer, was most curiously taken advantage of some days since. A creditor made the usual oath, and got out his writ of arrest; but when the officer went to serve it on the debtor, he found him on his bed, dying, being in the last stage of consumption. The constable immediately left the dying man, and went to see the plaintiff, to whom he said: "The man you have sued is actually dying. How could you make oath that you had reasonable cause for believing that he was going out of the city?" The plaintiff replied— "Lord love you, my dear man, when I saw him last night, I thought he would have left before this time, and I didn't suppose it made any difference in law how he left."

AN EXPENSIVE JOB.—A gentleman passing a country church, while under repair, observed to one of the workmen that he thought it would be an expensive job.

"Why, yes," replied he, "but in my opinion, we shall accomplish what our reverend divine has endeavored to do for the last thirty years, in vain."

"What is that?" said the gentleman.

"Why, bring all the village to repentance!"

FATHER SMITH AND MA'AM JONES.—Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country signal, that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins, and setting double, with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. Good morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was farther to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your caws, no how, for nothing, any way, do you?"

"Well, there, Mr. Smith you couldn't have spoke my mind better. A poor, lone widder, like me, does not know what to do with no critters, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—and at the widow again—and so on through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith on Saturday, when widow Jones was in a hurry to get through with her baking for Sunday—and had 'ever so much' to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That 'ere Downing cow is a pretty fair critter"—but he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked round her—not the widow but the cow.

"That 'ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know"—another look at the widow.

"The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones, she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old mitch, and so is Brindle—but I have known better." A long stare followed this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out—

"Lord! Mr. Smith, if I'm the one you want, do say so!"

The intentions of the widower Smith and the widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and the custom in Massachusetts; and as soon as they were "outpublished," they were married.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion,	\$0 50
1 do 2 do	0 75
1 do 3 do	1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	0 25
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18, three squares, \$12; two squares, \$8; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50.	

Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
Sixteen lines make a square.

SINULAR FOOD.—A cow, belonging to Mr. Baker of this borough, was slaughtered on Monday last, and there were found within her paunch, 33 nails, 1 iron bucket, and a piece of iron about an inch square, weighing in all over 6 ounces.—Gettysburg, Pa. Sentinel.

MR. JOHN SMITH, mate of the ship Sally, one rainy night at sea, while standing on the weather side of the quarter deck, with his back against the rail, muffled up to the nose-end in a monkey jacket, and his eyelids gently lowered down by way of keeping his peepers warm, the captain came on deck, and suspecting that Mr. Smith was asleep, approached him quite silently, until his nose almost touched that of the mate, and then inquired in a very gentle tone of voice— "Are you asleep, Mr. Smith?" "What!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, in a voice of thunder, "do you suppose that I'm a—horse to sleeping standing up!" The captain started back, and retreated to the cabin, laughing, and left Mr. Smith to finish his nap in his own way.—Boston Post.

A LEARNED DECISION.—Some of our southwestern justices are a rely puzzled at times. For instance:—Smith was accused of stealing a pig from Stokes; Johnson, a witness for Stokes, swore positively as to the guilt of Smith; Jinks, a witness for Smith, swore just as positively to his innocence. The justice was in a quandary. The business, like the Irishman's opinion of the French language, looked to him 'a good deal mixed,' so finally dismissed the suit and sentenced the witnesses to pay all the costs!

The following quiz is circulating in the newspapers:—
"NEW FASHIONS.—The dress-makers of New York have started a new style of dresses very high in the neck, to which they give the name of *Oulerdunks*. They require a *bishop* to make them set well."

AN ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM SOLVED.—A new cab being introduced, to hold three inside and a driver on top, Punch says it is a new problem in arithmetic, that three can go into one, and have one over.

Colton says, "I once heard a gentleman make a very witty reply to one who asserted that he did not believe there was an honest man in the world. 'Sir,' said he 'it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world, but it is very possible that some one should know himself!'"