The Columbian.

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STOVES AND TINWARE.

CLOTHING, &C.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

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BOOTS AND SHOES.

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ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

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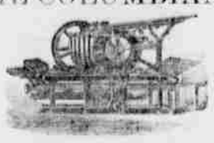
MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COLUMBIAN,



A Democratic Newspaper

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT

BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.

THE principles of the democratic party of the Jeffersonian School of politics. These principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The safety, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object, and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—Two dollars a year if paid in advance. If not paid in advance two dollars and fifty cents will be invariably charged.

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Bloomsburg, Pa.

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Neatly executed at this Office.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Shamokin, Northumberland County, Penn'a.

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Office adjoining the Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

JOHN G. FREEZE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Brockway and Freeze's office, in the building of the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ROBERT P. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office corner of Main and Market streets, over First National Bank, Bloomsburg, Pa.

E. H. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main street, in Exchange building, below the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ Office—Court House Alley, to let the Office formerly occupied by Judge Elwell. March 27.

J. B. ROBISON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.
Office in Diamond's Building, Main Street, West of the American House. 1869-26.

LOUIS BERNHARD

Would inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he is now prepared to do all kinds of Gilding, Silver or gold. Dec 6'67.

AUCTIONEER.

MOSES COFFMAN,

Having followed the profession of Public Vendue Cryer for many years, would inform his friends and the public that he is still in the field, ready and willing to cry all kinds of Sales of his calling. Persons desiring his services should call or write to Light at Jerseytown, Pa. [1868-3m.

DR. W. B. BRADLEY,

Late Assistant Medical Director U. S. Army,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at the house opposite Shively Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Can be usually attended to both night and day. Bloomsburg, Jan. 18, 1867.

J. B. PURSEL,

HARNESS, SADDLE AND COLLAR MANUFACTURER,
Dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS, BUFFALO ROBES, HORSE-BLANKETS, &C.
Which he feels confident he can sell at lower rates than any other person in the county. Establishment
Shop and door below the Post Office, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Nov. 15, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,

FASHIONABLE
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAMPOOING SALOON,
Opposite Exchange Hotel, Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Hot, Cold and Shower Baths.
Ice Cream Saloon in Connection.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Bath Room in the rear of the Saloon. Entrance through the Hotel.
The public may rely on my best efforts to please them in my line of business, and I respectfully solicit a share of their patronage. Bloomsburg, April 26, 1867.

DENTISTRY.

H. C. HOWER, DENTIST,
Respectfully offers his professional services to the inhabitants of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the line of his profession, and is provided with the latest improved PAINLESS METHOD for extracting teeth. All work warranted. Office and rubber base to look as well as the natural teeth. Teeth extracted by all the new and approved methods, and all operations on the teeth warranted and property attended to.
☞ Residence and office a few doors above the Court House, corner alley.
Bloomsburg, Jan. 23, 1867.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.

W. M. MONROE & CO.,
Rupert, Pa.,
Manufacturers of
POWDER KEGS,
and dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER,
give notice that they are prepared to accommodate their customs with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

Choice Poetry.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the top of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, whence virtue has birth?
Where bosoms to misery and kindness will leave
And the poor and the wretched shall "ask and receive?"
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man.

Go, look in you hall, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night!
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold
Sweeps gracefully down with its crimsoning of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long lighted vistas, the glittering view—
Go there, in your patches, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man!

Go, look in you church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as the soul without sin;
Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great,
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate—
Walk down in your patches and find if you can,
Who opens a pew to a moneyless man!

Go, look to you judge in the dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weighs equity down,
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right while he justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips on the bible have laid,
To render a verdict they've already made—
Go there, in the court-room, and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man!

Go, look in the banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counter—ah, there you may stay,
Till your limbs have grown old and your hair has turned gray,
And you'll find at the banks no one of the elm
With money to lend to a moneyless man!

Then go to your lovely, no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread,
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod;
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man!

Miscellaneous.

FIVE YEARS ON GUARD.

DURING the French empire every regiment had its dog, whose intelligence, thanks to the soldier's care, was improved by education and discipline. The grand army's dogs were picked up almost everywhere, except in England. They had been recruited in Poland, in Prussia, in Holland, in Saxony, and in Flanders. They were mongrel mastiffs, hounds, Danish dogs and spaniels. But no matter whence they came, they soon turned out French. Foreign dogs were naturalized without knowing it.

Rugen is an island in the Black sea, opposite to Stralsund, on the coast of Pomerania. Fortified both by nature and by art, its situation is exceedingly strong. In time of peace, in consequence of its fertile soil, its salubrious air, and its mild climate, Rugen is a delightful retreat. In time of war it is an important post, a natural citadel, a formidable fortress, whose possession has been purchased at the expense of many a bloody fight. During the campaign of 1807 this island was comprised in their sphere of operation by the corps commanded by Marshal Davoust, and was occupied by an infantry regiment of the line, and by several companies of sappers and miners. The regiment of course had a dog—a black and white poodle—named Capucin, not because he was born in a Capucin's convent in Italy, (which would have been quite a sufficient reason,) but in allusion to the copper or iron rings by which a gun barrel is fastened to its stock. The dog's sharp bark might, perhaps, have been thought to resemble the snappy report of a musket.

In consequence of a change in the plan of operations ordered by Napoleon the First, the island had to be suddenly evacuated, to carry out a movement in retreat, abandoning the whole line of the Pomeranian coast. Every post, every man, was withdrawn, but in such a hasty way that they forgot an advanced sentinel, perched on the top of a hillock, which commanded the entrance of Rugen. This sentinel was a young soldier, named Firmin Bonard, who had scarcely been three months in the service. At present, a soldier who had served three years is considered quite a veteran; at that time, troopers who could reckon three, five, seven, and nine years of service, were still called conscripts. Now, Bonard, the soldier called conscripts. Now, Bonard, the soldier, and Capucin, the dog, happened to be particular good friends, bound by the strongest ties of mutual attachment.

The corporal of the post had planted Firmin as sentinel on the hillock exactly at midnight. The latter therefore calculated on being relieved at two in the morning, also then from two till five in the morning he would have three good hours to doze and slumber in the corps off guard. So Firmin Bonard beguiled the time by anticipating this supreme indulgence, also by thoughts of his village steeple, of his aged cure's ancient housekeeper, of the hay stack where he used to play at hide and seek, and sundry other recollections. In this way the minutes slipped slowly by, and the two hours' guard were drawing to a close.

All at once he heard a slight noise. He listened. "It is the corporal coming to relieve guard," he thought, and prepared to utter the formal "*qui vive*." But the sound, which resembled that of human footsteps, was soon followed by complete silence. "I couldn't be be mistaken!" he said to himself. "Besides, my time must now be up." He listened again, still more attentively. Almost immediately he heard the barking of a dog, who came running forward in his direction. On recognizing Capucin's voice the sentinel looked around him anxiously. Perceiving nothing which threatened an attack, he wondered what could be the meaning of this nocturnal visit. Before he had time to consider the matter the animal had climbed the hill and was jumping up his legs.

"It's you Capucin. Very good. You got tired of waiting there; and I am terribly sleepy. You should have brought the corporal with you. His watch must have stopped. He ought to sell it for old iron and buy a new one."

Capucin's answer was a frenzied bark and a series of mad leaps around his friend.

"I understand," said Firmin, smiling. "You are asking me to dance to warm myself. It's a pity you are not provided with the password and a musket."

Capucin commenced to bark, runing right and left like a creature possessed. Finding all these manœuvers useless, he ran up to the soldier, pulled him by the coat, and tried hard to pull him away, renewing his efforts with so much violence that he tore the soldier's uniform. Firmin considering this proof of affection more troublesome than pleasant, lost his temper and gave poor Capucin a kick. The dog, howling at finding himself so cruelly maltreated and misunderstood, retreated to a few paces distant; but soon returned, heedless of his friend's unkind treatment. All he did now was to look forgiveness and lick the soldier's hand.

"Be quiet, will you? And take yourself off," said Firmin, harshly, as he threatened him with the butt of his gun, to drive him away. Capucin, finding he could do no good, unwillingly made up his mind to depart. He arrived just in time to go on board with the last detachment of the corps.

At four o'clock he began to lose patience. Discipline forbade his quitting the post, but hunger, which drives the wolf out of the wood, compelled him to forget the code militaire. He left his station, and went to the guard-house, muttering to himself, "If anybody deserves to be shot for this, it is not I, but the corporal, who doesn't know his business, and keeps a sentinel on guard six hours at a time."

In the guard house not a creature! The only supposition he could form was, that the regiment had gone to occupy another part of the island. He shouldered his gun and walked off across the country in search of his regiment. On the way he fell in with a farmer ploughing a field. "Can you tell me," he asked him, "in which direction the French have marched?"

"They have gone away," was the startling reply. "They embarked at two this morning, stepping lightly and without uttering a word, in consequence of an order received from the Emperor."

"Gone away, leaving me behind! I shall be reported as a deserter! Confound that corporal; he has been my ruin. I understand what poor Capucin meant. It is not the death I fear, so much as the disgrace."

"Don't take on in that way, said the farmer, in a consolatory tone of voice. "Shrieking never set a broken bone. Stay here and make the best of a bad business. If the French come back again I can prove that it was no fault of yours."

"My good man, you don't know the severity of our rules."

"They will not punish you for a crime you have not committed. Meanwhile, you cannot live on air. You probably were brought up in the country, and are accustomed to do country work?"

"Certainly. I can plough, for instance."

"The very thing for me. I can offer you good board and lodging, with a small weekly payment into the bargain. It will be the best thing you can do under the circumstances."

The soldier heaved a heavy sigh, and slowly gazed all around the horizon, to see whether any of the ships were still visible. Beholding nothing, he said, at last, "I thankfully accept your offer."

"Good," said the farmer, Peter Baxen. "Come and breakfast at once. We will go on with the ploughing afterwards."

At Baxen's farm the soldier-ploughman had plenty of opportunities of proving his capacity. He found such favor in the farmer's eyes—and in other people's, too—that Baxen determined to try and keep him for good and all.

"My worthy fellow," he said, one day, "I look upon you almost as a son."

"If my poor old father," Firmin answered, "were not anxiously awaiting my return to France, I would willingly remain in Rugen."

"You can bring him back with you the next time you go to France. But what I want to say to you now concerns my daughter."

Firmin colored up to the eyes.

"Unless I am much mistaken you and she are very good friends."

Firmin uttered a few unintelligible words.

"The neighbors even say you are in in love with her."

"I assure you I never uttered a word which could lead her to suppose that."

"I know it; and for that very reason I took upon myself to tell her that, if you had no objection, she might have you for a husband."

"And she said—?"

"Not a word; but she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me for a quarter of an hour."

A fortnight afterwards Firmin Bonard was married to the fair haired Clarissa, Peter Baxen's only daughter.

Four years then elapsed, pretty equally divided between love and labor. His thoughts occasionally reverted to France, but he had almost forgotten his compulsory desertion. The past soon fades from our memory when the present is satisfactory and the future promising.

One morning the look-out man in the town of Rugen signaled a fleet of ships in the offing. They were men-of-war, carrying the French flag.

"The French are coming!" people shouted to each other. "They are going to land!"

Firmin Bonard heard it. "The French are coming!" rang in his ears like the boom of an alarm gun. It told him that he was a lost man. Nevertheless, a thought struck him which relieved his heart by a glimmer of hope.

He ran home, put on his uniform, seized his arms, and mounted guard on the very spot where, five years before, he had been unintentionally abandoned. Meanwhile, boats full of soldiers rowed toward the hillock. In the fore part of one of the boats was a black and white poodle. As it approached the beach the creature barked with joy. In spite of his anxiety, Firmin's eyes filled with tears as he recognized his old friend Capucin. The dog, unable to master his impatience, jumped into the sea and swam ashore.

As soon as the boat had come within earshot Firmin "made ready," and shouted at the top of his voice, "*Qui vive?*"

"*Qui vive*, yourself!" said the occupant of the first boat, which was filled with officers, composing Marshal Davoust's staff. "Who are you, and what are are you doing here?"

"I am a sentinel, keeping guard."

"A pretty sentinel! How long have you been on guard?"

"Five years."

"It is time to come down, then," shouted the officers, laughing.

When Firmin descended from his hill Capucin ran to meet him half way, barking with joy, and jumping into his arms.

"Poor Capucin, have it all your own way this time. Do whatever you like. Dirty me, tear my clothes; I shan't send you away. I ought to have made better return for your attempt to serve me."

Followed by the faithful dog, Firmin joined his former comrades. He gave a plain account of what had happened. By a lucky chance, the corporal who had forgotten him, and who had since been promoted, belonged to Marshal Davoust's staff. He received his old comrade with open arms. Firmin, in return, invited his countrymen to the farm, where he entertained them with liberal hospitality. The adventure reached Marshal Davoust's ears. He laughed at Firmin's stratagem, and presented him with a discharge drawn up in due form. "I should not like the brave fellow," he said, "to appear before a court martial, after having kept guard so long."

Firmin continued a farmer. He had a large family, who at present fill the largest and most important offices in the island. They are commonly known as the Sentinel's Family. When the French finally left Rugen, Capucin remained. Like his master, he forgot his military mates, and devoted himself exclusively to farming.

Pat and the Deacon.

A few months ago, as Deacon Ingalls of Swampscot, Rhode Island, was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman, who was in search of a brother who had come before him, and settled in some of the diggins in that part of the country.

Pat was a strong man, a true Roman Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church.

Ingalls was a pious man. He told Pat he was going to church, and invited his new made friend to keep him company thither, his destination being a small meeting house near by. There was a great revival there at the time. One of the deacons, who was a very small man in stature, invited brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation, followed by Pat, who looked in vain for the altar &c. After he was seated, he turned round to brother Ingalls, and in a whisper that could be heard all around, he inquired:

"Shure, and isn't this a heretic church?"

"Hush!" said Ingalls; "if you speak a word they will put you out."

"Divil a word will I spake at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor.

Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "*Amen!*"

"Hist, ye divil!" rejoined Pat, in his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister: "be dacent, and don't make a blockhead of yourself!"

The parson grew more fervent in his devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan—"*Amen!*"

"Hist, ye blackguard! Have ye no dacency at all?" said Pat, at the same time giving him a punch in the ribs, which caused him to lose his equilibrium.

The minister stopped, and extending his hands in a suppliant manner, said:

"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

"Yes, your riverence," shouted Pat, "I will do it."

And suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and, to the utter horror of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him up the aisle, and with a tremendous kick, sent him into the vestibule of the church.

LADIES, when having their photographs taken, may observe the following rules with some advantage to their appearance:

When a lady would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should say "Bosom," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides.

If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say "Brush," the result of which is infallible.

If she would make her mouth look small she must say "Flip," but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say "Cabbage."

If she wishes to look mournful she must say "Kerchunk."

If resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate. "S'eat."

WHEN the President was "swinging round the circle," in 1866, we were told by the Radical press that Gen. Grant got "disgusted" at Cleveland and swung round on the Lake to Detroit by himself. It turns out now, to put it in plain language, that the General was on a "big bender."

The Capture of "Romeo."

A FEARFUL CONTEST WITH A FEROCIOUS ELEPHANT.

ONE of the most interesting, exciting and yet hazardous incidents which has occurred for many a day, was the recapture and conquering on Saturday the 28th ult., of the huge Asiatic elephant "Romeo," belonging to Adam Forepaugh's Menagerie, on the farm of Jas. B. Miller, in Hatborough, a small unpretending village, twelve miles from this city, upon whose premises he has been quartered during the past winter, together with the camels, dromedaries, horses and two other elephants belonging to Mr. Forepaugh's great Zoological and Equestrain Combination.

It will be, no doubt, remembered by the majority of our readers, that this is the same elephant that killed his keeper, Mr. William P. Williams, last December not long after going into winter quarters, the circumstances of which might not be uninteresting briefly to narrate in this connection.

Mr. Williams was in the habit with other duties and cares, of washing and scrubbing the elephant every few days with warm water, the animal, at the same time, being chained firmly by securing both fore feet with a massive iron chain strongly fastened to rings, secured at the bottom of his spacious stall, which is built of solid masonry, of great thickness and strength, upon which rests the weight of a ponderous superstructure. From several circumstances that had transpired but a few days previous, such as the annihilation of a pet cat; the knocking down of a camel which happened to come in the way, Mr. Williams his keeper was advised to be on his guard; but having great confidence, he took no precautionary measures, and thus it happened that while he was in the act of procuring a fresh supply of water, with which to wash him, his back being turned, the elephant struck him a powerful blow with his trunk, prostrating him upon his face, breaking his spinal column and rendering him instantly helpless.

Immediately the elephant caught him with his trunk, drew him beneath his fore feet, gored him with his tusks, knelt upon him with his knees, literally crushing every bone in his body. At this fearful crisis, Mr. Miller and other members of his family, alarmed by the cries of the unfortunate man, came to the rescue, and, by means of forks, spears, etc., succeeded so far in diverting the attention of the infuriated monster from his victim as to extricate the dying man from his power. Mr. Williams, it is hardly necessary to add, lived but two hours after this sad event. Being securely chained, he was, of course, unable to do any further mischief, and in this predicament he has remained all winter, no person being able to conquer or subdue him. Of course, if permitted to remain so all the time, he would be harmless enough, but the traveling season for the menagerie approaches, and his lordship is needed somewhere else, and some means, therefore, must be devised by which he can be subdued and made available for the approaching campaign.

In this extremity Mr. Forepaugh was obliged to secure the services of his old keeper, Mr. Stuart Craven, who had been in charge of him before he was imported to America, and for six years since that event, but who, in consequence of declined health, was advised to travel in Europe, and about eighteen months ago set out for the Orient, and wishing to combine profit with pleasure pursued his journey into the interior of Africa, Asia and Lower Egypt, accumulated an extensive assortment of the most rare and curious animals, and also of the feathered tribes among which were some of the finest specimens of African and Asiatic elephants, camels and dromedaries etc., ever imported into this country all of which have been recently merged into the mammoth menagerie belonging to Adam Forepaugh.

Mr. Craven being an experienced animal tamer, was deemed the most advisable person to take charge of the recapture of "Romeo," as he is the only person who has ever succeeded in conquering and subduing this, the largest specimen of an Asiatic elephant on this continent. To this end, Mr. Craven proceeded on Saturday last, assisted by that fearless and intrepid animal performer, Mr. James Forepaugh, to Hatboro', accompanied also by an army of men with ropes, tackles and chains, to bring this monarch of the Oriental jungle to his haunches, who has been a kind of terror to that community ever since the unfortunate death of Mr. Williams.

Immediately on the arrival of his old keeper, although he had been absent about eighteen months, the elephant recognized him, and became restive and defiant, made a fearful charge upon him with his trunk, with which, but for the chain by which he was strongly tethered he would have instantly annihilated him. This was quite unexpected to his old keeper, but experience has demonstrated that once the elephant becomes enraged, he is just as quick to fight his best friend as those whom he has never seen. In short, Romeo was complete master of the situation, and great apprehensions were entertained lest becoming still more ferocious, he should snap his tampers and make a great havoc among the spectators. To be prepared for this emergency ropes and chains were made ready, and by the wisdom and discretion manifested by Mr. Craven, assisted by James and George Forepaugh, both hind feet of the monster were secured by chains which the infuriated beast proceeded to break like so many gossamer webs floating in the air. These efforts were time and again repeated and as often baffeted. Larger chains and ropes were brought into requisition, which in their turn yielded to the superior strength and prowess of the monster brute, who contemptously spurned every effort used to capture him, until it was evident that some more effectual means and appliances must be resorted to in order to dislodge him from his stronghold. The chief point now to be accomplished was to hamper and entangle his legs in the massive chains with which he was confined to the stall as to render him at once *hors de combat*. In this Mr. Craven, assisted by George Forepaugh, the renowned elephant hunter, was more than equal to the task.

By an adroit movement of a species of lasso, a large rope was looped around his hind leg, instantly, tightened by a triple fall-block, and by the aid of a large concourse of people, attracted by curiosity to witness the capture, he was brought to realize for the sixth time of his life, that "Knowledge is power," and to its mandates must sooner or later succumb. Before yielding, however, he made some desperate lunges at his keeper, and several times came near annihilating him with his trunk. It was hard for "Romeo," however to kick against the goads. He gradually found himself in a rack which out-Heroded the palmiest days of the Inquisition.

In spite of himself he was finally brought down, to the no small delight of the spectators. But he was so obstinate and indomitable that he would not beg for mercy. When the elephant is subdued he usually makes his acquiescence manifest by a plaintive noise, which, those accustomed to the animal, know and understand as well as a mother knows the cry of her child. All day Saturday was consumed, and Saturday night found him still obstinate. Sunday morning came and still he was unwilling to yield. However excruciating the torture, writhing all day Sunday in his galling chains, Monday morning came and with it a disposition to yield to the conquest. At nine o'clock, Monday morning, Mr. Craven had him completely under his control, and never was a whipped spaniel more docile.

Loosing his chains the keeper found no difficulty in conducting the conquered monarch to the city, on Monday. Our citizens need have no apprehension of danger, as "Romeo," like Richard the Third, is "himself again."

Something of an adequate idea of the marvellous size of this mastodon of the animal kingdom may be formed when it was discovered, on weighing him after his capture, that the scales were brought down to five tons and three hundred pounds.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Pen, Paste and Scissors.

AN Irishman being in church where the collection apparatus resembled an election box, on its being passed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized, and could not vote, but he was ready to make a speech.

A JUROR having applied to the judge to be excused from serving, on account of deafness, the judge said—

"Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?"

"Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it."

He was excused.

A CERTAIN clerk recently made the following comment on Pocahontas: Said he, "Pocahontas was a great man. Pocahontas was a noble, kind-hearted and true man." "Hold on," cried his companion, "Pocahontas was a woman." "She was, eh!" said he, "well, that's just my luck; how am I expected to know? I never read the Bible."

"YOU have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to another. "Yes, poor little thing! It was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard poultices all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, leeched its temples, had it bled, and gave it all kinds of medicines; and yet, after a week's illness, it died."

"SALLY," said a green youth, in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half a foot, "Sally, before we go into this museum to see the happy family, I want to ask you something." "Well, Ichabod, what is it?" "Well, you see this ere business is guine to cost a hull quarter apiece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nothin'. Now, if you'll say you'll hev me, darned ef I don't pay the hull on't myself!"

A CERTAIN doctor when called to see children, no matter what might be the symptoms, always prescribed for one and the same malady—worms. Being summoned one day to the bedside of a little boy, he gravely sat down and having felt of the patient's pulse, looked up gravely through his spectacles, and said to the mother in a solemn tone: "Worms, madam, worms." To which the mother responded: "I tell ye, doctor, the boy han't got a single worm. He stumbled over a stick of wood and broke his leg; and I want it set quick." The doctor, not at all nonplussed, but still determined to vindicate his theory, put on a very solemn look, as he said: "Worms, madam, I assure you—worms in the wood."

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.—It has long been observed by medical writers that death is frequently preceded by insanity, a fact which has occasioned the remark that it was not astonishing, for every body knew that when folks got madder they were about to die. This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago in the Philadelphia court, where a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two-thirds of her husband's estate—his relatives grounding their claim on the alleged insanity of the defunct. It may be as well to premise that the presiding judge was not only convivial but also very gallant.

"What were your husband's last words?" inquired the attorney.

The pretty young widow blushed, and looking down, replied, "I'd rather not tell."

"But, indeed, you must ma'am. Your claim may be decided by it."

Still blushing, the widow declined to tell. At last a direct appeal from the bench elicited the information.

"He said, 'Kiss me, Polly, and open that other bottle of champagne.'"

We know not whether it was admiration for the deceased husband or the living wife that inspired the judge at this instant, but he at once cried with all the enthusiasm of conviction, "Sensible to the last—Blackstone!"