TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
H. B. MASSER, } PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY. } PROPRIETORS.

H. B. MASSER, Editor.

Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. Masser's Store.)

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.

No subscriptions received for a less period than SIX MONTHS. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

CHEAP WATCHES.
The Cheapest Gold and Silver Watches
IN PHILADELPHIA.

GOLD Levers, full Jewelled,	$45 00
Silver do. do.	22 00
Gold Lepines, Jewelled,	30 00
Silver do. do.	15 00
Silver Quartiers, fine quality,	10 00
Gold Watches, plain,	15 00
Silver Spectacles,	1 75
Gold Pencils,	2.00
Gold Bracelets,	4 00

Also, on hand, a large assortment of Gold and Hair Bracelets, finger rings, breast pins, hoop ear rings, gold pens, silver spoons, sugar tongs, thimbles, gold neck, curb and fob chains, guard keys and jewellery of every description, at equally low prices. All I want is a call to convince customers.

All kinds of Watches and Clocks repaired and warranted to keep good time for one year; old gold or silver bought or taken in exchange.

For sale, eight day and thirty hour brass clocks, at LEWIS LADOMUS'
Watch, Clock and Jewellery Store, No. 413½ Market street, above Eleventh, north side, Philadelphia.

☞ I have some Gold and Silver Levers, still much cheaper than the above prices.
Philadelphia, Dec. 26, 1846.—1y

CHEAP WATCHES & JEWELRY,
AT THE
"Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store,"
No. 96 North SECOND street, corner of Quarry.

GOLD Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, seven jewels,	18 00
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Superior Quartier Watches,	10 00
Imitation Quartier Watches, not warranted,	5 00
Gold Spectacles,	8 00
Fine Silver Spectacles,	1 75
Gold Bracelets with topaz stones,	2 50
Ladies' Gold Pencils, 16 carats,	2 00

Gold Finger Rings 37½ cts to $8; Watch Glasses, plain, 12½ cts; patent, 18¾; Lunet, 25. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. O. CONRAD.

On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, Lepines and Quartiers, lower than the above prices.
Philadelphia, Dec. 5, 1846.—1y

IMPORTANT
TO ALL COUNTRY
HOUSEKEEPERS.
YOU may be sure of obtaining, at all times, pure and highly flavored
TEAS,
By the single pound or larger quantity, at the
Pekin Tea Company's Warehouse,
30 South Second street, between Market and Chesnut streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

Heretofore it has been very difficult, indeed, almost impossible, always to obtain good Green and Black Teas. But now you have only to visit the Pekin Tea Company's Store, to obtain as delicious and fragrant Tea as you could wish for. All tastes can here be suited, with the advantage of getting a pure article at a low price.
June 27th, 1846.

PREMIUM PIANOS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent, for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS, at this place. These Pianos have a plain, massive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth and sweetness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the United States. The following is a recommendation from CARL DIETS, a celebrated performer, and himself a manufacturer:

A CARD.

HAVING had the pleasure of trying the excellent Piano Fortes manufactured by Mr. Meyer, and exhibited at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute, I feel it due to the true merit of the maker to declare that these instruments are quite equal and in some respects even superior, to all the Piano Fortes, I saw at the capitals of Europe, and during a sojourn of two years at Paris.

These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something lower. Persons are requested to call and examine for themselves, at the residence of the subscriber.
Sunbury, May 17, 1845. H. B. MASSER.

Counterfeiters' DEATH BLOW.

The public will please observe that no Brandreth Pills are genuine, unless the box has three labels upon it, (the top, the side and the bottom) each containing a fac-simile signature of my handwriting, thus—B. BRANDRETH, M. D.—These labels are engraved on steel, beautifully designed, and done at an expense of over $2,000.—Therefore it will be seen that the only thing necessary to procure the medicine in its purity, is to observe these labels.

Remember the top, the side, and the bottom. The following respective persons are duly authorized, and hold

CERTIFICATES OF AGENCY
For the sale of *Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.*

Northumberland county: Milton—Mackey & Chamberlin. Sunbury—H. B. Masser. M'Ewensville—Ireland & Meixell. Northumberland—Wm. Forsyth. Georgetown—J. & J. Walls.

Union County: New Berlin—Bogar & Winter. Selinsgrove—George Gundrum. Middleburg—Isaac Smith. Beavertown—David Hubler. Adamsburg—Wm. J. May. Mifflinsburg—Mensch & Ray. Hartleton—Daniel Long. Freeburg—G. & F. C. Mayer. Lewisburg—Walls & Green.

Columbia county: Danville—E. B. Reynolds & Co. Berwick—Shuman & Rittenhouse. Catawissa—C. G. Brobts. Bloomsburg—John R. Mayer. Jersey Town—Levi Bisel. Washington Robt. McCay. Limestone—Balliet & McNinch.

Observe that each Agent has an Engraved Certificate of Agency, containing a representation of Dr BRANDRETH'S Manufactory at Sing Sing, and upon which will also be seen exact copies of the *new labels now used upon the Brandreth Pill Boxes.*

Philadelphia, office No. 8, North 8th street.
B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
June 24th 1843.

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, Oct. 2, 1847. | Vol. 8--No. 2--Whole No. 366

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, $9; 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 or less make a square.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

Mourn Not for the Past.

Mourn not for the past that has left us,
Though bright were the days that are fled,
Though time has of pleasure bereft us,
And our hearts most sadly have bled.

The joys of our childhood! they've vanished—
The hopes of our youth! they have fled;
Some dear ones are far from us banished,
And some sleep the sleep of the dead.

Love's sunshine has deepened to shading,
His brightness at noontide is o'er,
All his songs into shadows are fading,
And ne'er can enrapture us more.

Sigh not for the past, for the present
Has duties for us to perform;
If the Son in our hearts be but pleasant,
We never need fear from the storm.

Let *duty* be watchword and motto,
Let *action* be prompt to the hour;
Discontent will flee to her grotto,
And evil can ne'er overpower.

If conscience but sanctions our doings,
If hope lends her ray for our guide,
Dark care with his troublesome brewings
will retreat like the fast ebbing tide.

Though affliction may darken our pathway,
Heart friends lie cold in the grave,
Yet faith is still given—an earth-ray,
And Godhood is mighty to save,

Then ne'er weep for the past, though its treasures
Were bright as the richest of gems;
The present still has its pleasures,
And contentment adds brightness to them.

Camden, N. Y., May 29th, 1846. NILLA.

From the Daily Sun.

What is Love?

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

What is love? a feeling
In the maiden's breast;
Thief-like it goes stealing
All she hath of rest:
Waking or sleeping,
Her soul is ever weeping;
What is love? a feeling
In the poet's breast;
Tenderly revealing
The form he loves best:
Waking or sleeping,
His soul is ever weeping!
What is love? a feeling
In the christian's breast;
Beautiously revealing
Christ—the hope of rest:
Waking or sleeping,
His soul is ever weeping!
Comfortless? O, no! and why!
"God is love!" and ever nigh!

LONG LOST.—The Eastern Argus relates a very interesting sketch of a son of Mr. Wilbur, of Bethel, Me. who was lost in 1827, when but two years and ten months old. He was playing with larger children, but strayed from them, and nothing further was known but that screams were heard. The feelings of the parents thus bereaved, can possibly be imagined, but we will attempt no description. Search was made far and wide, but no tidings were received. None but the parents expected to hear from him, but they still advertised him, till, strange to say, a day or two ago he was recovered, under very peculiar circumstances.

Two of Mr. Wilbur's daughters at work in the Sacco factories, saw among a body of Indians encamped there, a white young man, in whom they thought they recognized a resemblance to their family. They accosted him, and soon claimed him as a brother. Of course he had no knowledge of them, but wished to see their father.—They sent for the old gentleman and the recognition on his part was complete. A young man, now 23 years old, had been told many stories of his parents, but knew nothing of his abduction.—The Indians are now encamped at Cape Elizabeth, opposite this city, with the youth and his wife, for he married an Indian girl last spring.

The Argus adds, 'He has promised his father he will go with him to Bethel, where the old gentleman intends to build him a house, and give him all the license he wants to roam about in the woods, in consonance with the habits of almost his whole life. The father came into our office on Thursday, to tell of his success. He was as happy as a boy just let out of school.'

AN AMAZON.—An army correspondent of the Savannah Republican, speaking of a skirmish on the 17th, says—'As the dragoons passed us at half speed in pursuit, we were amused to see a rather pretty American camp woman of the regiment, neatly habited and mounted on a fine little horse, charging with them in pursuit of the enemy.'

John Smith, we do not know which John, has said many good things, and among the rest that "a newspaper is like a wife," because every man ought to have one of his own.

The Illustrious Dead.

The New Orleans Delta pays the following tribute to two of the brave officers who fell during the late engagement.

COL. PIERCE M. BUTLER.—The death of this gallant South Carolinian, the representative on the bloody field of Churubusco, of so noble a race of heroes as any country has produced, will create a profound and extended sorrow in this country. He has been for a long time a conspicuous and prominent citizen of South Carolina, and was noted for his great resolution and indomitable courage. He possessed military qualities of the highest order, and gave promise of great success and distinction in a career which, alas! terminated at its very commencement. Colonel Butler had been very ill for several days previous to the battle, but when he heard that the Palmetto flag was going into the fight, unaccompanied by him to whose special charge it had been committed, he broke loose from his physicians, abandoned his sick couch, and weak, ghastly, and almost fainting, mounted his charger, and placed himself at the head of his regiment. With such an example, men far less ardent and gallant than the South Carolinians would have been prompted to deeds of superhuman daring. But there was no such incitement necessary to impel the sons of the 'Harry Hotspur of the Union,' as Prentiss once styled the gallant Palmetto State, to the most brilliant and conspicuous display of military qualities. Col. Butler, though twice badly wounded, and weighed down by faintness and loss of blood, maintained his position until a third wound caused his death.

CAPT. THORNTON.—The correspondent of the Delta, noticing the death of Captain Thornton, who was killed by a shot from the fort at San Antonio, as he was advancing upon it, says:—'Capt. Thornton had been very unwell for some time, and went out in command of his squadron against the advice of his physician and his senior officers; but his energy and gallantry would not allow him to remain inactive when there was the least possibility of meeting the foe.'

The Delta pays to his memory a handsome tribute. It alludes to his being the first to begin the war, and says he was the first to fall in the march upon the city Mexico. It doubts whether any man living has passed safely through so many and such imminent perils as had marked the life of Captain Thornton. It mentions the fact that he was a passenger in the ill-fated Pulaski—that after doing all he could to save others, he attempted to save himself by attaching himself to a chicken-coop—that, after he was in the water, he picked up several and placed them on the coop; but they all died and dropped off, and he was picked up some days afterwards a famished maniac, and saved! He was a native of Caroline county, and was in his thirty-third year. He was as brave a man as ever lived, with a spirit much too impetuous and ardent for his physical structure, which was far from being vigorous for he was of small stature, and his constitution was delicate.

THE LATE CAPTAIN CHARLES HANSON.—We have already announced, among the killed and wounded in the late battles, the name of Capt. Charles Hanson of the 7th infantry, a native of Washington City. The Richmond Republican, in announcing his death, passes the following tribute to his memory:

'At the bombardment of Fort Brown, his coolness and intrepidity were conspicuous. His gallantry in the storming division of Worth at Monterey, won for him a Captaincy. At Vera Cruz he fully shared the glories and dangers of his brethern in arms; and at Cerro Gordo, his daring valor won the highest encomiums from the commanding officers, the Colonel stating in his report, that he was one of the first who placed his feet within the frowning Gibralter which rested on the summit of that almost inaccessible mountain. A Braver, purer, and more generous spirit never breathed. In one of his last letters to his relatives, instead of dwelling upon his own participation in the recent battles of Cerro Gordo, his mind seemed occupied with the sufferings of his wounded men, and the pleasure which he derived from seeing their happiness at some extra comforts which he had been enabled to provide for him.

'Captain Hanson was one of the most accomplished gentleman, as well as one of the most chivalrous officers in the service, and better than this, amid the temptations of the camp and the excitement of the field, maintained to the last an exalted Christian character which commanded the love and respect even of those who usually regard religion with aversion and ridicule. Most sincerely do we sympathise with his afflicted father, M. J. K. Hanson, of Washington, who has lost in him one of the remaining props of his old age, having already given another gallant son to the country, Captain W. C. Hanson, who died from disease contracted in a glorious career in the Florida war.'

An editor away down east, who served four days on a jury, says that he is so full of law, that it's hard for him to keep from cheating somebody.

A New York Miser.

The New York Express relates the history of an old miser of that city, whose business is that of a paper scavenger, at which he steadily labors from early dawn till night.

He never goes home to dinner, but, when hungry, generally purchases a dry crust of bread, and eats it sitting upon the lower steps of the Custom House, or City Hall. Never does he utter a word to a living soul; and when the stranger looks upon him, he feels disposed to exclaim—"what a poor, miserable being!" He is, indeed, a pitiable object to look upon—for his leather clothes are glossy and hard with the accumulated filth of many years, and his countenance—it is furrowed all over with deep wrinkles, which no one could believe were ever moistened by a tear. He is a hard visaged man—repulsive, and even terrible to look upon. For fifteen years have we known this singular being, and 'even then he was so old, he seems no older now.' There are people in this great city who have been familiar with his form for upwards of twenty years, and they affirm that he has been a paper scavenger during all that time. At all times, when the winds of winter howl through the streets, and also, when the dog-star reigns, does he persue his laborious and degrading employment.

And now that we have introduced our hero to the reader, it is meet that we should mention what we know of his actual condition. He is a miser,—a narrow-minded and mean miser, who can count his dollars by tens of thousands. If the reader doubts our word, let him, when next he meets the miserable man in the public highway, ask him the time of day, and he will be promptly answered on the authority of a superb gold watch, hidden in his filthy vestments. A dry crust of bread and a cast off bone constitute his daily food, and yet this man carries the deeds in his pocket, which prove him to be the proprietor of at least five handsome dwelling houses, located in a fashionable part of the city; certificates of bank stock and other valuable papers, are also hidden in his pockets. He is a widower, but the father of an only daughter, whom he has established over a superbly furnished house, as the sole mistress and only tenant. She has all she needs in the way of household things, and every luxury of the season, and though her servants may prepare a sumptous feast, none participates with her in its enjoyment. Though it would add to her happiness on such occasions, to call in a neighboring friend, yet the privilege of giving an invitation is denied by her father, in the most positive and imperative manner. In the rear of this daughter's dwelling, is located a ricketty shell of a cabin, resembling more the appearance of a sty than a human habitation, and this is the only dwelling place of our miser. And now he spends the precious hours of his leisure life, counting his gold and examining the signatures of his deeds by the light which rests upon his oaken table, and seldom is extinguished until after the hour of midnight; and when exhausted with his strange vigils, carefully does he fasten, with heavy iron bolts, the door of his den, and sinks to sleep on his bed of rags.

DR. PAYNE, of Nottingham, England, says that for upwards of twenty years he has used treacle in the treatment of burns with great success. It is applied pure on the injured surface, and at the natural temperature.

CAUTION TO THE YOUNG.—The following anecdote appeared in the N. O. Echo National, of the 12th:—'A hundred dollar bill of the Louisiana State bank was paid into the Citizens' Bank on Saturday last, with the following lines written on its back:—'This is the last hundred of $10,000 left me by my father; and whither is the money gone—bar-rooms and in brothels. If this bill falls into the hands of any young man, let it teach him to flee from bad company, for it is that which has reduced me to my deplorable situation. I am lost, lost, forever lost!' The wages of sin is death, says the inspired writer.—In this poor young man's case, what youth in the blindness of its avidity calls pleasure, has led to something worse—to despair—if we may judge by the dreadful sentence which concludes his self-accusing meditations.—*N. O. Times.*

JUDGE BURNET.—Judge Burnet, a son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild ann dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humor:

'What is the matter with you, Tom," said the Bishop; 'What are you ruminating on?'

'A greater work than your lordship's History of the Reformation,' answered the son.

'Ay! what's that?' asked the father.

'The *reformation of myself*, my lord,' replied the son.

FLATTERING.—A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who is of the bustling order:

'Has been accused of possessing talents.'

Another seeing the accusation, wrote under the charge:

'Has been tried and acquitted.'

The Congressman's Reason.

I recollect one member of Congress, who was rallying me about our Congressional Temperance Society. 'Briggs,' he used to say, 'I am going to 'join' your temperance society, as soon as my demijohn is empty,' but just before it became empty he always filled it again. At one time towards the close of the session, he said to me, 'I am going to sign the pledge when I get home.' 'Well, you have said so a great many times.' But he replied, I am in earnest; my demijohn is nearly empty, and 'I am not going to fill it again.' He spoke with such an air of seriousness as I had not observed in him, and it impressed me; and I asked him what it meant—what had changed his feelings. 'Why,' said he, 'I had a short time since a visit from my brother, who stated to me a fact that more deeply impressed and affected me than any thing I recollect to have heard upon any temperance speech I have ever heard or read.

"In my neighborhood is a gentleman of my acquaintance, well educated, who once had some property, but is now reduced—poor! He has a beautiful and lovely wife, a lady of cultivation and refinement—and a most charming daughter.

This gentleman had become decidedly intemperate in his habits, and had fully alarmed his friends in regard to him. At one time, when a number of his former associates were together, they counselled as to what could be done for him. Finally, one of them said to him, why don't you send your daughter away to a certain distinguished school! which he named. O, I cannot said he, it is out of the question, I am not able to bear the expense—Poor girl! I wish I could. Well, said his friend, if you will sign the temperance pledge, I will be to all the expense of her attending school for one year. What does this mean, said he, do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard! No matter said his friend, about that now, but I will do as I said. And I, said another, will pay the rent of your farm a year if you will sign the pledge. Well, these offers are certainly liberal—but what do they mean? Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard! What can it mean! But gentlemen, in view of your liberality, I will make an offer:—I will sign if you will! This was a proposition they had not considered, and were not very well prepared to meet; but for his sake, they said we will, and did sign and he with them.

And now for the first time the truth poured into his mind, and he saw his condition, and he sat down bathed in tears.

'Now,' said he, gentlemen, you must go and communicate these facts to my wife—poor woman, I know she will be glad to hear of it, but I cannot tell her.'

Two of them started for that purpose. The lady met them at the door, pale and trembling with emotion—'what,' she enquired is the matter! what has happened to my husband!'

They bid her dismiss her fears, assuring her they had come to bring her tidings of her husband—but good tidings, such as she would be glad to hear.'

'Your husband has signed the temperance pledge—yes, signed it in good faith.' The joyous news nearly overcame her—she trembled with excitement—wept freely, and clasping her hands devotionally, she looked up to heaven, and thanked God for the happy change. 'Now,' said she, 'I have a husband, as he once was, in the days of our early love.'

'But this was not what moved me,' said the gentleman. There was in the same vicinity another gentleman—a generous, noble soul—married young—married well—into a charming family and the flower of it. His wine-drinking habits had aroused the fears of his friends, and one day, when several of them were together, one said to another, let us sign the pledge.' 'I will if you will,' said one and another, till all had agreed to do it, and the thing was done.

This gentleman thought it rather small business, and felt a little sensitive about revealing to his wife what he had done. But on returning home, he said to her—'Mary, my dear, I have done what I fear will displease you.' 'Well what is it?' 'Why, I have signed the pledge.' 'Have you?' 'Yes, I have certainly.' Watching his manner as he replied, and reading in it sincerity, she entwined her arms around his neck, laid her head upon his bosom, and burst into tears. Her husband was affected deeply by this conduct of his wife, and said—'Mary don't weep; didn't know that it would afflict you so, or I would not have done it,—I will go and take my name off immediately.' 'Take your name off!' said she; 'no, no! let it be there, I shall now have no more solicitude in reference to your becoming a drunkard; I shall spend no more wakeful midnight hours; I shall no more steep my pillow in tears.'

'Now for the first time the truth shone upon *his* mind, and he folded to his bosom his young and beautiful wife, and wept with her. Now I can't stand these facts, and I am going to sign the pledge."—*Speech of Governor Briggs, at Lowell, Mass.*

RULES FOR GENTLEMEN.—Have the courage to leave a ball when it has no greater attractions than those of bed—no charms more enticing than that of sleep—to say nothing of the morrow.

Have the courage to confess ignorance whenever or with regard to whatever subject you are uninformed.

Have the courage to treat difficulties as you would obnoxious weeds—attack them as soon. Nothing grows so fast.

Have the courage to meet a creditor. You must be a gainer by the interview, even if you learn the worst. We are our own deceivers.

Have the courage to be silent when a fool prates; he will cease the sooner; besides, what can he or you gain by prolonging the conversation.

Have the courage to own that you are poor, and, if you can, laugh at your poverty. By so doing you disarm your enemies, and deceive nobody. You avoid many difficulties and much bitterness; besides, there are people who will not believe you, especially those who make the same acknowledgement as a pretext for meanness.

Have the courage to receive a poor relation openly and kindly. His shabby appearance, even his ignorance, will appear to your advantage; for the mind is prone to draw comparisons. We have nothing to be ashamed of but our own errors.

Have the courage to count the days to quarter day. It will not come the sooner, and you are likely to be prepared for it.

Have the courage to let a man see what you think of him. If it be favorable, he will covet your acquaintance; if the contrary, he is unworthy of it.

CAPTAIN JO.—During Doniphan's march from El Passo to Chihuahua, the black servants of the different officers of the regiment formed themselves into a company. There were twelve of them, of which number eleven were officers and one high private. Jo.——, servant to Lieut. D——, was elected Captain. He was the blackest of the crowd, and sported a large black feather with a small black hat—also a large sabre with an intensely bright brass hilt—which same sabre was eternally getting involved in the intricate windings of his bow legs. With Jo, for Captain they were a formidable body, and to hear them talk, they would work wonders! During the battle of Sacramento, however, the company were not to be seen, but after the action was over, they were espied breaking out from the wagons and joining in the pursuit. That evening one of our officers attacked Jo. about his company.

'Well, Jo., I hear your men were hid behind the wagons during the fight!'

'Lieutenant, I'se berry sorry to say it am de truf! I done eberyting—I call'd on on de patterism ob de men—I injoked dem by all dey hold most deah in dis world and de nex, but it was no go; dey would git on de wrong side ob de wagons.'

'But what did you do there?'

'I stood dar gittin' cooler, and de firing kept gittin' hotter, and at last de cannon balls cum so ormighty fast, I thought the best ting dis nigga could do war to git behind the wagons he-self!'—*Reveille.*

THE LEARNED ELEPHANT.—'That's a werry knowin' hanimal o' yourn,' said a Cockney gentlemen to the keeper of an elephant.

'Very,' was the cool rejoinder.

'He performs strange tricks and hantics, does he?' inquired the Cockney, eyeing the animal through his glass.

'Surprisin',' retorted the keeper, 'we've learned him to put money in that box up there. Try him with a crown.'

The Cockney handed the Elephant a crown piece, and sure enough, he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high out of reach.

'Well, that is werry hextraordinary—hastonishin' truly!' said the green one, opening his eyes. 'Now let's see him take it out and hand it back!'

'We never learn him that trick,' retorted the keeper with a roguish leer, and turned to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.

Mr. Jones was in the habit of getting somewhat 'balmy,' and one night he was discovered by a neighbor leaning against the side of a church for support. He hailed him with, 'Hellos, Jones! you look serious—think of joining the church?'

'Well,' replied Jones, '*I incline considerably that way at present.*'

A lunatic once informed his physician, who was classifying cases of insanity, that he lost his senses by watching a politician, whose course was so crooked that it turned his brain.

'PRISONER, stand up! Are you guilty or not guilty?' 'Faith, and do ye think I shall do the work of the jury for 'em, when they are paid for the same! Let 'em find it out.' 'Answer me right, sir! Are you guilty or not guilty?' 'Faith, sir, I'm neither—*I'm innocent,*'