THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANE; $2,00 IF NOIN ADVANE

VOLUME XXXIV, NUMBER 37.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1868. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,703.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office in Carpet Hal, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

Tems of Subsciption.

One Copy per annum, if paid in advance, $1 50
" " " if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00

4 Cents a Copy.

No subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearage are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

☞ Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.

Rates of Advetising.

1 quare [8 lines] one week,		$0 38
"	three weeks,	75
	each subsequent insertion,	10
[12 lines] one week		50
	three weeks,	1 00
	each subsequent insertion,	25

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1860.

H. B. ESSICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
COLUMBIA, PA.

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Silver-Plated Ware.
SHREINER & SPERING,
HAVING taken the old established stand of John Felix, Front street, Columbia, respectfully invite the public to call and examine their large assortment of
CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER and SILVER-PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, COMBS, PISTOLS, ACCORDEONS, and FANCY ARTICLES,
Such as are usually kept in a first-class Jewelry Store. We will keep constantly on hand a large stock of
American Watches,
in Gold and Silver Cases—Appleton, Tracy & Co., P. S. Bartlett and Wm Ellery movements—which we will offer to the public at prices to suit the times
A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited.
☞ REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
Columbia, July 19, 1862.

NOW FOR BARGAINS.
WE have just received another lot of all-wool Delaines and plaid Mosamiques, which we offer at reduced prices. STEACY & BOWERS.
Cola. June 23, 1862 Cor 2d and Locust Sts.

COLD CREAM OF GLYCERINE.—For the cure and prevention of chapped hands, &c. For sale at the GOLDEN MORTAR DRUG STORE.
Dec 3, 1859 Front street, Columbia

SALT! SALT!
JUST received by the subscriber, at their store Locust street below Second,
100 Bags Ground Alum Salt,
which will be sold at market prices.
Col. July 6, '61. J. RUMPLE & SON

GRAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspeptics, and Arrow Root Crackers, for invalids and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store,
April 16, 1859.

Brrison's Columbian Ink.
WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker yet is that English Boot Polish.
Columbia, June 9, 1859

FISH! FISH!
MACKEREL by the barrel, half barrel and quarter barrel, of the best qualities.
Apply to B. F. APPOLD.
Columbia, July 12, 1862. Canal Basin.

WALL PAPER!
PAPER CHEAPER THAN WHITEWASH.
E have just received a large lot of Wall Paper, all the newest styles and best goods, which we sell at prices to suit the times.
SAYLOR & M'DONALD.
Book Store, Front St., above Locust, Columbia.
March 2, '61.

NOTICE.
I desire to settle up the old book accounts, of both Stores and request all persons knowing themselves indebted to please call and settle the same.
H. C. FONDERSMITH.
Columbia, May 17, 1862.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending furniture, china ware, ornamental work, toys &c., there is nothing superior. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. For Jan 26m it at the
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

POCKET BOOKS AND PURSES.
A LARGE lot of Fine and Common Pocket Books and Purses, at from 15 cents to two dollars each. Headquarters and News Depot.
Columbia, April 14, 1860.

Lawns, Lawns, Lawns.
LADIES call and see our beautiful 12½ cent Lawns, fast colors, at STEACY & BOWERS.
June 28, 1862 Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall

HOOPED SKITS.
A NEW and splendid style of Hooped Skirts, just received; Also, a full assortment of other styles, very cheap MALTBY & CARE,
Columbia, Apr. 26, 1862. Locust Street.

FOR SALE,
1500 Sacks G. A. Salt, 100 Sacks Ashton Salt. Apply at APPOLD'S
Warehouse, Canal Basin.
Columbia, Dec. 28, 1861.

RAISINS.
A FULL supply of Raisins—Seedless and Layer—will be found at the Cor. of Front and Union sts.
Nov. 22, '62. HENRY SUYDAM.

JUST RECEIVED
AND for sale, by the barrel or larger quantities, 100 barrels Monongahela Whisky, at
APPOLD'S Warehouse,
Cola. May 14, '61. Canal Basi

For Sale at a Bargain.
THE choice of Two Fire and Burglar Proof Safes—"Herring" or "Lillies" Patent: Also, a Family Horse, and a first-rate Carriage and Harness. Call at the store of
H. C. FONDERSMITH,
Cola. May 17, 1862. adjoining the Bank.

HO! FOR CHRISTMAS!
A Choice Baking Molasses, the best in the market at STEACY & BOWERS',
Cola Dec 6, 1862. Cor. 2d and Locust Sts.

CLOAKING CLOTH.
BEAUTIFUL Black Cloth, suitable for ladies cloaks STEACY & BOWERS,
Corner Second and Locust Streets;
Cola. Dec. 6 '62. Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.

LIQUORS.
WE have received a Supply of
Pure Brandy, Old Rye Whisky,
Old Port Wine,
which we offer for sale for Medicinal purposes
A. GRAY & CO.
Cola. July 6, '61. Golden Mortar Drug Store.

DRESS GOODS,
Delaines, Cashmeres, Black Silks, Sack Flannels Tickings, Checks, Muslins, Sheetings, Blankets &c., &c., at BRUNERS'
Cola. Oct 27, 1860. Cor. Third and Union.

DOMESTICS.—Notwithstanding the advance in the price of Goods, persons will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock of new Prints, Muslins, Ginghams, Checks, Tickings, Crash, &c., &c., in fact every class of goods suitable for new beginners at housekeeping, and old ones too.
STEACY & BOWERS, Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.

HOOFLAND'S German Bitters, can be ob-

Poetry.

The Reveille.

In the course of the late patriotic lecture by T. Starr King, he recited the followins stanzas written, and not before published, by T. B. Hart, of San Francisco:—

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum,
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying "Come,
Freemen, Come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel,
War is not of Life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," sair the solemn sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom!
What if conquest—subjugation—
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered "Come,
You must do the sum to prove it!" said the Yankee answering drum.

"What if, m'd the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb—
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered "Come,
Better there in death united, than in life a recreant—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!"

Lines for Music.

The dedal fanes of rosy light
Are clinging round the amber dawn,
And crimson isles of verdure bright
Lie bathed in odor freshly drawn.
The vesper fire of vernal touch
Ascends with starlike foot the snow,
While hearts of gold that love too much
Are cradled fair in sleep below.

Undying crimson swells and curls
O'er limpid wild and lustrous bay,
And showers on showers of crystal pearls
On music's pinions glide and stray.
From fairy harps the faintest sigh
Is sent to deck thy golden hair,
And Beauty's own eternal spring
With sweeter song is quivering there.

[*Punch.*

Selections.

Principal and Interest.

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so tired!"

The dew drops quivered like imperial diamonds upon the broad green plumes of the corn field by the way side; the grass that bent over the foot-path was heavy with evening moisture, and the soltary old pine-tree at the curve of the road upheld its black-fringed arms against a sunset sky, where the ruddy crimson had long since faded into sombre gray. Birds were warbling their last vespers under the shadow of softly moving leaves; blossoms were closing their fragrant cups along the course of a thousand dulcet-voiced streams; sleepy little ones were gathered safely round every hearth stone; yet these two wanderers clung together homeless and alone, in the falling shadows of the night.

"Cheer up, my child, we have not very far to go. Come closer, let me brush the dew from your curls. Now take my hand."

But the child hung back, sobbing with weariness and exhaustion, and the pale young mother bending over her in the vain attempt to soothe the hysterical excitement, did not hear the rumble of advancing wheels until they passed close to her and a rough hearty voice exclaimed:

"What ails the little one? Ain't sick, is she?"

Mary Ellsworth had never seen Farmer Raynesford before—yet the moment her eyes rested on his wrinkled, sun-burned face, and the shaggy brows overshadowing kind eyes, she felt that he was a friend, and made answer promptly:

"Not sick, sir; but very tired. We have walked a long way."

"Got much further to go?" asked the farmer, tickling his horse's ear the end of his whip.

"To Breckton."

Mr. Raynesford gave a low whistle.

"That's four miles off, and the little gal is pretty nigh used up a'ready."

"I know it," said the woman, with a sigh, "but I have no money to hire a lodging nearer. In Breckton I hope to obtain work in the factory."

Farmer Raynesford gave the seat of his wogon a thump with his whip handle that made old Bonny drop the mouthful of clover he was nipping from the road-side, and prick up his ears in astonishment.

"I won't hear no such thing!" said he energetically. "Why, that child can't go twenty rods further! Here, get in 'long with me. You won't be none the worse for a bit of supper and a good night's rest. I know Hannah'll scold!" he muttered, as he lifted the little girl to his side and extended his hand to the mother; "but I can't see the folks perishin' by the wayside and never off r to help 'em. I don't care if she scolds the roof of the house off."

He drove rapidly along making occasional interjectional remarks to his horse, while Mrs. Ellsworth drew her thin shawl around the little golden head that already drooped drowsily upon her shoulder, and thought helter heaven had provided her in her sorest strait.

It was an oddly shaped old farmhouses, gray with the storms of nearly half a century, with a broad door-stone, overhung by giant lilac bushes, and a kitchen where, even in the bloomy month of June, a great fire reared up the wide-throated chimney, and shining rows of tins winked and glittered at every upward leap of the flames. Such a neat kitchen as it was! The floor-boards white as snow, the windows clear as diamonds; the hearth trimly brushed up, and the table spread for supper in the middle of the room. Mrs. Ellsworth's heart involuntarily warmed at the genial sight.

Mr. Raynesford jumped out of the wagon, threw the reins over a post, and went in to conciliate his domestic despot.

"Look here; Hannah," said he, to a tall, angular-looking female who emerged from a pantry near by, at the sound of his footstep, her face nearly or quite as sour as the saucer of pickles she was carrying, "jest set a couple more plates on the table will you? I've brought home a woman and a little gal that I found a piece below here, a'n a'most tired to death. They was calculatin' to walk on to Breckton, but I though it wouldn't hurt us to keep 'em over night?"

"I'm astonished at you, Job Raynesford," said his better half, in a tone of indignant remonstrance. "We might jest as well hang out a tavern sign at once, and done with it—you're always bringing home some poor, mis'able creature or other, and"——

"There, there, Hannah," interrupted Mr. Raynesford, "I'm always willin' to hear to you when you are auy ways reasonable, but it goes clear ag'in my grain to see poor folks a sufferin' and never stretch out a helpin' hand. 'Taint Scripture nor 'taint human natur."

"Well, go your own gait, Job Raynesford," responded his wife, tartly, "only mark my words, if you don't end your days in the poor-house 'twon't be through no fault o'yourn!"

She shut the pantry door with a bang that made all the jelly cups and milk pans rattle, while Job, with an odd grimace, went out to help his guests alight.

"Don't mind my old woman," said he, apologetically, as Mr. Ellsworth sprang to the ground; "she's kind o'sharp-spoken but she means well arter all. We ain't all jest alike in our notions, you know!"

"If all the world were like you, sir," said the young widow with tears in her eyes, "there would be less want and suffering by far?"

Farmer Raynesford pretended not to hear—he was busy lifting little Mary out.

"Set on them blackberries, Hannah!" said he, toward the close of their evening meal; "the little gal's so tired she can't eat nothin' solid!"

"I was calculatin' to keep the blackberries for the donation party to-morrow," said Mrs. Raynesford, rising with rather an unwilling air.

"Nonsense!" quoth the farmer, with a broad laugh. "I'm havin' a donation party of my own to-night! Here, little one, see if these berries don't put the color into your cheeks!"

All the evening little Mary sat by the hearth, with her hands in her mother's and her large blue eyes fixed earnestly upon the kind farmer's face.

"What are you thinking about, dearest?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth, once. She drew a long sigh, and whispered:

"O, mamma! he is so kind to us!"

The tops of the far off eastern woods were just being turned to gold by that wondrous alchemist, the rising sun, when Mary Ellsworth and her little girl set out upon the long walk to Breckton. Job Raynesford went with them to the gate, fumbling uneasily in his pocket, and glancing guiltily around, to make sure that Hannah was not within seeing distance. When Mary extended her hand to say a grateful good-bye, to her astonishment a bank bill was thrust into it.

"Don't say nothin'," muttered Job, with a sheepish air. "Ten dollars ain't much to me, and, if you don't chance to get work in the factory right away, it may be a good deal o' use to you. Needn't thank me—you're as welcome as May!"

He bent over to kiss the child's fair forehead, and stood watching them until the two slight figures disappeared, and only the golden sky and the moving crest of the summer woods remained.

"Ten dollars!" ejaculated Mrs. Raynesford, who had witnessed this little episode from behind the curtains of her milk-room window. "Is Job Raynesford crazy? To give ten dollars to a poor strolling vagrant! If he don't get a piece of my mind"—

And she hastened out, her cap-border fairly standing on end with horror. Job awaited the coming tempest with philosophic coolness, his hands in his pockets, and his lips parted in a good humored smile. It was not the first piece of Mrs. Hannah's "mind" that had been bestowed upon him, nor did he suppose it was likely to be the last!

"She means well," he said to himself, when the volley of wrath had been discharged on his luckless head, and Mrs. Raynesford had returned to her butter-making, "but she's got the greatest faculty for scoldin' of any woman I ever saw!"

The years flitted by, sprinkling the steep old farmhouse roof with the crystal drops of April showers, and thatching it with the and many a time. Gray hairs crept in among the raven locks of Farmer Raynesford, care-worn wrinkles began to gather around his mouth and brow. Alas! those swift-footed years brought troubles innumerable to the kind old man.

"Twenty years!" mused he, one bright June morning; it don't seem possible, Hannah, that it was twenty years this very day, that I caught that ugly fall from the hay-rick, and got lame for life."

He looked down at the crutches by his side as he spoke, and sighed from the very depths of his heart.

Hannah stood in the doorway, tossing corn to a forlorn colony of chickens. Twenty years had not improved her in any respect—she was gaunter, bonier, and more vinegar-faced than ever.

"Yes," she said, shortly, "and perhaps you don't remember that it was just twenty years ago to-day that you threw ten dollars away on that woman and her child. I told you then you'd end your days in the poor-house, and I don't see but what my prediction is likely to become true. Didn't I say you would live to repent it?"

"I won't deny, Hannah," said the old man, "but that I've done a good many things I've been sorry for—we ain't none of us perfect, you know, wife—but that is not one of them. No, I never repented being kind to the widow and the fatherless."

Hannah shrugged her shoulder, but made no answer.

"Didn't you say you were going up to see that rich lawyer about the five thousand dollar note to-day?" she asked, presently.

"Yes, but I don't s'pose it'll be much use. If he'd wait a little, I'd do my best to pay him. Jones says he'll be sure to sell the old place from over our heads, however, they tell me he's a hard man. I mean to explain to him just how the matter stands, and ——."

"I told you how it would be long ago!" ejaculated Hannah, unable to restrain her vexation. "What on airth ever possessed you to sign for Jesse Fairweather?"

"I s'posed he was an honest man, and wouldn't see an old friend wronged."

"Fiddlestick!" exclaimed Mrs. Raynesford. "That's just your calculation, Job! There—Zeke has brought the wagon; do start off, or you'll be too late for the New York train!"

And Job meekly obeyed, only too happy to escape from the endless discord of his wife's railing tongue.

The rays of the noonday sun streamed brightly through the the stained glass casements of Mr. Everleigh's superb Gothic library. The room was decorated with every appurtenance of wealth and taste. Velvet chairs, with tall backs of daintly carved rosewood, were scattered here and there; marble vases occupied niches beside the doorway, and rarest pictures hung on the paneled and gilded walls. But the prettiest object of all—the one which the rich lawyer oftenest raised his eyes from his writing to contemplate with an involuntary smile of pride and affection—was a lovely woman in a white Cashmere morning robe, trimmed with white velvet, who stood opposite, arranging flowers in a boquet. She wore a spray of berries, carved of pink Napoleon coral, at her throat, and tiny pendants of the same rare stone in her small, shell-like ears, and the slender waist was tied round with a broad pink ribbon.

"There Walter, isn't that pretty?" she asked, holding up her completed bouquet.

"Very pretty," he answered looking not at the roses and geraninums, but directly at the blue eyes and the golden curls of his beautiful young wife.

"You are not even noticing it," she pouted.

"Because I see something so much better worth looking at," he said playfully.

"Do you really love me very much?" she asked, throwing down the flowers and coming round to his side.

He arose and drew her caressingly toward him.

"My dearest, you are more precious to me than the whole world besides!"

She left her head rest a moment on his shoulder, and when she raised it, there was a tear on her eyelashes.

"Oh, Walter, if mamma could only have lived to see how happy we are!"

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Everleigh slipped from her husband's arm with the prettiest blush in the world, and was very busy with her flowers when the rich lawyer's "right hand man" put his grizzled head into the room.

"The old man wants to see you about that Fairweather business."

"Show him in. Don't look so disappointed, love," he said, turning to his wife, as the grizzled head disappeared, "I shall not be detained three minutes, and the horses are at the door."

Mary Everleigh never troubled her pretty little head about business matters, so she never even looked up as the halting sound of old Mr. Raynesford's crutch echoed on the carpet. But the instant he spoke she started as if an arrow had smitten her, and stood with eyes dilated, and her slender hands clasped together, listening as intently as if her life depended on hearing every word. The old man pleading and sorrowful—her husband politely inflexible. At length Raynesford turned to go.

"Well sir," he said, in a subdued tone, "I don't know much about law and law books, but it does seem hard that an old has sheltered him for sixty years, and all for no fault of his own. They say you are a very rich gentleman, sir—five thousand dollars may seem a small sum to you but it is my *all!*"

Mrs. Everleigh's soft voice broke the momentary silence that succeeded this appeal.

"Walter, come here one minute—I want to speak to you."

He obeyed, somewhat surprised; she drew him into the deep recess of the stained glass bay widow, and standing there, with the rosy and amber shadows playing about her lovely brow, like some fair pictured saint, she told him how, twenty years ago, a wearied child and its mother were fed and sheltered by a kind hearted stranger; how he had given them money and kind wishes when they were utterly alone and desolate in the wide world.

"But, my love, what has all this to do with my business matters?"

"Much, Walter, I am that little child!"

"You, my dearest?"

"I, my husband; and the noble man who, I am persuaded, saved my life that night, stands yonder, with gray, bowed head and sinking heart!"

"Mary you must surely be mistaken."

"I cannot be mistaken, Walter; I should know him among a thousand. You said you loved me this morning—now grant me one little boon?"

"What is it, dearest?"

"Give me that note he speaks of."

Mr. Everleigh silently went to a small ebony cabinet, unlocked it, and drew out a folded paper, which he placed in her hands. She glided up to the old man, who had been gazing out of the window in a sort of reverie, and laid her soft hand on his arm.

"Do you remember the little golden-haired Mary whom you found with her mother, wearied out upon the readside twenty years ago?"

"Do I remember her, lady? It was but this very morning I was recalling the whole scene."

"And don't you recognize me?" she asked smiling up into his face, as she threw back the drooping curls. "I am little Mary!"

He stood in bewildered silence; all of a sudden the truth seemed to break upon him, and he laid his hands upon her head with a tearful blessing.

"And your mother, my child?"

"She has been dead for years, but it is my dearest task to be the instrument of her gratitude. Here is the note you indorsed—my husband has given it to me—See!"

A small spirit lamp was burning in one of the niches; she held the bit of paper over its flame until it fell a cloud of light ashes upon the floor.

"Well?"

Mrs. Raynesford met her husband at the door at the instant his crutches sounded on the little graveled path.

"Why don't you speak? Of course I know you've nothing but bad news to tell, and I may as well hear it at once. Have you seen the gentleman? What did he say?"

"Hannah!" said old Job Raynesford, slowly folding up his gloves, "do you remember the ten dollars I gave that poor young wanderer a score of years to-day?"

"Why, of course I do; didn't I remind you of it not twelve hours since? What has that to do with our troubles, pray?"

"Just this—to-day I received payment, principal and interest?"

"What do you mean, Job Raynesford?"

"The little golden-haired child that sat on our hearth-stone, that June evening, is Lawyer Everleigh's wife, and I have seen her burn the note that has hung like a mill stone round my neck these many years. *She* said it was but discharging a sacred debt of gratitude; but Heaven knows I looked for no such reward."

There was a moment's silence. The old man was pondering over the past, and Mrs. Raynesford was so taken by surprise that she really could not speak.

"And now, wife, what have you to say about my financial mistakes?" said Job, archly.

Mrs. Raynesford had no argument suited to the emergencies of the case, so she very wisely said—nothing!

Biography of an Elephant.

Among the most attractive features of Van Amburg & Co.'s Menagerie is the celebrated elephant Hannibal, the largest animal ever exhibited in this country or in Europe, and as the old fellow has so frequently furnished newspaper itemizers with material for spicy paragraphs that his name has become familiar with almost every one, a brief sketch of his history may found of interest.

Hannibal was brought to this country in 1824 from the East Indies, and was purchased by a butcher in New York, who exhibited him for a time in a stable in that city. He shortly after fell into the hands of his present owners, who have retained him ever since, and who would not sell him at any price. He was supposed to be about twenty-five years of age when imported which would make him sixty-three years old at the present time.

Hannibal first distinguished himself at the Zoological Institute in the Bowery, New York, in 1825, when he saved the life of his keeper, Mr. Joseph Martin, who now resides at Girard, in Erie county. A large tiger and tigress had escaped from their cage and fastened upon a lama which was Mr. Martin hearing the noise, entered the apartment without suspecting the extent of the danger, when the tiger immediately crouched to spring upon him. Martin was entirely unarmed, and all resistance to the attack of the infuriated beast would have been useless. At this juncture Hannibal rushed forward, seized his keeper, and raising him out of danger; held him in safety until assistance arrived and the animals were secured.

The admirable disposition exhibited by Hannibal in the incident just narrated, gained him credit with the public, of good feelings and generous impulses; but his subsequent conduct, we are sorry to say, has entirely destroyed that favorable impression and he is now regarded, and not without reason, as a morose and incorrigible old rascal, who can only be kept within the bounds of decent behavior by the constant use of chains and frequent application of condign punishment. His breaches of peace have been so numerous that it would be impossible to detail them within the limits of a newspaper article, but we will briefly allude to a few of his most violent outbreaks.

In 1847 New York was the scene of one of his most violent bursts of fury. The menagerie was wintering in the warehouse of Leech & Co., on the banks of the canal, where the Cleveland and Pittsburg freight depot now stands. "Queen Ann," an elephantine maid, for whom Hannibal had formed a tender attachment, was removed from his companionship, and he immediately fell into a fearful state of sulkiness and rage.

For twelve days he refused all food, and during that time lost no less than *three thousand pounds* in weight, as was definitely ascertained at the time by the scales. He endeavored to drown his sorrows "in the flowing bowl," refusing to drink unless the water given him was stiffly infused with whisky, but this indulgence, by which it was sought to humor him, only rendered him more frantic in the end. His keeper, and a favorite dog with whom he had been upon the best terms, became the special objects of his animosity. At the first symptoms of his insubordination he had been loaded with chains, and so firmly secured that it was thought impossible for him to break loose. Day after day passed away without any diminuation of ill-temper upon the part of the large beast, until at last his unintermitting surgings resulted in tearing away his fastenings, and the infuriated animal was at large in the building. The lions, tigers, leopards, and other animals commenced dashing against the sides of the cages, while the air resounded with their cries of fright; the people by thousands gathered around the warehouses armed with rifles and every description of fire-arms.—Hannibal roamed through the building, tearing down timbers, raising his enormous bulk upon his hind legs and beating the roof with his trunk, and threatening every moment to make a complete wreck of the whole structure.

But the manager of the menagerie had provided for this. Long poles with strong steel hooks at the ends, were brought forward and inserted in his flesh on every side; these were attached to ropes and tackle, managed by hundreds of men, and finally the angry monster, the blood flowing from his lacerated body in torrents, but still struggling desperately and trumpeting fiercely, was brought to the ground and so chained as to render him perfectly helpless. Spears and pitchforks were then brought into requisition, and he was punished until completely exhausted, he then announcing in his usual manner his complete submission and promise of better behavior, when he was released, a wiser, and, for a time, a better elephant. His appetite returned immediately, and in a very short space of time he had more than supplied his extraordinary loss of flesh.

In 1854, while going from Pawtucket to Fall river, in Massachusetts, he had a misunderstanding with his keeper, whom he compelled to fly for his life. Finding himself at liberty he started off at a furious pace, attacking every animate object that he found in his path. He threw a horse and wagon into the air, smashing the vehicle all to pieces, and then carried the mangled remains of the horse a distance of thirty feet to a pond, into which he threw the lifeless body. He next encountered another horse and wagon, and made kindling wood of the latter, the horse escaping by flight. Coming to a third wagon he smashed up the whole establishment, throw the horse thirty feet into an adjoining field, and then tearing down the fence, brought the body of the horse back and laid it down in the road. Overtaking still another horse and wagon he demolished the vehicle, and the horse escaping with the fore wheels, he pursued him or eight miles, without being able to overtake the frightened steed. In the race he traveled a portion of the distance at the rate of a mile in three minutes. Fortunately the occupants of the vehicles sustained no very serious injuries, and the proprietors of the menagerie effected a satisfactory settlement for the damages with the parties interested. After killing another horse and doing other mischief of a less serious character, he lay down exhausted in the bushes, where he was soon after found and properly secured.

A few years since, while the menagerie was at Williamsburg, N. Y., Hannibal the absence of his keeper from the tent, and after demolishing a wagon loaded with sawdust, turned his attention to the cages of animals which he upset right and left, fortunately, however, without setting loose any of the dangerous inhabitants, with the exception of a hyena or two, which were soon captured. He then sallied forth into the street, dragging his chain after him, and trumpeting defiance. The *attaches* of the menagerie followed him and drove him into a stone yard, where he was kept until the long pikes and hooks of the Young American Hook and Ladder Company were brought upon the ground, when he was surrounded and kept at bay until ropes were thrown around his legs and wound so that he could not move. He was then thrown, after which he was speared and stabbed with pitchforks until completely reduced to submission, as he signified by "begging" piteously, when he was led back to his quarters as docile as a lamb.

His last fit of insubordination occurred in Philadelphia, in February 1861, and continued for three weeks. His owners know him so well now, that they can detect the approach of one of those frenzies, and guard against its unpleasant consequences. So, on the occasion, he was so securely chained upon showing the symptoms of ill-temper, that he was unable to do any mischief, except tearing down an iron column which stood within his reach and throwing it with great violence across the building. Since then he has conducted himself with great propriety, and Van Amburg & Co. are in hopes that he has reformed, and will hereafter conduct himself as a peaceable, respectable elephant should. Still they watch him with the utmost vigilance, and his keeper is always ready for him in case he should manifest any disposition to return to his old disreputable tricks.

In 1850 while traveling in Mississippi, Hannibal was ordered to swim the Black Warrior River, which was greatly swollen by a freshet. Instead, however, of crossing as directed, he started on a voyage of discovery down the stream, emerging suddenly on a plantation some twelve miles below where he entered. He came ashore on the edge of a cotton field, where a large number of darkies were at work, and the effect produced among them by the unexpected and terrific apparition may be imagined but cannot be described. The news spread with all the exaggerations which would naturally be given to such an event, with incredible rapidity, and resulted in a general stampede of the entire colored population of the county. It is even said by some that a good many of the darkies turned white with fright, and as a proof of this numbers are pointed out in that region who have not yet fully regained their natural hue. It would hardly be fair, however, to hold Hannibal responsible for all the doubtful shades of complexion to be found in that vicinity.

In 1860 a keeper who had taken care of Hannibal for many years, fell from his horse in a fit, near Zanesville, Ohio. The huge beast, instead of deserting him, stood watching over his senseless form until the train of cars came up, and then suffering himself to be chained and led by Mr. Thomas, his present keeper, without making the slightest resistence, although had the other keeper been well, such an attempt at authority on the part of Mr. Thomas would have been resented with fury.

Hannibal is temperate, and regular in his habits, eating about four hundred pounds of hay, and a couple of bushels of oats daily, with such allowance of apples, gingerbread, &c., as the generosity of visitors may bestow upon him, and an acre (more or less) of clover, by way of salad, when he can get it. His only beverage is water, of which he consumes a couple of barrels every day. His weight is probably from 15,000 to 18,000 pounds. The last attempt at weighing him was made some five years since, when he broke down the scales at 14,000 pounds. In consideration of the recent good conduct of Hannibal his owners have had a magnificent golden fringed and embroidered covering manufactured for him, at an expense of nearly one thousand dollars. As he marches in the line of cages in all the pride of his gorgeous apparel, the spectator cannot but feel that the old fellow is fully sensible in his own mind that he is the most important individual connected with the establishment.—*New York Paper.*

INGENIOUS APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—Several indictments have been found by the grand jury of the United States District Court the present term against miners who have enlisted into the military service for the purpose of receiving the government bounty, and have then obtained a discharge on a writ of habeas corpus. In drawing the indictment it becomes necessary to set forth the tenor of the writing—the enlistment roll—which, from the interlinings, erasures and blots becomes not only exceedingly difficult to copy, but in many instances wholly undecipherable. The idea was conceived of taking photographic copies, which proved a complete success. Every line, blot and erasure of the copy is an exact fac simile of the original, and it is attached to the indictment as a perfect illustration of the writing and signatures, which opposing counsel cannot contradict or dispute on the ground of its not being a copy of the original document.—*Boston Transcript.*