

THE POST
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The Post.

VOL. 9. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., JANUARY 4, 1872. NO. 42.

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Editorial notices per line 1.00
All advertisements for a shorter period
than one year are payable at the time
they are ordered, and if not paid the per-
son ordering them will be held responsible
for the money.

J. P. CRONMILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Middleburg, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. [Jan 5, '67]

A. C. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selingsgrove Pa.
Offers his professional service to the pub-
lic. All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to. [Jan 17, '67]

J. W. KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick Pa.
Offers his Professional service to the pub-
lic. All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to. Jan 17, '67

W. M. VAN GEZER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his professional service to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will re-
ceive prompt attention.

GEO. F. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his Professional service to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will re-
ceive prompt attention. Jan. 3, '67

J. M. LINN, A. H. DILL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa.
Offer their professional services to the
public. Collections and all other profes-
sional business entrusted to their care
will receive prompt attention. [Jan. 3, '67]

CHARLES HOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selingsgrove Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. Collections and all other professional
business entrusted to his care will re-
ceive prompt attention. Office two door
north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan 5, '67]

SAMUEL ALLEMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Selingsgrove Pa.
Offers his Professional services to the
public. All business entrusted to his
care will be promptly attended to. Col-
lections made in all parts of the State.
He can speak the English and German
languages fluently. Office between Hall's
& the Post office.

N. MYERS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Snyder County Penna.
New doors West of the P. O. on
West street. Consultation in English
or German languages. Feb. 17, '67

J. C. BUCHER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewisburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the pub-
lic. All business entrusted to his care
will be promptly attended to. [Jan. 3, '67]

HOYER & BAKER,
SEWING MACHINE,
Persons in need of a good and durable
Sewing Machine can be accommodated at
reasonable prices by calling on SAMUEL
FAHST, Agent, Selingsgrove.
[Jan. 23, '68]

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citi-
zens of Middleburg and vicinity.
[March 21, '67]

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST
Selingsgrove Penn

JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq.,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Penn Twp., Snyder Co. Pa.

Y. H. WAGNER, Esq.,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to
his care and on the most reasonable
terms. March 12, '68

DR. J. F. KANAWEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the
public. 6-381f

GRAYBILL & Co.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE
Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Brooms, Mats,
Brushes Cotton Laps, Grain Bags, Fly
Nets, Buckets, Tubs, Wicks, &c.
No 245 North Third Street, Philadelphia,
Feb. 7, '67

F. A. BOYER, JR.,
AUCTIONEER,
Frederick Snyder Co. Pa.
Most respectfully offers his services to
the public as Vendue Cryer and Auction-
eer. Having had a large experience, I
feel confident that I can render perfect
satisfaction to my employes.
[Jan. 9, '67]

B. T. PARKS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW &
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA
Office in Court House, (Sept. 15, '67)

LEWIS BREMER'S SONS'
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE
No. 322 N. THIRDS
8, 331 PHILADELPHIA.

MERCHANT HOUSE.
H. H. MANDERBACH Prof'r
J. C. NIFE, Clerk.
Nos. 413 & 415 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

MILLER & ELDER
WHOLESALE BOOK SELLERS
Stationers, Blank Book Manufacturers
and dealers in Wrapping, Blasting, Cur-
tain and Wall paper Paper Bags & Gen-
eral Job Printers
No. 463 North Third street above Base
Philadelphia Pa.

Select Poetry.

OLD AGE.

Yes, I am old! my strength declines,
And wrinkles furl the touch of time,
Yet might I fancy these the signs,
Not of decay, but manhood's prime;
For all within is young and glowing,
Spite of old age's outward showing.

Yes, I am old! the ball, the song,
The turf, the gun no more allure,
I shun the gay and gilded throng,
Yet, ah! how far more sweet and pure
Home's tranquil joys and mental treasure
Than dissipations' proudest pleasures!

Yes, I am old! ambition's call,
Fame, wealth, distinction's keen pursuit
That once could charm and cheat me all,
Are now detected, passive, mute,
Thank God the passions and their riot
Are barred for content and quiet!

Yes, I am old! but I press
The vale of years with willing feet,
Still do I find life's sorrows less,
And all his hallowed joys more sweet,
Since Time, for every rose he snatches,
Takes fifty thorns with all their scratches.

Yes, I am old! and death has taken
Full many friend to memory dear;
Yet, when I die, 'twill soothe the pain
Of quitting all my sorrows here,
To think how all will be delighted
When in the skies again united.

Yes, I am old! experience now,
That best of guides, hath made me sage;
And, thus instructed, I'll vow
My firm conviction, the old age,
Of all our various terms of living,
Deserves the warmest, best thanking.

The Young in Great Cities.

The world learns its lessons slowly.
Much of the world does not learn its
lessons at all. The young are every-
where growing up amid the ruins of
other lives, apparently without inquir-
ing or caring for the reasons of the
disasters of life, fortune and reputa-
tion, that are happening, or have hap-
pened everywhere around them. One
man, with great trusts of money, in
his hands, betrays the confidence of
the public and becomes a hopeless
defaulter, and blows his brains out.

Another, led on by love of power and
place, is degraded at last to a poor
demagogue, without character or in-
fluence. Another, through a surren-
der of himself to sensuality, becomes
a disgusting beast, with heart and
brain more foul than the nests of un-
clean birds. Another, by tasting, and
tasting, and tasting of the wine cup,
becomes a drunkard at last, and dies,
in horrible delirium, or lives to be a
curse to wife, children and friends.

There is an army of these poor wretches
in every large city in the land dy-
ing daily reformed. A young girl
loving "not wisely but too well,"
yields herself to a seducer who ruins
and then forsakes her to a life of
ruin, and then forsakes her to a life
of shame and a death of despair. Not
one girl, but thousands of girls year-
ly, so that, though a great number of
these whose robes are beyond clean-
sing hide themselves in the grave
every twelve months, another great
company of the pure drop to their
places, and keep filled to repletion
the ranks of prostitution. Again
and again, in instances beyond count-
ing, are tragedies repeated in the
full presence of the rising genera-
tion, and yet it seems to grow no
wiser. Nothing has been more fully
demonstrated than that the first steps
of folly and sin are fraught with per-
il. Nothing has been better proved
than that temperate drinking is al-
ways dangerous, and that excessive
drinking is always ruinous. Nothing
is better known than that a man can-
not consort with lewd women for an
hour without receiving a taint that a
whole life of repentance cannot wholly
eradicate. Since time began have
women been led away by the same
promises, the same empty pledges,
the same empty rewards. If young
men and young women could possi-
bly learn, wisdom, it would seem as
if they might win it in a single day,
by simply using their eyes and thinking
upon what they see. Yet in the
great city of New York, and in all the
great cities of the country, young
men and women are all the time re-
peating the mistakes of those around
them who are wrecked in character
and fortune. The young man keeps
his wine bottle, and resorts where de-
vised and ruined women lie in wait
for prey, knowing perfectly well if he
knows anything, or has ever used
fairly the reason with which Heaven
has endowed him, that he is in the
broad road to perdition—and there is
before him a life of disgust and a
death of horror.

When the results of certain cour-
ses of conduct and certain indulgen-
ces are so well known as these to
which we allude, it seems strange
any can enter upon them. Every
young man knows that if he never
tastes a glass of alcoholic drink
he will never become or stand in dan-
ger of becoming a drunkard. Every
young man knows that if he preserves

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

Last year's trials, where are they?
Have they wrought us good to-day?
Are we better for that cross?
Wann't our gain, that heavy loss?
Why is life not one long May?
Why should trouble come each day?
Why not have complete success,
Bringing hourly happiness?
What fruits brought you forth last year?
Seeds then sown will soon appear.
Cast you in both bad and good?
None can change them, if he would.
Let us sow no tares again,
Only wheat of purest grain.
Spring shall send her genial showers,
Pleasant harvest shall be ours.
Christian, banish idle fears,
Provide the vessel steers,
Safely o'er the sea He'll guide,
Landing safe on Canaan's side.
Cheerful may the voyage be,
Winds and waves are speeding thee.
Far away, our home is in view,
Resting-place for good and true.

Diamond cut Diamond.

"What an egregious fool I have
been," sighed Robert Hastings, as he
sat in his luxuriously furnished cham-
ber. "Here I am at the age of twen-
ty a beggar, after squandering in ri-
cious living a snug fortune of fifty
thousand dollars. What shall I now do
to earn my daily bread? Must I set
up my shingle as an attorney-at-law,
and commence the practice of the
profession, for which my well-mean-
ing guardian educated and designed
me? No, by heavens! it is too late
now for me to undertake the drudgery
and labor of a lawyer's life, long
habits of idleness and self-indul-
gence have unfitted me for the plod-
ding routine of the office and the
courts. I will sell off my fast horses,
furniture, &c., and spend the ap-
proaching season at the White Sal-
phur, where wealth and beauty most
do congregate, and if I don't win the
hand of some southern heiress, my
name is not Bob Hastings."

The Value of a Newspaper.

The following is the experience of a
mechanic, concerning the benefits of a
newspaper:

Ten years ago I lived in a town in
Indiana. On returning home one
night, for I am a carpenter by trade,
I saw a little girl leave my door, and
I asked my wife who she was. She
said Mrs. Harris had sent her after
their newspaper, which my wife had
borrowed. As we sat down to tea,
my wife said to me, by my given name:

"I wish you would subscribe for
the newspaper, it is so much comfort
to me when you are away from home."
"I would like to do so, said I, but
you know I owe a payment on the
house and lot. It will be all I can do
to meet it."

"If you will take this paper, I will
sew for the tailor to pay for it."

I subscribed for the paper, it came
in due time to the shop. While rest-
ing one noon, and looking over it, I
saw an advertisement of the county
commissioners to let a bridge that was
to be built.

I put in a bid for the bridge, and
the job was awarded to me, on which
I cleared three hundred dollars, which
enabled me to pay for my house and
lot easily, and for the newspaper.
If I had not subscribed for the news-
paper I would not have known anything
about the contract, and could not have
made my payment on my house and
lot. A mechanic never loses any-
thing by taking a newspaper.

A Law-suit With A Moral.

A curious action is now pending in
one of our New York Courts, in which
Anna Scheinert, a young woman of
about twenty years of age, asks to
have her marriage with Ferdinand
Scheinert declared null and void, on
the ground that it was performed
while the plaintiff was under fourteen
years of age, and against her will.
The plaintiff's father is a wealthy
down town merchant. The defend-
ant is a Hungarian, and was intro-
duced to the family as a needy music
teacher. He gained their confidence,
frequently took the girl out for a walk.
On the 24th of April, 1865, Scheinert
took his pupil to the house of a friend
on Twenty-sixth street, and there,
according to her story, forced her
to marry him. His friend officiated as a
priest, and performed the services in
Latin. Acting upon her fears, he
prevented her from telling her parents
Three or four days afterwards he
took Anna out as usual, and then
forced her to accompany him to Mon-
treal, where she lived a miserable
life for eight months. Her where-
abouts was accidentally discovered by
her father, and he took means to
bring her back. The referee has re-
ported in her favor. The whole story
shows the folly of the unrestricted
intimacy which parents are too apt
to allow strangers to have with their
daughters.

OUR HERO'S STORY.

Our hero soon learned that they, too,
were fortune hunting, and had their
charms been increased a hundred fold
he would still have preserved an in-
vulnerable breast. Week after week
passed away. Bob's change was
growing "small by degrees and dis-
tastefully less," and still no lady endowed
with superior pecuniary attractions
had visited the "Whith." At length
a rumor began to be circulated
among the visitors that a wealthy
creole family from New Orleans had
engaged rooms, and would be at the
Springs in a few days. Bob flew at
once to the proprietor to know if this
was true, and being answered in the
affirmative, like a good night he at
once set about preparing himself for
the campaign.

The expectant guests arrived in due
course of time, and no little commo-
tion was excited in the grand dining
saloon when the old Crusus of the
Crescent City entered with a fair
daughter on either arm, whilst his
good lady followed, supported by the
courtly proprietor. Our good friend
Bob, who was on the lookout was de-
lighted to observe in the old gentle-
man and his wife that air of easy
dignity so strikingly indicative of rank
and wealth, and was equally charmed
with the winning grace and beauty of
the young ladies. With one of them,
indeed, who seemed to be the elder,
he was already desperately in love,
and he at once singled her out as the
object of his attack.

As soon as possible he sought and
obtained an introduction, and every
evening thereafter Miss Marie Vin-
cent, the great heiress, would enter
the ball-room leaning on the arm of
Robert Hastings.

It would be needless to enter into
all the details of the courtship. Be-
fore it was passed the hearts of
each were warmed into a deeper feel-
ing than could possibly be engendered
by mere love of lucre. True to
his promise, George Martin came to
the Springs, and being introduced to
the young lady by his enraptured
friend, formed a most favorable opin-
ion of her merits. Just before the
close of the season, our hero propos-
ed in due form and was accepted. At
his earnest solicitation, the parents of
the young lady consented for the cer-
emony to be performed at the Springs
and the marriage was accordingly
solemnized in the presence of a few
mutual friends.

A few days after the marriage,
he Bob startled his young wife not a lit-
tle by informing her that the impres-
sion in regard to his wealth was a
false one. A momentary shade of
disappointment flitted over her coun-
tenance, when she replied, with a
merry laugh, "We are even then on
that score, dear Robert. The same
impressions, has prevailed in refer-
ence to my father's possessions, and I am
in a measure accountable for it, inas-
much as I have been too weak to con-
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"What! you poor, too?" gasped
Bob.

"Not while I possess your love,"
was the gentle reply.

"Daunting," said our hero, as he
pressed his gentle wife to his heart,
"if you are content to share the lot of
a poor man we may yet be as happy
as if we possessed unlimited wealth."

And happy they have always been.
Robert Hastings returned to the city
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sistent to that of his friend, and is
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George Martin often laughs at his
friend about his fortune hunter-hunt-
ing expedition; but Bobban bears the
jest as he won the brigettest jewel
in man's earthly crown.

Sagacity of an Elephant.

The memory of Young, the trage-
dian, written by his son, contains
the subjoined story:

In July, 1810, the largest elephant
ever seen in England, was advertised
"as just arrived." As soon as Henry
Harris, manager of Covent Garden
Theatre, heard of it, he determined, if
possible, to obtain it; for it struck
him that if it were to be introduced in
the new pantomime of Harlequin Pos-
senata, which he was about to pro-
duce at a great cost, it would add
greatly to the attractions.

Under this impression, and before
the proprietor of Exeter Change had
seen it, he purchased it for the sum of
900 guineas. Mrs. Henry Johnson
was to ride it, and Miss Parker, the
Columbian, was to play up to it.

Young happened to be one morning
at the box office adjoining the Covent
Garden Theatre, when his ears were
assailed by a strange and unusual up-
roar within the walls.

On asking one of the carpenters the
cause of it, he was told there was
something wrong with the elephant,
but could not exactly tell what.

I am not aware what might be the
usage nowadays; but then, whenever
a new piece had been announced for
presentation on a given night, and
there was but scarce time for its pre-
paration, a rehearsal would take place
after the night's regular performance
was over and the audience having
been dismissed. One such there had
been before my father's curiosity had
been aroused.

As it had been arranged that Mrs.
Henry Johnson, seated in a bowdah on
the elephant's back, should pass over
a bridge in the centre of a numerous
group of followers, it was thought ex-
pedient that this unwieldy monster's
tractability should be tested.

On stepping up to the bridge, which
was slight and temporary, the agas-
tious brute threw back his fore feet
and refused to stir. It is well known
as a fact in natural history that the
elephant, because of its unusual bulk,
will never trust its weight upon any
object which is unequal to its support.

The stage manager seeing how ros-
olutely the animal resisted every at-
tempt made to compel or induce it to
go over the bridge in question, propos-
ed that they should stay proceedings
till next day, when he might be in a
better mood. It was during the repeti-
tion of the experiment that father,
hearing the extraordinary sounds, de-
termined to go and see if he could as-
certain the cause of it.

The first sight that met his eyes
kindled his indignation. There stood
the huge animal, with downcast eyes
and flapping ears, meekly submitting
to blow after blow from a sharp iron
goad, which his driver was driving
ferociously into the fleshy part of his
neck at the root of his ear. The floor
on which he stood was covered with a
pool of blood.

One of the proprietors impatient at
what he regarded senseless obstinacy,
kept urging the driver to still greater
extremities, when Charles Young,
who was a great lover of animals, ex-
postulated with him; went up to the
poor patient sufferer, and patted and
caressed him; and when the driver
was about to wield his instrument
again, with even still more vigor, he
caught him by the wrist as in a vice,
and stayed him from further vio-
lence.

While an angry altercation was go-
ing on between Young and the man
of color, who was his driver, Capt.
Hay of the Ashel, who had brought
over Chuck in his ship, and had petted
him greatly on the voyage, came in
and begged to know what was the
matter.

Before a word of explanation could
be given, the much-wronged creature
spoke for himself, for, as soon as he
perceived the entrance of his patron,
he waddled up to him, and with a look
of gentle appeal, caught hold of his
hand with his proboscis, plunged it in-
to his bleeding wound, and then thrust
it before his eyes.

The gesture seemed to say, as plain-
ly as if it had been enforced by speech
"See how these cruel men treat Chung.
Can you approve of it?"

The hearts of the hardest present
were sensibly touched by what they
saw; and among them of the gentle-
man who had been so energetic in
promoting its harsh treatment. It
was under a better impulse that he
ran out into the street, purchased a
few apples at a stall, and offered them
to him. Chuck eyed him astance,
took them, threw them beneath his
feet, and when he had crushed them
to a pulp, spat them for him.

Young, who had gone into the Con-
vent Garden with the same crowd as
the gentleman who had preceded
him, shortly after reentered, and also
held out to him some fruit, when to
the astonishment of the bystanders,
the elephant ate every morsel, and, af-
ter twining his trunk with studied
gentleness around Young's waist,
marking by his action, that though he
had resented a wrong he did not forget
a kindness.

It was in the year 1814 that Harris
parted with Chung to Cross, the pro-
prietor of the menagerie at Exeter
Change.

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paration, a rehearsal would take place
after the night's regular performance
was over and the audience having
been dismissed. One such there had
been before my father's curiosity had
been aroused.

As it had been arranged that Mrs.
Henry Johnson, seated in a bowdah on
the elephant's back, should pass over
a bridge in the centre of a numerous
group of followers, it was thought ex-
pedient that this unwieldy monster's
tractability should be tested.

On stepping up to the bridge, which
was slight and temporary, the agas-
tious brute threw back his fore feet
and refused to stir. It is well known
as a fact in natural history that the
elephant, because of its unusual bulk,
will never trust its weight upon any
object which is unequal to its support.

The stage manager seeing how ros-
olutely the animal resisted every at-
tempt made to compel or induce it to
go over the bridge in question, propos-
ed that they should stay proceedings
till next day, when he might be in a
better mood. It was during the repeti-
tion of the experiment that father,
hearing the extraordinary sounds, de-
termined to go and see if he could as-
certain the cause of it.

The first sight that met his eyes
kindled his indignation. There stood
the huge animal, with downcast eyes
and flapping ears, meekly submitting
to blow after blow from a sharp iron
goad, which his driver was driving
ferociously into the fleshy part of his
neck at the root of his ear. The floor
on which he stood was covered with a
pool of blood.

One of the proprietors impatient at
what he regarded senseless obstinacy,
kept urging the driver to still greater
extremities, when Charles Young,
who was a great lover of animals, ex-
postulated with him; went up to the
poor patient sufferer, and patted and
caressed him; and when the driver
was about to wield his instrument
again, with even still more vigor, he
caught him by the wrist as in a vice,
and stayed him from further vio-
lence.

While an angry altercation was go-
ing on between Young and the man
of color, who was his driver, Capt.
Hay of the Ashel, who had brought
over Chuck in his ship, and had petted
him greatly on the voyage, came in
and begged to know what was the
matter.

Before a word of explanation could
be given, the much-wronged creature
spoke for himself, for, as soon as he
perceived the entrance of his patron,
he waddled up to him, and with a look
of gentle appeal, caught hold of his
hand with his proboscis, plunged it in-
to his bleeding wound, and then thrust
it before his eyes.

The gesture seemed to say, as plain-
ly as if it had been enforced by speech
"See how these cruel men treat Chung.
Can you approve of it?"

The hearts of the hardest present
were sensibly touched by what they
saw; and among them of the gentle-
man who had been so energetic in
promoting its harsh treatment. It
was under a better impulse that he
ran out into the street, purchased a
few apples at a stall, and offered them