The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

WILLIAM BREWSTER, SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

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TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

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And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

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1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.*

2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

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☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Select Poetry.

DREAM-LAND.

BY S. LOUISA SMITH.

I've been dreaming—I've been dreaming,
Wandering in that shadowy land,
Where all's bright, though 'tis but seeming,
Haunted by a spirit band.

Spirits' starry eyes beamed on me,
Low, sweet music thrilled my ear,
Like the whispering of the wavelets
When in mirth they mingle here.

Dancing with the gladsome sunbeams
That upon the waves are cast,
To the music of the wild bird,
Or the bee that's flitting past.

Fountains sparkled in the quiver
Of the moonbeam's dreamy light,
Sweetly chimed the green leaves shiver
With the breezes of the night.

For 'tis always night in dream-land,
Though the ebon goddess wears
Clasped upon her clear, dark forehead,
Bandeaux of the golden stars.

And upon her sable finger,
Gleams a gem of purest light—
'Tis the moon, whose constant lustre
Makes the shadowy dream-land bright.

There is never aught of sadness
Lingering in this fairy clime;
No! it's very air breathed gladness
To this dreaming heart of mine.

Beauteous forms were chanting near me,—
Angel forms they seemed to be;
Oh, I could have listened ever
To their low, sweet melody.

Gently words of welcome floated
To me on the stilly air.
Perfumed by the fragrant flowers,
That in beauty blossomed there.

Words that woke within my spirit
Love for all those rapturous scenes,
And an echo, I would ever
Linger in the land of dreams.

A Select Tale.

From Ballou's Pictorial.

THE WEST POINT CADET.

BY H. W. LORING.

Mrs Helen Bolton was married to a man she adored, a man whom she, the belle of two seasons, had distinguished amidst a throng of suitors, more or less disinterested, and more or less distinguished. He was handsome, accomplished, intellectual, of irreproachable morals, and independent fortune. Their taste agreed perfectly. She was, like himself, tired of city life and frivolities of fashion, and gladly learned that it was her husband's desire to reside the whole year round at his beautiful estate Linden Villa, which was situated on the lordly Hudson, some sixty miles above New York.

Linden Villa was built in the Italian style, and covered a great extent of ground. The grounds were laid out with exquisite taste, according to the most approved principles of landscape gardening. In the training of the trees, and their picturesque groupings on the lawn, and in the meadow, the hand of art was dextrously concealed, and it seemed as if nature alone in her most genial mood, had piled and balanced those pyramids of verdure, shaded the rivulet just where it wanted shade, crowned the summit just where a feather crest was needed against the dark blue sky, and permitted those glimpses of the noble river just where it wooed the eye most lovingly. There were grape houses and conservatories, beneath whose high transparent roofs an artificial summer reigned, when all without was bleak and desolate. The rooms of the mansion were spacious. The broad hall was floored with many-colored woods, the drawing-room was lofty and highly decorated; there was a fine library, and picture gallery, where one might pass days without a wish to stir abroad. Some half a dozen fine horses for riding and driving, occupied the stables. In a word the establishment and its style were such as few gentlemen can boast of, it was the home of opulence and taste.

Of course its lovely mistress was happy! We shall answer that question by laying before the reader a copy of a letter, marked 'very private and confidential,' and addressed to a married cousin—a wild, dashing, harum-scarum creature, who lived some ten or twenty miles off.

Mrs. Helen Bolton to Mrs. M. Marsay

Linden Villa, Sept. 1.

MY DEAR MILLICENT:—You ask me if I am happy, and I will try to answer you with all the frankness that your fidelity and trust worthiness inspire.

Without being the most miserable woman on the face of the earth, I am far from being content. When you saw our place, you called it a perfect paradise; had you seen my Henry, who was then away from home, you would have envied me my lot, though yourself married to the man of your heart. But you will see him—you must see him, for I rely on you for the execution of a project I have conceived.

Briefly then: though my husband is all in all to me, though I never regret that the gay society I resigned for his sake, to enjoy his company, I begin to fear that I am not all in all to him. He appears to me distrait, shall I say it?—indifferent.—Once, that was before we were married, he would change color if I accepted the hand of another in a ball room. Now I may flirt with the young parson, who drops in occasionally of an evening, and who, by the way is a very pleasant man, without causing him the slightest uneasiness. He seems to have no desire to monopolize my attention, and he passes many hours away from me that I know he might spend in my company. Those odious books! and above all those miserable mathematics!—Do you know that I began to think that the caliph who burned the library of Alexandria, was a very sensible person? The ladies of Alexandria were certainly very much indebted to him. The other day, at the breakfast table, I had been reading him a long account of the latest Parisian fashions, he all the while gazing on me, his hand resting on his chin looking the picture of intelligence and attention; but I asked him what he thought of the dress introduced by the Duchess of Montpensier, for evening costume, he replied:

'The solidity of the truncated triangular prism is found by adding together the altitudes of the three vertices of the inclined section, and multiplying their sum by one third of the area of the base; and I found that his head had been running on that paltry geometry all the time.

'Now dear Millicent, the question is have I lost his heart or not? That is the problem to be solved, as he would say in his horrid mathematical jargon. Desperate cases require desperate remedies. Now you, and you alone can aid me. My poor weak head, after a week's labor, has concocted the following scheme, and I know you to be as daring in execution as I am ingenious in planning. I know you too, excuse me for flattering, to be the wildest little mad cap living, and that marriage has not tamed you in the least, but only taught you the necessity of concealing your eccentricities. Didn't you, at the boarding school, out of revenge for the short commons which she kept us, shoot Madame Viniagre's parrot, and compel the cook, on pain of being horse-whipped, to serve it to her with claret sauce? Did you not rob Mr. Vandover's melon patch. But why rehearse these exploits?

The time seems fitting for my grand complot, as our old French teacher would say. Your husband is away, you must needs be lonely, come to Linden Villa—But you must not come as Millicent Marsay, but as a gallant cavalier, lured hither by the attraction of my bright eyes; not as yourself in short, but as your brother, Dick Reynolds, the West Point Cadet.—You told me that he left his uniform at your house when he went off to pass his vacation at the White Mountains. Don't scruple then, to don the regimentals.—There is no company at our house, and you will only be seen by myself and husband, and the servants. You must flirt with me desperately, and try the effect on Bolton. If you arouse his jealousy, all my doubts will vanish into thin air, and I shall be the happiest of women. Let the answer to this letter be your dear self.

Adieu with much love, HELEN.

On the afternoon following the day on which this private and confidential epistle had been despatched, a handsome young fellow, apparently, in uniform, was presented by Mrs. Bolton to her husband, as her cousin, Mr. Richard Reynolds of the West Point Cadet Academy.

My dear sir, I am very happy to see you,' said Bolton, shaking his (her) hand cordially. 'I have often heard my wife speak of you for her sake and mine. It is a great pleasure to meet gentlemen from a school so famous for mathematical proficiency. I shall ask your aid, at your leisure, in the solution of a few problems—'

'O, hang mathematics!' cried the youngster. 'We're bored enough with them at the Point in term time. I've no idea of spending my vacation over triangulars and quantities.'

'But my dear sir,' remonstrated Bolton, gently, 'don't you think the study of mathematics, one of the most important of pursuits?'

No, my boy!' cried the young gentleman slapping his host on the back. 'Give me war, wine, and the ladies.'

'But war is nothing without mathematics.'

'Hang mathematics! I say again,' cried the young hopeful. 'That's for the engineer department. Give me a fleet horse and a sharp sabre, and the smile of a sweetheart as lovely as Helen, and I care for nothing else.

His horse and his sword
And his lady, the peerless,
Are all that are prized
By Orlando the fearless.

By the way, I hear you have some good bits of blood in your stable, I shall try their mettle to-morrow. No slow coaches for me! I have had enough of spavined nags at the Point.'

'Anything of mine is at your service, sir said Mr. Bolton with a stately bow.

'I can hardly realize,' said the young soldier, turning his back on Mr. Bolton, 'that you are married, Helen. Do you remember the last evening we passed together?'

'Can I ever forget it, Dick,' replied the lady.

'It seems you did forget me,' said the young cadet, pointing to Bolton.

'My dear,' said Bolton, 'since you have company to amuse you, I trust you and cousin will excuse me. I am calculating the area of some irregular solids and I hate to loose a moment.

'Mrs. Bolton granted the required license and the husband vanished into his study.

'How did I play my part, Helen'! ask the cadet.

'Admirably, Millicent; but how provokingly cool Henry was.'

'I am piqued at his behavior,' replied Millicent, 'and I will do my best to shake his philosophy.

'We will flirt all the evening,' said Mrs. Bolton.

'That we will,' replied Millicent, gaily; and we will snub him most outrageously.'

'Here comes my maid, Prudence, a terrible prying old thing; she'll help the plot along by telling tales of me to Mr. Bolton,' said Mrs. Bolton.

The ladies were sitting together on the sofa, and Millicent had her arms around Helen's waist. Mrs. Prudence, a thin, sharp nosed demoiselle of fifty, stopped at the doorway and uttered a little scream as she beheld them.

'I 'spose I'd better not come in mim,' I begs your pardon, mim, for intruding; but I wanted to ask you if you would have tea now?'

'O, come in, Prudence, this is only my cousin. Is tea ready.'

'Yes mim,' replied the maid, primming up her parched lips.

'Then tell Mr. Bolton.'

'Yes mim. I hope you bear me no malice, mim, for coming in without knocking. I didn't know there was a young gentleman with you.'

'Go away, Prudence, and deliver my errand.'

Prudence tripped away and tapped with her nails at the study door. Receiving no reply, she employed her knuckles; and that producing no effect she opened the door and walked in.

'Missis says as how supper's ready, and and you are wanted directly, sir.'

'Tell her not to wait for me,' replied Bolton, without raising his eyes from the sheet of strange hieroglyphics that lay before him on the table.

'Perhaps you doesn't know as how there's a young gentleman to tea.'

'Yes, yes, my wife's cousin.'

'I am glad to hear it's her cousin, sir. I was in hopes sir—if you'll excuse the sentiment—I was in hopes that it was her brother.'

'Why so, Prudence?'

'I never tells tales out of school.'

'But I choose to be answered when I ask a question,' said Bolton, raising his eyes from his paper, 'I ask you why you hoped he was her brother?'

'Cause, sir.'

'Answer!'

'I prefer not to,' said the waiting maid, tantalizingly.

Mr. Bolton rose and took hold of her sharp shoulder.

'Let me go said the handmaiden, sharply.—'I'm not used to be treated like I was a nigger. If I am a servant, I has my rights.'

'You observed,' said Mr. Bolton, calmly sitting down, 'that you wished the young man had been my wife's brother. You can explain your meaning, or leave the room—I am indifferent which.'

'Well, sir—if I must speak out, I think that when young gentlemen has their arms about ladies' waists, and them is married ladies, sir, they ought to be their wives, or leastways their sisters.'

'Umph! so this young gentleman had his arm around Helen's waist?'

'I see it with my own eyes, sir.'

'Pshaw! he's only her cousin. I'll go right down to supper.'

Mr. Bolton was very attentive to his wife at the table, but not so attentive as the cadet, nor did the object of his gallantry receive his petitions with the same pleasure she manifested at those of her cousin. Their eyes met often; they smiled on each other, and they whispered together. Mr. Bolton began to be uneasy. When the table was cleared, he did not retire as usual to his study, but remained on the field watchful and alert. The evident success of their plot redoubled the malice of the conspirators, and when Bolton retired for the night he was a decided victim of the green eyed monster:

'O, woman! inexplicable riddle!" he muttered to himself. 'Maltreat her, starve her, and starve her, and she clings to you like a dog!—surround her with luxury, grant her every wish and her heart turns from you with contempt! O, Helen! Helen! little did I expect this from you!'

The next morning he rose feverish and unhappy, for the conspirators wishing to make assurance doubly sure, counterfeited, with cruel skill, the phases of an absorbing mutual passion. That evening Bolton passed shut up in his study a prey to despair. It was then ten o'clock when he heard a light tap at the bay window that opened on the piazza.

'Who's there?' he asked as he undid the fastening.

'Hush!—not a word; 'its' only I,' replied a voice.

'And who are you?' asked Bolton gruffly.

'Your old friend—Ned Marsay."

'Come in, Ned—come in. What bro't you here at this hour? And how's your wife?'

'Why you know better than I do. You have seen her later.'

'I seen her! You know I havn't seen her at all yet.'

'But she's been in your house two days.' You'r mad.'

'Not a bit of it. Hear me,' replied Marsay' 'I left her to go to Boston, on business, expecting to be absent a fortnight. However, I despatched my affairs in two days, and hastened home for I am so young a husband that absence is a painful affair to me. Judge of my surprise when I found that she had gone off, no one knew whither. I was at a loss to know what was the cause of this escape, when as good luck would have it, I found a letther, which she carelessly left in her dressing room, from your wife, and which explained everything. Here it is.'

Bolton eagerly caught the letter, the same with which the reader is already acquainted and perused it eagerly. After reading it he handed it back to Marsay, with a hearty laugh.

'By Jove! Ned,' said she, 'I'll turn the tables on them, and pay them, for this.—Will you forgive me if I should give your wife a thorough scare?'

'I doubt if you can scare her,' replied Marsay, laughing, 'She's a bold a creature as ever fired a fowling piece without winking, or put her horse over a five barred gate. She deserves a lesson for this freak. Why, she outblooms Bloomer. In regimentals! only think of it.'

'Well, I have a plan in my head for bringing her into subjection,' replied Bolton smiling. 'But you'll sleep here to night!'

'No, I'll go back to the tavern.'

'Very well—perhaps that's best,—come round here to morrow morning early.'

'Well, then, good night,' said Marsay. I'll cut across the lawn.' And the two friends separated.

The next morning Mrs. Marsay was walking by herself in a little wood back of the villa, when she was suddenly encountered by Bolton.

'Well met, young gentleman,' said he, very sternly,

'You rise early,' said Millicent carelessly.

'I always do when I have business on hand.

'Pardon me,' said Millicent, I tho't Mr. Bolton a man of elegant leisure, who despised business, and was fortunate enough to have none on his hands.

'The care of my honor is sufficient business.'

'Plait il? I do not understand you,' said Milicent cooly.

'Tell me, sir,' continued Bolton, 'were you not well received at my house?'

'My dear Helen was certainly very glad to see me,' answered Millicent; 'but you began to bore me with your angles and hypthenuses as soon as you were presented to me. You were disablement ennuyeux, man cher.'

'Yet my house and all that it contained were placed at your service, I allowed you to ride my horses, shoot over my dogs, and ransack my graperies.'

'And I availed myself of the privilege, sir. I ran your horse, astonished your pointers, and ruined your graperies.—What more would you have me to do! I couldn't empty your cellar—I have no head for drinking.'

'You have forgotten one thing in the catalogue of your exploits, sir.'

'Name it.'

'I did not give you liberty to make love to my wife.'

'No, indeed! for that was my duty to a pretty woman neglected by her husband.'

'Sir you have abused my hospitality.'

'Sir, you bore me. I wou'd be alone.'

'This insolence is too much?" said Mr. Bolton 'and let me tell you that I have come here to chastise you—to demand satisfaction. You are a soldier you know what that means.'

'Of course,' replied Millicent, a little fluttered. 'Well we'll see about that, we'll arrange the time, weapons, and place.'

'Whenever I meet my foe, there I make my battle ground!' answered Bolton.—There is no time nor place like the present, and as for weapons, here are a pair of hair-triggers;' and he produced a pair of duelling pistols as he spoke.

'Hold?' cried Millicent turning pale; 'this is carrying a jest too far. Mr. Bolton, forgive me. I have been playing a cruel trick on you; I am not what I seem I am no soldier—no man—but a wild, self-willed woman.'

'A woman!' cried Bolton with a derisive laugh. 'This is the quintessence of impudent ingenuity. Foiled in your hopes of impugnity, deceived in your reconing of my blindness and indifference, you seek to escape by an incredible falsehood. Come, take your weapon and your distance.'

'Mr. Bolton!' shrieked Millicent, thoroughly alarmed, 'I am not deceiving you now, I am your friend's wife. I am that Millicent Marsay of whose mad freiks you have doubtless heard so much. O, if my husband was here he would confirm the truth of all that I have stated!

'You hear Marsay? come forth! cried Bolton. And Mr. Edward Marsay stepped forward from a screen of bushes, which had served to conceal him. 'Do you acknowledge this lady to be your true and lawful wife?'

'I do replied Marsay, taking the repentant sinner by the hand; though it is hard to believe my eyes when I see her in that dress.'

'I will never assume it again, Ned,' said the lady, half sobbing; half crying.

'To make a long story short, the parties returned to breakfast at the villa. Mrs. Bolton was cured of her doubts, Mr. Marsay of her love of masquerading, while Bolton made his peace by promising in future to be a little less studious, and a little more attentive.

Miscellaneous.

Sam Swinton's Corn Speculation.

'Did I ever tell you,' said Sam Swinton to me one day, 'of that 'ere corn spec of mine on the Wabash?'

I shook my head.

'You see, Bob,' began Sam,' the way it came about was this I— got hard up.'

'Which is not a very uncommon thing with a certain individual of my acquaintance Sam,' I remarked.

'Prezactly,' said Sam. 'Well, I was hard up, and wondering how I could make the smallest amount of capital tell to the greatest advantage, when on taking up a newspaper, I saw a windy paragraph on the advantages of advertising. The article went on to illustrate how many fellers had made their piles out of the meanest pile simply by advertising, and I determined at wunce, perticklerly as I had raised an idea from the subject, that it was way for me ter go about.'

'That was the way?' I inquired not comprehending him.

'By advertising,' returned Sam.

'All right—I understand—go ahead.'

'I urged the matter this way,' said Sam 'that an advertisement travelled wherever the paper travelled, and everybody knows they go into all of the out-o'-way places in the State. So thinks I, a good advertisement will be sure to ketch the eye of some of the softest of the interior, and if it does who knows but what they will give a feller a lift? So I takes the store of a Puke, who, because I talked up right, didn't want the rent in advance, run in a lot of truck that I could neither sell nor give away, hung up my shingle of "Sam Winton Commission Merchant, put up a springing advertisement in the two papers published in the town, got a couple of first rate puffs from the editors, to the effect that I was 'responsible as well as some in a trade, and then I sat down to abide the ishew of events.'

'That is, of the advertisement!'

'Prezactly. Well, I hadn't been storing it long, when a planter in the interior of the State——'

'What State, Sam?'

'Indianny of course—consigned me four big boat loads of corn, on corn on commission, with instructions to sell as quick as possible, and then write to him, so that he could draw on me for the pewter. Thinks I, as I had the stuff put in the store, there aint nothing like advertising. It's the only way to make customers. And I land myself out to sell the corn.'

'And that didn't take you long Sam, of course.'

'Yer might bet a barrel of Monongyhely on that Bob, with all the chances to win,' replied Sam. Yer see the other merchants in the town—and some of 'em driv a stiff business I tell you—couldn't come within a thousand miles of me in price. I could undersell the hull of 'em and the they couldn't help themselves.—Some on 'em tried to back up against me by putting their corn down to the lowest market price, but it warn't no sorter use. I run mine down to half the usual prices, and they had to knock under. They grumbled orful, and declared I was ruinin the business; but it didn't made no differ; I continued to sell much lower than any o' 'em, that they at length gave up all idea of competition with me, and I had all the market to myself, until the last bushel was gone. To be sure said Sam, with one of his expressive smiles, 'I had the advantage of the Pukes—they expected to pay the owners for their corn, when it was sold, whereas I——'

'Had no such intention' said I.

'Not the less on it,' said Sam. 'It was agin my principles, and always had been.

Well, my competitors, jellus of my success, commenced blowin agin me everywhere, but instead of hurting me it did me good. In a short time I got up my name as the cheapest and quickest corn dealer on the Wabash, and the planters began consigning their corn to me so fast I came to the conclusion they must have been mighty anxious to get rid of it.'

'You never expected to pay them a dollar did you, Sam.'

'Not the first picayune!' answered Sam 'But I went on selling. There's a large market on the Wabash for everything—even for corn, if yer put it low enough—and as I went in for the big market, the way I naturall hauled in the pewter was enough to send a thrill of joy to the heart of a dying Christian. When I was facilitatin' myself on the luck which followed advertising I received a letter from my first customer, wanting to know if I had sold his corn yet, and if so, ter let him know as he could draw on me for the tin.

As his plantation was away in the interior, I writ to him that it warn't sold yet, and there was no telling when it would be as money was so orful tight, and more corn in the market than there was any demand for. This shut him up for a month or two, when along came another letter which I answered as before.

I didn't hear from him again for nigh on to eight months, when he writ me a sassy letter, stating that he was hard up and must have the money; that I must sell the corn off at any price, deduct my commission, and let him know what the balance was, so he could draw on me for the amount.

This letter took me all of a heap, as I had been putting of the settling with all my correspondents, with the intention of making a slide. However, thinks I, I'll give this Puke a small sight, out of a feller feelin,' for 'Ive often known what it is to be hard up myself. The Puke's corn came, even at the prices at which I sold it to $475, and I thought, seeing that I was doing a tall business, that it was nothing more that he should have a part of the pewter, so I set down, made a statement of the account, and sent it to him. The document ran thus:

Mr. Brown—Sir, I have according to your instructions, made a forced sale of your corn, and received for it $475 00.

The Elephant's Fraternal Feeling and Affection.

While a wagon drawn by several elephants was passing our office recently, the following story was told, which we vouch for as true:

Last season a menagerie visited the village of Johnstown, Herkimer county.—When the cavalcade left town it passed over a bridge which the road crossed, leaving two elephants to bring up the rear. These were driven to the bridge, but with the known sagacity of the race, they refused to cross.

The water of the creek, which flows through a gorge in the slate formation, presenting at that point banks of precipitous character and thirty feet in height was low, and by taking a course across a cornfield a ford could be reached. But the proprietor of the corn-field refused to allow his property to be so used, except on the payment of an exorbitant sum, and this the agent of the menagrie refused to submit. Accordingly, the elephants were again driven to the bridge, and again they refused to attempt the crossing. They would try the structure with their great feet, feel cautiously along the plank with their proboscal fingers, but each time would recoil from making the dangerous experiment.

At last, however, goaded by a sharp iron instrument of the keeper, and accustomed to obedience, they rushed on, with a scream half of agony, half of anger.—The result showed the prudent premises of the poor animals to have been correct: the bridge broke, and went crashing to the bottom of the gorge, carrying with it both the monstrous beasts. One of them struck upon its tusk and shoulder, breaking the former and very badly injuring the latter; the other was very strangely enough, unhurt. Now was shown the most singular and remarkable conduct on the part of a brute which had escaped.—Its comrade lay there, an extempore bed being provided for its comfort, while no temptation, no stratagem was sufficient to induce the other to leave, and proceed with the caravan, which finally went on, leaving the wounded beast and its companion under the charge of their keeper.

Day after day the suffering creature lay there, rapidly failing and unable to move. At the end of three weeks the water in the creek commenced rising, and there was danger it would overflow and drown the disabled elephant. The keeper desired, therefore, to get it up and make it walk as far as a barn near by, where it would be out of danger and could be better cared for. But it would not stir. He coaxed, wheedled, and scolded, but all to no purpose.

At last, enraged he seized a pitchfork, and was about plunging it into the poor thing's flesh, when the companion wrenched the fork from his hand, broke it in fragments, and flung the pieces from it; then, with eyes glaring and every evidence of rage in its manner, it stood over its defenceless and wounded friend as if daring the keeper to approach; which the man was not so green as to do again, with cruel purpose.

Thus the injured animal lay there until it died. When satisfied that it could no longer be of service, the other quietly followed the keeper away from the spot, and showed no desire to return. If this was not reasoning mingled with an affection some men might pattern after, we should like to know what to call it.