

"See how time shortens distances and equalises conditions. Beware of ever offending your inferiors. Fortune is so capricious that she may, by a single revolution of her wheel, raise them to your condition in life, or level you to theirs. Never forget that a citizen, with industry, honesty, and perseverance, may one day rival the most wealthy landholder, merit the esteem of the public, and obtain the honourable title of Sworn Elector."

INDIAN STORIES.

"I once saw an elephant kill another with a blow of its trunk," said Captain Hardcastle, a veteran officer, who had spent nearly the whole of his life in India. "Ahem!" said the major. "That's right, Hardcastle," said Tom Madcap, "come it strong." "It is a fact," persisted the captain. "It was when we were entering the Deccan, a long time ago now.—We were marching through one of those deep narrow roads they have, a thing you might call a ravine, ten miles long, so narrow that there was only room for one elephant at a time. This was a young female, and next behind her was an old male, and whether he had been teasing her, or how he provoked her I do not know: but all of a sudden she wheeled right round, up with her trunk, and gave him just one blow on the head; down he went, and we thought he was stunned, and were rather astonished at that, but when we came to examine the matter, by Jove! the poor brute was as dead as a stone." "What a vixen!" said Mr. Mac Gallaher who now began to eye everybody with a species of drunken cunning, and seemed to be getting an idea into his head that Captain Hardcastle was inclined to practise on his credulity. "There is a particular spot in an elephant's head," continued the narrator, "where the skull does not effectually protect the brain; this is the place you always aim at when you are shooting them; and whether her instinct made her aware of this spot, or that she merely hit it by accident I do not know; but she did hit it, and the brute, as I said, died instantly; and the worst was, that we had no means of moving him, he stopped up the road completely, for not an elephant would go near him, and the column was delayed under a blazing sun for seven hours; for the only way we could get rid of him was by having up the pioneers with their tools, and cutting the body into pieces." Here Mr. Mac Gallaher cast a grim and ominous glance at the unconscious speaker, he seemed very

much inclined to be quarrelsome, without exactly knowing how to set about it. "You see mighty strange things in India, sir," said he. "Very strange, indeed," said the captain.—"Did ever you see an elephant caught in a trap, sir?" continued Mr. Mac Gallaher, waxing more wrath. "Never," said the captain cracking a walnut. "Did you ever hear of catching a weasel asleep?" thundered Mr. Mac Gallaher; and Captain Hardcastle raised his eyes from his plate to answer this unexpected question, when the surgeon of the regiment, who had also a store of Indian anecdotes, unwittingly interfered, and transferred the Milesian's wrath to himself. "Talking of catching elephants in a trap," said he, "I have seen something much better worth seeing than that, for I once saw a tiger caught with birdlime." "A tiger caught with birdlime!" roared Mr. Mac Gallaher, completely confounded by what seemed to be the intolerable insolence of this last assertion. "Do you mean to tell me that, sir?" "Indeed I do," returned the doctor, "and a very curious sight it was. I would not have missed it for anything. I was on a botanical tour in the north of India, not very far from the territories of his Majesty of Oude, (may his sauce live for ever!) when the man in whose house I was lodging, told me that a tiger had been tracked to his haunt, and that he was to be killed in the course of the day, after the manner of their forefathers, if I pleased to see it; and, accordingly, towards evening found himself, with half a dozen of the natives perched up in a tree, which commanded a capital view of a dark out-of-the-way sort of place, where they assured me he was sure to come. I could see no preparations for taking him; but they explained to me that the ground all about was covered with leaves, the upper sides of which were smeared with birdlime, and that if he once trod on one of these leaves he was done; which, indeed, might have been the case, as far as nobody being inclined to dispute it with him; and sure enough he had not gone five steps before he did pick up a leaf on his fore-paw. He stopped dead short, lifted up his paw, and took a squint at it, as if he did not much like the look of it, and then gave it a bit of a shake, a sort of gentle pat that would have knocked over a bullock like a nine-pin. The leaf remained, and the next thing he did was to rub it against his jaw, where it stuck. He got into a passion, but as all this time he had been picking up more leaves, the more he tried to remove them from his face the more of them stuck there. They got into his nostrils, and