

that a simple daisy, most beautifully coloured, fell to me. I had long had a strange wish to possess a lock of her hair, and this night found courage to express it. As she extended the daisy for my acceptance, I drew close to her chair, and whispered, "If you please, Miss Bishop, I would much rather have some of your hair—that beautiful bright curl that always hangs back of your ear."

"With a gentle smile she took her scissors and cut off the curl which I had so long coveted. She seemed pleased with my eager expression of delight, and holding up the ringlet, allowed it to fall slowly down to my palm, in a succession of rich glossy rings. I had the daisy, too, and went home a proud and happy child.

The next Monday was a melancholy day to us all, for our mistress was ill—very ill. The doctor was afraid that she would never be well again. We sat down together as they told us this, and cried as if some great evil had fallen upon us. We saw her once again, but it was in the gloom of a death-chamber, and then she was in her old place again, there in the broad isle of the meeting-house, but a coffin was her resting-place; and when we gathered about her, weeping and full of sorrow, she did not hear the voice of her little scholars.

Our mistress was buried back of the old meeting house, and very often would the children she loved so fondly, linger about her grave. It was a strange fancy, but I seldom visited the shady spot without taking with me the little work-bag which contained her presents, and the one precious ringlet—her last gift. I was never afraid to linger about the resting-places of the dead, and one evening the twilight had settled over me while I sat by that new-made grave. All at once the sound of a heavy footstep startled me, and the shadow of a man fell athwart the grass. I knew him at once, though he was much paler than formerly, and there was an expression of suffering on his face, that awoke all my childish sympathy. It was the same man who had visited our mistress on the week before she left us. He seemed surprised at finding a child so near her grave; but when he saw that I recognised him, he began to question me about the departed. I told him all, and he wept like a child, for my presence was no restraint upon him. After a time he took me in his arms, and asked if the departed had never given me any present—a picture book or certificate which I would part with—he would give me a beautiful piece of gold for. I thought of my precious ringlet, and there was a struggle in my young heart.

"Did you love my mistress?" I inquired, for it seemed wrong to give up the beautiful curl to any who had not loved her as well as I had done.

"Love her—oh, Heaven, did I not?" he exclaimed, covering his face and bursting into tears—such tears as can only be wrung from a strong, proud man.

"Don't cry, don't cry! I will give you the hair, I will indeed," I exclaimed, eager to pacify him, for it seemed strange and unnatural to see a man weep. Taking the ringlet from my work-bag, I held it up in the moonlight. His tears were checked at the sight, and with a quick breath he took it from my hand. Another burst of grief swept over him, and then he became more calm. When he saw that I would not take the gold, he kissed my forehead, and led me forth from the grave of "my first school-mistress."

ELEPHANT HUNTING—CEYLON.

The mahā modellers, or chiefs, on the several districts surrounding, for several miles from the spot where the Kraal is erected, direct the natives to make fires in the jungles for days and nights before the day appointed for the hunt, in order that the wild elephants may be driven to the desired enclosure. Each day the circle of fire becomes more circumscribed, until the terrified animals are led to imprisonment and subsequent bondage and servitude by their tame companions. To me by far the most interesting part of the scene is the extraordinary degree of tractability, docility, and cunning, exhibited by the tame elephants while assisting in the capture of the wild ones. The moment, however, their unsuspecting comrades had been conducted to the narrow entrance of the Kraal, and there bound to a tree by the legs, they left him or her, and returned to the others who were to share the same fate. I should add, however, that whenever the newly made prisoner evinced a refractory spirit, the caresses of the perfidious guide suddenly changed to menaces, and occasionally to blows from the trunks.

I assiduously sought and cultivated the acquaintance of Chunywappa, who was one of the most expert and courageous elephant hunters in the island of Ceylon; the little knowledge I possessed of the Cingalese language enabled me to explain the nature of my wishes to accompany the next hunting party. I professed willingness to obey every rule and instruction; and I also gave assurances of my courage, and contempt of danger, which, coupled with certain gratuities, completely gained Chunywappa's confidence. It was at length finally arranged, in consequence of the favourable report given to my brother of my progress, that I should have the management of a female elephant with the next hunting party. Week after week passed in exercises occupying my thoughts by day and my dreams by night, until I verily believe I was master of all that could be required in the capture of an elephant. At length the all-important day arrived, and our journey commenced. We had some distance to travel, which required nearly five hours to accomplish. I was liberal to my elephant during our march. I captivated her with all sorts of delicacies—my master was surprised

and gratified. Often while I was applauding my ponderous quadruped, I saw her little sparkling eyes turned upwards as her proboscis came regularly over her broad forehead to receive my tribute of acknowledgment.

In this way we travelled through the jungles, over tracts of sedgy grass, up mounds and deep ravines, until we came into a level and open country, surrounded by gently rising ground covered with wood. We were approaching a grove, with our minds raised to the highest pitch of excitement, when Chunywappa uttered an exclamation, and pointed to some straggling trees; my heart swelled with rapture, but I could not discover to what he called my attention, until shading my eyes from the sun's rays I saw a tremendous elephant.

"Hurra!" I cried, "there he is—we must have him."

"We will attempt it," replied Chunywappa.

My brother called a halt while we slung our cables and small cords on our arms, and covered ourselves with cloths the colour of the elephants, and couched close on their necks.

"Follow me," said Chunywappa, "the animals know their business, do you be steady and act with me."

"Proceed," said I.

As we jolted along I perceived the huge elephant was very dark with remarkably clean tusks of surprising length. I felt an indescribable sensation of delight at being about to enjoy what I had so long and so ardently desired. In perfect dependence on the skill of Chunywappa, and confidence in myself, I endeavoured to recollect all the instructions I had received. Chunywappa slackened pace as he approached the monster, who seemed not to regard us, but continued to pluck branches from the limbs of a tree which stood in front of others that straggled on the edge of a neighbouring forest. Our elephants made a slight curve in their line of approach, and took some of the torn branches, at which the monster snorted so loud that my heart trembled. I soon found myself on the left side of this leviathan, and my beast caressing him by rolling her proboscis over his head and shoulders. Chunywappa and my brother with their elephants were entirely hidden from me by the enormous bulk of the male, but I found by the gradual sidelong movements of the whole group that we were placed so as to bring the legs of the male elephant near the trunk of a large tree. This was the moment to be seized. I slid cautiously down with my ropes, and found Chunywappa had already fastened his strongest rope round the tree. Our elephants became more assiduous in engaging the attention of the monster. Chunywappa with his fingers on his lips and a nod to me, placed a noose round one leg of the enormous beast; the leg was raised and kept suspended during a minute. It appeared an hour of inexpressible excitement; and when the foot descended, the ground shook beneath us. I looked at Chunywappa; he was perfectly collected, but large drops of perspiration trickled from his brow. During this period his elephant rubbed the leg of the gigantic animal with her proboscis as if to disguise the application of the ropes. This was the act for which Chunywappa waited: he drew the noose tight; in an instant we doubly secured it from slipping with smaller cords, and retreated to the rear. Our beasts immediately came jogging towards us; we regained our seats, covered ourselves with our cloths, and took a triumphant look at our tremendous captive. He was struggling with violence and bellowing like thunder. We made towards the edge of the forest, with the intention of taking a little refreshment after our arduous task, and waiting until the captive was exhausted. Vain boast! I was turning to congratulate Chunywappa on our success, when he called out, "Make for the nearest tree;" at the same time urging his beast forward. My heart nearly leaped from my breast. The enraged monster had disengaged himself and was following us. I gained the nearest tree, and had sprung from my elephant's neck to one of the extended branches as the monster came roaring up, his proboscis elevated within a couple of feet of my body. Terrified as I was, it is surprising I did not lose my grasp, and fall a prey to his vengeance. I saw his fiery eyes directed towards me and shook with horror, but managed to ascend a branch higher, and there sat in breathless agitation. I perceived my elephant lying near the tree with my cloth on her neck. My brother's beast was hastening away, and he was safe. Chunywappa's elephant also was making off; he was not on her neck, but, horrid sight, I saw his cloth fixed on the monster's tusk. Chunywappa has fallen, thought I, and what is to become of me? But these speculations were stayed by the return of the bellowing brute. He looked at me; then as if studying revenge, surveyed the body of the tree, and, like a battering ram, drove his immense weight against the trunk with such repeated violence that I was nearly shaken from my hold. He paused, and then commenced tearing the earth from the root of the tree with such vehemence that I saw no possibility of escape when the tree should fall. My fortitude too seemed to forsake me, and I contemplated casting myself to the ground that my misery might not be protracted. Meanwhile the small inflamed eyes of the elephant were at intervals directed towards me as he pursued the attack, alternately tearing away the earth and straining his head against the tree. Never shall I forget the sensation as it yielded to the pressure. I prepared to render my almost lifeless being to the infuriated beast. The tree fell, but by the eagerness of the exertion in a slanting direction, and its summit became entangled with the lower limbs of an adjoining tree. Hope revived; not a moment was to be lost. I scrambled from my post: the enraged monster watched me from

limb to limb, waiting, as it were, to catch me on my passage to the other tree—I gained it with incredible rapidity, dreading that another touch might bring the suspended one to the ground. I perceived my new resting place was much stronger than that I had quitted, and began to breathe as if I had some prospect of retaining life a little longer. The roarings of the beast became less and less terrific, and I could contemplate his actions in comparative security. The survey he took of the tree served to inform him it was too powerful to be overthrown. He snorted, glared around in fierce disappointment, and passed sullenly into the forest. I saw his huge form occasionally between the trees, and continued to watch him until the thickening foliage intervened. I then reflected on the imminent danger I had escaped—Escaped! the word dwelt on my mind—my escape being cut off by an enraged elephant. My brother gone! my brave companion lost! my own elephant gone!—I looked around, nothing remained of our onset. I was wretched, and a revolution appeared to have taken place in my ideas respecting hunting. Night was coming on apace, and that the dews might not seriously affect me I tied my cloth so as to permit its being put on my head after the fashion of an extinguisher on a lamp. Alas, thought I, as I did this, the light obscured may never shine on me again; yet to render all secure as possible I fastened myself to the upright stem of the tree and sat astride one of its branches. Fatigue and silence induced a drowsiness which I welcomed as a restoring balm to my harassed mind; yet the thought of perishing in this jungle intruded itself, although I hoped that some succour might arrive. How delightful is hope! What will it not enable us to endure! I thought it possible that Chunywappa's elephant might return, and her sagacity might lead to this spot those who were interested in my fate. My brother, too, if he were safe, what did he not suffer on my account! The beast I had ridden was nowhere to be seen; she must have recovered from the shock and hurried home. In these and other conjectures I indulged until I sank into a repose, of what continuance I know not, for I was awakened by a sudden weight pressing on my shoulders, which deprived me of motion. I uttered a yell of horror; no cause presented itself to my confused mind. In imagined security I had by cloths and cords prevented my seeing or moving. In this state of helplessness I remained until the cloth was gently raised. I groined aloud, and in an agony approaching to desperation, tore the cloth from my head. I felt at liberty, and saw the moonbeams playing on the branches beneath me, amongst which I thought I could perceive a moving object. Straining my eyes on every side and listening in utmost anxiety, I unsheathed my dirk; till now forgotten in my cummerbund, and sat until my tortured imagination and shattered nerves were sinking under this new accumulation of horrors. Again I saw an object moving. In a moment a frightful countenance came close to mine from the other side of the tree. I struck my dirk into a body; as it fell I knew by the chattering shriek it was on aape. Thanks to an all-seeing Providence I was not doomed to endure my misery much longer. As I was brooding over my misfortunes morning dawned, and soon after I heard Chunywappa's voice in the distance—my brother quickly followed, together with a strong party; the meeting, as may be supposed, was a happy one; I was supplied with refreshments and soon recovered. On our journey homeward I learned that my brother's elephant had carried him straight out of the forest; that Chunywappa had escaped by the manoeuvres of his elephant and his own dexterity; he had seen me ascend the tree when my elephant was borne down by the monster; but she had escaped unhurt, and he knew that I was safe. He added, "all is over now, and has ended well, when will you go hunting again?" "Never," said I. There is that impressed on my mind which no language can describe nor time eradicate. I shall never more take to the hunting of elephants.—*London Sportsman.*

DECLINE AND FALL OF A THEATRICAL MANAGER.

The most tremendous theatrical gaming that has been ventured for many years past has been the ferocious and silent play at the Porte-Saint-Martin. The gamester was a man of rare sagacity, of proverbial coolness, and indefatigable activity; he slept little night or day; he knew full well all the resources of the play, which he held with a firm hand; nothing astonished, nothing staggered him. Crushed by an unexpected blow, he would still smile; his good humour even communicating itself to those who played with him, and shared his ill-luck. For ten years together he has remained under the yoke of that furious passion; he has devoted to it his life and all his worldly goods; he has cast his all into that bottomless abyss, and is now on the brink of the abyss gazing at all that he has plunged into it. What has, above all, ruined him is, that he has not always lost, but has had some lucky throws of the dice—wretched transient resources, which have but protracted his agony. When those bright days have befallen him, the money he has gained has lawfully belonged to two sorts of men who thrive hand in hand—first, the usurer; secondly, the banker. They would come, take all, and leave the remainder to the poor fellow, who would renew his play with fresh spirit. Useless, cruel struggle! endless and merciless agony! and mark, that this man, linked as he was to such misery, never did think of making his own fortune; the poor fellow had no time to think of it; he thought only of paying his comedians, his dramatic authors, and his poor—ay, every