

flat side close to the side of the bark, and leaning against it. The next step was against a tree on the first pressure of his trunk, he did not like it. Here the diver made use of most endearing epithets, as "wonderful my life, well done, my dear, my dove, my son, my wife;" but all these endearing appellations, of which elephants are so fond, would not induce him to try again. Force was at length resorted to, but the elephant roared terrifically, but would not move. Something was then removed; he seemed satisfied, as before; and he in time ascended that stupendous ghant, on his reaching the top his delight was visible in a most eminent degree; he caressed his keeper, and threw the dirt about in a most playful manner. Another elephant, a much younger animal was now to follow. He had watched the ascent of the other with the most intense interest, making motions all the while, as though he was assisting him, by shouldering him up the activity; such gestures as I have seen some men make when spectators of gymnastic exercises. When he saw his comrade up, he evinced his pleasure by giving a salute, something like the sound of a trumpet. When he was called upon to take his turn, however he seemed much alarmed, and would not act at all without force. When he was one or two steps up he slipped, but recovered himself by digging his toes in the earth. With the exception of this little accident, he ascended exceeding well. When his elephant was near the top, the other, who had already performed his task, extended his trunk to the assistance of his brother in distress, round which the younger animal entwined his, and thus reached the summit of the ghant in safety. Having both accomplished their task, their greeting was as cordial as if they had been long separated from each other, and just escaped from some perilous achievement. They mutually embraced each other, and stood face to face for a considerable time, as if whispering congratulations. Their drivers then made them salam to the general, who ordered them five rupees each for sweetmeats.

"There was in our encampment a very large elephant, used for the purpose of carrying tents for some of the European corps. It was the season in which they became so unmanageable, and his legs were consequently loaded with huge chains, and he was constantly watched by his keepers. By day he was pretty passive save when he saw one of his species, when he roared and became very violent; and during those moments of ungovernable frenzy, it was dangerous for his keepers to approach him, or irritate his feelings by any epithets that might prove repugnant to him. On the contrary, every endearing expressions was used to soothe and appease him, which with promises of sweetmeats, sometimes succeeded with the most turbulent to gain them to obedience, when coercive measures would have roused them to the most desperate acts of violence. By night their extreme cunning told them that their keepers were not so watchful or vigilant. The elephant here alluded to, one dark night, he broke from his chains and run wild through the encampment driving men, women, children, camels, horses, cows, and indeed every thing that could move, before him and roaring and trumpeting with his trunk, which is with elephants a sure sign of displeasure, and that usual docility has deserted them. Of course no reasonable being disputed the road he choosed to take. Those that did soon found themselves flooded. To record the mischief done by this infuriated animal in his nocturnal ramble would fill a greater space than I can afford for such matter. Suffice it that, in his flight, followed by swordsmen and spearmen shouting and screaming, he pulled down tents, upset every thing that impeded his progress, wounded and injured many, and ultimately killed his keeper by a blow from his trunk. He was speared in some twenty places which only infuriated him the more, and he struck away with his trunk every thing before him. His roaring was terrific, and he frequently struck the ground in indication of his rage. The instant he had struck his keeper and found he did not rise, he suddenly stopped, seemed concerned, looked at him with an eye of pity, and stood riveted to the spot. He panted for some seconds, then ran towards the place he had broken loose from, and went quietly to his picket, in front of which lay an infant, about two years old, the daughter of the keeper whom he had killed. The elephant seized the child round the waist as gentle as its mother would, lift it from the ground, and caressed and fondled it for some time, every beholder trembling for its safety, and expecting every moment it would share the fate of its unfortunate father; but the sagacious animal, having turned the child round three times, quietly laid it down again, and drew some clothing over it that had fallen off. After this it stood over the child, with its eyes

fixed on it; and if I did not see the penitential tear steal from his eye, I have never seen it in my life. He then submitted to be chained by some other keepers, stood motionless and dejected, and seemed sensible that he had done a wrong he could not repair. His dejection became more and more visible as he stood and gazed on the fatherless babe, who from constant familiarities with this elephant, seemed unintimidated, and played with its trunk. From this moment the animal became passive and quiet, and always most delighted when the little orphan was in its sight. Often have I gone with others of the camp to see him fondling his little adopted; but there was a visible alteration in his health after his keeper's death, and he fell away, and died at Cawnpore six months afterwards.—*Shipp's Memoirs.*

APPROPRIATE EPITAPH.

In a late English Magazine, noticed by the last *Niagara Herald*, is an article entitled, "a visit (supposed to be made in the year 2000) to the grand national Cemetery in the Regent's Park." From the extracts given in the Herald we take the following:—

Robert Owen's monument rests upon a square stone, perfectly free from ornament, but covered with curiously cut characters that resemble neither the Greek, Chinese, nor Sanscrit.

As far as I could decipher them they run thus:—

"In honour of ROBERT OWEN,
The Prince of Parallelograms
the architect of
Ærial Castles, and the hero of good intentions,
After seeing all his plans understood
and acted upon,
he retired to his cottage,
near the North Pole;
where he introduced order and sociality
among the bears.
And prepared his code of laws for the government
of St. Luke's.
This marble was raised to his memory
by the inhabitants of a Lunatic Asylum in
New Harmony."

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

It is proposed to revive this publication, and to conduct it on the plan of a WEEKLY PAPER.

The Editorial department will be conducted by the Rev. Adam Hoel Barwell; who takes this opportunity of soliciting the contributions of the Clergy of the Diocese and others, and their endeavours to extend the List of Subscribers. And as the paper cannot commence without an immediate outlay, he earnestly begs their attention to financial matters. A failure here would prove fatal.

The columns of the CHRISTIAN SENTINEL will be open occasionally to subjects of general literature and moral essays: but these last must, in all cases, be based on the Gospel.—Particular attention will be paid, in our selections, to the *Jocunde* part of our readers.

On a careful estimate it is found that the CHRISTIAN SENTINEL, in its new form, cannot be afforded at a lower rate than Seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum if paid before the end of six months from the time of subscribing; and four dollars per annum if not paid till after the end of six months from that time: postage, which is four shillings a year, being in both cases included. Our patrons must bear in mind, that it will derive no support from Advertisements: which, to ordinary Journals, are a considerable source of revenue.

Communications to be addressed *post paid*, to the Editor at *Three-Rivers.*

N. B.—Our first number will be sent to all the old Subscribers to the SENTINEL in Montreal and Quebec; and if they do not choose to subscribe again, they are requested to send it back to Mr. Cunningham our Agent in Montreal, and Mr. Cary our agent in Quebec.

The Editors of those Journals to whom we send the Christian Sentinel, are respectfully requested to send us theirs in exchange.