

CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE  
 AND LITERARY GEM.



"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 20.

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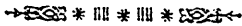
Poetry.

THE THREE CALLERS.

MORN calleth fondly to a fair boy straying  
 'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew ;  
 She calls—but still he thinks of naught save playing  
 And so she smiles and waves him an adieu !  
 Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,  
 Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy to manhood growing,  
 Heeds not the time ; he sees but one sweet form,  
 One young fair face from bower of jessamine glowing,  
 And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.  
 So Noon unnoticed, seeks the western shore,  
 And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming  
 With thin firelight, flickering faint and low,  
 By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming  
 O'er pleasures gone—as all life's pleasures go.  
 Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door,  
 Silent and dark, and he returns no more !



HUNTING ELEPHANTS IN CEYLON.

The Tribune gives the following account of Mr. June's experience in his late adventures in Ceylon:

With a guide, interpreter and a number of native assistants, Mr. June started for the haunts of the elephants in the jungles northwest of Kandy, while Mr. Nutter explored the southern part of the island. They were obliged to leave the travelled road, and trust themselves to the wild jungle-paths leading through the uncultivated districts frequented by the animals. These regions are covered with a growth of shrubbery and small trees, so thickly matted together with vines that it is impossible to force the body through. Here and there, out of this sea of vegetation, rise the trunks of enormous trees, growing more frequent in the neighborhood of the mountains, where they frequently form forests of the grandest character. In hunting elephants, the paths made by the natives cannot always be follow-

ed, but new ones must be cut which is a very slow and toilsome work. The elephants, however, find the jungle no obstacle to their progress, but with their heads lowered they crash through it at full speed. The noise of a herd in motion can be heard at a very great distance.

Mr. June had the greatest success in the low lands, in the northern part of the island, near Anarajahpoora. The method of catching elephants as described by him, must be a very exciting kind of business. The first step is to make a *kraal*, or pen in some spot where the animals abound. This is constructed of heavy posts, set upright in the ground, closely bound together with withes, and made firm by other posts resting against them on the outside, as stays. The *kraal* or the pen, forms three sides of the square, having an aperture on the fourth for the entrance of the elephants, from each side of which extends a long palisade, slanting outward like the mouth of a funnel. When all is completed, the natives lay in wait until a fine herd has wandered near the opening of the trap; then surrounding them they urge them forward with shouts and firing of muskets, till the frightened animals rush through the entrance and are safe within the walls of the *kraal*.

Now comes the work of catching and securing them, which would be a difficult and dangerous task, were it not for the assistance rendered by tame elephants, trained for the purpose. One of these animals will gradually entice one of the imprisoned herd to a little distance from his fellows, and engage his attention by a gentle caress. He rubs his ears, strokes his trunk softly, and mumble phrases of elephantine endearment, until the susceptible beast is completely beguiled by these tokens of affection. Presently a second tame elephant comes up on the other side and repeats the process, till the most complete confidence is established. Then at the right period, they dexterously twine both of their trunks around the trunk of the victim, and hold him as in a vice. These elephants wear collars around their shoulders, to which stout ropes are fastened. While the trunk of the wild animal is held, two or three natives are busy in fastening these ropes to his hind legs, and he is thus incapable of moving either backward or forward, except as his loving friends allow. He is then taken and made fast to a tree, where he is suffered to remain three or four days without food or drink. At the end of this time, the tame elephants are brought up again and after being secured, he is taken down to a stream and watered. He is approached very cautiously at first, but in the course of ten days or two weeks becomes docile enough to be driven at large with the tame beasts.

The natives have another way of taking them, but it is not often practised. The elephant like all living in the tropics, is fond of a siesta during the heat of the day. Occasionally he will rest his huge bulk against some convenient tree, and take an hour's doze with great satisfaction. Some of the Cingalese are daring enough, at this time, to creep stealthily through the

jungle till they reach his very feet. Notwithstanding his thick hide, the elephant is very sensitive to touch. The native, provided with a rope, the other end of which is fastened to a tree, touches very gently the hind leg of the animal, who lifting his foot to shake off the supposed fly, instantly gives an opportunity for a noose to be slipped under. The same process is repeated with the other foot, and the elephant wakes up and finds himself caught. Large numbers are shot, principally by the British officers stationed in Ceylon who appear to enjoy sport on such a gigantic scale.—A cool head and a sure aim are all that is required. A slight hollow in the elephants forehead, just between and above his eyes, is penetrable by a musket ball, and a single shot is generally sufficient to bring him down.

The Ceylon elephants are divided into two classes—the *tuskar*, or tusked elephants, and the *aliar*, who are destitute of those appendages.—The former are much more valuable than the latter, and are principally caught for the priests, to be employed in the service of the temples.

Among the wild elephants, one is occasionally found who, from his mischievous or ungocial disposition, is banished from the herd, and becomes a sort of outcast. These are called *rogue* elephants. Mr. June succeeded in capturing one of them, which gave him a deal of trouble before he was shipped at Point de Galle, but which he now considers the most valuable animal in his collection. On one occasion, while in Kandy, he broke from the court-yard in which he was confined during the night, and after considerable search, was found demolishing a plantation of bananas. He also attempted to escape while on the road to Colombo, but happening to cross a field of paddy which had just been irrigated, he sank to his knees, and was captured.

Mr. June attempted to cross the mountain chain east of Kandy, into the country of the Veddahs, or aboriginal inhabitants of Ceylon, but was obliged to return on account of the rough nature of the country, which is here a primitive wilderness. In addition to the most impenetrable forests and jungles, the mountains rise in a lane of sheer precipice, many hundred feet in height, and not to be scaled without great difficulty and danger. The Veddahs, who inhabit the wilderness east of the mountains, are about on a par with the Bushmen of South Africa. They are divided into two classes, the village and the forest Veddahs, the former of whom dwell in communities and exhibit some faint glimmering of humanity. The latter run wild in the jungles, subsisting on roots and plants, and climbing into the branches of trees to sleep. Mr. June saw two of these creatures, who had been captured by the Cingalese, and describes them as being but little in advance of the orang-outang. They are small in stature, their bodies are completely covered with hair, and they have the long arms of the simia tribe. Very little is known of that part of the island which they inhabit.

Mr. June represents the Cingalese, who are sup-