

ose Savonarola, Silvester Maruffi, and Dominic Benvicini, the disciple, faithful in death, as he had been through life, to his master.

This time there was no disappointment. The fire burned fiercely, and human nerves crackled and snapped in the flames. But the spirit triumphed over the flesh. Hymns of praise arose amidst the smoke, and bore toward heaven the evidence of a faith which took no heed of bodily anguish in the superior consciousness of approaching celestial joys. Savonarola, with his eyes turned toward heaven, expired without a groan.

He was no sooner dead than the populace repented them of their sacrifice. His enemies continued to blacken his fame as they had calumniated his life. But the people missed their benefactor and counselor. They could not recall their victim, but they could honor his memory. Each year, on the anniversary of his death, the place of his scaffold was found strewn with flowers by invisible hands. It was said that angels thus celebrated the fête of the martyr. This tribute continued to augment yearly, reviving the memory of the liberal principles and austere morality of Savonarola, until it led to renewed religious commotions. The supreme power had returned to the Medici. Cosmo I. was resolved to put an end to this pretext for popular demonstrations, but he dared not encounter openly the public sympathies. He employed art. Ammanato was ordered to erect a fountain on the site. It is to him that we owe the colossal statue in marble of Neptune with his pigmy steeds, which has through the succeeding centuries continued to pour its limpid stream upon the spot so indelibly stained by fire.

A strange event happened some fifteen years ago to one of the bronze figures of the size of life which adorn the edge of the basin. For two months it was missed, and not the slightest clew could be obtained to the cause of its disappearance. At last it was discovered that it had been stolen during the night by an English amateur, but the means which enabled him so adroitly to carry off without detection, from a public square, a statue weighing one ton, remained as great an enigma as ever.

Opposite the Mountain is the post-office, and over the windows of delivery is an antique projecting roof or porch of wood, unsupported by columns, and which looks momentarily as if about to tumble upon the heads of the letter-seekers beneath. It would not be strange if it did, for it dates back nearly five hundred years, and was made by the compulsory labor of the enemies of Florence, whose spirits doubtless, even at this interval, would be rejoiced to grind the descendants of their conquerors into dust, in revenge for the brutality to which they were subjected. They were Pisans, to the number of two thousand, that had been taken prisoners at Gallotto, where one thousand of their fellow-citizens were left dead on the field. The two thousand prisoners were conducted to Florence in forty-two carts. At the gates they were ignominiously taxed a shilling a head, the duty levied

on cattle. Afterward they were drawn in triumph, with trumpets sounding, through the city, and forced to descend in the square of the public palace and kiss the statue of Marsocco, the lion emblem of the city, as they defiled in its rear. Two of the prisoners, unable to endure the humiliation, strangled themselves with their chains. The others were required to build the shelter mentioned above, which has ever since been called the Roof of the Pisans.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN CEYLON.

A TAMED elephant, imprisoned in a menagerie, and compelled to go through his small round of tricks for the amusement of any body who will pay the required quarter of a dollar, is a stupid looking beast enough. He seems a mountain of flesh, covered with a loose and very ill-fitting skin. His great clumsy legs look like those of a gouty alderman doing penance for a course of "tea-table" orgies. He writhes his huge trunk about with an air of hopeless imbecility. All his intellectual energies seem concentrated upon the feat of conveying the apples and nuts, doled out to him by the gawping urchins around, into a shapeless chasm which is supposed to do duty for a mouth. A very different animal is that same elephant in his native haunts. There he is the keenest, wariest, and most cunning of beasts. The sharp little eye is lighted up with cunning; the ponderous ears are alive to the faintest sound; that long swaying trunk, as the organ of smell, has a subtlety and delicacy unmatched by the keenest dog that ever tracked game. He has, moreover, a courage, and, when irritated, a ferocity surpassed by no other animal, so that he needs to be a bold and wary hunter who would attack him in his native haunts. It is only since man has learned to avail himself of that wonderful powder the invention of which Milton ascribes to the rebel angels, that he has been able to cope with the elephant upon terms of superiority.

We speak particularly of the elephant of Ceylon, as distinguished from his African kindred, with whom Mr. Gordon Cumming has made us so well acquainted. We confess to having read the hunting adventures of that truculent Nimrod, with no very great admiration for either him or his achievements. His hunting was little better than butchery. Mounted upon a horse whose speed enabled him to keep out of the elephant's way, he fired volley after volley into his prey, till it sank down exhausted by sheer loss of blood. It was no easy matter to miss so huge a mark; or if a bullet did chance to miss, it was but so much powder and lead wasted, putting in no jeopardy the hunter, whose safety depended in nowise upon the steadiness of his nerves or the accuracy of his aim.

A hunter of quite a different stamp is Mr. Baker, from whose entertaining work, "The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon," we propose to extract material for an article. His pleasure in hunting arises not so much from the death of the animal, as from the skill and courage demanded on the part of the hunter. He would give the animal

fair play. He would scorn to shoot at his legs, in the hope of breaking the bone, and thereby disabling him. His delight is to pop him off with a single bullet, at a long shot of some hundreds of yards; or to meet him face to face, and stop him in mid charge, when within a half dozen paces, by sending a four-ounce ball crashing through his brain; then, should the hunter's nerves shake, his aim fail, or his rifle miss fire, the next moment would see him trampled into a shapeless mass beneath the elephant's great feet. In such a case as this, the hunter's excitement arises so much more from the exercise of his own skill and courage than from a savage delight in the death of his victim, that, though no sportsman ourselves, and having no special admiration for sporting, we can not avoid sympathizing with the bold hunter.

The elephants of Ceylon are not as extensively engaged in the "ivory business" as those of Africa. Instead of the long tusks which ornament the latter, the former have merely "grubbers," three or four inches long, which are not considered worth the trouble of extracting. Like most wild beasts in tropical countries they avoid the sun, and feed mainly in the night, spending the hot part of the day in the impenetrable jungle. From this they emerge at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and return by seven in the morning. Their favorite food is the bamboo, lemon-grass, and sedges growing on the banks of rivers, ponds, and swamps. When these are destroyed by drought in one part of the country, they migrate to another. They are usually seen in herds of eight or ten, though they sometimes form companies much more numerous. The majority of the herd are usually females. The male is larger and more ferocious than the female. Not infrequently an old bull is found who has made up his mind to "cut" society, and live a solitary life. Such an one is styled by the natives a "rogue," and a sad rogue and rascal he is. Deprived of the ameliorating influences of female companionship, he becomes doubly vicious. He selects some neighborhood for his special haunt, seldom straying to any great distance from it. In course of time he becomes a perfect nuisance, waylays the inhabitants, chases every body, no matter how inoffensive, and breaks into the paddy-fields of the natives, perfectly regardless of their night-fires and watches. He appears to be in a bad humor with the world generally, and with himself in particular, spending the greater part of his time, when not actually feeding, in pacing back and forth, with his tail cocked in the air, ready for a rush upon any one that approaches his haunt.

The pluck of these "rogues" is equal to their ferocity, and both are backed up by their wonderful cunning. When they travel in the day time, they always go with the wind, and such is the keenness of their faculty of smelling, that nothing can follow on their track without their knowledge. They will scent a man, in particular, at an immense distance. No matter how noiselessly the hunter may follow on his track, the tainted breeze

gives the "rogue" warning of the approach of his foe. He pauses with tail erect, ears flung forward, and trunk in the air, its distended tip pointing in the direction from which the danger approaches. Every faculty is on the alert, every nerve is strained to its utmost tension; but not a movement in the thick jungle denotes his immediate presence to the hunter who is tracking him, and who strives in vain to catch a glimpse of him through the dense underbrush. Whether he be near or remote, the hunter has no means of knowing; and so he creeps nearer and nearer his ambushed foe. Suddenly a crash is heard in the thick jungle, and with a shrill trumpeting the elephant is down upon him in full charge. Woe to the hunter if his aim fail, his nerves tremble, his foot stumble, or his rifle miss fire. In a moment he is crushed out of all semblance of humanity. When the "rogue" is pursued in the open forest or on the naked plain, he usually retreats; but the chances are ten to one that he is merely enticing the hunter to follow him into some favorite haunt, among the dense jungle or the tall grass, from which he will charge at some unexpected moment.

A couple of instances, which we slightly abridge, narrated by our author, will serve to give an idea of the peculiar perils of attacking these "rogues" upon their own ground. He was once on a hunting expedition, accompanied by his brother, whom he calls B., and a number of natives to carry the guns. They came to a long, narrow pond, with a clayey margin, bordered by an impenetrable jungle. In this shallow pond they counted thirteen "rogues," all standing separate, except a couple of gigantic fellows, who appeared to be chums. The natives told them that these were a notorious couple, who had long been the terror of the country around. They were too far off to be reached by a bullet, and the hunters turned their immediate attention to the others. One of these was killed, and the others made off, all except the gigantic pair, who seemed inclined to take the matter coolly. After being fired at from a long distance for a while, they finally made their way into the jungle on the opposite side of the pond, the hunters following them along the muddy margin.

"The natives," says our hunter, "went hopping from root to root, skipping through the mud, which was more than a foot deep, their light forms hardly sinking in the tough surface. A nine-stone man certainly has an advantage over one of twelve in this ground, added to this, I was carrying the long two-ounce rifle of sixteen pounds, which, with ammunition and so forth, made up about thirteen and a half stone, in stiff deep clay. I was literally half way up the calf of my leg in mud at every step, while the light naked fellows tripped like snipe over the sodden ground. Vainly I called upon them to go easily; their excitement was at its full pitch, and they were soon out of sight, among the trees and underwood, taking all the spare guns, except the four-ounce rifle, which, weighing twenty-one pounds, effectually prevented the bearer from



STALKING A HERD.

leaving us behind. We had slipped, and plunged, and struggled along for some distance, when we were suddenly checked in our advance. We had entered a small plot of deep mud and rank grass, surrounded upon all sides by dense rattan jungle. This stuff is one woven mass of hooked thorns; long tendrils armed in the same manner, though not larger than whipcord, wind themselves round the parent canes, and form a jungle which even elephants dislike to enter.

"Half-way up to our knees in mud, we stood in this small open space of about thirty feet by twenty. Around us was an opaque screen of this impenetrable jungle; the lake lay about fifty yards upon our left, behind the thick rattan. The gun-bearers had gone ahead somewhere, and were far in advance. We were at a stand-still. Leaning upon my long rifle, I stood within four feet of the wall of the jungle which divided us from the lake. I said to B., 'The trackers are all wrong, and have gone too far. I am convinced that the elephants must have entered somewhere near this place.' Little did I think that at that very moment they were within a few feet of us. B. was standing behind me on the opposite side of the small opening, about seven yards from the jungle. I suddenly heard a deep guttural sound in the thick rattan within four feet of me; and at the same instant the whole tangled fabric bent over me, and bursting asunder showed the furious head of an elephant, with uplifted trunk in full charge upon me.

"I had barely time to cock my rifle, and the barrel almost touched him as I fired. I knew it was in vain, as his trunk was raised, so that the bullet could not touch his brain. B. fired his right-hand barrel at the same moment, without effect from the same cause. I jumped on one

side, and attempted to spring through the deep mud. It was of no use; the long grass entangled my feet, and in another instant I lay sprawling in the enraged elephant's path, within a single foot of him. In that moment of suspense, I expected to hear the crack of my own bones as his massive foot would be upon me. It was but an instant. I heard the crack of B.'s last barrel, I felt a spongy weight strike my heel, and turning quickly heels-over-head, I rolled a few paces, and regained my feet. That last shot had felled him, just as he was upon me. The end of his trunk had fallen upon my heel. Still he was not dead; but he struck at me with his trunk as I passed round his head to give him a finisher with the four-ounce rifle, which I had snatched from our solitary gun-bearer.

"My luck was touching the jungle from which the 'rogue' had just charged, and I was almost in the act of firing through the temple of the still struggling elephant, when I heard a tremendous crash in the jungle behind me, similar to the first, and the savage scream of an elephant. I saw the ponderous fore-leg cleave its way through the jungle directly upon me. I threw my whole weight back against the thick rattans to avoid him, and the next moment his foot was planted within an inch of mine. His lofty head was passing over me in full charge at B., who was unloaded, when, holding the four-ounce rifle perpendicularly, I fired exactly under his throat. I thought he would fall upon me and crush me, but this shot was my only chance, as B. was perfectly helpless.

"A dense cloud of smoke from the heavy charge of powder for the moment obscured every thing. I had jumped out of the way the instant after firing. The elephant did not fall; but he had

his death wound. The ball had severed his jugular, and the blood poured from the wound. He stopped; but collecting his stunned energies, he still blundered forward toward B. He, however, avoided him by running to one side, and the wounded brute staggered on through the jungle. We then loaded the guns. The first 'rogue' was now quite dead, and we followed on in pursuit of 'rogue' number two. We heard distant shots, and upon arriving at the spot we found the gun-bearers. They had heard the wounded elephant crashing through the jungle, and had given him a volley just as he was crossing the water over which the herd had previously escaped. They described him as perfectly helpless from his wound, and they imagined that he had fallen in the thick bushes on the opposite bank. We had then no means of crossing; but in a few days the elephant was found lying dead on the spot where they supposed he had crossed. Thus happily ended the destruction of this notable pair. They had proved themselves all that we had heard of them; and by their cunning dodge of hiding in the thick jungle they had nearly made sure of us. We had killed three 'rogues' that morning, and returned to our quarter well satisfied."

Our hunter, subsequently, had quite as narrow an escape near the same spot, which was a favorite haunt of the "rogues." The water of the pond had become much diminished, owing to drought, and there was left a hundred yards or more of mud along the margin. The surface was baked hard, while it remained soft below. The crust was just thick enough to bear up a man, if he advanced with great care. The elephants take great delight in stalking through this mud, and smearing it over their bodies, so as to protect themselves from the mosquitoes, who are their

chief torment. Attended by a couple of gun-bearers, he was one day watching this spot, when an elephant made his appearance, stalking majestically through the mud. The hunter had the wind of the beast, so that he could follow him without being scented. The tracks of the elephant were fully five feet apart, and though the mud was quite three and a half feet deep, his belly was two feet above the surface. The tracks looked like small wells, so large were his feet. The crust grew thinner and thinner toward the water, and the hunter hesitated more than once, doubtful whether or not to proceed. The animal seemed enjoying himself hugely, quite unsuspecting of danger, and making such a splashing as to drown the noise which his enemy made in advancing. Closer and closer he crept behind him, until he approached within eight paces, followed by the gun-bearers. The mud flung up by the elephant was scattered over the hunter as it fell.

"I was carrying," says he, "a light double-barreled gun, but I now reached back my hand to exchange it for my four-ounce rifle. Little did I anticipate the sudden effect produced by the additional weight of the heavy weapon. The treacherous surface suddenly gave way, and in an instant I was waist-deep in the mud. The noise that I had made in falling had at once aroused the elephant; and, true to his character of 'rogue,' he immediately advanced with a shrill trumpeting toward me. His ears were cocked, and his tail was well up; but, instead of charging, as 'rogues' generally do, with his head thrown back and held high, which renders a front shot very uncertain, he rather lowered his head, and splashed toward me through the mud, apparently despising my diminutive appearance.

"I thought it was all up with me this time. I



A CLOSE SHAVE.



ATTACKING A HERD.

was immovable in my bed of mud; and, instead of the clean brown barrel that I could usually trust to in an extremity, I raised a mass of mud to my shoulder, which encased my rifle like a flannel bag. I fully expected to miss fire; no sights were visible, and I had to guess the aim, with the advancing elephant within five yards of me. Hopelessly I pulled the slippery trigger. The rifle did not even hang fire, and the 'rogue' fell into the deep bed of mud, stone dead. If the rifle had missed fire, I must have been killed, as escape would have been impossible. It was with great difficulty that I was extricated from my muddy position by the joint exertions of myself and gun-bearers."

The great danger of attacking these cunning "rogues" arises from the impossibility of a speedy retreat upon such ground as they select. In an open wood the hunter has a fair chance of escape, should his shot fail, by dodging behind trees. But a jungle, so thick as to render it almost impossible for a man to make way through it, opposes no obstacle to the elephant; ground which is in effect smooth to the elephant's great feet, is rough and uneven to a man; the peculiar form of the animal's legs, having knees instead of hocks, gives him a great facility for making way through muddy or heavy ground. As the "rogue" has the sagacity to select for his favorite haunts just that kind of ground where he can bring all his advantages into play, the hunter who attacks him runs no inconsiderable risk, and instances are by no means rare in which the animal has killed the hunter.

Our author relates a still narrower escape that he made, which he very well designates a "close shave." He and his brother, accompa-

nied by native gun-bearers, had followed the tracks of a herd of elephants, until they led into a level plateau of a few acres in extent, covered with dense lemongrass, twelve feet in height, by which the elephants were totally hidden from view. It was not long before the leaders of the animals discovered their pursuers, and with deep growls, which sounded like heavy thunder, they called the whole herd about them. Here they stood, apparently deliberating what course to take next. At length their line of action was decided upon. The whole herd, with the exception of five big fellows, set off on a retreat into the thick jungle close at hand. These five seemed to constitute the rear-guard of the herd, detailed to cover their retreat. They formed themselves into a compact line abreast of each other, and thundered right down upon the hunters. Not a shot was fired till the elephants were within ten paces. Five rifles then cracked in rapid succession, spare ones being handed to the two hunters by the gun-bearers close behind. When the smoke cleared away, the whole five lay dead in the order in which they had advanced. The hunters then followed the retreating herd, of whom they killed four more. The narrator was then slowly making his way back through the tall grass, when one of his followers shrieked out that an elephant was coming.

"I turned round in a moment," says he, "and there came the very essence and incarnation of a 'rogue' elephant in full charge. His trunk was thrown high in the air, his ears were cocked, his tail stood high above his back, as stiff as a poker, and screaming exactly like the whistle of a railway engine, he rushed upon me through the high grass with a velocity that was perfectly

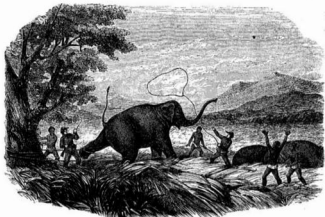
wonderful. His eyes flashed as he came on; and he had singled me out as a victim. I have often been in dangerous positions, but I never felt so totally devoid of hope as I did in this instance. The tangled grass rendered retreat impossible. I had only one barrel loaded, and that was useless, as the upraised trunk protected his forehead. I felt myself doomed; the few thoughts that rush through men's minds in such hopeless positions flew through mine, and I resolved to wait for him till he was close upon me before I fired, hoping that he might lower his trunk and expose his forehead. He rushed along at the pace of a horse in full speed. In a few moments, as the grass flew to the right and left before him, he was close upon me; but still his trunk was raised, and I would not fire. One second more, and at this headlong pace he was within three feet of me. Down slashed his trunk with the rapidity of a whip-thong, and with a shrill scream of fury he was upon me.

"I fired at the instant; but in the twinkling of an eye I was flying through the air like a ball from a bat. At the moment of firing, I had jumped to the left, but he struck me in full charge upon my right thigh, and hurled me eight or ten paces from him. That very moment he stopped, and turning round, beat the grass about with his trunk, and commenced a strict search for me. I heard him advancing close to the spot where I lay as still as death, knowing that my last chance lay in concealment. I heard the grass rustling close to the spot where I lay; closer and closer he approached; and he at length beat the grass with his trunk several times exactly above me. I held my breath, momentarily expecting to feel his ponderous foot upon me. Although I had not felt the sensation of fear while I stood

opposed to him, I felt as I never wish to feel again, while he was deliberately hunting me up. Fortunately I had reserved my fire until the rifle had almost touched him, and the powder and smoke had nearly blinded him, and had spoiled his acute power of scent. To my joy I heard the rustling of the grass grow fainter; again I heard it at a still greater distance; at length it was gone. At that time I thought that half my bones were broken, as I was numbed from head to foot by the force of the blow. His charge can only be compared to a blow from a railway engine going at twenty miles an hour. There could not be a better exemplification of a 'rogue' than in this case. He had concealed himself in the jungle at a short distance apart from the herd, from which position he had witnessed the destruction of his mates. He had not stirred a foot until he saw us totally unprepared, when he instantly seized the opportunity and dashed out upon me. If I had attempted to run from him I should have been killed, as he would have struck me in the back. My only chance was in the course which I pursued—to wait quietly till he was just over me, and then to jump on one side. He thus struck me on the thickest part of the thigh, instead of striking me in the stomach, which he must have done had I remained in my first position; this would have killed me on the spot."

As it was, he was pretty severely handled. His leg was bruised from ankle to hip, and swelled to the size of a man's waist. The limb was for a time perfectly numbed, feeling like a bag of sand; and it was a long time before he recovered the perfect use of it.

Upon one occasion they determined to capture an elephant alive and unharmed. The two hunt-



CAPTIVE AT LAST.



AN AGREABLE INTERVIEW.

ers set out, accompanied by gun-bearers as usual, and a train of thirty natives, each of whom bore a coil of ropes carefully twisted of raw hide. A herd of seven elephants was discovered, all of whom were feeding close together, with the exception of one who was about thirty yards from the main body. This last was selected to be caught, while the others were to be slain. After cautious stalking, the six were disposed of, and the hunters gave chase to the remaining one. The ground was peculiarly favorable to them, being a complete city of ant hills, about two feet in height, which so impeded the progress of the elephant that he could not make more than seven miles an hour, so that they easily overtook and kept up with him. The ropes were in readiness, and at length one of the natives dexterously seized an opportunity of slipping a noose over one of his hind feet, as it was lifted from the ground. Drawing the noose tight, he dropped the coil of rope, and let it trail along the ground, while the prey made way for the jungle, which lay beyond the wooded bank of a dry water-course, where he expected to be in safety. "But," says our author, "we were a little too quick for him, by taking a double turn of the rope around a tree, as he plunged down the crumbling bank. The effect of this was to bring him to a sudden standstill, and the stretching of the elastic hide rope threw him upon his knees. He recovered himself, and made extraordinary efforts to break the rope; tightening it to its utmost length, he suddenly lifted up the tied leg, and threw his whole weight forward. Any but a hide-ropes of the size, must have given way; but this stretched like a harp-string, and at every effort to break it the yielding elasticity of the hide threw him upon

his head, and the sudden contraction after the fall jerked his leg back to its full length.

"After many vain but tremendous efforts to free himself, he turned his rage upon his pursuers, and charged every one right and left; but he was safely tied, and we took some little pleasure in teasing him. He had no more chance than a fly in a spider's web. As he charged in one direction, several nooses were thrown round his hind-legs; then his trunk was caught in a slip-knot, then his fore-legs, then his neck, and the ends of all these ropes being brought together and hauled tight, he was effectually hobbled."

The next thing to be done was to contrive the means of driving him to the village. His trunk was bound down to one of his fore legs, which was in turn united to a hind leg, in such a manner as to prevent him from taking a stride of more than a couple of feet; his neck was then fastened to his other fore-leg, and ropes, held by the natives, were attached to each limb. The hobbles were then removed, and the operation of driving began. The only way of getting him along was for two men to tease him in front, when he would charge after them as fast as the ropes would permit. By a constant repetition of this manoeuvre, the five miles were at length overcome, and he was brought to the village. After a couple of days' starvation, and subsequent gentle treatment, he was so far tamed that on the third day the natives ventured to mount and ride him about, taking the precaution at first of tying his trunk. He was then worth fifteen pounds for the Indian market.

There is much less danger in attacking a herd of elephants together than in encountering a sin-

gle "rogue," who is up to all manner of tricks, and has moreover a fancy for turning the tables upon his enemy by assuming the character of hunter instead of hunted. His dodge of hiding in the impenetrable jungle, and darting out at an unexpected moment upon his adversary, renders him a dangerous opponent, especially as upon ground of his own choosing the advantage of speed is all on his side. The only salvation for the hunter is in shooting him down at once; for a wound which may eventually prove mortal has no effect in checking his onset. When charging down "head on" he can be killed instantly only by sending a ball through his brain; but when charging he has a way of holding his trunk up in such a manner as to protect his forehead, only lowering it when within a few paces of his enemy. The hunter must fire at the moment the trunk goes down, or he will find himself the next instant crushed to a jelly. To take a cool aim in such circumstances, a man must have perfect confidence in himself and in his rifle; if his nerves quiver or his piece hangs fire for an instant, he is lost beyond hope. But when a herd is attacked they almost always seek safety in flight; and the hunter has only to follow and pick them off at his leisure, a task not very difficult when so fair a mark is presented as is offered by their huge carcasses. Hence it is not unfrequently happens that a herd of a half dozen or more are all killed in a very few minutes after the first shot is fired. So large an animal as the elephant requires, of course, a great extent of territory to afford him a supply of food, so that the actual number in any given district must be small. A few hunters as determined as our author, aided by a competent corps of trackers and gun-bearers, will in a short time render the game very scarce in the quarter where their operations are carried on. During the five years over which his hunting exploits in Ceylon extended, he must have been accessory to the destruction of some hundreds of these giants of the jungle. In the course of a single expedition undertaken by himself and a couple of brother sportsmen, which lasted but three weeks, half of which must have been spent in traveling to and from the scene of operations, they killed fifty elephants, besides other game.

Elephants are by no means the sole attraction which Ceylon holds out to the sportsman. There are deer of various species, some of which are of enormous size, affording very "pretty sport" when they turn at bay. There are wild boars, as ugly and vicious as ever huntsman chased with hound and spear. There are buffaloes, as they are there called—as desperate and plucky fellows as ever roamed the Hercynian forest. The buffalo of Ceylon is about the size of a large ox, but much stouter and more active. His skin is almost destitute of hair, and looks much like a piece of India-rubber, giving him an aspect any thing but agreeable. He has a wonderful tenacity of life; he will receive with the utmost apparent indifference an indefinite number of balls from a small gun poured into his throat and chest. The shoulder is the part to be aimed at, as he

seems perfectly aware, for he has a very amiable manner of carrying his head, his horns pointing straight back, and his nose poking out on a level with his forehead, so as to guard his one vulnerable point. He is altogether an unreliable character, and will not seldom retreat with great apparent cowardice, then suddenly wheel round and assume the offensive. Should he overtake his assailant, his fury is boundless, and he gores and tramples him with the utmost delight. As a pendant to our author's elephant exploits, we will give a single instance of a narrow escape from a buffalo. He had chased the brute for some distance, until he at last took to a broad creek running up into the land. Around the head of this the hunter ran, for the purpose of taking the buffalo in front.

"I arrived," he says, "at the opposite side just as his black form reared from the deep water and gained the shallow into which I had waded knee-deep to meet him. I now experienced that pleasure as he stood sullenly eyeing me within fifteen paces. Poor stupid fellow! I would willingly, in my ignorance, have betted ten to one upon the shot, so certain was I of his death in another instant. I took a quick but steady aim at his chest, at the point of connection with the throat. The smoke passed to one side—there he stood. He had not flinched; he literally had not moved a muscle. The only change which had taken place was in his eye; this, which had hitherto been merely sullen, was now beaming with fury; but his form was as motionless as a statue. A stream of blood poured from a wound within an inch of the spot at which I had aimed. Had it not been for this fact, I should not have believed him struck.

"Annoyed by the failure of the shot, I tried him with the left-hand barrel, at the same hole. The report of the gun echoed over the lake; but there he stood as though he bore a charmed life; an increased flow of blood from the wound, and additional lustre in his eye, were the only signs of his being struck. I was now unloaded, and had not a single ball remaining. It was now his turn. I dared not turn to retreat, as I knew he would immediately charge; and we stared each other out of countenance.

"With a short grunt, he suddenly sprang forward; but, fortunately, as I did not move, he halted. He had, however, decreased his distance, and we now gazed at each other within ten paces. I began to think buffalo-shooting somewhat dangerous, and I would willingly have given something to have been a mile away, but ten times as much to have had my four-ounce rifle in my hand. Oh, how I longed for the rifle in this moment of suspense! Unloaded, without the power of defense, with the absolute certainty of a charge from an overpowering brute, my hand instinctively found the handle of my hunting-knife—a useless weapon against such a foe.

"With a stealthy step, and another short grunt, the brute again advanced a couple of paces toward me. He seemed aware of my helplessness, and he was the picture of rage and fury, pawing the

water, and stamping violently with his fore-feet. This was very pleasant! I gave myself up for lost; but, putting as fierce an expression into my features as I could possibly assume, I stared hopelessly at my maddened antagonist.

"Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind. Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder down the right-hand barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch—three shillings in sixpenny pieces, and two annas pieces. Quickly making them into a rouleau with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel, and they were hardly well home before the bull again sprang forward. So quick was it, that I had no time to replace the ramrod, but threw it into the water, bringing my gun on full cock at the same instant. However, he again halted, being now within seven paces from me, and we again gazed fixedly at each other, but with altered feelings on my part. I had faced him hopelessly with an empty gun for more than a quarter of an hour, which seemed a century; I now had a charge in my gun, which I knew, if reserved till he was within a foot of the muzzle, would certainly floor him; and I awaited his onset with comparative carelessness, still keeping my eyes opposed to his gaze.

"At length, with the concentrated rage of the last twenty minutes, he rushed straight at me. It was the work of an instant. The horns were lowered, their points were on either side of me, and the muzzle of my gun fairly touched his forehead, when I pulled the trigger, and three shillings' worth of small change rattled into his hard head. Down he went, and rolled over with the suddenly-checked momentum of his charge. Away I went, as fast as my heels would carry me, through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead, but only stunned. There was a large fallen tree, about half a mile off, whose whitened branches rising high above the ground, offered a tempting asylum. To this I directed my flying steps, and after a run of a hundred yards, turned and looked behind me. He had regained his feet, and was following slowly. I now experienced the difference of feeling between hunting and being hunted, and fine sport I must have afforded him."

The upshot of the adventure was that our hunter gained the tree, and, on looking behind him, saw the buffalo stretched out exhausted a couple of hundred yards behind him. He was powerless, but not dead, and he prudently resolved to leave so ugly a customer alone until he was provided with a weapon. He retreated under cover of the forest, found his horse where he had left him, and rode off to the village, intending to return next day and renew the contest. Next morning he was up by daybreak on his way to the scene of action, fully armed and equipped. To his great surprise the enemy was gone. Notwithstanding the shots he had received in his throat and chest, and the damaging effect of the charge of small coin that had been sent into his forehead, he had recovered, and made off with

himself, and he never saw him again. The contest was a drawn battle after all; or, if there was any advantage, it was on the side of the quadruped, who had put the béd to flight, and remained master of the field. Our hunter consoled himself for his defeat with sundry philosophical reflections, as to the superiority of brute beasts over man, when unaided by artificial weapons of offense or defense.

There are certain annoyances attendant upon hunting in Ceylon which the sportsman must make up his mind to endure. Snakes are numerous and venomous, and they not unfrequently take a great fancy to enjoy a corner of the hunter's blanket. Then there is a delectable little insect known as the "tick," with which the grass swarms, which, with some of their kindred, are thus noticed by our author: "These little wretches, which are not larger than a grain of small gunpowder, find their way to every part of the body, and the irritation of their bite is indescribable. Scratching is only adding fuel to the fire; there is no certain preventive or relief from their attacks. The best thing that I know is cocoon-oil rubbed daily over the whole body; but the remedy is almost as unpleasant as the bite. Ceylon is at all times a frightful place for vermin. In the dry weather we have ticks; in the wet weather mosquitoes, and what are still more disgusting, leeches, which swarm in the grass, and upon the leaves of the jungle. These creatures insinuate themselves through all the openings in a person's dress—up the trowsers, under the waistcoat, down the neck, up the wrists, and in fact every where—drawing blood with insatiable voracity, and leaving an unpleasant irritation for some days after. When the day's work is over, and the hunter, fatigued by intense heat and a hard day's toil, hopes to feel himself refreshed by a bath and a change of clothes, the inscurable itching of a thousand tick-bites destroys all his pleasure; he finds himself streaming with blood from a thousand leech-bites, and for the time he feels disgusted with the country. First-rate sport," adds our Nimrod, pathetically, "alone can compensate for these annoyances."

The very success of his efforts, furthermore, entails some unpleasant consequences. We have all heard of the man who was unluckily so fortunate as to draw an elephant as a prize in a lottery; and we know the straits to which he was reduced in his unavailing efforts to get rid of his prize. Not very dissimilar is the condition of the man who has killed an elephant. "One of the most disgusting sights," says Mr. Baker, "is a dead elephant, four or five days after the fatal shot. In a tropical climate, where decomposition proceeds with such wonderful rapidity, the effect of the sun upon such a mass can be readily understood. The gas generated in the inside distends the carcass to an enormous size, until at length it bursts, and becomes in a few hours afterward one living heap of maggots." A very unpleasant neighbor, one would suppose, for any person possessing olfactory organs of average sensibility.