

road that led to the palace-gate was always covered with hundreds of the dead and dying.

One day the Prince set out unexpectedly on a journey, and as he had to pass that way, it seemed impossible that his Elephant could do otherwise than crush many of those poor creatures, unless he waited till they were moved away. He was in too great a hurry, however, for this, and besides, he thought it would be unworthy of so great a Prince to take any notice of such miserable creatures, as he thought them.

The Elephant had a better heart, and more charity than his cruel master. He did not move at a slower pace, for this I suppose would not have been allowed, but as he went along, with his huge trunk he assisted some who were