

long, tedious night passed, and no rhinoceros. The tiger above mentioned prowled about the trees all night, but we could not get a shot at him. Another night passed in like manner, but the third night, at ten o'clock, our old friend once more showed himself. Down I jumped to my post at the gun, but he saw my movements and vanished. Nearly an hour passed before he again made his appearance, but when he did come I got him right before my gun, and as I was raising the match to fire he charged full at me, but he was too late, the fatal spark had done its duty, and the canister met him half way. I lost no time in getting up the tree, for you may be sure the idea of his ugly horn being near me was not at all comfortable; it gave me, however, surprising agility, and I stumbled over my friend, who was coming down to assist me. In the midst of our confusion, a terrible groan proclaimed our victory. The next morning we found he had run near fifty yards, and there fell to rise no more; many of the shot had taken effect—one, (the fatal one) in the left eye, three in the shoulder, one in the flank, passing through his kidney, and one in his hind quarter. His dimensions were twelve feet in length, without the tail, which made two more, seven feet high, and thirteen in circumference; altogether he was a perfect monster. On opening him, one of the leaden balls of our first attack was found in his stomach, and appeared to be mortifying the flesh all round. I had a tough job to skin him, &c.; five of our balls were cut out. The flesh of the animal was greedily devoured by the famished crew of a Burmese boat, who arrived at the Point in distress.

#### *Killing a Rhinoceros.*

A Bengal (India) journal says: "Being on a visit at the quarantine station at Edmonstone Island, I was informed that a rhinoceros had several times made his appearance, close to the residence at Middleton Point, on Sungor Island; I was requested, being a killer, to go over and try my luck. I did so, and made preparation for a regular set to; a stage was erected on a tree close to a tank where my customer was in the habit of drinking every night, and there, in company with the resident at the Point, I took my seat at eight o'clock in the evening, it being then quite dark. My first cheroot had not quite burnt out, when a noise from the jungle in our rear warned us of an approach; from the noise I thought it was an elephant; our anxiety, you may be sure, was intense; however, in a few minutes a very large animal showed his back within thirty yards of us. I saw it, and immediately pointed it out to my companion through the gloom, and we both agreed that it was our friend: his approach was slow, grazing as he came along, until almost immediately under us, and then we fired. He seemed a little astonished, but did not move; the second volley, (for we were well armed, having two double barrels each) disturbed him, he turned sharp round, and made off with a curious snorting noise like an overgrown hog. He had the benefit of eight balls, which were at the distance of fifteen yards, poured upon his impenetrable hide, but he seemed to mind them no more than so many peas. Ten minutes had hardly elapsed before he came again, but not on the same ground; he strolled along rather cautiously towards the tank; we had another beautiful view of him, and fired together, as before, when I am sorry to say, the gun of my friend burst, blowing off two of his fingers on the left hand, and slightly wounding me in the arm. Nothing was now left for us but to go home, and at that time of night, and in such a place, and such an animal in our neighbourhood, it was no joke; my friend took a cutlass, and I took two of the guns; we cautiously descended the tree and made good our retreat.

A month and a half had passed before the hand of my friend had healed, when we determined upon another attack, but in a different manner; the artillery of the station (two six pounders) were placed in his path; and there we agreed to watch his approach; every thing was got in readiness; the moon was favourable, and we took our station at the old look-out tree on the evening of the 6th inst. Our first starting was ominous, a tiger springing almost from under our feet as we were levelling the guns. One was pointed to sweep the corner of the tank, and the other to take him if he came in a different direction. A