

prove the propriety of my answer to my young friend's question. It was received with a deference I did not expect, and with a sadness which I was not sorry to see, for conviction had flashed upon their minds that the desultory parties that now take the field are not characterized by the spirit which existed of yore in those whose influence and situation, as well as command of means, enabled them to create sport, and I hoped it might induce them to take some measures to render their sport more general and more frequent.

At the united request of the

persons present, I promised to draw up a brief description of some of our merry meetings, and the chapters which have already appeared in your Magazine under the designation of "*Sporting Recollections of Life in the Deccan*" were the result of that promise. Should I find those contributions to have been acceptable to the majority of your readers, I shall resume my pen for your next number, and in the mean time, like a solitary grey boar stealing into his covert, I toddle on to

My signature.
S. Y. S.

SELECTIONS.

THE SAUGOR ISLAND RHINOCEROS.

DEAR SIR.—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 Saugor Island; I was requested (being a killer) to go over and try my luck. I did so, and made preparations for a regular set to, a stage being erected on a tree close to a tank at which 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 very 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 about 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 again 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, with such an

animal in our neighbourhood, it was no joke. My friend took a cutlass and I took two of my guns. We cautiously descended the tree and made good our retreat.

A month and a half 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; everything 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 instant. Our first starting was ominous, a tiger springing almost from under our feet, as I was 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 long, tedious night passed, and no rhinoceros. The tiger above mentioned prowled about the tree 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 the confusion a terrible groan proclaimed our victory. The next morning we found he had run

nearly fifty yards, and there fell, to rise no more; many of the shots had taken effect, one (the fatal one) in the left eye, three in the shoulder, one in the flank, passing through his kidney and in the hind quarter. His dimensions were 12 feet in length, without the tail, which made two more, 7 feet high, and 13 in circumference; altogether he is 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. I have brought his hide and horn with me, and send the latter, with a task also, for your inspection; and should you, Mr. Editor, be anxious to possess a sword-proof shield, I shall be happy to supply you with the makings of one tough enough to resist the blows of any man, and even to set at defiance the horns of your Tauric political antagonist. I am, dear Mr. Editor, your obedt. servt., A SHEKARIA.—Calcutta, March 16, 1832.—P.S. The flesh of the animal was greedily devoured by the famished crew of a Burmese boat, which arrived at the point in distress.—To the *Editor of the Bengal Hurkaru and Chronicle.*

ANIMAL POISONS.

On the Cure of Animal Poisons and probably Hydrophobia by the local application of common Salt. Rev. J. Fischer.

The Rev. J. G. Fischer was formerly a Missionary in South America, and is anxious to call the attention of the public to the probable utility of common salt as a remedy in cases of hydrophobia, if at least the opinion be correct, that what will cure the