



DESTRUCTION OF A RHINOCEROS IN INDIA.

SOME short time ago intelligence was received on board one of the Company's pilot schooners, cruising off Saugor Island, at the mouth of the river Hoogly, that a rhinoceros has lately infested the neighboring villages, and that the animal had destroyed several of the native ryots. A beast of this kind is seldom seen in this quarter, though it is impossible to ascertain how numerous they may be in the interior of the Island, or in the sunderbunds contiguous to it. In consequence of this information, Lieut. Souter, and a Mr. Lewis, an officer in the pilot service, agreed to put, if possible, a stop to any further mischief there might arise from so formidable an enemy being suffered to remain at large; and, as they were aware that neither muskets nor rifles would have any immediate effect on the horny mail of the animal, they provided themselves with two six pound carronades, which they contrived to convey into an adjacent portion of the jungle, close to a large tank, which the beast was in the habit of nightly frequenting, in

order to slake his thirst. There was one track which he favored, leading down to one of the sides of the tank. Having directed the guns to a particular spot in this path, loaded with grape, they, by means of a rope ladder, ascended a soon-dree tree, situated on the opposite side, from which position they could conveniently command an opportunity of discovering, by the aid of the moon's light, any animal that might pass that way. Having waited patiently for more than two hours, they beheld a huge beast coming down the defile, when Lieut. Souter descended by the ladder, and, waiting a favorable opportunity of bringing one of the guns to bear upon the beast, applied the fuse to it, and discharged the contents in a volley at the object. After some moments they cautiously reconnoitered the spot, but could discover no signs of their having done execution, and consequently returned that night to the vessel. In the morning, however, attended by a company of Lascars, and some natives of the neighborhood, they

VOL. VI. X DECEMBER, 1838.

repaired to the scene of the last night's excursion, and on advancing some little way into the jungle they detected the beast apparently reclining at the base of a soondree tree. Not quite satisfied that he was dead, they ascended an adjacent tree, and discharged their rifles at him, but finding that he remained motionless the Lascars ventured to approach nearer to him, when they pronounced him lifeless. On examination it was found that three of the shot had penetrated deeply into his body. Being too cumbersome to remove, they cut a few strips or thongs from the hide, which they brought away, and took to Calcutta as trophies of their success in ridding the villages of so formidable an enemy.

GLEANINGS AND RECOLLECTIONS. BY MISS LESLIE.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, a mysterious captive, with his face concealed by a black mask, was confined successively in the fortress of Pignerol, in that of the Isle of Saint Marguerite, and lastly in the Bastille. His imprisonment included a period of twenty-four years, during which he was always in custody of the Seigneur de St. Mars, who was consecutively the commandant or governor of all these fortresses. In April, 1687, the masked prisoner was brought from Pignerol to St. Marguerite, which is an island in the Mediterranean on the coast of Provence. He was carried in a chair so closely covered with oil-cloth as to conceal him entirely; eight men were in attendance to carry it in turn, being accompanied by a guard of soldiers and St. Mars the governor. His island prison was a room in one of the towers of the fortress facing the north, lighted by a single window set in a very thick stone wall. This casement was guarded by bars of iron and looked out upon the sea—and here he remained in rigid confinement for eleven years. It has been related that, while imprisoned in this place, the unknown captive wrote something with a knife upon one of his silver plates and threw the plate from the window, towards a boat which was moored near the foot of the tower. A fisherman picked up the plate and honestly carried it to the governor, who, much surprised, inquired if he had read the writing upon it. "I do not know how to read;" answered the fisherman, "I have just found the plate, and no one else has seen it." He was, nevertheless, detained within the fort for several days; and, when dismissing him with a reward, the governor said, "Go, you are very fortunate in not knowing how to read."

It is also asserted that, on another occasion, the prisoner wrote all over a fine shirt which was seen floating on the water just under his window, by a friar of the island. This priest was so conscientious as to carry it directly to St. Mars,