

### Fight With a Rhinoceros.

We record this morning a simple act of bravery of so true and noble a type that we would not willingly let it pass unnoticed. Mr. Matthew Scott, its hero, is no ideal "Guy Livingstone," with the strength of a Hercules and the proportions of an Antinous; he does not even hold her Majesty's commission. He is a plain, straightforward man, employed as an assistant-keeper in the Gardens of the Zoological Society, and all that he has done has been, in an attempt to save two of his comrades from a most horrible death, to risk his own life without a moment's fear or hesitation, against odds so terrible that the boldest man alive might well think twice before venturing upon so forlorn a chance. In the new elephant-house, in the northern division of its Gardens, the Society keep a gigantic specimen of the Indian rhinoceros, which has been for several years in their possession. "Jemmy," as he is called, must be well known by sight to all regular visitors of the large establishment in the Regent's Park. He is a huge beast, weighing somewhere between six and seven tons, and of a peculiarly malevolent disposition. Those who have only seen him lying placidly in his straw, like some enormous hog in armour, twitching his little ears, and occasionally uttering a small, self-satisfied grunt, have probably never thought that they were looking at the most dangerous beast in the whole collection. For year after year Jemmy has been tiding his time, and patiently waiting for a chance to kill his keeper. On Saturday morning last the long-delayed opportunity came. The brute was in his paddock, where he ought to have been, as is his morning custom, placidly wallowing in the mud; and a couple of keepers, Andrew Thompson and Richard Godfrey, were sweeping out the large cage or compartment allotted him in the interior of the building, which is fitted with stout bars of cast-iron, set so wide apart that a man can easily slip between them. So intent were they on their work that for a few seconds they neglected to watch the movements of the beast in the paddock outside. If his keepers, however, were off their guard, the rhinoceros, unfortunately, was on the alert. There was a quick, sharp snort, the very earth shook with the swift, heavy rush of the furious brute; and, before the men had time even to turn to fly, or so much as look round, they were struck down, the savage animal was tossing them to this side and that, and, in his blind, stupid rage, trying to pound and crush the life out of them with his hideous, ill-shaped head.

So peril indeed was that in which these two men lay. Huge and unwieldy as the rhinoceros seems, it is really most nimble and quick in its movements, and in a few seconds Thompson and his comrade would have been, beyond doubt, crushed and mangled out of all likeness or shape of life, had they not received aid as sudden as it must have been unexpected. In another part of the building was Matthew Scott, attending to the large African elephant, which is his especial charge, when he felt the shock of the rush, heard the savage snort of the infuriated monster, and the piteous cry of its victims, and knew at once what must have happened. He did not pause to think—he could hardly, indeed, have had time to look, but he seized by instinct the only weapon within his reach, a heavy carter's whip, rushed through the bars into the cage, and with its butt-end rained a furious shower of blows upon the creature's head. Fortune has something divine about her, even in her caprice, and never, perhaps, was the old adage that she favors the brave more strikingly exemplified than in the present instance. For a man to attack a rhinoceros single-handed, and with no other weapon than an ordinary horse-whip, would seem little short of madness. Indeed, one might as well think of facing a mad bull with a switch, or "blecking" a cannon-ball with a cricket bat; and, whatever may have passed through Scott's mind in the few seconds during which the incident happened, it is certain that, if he thought at all of what he was doing, he must have known that he was confronting a fate almost as certain and horrible as if he had been told off to ride down across open ground into the teeth of a battery and spike the guns. But fortune favored the brave fellow. His first blow struck the beast full in the eye, and nearly blinded it. Lifting its head from the men who were lying bruised and helpless on the floor, the animal tossed it to and fro with a wild yell of pain; and Scott, with presence of mind enough to see the advantage he had gained, aimed stroke after stroke full at the monster's eyes, till he had fairly driven it out of the cage into the paddock. Unfortunately, it was only at this moment that the real battle commenced. In the corner of the cage is a sort of harbour of refuge, or "bolt-hole," guarded by strong iron bars, and into this, which is barely big enough for one man, Scott dragged his two comrades. Thompson had just strength enough left in him to stand. Godfrey, who was terribly crushed, fainted instantly, and fell with his head outside the bars. Before he could be dragged back, the rhinoceros, wild with rage, and maddened with the pain of its wounded eye, was upon him again, and again endeavored to bray the life out of him with its head. A second time did Scott, whose blood was now thoroughly up, beat the brute off, and once more was poor Godfrey rescued. But now Thompson fainted too, or else his strength failed him, and again Godfrey fell outside the bars. For the third time the beast charged, and Scott went at him with the broken end of the whip, belabored him with it, stabbed him in the eye, kicked him, shouted at him, and fairly drove him off. Then—knowing that any moment the monster might return to the charge—He picked up Godfrey first, lifted him on his shoulders, and deliberately carried him through the

bars and out of the cage; and next, having left him in safety, went back, never taking his eye off his foe, and in the same way carried out Thompson—under the very fire of the enemy's battery—or, in other words, with the big beast waiting in the paddock, its jaws dripping with blood and foam, its ears twitching, and its evil little bloodshot eye glittering as if meditating yet a fourth attack. The cage cleared, the battle over, it was time for "the roll-call," and a sad list indeed it proved. Scott himself, by some marvellous fortune, escaped without a scratch. But Thompson was so terribly bruised and battered that it was impossible to tell what injuries he might not have received, and poor Godfrey had had the flesh torn off his right leg from the hip to the knee in a ghastly wound that laid the leg-bone bare for its entire length. Had help arrived but half a minute later the two men must inevitably have been crushed into a hideous, shapeless mass. Fortunately for them, the brute has long ago worn down its horn level with the head, and thus could not gore them. It was too stupid and savage in its rage to make the most of its strength or do more than aimlessly worry its victims as a bull tosses a red rag; and, most fortunate of all, Scott was at hand, ready and willing to risk his life on the almost hopeless chance of saving his comrades.

Some deeds there are that call for no elaborate panegyric. It is enough to say what the man has done, how he did it, and under what conditions and circumstances. So it is in the present case. Nothing that we can say can enforce the simple recital of the facts as we have given them. But there are one or two obvious reflections which, if anything, put the conduct of Matthew Scott in a still brighter light. It will be seen from the detailed account which we publish elsewhere that he is by no means a strong or powerful man, but rather under the normal average both of stature and of physical ability. Nor is this all. He, better than any man, knew the risk that he had to face. The care of the buildings in which the rhinoceros was lodged was divided between Thompson, Godfrey, and Scott; and the latter, who had had his turn of attendance upon the beast, must have been perfectly well aware of its size and strength, the rapidity of its movements, and its untamable ferocity. No need to tell him, as, whip in hand, he slipped between the bars, that his life hung on a thread, and that in a few seconds this way or that its issue would be decided. All this he knew. But men such as Matthew Scott do not stop to calculate chances, or to weigh in the balance the possibilities of success on the one hand, and of failure on the other. It was enough for him that he saw his companions in imminent peril, that he heard their cry for aid, that he saw the brute dashing them about, and wreaking its blind rage upon them, as they lay helpless under its feet. This was sufficient; like the hero of the Transatlantic poem, "he saw his duty straight and clear, and he went to do it there and then." There was no crowd to look on, no encouraging shout, no Victoria Cross to win; there were none watching during those few terrible seconds but Death on the one hand and Fortune on the other. And seldom has Fortune favored a bolder or worthier effort.—*London Telegraph*, Nov. 26.

### MARRIED.

In this city, Dec. 21st, by Judge Elias Smith, RICHARD A. MARGETTS, eldest son of Richard Margetts, and Miss ELIZABETH MILLON, both of this city.

"Not for the summer hour alone,  
When skies resplendent shine,  
And youth and pleasure fill the throne  
Our hearts and hands we twine;  
But for those stern and wintry days  
Of peril, pain and fear,  
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make  
This earthly journey drear."

### DIED.

In Beaver City, November 15, MATHEW McEWAN, SEN.

Deceased was born at Derry, Ireland about October 1813; joined the church in Philadelphia, Pa., in June, 1839; emigrated to Nauvoo the same year, where he joined the Twelfth Quorum of Seventies; left Nauvoo with the pioneers in February, 1846, and traveled westward as far as Garden Grove, Iowa, whence he returned to Nauvoo, to remove his family out of the way of relentless mobs; moved with his family to Council Bluffs, where he remained till 1851, at which date he removed to Provo, Utah, where he remained one year, thence to Fillmore, where he remained five years, after which he moved to Beaver, where he was ordained a High Priest, which office he held, remaining in Beaver, to the time of his death. From the time he joined the church he was a zealous advocate of the cause he had espoused; he died as he had lived, in full faith of the gospel and hope of eternal lives, leaving a wife, six children, with grandchildren and numerous friends.—*Com.*

Pennsylvania papers and *Millennial Star*, please copy.

At Big Cottonwood, on Dec. 15th, ELIZA SPENCER, wife of James Moses, aged 61 years and six months.

Sister Moses was born on the 15th of June, 1813, in the town of Johnson, Trumbull Co., Ohio; in 1838 she went with the Saints to Missouri; was driven from there to Illinois, where in 1839 she embraced the gospel; was married the same year to James Moses with whom she lived until her death; in 1861 she came with her husband and family to this place; was always firm in the cause of truth; was a good neighbor, a faithful wife, a kind, indulgent mother, and died in the faith and hope of a glorious immortality in the kingdom of our God.—*Com.*

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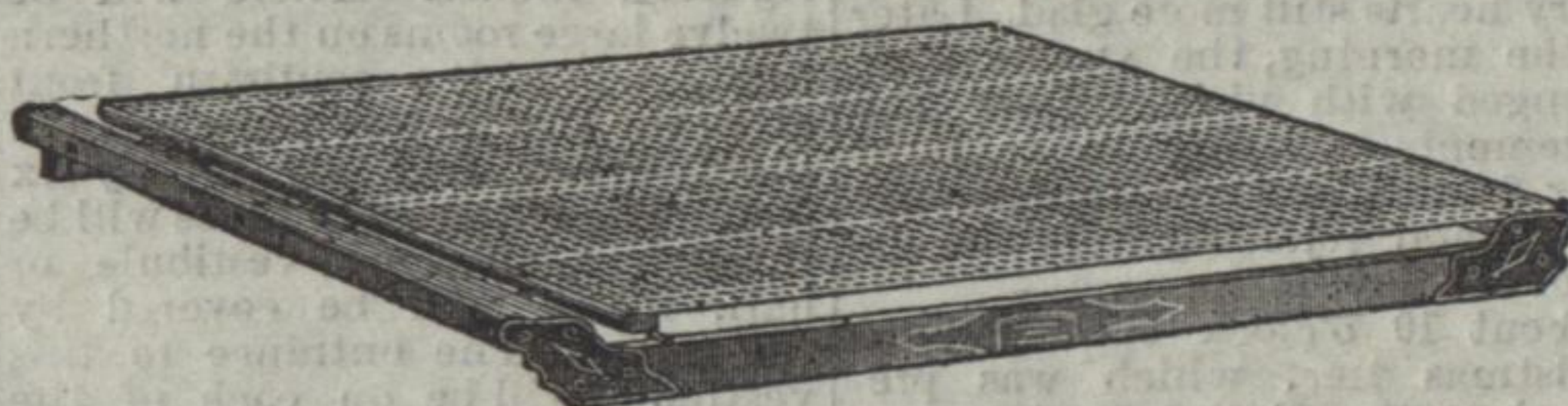
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