

ground for my Moorish would be a progress. As I travel about the world. We have open the port of China, the Great Wall; paper-glazed of the European Legations misery, the simplicity and larger possess now enough money and con- not worth China have America has a nation; we wish to more about sense—than Japan, Jedd, the only so warehouses, these sweet-paupers dolls beginning to only of the drawings, and chests of models, while mathematical the Japanese will be, on the habitants of al orna- opened up; at a country explored, and, which con- square miles among whom the bulk of that swarthy of Morocco, situated in the Atlantic by the coast as is ordinary, whole, more. The soil is cultivated as rice, maize, so, sesamum, and honey are innumerable olives, and cedar, walnut, trees and of the and of the Government; and al- of the des- tative enter- and feeble, the moun- the most precious as people, they able condition and degra- men, skilful car- skins extant. half the best wool with to wear. are forged at

the unim- and, this realm in confer but developed trade, tyranny, of corruption, on the Port took a steamer, might land a hem touch at Sale, better its piratical the Prince de the Spaniards the Straits of Ceuta, and on the unim- ports, and Pefon the communica- sports, indeed, Europeans to the excep- on a river officers from a few days' countless downy bazaars or cure the Moghrebin europeans who, and in set- French garri- from Ceuta, emigrated ending French needed Atlan- TLEY ABER- er is as closely to the COCO bound MERT, and, the but some years Decca in quest was found in at one of the and installed as throne. The adju, beggar- the out of the minuit class of vicious, proli- the Japanese a few years man, and that relations with along the to Japan is a orocoro is only it has been said to far as ocean- pass close to and, quite ex- it might be as sion of any energetic people d to do busi- dom generally products, pro- and certainly are worthy in fine, com- es, though for

some inexplicable reason she is shut up and shut out from us more completely than that Polar region we are again about to explore.

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 biding 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. Sure 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 favours 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 horsewhip, would seem little short of madness. Indeed, one might as well think of facing a mad bull with a switch, or "blocking" 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 favoured 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 endeavoured to drag 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, belaboured him with it, stabbed him in the eye, kicked him, shouted at him, and fairly drove him off. Then—knowing that at 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 had 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 comrade.

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 is lodged was divided between THOMPSON, GODFREY, and SCOTT, and the latter, who had had his turns of attendance upon the beast, must have been perfectly well aware of its size and strength, the rapidity of its movements, and its untameable 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 favoured a bolder or worthier effort.

Winter has come, and the Carlist war seems no whit nearer its end. The fighting about Irún appears really to have profited neither side, save in so far as the prompt action of Loma prevented the town from being captured, and did inflict unexpected reverses upon his opponents. But the most marked feature disclosed by the incident is the weakness of both parties. It now appears that the garrison of Estella was so reduced as to render an offensive movement by Moriones practicable, providing he had sufficient troops, and that the scantiness of his command would have enabled Mendiri to emerge from Estella had the Carlists been able to dispose of a decent force. But just as the big detachment sent towards Irún crippled the Ebro army, so the Carlist battalions withdrawn from Estella rendered Mendiri powerless. On the other hand, Loma, after cutting his opponents in two, either could not or was not permitted to follow up his success; and the reason is plain. The Ebro army was so reduced that the Madrid Government, fearing a counter-stroke, hastened to bring back the Irún detachment with all speed to the lines between Estella and the capital. Don Carlos apparently was unable to profit by the scattered array of his adversaries, and they were not strong enough on any point to strike a stout blow at his partially occupied strongholds. It is stated that the National Army available for operations against the insurgents consists of only 31,000 men; and if that be accurate nothing could convey a more vivid impression of Carlist weakness. The insurgent force must, indeed, be feeble if it cannot act offensively against a body less than its own reputed strength, and necessarily spread out over a wide external line. There are not wanting symptoms of decay in the Pre-tender's cause. Don Alfonso has departed from Spain, perhaps to seek the sinews of war; it may be because he could make no progress in Catalonia and Aragon. Ebro and Mendiri have shown signs of relaxed vigour, and the comparative ease with which Loma won his successes implies a failure of Carlist generalship in mountain warfare or diminished steadfastness on the part of the troops. The outlook is not encouraging. The hill-tops are white with snow, the rigorous season has set in, ultimate victory is more remote than ever, and it may be the propitious moment for a "convenio" is near at hand.

No one possessing any knowledge of Oriental politics can doubt that the imprisonment of Yakoob Khan by his father, the Emir of Cabul, is a grave and vexatious incident. When the report of his arrest reached us we questioned its accuracy, solely because the news was coupled with a further statement alleging that Yakoob had been instigated by the Viceroy to visit Shere Ali. Had Lord Northbrook counselled the step we felt sure that the Emir would not have laid hands on his son, because he could not be ignorant that his conduct would be an affront to the Indian Government. It became speedily apparent that the Viceroy had no share in determining the course followed by Yakoob, and also that beyond question he was in arrest. If rendered less serious by the prompt correction supplied, relieving the Calcutta statesmen of any responsibility, the act of Shere Ali still remained disagreeable and untoward. Why was it committed could not be much a matter of dispute, seeing that harem influences had for years turned the Emir against his offspring. The truth is that the mother of Abdoola's desires to see her child on the Cabul Musnud, and she must have induced Shere Ali to seize his visitor. A report, it seems, has reached Bombay to the effect that the cause of Yakoob's arrest was a suspicion that he would surrender Herat to the Persians. If that pretext is alleged at Cabul, it will not pass muster in India. We have just fixed the boundaries of Afghanistan not only towards the Oxus and the Steppe, but on the side of Persia. The tract of Seistan declared to be part of the Afghan realm has been, we believe, given up by the Shah. Now, although it is possible that Yakoob, in a fit of temper, might offer Herat to the Teheran Court, the politicians there could not accept it, because they know that England would resent so strong a measure. Hence we can put no faith in the Bombay news, or impute the capture of Yakoob Khan to any other source than the obvious one, namely, the desire of Abdoola's mother to see her son's rival in custody. Of course, under such circumstances, his life is in danger, and we feel satisfied that the Indian Government will exert itself to prevent the Emir from proceeding to extremities. They will also endeavour to procure his son's release; but, whatever happens, the incident is one of evil omen for the future peace of Afghanistan.

Three omnibus conductors have been convicted at the Central Criminal Court, and sentenced to imprisonment, for having embezzled money received from passengers. They were in the employment of the General Omnibus Company, and the evidence against them was furnished by detectives set to watch and report on the traffic of special days. The returns made by the conductors did not correspond with the policemen's notes, and the jury, satisfied that the Company's servants had pocketed the difference, found them guilty. Every one must approve of the prosecution, and the sentences, which sent a couple to prison for nine and one for six months. The proceedings of the conductors were not only illegal, but morally wrong; they were guilty of a breach of trust, and their crime is worse than picking pockets. As this is the first conviction, at least for many years, we may take the opportunity of pointing out the reasons which may have led these men into criminality. The strongest are that they are worked seven days in the week; that they are paid comparatively low wages; and consequently that the conditions of service present forcible temptations, which, it may well be conceived, are sometimes too strong for weak natures. All day long money is slipping through their fingers; they know how difficult it is to organise checks upon their backsides, and they may even sooth their consciences by thinking on the small pay allotted to them. Might it not be worth while for the Company to consider whether, besides exposing men to very great temptations, they do not lose more during the year by embezzlement than they gain by giving a defective remuneration for laborious service? If these are caught, it may be inferred that a great many cheat their employers without incurring the penalties which follow discovery. Properly paid, it is not conceivable that any large number would run the hazard of exposure and imprisonment; and the remedy suggested by the late trial and the general terms of employment is, that the Company should choose men of good character, and pay them better. No doubt, it is just that all thieves, whatever their temptation, should be punished; but this kind of delinquency is exactly one of those which are properly dealt with by measures of prevention. It would be best to place omnibus servants in such a pecuniary position as would most probably ensure the handing over of the total fare actually received.

EUROPEAN SOCIETY ARBITRATION.—It was

expected that Lord Romilly, the arbitrator, would hold sittings immediately after Michaelmas Term, but we understand that it is not now intended that these should be any further坐定 until a later date.

have M. de Cumont have M. Desjardins, State for Education, Director of the Muséum, count of the cross of having been conferred Chaufray, withdrawn are the questions of before the provincial *Haute* says that both in his place of auditor. In confidence in the *Agence* have given way, another declares they both stand sternness. I don't think way. When a savant offence, and acts with a has shown, he is little again. Besides, I find which most of the are drawn up, that has himself instructed the functions at the signed. His laboratory at the Jardin des Plantes a full, and I suppose causes that led M. Chevalier. Several newspapers agree. There is a ten position of two paragraphs treats of M. Chaufray from Arras, announced has been granted by M. Chevalier who can show for service. It is, at the s<sup>ix</sup> days of the College of of service is about to has still only the rose twenty-four years of of service—as private A mere announcement state of siege does not an Englishman's happiness, thinks he knows, that rages is all over. Colossal the mastodon. Perhaps pliable habit of reviving flame very hot, and to fear. In ordinary time siege works very smooth form not at all. But with a still and pass to despite the *bourgeois* find their dier's hand. If a military justice makes no forgoives. Here is a Some time since the was suppressed, but I know nothing of the which threw, of course, work at St. Die. The applied lately to get a start a new enterprise literature. In reply, honour to inform M. de that party of "attack and of insults to the nomination of the" You see we about these things. action may do however may not. We have by that one test, to point to hint anything regarding the civil power private. Again, General Ducrot, by his orders of the constructed the general under his authority districts, soldiers and company, "during and will not hesitate to of the peace." The are told, certain time place after the last course, defy the Geneva scenes, and denounce scandal. Candid on what to say about hand, there is a violent freedom of man, looking only at to-day that the artisans of the processions to the last entirely executed for a back. Put one item The state of siege, a cowardly murderer, when one feels Saint-Genest for France is one great You know that Paris gives a model the next day's dinner. *Brielle* are famous for judgment; but taste night the Baron de Gouy called the "Etiquette de la table," we have all laughed with a little gilt vigne as I always think. These are stock jokes which ways make droll company English work more of Baron Brielle on knives and forks course." One may illustration of a country from long treatises students of America sorted half-dozen of etiquette." Listen, no Brielle feels constrained to a guest has left it him beside it is difficult to remove a knife or fork, or a servant's place to take that is on it, and an or fork. To take a guest has left it him is difficult to ask after each course plumes itself on civil Ye, verily! In some English village beat her before a course. Only yesterday Alpine Club. An a *Debuts* of its first g of the Société d' a large gathering of weather. M. de Bille place of M. de Bille, had only two days. Chairman explained longer ago than April, had 320 members; the organised count 3,000 more societies in count assured that import already done by the "extraordinary" has all rivals. M. and the Jungfrau; Mont Blanc. M. an Mont Blanc, the two most achieved that becomes quite pitiful story of their claim most difficult piti