

**EXTRAORDINARY MISHAP AT THE "ZOO."**

**Rescue of the Half-Frozen Female Rhinoceros. Heroic Conduct of the Salvors.**

A "STRANGE ice accident" has happened to the rhinoceros at the Zoological Gardens. The animal had been turned out one morning lately as usual into the paddock behind the elephant-house while the dens were being cleared. The snow had fallen thickly during the night, so that the pond was not to be distinguished from the ground. The rhinoceros, not seeing the pond, put her fore feet on the ice, which immediately gave way, and in she went, head over heels with a crash.

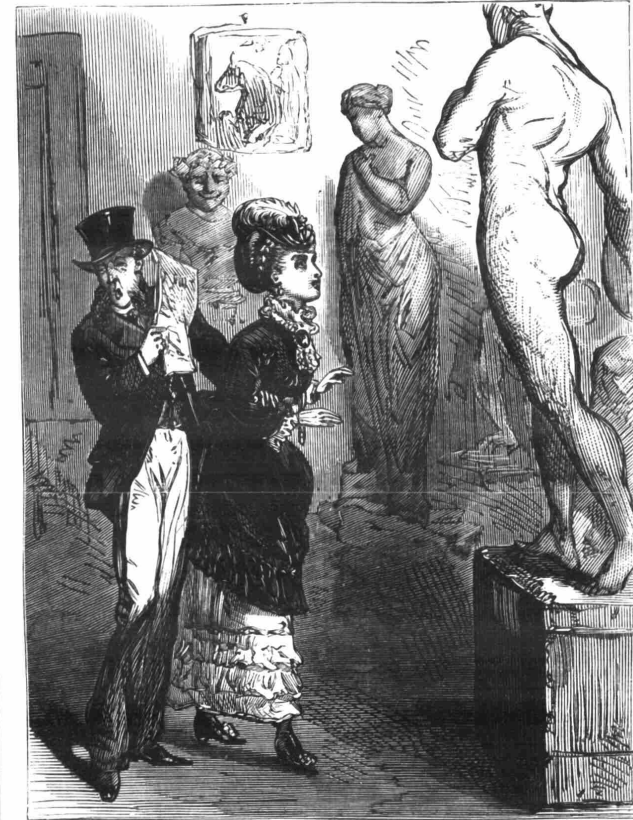
The keepers ran for Mr. Bartlett, the resident superintendent. When he came, in a few minutes, he found the poor rhinoceros in great danger of drowning, as she was floundering about among great sheets of ice, under which she had probably been kept down till her great strength enabled her to break up the whole mass. Here, then, was a most awkward accident under unexpected and novel circumstances.

Mr. Bartlett, with his usual courage, quickness, and readiness of resource, was quiet equal to the occasion. He immediately let the water off the pond by knocking away a large plug which he had thoughtfully fixed instead of a tap, which is liable to get out of order. In the meantime the poor rhinoceros was in great danger of drowning, as the pond is nine feet deep; so, while the water was running off, Mr. Bartlett, losing no time, sent for all the available keepers and a long and strong rope; barrow loads of gravel were at the same time strewed on the sloping sides of the pond to give the exhausted animal a foothold. The rope was then tossed round the haunches of the rhinoceros, like the kicking strap of a horse in harness, and twenty-six men, one half at one end of the rope, and the other half at the other, pulled hard on the rhinoceros; so that in her struggles to get up the bank she would not only be supported, but pulled forcibly forwards.

After much hauling on the part of the men and much plunging on the slippery bank of the pond, the rhinoceros was at last landed on *terra firma*. The salvors of this valuable living property had then to look out for themselves. Mr. Bartlett had anticipated this, for he had left the sliding gate of the enclosure open just wide enough to let out one man at a time, but not a rhinoceros.

An absurd scene then ensued; everybody rushed to the gate, but the first of the fugitives from the rhinoceros, naturally stout, and possibly stouter at Christmas-time than usual, jammed fast in the open gate, so that the other twenty-five men were in the paddock with the rhinoceros.

The poor frightened and half-frozen beast luckily behaved very well; she did not rush after the men but stood still, pricked her ears and



"WHAT WE ARE COMING TO." NO. 3.—"COME, ALONG, DO!"

snorted, giving the keepers time to get out as fast as they could, through the ingenious "manhole," or guard, in the railing made in case of emergencies. Neither the rhinoceros nor the men received the slightest injury. Shortly after the accident, the rhinoceros

was munching her breakfast as if nothing had happened. The rhinoceros was the big female; she is about ten feet six inches long, and about five feet high at the shoulder, and she weighs at a guess between three and four tons. The ice was four inches thick.

**BOXING-NIGHT AT A LONDON THEATRE.**

**The Rights of Women—"Delicate Ground" and "The White Cat."**

ALL the theatrical world of London, a large portion of the general public, have been agog respecting an extraordinary "Row behind the Scenes," which has now assumed the ugly reality of a summons for assault, and the mimic belligerents of the play-house have appeared as prosecutor and defendant at Bow-street Police-court.

Miss Alleyne is the manageress of the Globe Theatre in Newcastle-street, and, to all seeming, is a lady gifted with a temper. There are tempers and tempers, and, in Miss Alleyne's, a tendency towards "action" would appear to preponderate. Miss Agnes Varcoe, on the other hand, is a young lady who combines the subtle genius of the *comédienne* with the lighter graces of the *balletina*. Miss Varcoe has been in the ballet; but she now acts, and, until lately, was engaged at the Globe Theatre.

According to the young lady's statement, she was on the stage of the Globe on Boxing-Night, and left it with her partner at the conclusion of a dance by Madama Colonna. Madama was encored, and Miss Alleyne, turning to Miss Varcoe, said, "You —, go on." The hiatus may, of course, be filled up as the reader pleases. There may be no harm in assuming that the manageress meant "You angel," or "You pet." But — *testis*—Miss Varcoe—Miss Alleyne, in addition to using dulcet words towards her, gave her so violent a push as nearly to send her and her partner on to the footlights. Being made of "flesh and blood," the young lady protested against hands being laid upon her; whereupon—we are quoting her statement—Miss Alleyne struck her with her fist, and "dug her nails" into her shoulder.

At this critical moment arrived a guardian scrab in the shape of Mr. Walter Lacy, the stage manager, who conducted the scratched one into paths of safety, saying, "I took you away, my dear Miss Varcoe, or something desperate might have been done." Mercutio could not have been more gallant, nor Lord Burleigh, in "The Critic," more discreet. A young lady named Matilda Knight was called to confirm Miss Varcoe's evidence, but she fainted in the witness-box. Then up rose another slyph, by the name of Lydia Rose Minton. She did not faint, but corroborated the complaint of the prosecutrix. Then Miss Matilda Knight got better, and could swear to the push, but was not able to take her oath to the blow. On Mr. Walter Lacy's being called, he gave testimony so sage and prudent that he would appear to have passed some portion of his industrious career in sedulous study of the writings of the "judicious" Hooker. Mr. Lacy remembered the night of the "row." He saw Miss Alleyne's hands on Miss Varcoe, and heard the latter exclaim, "How dare you?" He told the "little girl"—still judiciously—that she should not thus address the manageress. Miss Varcoe wished him to look at her neck; but, true



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