

**The
James Gordon Bennetts
Father and Son**
Proprietors of the New York Herald

By
DON C. SEITZ

Author of 1862-1935

**Joseph Pulitzer
Horace Greeley
The Dreadful Decade
Uncommon Americans
etc.**

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CHAPTER XIII

THE WILD ANIMAL HOAX

NEW YORK, always most credulous of cities, awoke into wild alarm on the morning of November 9, 1874, when the *Herald* flung out a first page of solid non-pariel announcing that the "wild animals" in the Central Park Zoo had broken loose the night before with direful consequences. The city was thrown into a panic. A "proclamation" by the Mayor, warning people to remain in their homes until the "peril" was over, accompanied the tale and thousands kept within doors. The more valorous armed themselves to the teeth and sallied forth in search of big game. The city seethed with excitement, as well it might under the spell of such an announcement. That no other paper carried the tale was without effect—had not the *Herald* often beaten its slower contemporaries in big news? But few read the page through and so reached the anticlimax of what was the second most noteworthy "sell" on record—Richard Adams Locke's "Moon" Hoax, printed in the New York *Sun* on August 21, 1835, being the greatest. Well might panic follow a page headed with these lines:

AWFUL CALAMITY

The Wild Animals Broken Loose from Central Park.

Terrible Scenes of Mutilation.

A Shocking Sabbath Carnival of Death.

Savage Brutes at Large.

Awful Combats Between the Beasts and the Citizens.

The Killed and Wounded.

General Duryee's Magnificent Police Tactics.

Bravery and Panic.

How the Catastrophe was Brought About—
Affrighting Incidents.

Proclamation by the Mayor.

Governor Dix Shoots the Bengal Tiger in the Streets.

After the *Herald* custom, this was followed by a long and solemn introduction reading:

Another Sunday of horror has been added to those already memorable in our city annals. The sad and appalling catastrophe of yesterday is a further illustration of the unforeseen perils to which large communities are exposed. Writing even at a late hour, without full details of the terrors of the evening and night, and with a necessarily incomplete list of the killed and mutilated, we may pause for a moment in the wide-

indescribable fury by the bullets that pierced his flanks and shoulders, jumped into a landaulet occupied by a nursemaid and her four young charges, mangling the delicate little things past all sign of recognition, would be a difficult task. But let me endeavor to describe the fearful scenes with some attempt at order. My head is so confused and my nerves so unstrung with the fearful scenes through which I have passed that I confess I am hardly equal to picturing them.

FIRST OMINOUS SYMPTOMS.

The writer stood within a hundred yards of the menagerie when the first ominous symptoms of the approaching catastrophe were heard. The doors of the main structure, wherein the principal wild animals were confined, were closed at five o'clock. Hundreds of people, men, women and children, were still lingering in the vicinity. Five or six of the Park Police were stationed in the neighborhood. One stood at the entrance at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street, making a record of the number of visitors passing in. Another was stationed for a similar purpose on the roadway approaching from the south-eastern entrance, at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street. Within the arsenal there appears to have been a number of the Park Police. The captain was off duty and did not appear until later at night. Mr. Conklin, the director of the menagerie, was at his post, like a good soldier. It was

A CALM, PEACEFUL AND PLEASING SCENE

in the early hours of the afternoon. Children ran around from cage to cage in the perfect fulness of delight. A stream of people released from the cares and labors of the week wandered through the grounds, pausing to admire the beautiful zebras and stopping there to laugh over the amusing antics of the monkeys. The idea of danger could only be suggested to create laughter and derision. Certainly nobody seriously contemplated the possibility of peril where seemingly massive cages restrained the wild and savage instincts

of the various beasts of prey. The rhinoceros appeared the

PICTURE OF STUPID AMIABILITY,

the Numidian lion wore a look of the grossest indolence, the Bengal tiger seemed as harmless as a prostrate forest tree, the bears invited a caressing acquaintance, the boa constrictor might have been petted with the hand, the elephant eating biscuits from the fingers of a little child, suggested an extreme condition of tameness and docility. In all the rest, saving the restless and savage eyed hyena, the spirit of the day appeared to dwell.

THE ORIGIN OF THE AWFUL CALAMITY.

In a very few moments the whole aspect was destined to be changed. It is now well authenticated that Chris. Anderson, the keeper, one of whose charges was Pete, the rhinoceros, in walking around after the public was excluded, stopped in front of the den of the huge animal above mentioned. He was seen to poke his cane through the bars at the great beast, and was warned by keeper Miller to desist. The latter was leaving the building at the moment he remonstrated with Anderson, and to this circumstance, doubtless, owes his life. He says that keeper Hyland also called out to Anderson. The latter had a fashion, it appears, of teasing the animals although he was often known to eject persons from the building for similar practices. Anderson paid no attention to the warnings of his fellow keepers, and, it is thought, a heedless thrust must have entered the eye of the rhinoceros. A number of boys who were peering in through the windows on the north side of the building attracted the attention of the writer by their cries.

“LOOK, HE’S BREAKING OUT!”

There was a crashing heard within and the boys were seen to flee precipitately. I rushed to the window, drawn by a curiosity which was irresistible. My example was soon followed by others, many women struggling for a place. It was some moments before I

could make out what was transpiring within. A keeper was standing in the middle of the open space apparently spellbound. Another was standing further down, grasping a crowbar, his gaze directed toward the pen of the rhinoceros. The short, angry, squeaking cry of the rhinoceros, like sudden blasts on a fish horn, was heard amid the sound of snapping bars and crashing planks. It at once struck me that the huge animal was breaking down the walls of his pen in the endeavor doubtless to reach his tormentor. Not aware of any cause for this sudden exhibition of rage, none of the fascinated crowd at the windows measured the danger of their position or the object of the infuriated beast. The keeper, afterward found to be Anderson, now rushed forward and struck at the animal. We could not see whether his blows reached the rhinoceros or not, but their effect was soon told. A crash which shook the building followed and the front of the pen fell outward and the horrid, mis-shapen mass of Pete, the rhinoceros, rushed out, his double-horned head close to the ground. Anderson made a spring sideways, to avoid the monster's onslaught and might have succeeded in gaining at least temporary safety by this means, but he was too close to the animal, for the latter, swinging his unwieldy body toward him, knocked him down with a touch of his shoulder, and an instant after had trampled him out of recognition. Backing down from the mangled body with a swiftness almost incredible for his bulk, the rhinoceros plunged his horrid horn into the dead keeper, dashing the last possible spark of life out against the walls of one of the pens, which likewise gave way. All this tragedy transpired in an instant. Horror-stricken, I tried to push my way from the window, but the crowd was now dense behind me and I could not stir. I cried:

“For God's sake, let some one run to the police station for help!”

I struggled to get out, putting my hands against the window and my feet below it, and pushing with all my

might. An accursed curiosity in the crowd, who were only vaguely conscious of what was transpiring, made my efforts useless. When I looked in through the window again the destruction at the further end had increased, the rhinoceros breaking open the dens of the animals on the left hand side.

THE KEEPER HYLAND

whom I had first seen standing spell-bound, was advancing, pale as marble, and a navy revolver in his hand toward the enraged rhinoceros. The animal saw him, turned and made for him in an instant. He sprang aside and fired. The ball hit the rhinoceros on the left shoulder, for he swerved over for an instant; but it can scarcely have more than hurt him a little, as he turned with a whiff, whiff, whiff snort, his head down toward the keeper. The latter, with cat-like agility, retreated toward the lions' and tigers' cages, evidently making for the space between them, but too late. The horrid horn impaled him against the corner cage, killing him instantly, tearing the cage to pieces and releasing the panther, who landed in the middle of an open space with a spring. The cries of all the animals were now joined in horrid chorus by the loud and long-sustained roar of the lion and lioness, the tigers and all the wild beasts, that doubtless had their carnivorous instincts whetted by the smell of human blood and the sound and sight of the bloody struggles outside their bars.

“THE WILD ANIMALS ARE LOOSE”

I yelled, and the savage chorus within bore out my words. At last curiosity seemed to give way. The crowd fled in all directions, women falling as they ran, and no one staying to help them out of the way of the coming danger, which was then shaping itself so swiftly. I ran to the police station in the Arsenal building, and found that the sergeant on duty was dozing quietly. I shook him up, told him in a few words what was the matter and ran round to the space in front of the Arsenal. There I found keeper Miller

calling to the policeman who was just coming off duty. Miller laughed at my story.

"Come around," I said earnestly.

"Too thin, young fellow," said the policeman.

"Don't you hear?" I said, as the roaring of the animals sounded ominously in our ears. The sergeant now came running out in search of the policeman.

"Anderson and Hyland are killed," said he to Miller. "Why don't you stir yourself?"

Miller is a tall, stalwart man of about thirty-three and it is but just to say that from the moment the sergeant spoke he sprang into action. He rushed into the keeper's room and grasped a sixteen shooter rifle, which is kept loaded for such emergencies and ran out through the central door to the rear of the Arsenal to the window the crowd had just deserted. What he saw evidently appalled him, as he let the butt of the rifle fall to the ground and continued gazing in through the window like one in a dream. From his own lips I have learned what he saw. He said:

"An attentive glance through the window revealed the fact that

THE HUGE RHINOCEROS HAD BROKEN LOOSE."

He had apparently made no more of the massive barrier that enclosed him than a sheet of pasteboard. I saw the dead bodies of Hyland and Anderson, the former nearer to me than the other. The panther was crouched over Hyland's body, gnawing horribly at his head. I recognized his body by the striped shirt which I could just see hanging tattered from the arm. It was growing dark and this made everything look twice as fearful. I saw the rhinoceros plunge blindly forward against the double tier of cages where the black and spotted leopards, the striped hyena, the prairie wolf, the puma and the jaguar were lying. Judging from the condition of the cages, the onset of the powerful and infuriated rhinoceros must have been tremendous. In some cases the bars were only bent to an elbow, but, as a rule, they snapped asunder like kindling wood

before the smashing weight brought against them.

THE RELEASE OF THE ANIMALS

mentioned angered still more the lions and tigers and all the rest within the building. The rhinoceros in the meantime was busy in the work of destruction. In a few moments more he had broken down the pens of the wild swine, the manatee, the American tapir, the two-toed sloth, and the pair of kangaroos. Just then, too, Lincoln, the Numidian lion, escaped from his cage, through some unfortunate oversight committed at feeding time. The bolt of his prison door was insecure, and when the raging rhinoceros butted his head against the bottom, it flew wide open. Hardly had Lincoln, the lion, bounded into the centre aisle of the building when the three cages containing the black and spotted leopards, the tiger and tigress, the black wolf and the spotted hyenas were sprung open by an overpowering charge from the now desperate rhinoceros. The noise of this crash might have been heard several blocks away. It was followed by a series of fights between the liberated beasts. Close by a window on the western aisle of the building the black wolf sprang upon the flanks of the Bengal tiger. The lion stood a little distance away pawing the floor, awaiting rather than offering an attack. Between the wolf and tiger the conflict was brief. The latter, shaking off the feeble hold of the other, turned quick as lightning on his hind legs and falling with open, gleaming jaws upon his less muscular foe, rolled him over in the dust. The great fight ensued

OVER THE BODY

of poor brave Hyland. There was evidently a fight over the body of Anderson, but I could see nothing more than a mingling, gleaming mess, whence arose the most awful cries. Nearer to me where Hyland lay, the lioness, the panther, the puma, and presently the Bengal tiger, were rolling over and over, striking at each other with their mighty paws. The lioness tore the skin off the puma's flank with one blow. The com-

ing of the tiger was something terrible. I never shall forget the awful, splendid look of him as he landed with a spring in the thick of them. I could not move. It was too awful for anything. Oddly enough, while the fight was going on, now one furious beast tugging and crunching at the arms or legs of the corpse, now letting go with his teeth to plant his paws upon the bleeding remains and snap with his dripping jaws at another beast, writhing and awful as they were, I could not help looking at Lincoln, the lion, who was standing behind them pawing the ground, roaring and lashing his side with his tail, every muscle in uneasy tension. All of a sudden I had a flash.

“BY GOD, HE’S LOOKING AT ME”

I said to myself. It seemed to me I felt him looking at me. I saw him crouch. I turned and ran. “My God, I had no idea there was anybody near me.” Miller had not been a minute and a half at the window when I saw him running towards me shouting at the top of his lungs:

“THEY’RE COMING, THEY’RE ALL LOOSE.”

It is necessary to explain Miller’s statement, “My God, I had no idea there was anybody near me.” Those who ran from the window in the first instance had not run far before they looked back. There was, of course, no pursuit, and a great many lingered by, but at a safe distance. The coming of the keeper, however; his standing listless looking before the window for over a minute, had had the effect of inspiring a return of confidence in the more curious, and when Anderson, frightened by the eye of the lion, ran precipitately toward the Arsenal, there were perhaps a dozen persons near the window. He only sped a few paces when, with a terrific roar

LINCOLN, THE LION CAME CRASHING THROUGH THE GLASS.

I saw a young man fall from a blow of the awful paw, and another crushed to earth beneath the beast’s weight. The crowd fled in all directions, but the lion did not pursue. Planting his paw upon one of the

bodies he filled the air with the fearful rumble of his roar. I started to run, but Miller called on me to stop. I turned and saw him kneel down deliberately and take aim. There was a good chance for a shot, as the lion stood almost facing him, but with the right shoulder more toward him. I have no reason to doubt the steadiness of Miller or his reputation as a shot, but I waited with impent breath as he took aim. He had hit him. I could not see where, but the wound was far from fatal. The bellowings were renewed, his mane erect, his tail switching his sides, while he pawed the earth and swung his huge head from side to side. Drawn by the report of the rifle and the roaring of the beasts, crowds of people were entering the enclosure from the Sixty-fourth Street entrance. I saw that already a number of Park

POLICE ARMED WITH REVOLVERS

and citizens with rifles were on the ground. I had no weapon and so ran down the incline, by the refreshment stand, toward Fifth Avenue; and almost at my heels as it were, came the Numidian lion with a series of bounds. So sudden, fierce and powerful was the leap he made into the midst of the storming party that he paralyzed the coolest calculations and scattered half a hundred armed and unarmed men like chaff before the wind. Springing in the air over the stooped form of policeman Murray, who ducked in time to save himself from the possible death, Lincoln landed in a fast widening

CIRCLE OF FEAR STRICKEN PEOPLE,

of fainting women, screaming children and terrified men. Lincoln paused for perhaps a second, lashing himself with his tail and glaring horribly around him. On the ground before him were two young men who had tripped and fallen in the precipitate retreat from before the building. They were struggling fast to rise, and had nearly succeeded when Lincoln, with another awful roar that echoed over the Park, pounced upon the nearest, and with one stroke of his fore paw,

tore clothes and flesh to pieces. A shout of horror went up from the distant witnesses of the deed, but they were given little time to meditate upon it. I was just in the angle between the two aviaries, which contained, yesterday, the doves and the eagles respectively, when the last mentioned deed of blood was enacted. I was about to escape by rushing past the house where the wild animals were caged, and had just reached the path near the sea lion's tank, when what I had feared most came to pass. The rhinoceros, in his infuriated career, had at last found a gate and crashed through it. Had he done so at first there would have been less lost lives to count. A storming party which had been formed by Colonel Conklin, of keepers, citizens and police near the Fifty-ninth Street entrance, and which was powerfully aided by the arrival of a platoon from the Nineteenth Precinct under Captain Gunner and Mr. Hunt of Ninety-third Street was within a hundred yards of the building when the rhinoceros emerged, giving his short, vicious cry. His appearance was the signal for a misdirected volley, which, of course, did little or no execution on his thick, tough hide and double horn protected proboscis. It confused him momentarily, however, for he turned and re-entered the building on a sort of ambling trot. Misled by this retreat, a cheer went up from the firing party, and they rushed forward, Colonel Conklin leading, to secure the door. Had the great brute deliberately planned an ambushade, it could not have better succeeded. When the party were within a dozen feet of the door the puma sprang through the shattered portal into their midst, overthrowing several, doubtless injuring some. Almost on the heels of the puma came the black and spotted leopard, followed by the jaguar, the African lioness and tiger. The latter came forth with a slow and stealthy tread. Archambeau, one of the keepers, had the temerity to try and lasso the beast, knowing that there was none more dangerous and blood-thirsty in the whole collection.

THE TIGER SAW THE OBJECT

of the keeper and without a moment's warning, sprang fifteen feet in the air and caught Archambeau by the right shoulder. The two went down together, the tiger on top. Instant preparations were made to save the poor fellow when, unfortunately, the rhinoceros came lumbering at a half trot out of the entrance and drove the rescuing party from their purpose. He also drove the tiger before him, but at the same time planted one of his enormous feet on the prostrate Archambeau and squeezed the breath from his body. The storming party was for the moment completely disorganized. The animals were running in various directions, and the attacking forces and the curious spectators were fleeing in every direction, scaling rocks, climbing trees, falling in their flight, and a case is reported of a citizen stabbed at this moment by an Italian over a quarrel as to which should first ascend a tree. The wounded man, Calvin Morley, of Flatbush, L. I., is at Bellevue Hospital but cannot give any description of

THE MAN WHO STABBED HIM.

I mention this terrible incident from a host of others to show how overwhelming was the fright and how blinding the stampede. The lion had escaped the bullets of the firing party in the front enclosure, or rather being maddened to further desperation by them, careered wildly through the Fifth Avenue entrance, and was followed shortly after by the Bengal tiger, a number of demoralized Park policemen, who still had a sentiment of duty, pursuing them with halloes, as if they were sheep, not sheep devourers.

CONFUSION AND DESTRUCTION.

From this point it has been found extremely difficult to gather anything like a coherent or complete story of the depredations of the uncaged beasts. From a number of statements made to our reporters by eyewitnesses, many of these statements abounding in patent impossibilities, but all of them given with ap-

parent conviction of truthfulness, the following continuation of the story is given. The writer of the preceding, on the pell mell breaking forth from the animals, ran to the Seventy-fourth Street entrance and hurried down to the Windsor Hotel whence he telegraphed to the *Herald* office for assistance.

THE CONTINUATION OF DESTRUCTION.

The rhinoceros, after trampling down the keeper, Archangeau, made directly for the cage of the brown bear, which stood on the grass recently. The ease with which he overturned the structure well illustrated the vast muscular power of the brute. The brown bear escaped with some bruises. The grizzly bear, upon being knocked out of his house, advanced to give fight, but was bowled over on the grass three times in succession.

THE LEOPARD,

after killing a little child and mutilating several women, made his way into the inclosure containing the pelicans, the pea fowl and ostrich and killed all before him. The terror among the storming party lasted long enough to give ample time to the escaped animals to spread havoc all through the Park and the city besides.

THE JAGUAR

had been forgotten at meal time, and, made desperate by hunger, jumped over the fence surrounding the tall and gentle giraffes, and in less time than it takes to tell it, had slaughtered one of the noble but helpless animals.

OVER ONE HUNDRED SHOTS

were fired at the rhinoceros in vain. His sides appeared to be covered with slabs of wrought iron. "Shoot him in the eye," was the general cry, but no one was lucky enough, as all were nervous with fright, to strike that particular organ. A long reaching crowbar, however, struck him in a sensitive spot under the jaw, not with the effect of checking his headlong career, but only to drive him onward to

WORSE DEEDS THAN EVER.

In the same half trot with which he issued from his quarters and swaying like a ship at sea, he struck over to the cages near Fifth Avenue, where the herbivorous animals were stationed. The havoc made in this direction was frightful. All the cages tumbled to pieces, and, to add to the destruction and confusion, the liberated elephant joined forces with the rhinoceros and the joint attack on the weaker animals, such as the camel, the zebras, the sacred bull, the guanaco and the llama was simply irresistible. The sacred bull was killed instantly and one of the mild eyed zebras was crushed without pity. The other escaped into the park and ran toward Eighth Avenue. He is reported to have kicked and badly beaten a number of daring boys who endeavored to effect his capture. He is still at large.

THE BIRDS.

The destruction of the bird cages was marked by terrific screaming. The eagles fought gallantly for their eyries, but nothing could withstand the united charge of the elephant and the rhinoceros. It was late in the evening before the organized force of the menagerie subdued the former of these two powerful animals which had ruined a vast deal of property. The rhinoceros, the parent of all the destruction, made away toward the Mall when

THE ELEPHANT HAD BEEN LASSOED

by the hind leg, a huge log being tied to the end of the stout rope with which the leg was lariated so as to impede his progress, while other parties with ropes similarly hampered the other legs until they were able to throw him on his side and effectually "hobble" him so that he could not rise. They were about to shoot him point-blank, when the strange sight was presented of the elephant's keeper, with streaming eyes and outstretched arms, planting himself between the pointed and cocked rifles of the angry crowd, who had seen the deaths and mutilations, and the pros-

trate beast, whose trumpeting of defiance were still ringing on the ear. The keeper would not move, and, with many curses, the great brute's life was saved.

THE RHINOCEROS

escaped, as we have said, toward the Mall. Here he attacked a party of young girls, killing the sewing girl, Annie Thomas, and frightening the others terribly. One of them, subject to heart disease, Ellen Schubert, has received such a nervous shock that her death may be looked for at any moment. The beast left the park at one of the upper Eighth Avenue entrances, and gored a horse at Ninetieth Street, overthrowing the heavy wagon to which he was harnessed, and dislocating the shoulder of Isaac Parker, milkman, who was driving. In this neighborhood he overthrew a shanty on the rocks, which fell before him like a house of cards. The wretched inmates were at supper, and the falling planks took fire. All the family escaped except a child in the cradle, which was burned to a crisp. Continuing on his career until he reached Eleventh Avenue, he was followed by a crowd of men and boys, who were evidently unaware of his ferocious nature. He must, too, have been nearly spent with his terrible efforts, but continued on toward the North River. A fortunate accident put an end to his career. It was now very dark and he was seen to fall into a sewer excavation at the Boulevard, fifteen feet deep. Had it been a week day and at an earlier hour, he would no doubt have ended his life in killing, by falling on them, some of the men at work. As it was he fell ingloriously.

The park from end to end is marked with injury, and in its artificial forests the wild beasts lurk, to pounce at any moment on the unwary pedestrian.

THE LEOPARDS AND WOLVES

made short work of the deer and all the blood for which they are responsible is not even yet fully computed. The subsequent fight between

THE LION AND TIGER

when they met on the open space at Fifty-ninth Street, outside the Park wall, in the presence of a thousand terrified spectators, was the great combat of the day. The lion tore away at one bite half of the tiger's flanks, while the latter, with characteristic ferocity, buried his teeth in the lion's neck until the King of beasts howled with the keenest anguish. Now it was the lion underneath and the tiger on top. The next moment positions were reversed.

BLOOD COVERED THE AVENUE

and in the distance the awestruck spectators looked on in breathless fear. Finally, the two sanguinary brutes rushed from each other as a bullet from the rifle of General [George W.] Wingate, who came promptly on the ground, whistled between their ears. Lester Wallack took aim at the same moment from behind the unfinished iron building on the East side, and perforated the tiger to some slight degree. Many other gentlemen came rushing to the scene in the meantime, among them ex-Mayor Hall, Erastus Brooks of the *Express*; Manton Marble and Mr. Bangs of the *World*, who had been visiting Governor-elect Tilden, and were on their way uptown in a carriage; Judge Daly, Judge J. R. Brady, General Chester A. Arthur, Hugh Hastings and Prosper Wetmore. But they were all a trifle nervous from running and the beasts escaped on their raid downtown, where, as everybody knows by this time, they had a bloody and fearful carnival.

TRAGIC DEATH OF THE BROWN SEA LION.

When the ponderous rhinoceros plunged through the sea lion's cage, the latter was in an apparently profound sleep. Awakened by the startling noise around him, and struck with terror at the appearance of his visitor, the poor seal uttered one long, piercing howl, partly resembling the shriek of a locomotive, and the next moment tumbled into his tank and disappeared. The rhinoceros, breaking down the whole structure, was soon floundering in the tank also. Then it was,

that the sea lion, driven to bay, showed fight; but the conquest was as unequal as a ferryboat in conflict with an iron-clad man of war. For a time the seal seemed to stand a chance for his life. Being lithe and slippery he easily avoided the unwieldy attacks of his visitor. Indeed, he had every hope of safety, but for an unfortunate slip made by the rhinoceros, who, keeling suddenly over, fell with all his immense weight on his prostrate foe and killed him. During the fight the roars of the sea lion were incessant and painful to hear. It was unlike any other cry of beast, bird or fish. It was something strange and weird, and had a half human sound that struck the ear with a singular impression. The little seal escaped by hiding under the water.

DEATH OF THE ANACONDA.

In the destruction of the various cages the anaconda was roused from his torpor, and pivoting himself upon his tail, made a spring at the neck of the tall and beautiful giraffe that occupied the adjacent cage. Only a few boards separated the two. The long, slender neck of the giraffe bending over the partition proved a tempting mark for the anaconda. The graceful neck was quickly bowed to the ground in the coils of the powerful constrictor. The giraffe made but a feeble struggle and death speedily ended his sufferings. Then it was the awful spectacle was seen of the anaconda seeking to swallow the body of his victim. He had but commenced this disgusting task when he was observed by Dr. F. A. Thomas, of Eighty-third Street, who attacked the reptile, armed with a sabre, and at one blow severed the great snake's body and then departed in haste.

IN THE MONKEY HOUSE

when the elephant smashed the cages with his trunk and drove the monkeys into every hole and corner the scene of disorder and noise was perfectly indescribable. The monkeys screamed and laughed and laughed and screamed. Two green monkeys perched them-

selves upon the elephant's back, but for a very short time. Over twenty monkeys escaped from the house and made off in various directions. Two of them climbed into a carriage standing outside the Park on Fifth Avenue. One was killed by the laughing hyena, several were wounded by the black wolves; but considering the risks they ran and the familiarity they made with many of the liberated beasts of prey, they escaped very well.

THE NEWS OF THE PROCEEDINGS

in the Park, and the terror excited throughout the city at the prospect of having a visit from wild animals at the domestic fireside, drew an immense number of sporting men and Yorkville fast boys and rowdies in the direction of the menagerie. There was dangerous sport enough for everybody, as far as hunting down the fugitives went. They penetrated everywhere. The African lioness, after saturating herself in the blood of eighteen victims—men, women and children—was finally killed at Castle Garden by a party of emigrants. She lay down under one of the great trees in the Battery Park, having leaped the rails. Although followed at a safe distance by a large crowd, she was allowed to remain in this position.

A PARTY OF SWEDISH HUNTERS

who had arrived on the *Thuringia* on their way to farms in Nebraska, undertook to kill the beast, although bears were the only large animals they had practised on. Ten in number and armed with rifles, they scattered themselves in a semi-circle in pairs, and advanced, crawling on their bellies, until within a few paces of the recumbent lioness. Her head was turned toward Broadway, but suddenly suspecting danger, she arose and shook the heart of the onlookers with her sounding roar. It was at this moment that Jansen Bjornsen, the leader of the hunters, blew his shrill whistle, and five rifle balls were buried in the body of the lioness. She fell with a dull thud, evidently dead, but the five hunters whose guns were still charged,

LIST OF WOUNDED

John Morrissey	John Connors
very slightly	Mark Habelstein
General Butler	Jacob Wort
Alexander O'Leary	Julia Denison
James Hayden	Anne Cushman
Michael Rafferty	Sarah White
George D. Bancroft	Mary Ann Gough
Silas Hammersmith	Pat Byrnes
Julien D. Brown	George Seaver
Amos Hardy	

Of the number actually killed it will be impossible to tell for some days. Of those wounded no full list can be ascertained. The charge of the savage beasts was the most unexpected in the history of cities. They tore through the leading thoroughfares with all the freedom they might have enjoyed in their native wilds.

LIST OF SLAUGHTERED ANIMALS:

1 Rhinoceros	1 Sacred bull
1 Zebra	2 American eagles
6 American deer	1 Two-toed sloth
2 Giraffes	1 Great kangaroo
1 American bison	1 Alligator
1 White-haired porcupine	2 Water turkeys
1 Prairie dog	4 Pink-footed geese
1 Sea lion	2 Pelicans
2 Leopards	1 Trumpeter swan
1 Grizzly bear	1 Clapper rail
1 Brown bear	1 Bengal tiger
1 Striped hyena	1 Chacma baboon
1 Ocelot	2 Camels
2 Brown Capuchin monkeys	1 Sambur deer
1 American tapir	1 African lion
1 Anaconda	1 African lioness
1 Woodchuck	1 Redbreasted mergan
4 Syrian sheep	1 Pied-bill grebe
1 Pine snake	1 Nvighan
1 Derbian wallaby	1 Guanaco
1 Dorcas gazelle	