EXTRA! EXTRA!! EXTRA!!

ILLUSTRATING THE AWFUL CALAMITY

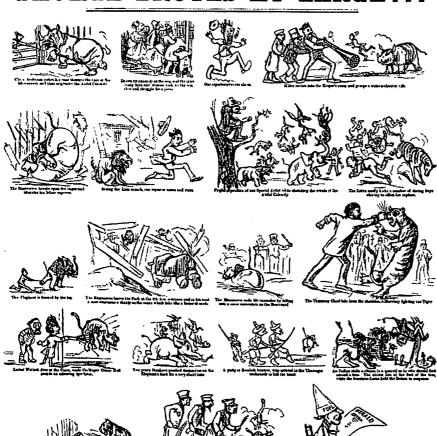
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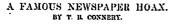
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THE WILD ANIMALS BROKEN LOOSE FROM CENTRAL PARK!!

Terrible Scenes of Mutilation !!

SAVAGE BRUTES AT LARGE!!!





From time to time I have seen allusions here and there in the newspapers of the country to the famous while-least hoax of the New York Herald, and lately in the Journalist there was something said about certain people supposed to have invented and written it, which prompts me to prepare a true history of the extraordinary imposition, which one writer has pronounced "the most successful and beastly since the memorable moon hoax in the early days of the New York Sun."

As I was to some extent connected with the hoax, I may be pardoned for saving that I am qualified to give its veracious history, which has never been published, and quovum pars magna fair, for unfortunately, in its worse sense. I was the originator of it, though, in self-justification I can add, with no intention of really palming off a gigantic hoax on the public. My object was entirely good—to warn the public and the authorities of an impending danger. I was the worst-sold person myself in the United States by my own idea.

While I was still in charge of the Herald and before the

it was not destined to run at large, for quicker than you could count a hundred the beast was covered by the long fron rods in the hands of attendants and driven hot his cage, with the door securely fastened. But the lecident, as may well be imagined, made a deep impression upon me. The possible results from a future possible accident, the curnage among the innocents, the consternation of the whole city over the unexpected appearance of Mr. Leopard here, there, and everywhere about the town, rose before my imagination, and by the time I reached corner of Ann Street and Breadway my mind was full of it. My first impulse was to call public attention to the accident and to give the menageric men a sound sockling through the columns of the American Thunderer; but I thought better of it. What would be the use of a little scolding and a few warnings? The menageric men would only be a little more careful for a while, and then relapse into their old hablts, if carelessness was really one of their inshits, of which I did not know. The public would soon forget all about it, and turses and children would continue to go to the menageric as of old, on the othersy that lightning never strikes the same place twice. So I resolved to think over some other plan than an ordinary beware to the public and the every-day scolding to officials. That night in best the diea cume to me get up a harmless little hoax, with just enough semblance of reality to give a salutary warning. That was what occurred to me, and the idea grow fax and furious, especially the fun of it, and I jotted down quickly the headings of my hoax to give to one of the reporters to develop and embellish. I became enanoured of my idea—a very dangerous thing, for when one allows one's self to be thue carried away, one is ant to seconly that side of the idea that tickles his fancy. It was precisely what happened to one, I saw only the laugh which the publication of such a tremendous hoax would produce. To my shame be it confessed, I was utterly blind to the serious side

"the infamous boax," though its tremendous leader on the subject was certainly rather hysterical, owing perhaps to the desire of the then editor—"A Member of Parliament"—to do as much damage as possible to its more presperous and enterprising rival, the *Herold**.

Among the writers of the *Herold** at the time were two very brilliant young men, Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke and Mr. Harry O'Connor, glifted with very vivid imaginations, O'Connor (now decal, poor fellow) had distinguished himself by many bright humorous articles which attracted the attention of the country. If in I selected first to work up my wild-benst hoax; but when he brought his copy! found he had begun it in a way that stamped it as a transparent imposition in the very first paragraphs. I then countried the lask to Mr. Clarke, and in a few days he had elaborated the little skeleton of a plan I gave him into the full page of glassity and lifelike pictures as it was finally published in the *Herald**. If there is any credit due to the writer of "the most successful and beastly since the memorable moon houx," it helongs to genial Joe Clarke.

It would be out of place in an article like this to reproduce the fumous heax in cerease. I will only briefly sketch what it contained sufficiently to conable readers of to-day to understand the comic libratiations with which this article is accompanied. It began by describing how a reckless keeper. Claris, Anderson, proceded the rhinoceros by prodding him how the animal burst from its fastenings and killed the keeper; how next the infuriated beast killed another daring keeper called Hyland, and broke down the bars of all the cages, liberating Lincoln the Nunidian lion, the elephant Pete, the Bengal tigers, the lionessex, panthers, benz, leopards, hyenas, wolves, and serpeuts, while a battle royal among the flerce animals raged on the floors of the menageric. A crowd of curious people, fascianted by the gery speciacle, gazed through the windows, and among them "our own reporter," who gave the first alarm to the

AWFUL CALAMITY. The Wild Animals Broken Loose from Central Park. TERRIBLE SCENES OF MUTILATION.

A Shooking Sabbath Carnival. SAVAGE BRUTES AT LARGE.

Awful Combuts between the Beasts and Clifzens. THE KILLED AND WOUNCED.

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. CONSTERNATION IN THE CITY.

CONSTERNATION IN THE CITY.

The New York Times, in its comments, remarked: "Such an inclient was not altogether unlikely to happen, for the animals in the Central Park are confined in the liminest cages over seen, and many a mother has cautioned her nurse not to take the children near the wild beasts. When, therefore, the startling head-lines of the Heraby were read, natural alarm was felt in every household. In some cases the children had just gone to school, and without waiting to read through the six columns of this insane jest, parents rushed off to bring back their little ones. Some cases of this kind are described in our cultums to-day. Ladies took alarm at the mete head-lines; and, indeed, throughout three or four columns the narrative is told in an apparently serious vein. ... And for three or four columns, as we have said, the 'joke' was carefully hidden. The writer in the Hendispoke of 'the mutilated body of Annie Thomas, an unfortunate serving-girl, and of a llon which seized four little children, and 'mangled the delicate little things past all signs of recognition. ... I saw the dead bodies of Anderson and Hyland' (two of the Park keepers), the punther crouched over Hyland's body, gnawing horribly at his head.' These pictures of the mangled young children and of the dead keepers are irresistibly funny, and cannot fail to make our readers hugh. Still more annusing are the accounts of a cities of the mangled young thildren and of the dead ino which was 'tugging and crunching at the arms of a corpse, now letting go with his teelt to plant his paws upon the bleeding remains and shap with his dripping jaws at another beast'; of a leopard which 'killed a little child and mutilated several women'; of the deaths of Annie Thomas and Ellen Schubert; of a 'child in a crasle which was hurst to a cristy; of the African lioness which saturated herself in the blood of eighteen victims, men, women, and children'; of the 'dead body of a youth fearfully dissigned about the head not face'; and of the punther which 's