New Orleans Republican.
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

Local Intelligence.

THE PINKSTON MURDERERS.—*Examination of George Phillips and Thomas Lyons.*—Several days ago Mrs. Eliza Pinkston made affidavits against these two persons, charging them with having been in the party that killed her husband and baby and cruelly ill-treated her in Ouachita on the fourth day of November, and the accused were yesterday before the First Municipal Police Court for preliminary examination.

Eliza Pinkston was the first witness, having signed the affidavits charging George Phillips and Thomas Lyons with having been present and concerned in the killing of her husband and baby and maltreating her. In substance her testimony yesterday was similar to that given before the Returning Board, but was more direct as to the accused at bar.

Eliza Pinkston—I live in Ouachita parish, on Hugh Young's place; my husband was killed at night at our home, before daylight; Dr. Young was the first to attack my door; they all rode along, thirty or forty of them; they asked me if my husband was home, saying that a friend of his had come to show him the way to Monroe; Early broke the door; Captain Craig said, "Gag him; he votes no Radical ticket here; he may vote in hell; he has voted thus far and he may vote no further;" they then gagged him and cut him; I asked them not to kill my husband; one of them struck me with a pistol; Dr. Young knocked me down; Frank Derms and Captain Thebault were there; I know the latter personally; the men tied my husband's legs, dragged him out of the door and shot him seven times; they had a handkerchief over his mouth; my husband told them that he had fooled them, but he would do so no more, and would join the Democratic club; when they had him Thebault said, "Give him hell—he will vote no more Radical tickets here; he will vote in hell;" Dr. Young shot me once; some of the men ravished me, and somebody shot me once more; they told me to put my baby down, but I refused and begged them not to kill me; they cut my baby's throat; I had to drop my baby; I got under the bed and they pulled me out and cut me with an ax; one man said, "If you are going to kill her, stop bothering;" they threw my baby into the lake; the body was found eleven days afterward; many of the colored people were so frightened at the bulldozers that they hid away; the men shoved a knife through my husband's body; Captain Thebault told somebody to pull his arms out; I was ravished before they shot me; when they killed my child I fought them as well as I could; Logan stamped my breast; they knocked out all my jaw teeth; I did not say the morning after that a colored man killed my husband; there were two colored men in the party, and one of them was Thomas Lyons; I recognize George Phillips as one who was present; there they sit now.

The witness mentioned the names of other persons who were in the gang, but that was passed by as not pertinent to this examination.

On cross-examination she kept well to her statement, and was only confused as to a space of time that elapsed after the killing.

Cora Williams testified—I left my home in Ouachita about three weeks ago; was at home on the night of the fourth of November; I know nothing of the killing, as I was four or five miles from the place; heard guns fired that night; I know both of the prisoners; that night a gang of mounted and armed men visited my house; Phillips and Lyons had pistols; when they left my house they went toward my brother's house and whipped him; the moon was shining quite bright; I am sure that Phillips and Lyons were in the party; I spoke to Mr. Phillips and he stepped one side, saying that Phillips was not in the parish; the men were not disguised; George Phillips is the one who helped to whip me; they blindfolded me; they whipped me because I would not tell them where my husband was; saw the gang three different time that night; on their last visit Walter Logan ravished me; some of the men were then outside, but do not know who; did not make any complaint to a magistrate; told some persons about it; on arriving here I made an affidavit in the Customhouse; have known Eliza Pinkston three years; I always found her a good girl and truthful.

Mr. Flanagan, attorney for the State, announced that he would rest his case on this.

The defense, Mr. John McEnery, attorney, then called

David Todd—I reside in Morehouse parish; have known George Phillips eight years, and know his father; I was in Ouachita on the night Pinkston was killed; slept in Mr. Phillips' house on the night of the fourth of November; George Phillips was then at home, and I saw him as late as eleven o'clock, when we retired; did not sleep in the room with George; think I did not see him in the morning; he was going to take breakfast with Dr. Young, about five miles away; I would not believe Eliza Pinkston on oath; her general reputation is very bad.

Cross-examination—Did not know Eliza Pinkston before the killing; only heard her talked about; heard her called an old hellion; she is a notorious old liar; have heard colored people say so; persons who know her would not believe her on oath.

F. H. Denoyer—Have lived with Captain Phillips two years; George was home on the night of the fourth of November; I saw him after eleven o'clock that night; I saw him at daylight; his horse was not taken out that night; I have charge of the stock and the stable was locked.

John McEnery—I have known George Phillips since his boyhood; he and Lyons came here to testify before the Returning Board; they came at the request of the Democrats in Ouachita; they were not arrested until after they had testified before the Returning Board.

Joe Turner—I have lived in Ouachita since 1846; know Lyons; he was at my house on the night of the fourth of November, as late as eleven or twelve o'clock; saw him next morning at early breakfast; know nothing of Eliza Pinkston's reputation; know nothing of the killing of Pinkston.

Oliver Dunn—I know Lyons; saw him on the night of the fourth of November, as late as one o'clock; saw him early next morning at his house; know nothing of Eliza Pinkston.

Counsel for defense here proposed to put Lyons on the witness stand to testify for Phillips and to put Phillips on the witness stand to testify for Lyons, on the claim that the charges were separate—that these were two affidavits.

The prosecution objected on the ground that both accused were called to the bar at the same time, and that the charge against each was identical.

The judge sustained the objection.

The defense introduced a certificate from Judge Ray certifying that there had been no criminal proceedings had in the parish against the accused relative to this case, on which document it was argued that neither Phillips nor Lyons fled from this parish. This position was taken by the defense to show that this court had no jurisdiction in the case. Counsel held that this court has no right to take cognizance of a crime committed in another parish unless the perpetrators flee from their parish.

The prosecution stated that it could not object, and rested on the testimony already in.

The defense offered an affidavit made by Mrs. Pinkston, in which she swore that one Parks was in the squad that killed her husband. Proof was brought that Parks died last August.

The attorneys agreed to make no arguments in the case, and thereupon submitted without further remarks.

Judge Evans stated that he wished to read the written evidence before he would give his decision, and also wished to examine the law which gave him jurisdiction in cases where crimes are committed in other parishes, and where the offenders, having fled from their homes, were liable to be brought before him when captured.

The stenographer will not be able to furnish the court a copy of the evidence before Monday evening or Tuesday morning.

A HALF LOAF BETTER THAN NONE.—The ever prompt Mr. Charles Lacoume goes to the rescue in fine style, for he sympathizes with the poor people who were recently bereft of their homes by the Third District fire. Mr. Lacoume announces that to-morrow he will donate one-half of the money that passes over his St. Charles Hotel bar to the unfortunates, and no deduction. Now let those who thirst for that kind of consolation crook their elbows early and often, but not repeat until their heads swim.

CONCERT, TABLEAUX, FESTIVAL.—The Mutual Improvement Association has made arrangements to entertain its friends next Tuesday and Wednesday nights, in Union Chapel, giving a concert, tableaux, literary entertainment and festival. J. H. Dale is president of the society, and is ably assisted by other members. Union Chapel is on Bienville, between Villere and Marais streets. The price of tickets is fixed at twenty-five cents for adults.

PELICAN NO. 1, OF ALGIERS.—This excellent company has held its annual election of officers, with the following result:

President, W. H. Martin; vice president, M. Rooney; secretary, F. Desborge; treasurer, H. Schmidt; foreman, Robert Turner; assistants, George Schaeffer and T. Paul; steward, George Porter; delegates to the Charitable Association, W. Klein, W. H. Martin, R. Turner, M. Rooney.

FIRES.—A fire was discovered at half-past twelve o'clock yesterday morning in the one-story frame building on St. Charles street, between Napoleon avenue and Jena street, owned and occupied by R. J. Connelly as a carpenter shop. The fire was extinguished with small damage to the building. A man named Philip Burst was suspected by Mr. Connelly of having set the building on fire, whereupon Philip was arrested at the corner of Berlin and Carondelet streets, and locked up in the seventh precinct station, charged with having set fire to the building.

Another fire was discovered at three o'clock yesterday morning in the unoccupied double frame cottage at the corner of Carondelet and Berlin streets, owned by A. A. Fayerweather. The fire which is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, was extinguished with a damage of $30.

Another fire was discovered at half-past eight o'clock yesterday morning in a stable on Marigny, between Morales and Urquhart streets, owned by Widow Leger, and occupied by M. Canningham. The building was totally destroyed. The fire spread to the kitchen in the rear of the building No. 175 Marigny street, which was slightly damaged. Loss $200. Cause of fire unknown.

MISSISSIPPI NO. 2.—This ancient company held its annual election last night, and the returning board announced excellent officers:

President, F. Camerden; vice president, Toby Hart; recording secretary, J. Bercegay; financial secretary, J. Mut, Jr.; treasurer, J. McGuinness; foreman, E. Baker Pegram; assistants, V. Benedito and A. Wagner: marshal, C. Taylor Gauche; delegates, M. J. Hart, E. B. Pegram, F. Camerden; sub-delegates, F. J. Letten, T. Connors, H. E. Grosch.

BRIEF MENTION.—Coroner Roche yesterday assumed the duties of his office and is located in a convenient room at police headquarters, second floor. Mr. E. H. Condon is the deputy.

Thomas Stephens was hauled into the first police station last evening for pulverizing John Williams, of the ship Dolphin, at upper post No. 33. Stephens is badly used up, and a few more blows would have scattered him all over the wharf.

There was a clear white frost yesterday morning.

Covington sent over 105 bales of cotton yesterday.

An odd looking customer paraded Canal street yesterday attired in the dress of a century ago. He was peddling very modern copies of what purports to be the oldest newspaper published in this country.

John Hall, a steamboat man, was arrested at the corner of Franklin and Customhouse streets, and locked up in the fourth precinct station, charged by George Hayes with garroting him, at that corner, Friday night.

The shed at the corner of Clio and Liberty streets is reported as in a toppling condition, and liable to fall at any moment.

Vessels in Port—Seven steamships, forty-six ships, fifty-four barks, six brigs and eleven schooners.

On Wednesday last the New Orleans St. Andrew Society elected Alexander Hay, Esq., as president for the ensuing year. This is the fourth time Mr. Hay has had the honor of being chief of the Scots in this city. In his hand the banner of St. Andrew will never be dishonored.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.—The following officers of Philadelphia Fire Company No. 14 were elected last night:

President, William Barclay; vice president, John Brugniens; secretary, William J. Grady; treasurer, C. C. Haley; Foreman, Charles J. Miltimore; first assistant, M. J. Drady; second assistant, William H. Cloney. Delegates—C. J. Miltimore, J. D. Houston, William J. Grady. Substitute delegates—E. Burke, F. Lehey, William B. Kleinpeter. Marshall—James D. Houston.

LOUISIANA HOSE.—This company met last night and chose the following officers:

President, C. Madden; vice president, John Tayes; secretary, J. L. Bescur; treasurer, C. G. Fletcher; foreman, P. McTernan; first assistant foreman, M. Neader, second assistant foreman, L. Braquet; delegates, R. H. Benners, J. I. Day, C. Madden; sub-delegates, J. Smakel, S. T. Murray, M. Neader.

A new horse joined the company last night, and out of compliment to a valued member was named James I. Day.

HOME HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY NO. 1.—This staunch company of the Sixth District, at a meeting last night, elected the following named officers for the ensuing year: Eugene May, president; W. H. Zimmerman, vice president; J. A. H. De Leon, secretary; T. Dallier, treasurer; C. C. Piper, foreman; L. Leitbergue, first assistant; J. A. Mitchell, second assistant; P. Pelson, banner carrier; M. O. Conner, housekeeper.

RUIN'S RACKET.—At a quarter of two o'clock yesterday afternoon George Hunsen, aged twenty-three years, while under the influence of liquor, jumped out of the third story window of the boardinghouse, No. 302 Decatur street, to the pavement, and was severely injured about the body. He was conveyed to the Charity Hospital, where he received surgical attendance.

Why the Mule Was Unhappy.

And then, with the sad-eyed mule with parabolic spine laboring in advance, the little street car went on its way. The engineer was socially inclined, and so we fell into intimate converse.

"Don't it require a good deal more genius to steer a mule than it does to handle horses?"

"Yeesir, you bet. You see, mewils is different from hosses; you've got to know 'em to get along with 'em. Let a green hand take that yere mewil an' he'd go to kavortin' around and gittin' on his ear, and raisin' h—l to an extent that would just more'n amaze you."

"He don't look like that sort of a hairpin—he's too melancholy. What's he grieving about, anyhow?"

"I'm thinking he's in love, and is kinder disappointed somehow. You know how it is with mewils. They're awful sentimental and falls in love jest like any other critter, but there don't seem to be any satisfaction in it somehow. The more he's in love the wus he seems to feel."

"A case of blighted, unrequited affection, you think?"

"Cert'in! You give that there mewil a chance and he'd get off a piece of poetry on the state of his feelings which ud draw tears from a sick oyster. Whoa! you d—d muddle-head son of thunder! Where you goin'?"

This interruption was caused by the "mewil" taking a side shoot and taking the car with him. It required much effort on the part of the sallow driver to restore the *statu quo*—much cursing, which must have lacerated the soul of the sorrowful animal, much as his sides were bruised by the heavy boots of his manager. Being finally kicked and sworn on the track, we resumed progress.

When a man has a bet which he ought to pay, the easiest way to dispose of it is to declare it off.

BROOKLYN THEATRE CALAMITY

The Harrowing Details of the Destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre by Fire.

The following account of the catastrophe at the Brooklyn Theatre last Tuesday evening is furnished to the Chicago *Tribune* by its New York correspondent:

The Brooklyn Theatre, which was burned Tuesday evening, was a total loss, and, contrary to the hopes entertained at an early hour this morning, the loss of life was terrible. Three hundred people perished miserably in the smoke and flames. At large majority of them were men and boys. Only a few women and children were lost as far as known. Most of those lost were occupants of the gallery or third tier of the theatre. In descending the stairway they were met on the second landing or second floor of the theatre by a blinding and suffocating volume of smoke, and fell in heaps on the stairway. This gave way under their accumulated weight, and they were precipitated upon the lobby on the first floor of the building. This also gave way, and the entire body of men thus entrapped fell victims to the flames. Of those who occupied the dress circle (ground floor) and family circle (second tier) only a few appear to have been lost. Two actors were burned alive. Three scene-shifters and other assistants were seriously if not fatally injured, and it is possible that several supernumeraries on duty behind the scenes also perished.

The greatest confusion and consternation prevailed in Brooklyn, and full and accurate details were not possibly obtainable. The list of missing persons, it is hoped and believed, contains many errors inspired by the fears and anxieties of the friends of those supposed to be lost, which later developments may correct, but the evidence is indisputable that fully 300 persons have perished.

The Morgue was early overtaxed in affording shelter for the burned, and one of the unoccupied market places was converted into a temporary morgue. The scenes at both these places were heartrending. At the scene of the disaster itself the excitement was intense from early morning to midnight. The details of the awful calamity which has fallen on Brooklyn it is almost impossible to write to-night. Confusion is worse confounded. The whole city is not merely in a state of fear and anxiety, but in a state of alarm. Every street approaching the scene of the disaster is filled with crowds at once anxious, excited and almost violent. About the Morgue, where hundreds of bodies are deposited utterly unrecognizable, are crowds of excited people, utterly uncontrollable. About the market-house, which has been temporarily formed into a morgue, are thousands and thousands of people whom it is impossible for the police to restrain, and utterly impossible for them to satisfy.

Out of all this confusion it is impossible to tell a connected story which would be intelligible to the readers of the *Tribune*. Only the salient features of the most horrible of calamities that has befallen this community can be told in this brief dispatch. Most of you in Chicago, and almost all in New York, have witnessed the last scene in the "Two Orphans"—that of the boathouse scene, that closes in on all sides—a low roof manufactured of canvas, heavily painted, with great doors in the rear, through which gendarmes at the critical moment break to rescue the two sisters. Doubtless this brief description will call up the scene as it was set last night at eleven o'clock on the stage of the Brooklyn Theatre. It was the same scene which has traveled all over the country in what is known as the Union Square company.

The curtain had just risen on the scene. Four or five actors, including Miss Kate Claxton, who played the part of *Louise*, the blind orphan, J. B. Studley, who played the part of *Frowschard*, Mrs. Farren, and one or two others, alone occupied the stage. The wind was blowing strongly from the west, to which the rear or stage entrance to the theatre faced, and persons entering at the stage door enabled the wind to blow one of the "flies" against a gas jet, which ignited it. The scene-shifter stationed about the stage in what is technically called the "flies," immediately cut away the burning scene, as instructed to do on such occasions, and permitted it to fall, as they thought, on the stage floor. The actors had been alarmed by the burning fly, and were gazing upward, giving the audience something of a warning of what was coming, but as they saw the burning fly cut away, they quieted the audience with a gesture, and they also became quiet. Contrary to the expectations, however, of everybody, the part of the burning fly cut away fell, not upon the stage, but upon the painted canvass which represented the roof of the ship house, and instantly it was in a blaze, as though it had followed a silent explosion, and in a minute more the whole upper part of the theatre was in flames. Composed, as it was, of combustible material, it spread with the utmost rapidity and broke through the roof, alarming not only all Brooklyn, but all the lower part of New York, the newspaper offices instantly emptying themselves of reporters. The actors on the stage immediately fled, after seeing the extent of the disaster, and most of them escaped.

Miss Kate Claxton, knowing of a secret or underground entrance, connected with the box office, fled under the stage and thence under the auditorium to the box office, dragging with her Miss Ward Harrison, Mrs. Farren, and two or three other actors. The majority, however, escaped by the back entrances of the theatre, of which there were two or three.

All succeeded in escaping except H. S. Murdoch and Claude Burroughs, who were lost in their rooms, where they were dressing, remote from the entrance, and probably unwarned. Where their bodies lie now, a great gas jet five feet high is burning, where a metre was, and probably hardly any of their bodies will ever be discovered. The actors escaping through the back entrance threw wide open the doors, and the west wind rushed in with fury, driving the smoke and flames toward the auditorium in the lower or dress circle, as it is called. There were only 250 persons in this quarter, besides the ushers and police. Almost all of those escaped. One or two handsomely dressed women have been discovered among the ruins. In the second tier, or family circle, there were 300 persons, and of these probably fifty perished. In the upper tier, or gallery, there were 408 persons, two-thirds of whom fell victims to the flames. The dress circle and parquette opened on the level of the street. Persons on this lower floor early discovered the "flies" to be on fire. They could see what those in the gallery were utterly unable to perceive, and were consequently warned in advance. Those in the second gallery, also, were warned early, Miss Claxton rushing to the front of the stage and informing them that the theatre was on fire. They had only one broad staircase to descend. This opened into a wide lobby, thirty feet wide, and from thence their escape to the street was easy. But the stairway from the top gallery, which was crowded on this occasion, was narrow and circuitous. From the third floor to the second it was wide enough to enable five men to walk abreast. On the level of the second floor there were twenty feet of level walk along the front of the lobby and first story. Thence there was a narrow stairway where, probably, three men could walk abreast, leading to the street. When the great mass of people, mainly young men and boys, in the gallery rushed down the upper stairway from the third to the second floor they encountered a volume of smoke driven in from the rear doors of the theatre, which had in the meantime been opened as I have described, and on this landing numbers of them fell down, and others toppled over them, until their accumulated weight broke down the stairway, and they were precipitated over the balustrade into the lobby of the second floor, a distance of probably fifteen feet. This mass of human beings was thrown at once, with a violent shock, upon the floor of the lobby, broke it through and the mass was precipitated, 200 of them, one upon another, into the cellar of the building. The stairway fell in upon them, and they burned until nothing was left but their charred remains, which the firemen have been all day taking out of the ruins. I know not what I could add that would give any clearer idea of how the disaster occurred. What I may send you hereafter will be desultory incidents, heartrending scenes and interviews with excited actors in this terrible tragedy, which you must throw into this excited story as best you can.

Patrick Heady, fire marshal of the city of Brooklyn, took the deposition of the owners and lessees, managers, actors, actresses and employes of the Brooklyn Theatre, and others.

The story of "Jacques Frouchard:"—About the beginning of the last act I looked upon and saw the roof over the inclosed scene on fire. The carpenter was trying to get the fire out. Just as I pulled Miss Claxton off the bed, she said, "Is it a fire?" I said, "I am afraid so." Both she and Mr. Studley, and, I think, Mr. Thorpe, came to the footlights and begged the audience to be quiet, but the audience paid no attention. Some gentlemen, whom I do not know, took me out of the theatre. The audience was in great confusion when I left the stage.

J. W. Thorpe, the stage manager, testified—I was on the stage, and first saw the fire in the lower part of the drop on the scene that hangs from the rigging loft near the centre of the stage. It was then a mere handful of fire, and had just caught. There must have been three or four men in the "flies" at the time. Mr. Weaver, master carpenter, and one of his assistants, went up to put the fire out. I saw the assistant climb on the groove and try to reach the drop, which was on fire, but before he could do so the fire was communicated to the other scenes and drops, and in less than a minute the whole was a mass of flame. The fire must have caught from a borderlight which was placed between the borders. The theatre took fire just after the curtain had gone up for the last act, about seventeen or twenty minutes past eleven o'clock. I appealed to the audience to keep quiet and go out quietly. I said: "For God's sake, get out quietly!" or something to this effect.

Miss Maud Harrison testified as follows: I live at No. 66 Livingston street, Brooklyn, and played the part of *Henriette* in the "Two Orphans," at the Brooklyn Theatre last evening. I was in the green room at the time, with Claude Burroughs and Mr. Daly. I heard a noise as if there was a scuffle, and told Mr. Burroughs that I thought there was a fight or scuffle. Mr. Burroughs left me at the door of the green room and went up to the stage, and I went toward the stage in another direction. I met Miss Claxton and Mrs. Farren coming down stairs. Mrs. Farren said the theatre was gone and we had better escape through the front way. I saw only a few sparks at this time, and made my way through the private passage with Mrs. Farren and Miss Claxton. I went out through the orchestra and the lobby. I saw no confusion in the audience. They were playing the first part of the last act when the fire occurred. The lower portion of the house was fairly filled, and the upper part well filled, last night. I know that Mr. Thorpe, the stage manager, was very careful about fire.

The members of the Solomon family, who lived at No. 103 Boerum street, are all missing, and their friends can learn nothing about them, although they have pursued their inquiries for them in every direction. The family was composed of Morris Solomon, age forty seven; his son Philip, age twenty-four; Philip's wife, Lena, age twenty-two; and his sisters, Mary and Deborah, respectively twenty-two and twenty years of age. It was hoped at first that all persons in the Solomon family would be found to be safe, as they had orchestra seats, and as it was supposed that all who had seats down stairs were saved; but they are certainly not staying with any of their friends, and it is feared that they also are among the lost, and that not a single one is left to return to the deserted house.

The scene at the Morgue at Willoughby and Canton streets, yesterday, was awful—almost beyond description. The dead-wagons kept driving up and depositing their loads until over seventy-five charred bodies had been received, and it was announced that the place was full and could contain no more. Then the waiting crowd that had swelled until the entire street was blocked up, was allowed to pass through the rooms and view the corpses upon the floor for the purpose of identification. All through the day the crowd would throng the building in an endless stream. Nevertheless, ample time was given to enable friends to make a thorough examination of clothing and ornaments found upon the remains, so that a large number were identified. Many persons brought pieces of the garments of their missing relatives by which to identify their bodies.

The authorities would allow no bodies to be touched, even by relatives. Nothing was taken from the pocket of the dead. Nothing was to be seen on the floor but black and distorted corpses, resembling figures cut from coal more than the bodies of what were once human beings. Most of the dead were men, there being only five or six women. Many women who had daughters who did not return home, as was expected, on Tuesday night, visited the Morgue in expectation that they might have gone to the Brooklyn Theatre and been made victims of the disaster. Every female body was examined, but none answered the description, and one after another hurried away to the improvised morgue on Adams street.

Matilda Ward and her husband, a young couple, each twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, were both destroyed in the theatre. They had occupied seats in the family circle, and endeavored to escape with the crowd when the alarm of fire was given. In attempting to save the life of his wife the husband lost his own life. The wife's body was taken to the morgue, and late yesterday afternoon was identified by her relatives by some peculiar ornaments found upon her person. Her face was charred and burned beyond semblance of a human being, and one hand was reduced to charcoal.

A medical gentleman stated that the position of nearly all the bodies indicated that a mighty struggle was going on when death overtook them. Arms were flexed and hands clenched in the act of pushing. Knees were bent and legs drawn up as though fighting off some advancing, overpowering foe. Whether this was caused by the pressure of the crowd, or falling debris, or even the heat of the flames, could not be told. It was the general opinion, nevertheless, that some portion of the building gave way, precipitating the crowd in the flames below. The rapid fall of the roof that followed buried those who escaped the other catastrophe.

A young man named Dietz was identified by his sister and a friend, who, on discovering that it was the body they were in search of, were so overcome that it was all the authorities could do to keep them from falling on and embracing the corpse. The sister stood near it crying, and giving vent to such exclamations as, "Poor Abe! Oh, if mother can only stand this blow!"

The body of one young man was discovered by his sister, who, casting one glance at what was left of his coat, gave a cry of "My Tom!" and fell fainting in the arms of her father, and was carried insensible to the street. It was afterward found that this young man was the only support of his mother and sister, his father being a drunkard, who had not contributed toward the support of his family for two or three years.

A dense crowd filled the streets in the vicinity of the disaster. The crowd was so great that it was almost an impossibility for those who were permitted to enter the line to make their way through it. All classes of people composed the assemblage—women and children as well as men—all drawn to the spot by the excitement.

Most of the buildings opposite to the theatre run through from street to street, and the windows of all of them were crowded with spectators, principally women. A temporary wooden inclined plane was built from the horrible pit in which most of the bodies were found. Along this they were carried in boxes covered with blankets. They were then placed in the undertakers' wagons, which were in wating to carry them to the Morgue. The wagons of all the undertakers in Brooklyn were in use, and were drawn up in line along the edge of the sidewalk. One after another of them was backed up to the theatre door to receive the boxes containing the dead. At intervals of a few minutes several men would emerge from the door carrying a coffin-shaped, leaden-lined box, covered with a blanket to conceal the ghastly spectacle presented by the charred and blackened corpses. The blanket outlined the deformed and shapeless mass. A hand or foot protruded above the box, and in some case bodies were stiffened in almost sitting posture, and as the wagons were driven rapidly up the street, their heads nodded to and fro beneath the blankets, or protruding limbs quivered horribly.

The sight caused many strong men to turn away from the spot with tearful eyes. Miss Kate Claxton said that, at the time the fire broke out, she was reclining on a mattress on the stage at the opening of the first scene of the last act of the "Two Orphans." She was lying without a pillow, face upwards, with her eyes closed, but hearing the confusion, she partially opened her eyes, and could see, through the canvas cover of the house represented on the stage, the flames above. The scene proceeded with the knowledge on the part of the actors that there was a fire on the stage, but all were hoping that it would be extinguished. The actors on the stage at the beginning of the act were Miss Claxton and Mr. Murdoch. Mrs. Farren and Mr. Studley also took their parts soon after, and the scene was about half played when the scenery was seen to be in flames. The people in the parquette also became alarmed at the confusion on the stage and the fire, which was now plainly seen. The four actors ranged themselves in a line across the stage close to the foot lights, and as far as possible from the flames in the rear. Mr. Studley begged the audience to be quiet, saying that there was no cause for alarm. Miss Claxton cleared her throat and shouted, "Will the people keep their seats? We are between you and the flames, and we will be burned first. Will the people in the front seats sit down?" Miss Claxton is of the opinion that had not the actors remained firm in a line across the front of the stage, the people would have leaped upon the stage and attempted to escape by the rear, where the flames were raging. In a moment or two, however, the alarm seized upon the people in the balcony and gallery, and a rush was then made for the doors. A panic ensued. Mrs. Farren was the first to leave the stage, and soon after Miss Claxton retired upon one side of the stage and Messrs. Studley and Murdoch upon the other.

The latter's dressing-room, as well as that of Mr. Burroughs, was on the second floor, and before Mr. Murdoch, who went to his room, could return, it is supposed that the stairway was in flames and his retreat cut off. Mr. Burroughs' sad fate is supposed to have been brought about in the same way, while Mr. Studley, whose dressing room was underneath the stage, was so fortunate as to escape. Miss Claxton called for Miss Maude Harrison, who was in the green room, and, with Mrs. Farren, ran along a private passage to the stairway leading to the box office. The flames could be distinctly seen under the stage at this time, and the smoke along the passage way was almost stifling.

Fortunately the door at the head of the stairway had been left unfastened, and the ladies thus made their exit into the main passage, where the eager crowd were struggling and jostling one another in their efforts to escape. Miss Claxton graphically described her passage through the throng. She was several times thrown upon her knees and bruised, but, by skillful efforts, she succeeded in making her way out in safety. As she emerged from the door she cast a single glance back into the theatre. The fire had burst through it in a sheet of flame, and it seemed like a grand transformation scene. Miss Claxton spoke in high terms of the presence of mind displayed by the ladies in the audience. It was the first time, she said, that she had ever witnessed such a scene, and her coolness surprised her afterward. Thinking of the danger, she felt herself a coward, and trembled. Miss Claxton came to Brooklyn on Monday forenoon to fill a three weeks' engagement, after which she was to go to Washington. All her trunks except one were taken to the theatre, and her property was all destroyed. She was reluctant to speak of the amount of her loss, but her friends estimated it at about $9000.

It was for a long time supposed that the occupants of the upper gallary were the only victims, and that all in the second gallery or dress circle were saved. There is no evidence of this beyond the fact that the exit from the second gallery was wider, and that escape thence was easier. Among the missing are many who would not have been likely to take seats in the upper gallery. Richly jeweled opera glasses, kid gloves, etc., found on many of the bodies, are indications that they were in a more expensive part of the house. If the people in these two galleries shared a common fate, their number can not be estimated, even approximately. It will be known only when, one by one, the poor mutilated bodies have been taken from their pyre and the horrible aggregate computed with certainty. The entire pile of bodies covered an area of fifteen by thirty-five feet. Evidently the flooring of the vestibule at the end nearest the stairway had given way when all were standing upon it, or, after it fell, those in the rear were pushed or pressed forward in the abyss.

Dispatches of the Western Associated Press say:

Two lives were lost—two young men in the flower of their professional life—Harry S. Murdoch and Claude Burroughs. These two young men were playing respectively *Pierre*, the cripple, and *Picard*, valet to the *Chevalier*. At the moment when the fire was discovered Murdoch was before the curtain playing with Miss Kate Claxton. As soon as the panic occurred, and the general rush was made to escape, Murdoch and Burroughs ran to their dressing-rooms to get clothes to wear in the street, their garments being very scanty in the play. Their dressing-rooms were on the same side of the stage—the right wing, as viewed from the auditorium—and consequently farthest from the stage door, even had that means of exit not been locked by a panic-stricken janitor. The dressing-rooms were arranged in tiers, approached by a narrow stairway which led up to the painter's bridge which spanned the stage.

Murdoch's room was on the second tier and Burroughs' on the third. Before they emerged, the staircase was one sheet of flame, so eagerly and so rapidly did the fire do its work. All chance of retreat cut off, the unfortunate men were driven back by the roaring flames step by step, till, supposing in the agony of their peril that, by some chance a means of descent from the other side of the bridge might offer, they ascended to the trembling structure. Here they were last seen by J. H. Studley, a member of the company, who had left his dressing-room a few seconds before them, and fought his way through the flames to a place of safety, from which he was enabled to make his escape. Once on the bridge, their position was hopeless. They could not descend by the way they came up. There was no other means of escape but to leap.

At half-past ten o'clock this evening the bodies of the two men were digged from the ruins, and both were identified by remnants of dresses worn on the stage. Only the trunk of Murdoch remained.

There were 1200 people in the theatre—500 in the galleries.

This evening, notwithstanding the popularity of "Miss Multon," the latest play at the Union Square Theatre, the proprietors ordered that the theatre be closed, and a placard draped in mourning was placed at the entrance stating that, in consequence of the terrible disaster in Brooklyn, there would be no performance this evening.

When the panic occurred on the main floor of the theatre, Thomas Rockford, chief usher of the establishment, was in the lobby. The performance was almost over, and he was about making arrangements for the departure of the audience. At the cries of "Fire!" he rushed into the auditorium and, taking in the terrible situation, endeavored to quiet the people who were about him. Seeing they were too thoroughly alarmed, he ran to the doors leading into Flood's alley, which connects Johnson street and Myrtle avenue, and opened them so that the people might escape that way. This diverted many from seeking escape through the main entrance.

All who were on the right hand side of the parquette and balcony escaped through these doors. The opening of the doors created a tremendous draught, which so increased the flames that the players were compelled to abandon the stage and escape as best they might. They had remained then to the last, but, seeing that it was now a question of life and death, they retreated. The flames shot out on all sides of the stage, and enveloped the proscenium, and the smoke began pouring in volumes into the parquette.

Studley and Murdoch were the last to leave. Probably not more than five minutes elapsed between the beginning of the panic and the complete envelopment of the stage and parquette in flames. By this time nearly all of those in the lower part of the house had escaped. The crowd from above came pouring down into the lobbies, which were soon densely crowded. Stairways were choked up, and there seemed to be no way in which they could be relieved. Many succeeded in escaping by the regular means of egress into Washington street, but that staircase was also soon crowded, and escape by that way was next to impossible.

The greatest loss of life must have been among those in the family circle or top gallery. Those who happened to be seated near doors succeeded in gaining the stairways and lower part of the house, but there were many who got no further than the second floor, where they died. The flames made such rapid headway that the floors fell in before assistance could reach them. The shrieks of women and shouting and imprecations of men and pitiful cries of children were heard below. There was no human relief for them. It was a heart-rending situation. To have human beings perish almost within sight of their fellows is something terrible beyond description.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* furnishes the following in advance of its publication: "The work of identifying the dead will be difficult, for most of them are burned beyond recognition. The only mode of identifying them will be by the personal property found attached to the bodies. Thus far it is only evident that the flames made common havoc with men, women and children.

"Shortly before nine o'clock the Rev. Father Hunley visited the theatre, and among the bodies recognized a brother of the Rev. Father Kylie. Father Kylie was present, and identified the body of his brother. A body was taken from the ruins charred and blackened beyond recognition. In the breast-pocket were a number of cards, bearing the name of Abraham Barnett, in German text.

"Bodies are constantly being removed from the ruins, and are taken to the Morgue as fast as possible.

"It is rumored that a number of the attaches of the theatre are burned. It seems certain that Charles Lett and his son, who were stationed in the upper gallery, are among the lost.

"The actors and actresses escaped from the stage into Johnson street. The Brooklyn Theatre was built some four years ago for Mr. and Mrs. Conway, and when they died it passed into the possession of the two daughters. They ran it awhile, but were unable to pay the back rent due, and the property fell into the hands of Shook & Palmer. It was one of the finest and best constructed places of amusement in the country, and was generally deemed perfectly safe, but the fearful disaster has proven the contrary."

Of Murdoch, the actor, the *Tribune* says:

In the death of Harry Murdock the Brooklyn holocaust is brought home to many of our citizens, who had learned to know him during his professional engagements here; and in him they took a lively personal interest. Harry Murdoch, or more properly Harry Hitchcock, was born in Philadelphia in 1843 or in 1842. His father was a respected physician of that city, and his mother, who is now living, is a sister of the renowned actor, James E. Murdoch. In his boyhood he attended the Front-Street School, and among his playmates was Charles S. Rogers, lately one of the managers of Wood's Museum. In 1864 Harry made his first appearance on the stage at the Arch Street Theatre, where he remained for that season. Subsequently he became a member of Ford's company in Baltimore, and in 1866 or 1867 supported his uncle, James E. Murdoch, in an engagement of several weeks at the Crosby Opera House, under the management of Hess & Grover. He afterward went to Boston, where he accepted the position of leading "juvenile," and played several seasons, alternating between the Museum and the Globe Theatre. During the summer of 1874 he made a professional tour through the maritime provinces, making St. Johns, New Brunswick, his headquarters. When E. M. Hooley organized his company for the season of 1874-5 Mr. Murdoch was engaged for leading "juvenile" and "second" business, and in the several roles to which he was assigned achieved a reputation which became a bone of contention, and subsequently compelled him to sever his connection with the company, which took place in December, 1874. He afterward accepted a similar position with the Academy of Music, then under the management of Charles R. Gardiner, with whom he remained until the close of the season, in the May following. During his Academy engagement he played *Armand Duval* to the *Camille* of Miss Clara Morris, and with her divided the honors of the performance. He subsequently returned to Boston, where he remained a short time with the Boston Museum. He next went to Philadelphia, where he played a brief engagement, and last fall he accepted a position in the Brooklyn Theatre, where he met his death.

Harry Murdoch was an actor of great promise. He was a close student and a careful observer. His forte was more of the imitative than the creative, and his imitations of the popular actors of the day, including Salvini, Jefferson, Chanfrau, Fechter, and others equally as well known, were so perfect as to deceive old theatre-goers. He was the possessor of a sweet tenor voice, which he had carefully cultivated, and was an excellent amateur piano-player. Had he not been devoted to the stage he would have made an excellent portrait painter. His crayed heads of several of his professional friends, some of which now adorn the walls of Haverly's Theatre, indicate the possession of a genius for the depiction of form and color. In his death the stage loses one of its most promising members, and the social circles in which he moved will mourn the loss of a genial companion, who was always anxious to contribute to the pleasures of those by whom he was surrounded.

Tilden's Hopes Frost-Bitten.

Now that the Democrats are waxing so jolly over the ineligibility of a Republican elector in Oregon, whose disability had been healed for weeks before the meeting of the Electoral College, but whose case tempted the reform Democracy of that State to attempt to steal an electoral vote, the following dispatch of the Western Associated Press may be produced as affording a much better case than that of the derelict Gregonian:

ST. LOUIS, December 7.—The final report of the proceedings of the presidential electors of this State, at their meeting at Jefferson City yesterday shows that Charles G. Stifel, the Republican elector for the third district, applied by letter to Governor Hardin for a certificate of election on the ground that General D. M. Frost, the Democratic elector, was ineligible; and that he (Stifel) received the highest vote cast for an eligible elector in that district.

This application was refused by Governor Hardin, he stating that