The Sun.

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BARNUM BURNT OUT AGAIN

OVER ONE HUNDRED CAGED ANIMALS ROASTED ALIVE.

The Great Hippodrome a Mass of Ruins—The Yells and Howls that Filled the Morning Air—The Magnificent Stud of Horses all Safe—The Great Showman Still Alive.

Yesterday morning about 4 o'clock, Andrew N. Nelson, the night watchman in Barnum's Hippodrome on Fourteenth street, discovered fire issuing from a trap door in the boiler room. Simultaneously a colored boy employed at the Irving Place Hotel observed a glare fitfully illuminating the building, and directed the bakekeeper's attention to the circumstance. The latter at once telegraphed through the fire alarm to the police station. In the meantime Nelson aroused nine attendants, who were sleeping inside the circus, and with them seized the fire buckets and went to work to extinguish the flames, which were now bursting through the floor. As soon, however, as the flames were subdued at one part, they burst out at another, and in a few minutes the men saw that their efforts were vain. Nelson then rushed to the street and gave the alarm. The other men did what they could to release some of the tamer animals. The elephants, Jennie and Betsy, were unchained and driven toward the entrance. The flames made such rapid progress that the men were unable to release any other animals except a camel and a giraffe. A keeper led the giraffe toward the door literally pursued by the flames. Just as he reached the entrance the fire seized the rope and spread to the mane of the giraffe. The animal reared, started back, broke the rope, and

FELL BACK INTO THE FIERY ABYSS.

In fifteen minutes after the fire was first discovered the firemen were on the spot, but by that time the whole Hippodrome was enveloped in flames. The men at once set to work, however, and were speedily joined by a reinforcement. It was impossible to make any approach to the building, and the only thing to be done was to endeavor to save the adjoining edifices. The flames were fierce and devoured the flimsy woodwork in a few minutes. The sparks shot up into the clear sky, and the embers dropped hissing into the water that now flowed down the street. In half an hour's time

GRACE CHURCH CAUGHT FIRE.

All the energies of the firemen were devoted to its salvation, but in vain. The fire seized upon the windows, and in a few minutes the church was in flames. While the firemen were still doing their best to stay the flame in the east, Grote's store and factory on the west was found to be on fire, and no sooner had the engines been brought to play upon it than the carriage factory of Miner & Co., on the south, was ablaze.

Five firemen were cut off by the falling of the roof, and the stairway to the roof gave way, placing them in imminent peril. It was only after strenuous exertions that they were rescued. Two of them were members of Hook and Ladder No. 9, and three of them were members of Engine No. 11.

THE ACADEMY ON FIRE.

Shortly after the roof of the Academy was found to be on fire from the sparks. A detachment, headed by Assistant Engineer Dicquel, mounted to the roof by the stage, and soon extinguished the flames. Constant surveillance was used to keep the fire away. Two or three lines were placed about the building.

The firemen now had their hands full. Engines were planted in Thirteenth street, and every exertion was used to stay the progress of the flames in that direction. In a short time the church was gutted and the west wall fell in. The flames reached the old Lawrence homestead adjoining, and nearly gutted it. A vigorous use of the hose, however,

STAYED THE DESTRUCTION.

The bill boards in front of the Academy of Music caught fire. The doors were also blistered, and the windows in Fourteenth street demolished by the heat. Two dwellings on Thirteenth street adjoining the carriage factory were gutted, the occupants escaping with difficulty from the raging element. The night was bitterly cold, and the police and firemen had a terrible duty to perform. As soon almost as the water fell to the ground it became ice. Where it was dashed over the men, it instantly froze. The men's feet even in some instances were frozen to the ground where they stood.

In an hour and a half the fire had done its work. The inmates of houses in Thirteenth street rushed out in this attire only to find themselves over their ankles in water. They were turned back by the police and obliged to return to their houses.

THE SCENE FROM GEN. FUNK'S HOTEL.

The description of the scene as witnessed from Gen. Funk's Hotel was grand in the extreme. An eye-witness says that soon after the alarm was given he occupied a window whence he could see all there was to be seen. The flames first burst through the roof toward the east and shot up in a bright clear column far above the pinacles of the adjoining church. Then they as suddenly fell, and a dense smoke burst forth. The iron plating split and cracked, and huge pieces were driven into the air, followed by a cloud of sparks. The flames ran along the roof stretching this way and that, as though in search of food, and soon their tongues touched the front of the building. It was about 125 feet long and 80 feet high. It was simply wooden framework covered with a thin metal sheeting and outside muslin show pictures. It was instantly in a blaze and crumbled to the earth amid sparks and smoke. The flames roared and hissed, and twice

A LOUD REPORT WAS HEARD,

supposed to have been caused by the explosion of small quantities of gunpowder kept in the circus for professional purposes. Loud above the noise of flames and water, and the shouting of firemen were heard the cries of the encaged beasts which were being roasted alive. The lions and lionesses uttered piercing and blood-curdling shrieks. The tigers howled horribly. The elephant trumpeted out its agony in most unearthly notes. The monkeys squealed, and wailed like infants. The seal lion gave forth a strange and fearful cry. For fifteen minutes these awful sounds of suffering went up amid the flame and smoke. Ever and anon, something would fall into the flames, a bright cloud of sparks would ascend, then a volume of thick smoke, and

THE VOICE OF SOME CAGED MARTYR

would be silent. The effect that these appalling sounds had on the hundreds of spectators that had gathered near the scene cannot be described. Some men ran wildly about with tears in their voices, asking, "Can nothing be done to save these poor beasts?" "I'm ready," "and I," responded men by the score, but the more the firemen kept the excited crowd back, and men who would wingly have run personal risk to aid in rescuing the animals were fain to confess that their efforts would be useless. A fine panther was seen to actually bend the bars of its cage in its desperate energy, and to squeeze through. As it was in

THE ACT OF ESCAPING

a wall fell upon it and crushed it to death. As already stated, an old and a young elephant were set free and made for the street. The old elephant reached a place of safety first. It lay down in the middle of Fourteenth street and bellowed loudly, as though calling for the young one. The young one presently came trotting up to its side. The old elephant caressed the young one with its trunk, and putting its trunk over its companion's back, as for protection, the two walked slowly up Irving place. After going a short distance, they suffered themselves to be captured. A camel also escaped. It made no demonstration. It seemed utterly prostrated from fear. Its limbs quivered, its sides heaved with excitement, and big tears stood in its eyes.

THE STORY OF THE UNFORTUNATE GIRAFFE

has already been told. A keeper was leading him out by a rope when the rope caught fire. The fire ran up the rope to the giraffe's mane; he reared and fell back into the flames. A gentleman who was on the spot just after the fire was first discovered says that he saw a tiger spring from amid a falling mass of ruins, with his mane and hair in flames. He says also that he saw three or four monkeys leaping about the front of the building just before the fire reached that part. Later on in the day a SUN reporter climbed the building in the rear of the ruins, and looked down upon the scene. In the northeast corner lay

A BLACK, SODDEN MASS OF FLESH,

with fragments of crisp skin adhering to it. It was the body of the splendid elephant Pedro, which was only brought to this country last week. Head and legs had been destroyed.

The whole of Barnum's Hippodrome is a pile of ruins. With the exception of the two elephants and the camel, not a thing was saved. The horses are always kept in the stable in Eleventh street, and they, of course, were uninjured.

THE ANIMALS BURNED.

The following is a list of the animals burned: Four giraffes, two white polar bears, two monster sea lions, one horned horse, seals, Alpine goat, ostrich, pelicans, two Abyssinian lions, two Bengal tigers, one Asiatic yak, one eland, one Llama, leopards, serpents, apes, gorillas, chiama, six camels, two dromedaries, one elephant, happy family, and other minor animals, amounting to one hundred specimens.

The circus building was built by James E. Cooke, an English equestrian, but his venture did not prove profitable, and the building finally passed into the possession of Mr. Lent. From him Mr. Barnum purchased it. He had the floor dug down ten feet, and put in a dress circle and a balcony above. The fixtures were in the usual theatre style, Mr. Barnum's object having been to attract a first-class audience. There was accommodation for 3,000, and on Thanksgiving night $1,800 was taken.

MR. BARNUM INFORMED OF HIS LOSS.

Yesterday morning at 8 o'clock, Mr. Hurd, one of the managers, telegraphed to Mr. Barnum, who is with his branch establishment in New Orleans, thus:

About four this morning fire discovered in boiler room. Everything destroyed except two elephants and one camel.

At 2:20 Mr. Hurd received the subjoined reply:

Tell editors I have cabled European agents to expend half a million for attractions. Will have new and more extensive travelling show than ever in April.

On Tuesday one of Mr. Barnum's agents, Mr. E. W. Woolcot, arrived from Hamburg, where he had been making additional selections for the museum. He says that it would be very difficult to procure so fine a set of animals as perished in the fire yesterday.

WHAT MR. HURD SAYS ABOUT IT.

A SUN reporter had a conversation with Mr. Hurd yesterday afternoon. Mr. Hurd is as courteous as he is handsome. Mr. Barnum was the proprietor of the Hippodrome, with Messrs. S. H. Hurd and W. C. Coup as managers, and Mr. Dan Castello as equestrian manager. The employees have lost everything they possessed. Prof. Hartman, the leader of the orchestra, had $800 worth of music destroyed. The sixteen musicians lost all their instruments. Mr. Melville and family's valuable wardrobe was burned. Mons. Dockrill and Madame Dockrill, who only arrived from Paris last week, have lost all their expensive outfit. Kenebel, the French clown, is in the same predicament. The iron-jawed family's costume was burned. The properties of Monteverde, the contortionist, and of Lazelle and Wilson, trapeze men, were consumed. Mademoiselle Labitanche has lost her wardrobe. Joe Lee and Gus Lee are minus everything. In fact, every employee of the circus has more or less suffered pecuniarily.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRE.

Mr. Hurd says that two weeks ago he purchased between three and four dozen buckets, and placed them on each floor, with directions to the employees. He says that Nelson, the watchman, was a most trustworthy man, in whom they placed every confidence. Mr. Hurd says that the loss at a rough estimate may be $250,000, and the insurance $90,000. The natural history collection was worth about $80,000. Mr. Barnum gave employment to 150 persons, 100 of whom were employed in the arenic department.

The following is an extract from Fire Marshal McSpedon's report for the month of November, 1872:

We have also commenced a thorough examination of all the various places of amusement in the city, and the only place thus far found to be in a dangerous condition as regards fire is "Barnum's Museum and Menagerie," on Fourteenth street. An examination of this place was made Nov. 24, the danger was pointed out and orders given to make it safe. On the 30th of November the premises were reexamined, and found to be in the same condition as before, and the manager expressed his belief that the place was safe.

Orders were again issued to make the necessary alterations. In its present condition I deem it unsafe for the public and dangerous to the surrounding property.

THE DESTRUCTION OF GRACE CHURCH.

Almost immediately after the flames burst from Barnum's building the roof and cornice on the rear of Grace Church, the building adjoining the Museum, toward Third avenue, were fired. The fire was almost inaccessible to the firemen, and although several streams were directed toward the church edifice they had no effect whatever, and the fire burning through the roof and creeping along the cornice soon enveloped the entire structure. Hose was carried within the building, and further efforts were made to save the building, but the fire had already gained too much headway, and the attention of the firemen was directed to adjoining property. The burning roof soon fell to the floor, and in an hour the building was entirely consumed, and the walls had fallen in, save a portion of the front one and part of the rear.

It does not appear that there was any effort made to save the moveable property of the church. The carpets, chandeliers, chairs, furniture, and books were not removed, but were allowed to burn with the edifice where they were. That so much property was suffered to be destroyed without so much as an effort to preserve it, was the subject of much unfavorable comment among those who are interested in Grace Church yesterday.

THE RECTOR'S LOSS.

The Rector, the Rev. J. W. Kramer, lost his entire library, together with a large number of sermons and valuable manuscripts, and all his ministerial robes. These were in the Rector's study, and the fire could not be entered. There was abundant time to have removed every article of furniture in the church.

Grace Church, or "Grace Chapel, the Church of the Redeemer," as it is also called, was built about twelve years ago, when the Rev. Mr. Kramer was called to the rectorship of the congregation. It was an attractive edifice, built of brick, with simple but neat architectural ornamentation. It has been known as "The Only Poor Man's Church in New York."

A VALUABLE RELIC GONE.

The organ case which was destroyed is deserving of mention, because it was the oldest in the city, having originally been brought from Holland long before organ cases or even organs were manufactured in the United States, had served for many years in the Old Country, when it was brought to this city and placed in the old Dutch church which used to stand on the site of the Post Office. It was carefully preserved on account of its age as a relic, and was removed to Grace Church when the building was first built. The organ which it originally surrounded has long since worn out.

But little remains of the chapel. The north and south walls stand, but the side walls fell with the roof, and nothing remains but a mass of charred timbers. The three little gothic windows in the front wall were yesterday glittering with hundreds of icicles as the sunlight was cast upon them.

WHAT THE RECTOR SAYS.

A SUN reporter called yesterday on the Rev. Mr. Kramer, rector of the church. That gentleman could not be seen, but he was consulted by a messenger sent to tell him that the chapel was burning. He made all possible haste, but was too late to save any property. "I lost my library, my clerical robes, my sermons, and many valuable papers," said he; "and the worst of it is I had no insurance on the church. I cannot tell what they were worth, somewhere between $800 and $1,000 I suppose."

Reporter—Was nothing saved from the church?

Rector—Nothing. I suppose that the policemen and the firemen do not think there is anything in a church worth saving, and so direct their efforts to other property. One's idea of a church is an empty building, and I suppose they neglected to try and bring out the property.

WHY THE CHURCH WAS HEAVILY INSURED.

Reporter—What was the value of the church and property?

Rector—Well, I suppose $70,000 all told. On this we are insured for $60,000, the full value of the church edifice. Our insurance was not so large until Barnum's tinder box was erected next to us. I watched the building as it was being put up, and I wrote a letter to our corporation telling them that it was nothing more or less than a tinder box, and that it would be politic to increase our rates of insurance as soon as it was finished. The corporation examined the building, and we insured our church to its full value. We called the attention of the Inspector of Buildings to the fact that a tinder box had been put up adjoining some of the most valuable property in the city—the Academy of Music, Tammany and Steinway Halls, and our church—but he paid no attention to it. On Sunday I was reading in a morning paper his report of unsafe buildings, and was surprised that Barnum's was not mentioned. We had just finished trimming for our Christmas festival," said he, "and many gifts for the children were in the church. During the summer we had our church beautified and improved, and had put down new carpets and purchased new furniture. We celebrate our Christmas in Nilsson Hall, Fifteenth street, and our Christmas tree we will have in St. Mark's Church on Friday evening. The corporation will meet within a few days, and we will determine our future course.

THE OLD LAWRENCE MANSION.

Adjoining the Grace Church, toward Third avenue, is the Lawrence mansion, an old Knickerbocker landmark, in which Abraham R. Lawrence, the late candidate for Mayor, was born. It stands on an elevated terrace, a little back from the street, and is reached by a flight of high steps. Those who pass through Fourteenth street are attracted by its antique appearance.

When the flames burst from the roof of the church the old Lawrence mansion took fire. A desperate effort was made to save the old relic of the past, and the firemen fought with their might. Hose was carried through the doors to the roof, and after a long struggle with fire on the side and in the rear

THE BUILDING WAS SAVED,

but not until the upper story had been burned away. Checking the fire at this point doubtless saved the entire block toward Third avenue, as the adjoining row has the reputation of being little better than a tinder box.

The Lawrence mansion is badly damaged and its furniture ruined by the deluge of water poured thereon. Mr. Abraham R. Lawrence visited the house yesterday. He had many valuable books therein, and was anxious as to their safety. His mother occupied the house. Mr. Lawrence told a reporter yesterday that the homestead cost $15,000 forty years ago. "It was insured for $6,500" said he, "and we loved it chiefly because it was full of family relics and associations. My house might have been saved had the firemen saved the water which they wasted on the church, which it was impossible to save. The loss on the mansion is $8,000, on the furniture about $5,000. It is insured in the Knickerbocker Insurance Company."

OTHER LOSSES.

The five-story brick building 112 East Fourteenth street, owned by Frederick Grote, ivory turner, was completely destroyed. Mr. Grote occupied the basement and first and second floors, and a large four-story building as a factory and salesroom. His loss on stock, machinery, and building is estimated at $300,000; insured for $120,000. The fourth floor was occupied by Jackson & Co., fringe manufacturers; loss, $20,000. The fifth floor was occupied by C. Reinworth, as a piano factory; loss, $30,000. The residence of Mrs. Lawrence, 134 East Fourteenth street, was damaged to the extent of $8,000, and the furniture and household effects to the extent of $5,000.

The rear of the carriage factory of Miner & Stevens, on Thirteenth street, was damaged $10,000, and the coach factory of M. Curley $5,000.

THE SCENE AFTER THE FIRE.

From the first alarm of fire yesterday morning until dark night Fourteenth street was thronged by citizens gazing on the ruins. Yesterday morning, as day dawned, the sight was one never to be forgotten. Along the sidewalk opposite a crowd of men, women, and children were gathered, and a stream set in from Fourth and Third avenues to the spot. Every class was represented largely. Ladies and gentlemen, elegantly attired, gazed with interest on the scene. Crowds of boys loitered on their way to school. Hundreds of business men turned aside to view the ruin. Fourteenth street was a sheet of ice, and the biting wind set in sharp from the river. Half a score of insurance inspectors were early at the place examining and making observations. All over the ruins, which lay in a strange, irregular heap, with shrivelled sheets of metal sticking up here and there, and deep gaps filled with frozen water, firemen were scattered. They were clad in their heavy boots and overcoats. Big lumps of ice stuck to their helmets. Icicles hung from the collars of their coats and from the skirts. Some of them looked like

WARRIORS CASED IN ICE.

One man was trying to pull off his overcoat, but it was frozen so tightly to the jacket beneath that he had to go into a store and thaw himself by the stove.

Early in the day Gen. Funk prepared about fifty gallons of strong coffee and a tremendous pile of sandwiches for the firemen. They ate, drank, and were refreshed. Later suit he placed his bar at their service and gave them all the liquor they desired. Mrs. Macready, on Fourteenth street, roused her servants, and also prepared an ample breakfast for all the firemen who chose to partake.

When the fire was subdued not a vestige of the Hippodrome was to be found in its original state. The front and back of Grace Church, with a very small slip of the west side, were standing. All Grote's establishment, with the exception of the front and side wall, was in ruins. The back workshop of Miner & Co. was gutted, the walls alone standing. About 10:30 the firemen ascended the roof of Hine's building and pushed down the side wall of Grote's. Then they descended and threw down the front wall, leaving only the pillars standing.

BEAUTIFUL ICE.

All over the walls of the burned building and wherever the water had struck, beautiful icicles glistened in the sunshine. But the most beautiful picture was that presented by the old Lawrence homestead adjoining Grace Church. The entire front was incrusted with icicles. Each window was framed in them. Hundreds depended from the roof. The railings of the steps leading to the front door looked like a beautiful network of ice. The shrubbery in front resembled a grotto of fairy land, or a bower of pelucid Frelowrk.

Early in the morning the employees of the Hippodrome appeared at the scene of disaster. Each wore a sad and sorrowful countenance. The SUN reporter conversed for a short time with Mons. Dockrill. He is a well made, handsome man of twenty-eight or thirty years, and speaks English fluently. "It is very, very distressing," Mons. Dockrill said. "I only arrived here last week, and had scarcely got my feet, when, see, the whole thing is gone and my prospects blighted."

"Is your loss heavy?" the reporter asked.

"I purchased the wardrobe which is just destroyed at a cost of £400," Mons. Dockrill replied, "just before I left Europe to fulfill my engagements with Mr. Barnum."

"But your horses—and you have very valuable ones, I believe—have all escaped?" the reporter said.

"Yes," Mons. Dockrill replied, "but no thanks to the fire. If they had been stabled there they would have gone too."

It is not improbable that, if a suitable place can be secured, the circus will be in operation in a day or two. This is the best season of the year, and Mr. Barnum is not the man to let an opportunity slip, no matter what misfortunes have overtaken him.

MOVEMENTS FOR RELIEF.

The Christian Benevolent Association, whose membership is largely composed of those engaged in the theatrical and circus professions, met at 4 P. M. yesterday, in Teutonia Hall, Third avenue, to consider some means for the benefit of the sufferers by the fire. Ben. Maginley of Niblo's, President of the Association, was chairman. There was a very large attendance in which the knights of the ring were conspicuous. The greatest sympathy was manifested for the men, who are not only deprived of employment, but who are large losers by the total destruction of their wardrobes, on which there was no insurance. It was decided to give one or more benefit performances for the showmen, and committees were appointed to that end. Messrs. William Duck, Ben Lumley, treasurer at Barnum's, and James Cooke, equestrian manager, are the committee who will endeavor to hire the Stadt Theatre. Messrs. Ben Maginley, of Niblo's, and John Melville and Frank Barry, of Barnum's, will negotiate for the Academy of Music. Both committees will report at a meeting in Teutonia Hall on Thursday afternoon.

Until late last night, the ruins were an attraction for many visitors. On all hands sympathy was expressed for the unfortunate showmen. At Gannon's, Third avenue and Fourteenth street, were many of the circus men discussing the chances of a larger number being found at Ducrow's, Third avenue, near Fourteenth street. This neat hostelrie is kept by William and Robert Ducrow, both professionals, who take the field in the touring season. Their place is the headquarters of the profession in New York, and there may always be found, looking just like any other men, except for a shade more boot, slouched hat, and dash, the genial men whom the village boys adore as knights errant. Every man employed in the Hippodrome lost all he had in the building, but all take their loss with a philosophy peculiar to the profession, and look to the future, from the ruins as a standpoint, with just the same nonchalance as though there had been no fire, and each man had just drawn his month's salary.

The Official Investigation Begun—An Engineer without Certificate or License—The Origin of the Fire.

Yesterday Fire Marshal McSpedon began an investigation into the causes which led to the fire in Barnum's Museum and Menagerie. The investigation will be continued to-day. Robert Tilson deposed:

I live at 340 East Twenty-sixth street. I am engineer and janitor at Barnum's Museum. Have no certificate or license as engineer. Have been employed there five or six weeks. Applied for a license last week. Use one of Baker & Smith's heaters—low pressure. Carry three to five pounds of steam. Inspector said he did not think it was necessary to have an engineer for one of their heaters. Baker & Smith's men did the steam fitting. Had no fire in the place except under the Baker & Smith boiler. I was on duty from 8 A. M. until 11 P. M. I always shut off the gas at three meters before leaving. One meter supplying the boiler room, another the passageway left on, and three lights were kept burning all night. The top of the boiler was covered with several layers of brick and the space between the top of the brick and the floor beams above was 18 inches. I should think the size of the boiler room was about 9x15, and the boiler took up the space of about 5x5½, including the brick work. It was connected with two tubes and the door was brick, and the walls were brick, the only wood being the floor and beams above.

At 11 o'clock last night I left everything in the usual condition. This boiler supplied steam to heat the entire building. I left fire enough to keep up steam all night, and the watchman used to put on coal about 6 in the morning, to keep up steam until I came.

THE UNSAFE BOILER.

I was present when Officer Mooney examined the place and pronounced it unsafe. He spoke particularly of the pipe leading from the boiler and on the floor above the boiler room and about twelve feet from the boiler. This pipe was 4½ inches in diameter, and was laid along the side of the stanchion beam. It touched it for a distance of eight or ten inches. This beam has since been cut away, so that the space between it and the pipe was three and a half inches, and a piece of half-inch pipe was placed between the steam pipe and the beam, open at both ends to allow the air to pass through. This was done by the direction of an insurance surveyor. We never had steam on in those pipes which touched the upholstering and ran under the seats; it was warm enough there when the gas was lighted. The seats in the dining room where the pipe came from the top floor down and passed through the seats were all cut away, leaving an open space of from two and a half to three inches. Where the pipes touched the beams the gallery we cut out behind them, put on iron hooks to support the pipes, and put a piece of tin on the beam. There was no place in the building to my knowledge where the pipes were nearer than an inch or an inch and three-quarters from the wood work. There is a watchman on duty in the place at night, his name is Nelson. I have known him going on two years; he has been with Barnum's company going on three years. They consider him a very careful and trustworthy man. There were other men in the building at night; don't know how many. They stayed there to take care of the animals. There were thirty or forty buckets of water standing on top of the cages and three hydrant attachments in the place with hose attached, there were no other facilities for extinguishing fire. I have talked with some of the persons who were in the building at the time of the fire. They say it started in the back part of the building, but could not tell exactly where, as the place was so full of smoke. No oil was used in the place to my knowledge.

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN'S STORY.

Andrew Nelson, night watchman at Barnum's Museum, testified:

I have been in Barnum's employ since he started the last time—a year ago last spring. I go on duty at 6½ o'clock P. M., and remain until 4 A. M. I take entire charge of the place after the show is over. All the lights are extinguished except two or three which are left burning low in the animals' department. Six white and two colored persons sleep in the building. The boiler room is at the rear part of the building, and is reached by a step ladder. I think I am in there as much as once every fifteen minutes during the night to see that the fire is all right, the pressure of steam right, and the place all safe from fire. I carry a lantern in making my rounds; was in the boiler room within ten minutes of the time I discovered the smoke coming from it. I did not smell anything burning. When I discovered the smoke I was within ten feet of the trap door opening into the boiler room, and was going toward it. The smoke was issuing from the cracks of the floor over the boiler room, a little to the right of the ladder as you pass down and also coming up through the trap door which I always left open. I ran down into the boiler room and found fire burning under the floor, bosses, and beams above the boiler, and a little distance in front of it, there was but little blaze when I went down, the fire seemed to be running along the beams and cracks of the floor. The smoke was so thick I could not stay. I was afraid of being suffocated. I found a pail of water there which I threw on the fire, and then came up stairs and gave the alarm to the men. They came to my assistance at once and began to throw water on the fire. After throwing three pails of water, I saw the fire was spreading and ran out of the building and gave the alarm. I put a couple of shovels of coal on the fire about twenty minutes before I discovered the smoke. I have been frequently cautioned about fire, and told to keep a good look out in the boiler room and elsewhere. I cannot account for the fire. No smoking is allowed in the place, and none of the men but myself go into the boiler room.

Arnold Munster being sworn said:

I am connected with Barnum's Museum and Menagerie, and slept in the building. Went to bed between 12 and 1 o'clock this morning. Was woke up by some one hallooing. When I got up I could hear voices, and saw the place was full of smoke. I was on the Third avenue side, and tried to get over to the giraffe's cage on the other side, but could not on account of the smoke, and I was afraid of the floor burning under me. I tried to save what animals I could on my side of the house. I cut five camels loose. I got out one camel, and an elephant followed me out. I swept out the lower part and the dressing room. Did not let any waste paper get around the steam pipes. I have frequently been cautioned to be careful about fire.

HOW TWO ANIMALS ESCAPED.

Alphonso L. Cobanks said:

I am watchman for Frederick Grote, 114 East Fourteenth street. I smelt smoke while going through the building about a quarter past three. It smelt like straw burning. I was then on the main floor, near Fourteenth street. I searched the entire building, including my stable, to see if there was any fire there, and finally saw smoke coming into the shop through a window on the east side just above the roof of the Museum. This window was quite a distance above the floor, and was reached by a ladder. I ascended the ladder, and through the crack in the iron shutter I saw fire coming up through the roof of the Museum in the vicinity of where the heating apparatus was located. I then went to the front door, and cried "Fire!" An officer came there at once from the direction of Fourth avenue, and another came down from Irving place. I am sure that I gave the first alarm. I saw none of the employees of the Museum. The doors were all fastened, and the officers broke them open. There were at least ten men sleeping in the Museum. At the time I saw the fire through the window shutters I heard the animals uttering fearfull yells, and I thought I heard the voices of men also.

The Burning of the First Barnum's as Described by the Poets of the Tribune.

From the Tribune, July 14, 1865.

OUR REPORTER'S VISION OF LIFE AND DEATH.

Our reporter fortunately occupies a room on the north side of Ann street, corner of Broadway, the windows of which look immediately into the compartment, luckily for the windows of the Museum, were unclosed, and he had a perfect view of almost the entire interior of the apartment. The following is his statement of what followed, in his own language:

CONFUSION AND STRUGGLE IN THE MENAGERIE.

Protecting myself from the intense heat as well as I could, by taking the mattress from the bed and erecting it as a bulwark before the window, with only space enough reserved on the top as a lookout, I anxiously observed the animals in the opposite room. Immediately opposite the window through which I gazed was a large cage, containing a lion and lioness. To the right was a three-storied cage, containing monkeys at the top, two kangaroos in the second story, and a "happy family" of dogs, cats, adders, rabbits, etc., in the lower apartment.

To the left of the lion's cage was the tank containing the two vast alligators, and still further to the left, partially hidden from my sight, was the grand tank containing the great white whale, which has creamed so long for me in our sight-seeing midst for the past few weeks. Upon the floor were caged the boa-constrictors, anacondas, and rattlesnakes, whose heads would now and then rise menacingly through the top of the cage. In the extreme right was the cage entirely cut from the main one first, containing the Bengal tiger and the Polar bear, whose terrified growls could be distinctly heard from behind the partition.

PROGRESS OF THE FLAMES.

The conflagration was as yet confined to the upper part of the building. The lower walls, however, were becoming rapidly heated, and all of the animals began to manifest much uneasiness. The white or silver fox ran up and down his cage, whining piteously and endeavoring to escape. The lions also paced hurriedly up and down, moaning most dismally, and all the other beasts manifested similar uneasiness. The serpents stuck their heads up above the sill of the window and writhed about in strange contortions.

When the fire had eaten its swift way down to the third floor, and the lurid glare burst through the transoms of the doors, the panic among the beasts became positively fearful. They sprang against their iron bars and strove to rend them with their teeth, at the same time uttering forth savage and frightened cries which were almost human in their agony. At length when the flames burst through the top of the door and commenced to lick the tops of the cages, the tumult reached its height. Yells, roars, howls, and screams went up from the dumb brutes, which were heard to the distance of half a mile.

SELF-EMANCIPATION OF THE LIONS.

With a simultaneous bound, the lion and his mate sprang against their bars, which gave way and came down with a great crash, releasing the beasts, which for a moment, apparently amazed at their sudden liberty, stood in the middle of the floor lashing their sides with their tails, and roaring dolefully.

FIERY DELIVERANCE OF ANIMALS.

Almost at the same moment, the upper part of the three storied cage consumed by the flames fell forward, breaking the rods drop to the floor, and many other animals were thus set free. Just at this time the door fell through, and the flames and smoke rolled in like a whirlwind from the Hadean river Cocytus.

THE LION AND TIGER IN CLOSE CONTEST.

A horrible howl in the right hand corner of the room, a yell of indescribable agony, and a crashing, grating sound indicated that the tiger had pounced upon the lioness, to the highest pitch of excitement. Then there came a great crash as of the giving way of the bars of their cage. The flames and smoke momentarily rolled back, and for a few seconds the interior of the room was visible in the lurid light of the flames, which revealed the tiger and the lion locked together in close combat.

PARTICIPATION OF THE SERPENTS.

The base of the rods of the serpents' cage had also crumbled, and the largest boa-constrictor—about 20 feet long and as thick as a man's body—was also engaged in deadly struggle with the lioness.

THE POLAR BEAR IN A WARM PLACE.

The Polar bear had shrunk to the coolest corner, with half his fur burned from his snowy coat, and there sat wonderingly gazing upon the scene. Accustomed, as he had been, to deal with only the walrus and the seal in the cold blue waters of the Arctic regions, he was evidently considerably alarmed at the excessively hot weather. Under the circumstances he found it impossible to take it coolly.

THE SNAKES AND MONKEYS IN TROUBLE.

The monkeys were perched around the windows, shivering with dread and afraid to jump out. The snakes were writhing about, crippled, and blistered by the heat, darting out their forked tongues, and expressing their rage and fear in the most sibilant of hisses.

THE HAPPY FAMILY BAPTIZED WITH FIRE.

The "happy family" were experiencing an amount of beatitude which was evidently too cordial for philosophical enjoyment. A long tongue of flame had crept under the cage, completely singling every hair from the cat's body. The felicitous adder was slowly burning in two, and busily engaged in impregnating his agonized system with his own venom. The joyful rat had lost his tail by a falling bar of iron, and the beatific rabbit, perforated by a red hot nail, looked as if nothing would be more grateful than a cool corner in some Esquimaux farm-yard. The members of the delectated convocation were all huddled together in the bottom of their cage, which suddenly gave way, precipitating them out of view into the depths below, which by this time were also blazing like the fabled Tophet.

CONTINUATION OF THE STRUGGLE.

Meanwhile the lion and the tiger were continuing their contest, now the advantage on one side, now on the other; and the boa was slowly tightening his fatal coils round the panting body of the lioness, which, however, bit and struggled, lacerating the striped skin of its adversary terribly. The floor was already crimson with their blood, while the commingling hisses, howls, yells, and roars, utterly surpassed all efforts at description.

THE WHALES AND ALLIGATORS IN TORMENT.

At this moment the flames rolled again into the room, and then again retired. The whale and alligators were by this time suffering dreadful torments. The water in which they swam was literally boiling. The alligators dashed fiercely about endeavoring to escape, and opening and shutting their great jaws in ferocious torture; but the poor whale, almost boiled, with great ulcers bursting from his blubbery sides, could only feebly swim about, though blowing excessively, and every now and then sending up great fountains of spray.

At length crack went the glass sides of the great cases, and the whale and alligators rolled out on the floor with the rushing and steaming water. The whale died pretty easily, having been pretty well used up before. A few great gasps and a convulsive flap or two of his mighty flukes were his expiring spasms. One of the alligators was killed almost immediately by falling across a great fragment of shattered glass, which cut open his stomach and let out the greater part of his entrails to the light of day. The remaining alligator became involved in a controversy with an anaconda, and joined in the *mêlée* in the centre of the blazing apartment.

CLOSE OF THE THRILLING SCENE.

At this moment the floor, undermined by flames, gave way with an awful crash, and the living, struggling, howling, writhing mass was launched into a gulf of red and yellow fire, sending up a whirlwind of smoke, sparks, and cinders to the very heavens. The last object I saw was the Polar bear, upon a white-hot square of sheet iron, with all the hair burned from his hide, and standing stark and stiff, and rapidly baking brown.

Before the whale went down with the rest, a stream of spermaceti ran from his carcass down the sides of the building, taking fire, and making impromptu candles on a colossal scale.

FREAKS OF MONKEYS, &C.

A number of the birds which were caged in the upper part of the building were set free by some charitably inclined person at the first alarm of fire. At intervals they flew out. There were many valuable tropical birds—parrots of all sizes and manifold colors, parroquets, cockatoos, mocking birds, humming birds, &c., as well as some vultures and eagles, and one condor. Bursting through the central casement, with flap of wing and lashing coils, appeared an eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight. For a moment they hung poised in mid-air, presenting a novel and terrible conflict. It was the earth and air (for their respective representatives) at war for mastery. The base and the lofty, the groveler and the soarer, were engaged in deadly battle. At length the flat head of the serpent sank, his writhing, sinuous form grew still, and wafted upward by the cheers of the gazing multitude, the eagle, with a scream of triumph, and bearing his prey in his iron talons, soared toward the sun.

Several monkeys escaped from the burning building to the neighboring roofs and streets. One of the most amusing incidents in this respect was in connection with Mr. James Gordon Bennett. The veteran editor of the *Herald* was sitting in his private office, with his back to the open window, calmly discussing with a friend the chances that the *Herald* establishment would escape the conflagration, which at that time was threateningly advancing up Ann street toward Nassau. In the course of his conversation Mr. Bennett observed, "However, though I have usually had good luck in cases of fire, they say that the devil is ever at one's shoulder, and"—— Here an exclamation from his friend interrupted him, and turning quickly, he was considerably taken aback at seeing the devil himself, or something very like him, at his very shoulder as he spoke. Recovering his equanimity with the ease and suavity which is usual with him in *all* company, Mr. B. was about to address the intruder when he perceived that what he had taken for the gentleman in black was nothing more than a frightened ourang-outang. The poor creature, but recently released from captivity, and doubtless thinking that he might fill some vacancy in the editorial corps of the paper in question, had descended by the waterpipe and instinctively taken refuge in the inner sanctum of the office.

THE WAX FIGURES.

A number of sturdy firemen rushed in to carry out the wax figures. There were thousands of valuable articles which might have been saved if there had been less of solicitude displayed for the miserable effigies which are usually exhibited under the appellation of "Wax Figgers." The full length statue of P. T. Barnum, the Prince of Humbugs, fell down of its own accord, as if disgusted with the whole affair. "The Dying Brigand" was unceremoniously throttled and dragged toward the door; liberties were taken with the tearful "Señorita," who fainted dead away on her knoll and so constantly wagged her doll's head at his side; the mules of the other bandits were upset, and they themselves roughly handled.

A red-shirted fireman seized, with either hand, Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan by the coat collars, and hurried them out, pucked the Prince Imperial of France under one arm and the Yelled Murderess under the other, and coolly departed for the street. Two ragged boys quarrelled over a Tom Thumb, but at length settled the controversy by one of them taking the head, the other satisfying himself with the legs below the knees. They evidently had Tom under their thumbs and intended to keep him down. While a curiosity seeking policeman was garroting Benjamin Franklin, with the idea of abducting him, a small monkey, flung from the window sill by the strong hand of an impatient fireman, made a desperate effort to secure Poor Richard just below the waistcoat, and passing through his stomach as neatly as the *Harlequin* in the "Green Monster" pantomime ever pierced the picture with the slit in it, which always hangs so conveniently low and near.

Patrick Henry had his teeth knocked out by a flying missile, and in carrying Daniel Lambert down stairs he was found to be so large that they had to break off his head in order to get him through the door.

Some one had stuck a cigar in Gen. Washington's mouth, and thus, with his chapeau crushed down over his eyes, and his head reclining upon the ample lap of Moll Pitcher, the Father of his country led the van of as sorry a band of patriots as not often comes within one's experience to see. Gen. Marion was sitting quietly down at game of poker with Gen. Lafayette; Gov. Morris was having a set-to with Nathan Hale, and James Madison was executing a Dutch polka, with Mme. Roland on one arm and Lucretia Borgia on the other.

THE FAT WOMAN.

We believe that all the living curiosities were saved but Miss Anna Swann, who was only rescued with the utmost difficulty. There