BURNING OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Origin and Progress of the Conflagration—Scenes and Losses.

(From the London Times, Oct. 14.)

The magnificent theatre in which, on Thursday night, Miss Titiens, Mlle. Lefebre, Mr. Tom Hohler and Mr. Santley repeated their opeatic triumph in *Don Giovanni*, is now a charred shell—blackened, gutted, and scarcely to be recognized as Her Majesty's theatre.

At half past ten o'clock last night, when the drama in which the audience was going was nearly concluded, he discovered, on examining the stage, that a fire had broken out in the vicinity of one of the "wings," and, as far as in the confusion of last night we are able to collect, that it had evidently been smouldering for some time. The man at once gave the alarm, and measures were promptly taken to make available the water tank which is placed at the full Mall side of the building. But so rapidly did the flames extend within the theatre, and so closely did they lick the moulding of brass, mahoganies and gallery, and pass in a fiery stream to the partitions which divide the corridors from the house itself, making their headway way to the top window which, over the colonnade, look out upon the street, that when the audience of the evening quitted the theatre, after enjoying "Brother Sam," were leaving the house, they were startled by the sight of the ruddy glare of every opening at the summit of her Majesty's theatre.

At 9 * * At the corner turn around from the Haymarket to Pall Mall, and as guest after guest now quitted the theatre with these shops, people became alarmed about the safety of Mr. Egg's gunmaking establishment. In which, if it was known that a considerable quantity of gunpowder was stored. The police, as soon as they were informed of this fact, had the gunpowder removed, and the neighbors of Mr. Egg were consequently, without knowing it, exposed to anxiety. Still the red glare came before them, and, looking towards the south, and high above, on the roof, did it shoot upwards through a hundred spirting jets of fire as many substantial volcanoes. And all this time the cry of "where are the engines? They were not on the spot certainly until shortly after 11 o'clock, but when they did come they rattled to the scene of the fire at a tremendous pace, and when they arrived they did it most effectively—in fact they formed a perfect cordon round the whole of the theatre, Pall Mall, bounded by the Haymarket, Pall Mall, the Arcade and Charles street. At a quarter past eleven o'clock, the effect produced by the light from the fire was in the neighboring streets extraordinary, bright as by noon, appalling. The roof of the theatre had not yet succumbed, and the flames, which had not previously referred to, there was nothing to indicate that they roof covered a vast hollow in which was consuming roof, building and everything which contained it, and the adjoining houses and streets, when the fire and burning splinters burst through the roof, which, by reason of its lightness, flutly lighted up, and again when element met element in the fiery furnace, the vivid rays, sent the fire back within the walls of the theatre one, resulted in a fire, in the, in the world's own normal darkness, but only for a moment, while the flames were again forced to break out with renewed and augmented fury. The crowd at this time were immense in the neighborhood of the Haymarket and Pall Mall, and in order to keep back the people and prevent them interfering with the working of the engines, a detachment of the Scots Fusileer Guards was sent for to St. James' palace, and they arrived under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Moncrieff, and did good service in preserving order.

It is to be regretted that the magnificent wardrobe and library of the theatre have been lost, but it will be satisfactory to know that most valuable musical scores have been saved, though being locked up in a fireproof safe.

This unfortunate fire, which took the first burning down of her Majesty's theatre, or at least of a theatre built on the site of it. The theatre was erected on it by Sir John Vanbrugh, in 1705, and it was burned in 1789. The theatre the destruction of which is to our unpleasant duty to record, was built soon after the former one was burned, and was opened on the 18 November, 1791, with a prologue and epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Siddons, and composed and improved by Nash in 1816. Many years the Lord Chamberlain and Judgment held that her Majesty's rivalled the Cafe de Paris, and, in all events, in dimensions it was little inferior to the Scala at Milan, the largest theatre in Europe. It is now a heap of ruins.

Remarkable Case of Trance—Visions of an Insane Servant Girl.

(From the Indianapolis Herald, Dec. 14.)

The people living in the vicinity of Whitland, a thousand county, have recently been very much excited over a matter which, to say the least, is very strange. Several weeks, since Miss Van Arsdale, a young woman about seventeen years old, living at the house of a family near Whitland, in the capacity of a servant, was taken sick with something like hysterics. She had been complaining for a bed a little over a week, when, to all appearances, she died. The body, however, did not entirely lose its warmth, and a very slight pulse remained. The people with whom she was living supposed she was dead, and were making preparations to bury her, when the physician interfered, forbidding any such step. After remaining in this state twelve hours, consciousness returned, and the girl pronounced herself much better. She then went on to describe her sensations and experiences during the trance, averring that she had visited heaven and hell, and had conversed with the Saviour and many persons whom she had known on earth. She spoke of seeing persons in both places who had recently died; in heaven, a young man named Quinn, who, although a professed infidel, of religion, had, in the last year or two of his life led a dissolute life. She also saw Hatchell and Patterson, who were lynched at Franklin, on the night of Oct. 31, for the murder of Lyons, at Greenwood. Miss Van Arsdale sent for a number of persons in the neighborhood, and told them, and imparted to them news of lost friends, but told of sins committed by them, supposed to be unknown by any one. Among others there was a man who had participated in the execution of the men named above, she told him that he had been there that night (which he acknowledged), and had seen the sight of God, committed murder. Previous to this the account of the band had been kept a profound secret, and it was thought had not even been suspected. She narrated a good many strange things, relating mainly to individuals, both in this world and the other, many of which it would have been impossible for her to have invented.

But the strangest part of the story is yet to come. She said that after the expiration of the first trance she predicted that she would have another, and that it would be at a time to allow her to come to and at which it would end. Everything turned out as she had said; at the exact time the fall into the same state. In an ordinary trance, or cataleptic state, respiration is not suspended, but in this case breathing could not be observed. She was to all appearances dead; but the pulse feit faintly and the body was not cold. All sensation was gone. The physician made numerous experiments, pricking the body, applying the vitals, and so forth, to discover if there could be any deception. In the end he was perfectly convinced that there was none. At the expiration of a small bit of time she came to, and in a few hours was well enough to leave her bed and go about the house. The story of her visions during the second trance was similar to the first one, and was confined almost wholly to individuals. She seemed unable to describe the places she had been in, but gave histories of events and persons with remarkable minuteness. She also said that she would never have a recurrence of the trance unless she should commit some flagrant sin; her authority for this being, she was that the Lord himself had told her so.

This is certainly a case of the girl being uneducated, and has lived about as a servant ever since she was able to work. She has always borne a good character for truthfulness, and is a member of a church. She is almost the last person in the world to have manufactured such stories, and the thing especially noticeable is the effect of her sending for persons to whom, before her illness, she would have been afraid to have spoken, and conversing with them without the least restraint; and telling them stories and facts not the most palatable to worldly people. She was visited by a great many people, some of them eminently respectable, who vouch for many of the statements of her illness. The physician in attendance is positive as to her condition during the whole time, and had it not been for him she would have been buried alive.

CITY BULLETIN.

FIRE IN THE SIXTH WARD.—On Saturday evening about half-past seven o'clock, a fire was discovered in the upper part of the building No. 507 Race street, and before they were extinguished the flames extended to No. 505 and destroyed the whole upper portion of that structure, as well as the building in which the fire started. The first story and a portion of the second of No. 505 was occupied by John Calverley & Son, britannia ware, who had a very heavy stock of goods on hand. Their loss, which is considerable, is entirely by water. They have an insurance for $2,650 in the Fire Association and the Mutual. L. G. Woodward & Co., marble-paper manufacturers, were the occupants of a portion of the second, third, and fourth floors. Their loss, which is estimated at about $4,000, on which there is a partial insurance, is by water. The fifth floor, in conjunction with that of 507, was used as the workshop of Horn & Hardt, manufacturers of shoemakers' and carriers' tools. They also occupied the third and second fourth floors of No. 507. The value of the stock, which is insured, is about $15,000, and they have an insurance of $6,000 in the Mutual and Spring Garden. The roof thus tenanted by Thos. M. Holmes, furniture manufacturer. His loss is by water, and is insured for $1,600 in the Fire Association and the Royal. These buildings were owned by Isaac Lea, estate, and are insured in the Franklin. The origin of the conflagration, from a fire pot of Glovez to an elegant Morning Wrapper. His line of Scarfs, Cravats, Gloves, Hosiery, and Gents' furnishing goods, and his prices moderate. Our lady friends will please accept this suggestion in making their purchases.

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