Haszard's Gazette.

VOL. 21 CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1851. NO. 1132

BAZAAR,

IN AID OF

Furnishing the New Temperance Hall.

(Under the Patronage of Lady Bannerman.)

THE New Temperance Hall in this Town being nearly completed it has become necessary to provide the requisite Funds for suitably furnishing the same. A Bazaar will therefore be held, for his purpose, in the said Building, on

FRIDAY,

The 2nd day of January next,

The projectors of this Bazaar deem it essential to the prosperity of the cause in which they are engaged, to render the Hall as comfortable and attractive as possible—to make it at once a rallying point for the Sons and their friends, and a credit to the community. To accomplish this object, however, from the Funds of the several Town Divisions, was found to be totally impracticable, without causing serious embarrassment thereto. An appeal to the liberality of the public has, therefore, been determined upon; and it is hoped that those friends who feel disposed to further this object, but who have not yet commenced their labors, will do so without delay. Ladies can promote this object, not only by working for it themselves, but also by directing the attention of their friends towards it, and soliciting their aid.

The following is a List of Ladies who have kindly consented to receive contributions:—

Mrs. Fitzgerald,	Mrs. Young,
— Yates,	Miss P. Davies,
— Lydiard,	Mrs. Cundall,
Miss P. DesBrisay,	— W. B. Dawson,
Mrs. Owen,	Miss Chappell,
— Orlebar,	Mrs. Heard,
— H. Haszard,	— G. Haszard,
— I. Smith,	— B. Moore,
— J. J. Pippy,	— W. C. Trowan,

— A. H. Yates, Mrs. Cross, — M. Butcher.

Articles may also be sent to the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, Messrs. W. B. Dawson, W. Heard, J. Rider and B. Moore.

N. B.—Every parcel should be labelled, FOR THE TEMPERANCE BAZAAR, with a list of the Articles, the name of the contributor and the price set upon each Article. As a guide to those who may wish to contribute, the following is a List of such Articles as are most likely to be useful:—Ornamental needle-work of all kinds, Millinery, Baby Linen, Toys of all sorts, Dolls dressed in the costume of different nations, as the peasants of France, Italy, Wales, Scotland, &c., Miniature Articles of Furniture, as chairs, tables, beds, &c.—Models of Public Buildings, ships, &c.—Basket work, Turner's goods, Engravings, Drawings of all kinds, Paintings, Curious Mineral specimens, Dried Botanical specimens, as Heaths, Mosses, &c.—Shells, Prepared Insects, Choice Plants, Books, Sweetmeats, Cakes, &c.—Materials for Needlework, and Money to buy Materials.

And on the Evening of Wednesday the 7th January,

A Vocal and Instrumental Concert

will be given in the Hall by

Several talented Vocalists and Musicians,

who have kindly volunteered their services for the occasion. Tickets to be had at the Bazaar.

By order of the Committee,

W. B. DAWSON, Chairman.

October 6, 1851. (1 iew.)

Molasses, Oatmeal and Seal Oil.

TENDERS will be received at the Sheriff's Office, until Wednesday the Thirty-first day of December, from persons desirous of furnishing the Charlottetown Jail with such quantities of Molasses, Oatmeal and Seal Oil, as may be required for Twelve Months, the same to be of an unexceptionable quality. Tenders to express the price per gallon and per pound. Payment will be made quarterly.

WILLIAM HODGES,
Sheriff of Queen's County.

Charlottetown, Nov. 28, 1851.

NOTICE.

OWNERS of Farm-steadings or Proprietors of Land for Sale, and to Let or Lease, in Prince Edward Island, are solicited to communicate with the Subscriber, as to terms and particulars of same, for the information of intending settlers of small capital, and of the Scotch Agricultural class. An early notice, per Post (prepaid), will meet attention.

WILLIAM LA'MONT,
General Com. Agent.

2 Howard Street, Glasgow,
5th September, 1851.

NOTICE.

THE Members of the Georgetown Branch of the Royal Agricultural Society, whose Subscriptions for the present year are not paid up, are hereby notified, that unless the same be paid on or before the 1st January, 1852, they will not be entitled to any of the privileges of the Society. Persons desirous of becoming Members, are requested to signify their intention to the Secretary, and pay their Subscriptions on or before the same date.

By order of the Committee,
MARTIN BYRNE,
Georgetown, Oct. 24, 1851. Sec'y. & Treasurer.

To the Tenants on Lots 9 & 61.

THE Subscriber having, by Power of Attorney, dated the 6th day of March, 1851, been appointed Agent to take charge of LOTS 9 & 61, in this Island, the Property of *Lawrence Sulivan Esq.*, notifies the Tenants on those Townships, that all rents, and Arrears of Rent, due on the said Property, are required to be paid to him forthwith, he alone being authorized to receive the same.

JAMES YEO.

Port Hill, April 9, 1851.

WHEREAS by Power of Attorney, bearing date the Seventh day of July, 1851, I have been appointed the Agent of Miss Charlotte Alice Lisle Compton, of France, to take the management of her property in this Island. This is to give Notice to all persons indebted to the said Miss Compton, for Rent, arrears of Rent or otherwise, to pay the same to me, who am also empowered to sell or lease Land in this Island, belonging to the aforesaid Miss Compton.

HANNAH COMPTON.

St. Eleanor's, Nov. 4, 1851.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of JAMES M'DONALD, late of Georgetown, Esquire, deceased, are requested to furnish the same duly attested to Mr. *Andrew A. M'Donald*, of Georgetown, within Six calendar months; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment of their respective Accounts, Promissory Notes, &c., &c., to Mr. A. M'Donald.

E. THORNTON,
MARTIN BYRNE,
DANIEL BRENAN, } Executors.

Georgetown, 31st Octr., 1851.

J. S. DEALEY,

Commission Merchant & Ship Broker,

BEGS to solicit the patronage of his friends and the public in the Island, and particularly calls their attention to the Sale of Produce of every kind, having made himself well acquainted with that market during his residence in New York.

Miscellaneous.

(From the London Athenæum.)

EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

Your readers have already been made acquainted with the death of Mr. Richardson in Bornu, which melancholy event adds another name to the large number of those who have fallen a sacrifice in the cause of African discovery. His venturing on so gigantic a journey as that which he originated, could indeed only be looked at with apprehension by all who know him personally, as he was of feeble constitution; though he successfully accomplished his first journey in the northern part of the Sahara, occupying nearly a year, during which he endured considerable hardships and privations, without apparent injury to his health. His death is the more to be deplored by his friends, as he was so near Lake Tsad, the end of his mission, whence he was to return by the direct road to Tripoli.

As the deceased traveller had little or no part in the scientific interests of the expedition, these will suffer no interruption from his untimely end; Drs. Barth and Overweg will continue their journey as before. It is earnestly to be hoped, that they will be permitted to bring their perilous undertaking to an end, and have the good fortune to return to Europe with the results of their extensive and important labours.

Full accounts from the two last-named travellers have just arrived in Europe. In these they confirm, your readers know, the tidings of the death of their companion, and report favourably on their own health and progress. Your readers will recollect, that Dr. Barth had arrived at Kano in February. At this place he remained during that month and the early part of March; and then, Dr. Overweg not having yet rejoined him, he set out for Kuka, which place he reached, as you know, on the 2d of April. On his arrival he presented himself at the Shiek's palace as one of the surviving Christians who had come from England to bring him presents from Her British Majesty. Mr. Richardson had died so suddenly, that he was unable to leave, in his capacity as head of the expedition, and official representative of the English Government, and directions as to the course to be pursued generally; and his interpreter and servants had deposited every thing belonging to him with the Vizier of Bornu. Dr. Barth was received with great kindness and hospitality by the Sultan. The happiness which he felt in receiving letters and hearing Europe after a lapse of nearly nine months, he says he was unable to describe.

While awaiting the arrival of Dr. Overweg, Dr. Barth made preparations for the exploration of Tsad, and collected information respecting every quarter of Central Africa, with the zeal and indefatigability which distinguish this enthusiastic traveller,—though the state of scanty provision and disorganization in which he found the whole expedition on his arrival at Kuka were sufficient to have discouraged the most energetic. The Vizier of Bornu had lent him one hundred dollars, with which he was enabled to pay part of the salary due to Mr. Richardson's servants.

On the 7th of April, a courier from Zinder arrived at Zuka with the news that Dr. Overweg had just returned to the former place, and intended to proceed to Kuka, either direct or by the way of Kano. He had sent on his effects,—believing Dr. Barth to be there. Should he have been obliged to go by Kano, let us hope that he will have rejoined his companion in safety; but since Dr. Barth had left that place, the way from thence has become very unsafe, several caravans of considerable size having been plundered in his rear, and the guides killed or wounded.

On the 23d of April, Dr. Overweg not having arrived, Dr. Barth started on an excursion along Lake Tsad, as far as Angornu. During two days he was half the time in the water—sometimes up to his horse's back. He visited in that region the Buddumas, a people who live on what by Denham were described as small islands within the lake, but which turn out to be extensive meadow lands, the superficial extent of which is much greater than that of the lake itself. This lake is described by Dr. Barth as an immense marsh, of which the only portion fit for navigation, is a deep channel formed by the River Shary, which pours immense volumes of water into it.

Dr. Barth has sent a vocabulary of the Duddumas to the Chevalier Bunsen, which it is presumed, will prove of great interest, as being that of a nation that has preserved its independence from the remotest period.

Dr. Barth has also sent home at various times, a great number of important itineraries.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A LADY.

An investigation, which did not terminate till nearly one o'clock on Saturday morning, was opened on Friday afternoon, before Mr. Wakely, the coroner, and a jury of householders of Mary-le-bone, at the Buffalo's Head Tavern, New-road, as to the circumstances connected with the death of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Kelly, aged 70, an independent lady of large fortune, residing at No. 9, Nottingham-terrace, Regent's-park. The proceedings, from the rumours afloat on the subject, had excited great interest, being alleged that the deceased had died in a very mysterious and suspicious manner, leaving property to the value of £30,000, which was claimed by Captain Frederick Corner (late of the Indian army) as the alleged son of the deceased lady, who had never been married, and who had a will in his pocket, stated to have made by the deceased, leaving the whole of the deceased lady's property to him. The registrar had refused to register the death, and hence the inquest. The jury having viewed the body of the deceased, which lay at her residence, Margaret Liddell, a servant, was first examined, and stated, that she found deceased in her bed in a state of insensibility in which condition she lay for several hours and then died. Captain Corner, deceased's son, was aware of her condition, but no medical man was sent for. She could not in any way account for deceased's death. Believed she had left a deal of property. The coroner, after hearing this evidence, consulted with the jury, and resolved to adjourn the inquiry till nine o'clock the same evening, for a *post mortem* examination of the body, which was entrusted to Mr. Gilham, the head surgeon of Marylebone Infirmary. On the re-assembling of the jury, Captain Frederick Corner was examined. He said he was the son of the deceased lady, who was seventy years of age. She had been sickly several times, but always had an abhorrence of doctors, and would never have medical advice until about four months since, when a friend of his prescribed for her. The name of his friend, was Dr. Frith, of New-cross, Deptford. He prescribed some pills for her, but she only took two or three, and positively refused to take any more. He repeatedly advised the deceased to have advice, and so did the servant, but without effect.

By the Coroner: The deceased had made a will five years since, in which she had left all her property, which was considerable to him. He had that will in his possession now and had had it ever since it was made, five years ago. On the Coroner asking the captain why, when he found his parent so near death, he had not sent for a medical man, he replied—As a dutiful son he did not feel justified in going beyond the wish of a parent, and therefore he sent for no one.

Anne Meredith, a charwoman, stated she was employed at deceased's house. She had never seen deceased until within three minutes of her death, when she was called to look at her. She knew the family through the kindness of Captain Corner to her late husband some time before his death. Always understood the captain to be the son of the deceased lady, but could in no way account for the death of Mrs. Kelly.

Mr. Gilham, head surgeon of Marylebone Infirmary, was then examined, and deposed that he had made a *post mortem* examination. He found the brain, lungs, intestines, and liver perfectly healthy. The stomach appeared nearly empty, and he could not detected any evidence of poison. The heart was rather fatty, but the ventricles were all healthy.

On the Coroner enquiring what was the actual cause of death, Mr. Gilham stated, that it was inexplicable. There was no disease of any organ, or any thing to indicate what had been the cause of death.

Captain Corner (in answer to a juryman, as to why he applied to St. Marylebone workhouse on the subject of the death) said his object was to register the death; but, finding he could not get it registered, he applied to the coroner's officer; and the coroner, upon the fact being communicated to him, issued his warrant for the inquest.

The coroner, having remarked upon the singular character of the case, the jury returned the following verdict—"That the deceased had died from some mortal cause unknown to the jury, and not discovered on making a *post mortem* examination."—*Daily News.*

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I have seen the infant sinking down, like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle—the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold, with a deep curse quivering upon his lips—I have viewed death in all his forms of darkness and vengeance with a tearless eye—but I never could look on woman, young and lovely woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible, but when a form of angel beauty is passing away to the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely in the universe is ceasing from existence, and broods, with a sense of utter desolation over the lonely thoughts that come up like spectres from the grave to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were nestling like the wing of death upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped—her brow was garlanded with the young year's sweetest flowers—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating and unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer almost looked to see her fade into the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay; yet, I saw that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile, which told that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear—and her eye-lids, at times, closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity. Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence, and I became to her as a brother. She was wasting away by disease. The smile upon her lip was fainter, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadence of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in the depth of June, I wandered out a little distance in ths open air. It was then she told me the tale of her passion, and the blight that had come down like mildew upon her life. Love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in her earliest years, and, when they were rent away, they left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul was blood. "I am passing away," said she, "and it should be so. The winds have gone over my life, and the bright buds of hope, and the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered down, and lie withered in the dust, or rotting away upon the chill waters of memory. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of the friends who love me—it is very hard to bid farewell to those dear scenes, which, from day to day, have sought the colour of my life, and sympathised with my joys and sorrows. That little grave, where I have so often strayed with my buried love, and where at times even now, the sweet tones of his voice come stealing around me, till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody—that pensive star which we used to watch in its early rising, and on which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me, beckoning me to his own bright home; every flower, and tree, and rivulet on which the memory of our early love has set its undying seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them for ever." I have lately heard that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—"gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time around a bed of wlthered roses, and then dies as if it were from very sweetness."

It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the Ocean of Eternity, to float a moment upon its waters, and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, are for ever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then passes off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which "hold their festivals around the midnight throne," are set above our grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the Ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence for ever. Bright creature of my dreams—in that realm I see thee again! Even now thy last image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of many stars, that image comes floating upon the beam that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale, dim, loveliness, till its own spirit sinks like a spell from Heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to dreams of blessedness and peace.

[The following letter, inserted by request, is copied from the *Christian Visitor*, published at St. John, N. B. It will doubtless, be read with interest in this Island, as it has reference to the awful storm, attended with great loss of life, which occurred on the 5th October.

DEAR BROTHER.—I should have written you before, but have waited to see Captain Hilliard to get correct intelligence of our beloved brother Catherine. He confirms what we heard concerning him. Brother Catherine rode the gale until Sabbath morning, when about five o'clock, he p[illegible] and drove in among the breakers, and as s[illegible] the vessel turned over two or three times, carrying away her masts and leaving nothing upon the deck. Captain Hilliard was brother-in-law to our much esteemed brother. He rode out the gale in Malpeque harbour, and when the storm abated went about five miles nearer to Hog Island and discovered brother Catherine's vessel on shore, some persons had boarded her, and had three bodies on the bank, which had been fished out of the vessel, two out of the hold and one out of the cabin berths. This latter, Captain Hilliard discovered to be his sister's son, Simon Catherine. He had the Bible buttoned in his bosom, and one of the others was Alexander M'Kenzie, he had his name on his arm, and the other was A. Barnes. He is the last son of that family of five, all have been drowned, and have left their father and mother to mourn their loss; both are aged. Brother Catherine and his sons John and Grant have not been discovered. It is thought they were buried in the sand.

Thus the Church of Christ has sustained a great loss in this place. His son John was Deacon of the Church, and they are gone.—We shall hear their voice no more. I myself have lost one with whom I took sweet counsel going to the house of God, and how their loss is to be made up, God knoweth. Our dear sister Catherine has lost her husband and four sons. She may well say as Job said: "O my friends pity me for the hand of God hath touched me."

But dear brother, this is but a part of the sufferings in this place. There were three more men from here with Captain Joseph Catherine, son to our beloved brother, no tidings of whom, nor any of his crew have been received. They are supposed to have foundered at sea. Captain Hilliard picked up her Pink with her name "America." There has been taken from this little settlement eleven men in the prime of life, and have left behind them six widows with orphan children, three with six each, and an only son of a mother left without any support.

Dear brother Very, it will be of little use to enter into the scene of sorrow that I have witnessed the last four weeks. It is heart-rending, for they refuse to be comforted. To hear the cries of the disconsolate mothers, and to see the weeping children, and no father to return to procure their winter's bread, no shoes for their feet. I went into one house where I saw one of these widows sitting weeping, and a child on each side of her, and one on her knee and neither of the three was three years old. Lord have mercy on them.

Dear brother, I want you and all the ministering brethren to preach a good charity sermon, that will warm the hearts of the congregations and give them to know that they who give to the poor, lend to the Lord, and no doubt, he will give them good interest.

I will say no more on that head, as I intend by and by, to give you a brief sketch of brother Catherine's course, since he was bore again. We have reason to be thankful that all that God has done is well done. He is still carrying on his good work amongst us. I have baptized eight since I last wrote, and there are four more received for baptism.

On leaving home last Monday, to come to St. John, as I came to the Roman Catholic Chapel at St. George, in turning to come into the St. John Road, my horse, who is like myself, somewhat strong-headed, would turn into the Magaguadevic, I tried to turn him into the St. John, and finding he could not go the way he wanted, he turned quickly round and run the fore wheel under the box of the waggon and unlocked it, and out I went headforemast and landed on my left shoulder, dislocating it. I thanked God it was no worse, and being within forty rods of Dr. Thomson's office, he put it in with hard work to himself but harder to me; he did it well, and after it was bound up I came on to the City, and feel as comfortable as can be expected, and thank God for his mercies to me a sinner.

JAMES WALKER.

Masquareen, N. B., Nov. 5, 1851.

MACHINERY FOR COOPERAGE.—A novel method of constructing casksand barrels, and all vessels connected with cooperage is now in operation at the patent cooperage works in Wenlock-road, London. By the employment of the steam-engine, the circular saw, and a recently invented jointing and back machine, a cask of the largest dimensions can be completely formed and made ready for use in the short space of five minutes from the raw material—viz., a piece of oak. The staves of the cask are first cut with straight sides, the circular saw being placed at right angles with the oak plank. The stave is then placed horizontally, and bent into a curve by a powerful machine, and brought into contact with a circular saw on each side of it, placed at an angle. This process gives the proper shape to the stave, the sides being gradually tapered at the end and being made to bulge in the middle. The jointing and backing machine, the new invention, is also used for this purpose, and is more rapid in its execution than the angular saws; it in fact, works with the most marvellous rapidity and precision. The staves and one end of the cask are then placed in a machine formed of iron rods, called a trussing machine, each rod acts upon a separate stave, and the whole of the staves being equally compressed into a circle, the hoops are placed around them, and the cask is complete. The neatness and finish of the work is equal to what a good cabinet-maker can produce, every part being true and accurate. The calculation is, that 15 workmen with the use of this machinery, can make 150 casks a day; whereas the same number of persons using only manual labour could scarcely produce a seventh part of that number. The importance of the invention, and the application of steam power to it, may be imagined from the fact, that the great brewing firms of the metropolis alone expend many thousand pounds annually in cooperage, that the expenditure of the navy is still greater, and that the demand of the vintages of the Continent is so great, that a great deal of wine is lost from the difficulty of furnishing vessels to hold it.

CURIOSITY OF WATER.

Nor is the hailstone less soluble in earth than in air. Placed under a bellglass with twice its weight of lime, it gradually melts and disappears; and there remain four parts, instead of three, of perfectly dry earth under the glass. Of a plaster of Paris statue, weighing five pounds, more than one good pound of solidified water. Even the precious opal is but a mass of flint and water, combined in the proportion of nine grains of the earthy ingredient to one of the fluid. Of an acre of clay land a foot deep, weighing about one thousand two hundred tons, at least four hundred tons are water; and, even of the great mountain chains with which the globe is ribbed, many millions of tons are water solidified in earth.

Water, indeed, exists around us to an extent, and under conditions which escape the notice of cursory observers. When the dyer buys of the dry salter one hundred pounds each of alum, carbonate of soda, and soap, he obtains, in exchange for his money, no less than forty-five pounds of water in the first lot, sixty-four pounds in the second, and a variable quantity, sometimes amounting to seventy-three and a half pounds, in the third. Even the transparent air we breathe, contains, in ordinary weather about five grains of water diffused through each cubic foot of its bulk, and this rarefied water no more wets the air than the solidified water wets the lime or opal in which it is absorbed.—*Quarterly Review.*

From late English and American Papers.

(From the Halifax Colonist, Dec. 3.)

FRIGHTFUL CASUALTY IN NEW YORK!

One of the most painful casualties, involving a frightful loss of life, which it has ever been our duty to record, took place on Thursday afternoon at the Ninth Ward School House, in Greenwich Avenue, when fifty little children, boys and girls, were without a moment's warning, hurried into eternity.

The school building is a large five-story new stone edifice, built as was supposed, in the most thorough-going manner. The stairway is of that description known among builders as a *well-staircase*, flagged with stone on the ground floor. In the rear of the building there is another stairway; but the principal mode of access to the School-rooms is by the well-staircase.

On the first landing is located the Primary Department; on the second, the Girls' Department; on the third, the Boys' Department, and so on; and daily, some eight hundred children of both sexes attend the School.

Shortly after two o'clock on Thursday, all the pupils being in the building, the principal of the female department, Miss Harrison, was suddenly seized with a fit of paralysis, and fell fainting from her chair. The pupils became alarmed, and two or three ran out to procure assistance for her. Seeing the children running, some inconsiderate person in the street, raised the cry of "fire," the Bell on Jefferson market station, which is within a block, was quickly struck, and in a moment, a crowd gathered around the School-house. The alarm of fire having communicated to the pupils, rendered them almost frantic with excitement, and they all rushed out in a body, from the four floors, crowding down to the street by means of the well stair-case. In the excitement of the moment, the children were some of them forced over the bannisters, others leaped down, and were instantly killed by falling upon the pavement at the bottom of the well, and finally the rush became so great, that the bannisters gave way, and the children were precipated down, more than fifty steps, and piled one on the other at the bottom of the well. The confusion can be better imagined than described. The poor, unthinking infants, all screaming with fright or with pain, followed so swiftly one on the other, that many who were not injured in the fall, were smothered by those who fell on them; and worse than all, the street doors opening inwards, were closed by the mass of children against them, so that it was impossible to open them from the outside, and there being no means of egress for those who arrived without injury at the bottom, they were crushed and smothered by those who fell on them.

As soon as the nature of the excitement was known to them, the teachers displayed the most praiseworthy presence of mind. Miss Louisa McFarlane, one of the assistants in the primary department, placed herself in the doorway, and did all in her power to prevent the affrighted children from rushing out, and the other teachers did as much, otherwise the destruction of life must have been much greater. So impetuous was the rush, however, that five of the teachers, two, Miss Margaretta L. Smith, Miss Cornelia L. Barnes,