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was attached to her; the boy felt sleepy before the performance was over, and said, "One of these big lamps will fall down and burn us, I want to go home." The young man took him home, returned, and he and the young woman were now in the dead crush.

Comparatively few people were present to assist. The sentry outside and the policemen thought at first that all had escaped, before the flames appeared at the doors and windows, but all this time they were raging round the interior; the wooden lining of the walls (the building had once been used as a racket court) quickly caught fire, also the sloping floor and benches; black and stifling smoke from the caraphine rolled down the fatal stair, and hid the victims for a moment and drove those courageously assisting outside; then the smoke would roll back and disclose the agonized countenances of those doomed to destruction; then at once a stream of flame ran down from the top to the bottom of the stair, every head seemed on fire, and they were painfully and helplessly moved about, the swollen tongues preventing utterance: it was an appalling sight. Again, another cloud of smoke, the roof fell in, and forty-five human beings, lately in health, ceased to exist.

The Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, a Roman Catholic priest, in the conscientious discharge of his sacred office, stood in the doorway, and prayed over them to the last. To the last they were sensible. How fearful must have been their mental agonies!

Living at the time in St. Louis Street, I was soon at the scene of the dreadful calamity; though I was not aware at first that any one had been left in the theatre. I saw the horses and carriages saved from the livery stables, which the fire was approaching. The bells began tolling and the bugles blew loudly "The Assembly." I worked at first with the 89th Regiment (which was quartered in town in the Jesuits' barracks), to get water for the military engines. Colonel Walker, R.A., the Commandant of the Garrison, was on the spot. Colonel Thorpe, commanding the 89th, was actively directing the energies of his men, and was ably seconded by his Adjutant, Lieut. Knipe.

At first there was great delay in getting water. The fire companies brought up their engines, but they were useless for some time: at last the neighbouring wells were tapped, and water-carts brought up a supply from the river. A good deal of struggling now took place between the military and the civilians in their eagerness to get water, each party for their own engines; no blows were struck, there was only an excess of zeal. Mr. Okill Steuart, the Mayor, was present and busily engaged, as were Mr. McCord and Mr. Russell with the police force, and Mr. Wells, the Inspector of the Fire Department.

I met Lieut. Armstrong in the crowd after his escape; he told me of those burning inside. I ran round to the south gable where ladders were being planted. Some British sailor had, with an axe, knocked out a hole in the wall near the box door, but the opening was made too late to be of use; but those who made it are deserving of every praise. I saw Mr. Alexander Bell, a merchant, and Mr. Jessop, a collector of customs, carrying a young lady (Miss Rea) down a ladder. I ascended another and carried down a respectable-looking woman, who was scorched, yet who in the midst of her agitation cried out for her bonnet! I saw a poor man, near the door, who had been rescued, crying in despair for a young woman with whom he had gone to the theatre, and who was