

the ligature. I wish the Medical Faculty would tell us more about it.

We cross the road to the then residence of the Hon. Judge Black, now occupied by his nephew, J. G. Clapham, notary, adjoining which, in the picture, is a building (not now in existence) formerly used for some military service, in rear of which was the ill-fated theatre, the burning of which caused more grief than any one calamity that ever occurred in Quebec. It is with feelings of mingled awe and gratitude I allude to this, for only by a providential interposition were my father's family and myself saved from being there that night. It was a lovely evening and we were going, when my dear father said : " It is too fine a night to spend closed up in a theatre ; let us drive to the MacPherson's and go some rainy night." Thank God, we took that drive ; shall I ever forget our return to the city ? We were living almost ten minutes walk from Place d'Armes, and the sky was one glare of light. I begged to go and see the fire. We got just opposite to Dr. Marsden's house I have described, when with outstretched hands we saw the Rev. Mr. O'Rielly approach, a much loved priest of