



no where to be seen. The building was white and red with flames inside. The charred victims of the fire were in a heap inside, and the smell of roasted flesh was sickening.

A strong detachment of the 14th Regiment came from the citadel with the engines, hooks, and ladders. Major Watson, commanding the regiment, was present with most of the other officers. The men, in conjunction with the Royal Artillery and 89th Regiment, formed streets to pass supplies of water, and by means of their united efforts with the hooks and ladders, they dragged the roof off the stables, and saved the guard-house. Among them worked vigorously Captain Ingall, the Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General. Nothing could exceed the devotion and energy of the soldiers; they fearlessly exposed themselves to danger from falling timber and their clothes to injury; and it is the opinion of those who lost relatives on this occasion, that if the soldiers had been present to assist those who so courageously tried to save the sufferers, that all might have been got out.

The wing of the old chateau began to smoke. I was interested about it, to preserve it as a relic of the palmy days of Quebec. On the outer wall is a cross of St. John of Jerusalem, cut in stone, and with the date 1647. I got an axe, and hewed down part of a wooden spout at an angle, to prevent the fire from running up to the roof. I was immediately surrounded by three of the corporation, who thought there was no danger; but danger there was, for a ladder on the roof quickly caught fire from the sparks brought by the fire-wind which began to rise, though before this the night was fortunately calm and the moon shining brightly on the scene. I ran upstairs, with an active corporal (Garlin, 14th): we found that the fire was not inside. A bold fireman, Thomas Andrews, climbing on the roof, cut away the burning ladder, and hurled it over the eaves. Water thrown on the windows prevented further danger.

The appearance of the fire and surrounding objects was now awfully grand. Under the black canopy of smoke, the flames rose high in the air, illuminating the tin-covered roofs and spires of the churches and buildings around, and shewing the large body of military at work, the helmeted firemen and their bright painted engines, and a great multitude of anxious spectators in the Place D'Armes. Among them were those who ran about, and who cried distractedly for their lost relatives or friends—for those who were never again to cheer the domestic hearth.

The progress of the fire was most rapid, yet it was at last got under when there was nothing left to burn. The gongs of the engines signalled for more water ever and anon; and, about two in the morning, one by one they left off working, each company, unnecessarily, giving three cheers: silence was best after such a scene of distress.

The energetic magistrate, Mr. R. Symes, had directed that the bodies should not be touched till daylight. I went to bed for a few hours, and rose early to search for my brother officer. The blackened remains of the sufferers were brought out, and laid on the grass of a small terrace at the south gable of the theatre. Forty-three at first were found in a heap, ten feet long, four broad, and four in height; two others were afterwards found but mere trunks: forty-five victims in all.