

THE LIFE BOAT.

CADET PLEDGE.—I do solemnly promise that I will not make, buy, sell, or use as a beverage, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider, and that I will abstain entirely from the use of Tobacco in any form, so long as I am a member of this Order, &c. &c.

VOL. I.

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The Great Fire of Montreal.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WITH our last number we presented our Subscribers a Map of Montreal, indicating the localities and extent of the several large Fires which have ravaged the city since 1845, the last of which may, we trust, in all coming time continue to be known as the GREAT FIRE. As will appear upon reference to the Map, the Fire was so extensive, that very few such would lay the whole city in ashes.

Within the pages of this issue, we furnish three pictures; the first representing the ruins of the Catholic Bishop's Church, Palace, School, &c.; and the two others, views of Quebec and St. Lawrence Suburbs, taken at different points. An idea of the extent of this conflagration may be formed when we state, that from the place where it commenced to the place where it terminated, the distance is about three-quarters of a mile, while the average breadth is nearly one quarter. The population turned out of doors amounted to over 10,000, the number of houses destroyed to 1,200, and the damage in money to £500,000, or half a million currency.

Of the origin of this fire, little is positively known; but from diligent

inquiries, we have learned facts which make it more than probable that Alcohol is not altogether free of blame. Be this as it may, it is unfortunately too true, that Alcohol did a great deal of damage during the progress of the fire; and we are sorry to be under the disgraceful necessity of stating that the very first house rebuilt (we speak from personal observation) was a shebeen, decorated with the legal sign-board, "Licensed to Retail Spirituous Liquors," &c. The fires were yet smouldering in the vicinity, and the tents for the stricken sufferers barely pitched, when the devil opened his volcanic fires to sweep like burning lava over the abodes of humanity, so soon as the benevolence of public and private charity should have enabled the poor to reconstruct them. Let the shame rest at the doors of those who still continue to encourage by their personal example the sale and use of the infernal streams.

"They say I hate the bowl;
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, ABHOR—my very soul
With STRONG DISGUST is stir'd,
Where'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of Hell!"