

As the procession wound slowly up the steep ascent from the river side to the commanding ground on which the Cathedral stands, the appearance of the streets befitting the sad occasion. All shops were closed, all business was suspended, and the spectators stood in reverent attitude with bared and bowed heads as the cortege passed between them. Meantime the melancholy clangor of the bells in the churches resounded through the air, and at due intervals the guns from the citadel, where the colours were at half mast, added their military tokens of sorrow to those which were everywhere manifested by the citizens. The colours of all the vessels in the harbour were also displayed at half mast. The catafalque lashed upon wheels, was drawn through the streets by six black horses with handsome funeral housings. The deceased's court hat and sword lay on the top of his coffin, together with four wreaths of immortelles, one with the inscription, "A non mari," two inscribed, "A non père," and one "A non maître," the latter given by Sir George's valet, Vincent. The Cathedral was draped with all the picturesque livery at once of woe and of religious hope, which the Church of Rome knows so well how to employ on the occasions of such ceremonial. All the resources at the disposal of the Fabrique were of course employed to heighten the effect of the solemnity, and the pealing organ and voices of the choristers taking up the strain of music, added much to the effect which it was intended to produce. The musical part of the service consisted of the Dead March in Saul, which was performed by the band of the B. Battery. Then followed the *Stabat Mater* by the Choir of the Union Musicale. There was also a solo by Prume; a part of the Requiem Mass of Mozart, music by the choir, orchestra and organ, and another solemn march. There was also a funeral oration by the Rev. Mr. Racine, who spoke at great length and with much eloquence of the deceased, his services to the country and to religion, all of which the reverend gentleman made the occasion of the warmest eulogium; the last words were said, the last sounds pealed through the aisles and under the vaulted roof, and the coffin was once more removed from the church and placed on the car. Thence it passed slowly through the streets once well known to the occupant of that lugubrious chariot—past the Parliament House where his voice had so often echoed, and slowly it was carried again to its place on the deck of the "Druid."

At 5.30 in the evening the "Druid" left Quebec for Three Rivers en route for Montreal. As she passed up the river she was saluted at the various villages on the banks of the river, which were here and there lined with people desirous of testifying their respect for the deceased. On arriving at Three Rivers a procession was formed and the body taken to the church, where a service was held similar to that which had been performed in Quebec. The "Druid" with the body on board, then left for Montreal, stopping at Sorel, and arrived at the city on Wednesday morning, when the corpse was conveyed to the *chapelle ardente* prepared in the Court House, to remain there in state until the time of the funeral on Friday.

Our Illustrations.

THE PRESENTATION TO E. H. KING, ESQ.

The Presentation to Mr. King, late President of the Bank of Montreal, took place on Monday week at the close of the annual meeting of the shareholders. When the regular proceedings were terminated Mr. William Murray read the following address:

Sir—As Chairman of the Committee named at the last annual meeting, it affords me much gratification to have been selected as the exponent of the sentiments of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal on this occasion.

It is now ten years since you were called on to assume the chief management of the Bank after having rendered the Institution important services during the previous six years. You have had too much experience in life not to be aware that no one could hope to conduct the business of so important an Institution without being subject to adverse criticism, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that your administration of the affairs of the Bank of Montreal has met with such cordial approbation from your constituents that in pursuance of a unanimous vote proposed at the last annual meeting, it is now my agreeable duty to present to you on behalf of the stockholders of the Bank of Montreal a service of plate as a slight mark of their appreciation of the preeminent ability which has marked your administration, and in grateful recognition of the distinguished services you have rendered to the Bank and the prosperous condition in which you leave it.

I need scarcely add that the severance of a connection which has proved so highly advantageous to this Institution is the cause of deep and unfeigned regret to the shareholders.

I am sensible how inadequately I have given expression to the feelings which led the shareholders of the Bank to present to you the testimonial which I have now the honour to offer on their behalf, but I trust that you will be good enough to excuse any deficiency on my part, and that you will accept this service of plate with a renewed assurance of the esteem of the shareholders and of their best wishes for the welfare and happiness of yourself and Mrs. King.

WM. MURRAY,
Chairman.
HENRY STARNES,
Sec. and Treas.

Mr. King, replied as follows:—I thank the shareholders for the very handsome testimonial which you have presented in their name. It is true that during the long period in which I have been so prominently identified with the management of your affairs I have frequently been exposed to harsh and unfriendly criticism. As the world goes I have no reason to expect exemption from the common lot of those whose success or good fortune has been unusual. At all events I will not, on occasion like the present, make further reference to matters that will have lost their interest with my retirement. Far rather will I associate the closing moments of my connection with this Institution with the recollection of the unwavering confidence that I have ever met with from its shareholders, and hence that I have ever met with from its shareholders, and which it is my happiness to know has resulted so satisfactorily. (Applause.) I hope to hear from year to year that you are still prospering—there is no reason why it should not be so; and it will give me the greatest possible pleasure to find that those whom I leave behind, and upon whom the chief burden in the future will fall, establish their claim to the same support and confidence that I have enjoyed at your hands. (Applause.)

I thank you sincerely for the good wishes you have expressed towards Mrs. King and myself, and nothing more remains for me than to bid you, respectfully, farewell.

The meeting then broke up. The service presented to Mr. King consists of a very full and magnificent set of solid silver imported from the well known establishment of Messrs. Garrard & Co., London, England. The cost of the plate is about \$10,000, that being the sum appropriated for the purpose at the annual meeting of the Bank held on the third of June, 1872. This magnificent gift is to be on view for a few days at the Bank office where it may be inspected by shareholders interested in seeing it.

THE BOSTON FIRE.

The following is the New York Tribune's account of the recent fire at Boston:

"Boston has once more fallen a prey to fire. The flames, which on Friday morning last swept through Washington street, from Boylston to Avery, carried before them the Globe Theatre, Chickering's fine salesroom, the International Hotel, and several other buildings, and recalled the scenes of the great fire of November last. It was only by calling out the whole Fire Department, and by the most strenuous exertions of its members, that the city was saved. The devastation is great and the losses heavy; but, with the memory of November still fresh in mind, the city can well afford to be thankful that the flames were stayed just where they were. At one time it seemed as if Washington street, from Boylston to Summer street, must all be swept away, and Tremont street was in imminent danger. The fire was first discovered about 8½ o'clock in the rear of No. 411 Washington street, occupied by Haley, Morse & Co., as a furniture factory. The flames spread with great rapidity, and in a few minutes a whole acre of ground was burning with indescribable fierceness. The firemen were called and responded promptly, though many of them were taking part in the decoration ceremonies. A second alarm had to be sounded in 10 minutes, and then the flames had obtained such headway that a general alarm was rung, and firemen came from Charlestown and Somerville, and even from Lowell.

In spite of a good water-supply, the fire soon made its way to Boylston street, and leaped across Washington street for more valuable prey. Messrs. Chickering's fine piano warehouses and the Globe Theatre, one of the most enterprising theatres of Boston, elegantly furnished and equipped, and the scene of many histrionic triumphs, lay right in the path of the flames. Great exertions were made to save these buildings, but from 8 o'clock until 10 the flames seemed to have everything their own way and the huge granite piles crumbled like chalk before the intense heat. Both sides of Washington street, from Boylston to Avery, were wrapped in flames, which soon made their way through into the centre of the block on either side. The International Hotel and Smith's riding-school and Jourdain Gallery burned rapidly, and a host of offices and smaller stores on both sides of the street went with them. The Channsey Hall School, one of the most noted schools in Boston, was burned; also the Freeman's Bank and the 9th Regiment headquarters.

The Old Boylston Market took fire on its dome, but the firemen promptly rallied to save the old landmark, and succeeded. At about 10½ o'clock, the walls of Chickering's building fell with an immense crash. But the firemen were prepared, and withdrew in time. In the rear of Haley, Morse & Co.'s building, they had a narrow escape. The wall came down unexpectedly, crushing several small houses, and burying the apparatus of one of the fire extinguisher companies in the ruins. Two policemen barely escaped with their lives. The fall of Chickering's building saved Washington street beyond Avery. The flames on that side were soon brought within control, but, spreading to the southward and to the rear of the Globe Theatre, they worked into Essex street, and involved the whole north side of the street as far as Channsey street in the general ruin. After a hard fight and immense effort, the course of the flames in this direction was stayed by noon, and fears for the safety of the city subsided.

The area burned is from two to three acres, right in the business centre. Scarcely any dwelling-houses, entirely used as such, were destroyed. Another consoling feature is the fact that, so far as known, no life was lost. Some of the lessons of the big fire were not forgotten. The procrastination which, favored by the horse distemper then abandoned thousands of dollars' worth of goods to the flames, was not suffered to aid the ruin. Goods from buildings near the fire were early and energetically removed. The fire occurring on Decoration Day, observed as a holiday, immense crowds filled the streets, and would have seriously impeded the firemen had not another lesson of the great fire been put to practical use. Several military companies were immediately sent for, and with their aid and a strong police force the great crowd was kept from doing or receiving harm.

The new Pilot office had a narrow escape. It has twice arisen from the flames, and it seemed as if it would have another opportunity. Its fine building on Franklin street was burned in the great fire. Two or three weeks after it was burned out again at Rand & Avery's. On Friday the tantalizing flames found the new unfinished building on Boylston street, attached themselves to the roof, but the firemen succeeded in saving the building from the fate of its predecessors. The Globe Theatre was built in 1867, and was opened in October, with John H. Selwyn as manager. Arthur Cheney, the present sole owner, had just leased it for 11 weeks to the proprietors of the Howard Athenæum. It was one of the best arranged theatres in the city. It is thought that nearly all the wardrobes were removed. The steeple of the Beach Street Presbyterian Church singularly took fire at its top. The firemen promptly carried their hose up into the steeple. They could not reach the fire with a stream of water, but prevented it from coming down any further. Great excitement was manifested throughout the city until the conflagration was brought within bounds. The fire was seen at a considerable distance, and hundreds of people flocked in from the neighboring towns to see what came too near being a repetition of the great fire.

The losses on the buildings destroyed, at the assessor's valuation, foot up \$569,500. Deducting 20 per cent as salvage on building material the actual loss on real estate is \$455,000.

The Ninth Regiment Headquarters, in Essex street, were slightly damaged. The loss on *The Pilot* book-store, in Washington street, occupying three chambers and containing valuable books and articles used in the Catholic Church, was about \$40,000. The loss of H. E. Hibbard, proprietor of the Bryant and Stratton College, is \$10,000.

THE MAGAZINES.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR.—The June number of this valuable monthly comes to us more heavily freighted than usual with musical and other matter. The article on Chinese Music, by Dr. Wentworth, is extremely instructive and interesting; while that on the "Mystery of Singing," by F. W. Root, is full of common sense. The editorial on the "May Festival" tells some plain truths not previously known, and is evidently an inside view of the matter. The *Visitor* brings its usual complement of fine music: "Beautiful days long ago," song and chorus, by Persley; "Arm in Arm Polka Mazurka," by Strauss; and "Lulu," song and chorus, by James R. Murray. All good, and alone worth the price of a year's subscription.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO. X.—CRESCENDO.

The intellectual faculties, like the other things in nature, are progressive. In the infant, scarcely any traces of mind manifest themselves before it has attained its first year. It is then that the peculiar human instinct is developed into primary or elementary judgment. The abstract ideas of the beautiful and the good are apprehended, distinguished and appreciated under the simple, tangible forms of the sweet and savory addressing themselves to the palate; the bright and gaudy appealing to the eye; the melodious striking the ear.

Memory, which, within a limited sphere, is keenest and most retentive in infancy, retains in all their freshness, the impressions of these first sensible objects and, by its agency, these sensations are repeated, the impression is confirmed and a series of rudimentary judgments established. These judgments are short, rapid and seemingly capricious, but none the less decisive within their range. They are very emphatically expressed—even more than they could be by any conventional language—by the violent agitations of the little arms and feet when the paste-board booty or doll is produced; by the short, inarticulate scream of delight when the cornet of candies is emptied; by the open, unwinking eyes and solemn face of the baby on the carpet, as it listens in wonder to the soft music of the rosy sea-shell, on the window slab.

It is not beneath the dignity of the profoundest psychologist to study this development of the infant mind; to trace the insensible degrees by which the child's emotions change into memories, its memories ripen into judgment. The feeling of the poet on this subject is natural to most men.

"To aid thy mind's development—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to thee!
.....
This was in my nature."

It cannot be without interest for us to investigate the origin and nature of those fragmentary feelings, evanescent sensations, transient recollections which sometimes steal over us in maturer years, like angel visits from the beautiful past of our infancy, making us feel like children once more and filling our hearts with a momentary bliss comparable to nothing else on earth. Every one of us has had these sudden emotions of rapture now and then.

It were interesting, too, to penetrate deeper, even to the causes of these phenomena and show that if infancy is the period of sensibility, these sensations find their fitness in the instinctive prodigality with which mothers pour their affections on their offspring, and the instinctive devotion with which the child reciprocates these tokens of nature.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

With the growth of the body, the intellect progresses. As the one emerges with stouter limbs and healthier sinews from childhood to adolescence, so the other becomes more expansive, vigorous and consistent. As infancy is the period of sensibility, so youth is the period of imagination. The myriad varying objects of nature—at home—abroad—above—below—around us; sky—water—forest—field and fell, present, through the many years of our growth, as many images to the mind, which arrange themselves in the imagination of the young man like the cartoons of a panorama or revolve capriciously in the fancy of the more gifted youth like the many-coloured glass pieces of the kaleidoscope. They make new designs and combinations, magnificent groupings,—an ever shifting scene of gorgeous colours and graceful figures. The youthful intellect, for the time being, lives in a strange world, revels amid new ideas and is kept perpetually in tension by romance, poetry and art. One moment it is gloating over the marvels of Oriental magnificence, following the ghouls in their mountain caverns or the houris in their bowers of bliss; treading the mazes of Aladdin's palace by the light of the magical lamp; crossing the desert lands in the trains of Lalla Kookh, or balancing on the waves of the Tigris in the softness of an Arabian night. Sometimes it betrays a preference for domestic scenes—the cheerful hearth, the bright smiles of children, the low tones of wives and mothers plying the household toil; at other times it finds its delight in pastoral or rural sights and sounds and the beauties of nature—the solitude of the wood, the growth of flowers, the song of birds, the change of the seasons, the vicissitudes of the elements. Or, finally, in exceptional cases, it soars into the mystical and spiritual—wraps in holy ecstasies and blessed with heavenly visions like the muse of Dante, or darkened and agitated like the spirit of Manfred and Mephistopheles. It takes years sometimes before the spell is broken and the youthful mind is delivered from the fascination of these unreal things.

Then comes the third era when the mind attains its full growth, its final development. Sensibility is restrained and controlled within the limits of reason. Imagination and its higher manifestation, fancy, are made subservient to judgment. Then, and then only, can man be said to have attained the full use of his faculties. There is then no discrepancy between them, no exaggeration of the one or the other. They are equally balanced, and, in their combined capacity, can be exerted to the utmost in achieving whatever Providence has destined each individual intellect to achieve. As a flower springs from a little seed, breaks through the reluctant soil, waxes taller and stronger, putting forth first a green leaf, then a teeming bud, and finally bursting out in fragrance and beauty; so the intellect of man, feeble at first, expands day by day, from infancy to childhood—from childhood to youth—from youth to maturity—from passing emotions to fancy—from imagination to pure reason, where it reaches at length its grand climacteric, and pours itself out in boundless effusions. "Cometh up like a flower."