

cover by a man carrying a feather bed. A child clings to my legs and appeals to me as "Papa." I have scarcely time to disclaim the relationship when a frantic woman swoops down upon the little one and whirls it away, with its arms and legs lying about like undergarments on a clothes line.

Not far off I see the mad devils of flames, leaping, bounding, prancing over roofs of houses and lashing the walls of the Church of St. John the Baptist. Ah! they have fixed their claws on the roof of the sacred edifice. How they tear at it like famished dogs! Whew! they are clambering up the spires. Now all is in a blaze and the twin steeples stand out in the flame and smoke like two fearful fiery fir trees. Now for an instant of time one of them hangs suspended in air; then down it comes with a crash. Up goes a huge cloud of smoke and sparks, and the storm howls on.

The wind blows a hurricane, carrying burning shingles, and sparks as big as marbles, in myriads over the fields, and everywhere, like a plague of lurid locusts.

Every one seems demented, there is scarcely a sane man, woman or child in the whole frantic host. I am hustled here and there, and everywhere, and scarcely know what has happened till I find myself back at the St. Louis Hotel, lying half-dressed on my clean white bed.

The next morning I am up by daylight in the fields, and through the burning day hardly know how the time passes. But by-and-by I find to my intense satisfaction that the fire has burned itself out. It has come to the fields, where there is no more food, and from sheer want of nourishment the beast dies.

I make a few notes and sketches here and there, and despatch them to the NEWS, but the scene of the conflagration is too elaborate a piece of work to be finished amid the excitement of the time, and in my confined quarters of the hotel, so I am forced to delay its completion till my return to Montreal. But here it is in the present number, and I think a tolerably faithful representation of the scene.

GEORGE LAPERRIERE.

George Laperriere, the unfortunate man in whose stable the fire originated, and who was a sufferer to the extent of six horses, a cow, and most of his other worldly effects, including five valuable extremities severely burned—to wit, two hands, two feet, and a very amiable head, we found reclining on a very small couch in the house of a good Samaritan. He was asleep, but his wife, with true French politeness, insisted on waking him up, and he with the same Gallic virtue aroused himself at once, with as much of a smile on his face as could reasonably be expected from—even a Frenchman, whose visage was swollen to the size of a boarding-house bolster, and the form of a bladder of lard. Considering that our mission was the rather delicate one of interviewing and sketching a gentleman suffering from a recent and great affliction, I felt some embarrassment at finding myself thus breaking in upon the private domestic arrangements of two or more families, for they were at tiffin, with an indefinite number of children revolving round the table like asteroids, with slices of bread and—and—inscrutable in their mouths. But my companion, who was gifted with a large amount of that elegant bronze, that alloy of silver and brass, which seems to be the hereditary virtue of all sons of the Emerald Isle, even though they be separated by ages and oceans from the dear old sod, at once launched into tender enquiries as to the state of Mr. Laperriere's health and feelings, with much of the grace and tact which marked Uncle Toby's action at the bedside of Lefever, and he then boldly made the proposition that the inflamed and afflicted gentleman should sit for his portrait. I drew my breath at this unexpected request, being only prepared to carry off his likeness surreptitiously in my eye, to be elaborated in the seclusion of my own chamber. We were next kicked out of the house immediately. Another instance of French forbearance and good breeding. Though I am satisfied that there were enough asteroids hovering round, not to mention the planets of greater magnitude, the Ma's and Venuses, to have utterly annihilated us. No, we were not ejected. On the contrary, our victim urbanely assented, and promptly posed for the picture. It may seem ungracious after so much courtesy; I know it is a violation of all the sacred laws of hospitality, which even the wild Arab always, and the wilder Yankee sometimes, respects, but I cannot help saying that the amiable sufferer did look a most comely galguy as he sat there swollen and serene, on his narrow bed, while I sketched his likeness. Both his hands and both his feet swathed in moist rags, made me think of a cat in pattens; his head blistered, his chin and neck consolidated with the rest of his corporation, like a Grand Trunk, and his light blue eyes with no fire, but a good deal of conflagration in them, as indicated by the inflamed and drooping eyelids, formed a picture which would have made a donkey laugh. But I did not laugh. I sketched him as gravely as though I had been signing a mortgage, whilst his wife and several of the asteroids looked over my shoulder and pronounced my work, which appears elsewhere in this paper, as *bien bon*. May all good fortune in the future attend this afflicted and amiable family.

PATRICK FLYNN.

From Mr. Laperriere's apartment I walked down the one flight of narrow stairs (which by the way ran plump into the dining room without

any introduction in the way of a preliminary landing,) and along the almost equally narrow street to the Police Station, where I interviewed policeman Patrick Flynn who rescued two of the four children saved from the house where the unfortunate father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, were burned. This brave fellow's name being, Patrick, and Flynn, taken in conjunction with the fact that he comes from Dublin renders the statement that he is an Irishman almost superfluous. But to prevent the possibility of future historians falling into error and claiming him as an Englishman, it may be as well to say positively that he is an Irishman with just a dainty little bit of the brogue sticking to his acclimated tongue. He told me that the fire was known to the police and had gained considerable proportions before the alarm was given, and by the time it was over, or at least before he was released from duty he could scarcely stand without leaning upon something for support, suiting the action to the words he assumed the attitude in which I have sketched him. He disclaims, and intimal evidence sustains him, all relationship to the churlish old gentleman immortalized in the famous lines.

'Tis a pity Hell's gates are not kept by O'Flynn. Such a surly old dog would let nobody in."

WHERE THE FIRE ORIGINATED.

Back to the heart of the desolated district I wended my way, under the broiling sun, over the dusty streets, between avenues of the dry bones of dead habitations, till I reached the spot where the fire-fiend took his first bite of the doomed city. Here a tall and dusty French policeman pointed out the exact spot where the fire first started, on the premises of Mr. Laperriere, where the poor Hardy father and mother lost their lives in a brave search for their children who were already saved. Also the spot where the remains of Chas. Morris were discovered, and a smoking, black and shapeless mass which represented all that was left of Laperriere's six horses, all which various points were depicted in our sketches of last number. The tall and dusty policeman kindly procured me a chair from an adjacent house of doubtful repute, and as I sat sketching in the shadow of a calcined gable, the pleasant south wind blew the odors of the defunct steeds unpleasantly across my sketch book, and under my indignant nose.

It was remarked to me here by a bystander, as a singular fact, that while the church of St. John, an edifice of strong masonry, isolated from all surrounding buildings and standing high above them, was completely gutted, in spite of all the holy water sprinkled over it, and all the prayers and benedictions of the priestly procession, which marched round and round it, while this temple of worship was destroyed, the flames spared little wooden tinder boxes, houses of bad repute and dens of infamy.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

After, with some difficulty selecting a practicable point from which to sketch this ruin, I gathered together a few dusty bricks, and piled them up on the end of the remains of, I think, the only beam I discovered in the district. Of this structure I made my seat, but scarcely had I commenced work before a wandering native-curious to see what I was at, walked behind me stepped on the end of the beam, this acting like a ball-trap jerked myself and the bricks an uncomfortable three inches in the air. I felt as though I had been thunder struck from below. After this every human being who passed that way trod on the end of that beam. I love my fellow creatures but this was too much for me. I requested them in plain Saxon not to do it again. English grit triumphed, and I finished my sketch.

THE ENGINEERS' CONVENTION—THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

The Convention of Engineers last week held their session in Montreal. Full particulars of all proceedings have already appeared in the daily papers and do not need to be repeated here. In connection with the event, however, we have thought it would be of interest to publish an engraving of the chief engineering feature of Montreal.

The idea of the Victoria Bridge was first publicly suggested by an article in the *Economist* in June, 1846, written by the Hon. John Young, and in September of the same year the idea had so far gained ground that Mr. A. C. Martin, then Chief Engineer of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad, was instructed by the Board of Directors to survey the proposed site and report as to its practicability. In spite of the favourable report of Mr. Martin and the acknowledgment of its feasibility by Mr. Day, of Pennsylvania, who surveyed the site in the following October, the matter was dropped during five years of great commercial depression; but in June, 1851, a further survey was made by Mr. John Keefer, whose report was published in 1853. The surveys for the bridge itself were commenced in February, 1853, after the first location surveys in the winter of 1852. To Hon. John Young's personal efforts and liberality the carrying out of the scheme was mainly due.

The bridge itself was built by Mr. G. R. Stephenson, to whom the whole credit of the work as it now stands is justly due. A claim to some portion of the credit has been made on be-

half of Mr. Ross, who visited the site in 1852 with Mr. Young, and gave his opinion in favour of the present location and a tubular bridge, but who did no more than give Mr. Stephenson some hints as to what the bridge was to be before his visit to this country, and who, whatever credit is due to him for the first idea, had no share in the design or execution of the bridge as it now stands, except in his position as assistant engineer to Mr. Stephenson.

The Victoria Bridge is 9,437 feet in extreme length, and is supported upon 24 piers or towers and 10 abutments of masonry. The length of the iron structure is 6,576 feet, and the bridge is 60 feet above the summer water level in the centre, and 24 feet lower at the ends.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PIPING TIMES OF PEACE.—The old soldier of the French wars, now sitting in his rustic garden at home, and playing a tune on the clarinet, to the entertainment of the listening girls behind the fence, is surely an agreeable representative of innocent repose from the toils and perils of grim-visaged war. He might have been a comrade of My Uncle Toby, or of Goldsmith's retired veteran who "shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won;" there is such a quaint old-fashioned air of the last century about this kind old fellow, and his uniform, not yet quite past wearing in this state of dishabille, is of the same antiquated pattern. It would be pleasant to sit with him an hour or two; and, when he has performed all he knows upon the musical instrument that yields a customary solace of his evening leisure, to let him talk of campaigns and sieges in different foreign parts, where "Brown Bess," with the bayonet stuck in her muzzle, followed up the shower of hand-grenades to the discomfort of a host of Frenchmen and Spaniards lining the hostile rampart—or where, on the sultry plains of India, in the early days of British conquest there, myriads of dusky warriors, the chivalry of the Mogul or Mahratta Empire, were put to flight by a small band of disciplined English soldiers. We prefer, nevertheless, to live in the "piping times of peace," and to leave, far off in the past, those tales of military glory.

A NOOK IN THE FOREST.—Mr. Edson's charming woodland compositions are well known to most of our readers. In the present he has shown us an ideal camping ground buried in the depth of the forest, with the shifting sunbeams wearing their delicate tracery of light and shadow over the sward at our feet.

Such a nook as seems to contrive all that is enjoyable of cool shady rest with perhaps only one drawback, which the artist has been clever enough to keep in the background. What about the mosquitoes, Mr. Edson?

THE ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDERS.—The condition of a large number of poor foreigners, men and boys, chiefly from Parma and the neighbouring villages, who are induced by speculative caterers of London street-music to come to this country, has repeatedly been discussed. They are too often held in a wretched bondage for pretended advances of money on account of their wages, or for the cost of their miserable food, lodging and clothing, advantage being fraudulently taken of their ignorance of our language and the ways of London life. Our illustration shows the scene in a squalid kitchen near Saffron-hill, where some of these poor Italians were taking their comfortless meal, after tramping about town all day with a heavy instrument, of Paris or Geneva manufacture, contrived by the turning of a handle to emit melodious strains.

THE SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART OF CALIFORNIA.—The Art Loan Exhibition held last month in San Francisco was for the benefit of the Society of Decorative Art in California, an institution recently organized by the wealthy ladies of that city for the purpose of opening a new and remunerative field in industrial arts for women; to establish rooms for the exhibition and sale of women's work, and the diffusion of knowledge of decorative art, and training in artistic industries; to develop the art of needle-work and to assist in adapting it to the requirements of house-furnishing and decoration, also to encourage and stimulate the productions of designs for manufactured objects, and to obtain orders from private individuals as well as from dealers in articles of household art.

The exhibition was composed entirely of loaned articles principally by the Board of Managers and other leading ladies of the coast. Scarcely has such a unique variety of beautiful and quaint productions been placed before the public.

Amid pictures from the ateliers of Gerome, Leloir, Vibert, Merle, Bouguereau, Meissonier, Bard, Brown and others, were to be seen some pristine artistic specimens of our own native tribes. The articles are too numerous for detail, and were gathered by these energetic ladies in their travels for health and pleasure. The interest manifested and progress of the society has been encouraging, and subscriptions already received inspire the hope that, as the aims of the society become more generally appreciated, it may be endowed with means to offer free scholarship to those who, by talent and circumstance, are deserving of such privileges; and thus in time it may embody all those features which distinguish the South Kensington School, and render it so useful in the development of art industries.

BETWEEN HAMMER AND ANVIL.

BY NED P. MALE.

Many bitter tears are shed by those who would appear at first sight to be surrounded by every blessing which luxury, affectionate solicitude, and the admiration and homage of many can bestow. We mean by marriageable girls whose better impulses the world has not entirely wronged.

Constantly impressed by their mothers with the duty of settling in life and with the great outlay which their introduction to and maintenance in society demands. Stung with the implied reproach of being a burden and an anxiety to their parents. Yet their whole better nature revolting at a marriage which appears little better than a barter of their charms for a home and position. There are high spirited girls who are wrought to the verge of suicide or madness, and who, but for a dread of scandal, which has become a second nature, would rush from their homes and take refuge in the independence, even of a menial drudgery—of whose heart-rending complaints the stars alone are auditors and of the secret agonies of whose grief, their pillows are the only confidants.

And while thus between hammer and anvil, her soul, in the intervals that seem so flat between scenes of extravagant gaiety, cries out in anguish against the golden sorrow of her life. What is the outcome of the hysterical flutterings and romantic exaltations that occupy hours better passed in a repose which dissipation renders needful? That a girl marries, not the man of her choice who never proposes, or her ideal whom she never meets; but the man who asks her, and who is probably the man who feels that he has the favor of her parents to back him; and thus she takes, doubtless the most sensible way out of a difficulty of which the alternative would be a long waiting in the house of her parents, ending, likely enough, in the weary lingering of an old maids existence.

And while we submit that in these days when romantic marriages are not frequent, the matches that do occur, where the contracting parties are suited as to position and the union is every way convenient, are not necessarily unhappy. We must nevertheless confess that we sympathise with the rebellion of high couraged damsels against being forced ruthlessly into marriage without having time for selection, or with a man of whom they really know little, except that he is "eligible" from a worldly point of view, and agree that very often

When matrimonial duty's to be done  
A young lady's life is not a happy one.

Yet we cannot help reflecting, and offering this crumb of comfort where a marriage de convenience has turned out not exactly what might be desired; that many a love match, after the romance and the honeymoon are together by-gones, has proved a vastly more disastrous undertaking and one in which the ill-judged precipitancy of the lovers has been very cruelly visited upon their children. And, believing as we do that the chief of woman's rights lies in the wise government of her household, and the highest duties she can perform those of true wife and noble mother. Shall she not rather strive to do her best in her vocation than live through that play of Hamlet without Hamlet, the loveless, dutiless life of an old maid.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

- THE Sultan of Turkey is seriously ill.
- THE American horse Foxhall, won the Grand Prix.
- THE Irish authorities have discovered a plot to kill Mr. Forster.
- THE Emperor of China is reported to be seriously ill.
- A DUBLIN despatch reports serious outrages in King's county.
- LORILLARD'S Iroquois won the Prince of Wales stakes at Ascot.
- TROUBLE is brewing between Turkey and Austria on the railway question.
- DURBAN despatches report sharp fighting between the soldiers and the Dutch.
- AN Italian exploring party has been massacred in the interior of Africa.
- WHOLE tribes are rising in Algeria, and the situation there is described as critical.
- THE General Secretary of the Irish Land League has been arrested in Dublin under the Coercion Act.
- TWELVE vessels are fast in the ice in the Gulf of Bothnia, and two others have foundered.
- HARTMANN, the Nihilist, has been arrested in Germany and surrendered to the Russian authorities.
- AN attempt to rescue the prisoners who attempted to blow up Liverpool Town Hall was frustrated.
- THE American dory Western, which crossed the Atlantic last summer, has left on the return voyage.
- CANADIAN merchants in London purpose raising a relief fund for the sufferers by the recent fire in Quebec.