

edgment of your Excellency's kindness in visiting our city on this auspicious occasion, the hope that the term during which your Lordship shall continue to represent Her Most Gracious Majesty may be one of uninterrupted peace and growing prosperity. That this will be the case, my Lord, is less a hope than a belief which your Lordships past services to the Empire most fully warrant. On behalf of the citizens I gratefully accept the gift which your Excellency has been pleased to transfer to me in my official capacity.

He also addressed a few words to His Excellency in French, on which bang bang went the guns and a royal salute was fired in a manner which showed that the men of the Field Battery, though but volunteers, were no novices in military matters. The roar of cannon was of course deafening, and hardly had it subsided, when the school children struck up and sang several pieces in a very admirable manner, the performance being all the more creditable, when it is considered that the children were made up of the different nationalities, and had only practised together for the first time the day previous. This brought the ceremony to a close, on which the Viceroy entered his carriage and drove off, but not before an address had been presented to him on behalf of one of the schools.

#### THE STATUE.

The figure itself is about ten feet in height, and cast in the finest Florentine Bronze, draped in a classic robe, standing firmly upon the right leg, the left slightly in advance, bearing in the left hand a wreath, typical of the power of ennobling, in the right the Sceptre. We have a statue bearing every lineament of royal grandeur, and we must say that the distinguished sculptor, Marshall Wood, true to the Academic School in which he studied, and for which we are indebted for those two exquisite creations and masterpieces—"The Daphne" and "The Song of the Shirt,"—with which his fame is chiefly associated, has here succeeded in the most difficult problem of his art, viz.

The idealization of the living form, without losing that identity established by personal acquaintance, and protracted intercourse and by a dexterous blending of the modern with the antique with the drapery of the figure, and a skilful union in the figure itself, of the salient phases in the life of Victoria. He has combined the real with the ideal most exquisitely. We look at this statue, and we cannot mistake its story, or what it is meant to convey. There stands the Queen, as vividly and powerfully before us as if we were on bended knee in the celebrated gallery. At the first rapid glance, we naturally take in the crowned head of the noble figure, and there stands, in all Her glory

#### THE FAIR QUEEN

whose effigy was first coined just thirty-six years ago. Continuing to gaze, and gradually realizing a most superb bust, the married Queen dawned upon us in all the suggestive grandeur of fully developed womanhood, as we have all known and loved and esteemed her since 1837. Still gazing and thinking, the eye and mind gradually receive the whole statue, and the great and glorious Queen of the British Empire stands revealed to us in all Her crowned and sceptred stateliness, modesty breathing from Her visage, womanliness from Her form, and majesty incarnate and palpable in the *tout ensemble* of the verified. It is truly a beautiful and dignified creation, a fitting tribute to one whose virtues shine most resplendently, and whose example as a wife and mother have earned the unqualified admiration of the whole of the civilized world. We are not wont in these columns to utter rhapsodies in favour of anybody or anything; but a gem of art such as this deserves more than mere casual praise, and we trust that it may give a spur of aspiration to our native artists, and really be regarded as an "Art Model."—*Herald, Montreal.*

#### The Boston Fire.

The Boston Correspondent of *The Christian Union*, writing to that Journal on the 13th November says:—

Boston was never happier or more prosperous than she seemed last week. The summer and early autumn panics about the health of man and beast were over; business was good: amusements were abundant and of an unusually high

order; people were fresh and elastic after the summer's comparative rest, and had entered with energy and enthusiasm upon the winter's work, play and instruction. Art and science flourished and were encouraged as never before; and the city was rich in distinguished foreign guests. On this bright scene the sun of Saturday set, and on what we feared was ruin and desolation, it rose on Sunday. Just after 7 o'clock fire broke out in the high granite building on the corner of Summer and Kingston streets. Beginning in the engine-room it ran up the elevator, and was first seen bursting from the windows of a mansard roof.

It was burning fiercely before the firemen could reach the place, and the flames were far above the reach of any engine. The heat was intense. The window-casings of the building on the opposite side of Summer street caught, and the flames raced along the eaves, darted in and out among the ornaments, seized upon roof after roof, devoured them in a twinkling, leaped into magnificent buildings and rushed down the wide stairways; and so, with inconceivable rapidity, block after block was wrapped in fire. From street to street it went with relentless fury, making a wind for itself, fanning its own rage, for elsewhere the wind was so light that it could neither help nor guide the flames. Water seemed to produce absolutely no effect; North, East and South, the terrible conflagration continued to extend.

In the east, having destroyed everything in its way, and leaving a track of ruin behind it, it met the sea, and could go no further, but its final work there was to ignite tens of thousands of tons of coal, and to scorch the shipping that had not been taken out of its way. Westward and northward it gathered force. It had reached Washington street on one side, and on another a mass of flame seventy or eighty rods wide was rolling toward State street. Nearly seventy acres,—that a few hours before had been covered with handsome solid blocks, worth many millions in themselves, and filled with goods worth many millions more,—were one boiling sea of fire. Granite seemed like tinder.

Midnight had passed: the horror grew and the anxiety grew with it. Then the roar which filled the whole city with dread was broken by the welcome sound of an explosion; and then another and another. In one hour sixty stores on Devonshire street were blown up; engines and firemen came from far and near, in great numbers, in special trains. They fairly encircled the fire. Men in their own stores on Washington street beat back the flames with almost super-human courage and strength; for if they crossed that street, the whole city was doomed.

The sun rose on Sunday red and darkened by smoke-clouds, the day was still, and the slow hours wore on, and still nobody dared say what would be the issue of the battle. But before noon we knew that we were safe; the flames had begun to yield, the limit of destruction had been reached, and now the work of each minute told; at night the fire was so nearly out or rather so thoroughly conquered, that hundreds of thousands of weary watchers and workers went to their beds, only to be awakened again at midnight by another awful glare, from another fire. A gas explosion had taken place, and the building at the corner of Summer and Washington streets was in flames; a few hours' hard work, and that was extinguished. On Monday morning we could see what the thirty-six hours had done. A large portion of the business part of the city was in ruins; the streets were obliterated, hardly a landmark was left. The gray walls and the heavy square tower of Trinity church stood alone, nothing was left between them and the harbor. A Church on Purchase street still lifted a portion of its arches clear against the sky; but of the magnificent granite blocks that looked as if they would last for centuries, only fragments were standing.

The heaviest losses have fallen upon the shoe and leather, the wool, and the dry goods houses; and many of them will be able to stand the shock; they are cast down but not destroyed.

The *Transcript* building was destroyed, but the *Transcript* came out in good season Monday afternoon, of its usual size, printed on the presses of the *Globe*. The *Pilot* building was destroyed, but Mr. Donahoe the proprietor will rebuild, and meantime the paper will not miss a single issue. The *Post* building was badly injured, but the *Post* was as prompt and vigorous as if no harm had come near it. The *Saturday Evening Gazette*, the oldest of the Sunday papers, was also among the victims, but the publishers are already in new quarters, and their paper will be printed as usual next Sunday morning.

We all speak in general terms of the destruction of the business part of the city, but that expression is inaccurate, and