

locality in question, and who frequent the low hovels, whose destruction is one of the least regrettable features of the disaster. The rush of cold air caused by the rapid spread and large volume of the flames seemed to divide the wind into local currents, which scattered the fire around in every direction. The brigade found it quite unmanageable. They allege that four wooden houses were found on fire by them when they arrived upon the scene, and that, with the water absent and unattainable for some twenty minutes, it was impossible for them to obtain the mastery over it.

The most important building destroyed by the fire was the church of St. Jean Baptiste, which caught fire about 1 o'clock, and in spite of all efforts was entirely gutted, the walls themselves which the fire left standing being calcined and crumbling at the touch. The church was worth at least \$100,000 with an insurance of only \$63,000.

On the lower field, where most of the burnt-out people had camped with their saved goods, the fire, as if jealous that anything should escape its greed, followed the unfortunate people and burnt up most of the goods piled on the grass; burning shingles fell over the city, and as far out as Maple Avenue, during the night, endangering every part of the town. Several incipient fires in different streets were reported, but were suppressed by the vigilance of the occupiers. It is computed there will be a loss of two million dollars between buildings, stock, and furniture. Over 1,500 families are rendered homeless by the conflagration; at least 800 buildings have been destroyed.

The total loss is otherwise estimated at \$1,500,000, and insurance will cover about \$650,000 of that sum. The City Engineer estimates the number of houses destroyed at about 600. He bases his estimate on the fact that 567 properties on the Cadastral plan of the city were burned, and to these he adds 35 houses on double lots, making the 600.

A retrospective and calm review of the fire shows it to be primarily due to the want of water. The city is supplied with only one main pipe from its source of water supply, ten miles distant, at Lorette. This supply is so inefficient that when the city water is turned on in one ward it must be turned off in other wards. A delay always thus occurs when fire breaks out in a ward having no water at the time. The numerical strength of the brigade is also so weak that as soon as the flames commence to get beyond their control they lose all self-possession and method in their work. So far, only three bodies have been recovered, those of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy and Mr. Marois. Only their dry baked bones were picked up, and these were at once laid in different boxes and taken possession of the Coroner.

Our special artist was despatched as soon as possible to the scene of the calamity and the result of his efforts is seen in the present number. On the double-page in the centre we reproduce from his sketches a view of the city, as well as of the principal places of interest in the fire. We also give a small map showing the exact district destroyed by the conflagration, which will be found in the main view on the right of the drawing. The front page gives an illustration of the scene at dawn on the day following the outbreak of the fire. The unhappy people who had taken refuge in the fields were compelled to remove their furniture before the flames which followed them close and in many instances succeeded in destroying the goods which had once been snatched from their fury.

THE ADDITION TO THE MONTREAL PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new buildings donated by Mr. David Morrice to the Presbyterian College took place on the 7th inst., in the presence of a select party of friends. The proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Professor Campbell, after which Mr. J. Stirling, Secretary of the College Board, then stated that an urn had been placed beneath the corner stone, containing amongst other interesting things a copy of the revised New Testament, a narrative of the rise and progress of the college, minutes of the proceedings of the general assembly of the Presbyterian College for 1880, calendars of the College, newspapers of the city, the *Gazette*, *Star*, *Herald*, *Witness*, *Presbyterian Record* and several other periodicals, together with several British, American and Canadian coins. Rev. Principal MacVicar then briefly explained the object for which they had met, and called on Mrs. Morrice to lay the corner stone, at the same time handing her a silver trowel, chastely ornamented, but without inscription. The stone was then swung into position on the north-west corner of the building and carefully lowered to its bed. Mrs. Morrice then advanced and gave the stone three taps with the trowel, and Mr. Morrice, speaking for her, declared the corner stone duly laid.

The Presbyterian College of Montreal was incorporated by charter, and commenced operations in 1867, but the present buildings were not opened for use until the fall of 1873. The College has been very successful in its efforts, and has now about 70 pupils, 30 of whom are accommodated with rooms in the existing building, and it is hoped the new building will contain enough dormitories for the use of the entire class.

In December last, Mr. David Morrice made an offer to erect the addition to the College, which is to bear his name, at his sole expense. The

new wing, which is estimated to cost about \$80,000, will contain a Convocation Hall, Dining Hall, and dormitories for the students, and will when completed be a notable addition to the architectural features of our city. Two views of the whole building with the addition are given on another page of this issue.

In connection with Mr. Morrice's donation, we may mention that Mrs. John Redpath has further given the sum of \$20,000 towards the endowment of a chair at the College, to be called after her late husband, while Mr. Edward MacKay has promised to endow fully a second chair to the amount of about \$50,000.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The following description with the illustration on our back page is taken from the *Illustrated London News*. We have, on former occasions, described and illustrated the customs of Chinese Weddings, both in private life, and in the illustrious instance of the reigning Emperor; our Special Artist, Mr. W. Sisson, having gone all the way from London to Peking, as he relates in his pleasant volume, "Meeting the Sun," to furnish sketches of the Imperial nuptial ceremonies, eight or nine years ago. A lady there who remembers his visit, Mrs. Albert Pirkis, of the British Legation, has now favoured us with an acceptable token of remembrance, which is engraved for the present publication. It is a pen-and-ink sketch of a marriage celebrated in the chapel of that Legation on Feb. 1, not according to Chinese rites of course, but with those of the Church of England, conducted by the Chaplain in the regular form. The peculiarity and novelty of the scene lay in the fact that the bride and bridegroom, and the bridesmaid, wore the Chinese dress, though English Christians, being indeed members of the China Inland Mission. Mr. Turner and Miss Crickmay, the happy couple of this occasion, with a lady friend of Miss Crickmay, had traveled all the way from Shan-Si, sixteen days' journey, in the depth of winter, to be married at Peking. The costume in which they appeared, as shown in our illustration, is that of Southern China. The bride wore a jacket of pale blue satin brocade, and under-skirt of dark satin, embroidered with blue flowers. The bridesmaid had a dark blue jacket, and dark red satin skirt, also embroidered with flowers. The bridegroom, Mr. Turner, in prune-coloured jacket and blue petticoat, with pig-tail, Chinese cap, and Chinese shoes, was a curious contrast to his groomsmen, who wore the ordinary English dress.

IRVING AS DIETRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

It is a striking coincidence that the first, certainly one of the very first, most celebrated works of our *belles-lettres* literature, or, as a recent critic calls it, pure literature, should have immediately followed an eloquent prophecy of its coming. On the 31st of August, 1809, the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, one of the most eloquent orators, accomplished scholars, and charming men of his time, delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard College. His subject was the dangers and duties of men of letters; and, after describing the intellectual disturbance and, as he thought, the malign influence upon literature of the French Revolution, he says: "The men of letters who are to direct our taste, mould our genius, and inspire our emulation—the men, in fact, whose writings are to be the depositories of our national greatness—have not yet shown themselves to the world. But, if we are not mistaken in the signs of the times, the genius of our literature begins to show symptoms of vigor, and to meditate a bolder flight; and the generation which is to succeed us will be formed on better models, and leave a brighter track."

This was on the 31st of August, 1809; and on the 9th of October following a notice appeared in the *Evening Post*, headed "Distressing," and stating that "an elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of Knickerbocker," had disappeared from his lodgings; and "printers of newspapers" were informed that they would be aiding the cause of humanity if they should insert the notice. This was the preliminary touch to arouse public interest—or what the printers of newspapers to-day would call an advertising dodge—which preceded the appearance of the history. On November 6 "A Traveller" wrote to the *Post* that a person answering the description had been seen resting by the road-side a little above Kingsbridge, on the Albany road; and on the 16th of November the imaginary landlord of the Independent Columbian Hotel, Mulberry street," wrote that nothing had been heard of the old gentleman, but that a queer manuscript book had been found in his room, which the landlord said he would be obliged to dispose of to settle his account. On the 25th of November, Inskeep and Bradford, 128 Broadway, announced that they would shortly publish the work found in Mr. Dietrich Knickerbocker's room, and called a "History of New York," in two volumes, duodecimo, price three dollars; and on December 6, 1809, it was published. That this was the kind of bolder flight of American literary genius which Mr. Buckminster anticipated is improbable. But it is none the less a singular verification of his anticipation, for it was a distinctively American work, and of a quality which has given it a permanent place in our literature. It was followed, ten years afterward, by Bryant's "Thanatopsis," which seemed

to Mr. R. H. Dana, to whom it was offered for the *North American Review*—then more properly a magazine—to be so different from any strain of the American Muse that it could not have been written in this country.

Those who remember Irving as he appeared in New York in his later day must often have recalled this preliminary notice of Dietrich Knickerbocker. Irving was as quaint a figure. Thirty years ago he might have been seen on an autumnal afternoon tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, with "low-quartered" shoes neatly tied, and a Talma cloak—a short garment that hung from the shoulders like the cape of a coat. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in his appearance which was undeniably Dutch, and most harmonious with the associations of his writings. He seemed, indeed, to have stepped out of his own books; and the cordial grace and humour of his address, if he stopped for a passing chat, were delightfully characteristic. He was then our most famous man of letters, but he was simply free from all self-consciousness and assumption and dogmatism. One day the Easy Chair met him at his publisher's, the elder Putnam, in Park Place, when *Putnam's Monthly* was just beginning. Irving was very gay and cheerful, full of encouragement, and said, with his twinkling eye and piping voice, "But we old ones had the advantage of you; there are so many of you clever young fellows that you trip each other up." Like Longfellow in the later day, Irving had always the warmest word of cheer and sympathy for every younger brother or sister in letters.—*Harper.*

HEARTH AND HOME.

A MISUSED WORD.—Economy is an abused word. Most people think of it as a saving of money, as though to be economical was certain, in a sense, to be stingy or mean. Now, economy, in its true interpretation, is the art of management—the wise adaptation by which we arrange time, health and strength so as to produce the best results.

HOW TO KNOW YOUR FRIEND.—A miserly old carl had fallen heir to an estate worth some thousands of pounds. Being always reputed poor, his relations looked askance at him. Unaware of his altered circumstances, he tried the following ruse to know who were his friends. At the beginning of a hard winter old skinflint applied to his relations individually for a little assistance to tide him over the winter. Only one, a niece, a poor teacher, responded by sending five pounds of her hard earned pittance, with a promise of more when her salary became due. Shortly thereafter the old man sickened and died, and to the astonishment and chagrin of his host of relations he bequeathed to the poor teacher, whose heart was in its right place, his whole estate, amounting in all to twenty thousand pounds.

MAKING MONEY.—Why some men are so eager to make money is a problem; they certainly do not spend it freely. They care nothing for the good things of life. They seem to value money for its own sake. Most men start in life with a bright object before them, the means of attaining which is money, and so they resolve to make money. But the means push the end out of sight. A new fascination springs up, which banishes the younger dream. The real push—the ideal from its seat. Money acquires, or seems to acquire, a value of its own; it becomes both means and end, and making it grows into a habit seldom lost. The proverb says that "Use is second nature," and it is fully proved, when the natural desire of men for happiness is obliterated by the habit of making money.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—It is true that many things are suitable for manhood that are not for childhood; but this is not the case with mental and moral qualities. If it were, there could be no such thing as consistent preparation for a good and useful life. Every quality that the men or women needs is incipient in the child, and needs development and exercise. Our part in his training is not to cherish in him simply what is most attractive to ourselves, or what teeds our own and his vanity, but rather to study his future needs and to help him to supply what is most lacking. It is where he is deficient, not where he excels, that our earnest efforts are demanded. Not until parents realize this so fully as to identify with it their highest interest and pleasure in their charges will promising children fulfil their promises, and the question no longer be asked, "What has become of them?"

NO TIME TO READ.—The woman who "has no time to read" generally has no inclination to do so. The true book lover will make time. I once knew one of these women who never took a book into her hands because they are too busy. She spent days in ruffling, tucking, and embroidering, and had no spare moments in which to inform herself of the most ordinary topics of the day. I doubt if she knew how some of the most common words were spelled, judging from her pronunciation of them. In speaking of her lace curtains she invariably called them "curtings;" and once we asked her if she intended to remain in the city through the summer, and she replied, "Certainly not; we shall go the mountings in August." She had very fine taste in the matters of dress, and was called "very stylish;" but if she had spent part of the time in reading and study which she had devoted to dress, what a different influence she might have exerted upon

her children, as well as upon the society in which she moved. But the mistaken woman thought it of more importance to adorn the person than improve the mind. Cultivate a habit of reading if you have it not. We all need a little mental food daily. We need it as we need air, sunshine, sleep, and food. How refreshing to be able to lose ourselves, even for a short time, in the page before us. Let a volume lay beside your work basket, and if you have five minutes to spare, improve them by a peep at its contents.

FOOT NOTES.

If revolvers have been considered a necessary armament by the shop-boys of the West of Ireland of late, it has been demonstrated in at least one instance, says the *World*, that among the upper classes the education of fire-eaters has been suffered to decline. The following practical method of teaching the use of the revolver was adopted by an old and faithful servant, his pupil not being given to the use of arms. Having placed the loaded pistol in the hands of his young master, old Martin stooped behind a wall twenty paces distant; then, jumping up he cried, "Now, Masther Tom, one, two, three—fire!"—disappearing before "Masther Tom" had succeeded in covering him. After a week's practice, a bullet through Martin's hat showed what improvement had taken place in his young master's shooting. "Well done, Masther Tom!" cried Martin. "Thry again; on if ye can get up the hand a little quicker, maybe ye might take me in the shoulder."

WHEN Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, Jimmy O'Neill, the Irish door-keeper of the White House, Washington, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which often offended the fastidiousness of the President's nephew and secretary, Major Donelson, who caused his dismissal on an average about once a week; but, on appeal to the higher court, the verdict was always reversed by the good nature of the old General. Once however Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offence, and after being summoned before the President himself, was thus addressed: "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years in spite of all complaints; but this goes beyond my powers of endurance." "And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy. "Certainly," answered the General; "I have just heard it from two senators." "Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed all that twenty senators say about you, it's little I'd think you was fit to be President." "Pshaw, Jimmy," concluded the General, "clear out, and go back to your duty; but be more careful!" Jimmy not only retained his place to the close of Jackson's Presidential term, but was with him to the day of his death.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A RENEWAL of outrages on the Jews is threatened in Austria.

NEARLY 15,000 immigrants arrived at New York last week.

THE Irish authorities have prohibited the holding of a meeting at Mullingar.

LORD CAERARVON holds Mr. Gladstone's Government responsible for the Irish rebellion.

LORD JUSTICE JAMES, of the English Court of Appeals in Chancery, died recently.

THE coronation of the Czar has been again deferred on account of the unsettled state of affairs in Russia.

A LONDON cable states that England and Russia have agreed to remain neutral should civil war break out in Afghanistan.

A TUNIS dispatch says the native tribes are giving in their submission, and military operations have been suspended.

THE Irish Executive have issued a circular to the inspectors requiring them to protect those engaged in land sales and writ executions.

THE London police are being drilled in the use of the revolver, as a precaution against sudden Fenian movements in the metropolis.

PRINCES GORTSCHAKOFF and Bismarck have had a long interview recently, at which guarantees of peace between the two Governments were settled.

A LONDON cable says the British steamship *Glen Logan*, from New York for Para, was burned at sea. The crew and passengers made Fortaleza in safety.

NEWS from Ireland is very disquieting. The condition of affairs there is said to be little short of civil war. The news of Father Murphy's arrest caused great excitement.

THE PROGRESS OF A COUGH.—The following may be indicated as the progress of a cough in the absence of an efficient check of the lung-destroying malady: First, a cold is contracted, the throat becomes inflamed, and the irritation causes a spasmodic contraction and dilation of the lungs, accompanied with a dull or rattling sound in the throat. This daily increases in violence, and as it does, aggravates the bronchial irritation until the lungs become seriously affected. Then abscesses or incipient sores form upon their tissue, which rapidly develop into the fatal tubercles of consumption which eat into and destroy the lungs. Who would knowingly incur such peril as this? The surest way of averting it is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a pulmonary which at the same time checks the progress of throat and lung irritation, and gives strength to those debilitated by a cough. Sold by all druggists.