

Blanchet, and the water being shut off at the aqueduct, in consequence of putting in a new engine, before the flames were subdued the whole business portion of the city was in ruins. One man was killed. The loss is about \$1,500,000; over 500 families are homeless. Between 400 and 500 houses are burnt. The fire brigades from Montreal and Acton have done good service. Provisions are coming from Richmond, Acton and Montreal.

The streets burned are: Bourdages, St. Dominique, St. Joseph, St. Hyacinthe, Ste. Anne, Grouard, Cascade, St. Antoine, St. Francois, St. Simon, Mont d'Or, Piété, Ste. Marie, Concord, William, St. Louis; 33 blocks have been destroyed. The college, convent and cathedral were saved, being on the outskirts of the city. The houses were principally of wood and the streets narrow. Within the past two years, water works have been established, but they have been proved to be useless. When they gave out there were neither steam nor hand engines to be utilized. At seven p. m. the Mayor asked for the St. Henri engine and 1,500 feet of hose, but these could not be sent. A gentleman from the scene supplies the following additional details:—The fire began in the rear of Blanchet and Brodeur's house, being caused it is supposed, by the act of Blanchet himself. Owing to the erection of a new engine the reservoir was useless. It was two hours before water was obtained.

The fire spread from east to west. The Merchants' Bank and the Bank of St. Hyacinthe were both burned down, but the safes were afterwards found all right.

Amidst all the horrors there was much that had a comical aspect; for instance, men were seen fleeing with pigs in their arms, the animals screaming mightily. A swing behind the Merchants' Bank was not touched by the flames, and this was taken possession of by a party of half-drunken fellows, who seemed to enjoy the sport amazingly.

The total insurance is about \$250,000. This will fall heavily on our Companies, but the public may rest assured that they are quite equal to the strain, and policy-holders need have no fear that their claims will not be promptly and fully adjusted. We may add that on the succeeding night, at ten o'clock, Mr. Alfred Perry, General-Manager of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company, received a telegram from the Mayor of St. Hyacinthe, imploring aid in provisions, and by working all night, at 1 o'clock, the next morning, he had 1000 haves at the station, which he himself took to the furnished city by special train.

HISTORIC SKETCHES OF THE STREETS OF MONTREAL.

Every one interested in the Archaeology and "Historic Topography" of Montreal will hail with pleasure the letter of your correspondent "M." In reference to the future historic sketches of Montreal, as it now is in the year of Grace, 1876, let me urge through your columns what I have for many years advised, and spoken of to those of the "City Fathers" with whom I am personally acquainted, namely,—an Order in Council that no private or public buildings shall be pulled down, or otherwise removed, until a photograph had been taken of them, thus perpetuating landmarks which, in course of time, will be as difficult to remember and describe as those passed away, to which "M." has so feelingly alluded. While on the subject of the Archaeology of Montreal, it would not be amiss if you republished the drawings of the Old Recollet Church, the Grey Nunnery, and the Tower that used to stand near the Seminary, at the corner of Francois Xavier street; by so doing you may stir up the minds of others like "M." to contribute to so laudable a purpose as that of becoming landmarks and purveyors of the History of Montreal, enlightened interpreters of the records and memorials of the past, and preservers and illustrators of the fabrics of those times when such citizens as the Hon. Geo. Moffatt, James McGill, John Richardson, Judge Reid, John Shuter, John Torrance, John Molson, Joseph Froisher and other worthies lived within the boundaries of the River and the Fortification Lane.

MONTREAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Is there such a thing as a Montreal Historical Society? I am told there is. It receives \$400 annually from Government. Yet what does it do? Where are its meetings, its public transactions? We have a right to enquire about this. The present year was an historic one for Montreal. In 1776, the city was occupied by the Americans for six months. Still, the Montreal Historical Society showed no sign, as did that of Quebec. It should be the channel through which to make a study of the streets of Montreal as advised in the NEWS, last week. Let us hear from the officers of this society.

THE OLD CHATEAU.

The communication of "M." in the last NEWS is being much spoken about. I read in the Gazette that the old Chateau Ramezay, with the adjoining engineers' building, at the corner of Notre-Dame and Jacques-Cartier Square, is about to be demolished and replaced by a new Court House. This Chateau is a venerable landmark. It was the palace of the French Governors of Montreal. Vaudreuil signed the capitulation of Canada there. Franklin and Carroll housed there, in 1776, when making an attempt to conciliate the French-Canadians into alliance with the Revolution. I call upon the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to reproduce this building before it disappears under the pick and axe.

THE STREETS OF MONTREAL.

The paper of "M." in the last number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, was a most timely one. Historic research must be made into the character of our streets speedily, or it will be too late. A case in point. Three gentlemen went down, last Thursday, to a view a queer old building on the wharves which had a singular sign of sculptured and painted wood on its front. When they reached the place, they found it had been quietly torn down the day before, and the sign has been bundled off to some place in Papineau Square. Thus another ancient relic passed away.

GENTLEMEN'S AUTUMN FASHIONS.

With the change from warm to cooler weather the styles of gentlemen's dress gradually assume the darker colors more suitable to the approaching season. As a thoroughly practical community we naturally attach the first importance to those garments intended for general every day wear. To be really well dressed, and this, of course, refers more especially to the best class of business men, the proper costume for ordinary wear is a morning coat and waistcoat of a black or blue worsted cloth, with trousers from a stripe or checked pattern, according to the taste or figure of the wearer. Neat, simple designs only are correct in coatings of this kind, nothing being better than the small plain diagonal. Great efforts have been made to introduce fancy patterns and "patent weaves," but they will be very little used where the best tastes prevail. Meltons always look well and give great satisfaction to the wearer. They will be more worn than usual this season.

The distinctive feature in morning coats is the absence of flaps on the hips, the pockets being placed in the plaits behind. The most stylish are made to button three buttons, of fair length in the waist and skirt, and moderately cut away from the third button. A fourth hole and button are sometimes placed at the waist seam for appearance only. A morning coat cut too long in the skirt, is bad style and should be avoided.

Waistcoats, as a general rule, are preferable made single-breasted, with a step collar button-high to correspond with the coat, but on slender figures a double-breasted waistcoat gives the effect of more fullness to the form. Trousers are still cut rather wide and straight in the leg and are mostly made with plain seams and side pockets.

To those who affect a more fancy style of dress, there is every possible variety of checked suitings, elegant in design, rich in color, and superb in quality. Rich shades of brown combined with deep purple and crimson, are prevailing colors, brown being the ruling shade. For suits of ditto, the leading style of coat is a single-breasted three-button sack, the buttons placed far apart, the top one rather high and the lower one opposite the pockets, which are made with small flaps, not patch pockets. Vest, single-breasted, without a collar. While plaids are still fashionable, especially for trousers, they will not be so much worn in entire suits as formerly. One of the best styles for trousers is a check over a stripe which has been worked up in a variety of forms, and is particularly effective in a bright red check over a clear and decided gray and white stripe.

While new styles come and go, the frock coat may be said to go on forever. It still continues to be the prince of coats, is always in season and always in fashion. It may be made plain and neat with undress trousers for morning wear—and for a professional man nothing is better suited—or it may be trimmed handsomely and with more dressy trousers is perfect for better wear. A double-breasted white waistcoat to show a little above the coat can be worn with good effect and taste with the frock. It should be "slapey," yet easy to the figure, full and round on the breast, kept in a little at the waist, and again easy across the hips, that the skirt may not hang behind or in front like an inverted V. It should be worn with three buttons buttoned. It requires a man of unusual skill to get up a really first-class frock coat.

Overcoats will be principally of the Chesterfield shape, made from dark colors in Flesyan beavers of not too large a nap. Brown dressed beavers will also be fashionable.

There is little change in evening dress suits, and black only will be worn. The old fashioned snip or notched collars are being revived on coats and many are made with silk breast-facings. The lapel is made to roll to the second button instead of to the waist seam. The vest is cut to button moderately low with a rolling collar, and has four holes and buttons placed close together. Neatly embroidered patterns are very much in favor for dress vests. The trousers may be made with a silk braid laid over the side seams and should have hip pockets only.

HENRY PROSE COOPER.

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

We learn by telegram dated Bayreuth, Aug. 13, 10 p. m., that the performance of the "Rheingold," the prelude to the Nibelungen trilogy, "Der Ring des Nibelungen," has at length terminated. The representation began towards 7 p. m. About twenty persons occupied the box set apart for princely visitors, among whom was the Emperor of Brazil. The house

was completely filled, not a single seat being vacant. The Emperor William was received on his arrival with most enthusiastic acclamations. The invisible orchestra, the beautiful music, the splendid decorations, the artistic and ingenious scene-shifting machinery, the lighting of the stage and the simulation of fog by means of steam produced a grand and magical effect. The performance, which passed off without the slightest hitch, was generally pronounced excellent, and in many instances elicited warm and repeated applause. Richard Wagner was called for during a quarter of an hour, but did not appear before the curtain. The Emperor William remained to the end of the performance. A telegram, dated August 14, says the representation of the "Walkyrie," made a still greater impression than the performance of the "Rheingold." The first act especially, in which Herr Niemann and Fraucln Scheffsky excelled, produced a profound sensation, as did also the latter part of the opera, in which Herr Betz and Fraucln Matera distinguished themselves. The sea of fire at the close of the piece, which filled the whole background of the stage, was a great success. The applause was enthusiastic. The performance, which lasted from four o'clock until half-past nine, was repeatedly interrupted by bursts of applause, and was altogether a great triumph for the composer. Herr Wagner made it known that no one could respond to a call before the curtain, as both the author and the artists must consider themselves with regard to the public as enclosed in the frame of the work of art. And under date August 16, the telegrams say:—"Siegfried," the third part of Wagner's operatic tetralogy, was performed to-day. The representation lasted five hours and a half, allowing for two intervals of one hour each. The audience again manifested the greatest enthusiasm. The scene in which the dialogue between Siegfried and the Waldvogel occurs produced a marked impression, as did also the close of the first act, where Siegfried forges his sword. The closing scene where Brunnhild is aroused from her sleep on the fiery rock had an equally striking effect. Count Andrassy witnessed the performance from the royal box. We present our readers to-day with an interior view of Wagner's parlors, where the Master and his principal performers are grouped.

RANDOM SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

What shall I write about? "Well the fellow has a good deal of cheek to pretend to write when he does n't know what he's going to say." I hear some one exclaim. Very true, my dear sir, but you must remember that "cheek" like Shylock's sufferance, is the badge of all our tribe. A venal traveller may be thin-skinned, and disposed to resent a snub in the spirit that it is given, but he soon gets his hide tanned, and learns to swallow an insult, although he may gulp a little at it—unless, indeed, he be possessed of that weapon, so dangerous in unskillful hands, so effective when judiciously and delicately used—Satire. Even if skilled in its use, the traveller who wants to do business had best refrain from using it on a possible customer, as it is my experience that nothing rankles so long in the memory as a delicate thrust of satire, no matter how well deserved it may have been. It is a poor satisfaction to deliver such a thrust, and know that by so doing you are destroying all possible chance of opening what might have proved a profitable connection. Undoubtedly it is a keen satisfaction at the time, particularly when your unhappy and now writhing victim has richly earned it, and you know your sting has struck sharp and deep.

The effect is greatly enhanced when your man is a born bully, and has been exercising his bullying proclivities and cracking his cord-wood jokes at your expense before a shop full of gaping strangers. But once done, and you see his face redden as the laugh is turned on him, you may know there is little use in calling on that man again. The game is all up with him. No, be advised, and keep your satire, (if you must give vent to it) for some one you don't expect to make anything out of. No matter how much it may go against the grain, take all coarse snubs and coarser jokes good-naturedly. *It pays best.*

Then when you have got your order, you can say in your own mind "ah, ah, my fine fellow, in spite of all your self-sufficiency and imaginary smartness, you are not so smart but what I can use you for my purposes." There is no keener mental gratification—it infinitely surpasses the grosser and more physical satisfaction of seeing him wince under a well barbed arrow of satire, as you have not only conquered him, but conquered yourself. There is even a species of moral cowardice in attacking such a man in such a manner, as you know he is entirely ignorant of the use of the weapon you wield with such facility, and is therefore defenceless. It is like challenging a novice who doesn't know the muzzle of a gun from the stock. It is doubly dangerous to cultivate its use as a weapon of offence or defence on the road, as so many occasions arise tempting to its employment that it gradually becomes a habit, and a most unprofitable one. But, my goodness! what a digression or can it be called a digression when I started with nothing to write about! I am not prepared to say, but since I have got so far I will indulge in a few grumbling reflections about the hard times. And, indeed, if anybody has reason to grumble when times are hard, it is certainly Commercial Travellers. I am not going to enter into any prolix recital of a lot of stale platitudes as to the cause of the "present crisis." The

daily press, Government and Opposition, dish that up to us every morning till it has become as common and unpalatable as boarding-house hash, and possesses the same characteristics as cause that unsavory and heterogeneous compound to be ironically dubbed "yesterday." No it is the effect of hard times that solely concerns me and my fellows in tribulation. *In mediis res.* The eternal drum, drum, drumming day after day, week's end to week's end, the boring of men whom you know too often regard you only as a nuisance that has to be tolerated, the dispiriting close of a day of hard work, that has perhaps, been entirely without result, the wearied waking in the morning, knowing that the same hateful and uncongenial task has to be gone through, and with as little prospect of success as the day before, the miserable consciousness that expenses will go on whether sales are made or not, the constant and discouraging repetition of "no, nothing in your line to-day," a remark that counts for nothing as it is on every man's tongue, and is the "stock" reply now-a-days to travellers—then following the suggesting, and recapitulating and "feeling" your man, while "your man," as you can, see is growing impatient under your rigid cross-examination—oh, it's all simple misery to a man of any susceptibility.

Envy us not, you fortunate stay-at-homes, who think we have such "splendid times" travelling. Be patient with us, oh! ye country merchants whom we so often and so persistently bore!—and, a word in your ear, if you would have us take "no" for an answer, mean it when you say it, and don't let us find, as we do now, that nine times out of ten, you don't mean it. The fact is you are too lazy to look up what you want, and "don't want to be bothered." But have a little consideration and think how ye poor devils are "bothered." In almost any other work, some result is always seen, but when our toil is most arduous and wearisome, then it bears the least result, and to a conscientious man, who is striving to do his best for his employer, such fruitless toil is most worrying and dispiriting. He approaches a man's store expecting and yet dreading what has become the almost inevitable negative, and if it comes, and the customer is a personal friend, he cannot press him for an order, as he feels that did his friend want anything, he would buy it. The only safe rule to keep the mind at all at ease in these hard times is never to be disappointed, *excepting agreeably*, that is, expect to do no business, and then if you do any, you will certainly be disappointed, but only agreeably. Don't fret nor worry, but do the best you can. Good-bye. WAYFARER.

HUMOROUS.

THE Filler-deller Conventions for revising the spelling of the English language has adjourned.

Mrs. Stowe says we never know how much we love until we try to unlove. To a man who has tried to quit smoking this needs no argument.

A Madame Lefebvre advertises in a Paris journal that she "nurses the sick, restuffs chairs, watches corpses, applies leeches, does sewing by machinery, and is an excellent cook."

IN the holy calm of midnight's solemn hour there comes to a man visions of childish scenes long since forgotten, and he cannot help wondering where his mother used to so effectually hide the doughnut jar.

THERE is more philosophy and enterprise in a bee's lower extremity, than there is in that class of stick-whittlers who think their mission upon earth is to buttonhole editors and tell them just how to run a newspaper.

A FARMER the other day, if the story be true, wrote to a New York merchant, asking how the farmer's son was getting along, and where he slept nights. The merchant replied, "He sleeps in the store in the day time. I don't know where he sleeps nights."

SOME traveller of high, artistic mind, evidently a foreigner is led to observe: "No one can walk along the platform of a railroad depot and glance in at the car windows without noticing the total absence of beauty that characterizes the average American nose."

A certain First Lord of the Admiralty, on his first trip down the Thames in rather a leaky vessel, observed the men working the pumps. "Dear me!" he he said. "I did not know you had a well on board, captain, but I am really very glad, as I do detest river water."

Mr. Emerson says that "everyone has two natures, widely different." This explains why it takes a man working by the day only thirty seconds to climb over a wall into the shade at twelve o'clock, while he commonly requires twenty minutes to get back after the clock strikes one.

It is said that no less a personage than Lord Campbell, when a reporter on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, gravely criticised a play by Shakespeare as "apparently by an inexperienced writer, who if he took pains, might yet attain a respectable skill in the profession which he had chosen."

A sub-editor and a reporter were quarrelling one day in the editor's room. "You are a donkey!" said the sub-editor—"You are another!" replied the reporter, promptly—"Pooh! pooh!" retorted the sub-editor, "you are the greatest donkey I know!"—"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said the editor, looking up from his desk, "you forget, I think, that I am present!" The sub-editor apologized.

THE elder Mathews one day arrived at a foreign country inn, and, addressing a lugubrious waiter inquired if he could have a chicken and asparagus. The mysterious serving-man shook his head. "Can I have a duck then?" "No, sir." "Have you any muton-chops?" "Not one, sir." Then, as you have no eatables, bring me something to drink. Have you any spirits?" "Sir," replied the man, with a profound sigh "we are out of spirits." "Then, in wonder's name, what have you got in the house?" "An execution, sir," answered the waiter.

AN amusing event occurred in one of the recent Parliamentary reports of a leading "dailly." It is of course known that reporters take their work in turns, and, as a rule, the reporter, on leaving, writes on his copy the name of the reporter who follows him, as thus—"Brown follows Jones." This is a merely a matter of reference, and is in no wise intended for publication; but, in the case referred to, the report of a grave and important speech was followed by the announcement, wholly unimportant to the world at large, that "Brown follows Jones."