

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

(From the Spanish of Yriarte.)

A country Squire, of greater wealth than wit
(For fools are often blest with fortune's smile),
Had built a splendid house, and furnish'd it
In splendid style.

"One thing is wanting," said a friend, "for, though
The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,
You lack a library, dear sir, for show
If not for use."

"'Tis true; but, zounds!" replied the Squire with glee,
"The lumber-room in yonder northern wing
(I wonder I ne'er thought of it) 'twill be
The very thing."

"I'll have it fitted up without delay
With shelves and presses of the newest mode,
And rarest wood, befitting every way
A Squire's abode."

"And when the whole is ready, I'll despatch
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—down,
To buy me, by measurement, a batch
Of books in town."

But ere the library was half supplied
With all its pomp of cabinet and shelf,
The booby Squire repented him, and cried
Unto himself:—

"This room is much more roomy than I thought;
Ten thousand volumes hardly would suffice
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,
A plaguey price."

"Now, as I only want them for their looks,
It might, on second thought, be just as good,
And cost me next to nothing, if the books
Were made of wood."

"It shall be so. I'll give the shaven deal
A coat of paint—a colourable dress,
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal
Its nakedness."

"And gilt and letter'd with the author's name,
Whatever is most excellent and rare
Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same),
Assembled there."

The work was done; the simulated hoards
Of wit and wisdom round the chamber stood—
In binding some; and some, of course, in boards,
Where all were wood.

From bulky folios down to slender twelves,
The choicest tomes, in many an even row,
Display'd their letter'd backs upon the shelves,
A goodly show.

With such a stock, which seemingly surpass'd
The best collection ever form'd in Spain,
What wonder if the owner grew at last
Supremely vain?

What wonder, as he paced from shelf to shelf,
And don'd his titles, that the Squire began,
Despite his ignorance, to think himself
A learned man?

Let every amateur, who merely looks
To backs and bindings, take the hint, and sell
His costly library—for painted books
Would serve as well.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

In 1834, as we are informed by the *Herald*, of this city, during the great prevalence of the epidemic of cholera, a young Montrealese, named Peter Craig, lost both his parents by that fell disease within six hours, his father dying at ten o'clock at night, and his mother at four o'clock the next morning. Young Craig was taken charge of by a clothier named Muir, but shortly after conceiving a liking for the sea, he joined a ship in this port and followed that profession for many years, during which he visited all parts of the world, and being of an observant turn of mind, gained considerable knowledge of men and things. He subsequently settled in San Francisco, at a time when it could scarcely be called a village. He has resided there ever since, and has, by diligence in business and speculative ability, amassed considerable of the goods of this world. A few days ago, as he was passing through New York, he decided to return to the scenes of his childhood, for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument over the graves of his parents in the Papineau Road Cemetery, and of whom he retains the most affectionate remembrance. This he was told by several persons would be impossible, as the graveyard had been appropriated by the Corporation to public uses, the graves razed, and all traces of the affection of surviving relatives, and the presence of the remains of those deceased, obliterated. When he arrived at the cemetery he found that what he had been told was only too true, and with deep emotion gazed at the evidences of vandalism around him. He was attended by one of the authorities of the Mount Royal Cemetery, to whom he had submitted the certificates of burial of his father, mother, sister and her husband, and was asked if he knew the location of the graves. Mr. Craig replied that the spot was so fresh in his memory, that if they would only show him where the original gate of the cemetery once stood he would show them the very spot where his father and mother lay. This was done, and he took them within one grave of that containing his parents' remains. The graves were opened and the coffins and remains were found to his great satisfaction. The latter were in a good state of preservation, and the hair on the head of both his father and mother were as perfect as when laid beneath the sod. This may, perhaps, be attributed to the nature of the soil. The coffins were of hardwood, and almost as strong as when first made. That containing Mr. Craig's deceased father, when opened, was full of water, so pure that the white teeth of the deceased could be plainly seen, and the form of his remains distinguished. So overcome was Mr. Craig at the sight of all that was mortal of his father, that he actually drank of the water from the coffin. The remains were carefully re-

moved to new coffins, and, together with the old ones, will be conveyed back to California by Mr. Craig, and interred in his own ground, in the Protestant cemetery there, his experience of the reverence in which the dead are held in Montreal being sufficient to deter him from re-interring them anywhere but where he resides. The name plate on one coffin was uninjured by time, and the name of the deceased could be distinctly read. For the information of any surviving friends, we would state that the remains are those of James Craig, died 25th July, 1834; Jane Craig, his wife, died the next day at 4 a.m.; Cecilia Hamilton, daughter of the above, died May, 1846, and John Hamilton, her husband, who died about the same time. Mr. Craig's recollections of Montreal are at a time perhaps the most stirring in her history. He distinctly recollects the riots that attended the election campaign of Papineau and Walker. One evening, when returning home with the cows of his master, Mr. Muir, from pasture, he saw a mob collected in the square now known as Place d'Armes. Directly after a number of soldiers came up, and the crowd stoned them with brick-bats. The officer, after being knocked down twice, read the Riot Act, but the crowd, doubtless confident in their strength, declined to disperse. He then ordered his men to fire, and as the smoke slowly passed away, the bodies of eleven men and boys were seen lying stretched on the ground. One boy was found to have received eleven balls in his head and body.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

HALLIECK had very crude notions of matrimony. He remained single because he was deaf.

"I detest masquerades," said a beautiful lady to a gallant officer.—"No wonder, madam," he replied, "since you do so much execution unmasked."

As an evidence of woman's confiding nature it is mentioned that a young lady was married the other day to a Mr. Forget, but he was always for getting her.

"WHAT did you get?" asked a wife of her husband, on his return from a hunting excursion of several days' duration.—"I got back!" he sententiously replied.

"MAMMA," said the old lady's daughter, "don't you think that modern table is out of place in that ancient picture?"—"Oh, la, no!" They had modern tables in them days as well as now."

A poultry-dealer has been fined for kissing a young woman. This seems hard on a man who considers he has a perfect right to deal with ducks, and who doubtless takes out a license for a little game.

A young lady on Embargo street recently received the following note and is heart-broken:—"You needn't spect me up to yewr hous no more sunda nites a girl wat leaves gum a stickin on the parlor chares for a feller to sit on aint the girl for me. JIM."

WHAT perplexes a philosophical man is to discover how, when he is shaking a carpet, with a little woman on the other end, she can so exasperatingly hold on, and shake, and shake, and jerk his end out of his hands, and call him butter fingers and a slouch.

A lady, taking a man good-naturedly to task for not assenting to some of her plans, he haughtily said, "I study my own mind, madam—my own mind, I'd have you to know."—"Indeed!" she responded. "Why I didn't know that you were familiar with the use of the microscope."

"PRAY, sir," said Lady Wallace to David Hume, "I am often asked what age I am; what answer should I make?" Mr. Hume, immediately guessing her ladyship's meaning, said: "Madam, when you are asked that question again, answer that you are not yet come to the years of discretion."

A rich snob, who married a lady of brilliant genius, said at a dinner party, "When we were married, my wife declared, 'with all my worldly gifts I thee endow,' when she hadn't a penny in the world."—"But then there were her splendid talents!" said a lady. "Oh," exclaimed a wit, "but she didn't endow him with them!"

You never hear one lady invite another lady to dinner, any more than you ever hear one man ask another to come and take tea with him. No! it would seem that women's hearts melted and softened over the tea-cup, and that souls flew open to each other with the table-cloth. Who is there to explain it? It takes several knives and forks to dig into a man's secrecy nature, whereas the simple key of the tea caddie will unlock a woman's breast at any time.

A young damsel who is engaged and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune lately visited a mariners' church. During the sermon the parson discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness of the dangers and temptations of the sailor. He concluded by asking, "Is there one who thinks anything of him who wears a tarpaulin hat and a blue jacket? In short, is there one who cares aught for the poor sailor?" A little girl, a sister of the damsel, jumped up, and looking archly at her sister, said, in a tone loud enough for everyone to hear, "Yes, sir; our Becky does."

BURLESQUE.

BURIAL OF SIR THOMAS CAT.—He was a small member of the feline race who while chanting an amorous ditty to his lady, had his song ended by a brick-bat, which knocked him from the romantic spot where he was sitting, i. e., the roof of aunt Sally's house, into the abyss of oblivion. He was much respected by the cats and kittens of his set, but he was deadly enemy to all who were not on his side of the fence. He was chief musician of his native village, and leader of all the concerts that were gratuitously given with the liberal spirit which characterizes his race. The writer was waited on by three of the oldest maidens of the village who asked the inspiration of the muses to write some lines on the kitten's burial. He has done so and hopes they will be handed down to posterity:

Not a mew-yow was heard,
Not a feline note,
As his corpse in the farm yard they buried;
Not a groan came forth
From a mouset's throat
At the grave where the kitten they buried.

They buried him quickly toward morning light,
The earth with their paws overturning;
With never a ray of the moon's pale light,
Or even a lantern burning.

His paws were folded across his breast,
His tail was twisted around him,
And he lay like a Tom cat taking his rest
With cats and kittens around him.

Not a tear was dropped,
Not a prayer was said,
Not even a word of sorrow;
But they thought when they gazed on the face of the dead,
Of the fights they would have on the morrow.

They thought when they hollowed his narrow bed,
While giving him not even a pillow,
That many a row would be had o'er his head
Of the long-tailed kitten—poor fellow.

And folks may talk light of the kitten's that's gone,
And thro' the dull earth try to scratch him,
But never a once if they let him sleep,
Above the green sword will they scratch him.

The whole of their heavy task was done
When a cock crowed the hour of sun rising.
The way they took to their heels and run
I declare it was truly surprising.

WOMAN'S TRAIN.—No woman, however gentle her disposition, can forgive a man who has stepped upon her train. Women and cats are alike in this respect. It was Mr. Leckey, I believe, who made this remarkable discovery, and set it forth in his "History of European Morals," that more feminine dispositions have been ruined by the awkwardness of men in the matter of trains, than by all the algebras and mental arithmetics in the world. A small spark may fire the train that plunges a beautiful edifice in ruins. So it is with a woman's train, though the probabilities are that it is the spark himself who will be blown up. Just try it. I did once.

I loved her. I had not told her so, but I did my best to look it. She evidently regarded me with favor. One mellow afternoon, late in the spring, I asked her to go with me for a stroll. It was just the day for love-making.

"Ah!" I said, as I helped her over a large mud-puddle, "do you ever think of love, Miss Emily! Do the vibrations of your heart strings ever increase at the approach of a loved form, until they are attuned to the passionate utterances of their own? Look about you; see, even the trees, stirred by the exhilarating breeze, amorously entwine their graceful arms, while their loving murmurs are wafted gently to our ears."

To this she replied, "Yes?"

It was not a very encouraging remark, especially as I had been at some trouble to prepare the foregoing speech. However, I determined to go on. Just then I observed that I was taking the inside of the walk, so I attempted to skip behind Emily to reach my proper place, at the same time continuing:

"Oh, Miss Emily, full well I know that even a love like mine cannot—" At that moment there was a sharp "crack," Emily stooped suddenly as though about to seat herself in the road, and at the same time I heard her say something that sounded like "ward boob."

"I beg your pardon," I exclaimed, "have I—"

"Oh, not at all," she answered, though I saw by the way she clutched at the back of her dress for a lot of demoralized "gathers" (I think that's what they call them), that I most certainly had.

The charm of the walk suddenly vanished. We soon returned to the hotel, where I spent the rest of the afternoon in a fit of despondency. Two days after I sought another and less familiar resort, for I could not stand it to see all the ladies shrink out of my way in evident terror, and gather their skirts closely about them as a measure of safety whenever I approached.

THE CLOTHES PRESS.

Mr. Cobleigh, says the *Danbury News*, went up stairs into a bedroom the other noon, after dinner, to move a heavy clothes-press for his wife. He worked away at it some five minutes, and was getting it about where he wanted it, when the awful affair tipped over and came down so suddenly that Mr. Cobleigh was unable to get out of the way in time, and being knocked over a chair, he fell in such a way as to have one of his legs pinned in between the clothes-press and the chair. As he was on his breast he found himself powerless to get away, and so he screamed to his wife to come to his aid. He knew he could make her hear if she was down

stairs, and he had heard her moving about but a moment before. But there was no response to his cries. He hollered till he was hoarse, but still no answer. Five minutes passed—ten, fifteen. A half hour was gone. It seemed almost a century to the imprisoned man, with his nose so close to the rag carpet that it seemed as if he would never get the odor out of his system. Soon he heard a door open and shut, down stairs, and gathering up his remaining energies he gave a final yell. In a moment his wife had reached him. Her first prompting was to ask him how he came in such a plight, but a glance at his inflamed face checked the prompting, and she speedily set to work to rescue him from his unhappy position. When he got out he wanted to know where in thunder she'd been, leaving him to die under a clothes-press. She said she had just stepped over to Mrs. Murray's "for a minute while her dish-water was cooling." Mr. Cobleigh didn't receive this explanation with a very good grace, and appeared somewhat disposed to reflect on the qualities of dish-water for cooling. Mrs. Cobleigh had been gone nearly three-quarters of an hour, but the time had not been lost. During that brief conference with Mrs. Murray she had learned a new style of knife-plaiting; how many yards of material it took for a dalman; what was going to be worn in the way of an overskirt; what Mrs. Murray's hat would cost, besides a thorough canvas of what she had better have for a summer dress just to wear afterwards. All this information Mrs. Cobleigh acquired while Mr. Cobleigh was closeted with the clothes-press, but she prudently kept it to herself.

LITERARY.

DURING the period that Miss Kate Field wrote London letters for the *New York Herald*, she received fifty dollars a column, and in one year earned ten thousand dollars. Miss Field's first essays in journalism were made in the *Boston Courier*—in the form of letters from Florence.

ALL the London newspapers have selected their special correspondents for the war. Dr. Russell is to be attached to the headquarters of the Russian army, and Mr. Archibald Forbes, a terrible thorn in the side of Russell, is to march with the Russians, for the *Daily News*, to superintend their military operations. Captain Creagh will play a similar part for the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Telegraph* has a dashing fellow at Constantinople, Mr. Drew Gay, and Major Leader, an Irish cavalry officer, will go out with the Turkish army.

THE Messrs. Appleton have in press the *Memoirs of Jefferson Davis*, which will be published during the present year. The mass of valuable historical material which accumulated on Mr. Davis's hands during the war between the States has been carefully preserved by him, and now, assisted by Major W. T. Wallhall, a well-known literary gentleman residing in Mobile, Mr. Davis is busily engaged in writing his story of the part he took in the eventful struggle which resulted in his overthrow and that of the Confederacy over which he presided.

THE first book ever produced in England was printed by William Caxton in the Almonry at Westminster, in the year 1477, and was entitled the *Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*. A copy of the original is extremely rare and valuable, fetching when sold many hundreds of pounds. It is a small folio volume, very beautifully printed on ash-gray paper, with red initial letters, and is remarkable for its evenness of colour and distinctness of type. There is a fine copy of the *Dictes* in the British Museum, and we understand that Mr. Elliot Stock is engaged in producing a facsimile of it by permission of the trustees of that institution.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J.W.S.—Letter and game received. The latter shall appear very shortly.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 121 received.

D.C.M., Quebec.—We have forwarded a letter to your address.

M.J.M., Quebec.—We hope to be able to insert your communication next week.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following letter from the Secretary of the Canadian Chess Association. We consider his suggestion a very excellent one. The scheme has been carried out across the Atlantic and has worked well, and contributed greatly to keep up that interest in the game which is required in order that annual tournaments and other Chess meetings, may be successful.

We feel sure that the small sum spoken of by Mr. Mackenzie could be easily raised in the cities mentioned, and independent of that, and the contributions from Chess clubs, many players who do not attach themselves to any association would be willing to contribute towards the purchase of a trophy, the funds for which being raised in the Dominion might be considered as entirely Canadian.

"QUEBEC, 5th May, 1877.

"The Chess Editor,

"Canadian Illustrated News,
"DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to ask the Chess players of Canada through your columns whether there would not be more interest taken in the yearly tourney if the Association were to offer a silver cup to be played for annually, and to become the property of anyone winning it three years in succession. A very small contribution from each player in the Dominion would be sufficient for the purpose. Ten dollars or so raised in each of the cities of Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Halifax and St. John, with something from all the other places where the royal game has a footing, would do the thing handsomely.