

## ODE TO No. SEVENTEEN.

Aline!  
I ween  
Of my heart she is the queen,  
Not a moment quite serene  
Have I passed since her I've seen,  
I ween,  
Aline.

And why?  
That eye,  
Is it not the cause? I sigh  
In vain its weird charm to fly,  
Yes, I think I may reply,  
That eye,  
Is why.

But stay  
I say?  
May it not have been the way  
That the wind, in wanton play,  
Blew that wicked bang astray,  
I say?  
Yes, stay,

Who knows?  
Suppose  
That those teeth in pearly rows  
Were the cause of all my woes!  
Or the lips that o'er them close!  
Suppose!  
Who knows?

A mind  
Refined!  
Perhaps for this I am inclined  
To follow in worship blind  
This paragon of her mind,  
Refined!  
Her mind.

'Tis clear  
She's dear,  
But I'm much inclined to fear  
To her heart I'm not as near  
As she to mine—excuse a tear?  
She's dear  
'Tis clear?

Aline!  
I ween  
That with maidens just sixteen  
I before in love have been,  
Still my heart for you is green,  
I ween  
Aline!

COUSIN JOE.

## RECENT WEDDINGS.

RAMSAY AND GARRISON.—Miss Estelle Garrison, daughter of the late William R. Garrison, to the Hon. Charles Maule Ramsay, of England, son of the late Rear-Admiral, the Earl of Dalhousie, and only brother of the present and thirteenth Earl of Dalhousie, Thursday, May 28, at "Re-Tellach," the cottage of the bride's mother, Elberon, N. J., at mid-day, by the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, of Shrewsbury, N. J. The bride was given away by her little brother, William R. Garrison. Best man; Alan Johnstone. Ushers: Thomas Maitland, P. Granfell, Gould Hoyt, William Benninger, George Pollock and Perry Belmont. The ushers were followed in the bridal procession by three little girls, "Baby" Garrison, eight years old; Ethel Hurst and Edith Dana Jones, who were dressed in white silk and lace and carried daisies, white carnations and lilies-of-the-valley, and were decorated with diamond thistles, the wedding favors given by the bridegroom. The ceremony took place in an alcove at the extremity of the wide entrance hall, before which an altar was erected, beneath a floral bell. The fire-places

and arches of the hall were profusely adorned with flowers. Bridal costume, cream-white satin and velvet in stripes two inches wide; corsage décolleté, without sleeves; skirt covered with point lace, which in front hung in a single flounce from beneath slight hip-drapery of silk, and fell in the back from a full drapery down upon the train, which was very long and wide; veil of the same lace, attached by a cluster of orange blossoms; bouquet of orange blossoms tied with wide satin ribbon. After the ceremony a wedding dinner was served. The bride's cake was cut with appropriate ceremonies, after her health had been drank in champagne from the private vineyards of the Marquis Chandon de Brialles, her brother-in-law. Two Scotch pipers, clad in the Dalhousie plaids, marched three times around the table playing Scottish airs, and subsequently played appropriate airs, to which the younger portion of those present danced contra dances. Souvenirs were received from the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lady Melgund, and the Countess de Brialles of France. The bride and groom left by special train at four o'clock on their wedding tour.

Among the guests were Horace Hellyer, of the British Legation; Mrs. Dana-Jones, Mrs. Craig, the Misses Estitt, John Jay, Mrs. William Astor, Mr. and Mrs. A. Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. Delancey Kane, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Rives, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop, Mr. and Mrs. George Cavendish Bentinck, Colonel and Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Travers, Sir Roderick Cameron, Miss Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Bonaparte, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Woolsey, Mr. and Mrs. Heckscher, Miss Heckscher, Miss May Bird, Miss Benninger, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Fritsch, General Hancock, Miss Adele Grant, Mrs. Grant, General and Mrs. McClellan, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. Remsen, J. V. Parker, the Marquis of Queensberry, Miss Don Cameron, the Misses Estill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dana-Jones, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, Mrs. Frank White, Miss West, daughter of Minister West.

## A GOOD MOTHER.

"One good mother," says George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is loadstone to all hearts and loadstone to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction; it is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example, the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy.

## A DAY IN MULL.

"The night had been rainy, but fair was the morning,  
Bright shone the sun, comely nature adorning,  
Sweet bloomed the daisy yon bonnie summer morning,  
And fragrant the green dewy plain,"

When we steamed out of the lovely bay of Oban. From the deck of the "Clansman" we looked back on the bonnie town so hallowed to us by dear and tender ties; again on the moss-grown ruin of Dunolly Castle which had long been an object of interest to us. Away by the island of Kerrara we came into full view of the mountains of Mull. Benmore towering above all others, and over the merry waves we swept in and out among "Beautiful bens with their roots in the sea," that in their loneliness suggested to our minds the dwelling-place of fairies, pixies, or any other hobgoblin that the mind of man has invented to disturb the otherwise careless, happy heart of youth. A fairy-land it seemed as we went forward under skies that for artistic beauty cannot be surpassed in any clime, a slight breeze was blowing. The ruffled waves danced merrily, flushed with the golden sunlight. Approaching Craigmear, the ferryboat ran out to meet us—a huge row-boat painted red, manned by two sturdy Highlanders, and as it shot rapidly over the waters towards us the "Clansman's" passengers leaned eagerly forward to scan this novel, and interesting sight. At one end stood a handsome youth in full Highland dress, some half dozen sheep occupying the other, while in the middle were piled boxes and hampers of game. A few moments were occupied in an exchange of cargoes. As we continued our journey we had ample time and opportunity for studying the physical features of these Western Highlands and Islands, and with the "Tales of a Grandfather," fresh on our minds, viewed with deep interest the noble ruins that here and there grace the landscape. We were again met by a ferryboat whose cargo varied a little from the former, consisting of young ladies and cattle, and after taking all on board very soon came in sight of the pier at which we intended disembarking. In the beautiful pure atmosphere of these parts we imagined the run across to be about a mile and a half, but were informed there were eight miles between us and our destination. Every moment was passed in watching the receding hills and glens on either side, and only the stopping of the steamer roused us from the delightful reveries we had been indulging in, while peopling in imagination the grey old ruins with warrior chiefs and their as-warlike retainers. We were soon in the car, which in charge of old Donald had been waiting our arrival, and were wheeled briskly along towards the village which is only a short distance from the pier. A pretty gothic inn stands at the corner, opposite that a quaint looking church, and for a short distance the sides of the road are dotted by cottages, whose roofs are thatched with heather, or with straw deepened into richer tints by the weather. In front of the windows and as high as the eaves grow fuschias, something one hardly expects to see