



Ladies' Department.

NEAR THE BANKS OF THAT LONE RIVER.

BY GEORGE J. MORRIS.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water-lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded years ago.

How we met and loved and parted,
None on earth can ever know—
Nor how pure and gentle hearted
Beamed the mourned one years ago.

Like the stream with lilies laden
Will life's future current flow,
Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished years ago.

Hearts that love like mine forget not;
They're the same in weal and woe;
And that star of memory set not
In the grave of years ago.

COUNTESS OF EXETER.

"I am no teller of stories," says Howlitt, "but there is one belonging to Burleigh House, of which I happen to know some of the particulars.

The late Earl of Exeter was divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and of somewhat more gaiety of manners than 'lords who love their ladies' like. He determined to seek out a second wife in a humble sphere of life; and that it should be one who, having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and settled incognito, under the name of Mr. Jones, at Hodact, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two young damsels in the neighborhood; but they were too knowing to be taken by him. His manners were not boorish—his mode of life was retired—it was odd how he got his livelihood—and at last he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma, he turned to Mary Hoggins, the eldest daughter of an old farmer, at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it would seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns; there was something in the manner of their quiet but eccentric guest which she liked. As he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honourable proposals to her; and at the end of six months they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from her father's house, and travelled across the country. In this manner they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping, till they came to the entrance of the Burleigh Park, which is on the outside of it. The gate flew open: the chaise entered, and drove down the long avenues of trees that lead up to the front of this old mansion. As they drew near to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, 'Well, my dear, this is Burleigh house: it is this house I promised to bring you to; and you are the Countess of Exeter!'

It is said that the shock of this discovery was too much for the young creature, and that she never recovered from it. It was a sensation worth dying for. The world was worth making, had it been only for this. I never wish to have been a lord, but when I think of this story.

MONOTONIC.—A curious fact is mentioned in a work by Dr. Hill, published in 1773, London, entitled "A Decade of Curious Plants, some of them not described before," which, if true, may possibly diminish the attachment of some persons to the

breeding one day with violence as he was writing, saw some atoms a moment afterwards upon the writing paper, and they plainly moved. He doubled up the paper and brought it to me. When we laid a parcel of these moving particles before the lucernal microscope, they appeared in continual motion, vibrating their antlers, shaking their wings, and turning up their tails to their heads in the manner of ear-wigs, but with incredible swiftness. It was palpable they had been discharged from his nose; and it is easy to see from whence they were thrown, and to understand how they might have caused intolerable pain, whilst they were thus raising and moving their irritable hairs and feathers upon a part where the very substance of the brain is almost naked. I had seen the same species inhabiting the flowers of the plant *mignonette*; and on inquiry, found that he had that plant in his chamber."

A TOUCHING INSTANCE OF MOTHERLY AFFECTION.—Mary, Countess of Orkney, was deaf and dumb, and married in 1553 by sigis. She lived with her husband, Murrough, first Marquis of Thomond, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellan, in the harbor of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. She having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and, to the horror of the nurse—who, like all persons of the lowest order in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with the idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dummies"—seized it with the intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interfere, the countess had flung the stone; not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor. Of course it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke and cried. The countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that the child possessed a sense that was wanting in herself.—*Anecdotes of the Aristocracy.*

A MOTHER'S REVENGE.—A serious affair occurred at New Orleans on the 15th inst. A daughter of a woman named Bridget Murphy, having been seduced, the mother purchased a knife, and compelled the daughter to accompany her to a billiard saloon, where the alleged seducer, John Hazelberger, was employed. On his being pointed out to her, she demanded reparation for her daughter's wrongs. This was refused, when she drew the knife from beneath her shawl, and plunged it twice into the young man's side, who fled into the saloon, followed by the avenger, who stabbed him twice in the back before he succeeded in effecting his escape in St. Charles street, where he fell to the earth from exhaustion and loss of blood, and was picked up and conveyed to the Charity Hospital. The mother was immediately arrested, and after being committed, expressed her firm determination to kill the seducer, should he survive his wounds, of which there is much doubt.



Youth's Department.

B E E S .

A SWARM OF BEE'S WORTH HIVING.

- B patient, B prayerful B humble, B mild.
- B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
- B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind
- B sure you make matter subservient to mind,
- B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
- B courteous to all men, B friendly with few,
- B careful of conduct, of money, of time,
- B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
- B peaceful, B nevolent, willing to learn;
- B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just.
- B aspiring, B humble, BE CAREFUL thou art dust;
- B penitent circumspect, sound in the faith,
- B active, devoted, B faithful till death;

whiskey-punch to some persons "unknown." He proved that he sold it to one John Holton, instead of an unknown person, and was for that reason discharged.

WE DO GOOD WHEN WE KNOW IT NOT.

A mother who was in the habit of asking her children before they retired at night, what they had done to make others happy, found her young twin daughters silent. One spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions found in the golden rule.—"Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," still those little bright faces were bowed in silence. The question was then repeated.

"I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother, only one of my school-mates was happy because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her and ran to kiss her; so she said I was good. This is all mother."

The other spoke still more timidly.
"A little girl who sat on the bench with me, at school, had lost a little brother; I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her good."

Here is a paragraph from the *N. Y. Times* which is exceedingly appropos at present:

Then as to dress—it is a great nonsense to say that all must dress fashionable or loose caste.—What is fashion? Who wears a fashionable coat, and how do you know it is the fashion? Tell us one successful lawyer, or one gentleman who wears it, and we will name ten of each, equally noted and successful who do not, and ten fops, whom you utterly despise, that do. The fashions in New York for men just now, requires a clean, decent garment, and no patches on it—no more, no less. A lady might wear her grandmother's shawl in Broadway, and not be noticed. The timid ones, and those just in from other cities and villages, alone are worried about their looks when they wear last winter's bonnets to the lectures or church. Let the young imitate the substantial and common-sensible, rather than those who are keeping up appearances at a sacrifice. It will be a saving in this item.

BETROTHAL OF THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER.—At Constantinople, on the 24th February, an interesting ceremony took place, being the confirmation of the betrothal of the Sultan's eldest daughter, the Sultana Fathma, aged fourteen years, to Ali Galib, aged twenty-one years, the son of Redschid Pasha, one of the Cabinet Ministers. A long train of men, bearing on their heads trays of fruit, flowers, brocades, jewels, etc., as wedding presents marched in procession from Redschid Pasha's house to the Sultan's palace, accompanied by a train of pretty Turkish damsels, handsomely attired. On the same day were celebrated the first betrothals of the Sultan's three remaining daughters with the sons of high dignitaries of State, all the princesses being quite children. The presents for these different marriages will, it is said, cost 40,000,000 piastres, Redschid Pasha alone, having spent 6,000,000 piastres in jewelry.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

MATRIMONY.—To advocate the ladies cause you will read the first and third and second and fourth lines together.

- 1—The man must lead a happy life,
- 2—Who's free from matrimonial chains;
- 3—Who is directed by a wife,
- 4—Is sure to suffer for his pains.

- 1—Adam could find no solid peace,
- 2—When Eve was given for a mate;
- 3—Until he saw a woman's face,
- 4—Adam was in a happy state.

- 1—In all the female face appear,
- 2—Hypocrisy, deceit and pride;
- 3—Truth daring of a heart sincere,
- 4—Ne'er known in woman to reside.

- 1—What tongue is able to unfold,
- 2—The falsehoods that in woman dwells;
- 3—The worth in woman we behold,
- 4—Is almost imperceptible.

- 1—Cursed be the foolish man, I say,
- 2—Who changes from his singleness;
- 3—Who will not yield to woman's sway.

EXTRA SUPPER SOUP.

A young acquaintance of ours, who puts up at a \$2 and 50c. boarding house, relates the following incident, which may afford a useful hint to those ladies who undertake to provide nutriment for boarders with strong stomachs and weak purses.

One day last week, says our friend, the soup produced for noon-tide meal, was uncommonly rich and unctuous, possessing a flavour which proved very conclusively that an extra quantity of meat had been used in its preparation. The boarders were all very much surprised and delighted, but the landlady seemed to be less pleased by their frequent draughts on the tureen. A short time after dinner our friend happened to pass by the kitchen and overheard the hostess rating her cook for putting too much of the shin of the beef in the soup kettle. "Half of it, (said the economical provider) would have been enough for eight boarders that pays no more than they does for their vittles."

"I didn't put half the shin in, ma'm," said the cook.

"You needn't tell me that story," cried the excited old lady: "I know you have been wasting the meat, so just take the ladle and dip up the bones, and we'll see whether you're a liar or I'm mistaken."

The cook obeyed, and after diving the ladle two or three times into the kettle she brought up something that explained the mystery.

"Lor, ma'am, I see how it is," said she, "the kitten has been jumpin' about the kettle and drop ped into it, and it's all boiled up in the broth."

"Bless me!" cried the hostess, "sure enough it is," then after a considerate pause she added: "Cook, have we any more kittens? We might drop in one you know, every time we have a soup dinner. You wouldn't believe how the boarders seemed to like it."

Our friend paused to hear no more, but started to seek another boarding house.—*Philadelphia Mercury.*

DRUNKEN WIT.

A short time since, some ladies and gentlemen were discussing the merits of Gray's famous elegy in a Grave-yard. Said one of the former to a young man who was slightly intoxicated, "Mr. Jenkins, do you admire the couplet which runs:

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?"

"Ah!" said Jenkins, "I know nothing of storied urns, but I assure you that I have been on many an animated bust."

"Ah, doctaw! does the cholera affect the higher awdaw?" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician in New Orleans. "No," replied the M. D., "but it's death on fools, and you'd better leave the city immediately."

A gentleman finding his servant intoxicated, said, "What! drunk again, Sam? I scolded you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again." "No, massa," replied Sam, "same drunk, same drunk, massa."

A raw down-easter was recently hired by a cabinet maker in the city, and, like a true Yankee, managed to pass for more than he was worth.—One day the proprietor showed him a pretty mahogany veneered bureau, and told him to "smooth it off," as the purchaser would call for it in the course of the morning. Shortly after, Johnny Raw made his appearance in the warehouse.—"Well, John, have you made that bureau shine well?" "Well, I guess it don't look bad, but 'twas a tarnal job, though: I couldn't git abit any other way, and I took the foreplane and peeled the darned bark all off on't!"

THE COUNTRYMAN IN DOUBT.—King Charles II when one day hunting, left his nobles, and went to the cottage of a poor cobbler to ask for some refreshment; the cobbler gave him bread and cheese, and while he was eating it, the cobbler began to talk about the king, and said he would give a trifle to see him; upon which his guest told him, if he would get up behind him, he would show him the king. The cobbler readily consented, and off they set. As they were going along, the cobbler asked many questions, among the rest how he should know the king? His majesty answered, the king will be covered, and the nobles will be bare. By this time they were nearly come up with the nobles, and the