Mary Caton, of Baltimore, Marchioness of Wellesley.

In the spring of 1825 Mrs. Robert Patterson and her sister Elizabeth visited Ireland. In Dublin she resumed her acquaintance with the Marquis of Wellesley. who paid her the most flattering attentions. It was soon announced that the Lord-Lieutenant was engaged to be married to Mrs. Patterson, the most beautiful of the American Graces. The wedding took place in the Castle of Dublin, the residence of the Viceroy, on the 29th of October, 1825. At three o'clock in the afternoon of that day two of the Lord-Lieutenant's carriages, with a numerous retinue of servants in their state liveries, arrived at the fashionable hotel in Sackville street, where the bride elect and her sister had been stopping during the three months previous. The two ladies, accompanied by Colonel Shaw and Mr. Johnston, entered one of the carriages, and drove to the Viceregal Residence in Phœnix Park, followed by her suite. After a sumptuous banquet, at a quarter past six o'clock the wedding took place. The Lord Primate of Ireland performed the rite according to the ceremonial of the Church of England, and immediately afterward the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin read the marriage service prescribed by the ritual of the Church of Rome, the bride being a Catholic.

The Marquis of Wellesley was at this time sixty-five years old, and his bride was thirty-one. A series of brilliant entertainments was given in honor of the new vice-queen. Gay and splendid was the Irish court when the lovely Mary Caton, Marchioness of Wellesley, presided over Dublin Castle—more splendid than the court of George the Fourth, where there was no queen. The celebrated Miss Ambrose, who occupied the throne of Beauty at the court of Lord Chesterfield in the middle of the eighteenth century, was surpassed in grace, beauty, and dignity by the peerless American who ruled the heart and court of the Marquis of Wellesley in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. A gentleman who was present on the occasion gives the following entertaining description of the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Wellesley at a public ball held at the Rotunda—one of the purest specimens of architecture in Dublin. The affair came off on May 11, 1826. At ten o'clock the Viceroy entered the magnificent saloon with his beautiful marchioness leaning on his arm. They were received with acclamations, and all eyes were fixed upon the viceroyal pair as with slow and stately steps they advanced up the saloon, followed by a brilliant suite. They were a noble-looking couple; for although the Lord-Lieutenant was small in stature, his bearing was princely and dignified. He still preserved much of the remarkable beauty which had distinguished him in his youth. A throne, surmounted by a magnificent canopy of scarlet and gold, was erected at the extreme end of the reception-room; here they seated themselves, while their suite formed a hollow square around it, to exclude the crowd of spectators from a too near approach. The Marquis of Wellesley wore on this occasion a rich uniform profusely decorated with orders. The marchioness was dressed simply in white, but looked every inch a queen. She was dignified, but at the same time easy in her manners. Her figure was exquisitely proportioned, her arms and shoulders were beautifully moulded; her features were classical, her profile delicate and distinguished, her complexion fair and lovely beyond description, her cheeks softly chiselled, and her nose, that difficult feature, was straight and Grecian in form. Certainly no other court in Europe could have produced a woman of greater elegance or more accomplished manners than the American queen of the Irish court.

While the Marchioness of Wellesley was presiding over Dublin Castle, the attention of the whole American people was turned toward her grandfather. as the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who, like the Books of the Sibyls, increased in value as they decreased in numbers. On the morning of the Fourth of July, 1826, only three remained of the original fifty-six—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Charles Carroll. At the very time when ten millions of freemen were celebrating the jubilee of their country's independence, and pronouncing with reverential lips the names of these three, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died, leaving Charles Carroll the only survivor. Upon the next anniversary of the Fourth of July a banquet was given, at Charleston, South Carolina, at which Bishop England proposed as a toast, "Charles Carroll of Carrollton—in the land from which his grandfather fled in terror, his granddaughter now reigns a queen."—EUGENE L. DIBIER, in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

George Ripley.

The life of a huge city like New York seems very much richer when it is remembered that a man like Ripley may be one of its almost unnoted citizens. To a certain circle, indeed, his mind, his learning, and his charming society were familiar. But he was so absolutely free from all self-seeking and love of notoriety and display that his name seldom appeared in the newspapers, and he was, therefore, outside of his literary and friendly circle, comparatively unknown.

This fact marks by contrast a local notoriety which has no relation to character or service. There are men who make themselves conspicuous on Broadway by some eccentricity of custume or appearance. They wear their hair very long when hair is generally trimmed close, or their hats are peculiar, or their clothes are meant to catch the eye. Some of them are walking advertisements of a kind which makes their eccentricity still more dignified; some are exhibitions of mere vanity, and all have a pitiful air of saying, "This is the only way in which I can attract attention." There is a similar class who are conspicuous solely by the frequent appearance of their names in the papers, and who are in that way familiar figures to the newspaper reader, but wholly without individual significance Mr. Ripley, however, who made an an important part of a great journal, was always personally veiled. He was not an orator, nor an attendant at public meetings, nor an officer of public institutions. He shunned personal publicity for himself, while his good word gave it to others.

As his body lay in the church on that beautiful summer morning, and Mr. Collyer spoke those fitting and affectionate words, it was a tender and impressive scene. Mr. Ripley was an old man, and had no children. His wife, was exhausted with long and sorrowful care, was prostrated with illness, and he had few near kindred; but how many of that silent throng felt as if they had lost a brother or a father! * * *

The natural reserve of a busy scholar, and a reticence which was never betrayed by *bonhomie*, with the severity of a well-trained mind, sometimes gave to his manner an air of hardness, or even of coldness, which was, however altogether illusory. His critical reviews like his opinions as the literary adviser of a publishing house, were thorough and detailed, but their spirit was singularly gentle and kind and generous. No man detected sham more surely or despised it more utterly, but he never forgot that the function of a critic is not to "serve up" the author for the amusement of the reader, and he would have regarded the reckless wits of *Blackwood* and *Fraser* as mere literary wreckers and pirates. His sympathy with young writers was exhaustless. He saw whatever good thing they had done, and extolled it. It was not his fault if it was not generally recognized.

Few of those with whom Mr. Ripley was associated in later years were familiar with his controversial prime, when he entered the lists with so redoubtable a philosophical and theological antagonist as Andrew Norton, as the thoroughly equipped champion of the new thought in the Transcendental revival of forty years ago. That debate had a deep influence upon the intellectual development of the country. It liberalized thought, and stimulated humane activity of every kind; and one of its chief forces was the courage, the ample resourses, the well ordered learning and unquailing faith of George Ripley. Coleridge and Southey had dreamed of a Pantisocracy, an ideal community upon some remote shore of the Susquehanna. The American Coleridgeans, of humane spiritualists, founded their new world at Brook Farm. It was the social enterprise in which much of that time the American moral and political Reniassance, took form. Its history will never be written more fully than it has been, nor need it be. It was one of the experiments, which will be constantly renewed until the hope of humanity is extinguished, to base society upon juster relations by a general sharing of the manual and mental labor of the world. It was a co-operative association of persons drawn together by a common conviction and purpose. They were generally highly educated and refined, and their life had a charm which is immortal in every memory of those early days They were mostly persons wholly unknown. Even Hawthorne, who was at the farm for a few months, had then little fame, and he was never one in faith with the Brook Farmers. There was a blended romance and humor in the enterprise which touched his imagination; but he had in fact, some difficult passages with the leaders. Of this Arcadia—for such it was in the early time—Mr. Ripley was the head. One of the laughing philosophers at the farm, coming upon a child playing in the sand, lying in the lap of the great mother, asked him, gayly, "Well Tom who is the common mother of us all?" "Mr. Ripley," promptly answered the child.—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Pity the Far West Farmers Wives.

Beginning life in a new country with small capital involves many years of hard work and strict economy perhaps privation and loneliness. This comes especially hard on farmers' wives, many of whom have grown up in homes of comfort and plenty in the older States. Ask men what they think of Iowa, and they will say that it is a fine State; it has many resources and advantages; there is room for development here; the avenues to position of profit and honor are not so crowded as they are in older States; a good class of emigrants are settling up the State; that, on the whole, Iowa has a bright future before it. But the women do not deal in such generalities. Their own home and individual life is all the world to them, and if that is encompassed with toil and hardshjp, if all their cherished longings and ambitions are denied and their hearts sick with hope deferred this talk about the undeveloped resources of Iowa and its future greatness has no interest or meaning for them. In their isolated homes on the bleak prairie they have few social opportunities, and their straitened means do not allow them to buy books or pictures, to take papers or magazines, or to indulge in any of the little household ornaments dear to the feminine heart. What wonder, then, if their eyes have a weary, questioning look, as if they were always searching the flat prairie horizon for some promise hope of better days, something fresh and stimulating to vary the dull monotony of toil.

"There's a better time coming," the farmers say. "When we get the farm paid for we will build a new house and send the children to school;" and so the slow years go by. If every new country is not actually fertilized with the heart's blood of women, the settling and development of it none the less require the sacrifice of their lives.

I see many women who have thus sacrificed and are sacrificing their lives. Their faces are wrinkled, their hands are hard with rough, coarse work, they have long ago ceased to have any personal ambitions; but their hopes are centered in their children. Their self abnegation is pathetic beyond words.—*Lippincott.*

Select Reading.

—A country editor being asked "Do swine pay?" says a great many do not. They take the paper several years, and then have the postmaster send it back "Refused."

—A poet sends a poem beginning: "I gaze at the moon in the sky." That's right, young man; that's where to gaze at it. Don't try to gaze at it under the bed or in the woodshed. Stick to the sky.—*Pacific.*

—New York has one Protestant minister for every 3,000 of its people.

—Strychnine, when administered in heavy doses to mammals, acts, according to M. Richet, partly like chloral and partly like curare.

—When the apostle said, "beware of dogs," did he refer to men, who. in a contest, always assist the stronger party, as a dog always comes to the help of the upper dog in a fight?

—"You've been in swimming again, you rascal. Don't lie; I see your wet hair and your shirt turned wrong side out!" "There is no danger, mother; I can always touch bottom." "So can I." Mother grasps slipper. Tableaux.

—"As to the Rome of old," says the Chicago *Tribune*, "so all roads lead to the Chicago of to-day." This calls up the fact that Rome was once saved by geese, the very animals that have now ruined Chicago.—*Rochester Herald.*

—Our path is to be upward from the start; there is no grade downwards on the road that leads to God. He calls to us from above.

—The wise men of old have sent most of their morality down the stream of time in the light skiff of apothegm or epigram.—*Whipple.*

—He that hath light thoughts of sin, never had great thoughts of God. —*Dr. Owens.*

—A man that is young in years may be old in hours.

—Whosoever is out of patience is out of possession of his soul.

—Of great riches there is no real use except it be in the distribution.

Humanity looks upward,
Its features all aglow,
While its heart is wildly beating,
And its soul in deepest throe
Waits for the new day's dawning,
When all the Lord shall know.
—*James C. Jackson.*

—They that write books on the worthlessness of glory take care to put their names on the title page.

—Lots of people are willing to rob Peter to pay Paul, only they get tired when their job is half done. They neglect to pay Paul.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Edwin Arnold, author of the "Light of Asia," is forty-eight years old. He graduated at Oxford with high classical honors, and soon after went to India as principal of Deccan College, Poona. He is not, as has been stated, a brother of M. Arnold.

—To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar.

—There is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals. What there is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one the other.

—The Lord Chancellor of England has been a Sunday school teacher for forty years, and is not ashamed of his occupation.

—Moody and Sankey's hymns have been translated into Italian, and they are already on the lips of the boys in the streets of Florence.

—Germany has one in seven of its population in school, Great Britain one in eleven, Austria one in eleven, France one in nine, Spain one in eleven, Italy one in fifteen, Russia one in sixty-seven.

—Just before visiting the menagerie, Johnnie had a passage-at-arms with the young aunt who assisted at his toilet, and with whom he flew into a rage. Arrived at the menagerie, Johnnie was immensely interested by a strange foreign animal with long lithe body. "What animal is that, mamma?" he asked. "It is called an ant-eater, my son." After a long silence—"Mamma, can't we bring Aunt Mary here some day?"

—Professor C. A. Young has had $10,000 put in his hand by a liberal gentleman to build an observatory for Mt. Holyoke Seminary, with all modern improvements.

—Professor Ko had one Chinese scholar at Harvard last year. He made good progress, and has now gone to China, to engage in business.

—When you see a man take off his hat to you it is a sign that he respects you; but when he is seen divesting himself of his coat you can make up your mind that he intends you shall respect him.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

But what is life? Drops make the sea;
And petty cares and small events,
Small causes and small consequents,
Make up the sum for you and me;
Then, oh, for strength to meet the stings
That arm the points of little things!

—"What is the origin of the sign '$' for the American dollar?" was the question propounded at a London dinner not long ago. The American consul did not know; neither did any one else. An extensive research resulted in this theory: The American dollar is taken from the Spanish dollar, and the sign is to be found, of course, in the associations of the Spanish dollar. On the reverse side of a Spanish dollar is a representation of the Pillars of Hercules, and round each pillar is a scroll, with the inscription, "*Plus ultra.*" This device in the course of time has degenerated into the sign which stands at present for American as well as Spanish dollars—"$." The scroll round the pillars represents the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle.

—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher some time since received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request, "Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied: "Don't be an editor, if you would be 'easy.' Do not try the law. Avoid school keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shopsand merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. O my honest friend, you are in a very hard world! I know of but one real 'easy' place in it. That is the grave."

TENNYSON AT HAZELMERE.—A correspondent who recently visited the poet, writes: "His hair is still black, and he looks strong and healthy, only is a little slower in his motions than formerly. The drive up of three miles from the Hazelmere station is through a beautiful country of gorse and heather and bowery lanes. The house is eight hundred feet above the sea—the highest inhabited house in the South of England—with a magnificent view from his study window.