

THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.—The death of this lady was lately announced in a London paper. She died at a good old age; and in speaking of her, her biographer states, among other things, that her feeling of the superiority of the nobility over common people was so prominent that she really did not believe that their blood was the same—that is, to use a common phrase, that they had not "blue blood" in their veins. This expression of "blue blood" we remember as being used by Major Yelverton in his defence against Miss Theresa Longworth, who claimed him as her husband, having been married to him twice, once in England and again in Ireland. He pleaded that the marriages were void; and the plea was sustained by the Law Lords of the House of Lords in England. Yelverton is connected with nobility, and of course the nobility sustained him. Pending the suit Major Yelverton married again, a woman, we suppose, who had "blue blood" in her veins, which Major Yelverton said Miss Longworth had not; and therefore, we presume, not being "blue blooded" the major might trifle with her as he pleased. We will say nothing of the woman who married him under these circumstances. Miss Longworth has commenced another suit, and Major Yelverton's defence now is: That as he is again married and has children, they ought to let him alone. Here is a woman sacrificed who has been married twice, and all because she has not "blue blood" in her veins and her husband has aristocratic connections. But to return to the Countess of Jersey, the biography says:—

"To be extremely fashionable consisted in changing her clothing four times a day; and so exclusive was she that proof of the candidate's skill for admission at Almack's was required by their dancing before her."

Can toadyism be carried further? Imagine the countess seated in state; each candidate called in separately before her, and their admission determined upon, not by their heads, but by their heels. We are sure that the people of no other nation on earth would submit to this but the English. And then to be distinguished from the *parvenus* they must mispronounce words, to show the common people that they, the nobility, dare do such things, and that they, the commoners, could not afford such luxuries. High as Lady Jersey stood in her own estimation, still there was a peak above her up to which she might look:—

"Lady Jersey was radiant when there happened to be among her guests a sprinkling of royalty, for whom she had a great *penchant*, though their suite and the company invited to meet them used to swell the original number of her establishment to sixteen hundred a week. At least, the returns in the cook's, steward's and housekeepers' room all agree in this respect."

And yet this great lady was not loved by her children.

"Besides her mother tongue she spoke only French, which she spoke fluently and habitually even to her children. This custom, though no doubt well meant, gave to their daily intercourse an air of restraint, none of them being on the same familiar footing with her as with their father, who always talked to them in English, and to whom they clung with truly filial affection."

The countess was not accomplished, if we are to believe her biographer:—

"The countess did not excel in music; nor, if the truth must be told, did she excel in any accomplishment. Hers was an active but restless mind, which did not incline towards study."

Her knowledge of history was very poor:—

"From a sense of duty the countess paid every morning a flying visit to the school-room; and from the same notion she came once a week to hold a kind of general examination. On the latter occasion such startling questions were asked as to throw the Italian governess, who,

like most inhabitants of the south, had a fiery temper, invariably into a nervous crisis. Driven to frenzy one day, when Lady Jersey insisted on knowing *how long the Romans staid in America*, and in *what part were their encampments?* the governess wrote a long letter, in which she complained of her ladyship's interference. The countess at once discontinued her examinations, saying, good-naturedly: 'I thought I was assisting you.'

Her want of knowledge of America is not astonishing, as few of the English—noble or common—know anything about this country. But probably some of them know "how long the Romans staid in America."

A mysterious picture:—

"Far away from these gorgeous pictures, hidden by projecting book shelves, hangs in a dark corner a little portrait which, although possessing the attributes of 'fat, fair, and forty,' forms a melancholy contrast to those magnificent portraits in glittering frames. It is the only likeness preserved of Lord Jersey's mother. Every other trace of her who formerly inhabited the house is carefully obliterated, nor was her name ever pronounced by any of the family except in one instance."

We know something about the original of this picture; and there was sufficient reason why the name was never mentioned by any of the family.

"Like all women in a conspicuous position, Lady Jersey was much envied by many of her own sex, who accused her of conceit and pride, though the former became with her almost a virtue. The consciousness of having the largest diamonds and being the handsomest woman in the room deterred her from being jealous of others, and kept her in that happy and even temper which was her greatest charm."

Pride in Lady Jersey became a virtue; and large diamonds and beauty deterred her from being jealous of others. She was fond of tracing her descent from the Duke of Buckingham, James the 1st's favorite, the most dissolute and debauched man that ever lived; but what matter, he was of noble birth. Here ends the Countess of Jersey, one of the great lights of English nobility.

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.—The man who shot at Alexander, of Russia, in Paris, was found guilty, with extenuating circumstances; that is, we presume, he did not succeed in killing him.

We, with great pleasure give place to the following letter:—

MARSHALL, TEXAS, June 16, 1867.

L. A. GODEY—DEAR SIR: You will, by reference to your old list of subscribers, discover an old familiar name. I was P. M. at Van Buren, Arkansas, many years; and sent you many a rousing club. We have missed your book, dear Godey, greatly. We fell in with a number a few days ago; it almost brought tears to our eyes. It seemed like a dear friend from whom we had been separated for years; but now the war is over, we have determined to renew our old acquaintance, and hope never again to be separated whilst we both live. We have turned up in Marshall, Texas, and when properly settled, hope to send you clubs as of old. Inclosed, find \$3 for which send your LADY'S BOOK to Mrs. M. J. H.—, Marshall, Texas. I remain very truly your old friend,

W. B. H.

A WAG entered a grocer's shop some years ago, which had for its sign "The Two Baboons," and addressing himself to the proprietor, said: "I wish to see your partner." "I have no partner, sir." "I beg your pardon, sir, and hope you will excuse the mistake." "Oh, there's no harm done; but what made you think there were two of us?" Your sign," he replied, "The Two Baboons."

EXPENSIVE CHINA.—Among the articles in the Paris Exhibition are a pair of superb vases of crimson Bohemian glass, at \$1400 the pair; and a glass fountain, to which that of '62 was comparatively small. Its weight is 24,000 lbs., and its price is \$16,000.