

THE STORY OF "THE LORD OF BURLEIGH"

The romance of real life is ordinary enough. It occurs every day, and then nobody thinks about it.

Henry Cecil, 10th Earl of Exeter, with landed estates to the yearly value of £100,000, and the palatial residence of Burleigh with its statues, paintings, and articles of vertu said to be worth £500,000, married a Miss Vernon, from whom owing to her violation of the marriage vows, he was divorced in 1791.

At Bolas he actually became a farm servant rather a rough diamond—one Thomas Hoggins—who, besides his farm had a mill in pretty full employ. Cecil's chief work was in this mill, and he labored like any other servant, fairly earning his wages.

Erclong, Mr. Dickenson, who had freely lent him various books, hinted his suspicion that "Gentleman Harry" belonged to a higher position than he then occupied. This was confessed with an assurance that there was no disgrace connected with his position, and a promise to reveal the particulars of his secret at no distant day.

Thomas Huggins, the miller, had one daughter, named Sarah, known far and wide as the "Beauty of Bolas." About this time she was scarcely twenty, and through the intervention of a moneyed aunt, had received what we have heard described (in her native Shropshire) as a "betterment education;" had some slight acquaintance with French, and played tolerably well upon the harpsichord.

The happy couple lived upon a small farm during the following two years, until Mr. Cecil casually learned from the Shrewsbury paper that the death of his uncle had placed a coronet upon his brow, and immense wealth at his disposal.

Still concealing the secret of his rank from his wife, Cecil told her that he had determined upon a change of residence. She prepared to accompany him, leaving her native Bolas with regret, for she had been happy there as maid, wife, and mother.

John B. Gough tells the following story, though the joke be at his own expense—Once while on a lecturing tour through England, he was introduced to a village audience in these terms:

By this time a small crowd of relatives and attendants had made a circle around them. "Sarah," said he, as he kissed her white brow, "This place is yours. I am the Earl of Exeter." Then turning to the company, he said this is the Countess of Exeter.

THE TWIN ROSES.

1500. He was elevated to a Marquisate in 1801, and died in 1804. This is the real story of "The Lord of Burleigh" as narrated by Mr. Dickenson, as lately as 1851, when he died.

Far down a lonely secluded valley, seldom trod by the foot of man, by the murmuring brook, whose pure waters wander through bright green fields and sandy lanes, grew side by side two rose bushes. Long had they grown together, nourished by the passing stream, and holding themselves from the rude gaze of the world happy and content in the solitude in which Nature had planted them.

And some were young—and suddenly beheld life noon decline— And one had come from Bingen—far Bingen on the Rhine.

There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by, You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;

A GOOD JOKE FOR WARM WEATHER.—Several years ago, a tax-collector in one of the wards of the city of Philadelphia, spent nearly the whole of an awful hot, sultry, dusty; sticky day, trudging up one street and down another, trying to discover the whereabouts of a certain individual who was down on his books, by the name of William Penn.

All his efforts were fruitless; but when almost exhausted, and completely wet through with perspiration, he happened to stumble over a shop, kept by a particular friend of his by the name of Hodge—Kneeling in there, he drew himself down in an old chair, and, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, gaspingly inquired of Hodge, if he could inform him where he could find a man by the name of William Penn?

"Certainly, certainly!" said Hodge, "you'll find him in Pine street, between Eight and Ninth, on the north-side of the way."

"Gracious!" said Roberts, "I wish I had known that much earlier this morning." And with that, he started off, puffing and blowing, on his way to the spot whither he was directed.

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THE DAILY STANDARD

LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

RALEIGH, N. C. THURS. DAY, MAY 4, 1865.

VOL. I. NO. 16.

A Balled Worth Keeping. The Poem below is from the pen of that beautiful child of genius, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton, the grand daughter of Sheridan. It is exceedingly touching, and repeated by musical lips, charmingly effective:

Bingen. A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algeria; There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears; But a comrade stood beside him, while his life blood ebbed away.

Tell my mother that her other sons, shall comfort her old age, And I was still a truant bird, who thought his home a cage.

There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by, You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;

His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was childish weak, His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak;

NEW JERSEY.—It was stated in the House of Assembly of New Jersey, that the amount of assessments on the real and personal property in that State as returned, was only about \$350,000,000.

THE SPIDER.—The male spider often makes a meal of his progeny, whilst the female loves them so tenderly that if she cannot save them in circumstances of peril, she prefers to perish with them.

CONVERSATION.—The art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathize—you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and listening. The union is rare, but irrealizable.

HOW THEY DO IT

The difference between a man and a woman in disposition, finds no plainer illustration than that afforded at the moment when either of them retires to bed.

The young girl trips gaily up to her chamber, and with the cautious timidity peculiar to her sex, first looks the door and arranges the window curtains, so that by no possible chance a passer-by or belated nocturnal wanderer from the pavement can catch a glimpse of her budding beauty when she turns on the gas to its full and institutes a general search throughout the apartment, that she may be sure that it does not contain a "horrible burglar" or a "desperate ruffian" in big whiskers and crisp black hair.

There is a smile that peeps out from behind the blushes of the sweet face now, as standing before the glass she places upon her head the night cap, and with a quick twist of her fingers ties the bewitching bow.

Now, in the room directly above her is the great brute of a brother. He comes into it, shuts the door with a slam, turns the key with a snap, growls at a chair which happens to be in the way, pulls off his boots and throws them in the corner, jerks his socks from his feet, drops his pantaloons on the floor and lets them lie there; gets off his coat and vest by a quick, vindictive sort of twist of his arms and body; unpins and unbuckles his collar, throws it carelessly with the tie at, rather than on the table; travels to the window in his shirt extremity—to let down the curtain, as if he didn't care a cuss whether the entire population of the street beheld his anatomy or not; then puts out the light and bounces into a pile of hay—curls himself up, his knees nearly touching his nose, lies so a moment or two, turns on his back, stretches his limbs out, swears at the ticking in of the bed clothes, grunts, gets over on the other side, and is—sleep. Then comes in the snoring and snorting.

Isn't there a difference in style? MARKS OF SUSPICION.—Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, and unruined evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purpose of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself.

CANDOR AND COURTESY.—When Mrs. Porter was about to marry Dr. Johnson, she told him, with the greatest frankness, that she had once an uncle who was hanged. The doctor, with equal candor and courtesy, replied that it was perfectly immaterial to him; for though he had had no uncle hanged, many of his relatives deserved hanging.

There is this peculiarity in the bad humor of women, that it must inevitably take its own course. The best arguments, the most evident reasons, the most convincing proofs, have no more effect upon them than have pebbles upon the course of a brook: the brook murmurs a little louder, and continues on its way.

A handsome monument has been completed in Philadelphia to be placed over the remains of Gen. Reynolds, resting in a cemetery at Lancaster. It is sixteen feet high, white marble, and contains on a rusticated die the names of the battles the General took a part in.

CALENDAR FOR 1865.

Table with columns for months and days, showing the calendar for 1865.

SCALE OF PRICES.

Proceedings of a Council of Administration convened pursuant to the following order: His Excellency Post of Raleigh, N. C., April 24th, 1865.

- List of prices for various goods including Apples, Butter, Bread, etc.

THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE POST COMMISSIONER will be in the Comptroller's office, in the post building, 15-17.

MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY.

- List of military appointments and names of officers.

Officers of 9th Maine Volunteers, Officers of 13th Indiana Volunteers, Officers of 16th Regiment N. York Volunteers.

BLACK LEATHER TRAVELLING BAG, SUPPOSED to have been taken by mistake by some person who arrived on the train at 4:15 o'clock, on the evening of the 28th. It was missed very soon after the arrival of said train.

WANTED, A LIBERAL REWARD WILL BE PAID FOR THE DELIVERY at this office of a Package of Officers' Clothing, taken from a car, at this place, on the night of the 28th inst.

FOR SALE, COMPLETE FILE OF THE N. C. STANDARD, (A Semi-Weekly) from the 1st of January, 1863, to the 1st of January, 1865. Also a copy of the DAILY RICHMOND EXAMINER, for 1864, 1865 and part of 1866. Price \$100. These papers are sent bound, but are arranged in the file according to date.

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BOARDING HOUSE, RALEIGH, N. C. DR. E. P. ARRINGTON, SURGEON DENTIST. JOB WORK, NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE "STANDARD" OFFICE.