

Buzzings of the Society Bee.

"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour?" We mean the little Society Bee whose hum, humming, buzz, buzz, buzzing, began so long ago that the memory of the oldest inhabitant runneth not back to the contrary. It is a gossipy little creature and, when of the genuine stock, *san pur*, has no sting. We first hear of it in the Garden of Eden. Here it was interested in the doings of the "best society," and—took notes. These it afterwards published in a very interesting book called Genesis. It gave a full description of the garden and of the inhabitants. It told of the serpent which talked, and gave a full account of the first toilette the first woman ever wore, and also a description of the first dress suit ever donned by man.

Since then, it has followed its early course with great consistency. It has kept the doings and the dresses of royalty always before the world, and in all of our large Northern cities it has become such a part and parcel of every day existence, that it is expected to fully record all things in any way connected with Society. Society smiles upon these records, and welcomes the buzzing of the harmless little Society Bee in all places.

We of the South have heretofore shut our ears to the buzzing of this lively insect. We have not courted it, and have closed our windows when we heard it fluttering against our plate glass. Southern Society would none of it, and made a struggle to keep its dresses and diversions out of the local papers. It partially succeeded, but what was the use? It is now scarcely possible to pick up a Northern fashion journal that Southern Society does not find itself there set forth with a greater or less degree of truth. The "little busy bee" has found us out, and taken notes, and "faith he'll prent 'em."

Why, only last week did not a New York Bazaar tell its readers all about the Weighman-Marcy wedding, and the Carroll-Waters alliance, and all about the Louisiana Club ball, and just what Mrs. Stauffer wore, and Miss Robbison, and Miss DeNegre, and dozens of others? And didn't it speak of every little reception and croquet party, and the Thursday sociables, and how they met at the houses of Miss Bright, Miss Dugan, Miss Pritchard, and Miss Clapp?

When we read all this, we said, "why must our good people be carried off to New York to be described at weddings, and at balls, and croquet parties, and sociables? Then the "old lady" of the Picayune shoved her spectacles up on her cap border—tapped her snuff-box—took a pinch, opened her window, and let in the little Society Bee—which has no sting.

"It is Lent now," it hummed. "I meet no more cards of invitation, or three-cornered notes flying about like white butterflies, gay little notes in the sun-beams of fashion, and there isn't much to buzz about. But in your account of the Rex ball you made some people very angry because you told how pretty they looked. And in your record of Rex's farewell serenade you combed the blonde hair of lovely Adele Townsend the wrong way, and I heard that young lady say that the Picayune didn't know a French twist from a broom-stick. Better let society alone, old lady," patronizingly it buzzed.

"That is all very well," we replied, dropping the specs to their usual bridge, "but what else have you to tell that is interesting?"

"Very little. Of course you know it is buzzed about that Mrs. Stauffer is getting up a grand charitable entertainment for the benefit of St. Vincent's Asylum, in which a number of the very first young ladies and gentlemen of the city are to take part. Several members of the Orleans Club have consented to aid in the affair."

(Buzz, buzz.) In my strolls on the flowery banks of Bayou St. John, I have discovered that sketching parties can be seen there almost any pleasant day. I saw Durant de Ponte there, a few days since, sitting alone on a cypress stump near the edge of the stream taking a sketch—and a cold, no doubt."

(Buzz-buzz.) The young people of Dr. Kramer's church are quite happy in the knowledge that this popular divine does not object to their dancing during Lent. Not being forbidden to indulge in this amusement they have little if any desire to do so.

(Buzz-buzz.) Some of our society belles have invented something new in the way of Lenten amusements, and this something new is known by the name of a Mesmeric party. A few nights since the new game was played in an up-town residence. One of the party was blindfolded; two of the company placed their hands on the shoulders of the blind man and let them remain there until the poor fellow was completely under their control; then, having agreed beforehand upon what he should be made to do, the two "controls," by the force of their united will, compelled their helpless victim to carry out their wishes. The fun was glorious. One young lady under mesmeric influence walked across the parlor and kissed another young lady to whom she had never been introduced. That was perfectly awful, wasn't it? but it proves what experts the "controls" must be. A certain judge of this city, whose gravity of deportment is well known, was made to bend first one courtly knee, then the other, and finally sprawled himself full length on the floor.

(Buzz, buzz.) Among the late arrivals is Remsen Robinson, son of Charles Robinson, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Mr. Sherman, son of the well known John Sherman, of Chicago. They belong to the ranks of the healthy, wealthy and wise, as well as handsome. They make but a brief stay, so tell the girls to set their caps quickly.

(Buzz, buzz.) Mrs. Judge Billings, whose warm heart and charming and graceful manners have made her so great a favorite in New Orleans society, it is said intends soon to inaugurate a series of receptions at her house. How delightful these will be, all who have the pleasure of this lady's acquaintance will readily understand.

(Buzz, buzz.) Last Thursday night was

a gay one at the skating rink, and when the tournament was over no one was surprised to see the victorious knight, Mr. Ben Jonas, lay his plumed cap at the feet of graceful Minnie Schuppert. The Misses Schuppert are adepts in the poetry of motion, and as graceful on skates as I am on the wing. By the way, old lady, why don't you tell the young ladies who are ashamed to make their first awkward attempt in a public hall, that Mr. John Whitaker has a private skating rink up town, and offers his services as teacher, free of charge? The sounds of this young lawyer's skates—rushing over the oil-cloth in his father's hall—are heard far in the dead hours of the night, and I can scarcely sleep in my hive for the racket. I sometimes wonder if he is not trying to skate up and down the stairway banisters.

(Buzz, buzz, hum, hum.) I have met on my travels from Cupid's Court, rumors flying about regarding two engagements in high life—one having been entered into between Mr. Robert Day and the fastidious and fascinating Miss Sallie Clapp, and another between Mr. Gilbert Green and Miss Annie Hunton. Wonder what the young planters of Panola county, Miss., will think when they hear that this lovely rose-bud of the McGee family is to be gathered by a stranger's hand. The names of Dandridge and McGee are favorite names of yours, old lady. You knew the gallant Colonel, and mourned the untimely death of the pure and heroic young soldier, McDan-dridge, the idol of his mother and the pet of Panola county.

The spectacles of the old lady grew dim, and tears for memories dear gathered in the corners of her sunken eyes, when—"Hum, hum, buzz, buzz—buzz-z-z-z-z. Mrs. A. says that Mrs. B. told her that she heard Mrs. C. say that somebody had told Mrs. D. that—"

The old lady arose in wrath and catching the little Society Bee that was trying to develop a sting, she squeezed him in her hand until he buzzed with penitence and pain, then opening her window, she exclaimed:

Go, gather me news as swift as the wind,
News that is pleasant, and pure, and kind—
How the ladies were dressed, where they danced
or they dined—
What the little god's doing whom we call blind,
But never a scandal seek to find
That will leave the tiniest sting behind
In a woman's heart. Now do you mind!