

AMERICAN CODE OF MANNERS.

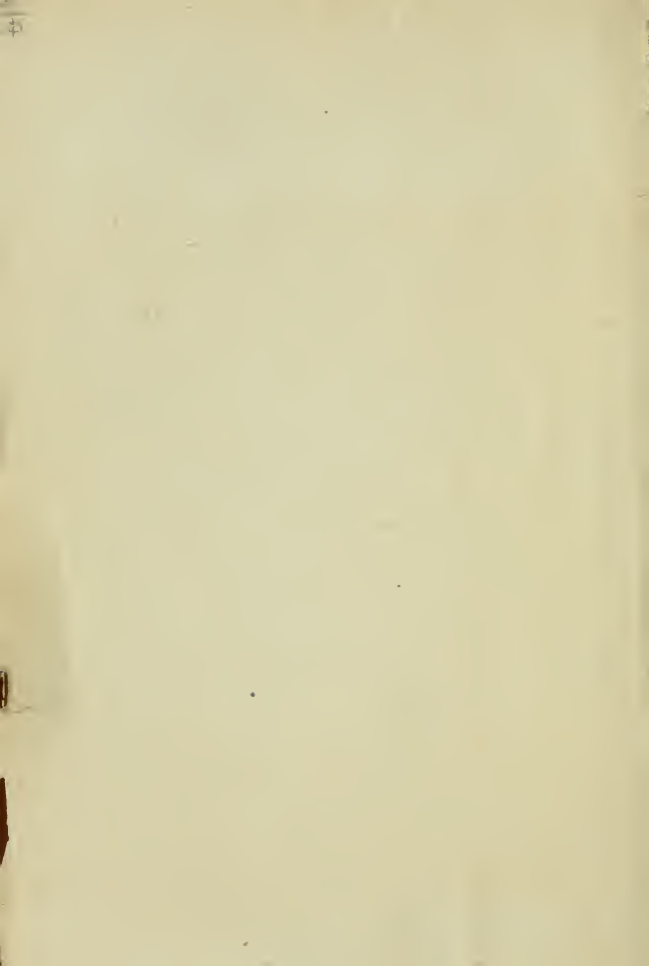
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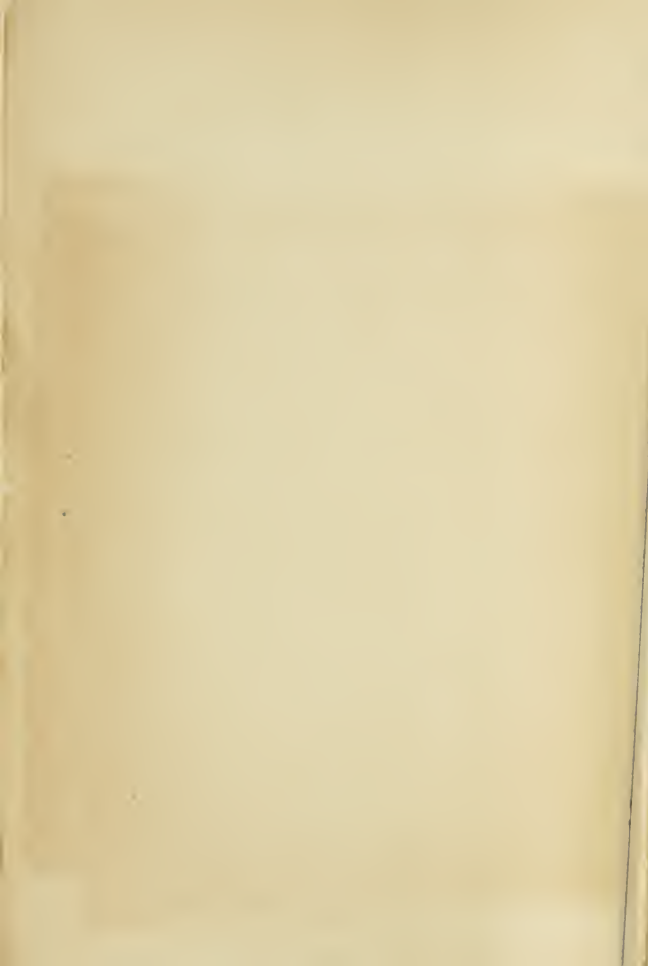


IRENE AND ERNEST PACE





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“Merit, even of the highest, without a corresponding good manner,
is like a flower without perfume or a tree without leaves.”

THE AMERICAN

Code of Manners :

A STUDY OF THE

USAGES, LAWS AND OBSERVANCES

WHICH GOVERN INTERCOURSE IN THE
BEST SOCIAL CIRCLES,

AND OF THE

PRINCIPLES WHICH UNDERLIE THEM.

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P R E F A C E.

THE editor of THE AMERICAN QUEEN, like many another editor of a fashionable journal, has been for some time the recipient of innumerable letters, all of which have for their burden the request that he will enlighten the writers as to some vexed question of etiquette. These letters come from young ladies in the West and East ; from young housekeepers who are beginning, far from the great cities, the first arduous attempts at dinner-giving ; from young men who are rising in the world, and who are beginning to aspire toward that knowledge of society from which they have been debarred by a youth of industry ; from elderly people, to whom fortune has come late, but whose children begin to wish to know how to take their places in the gay world ; from all parts of the country, in fact, come these letters, too many of them to be answered individually. Therefore, in order not to ignore them, but to answer them collectively, he has caused to be written a series of

articles, called "THE AMERICAN CODE OF MANNERS," which he now collects into a book, hoping that, by this means, his many correspondents may be answered, or, at least, assured that he is not indifferent to their requests. The most that can be claimed for this book is, that it is not the result of either ignorance or inexperience. It has not been written hastily or without some thought. Many, indeed all, well-known books of etiquette have been carefully read and consulted by the writer, much good advice has been asked and taken, and yet, no doubt, it is still very far from being what the writer would fain have made it—an unerring guide to good manners.

Books of etiquette may be divided into three classes—those which are written by people who know nothing of society, or who, at best, have only been permitted a glimpse of its coarser manifestations at a watering-place; or by those who seek to avenge their anger at not having been admitted to the arena, by abusing it; or those which are written by people who know so much of society, that they forget the steps by which they have risen, and who fail, as some grammarians do, to

give the learner the *first principle*, without which all subsequent teaching is in vain.

Many books of etiquette are as useless as Ollendorff's French Grammar, which gives the scholar phrases which he can never use, as "Have you the cotton nightcap of the shoemaker," instead of telling him how to ask for his dinner, or teaching him how to form a sentence. The experts of society are, on the contrary, as certainly skilled in the laws which govern that great world as are the officers of the army in the regulation code. Officers of the army know not alone the art of war, but they know the *etiquette of the camp*—the proper dress, the salute due to each officer. It is a study. No man can enter the army from the ranks of civil life, without committing some flagrant solecism which, to a regularly-educated officer, would be impossible.

So with the uninformed writers upon fashion—their errors are endless and ridiculous. Nor would we claim that a book of etiquette can be written which *shall be perfect*, even by an expert; for etiquette is cumulative, changeful and uncertain. "The fashion of this world passeth away." We can, at best, but remotely fix the

manners of the time we live in ; people differ about trifles. The manners of the West are not the manners of the East. There will never be a faultless code of manners *written*, although it may be spoken, understood and felt. We have a thousand refinements and fashions now which were to our ancestors unknown. We have lost, too, much which they had gained. Our hours, dress, houses, are vastly different from theirs. Their bows and courtesies were better than ours, and our children's children, again, will have another set of manners and customs differing from ours. But for the moment, we have done the best we can to help those who wish to inquire into the etiquette of our best society. We have hinted at some national mistakes in the last few chapters, for no one can learn anything until he has been told wherein he is wrong ; and, in some respects, the young American is very wrong.

The mischievous tendencies of our society are many, and always tend to lower the tone of good manners. The vulgar worship of wealth, the imitating of foreign vices and follies, contempt of the domestic virtues, impoliteness of young men, and the fast and immodest manners of young

women, should all be taken into consideration in the efforts which some well-intentioned people are making to introduce a perfect American Code of Manners. Until these faults are wholly mended, we need never hope to have an elegant society. The aristocratic code in Europe retains always a certain semblance of decency, no matter how dissolute and vicious society may be. With us, the manners of our people must proceed from their morals; and, as we have no queen, no court, no nobility, to set our fashions, we must set them ourselves.

Hoping that this little book will answer some doubts and solve some problems; that it will encourage the modest and rebuke the rude; that it will, at least, write its initial motto on some refined and questioning natures, we offer it as a tribute to that *ideal* society which *shall* be when the American Code of Manners is the expression of an American code of morals, as high, as true, as unselfish and as courteous as that last speech of Sir Philip Sydney, on the battle-field, to the dying soldier, when he gave him his cup of cold water: "Take it, my friend; thy necessities are greater than mine."

It may almost be said that politeness is a forgetfulness of self, a recognition of the rights of others; and yet so indefinable is manner, so indescribable is that grace, that aroma of good society, which comes from a long and intimate knowledge of the customs and the conversation of educated, refined and polished people, that any attempt to define the exact shade of demeanor which should be assumed, in order to fit a person to enter into it, would be like attempting to draw the shape of the wings of the wind, or to define the warmth and the size of the sunbeams.

Good manners and a knowledge of correct etiquette must, therefore, depend largely upon the learner. The teacher can do but little. A few certain rules there are, and they are plainly stated in this book. A few general principles—certain gulfs to be avoided, certain hills to climb, the general geography of etiquette—have been pointed out; but the quiet by-ways and lovely flowered lanes which lead into the heart of *the best society*—these must be explored, always, by the light of such lanterns as tact, sense, perseverance, and an interest in the subject.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE AMERICAN CODE OF MANNERS.



INTRODUCTORY.

AS everything in a republic is chaotic and uncertain at first—as it is, from its very inception, a “new departure;” as we are just now beginning to test the virtues and the evils of universal suffrage, so it is not astonishing that our observance of etiquette has been chaotic, uncertain and occasionally absurd. It would naturally be the last thing to right itself in a nation so vast as ours, with a population made up of every other nationality, and with that “glittering generality” incorporated into our Declaration of Independence “that all men are created equal.”

For no greater mistake was ever penned than that last statement. A man may be born to great freedom as to his political opinions, but he is not free; he may be equally trammled by riches as

by poverty. He is not the equal of some other man who has more brains, more health, more vigor than he has. The world is always full of inequalities. We may call it luck, or tact, or knack, or fate, or what we will—some people are always superior to some other people, and always will be. As we look at the world through eighteen Christian centuries, we see that in every capital, every country town, there has been a high, well-to-do, distinctive class, setting the fashions, holding the power, being looked up to; and we see, also, another class—those who are looking up. Of course, the distinctions of rank, title and grade are abolished in this country. And here we have our own great distinction, which is that every American man and every American woman can, if they are educated, refined, and know how to behave themselves, enter on an equality the society of princes. Still the fact remains that, until they do achieve a certain knowledge of the rules of etiquette, they are not presentable in the drawing-room of a well-bred lady in any part of the world.

Society is like a convention, a town meeting, a trades union, a caucus. Did it not have

certain rules it would relapse into chaos, and those rules are, by common consent, called by one generic term—Etiquette.

To obtain a knowledge of etiquette has been the study of clever men at various courts of Europe, sometimes for a lifetime. It grew to be so absurd and overloaded at certain courts in the last century that nature was stifled behind it, and occasionally a lively little queen or an impulsive king overthrew it with something not very unlike a kick. Indeed, Shakespeare makes King Henry, as he woos the fair Katherine of France, say with delightful elegance, “Nice customs *courtesy* to great kings;” but still, so important was this state and etiquette in the minds of the common people, that, no doubt, Marie Antoinette drew down the wrath of the French people by her impatience at its stringency, and her childish love of fun, her “descampativos” in the gardens of Versailles, were misinterpreted by the lookers-on, and those who were accustomed to “that Divinity which doth hedge a king” were thus disillusioned and injured by her lawlessness.

The human mind is very fond of authority; it likes precedent. More than half the world wishe-

to be told *what* to do, and the attitude of *looking up* is said by sculptors to be the most graceful one which the human form can adopt. Now it is a mistake to suppose that a man loses his independence when his manners take on courtesy. Far from it. The rulers of the world have, in nearly all instances, been men who were polite, deferential, modest. Courtesy of manner is often but another form of self-respect. The polite man is very apt to be the firmest, the most inaccessible of men. He does not tell his secrets, or wear his heart upon his sleeve. His elegance of demeanor is like the ice of Mont Blanc ; it keeps climbers at a distance, unless they have a strong purpose to gain. Rough men, uncivil men, have sometimes an idea that they would lose their force and independence if they became polished. Far from it. They would thus put on an armor of proof.

Certain enfranchised women think that they gain fame and power by abolishing good manners ; but this is a mistake so profound, so deep and so lasting that it will right itself without further comment. The power of a woman is in her refinement, gentleness and elegance ; it is she

who makes etiquette, and it is she who preserves the order and the decency of society. Without women, men soon resume the savage state, and the comfort and the grace of the home are exchanged for the misery of the mining camp.

In America we have the foundation of good manners, in the great chivalry of the men. No men have so profound a respect for women; and this is the beginning of the best etiquette. Politeness, which Sidney Smith said was one of the Christian graces, should flow from the heart, and a tenderness and protection, extending from the weaker to the stronger, is the corner-stone of good manners. From the captain of a western steamboat to the roughest miner in California, from north, south, east and west, we hear but one voice. Women are to be protected, respected, supported and petted. There is no such paradise for women as the United States of North America.

In Paris, the headquarters of elegance, the rottenness of an old civilization has undermined this loyalty to the ideal woman. In London there is a brutality and coarseness, perhaps partly underlying the English character, perhaps proceeding from overcrowded streets and tenements,

which descend with heavy hand upon the poorer women, and which reach by atmospheric pressure the women of every grade.

Now, having thus the splendid reality of all grace, all courtesy, all chivalry in the character of our men, we have to look at the character of our women, who are the recipients of this loyal and royal bounty.

A lady who had held a high position as wife of a foreign Minister at various courts of Europe once said that she never ceased to wonder at the talents of her own young countrywomen. "They have intuitions of elegance," was her comment. She thought that their native refinement, quick intelligence, an apprehension of the necessities of a new position, were almost miraculous. "A young German countess," said she, "with sixteen quarterings, will come from her secluded château to the court at Berlin, awkward, embarrassed and *gauche*. It takes a season to make her at her ease. A young American lady will come from a New England town, or a Western city, and she will be at her ease, and perfect mistress of etiquette in a month."

Now this is another advantage which grows out

of an American code. With its many disadvantages it has this great advantage, the young American lady feels herself to be the equal of any crowned head in Europe. So long as this does not become bumptiousness it is an advantage. When it does become an excuse for rudeness, or bad manners, it is a very great disadvantage.

There is no doubt that the American girl is somewhat of a spoiled child. She forgets to be polite, to be deferential, to thank a gentleman for giving her his seat in an omnibus or car. She has received so much politeness that she now takes it as her right.

This is a great mistake. No woman can afford, be she ever so beautiful, or so flattered, or so well placed, to disregard the solvency of her position. She must pay her debts, bow politely, thank heartily, receive graciously all the well-meant and the chivalrous attentions of men.

It is to be feared that American women, as a class, have disregarded etiquette in Europe too much ; but this must be the subject of a separate paper, as it is a most important one.

Etiquette, then, is simply a knowledge of how

to behave at dinner, ball, private party, President's reception, on the drive, at the races, in the private circle, or at a public reception or wedding, so that we shall be most agreeable, most ornamental, most decent. That good old English word is disregarded too much. It is a beautiful word, rightly considered. As an instance of its early meaning, one of the old English poets speaks of "that cleanly and decent flower, the violet." It is both cleanly and decent to observe in our friend's house the respect we owe to him and to ourselves.

It is not respectable to go to a President's reception in a fustian jacket or a soiled collar; a man owes it to himself, as an American prince, to dress himself well when he calls on his Chief Magistrate. A gentleman of to-day is known by his cleanliness, his immaculate linen; he must bear the evidences of his bath about with him. He may wear the shabbiest clothes in the morning, and the thickest shoes; but for dinner and evening he must be in a neat black dress suit, with either black or white tie—the latter the most distinguished—and, certainly, that simple formula costs him very little time or

trouble. It is curious that men are willing to commit the solecism of a white tie with a frock coat, or to wear a dress coat in the morning, a heavy morning coat in the evening when calling upon a lady ; any of these violations of etiquette are so unnecessary, and the observance of the proper course so simple, that one would suppose that the right way would be the easiest, but this is again a matter of detail, and must be written up hereafter.

Etiquette in America is resolving itself into a system, and the best sign of the times is the growing interest in the subject. Every American citizen is interested in the best way of doing everything, and a man of true character and self-respect is always willing to learn. The people who make the most mistakes are the conceited and the half-learned. "A little learning is a dangerous thing" in any branch ; in none more so than in society. Some people go about a great deal without apprehending the proprieties ; they dress badly and out of season ; they are too showy at one place, too plain at another, as the Empress Eugénie was said to show to her fellow-monarchs, who observed her curiously, that "she

was not born to the purple" by her too great cordiality to some and her too great coolness to others. She effused in the wrong place; so do those who know a little of social matters, but not much, always commit the most important and glaring errors. The Indian girl, who came from her tent in the wilderness to the Queen's drawing-room, committed no errors, for she pretended to know nothing. She received with simple and impressive dignity the attentions bestowed upon her, and gave back a queenly smile to the low bows of the courtiers.

But a woman who effuses too much, who is swimming in affectation, who dresses too conspicuously, who is too cordial, or too haughty—it is she who commits unconscious solecisms. To her a severe code of etiquette would be an invaluable guide. She should be told that, if she paints her cheeks, dyes her hair, laces-in her waist to breathlessness, wears too high-heeled shoes or too loud dresses, she will never be mistaken for a lady, either at home or abroad. She may be mistaken for quite another person than the lady that she is.

Innocent women, from very ignorance, are .

often placed in a false position. Sincerity in dress is as valuable sometimes as sincerity of character.

No lady need be ashamed to dress plainly, or cheaply. She can, with the help of the modern guides to dress, "appear like a lady" on very little money. She can lay down three rules for herself: Never to *pretend* to anything, never to wear false jewelry, and, *affirmatively*, always to be neat.

A young girl with a white muslin and a fresh flower is dressed for a queen's ball. A lady of maturer years in a well-fitting dark silk, real jewelry or none, real lace or none, and her own hair—all the better if it is white—is also dressed for a ball.

Not that gorgeous dress is to be disdained—"As costly your habit as your purse can buy," always. But let it be well made, by an artist, suiting your own age and style.

True womanhood includes all the delicate refinements that overflow in the perfect glove, the well-fitting shoe, the pretty stocking, the neat frills, the becoming bonnet. The American woman, to do her only justice, is a neat creature

by instinct, and if she occasionally gives too much thought to dress, she is still to be admired and commended for her daintiness.

Etiquette settles many a disputed point, and brings comfort to many a mind, in the new positions in which we find ourselves placed toward foreigners. Many Americans are suddenly afflicted with a crude prosperity which they do not know how to use gracefully. To them etiquette should be defined as a code of laws. It is a convenience.

Edward Everett commanded so much respect by the elegance of his manners when Minister to England, that some Boston man, who had known him as a youth, asked him how he had mastered the science of European etiquette; his answer was a significant one :

“ I have never considered any subject unworthy of intense observation. I pride myself on the manner in which I can tie up a brown paper parcel.”

So, in the most cultivated court of Europe, the American Minister was the best-bred man. On the other hand, our great man, Andrew Jackson, thought that he showed his Americanism

by receiving the French Minister, who came in full uniform to present his credentials, in a ragged dressing-gown and smoking a corn-cob pipe. He called up his French cook, Denis, to translate for him. The result of this proceeding was to send the French Minister home to write to his Government that he had been insulted. It required all the tact of Mr. Van Buren to explain away the conduct of the eccentric President.

Our republicanism now has become far more genuine, inasmuch as it realizes that a proper degree of etiquette can be made to assist us in framing an American code of manners at once elegant, simple, proper and decent, which will extend all over the country, which shall penetrate to the extremest limits of civilization, and which shall settle points of controversy in the great cities.

It is not a slavish adherence to Old World ceremonial. It is rather like our Laurel and our Rhododendron, a new and flourishing growth, having its roots in our own soil, and destined, let us hope, to ornament and improve that society which has so splendid a future before it.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DESIRES TO ENTER SOCIETY.

I N our introduction we considered the vastness of our subject, a subject which must apply to people of very varied fortune and position, and which requires that rules be laid down which, while they may seem preposterously elaborate and unnecessary to the denizens of cities, are still like the grammar of an unknown language to the untaught youth or maiden, whose life has been spent in seclusion or in rustic neighborhoods. The old story of King George IV. (quite the best one ever told of him), that—sympathizing with the embarrassment of a young maid-of-honor, newly arrived from the country, who poured her tea into her saucer and who was laughed at by the surrounding courtiers—he, to encourage her and to rebuke them, poured *his* tea into his saucer, thus making it the fashion, bears upon our idea. No one wants to pour his tea into his saucer if it is not the custom of polite society, for here we have no King George

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to keep us in countenance. We must be right ourselves.

Now, a young man coming to New York fresh from life on the Plains, or in a Western or Eastern college, or from service in the army, or from any life which has separated him from the society of ladies, would be, perhaps, ignorant of many important little points of etiquette which it behooves him to know

He should, if he wishes to enter society, try to get a letter from some one who knows him well in his own sphere to some prominent social leader in New York. If this is done, and the lady invites him to her house and makes it agreeable to him, he has nothing further to do but to render himself agreeable to her and to her circle ; his social fortune is made.

But this good fortune cannot be commanded always, or often. Young men often pass through a lonely youth in a great city, never finding that desired opportunity. But to many it comes through friendship on the cricket ground, at the clubs, in their business. If a friend says that "Brockett is a good fellow," Brockett will probably be sought out and invited.

It is hardly creditable for a young man to live in a great city without knowing the best ladies' society. He should seek to do so, and, perhaps, the simplest way would be for him to ask some friend to take him about, and to introduce him. Once introduced, Brockett should be particular to not transcend the delicate outlines of social sufferance; he must not immediately rush into an intimacy.

A call should never be too long. One hour was all that Madame Récamier granted to the most agreeable of men. She said that she could stand nobody longer than that. The rule is a good one for an evening visit, for it is much better to have your hostess wishing that you would stay longer, than to stay so long that she wishes you would go.

For a first visit, a gentleman should always send in his card. After that he may dispense with that ceremony.

A gentleman for an evening visit should always be in an evening dress—black broadcloth dress-coat, vest, and pantaloons, faultless linen, and white cravat; a black cravat is permissible, but it is not full dress. He should carry a crush hat in his hand, as it gives him something to hold, to

play with, often a great help to a shy man. His feet should be in low shoes and silk stockings, if he wishes to be very nice, but this is not indispensable, except for dancing. It is, however, very becoming. For a dinner party a white cravat is *de rigueur*; a man *must* wear it then, and at a ball or opera. No jewelry of any kind is now fashionable but finger-rings for gentlemen. They even discard their watch-chains in evening dress. But the Prince of Wales has made finger-rings very fashionable for men. The rings should be of dead-gold, with one or two jewels sunken in, and occasionally a serpent ring with a diamond in the head. The hand should be especially cared for; the nails beautifully cut and trimmed, like Lord Byron's, if possible; as Lady Blessington described them, "a rose-leaf with a half-moon in it."

If the hand is thus evidently cared for, no matter how big, how muscular, how masculine it is, the more so the better, for women like to see men look strong and heroic, as if they could drive, row, play ball, cricket, and "handle the gloves."

It is a curious and eccentric fashion, but now

men wear no gloves in society. This is also a fashion introduced by the Prince of Wales. It must be a great saving in point of money.

A gentleman's dress should be so perfectly quiet that it will never excite attention. Thackeray was very amusing about a too new hat, and declared that he took a watering-pot to his to remove an objectionable gloss. The suspicion of being "dressed up" defeats an otherwise excellent toilette.

We will suppose that Brockett becomes sufficiently acquainted to be asked to join a theatre party; he must be punctual at the rendezvous and take whatever partner his hostess apportions to him, but he must not offer to send a carriage; that must come from the giver of the party. In this, Eastern and Western etiquette are at variance, as we are told that in certain Western cities a young gentleman is expected to call in a carriage for a young lady and to take her to a party. This is a doubtful etiquette anywhere; in New York and Boston it is not permitted at all.

If, however, Brockett wishes to give a theatre party he must furnish everything. He must

ask some lady to chaperon his party ; he must arrange that the ladies' rendezvous at a friend's house, and then he must send a chartered omnibus or carriages for the whole party, he having previously bought the tickets. He must then invite his party to sup with him at Delmonico's, or the " Brunswick," or his own rooms, making the feast as handsome as his means will allow.

This is a very favorite and proper manner for a young gentleman to return the civilities which have been offered to him.

It is indispensable, however, that he should have the mother of at least one of the young ladies present. The custom of very young chaperons is rather brought into disrepute lately. On no account should a gentleman ever force himself into any society, or go anywhere uninvited. It seems almost preposterous to even allude to so improbable an event, had the offense not been committed ; but a handsome, well-bred and well-dressed young man once ruined himself in New York by going to an Assembly ball uninvited.

He may go, of course, if taken by a lady, for she thus assumes the responsibility, and it is an understood thing that a leader of society can take

a young gentleman with her either to a friend's house or to an Assembly. She is his sponsor ; but without such an indorsement the young man must never go uninvited.

Young men carry their crush hats into a ball-room, and dance with them in their hands.

In the early morning a man should wear the heavy, loose-fitting English clothes now so fashionable ; but for an afternoon promenade with a lady, or for an afternoon reception, a frock-coat tightly buttoned, gray pantaloons, and a black satin scarf with plain heavy gold pin, would be "very good form," to use a current phrase.

Neatness, frequent use of the bath, much exercise in the open air, these are the admirable customs of young gentlemen in the present age. If every one, no matter how busy, how hard worked, could come home, take a warm bath and dress for dinner, it would be an admirable plan. Indeed, if all American men, as all Englishmen do, would show this attention to their wives, society would be far more elegant. A gentleman always expects his wife to dress for him : why should he not dress for her ? And then he is ready for any evening visits, operas, parties,

theatres, to which he may wish to go. No gentleman should sit down to a seven o'clock dinner unless freshly dressed.

If a young gentleman can afford to keep a tilbury or a dog-cart and fine horses, so much the better for him. He is then fitted to offer to take a young lady to drive if her mamma consents.

But a servant should always sit behind—that is indispensable, and the livery, the whole arrangement, should be quietly elegant. Brockett, if he would succeed, must not be flashy; and, as all true gentleness must come from within, let him read Thackeray's noble description:

“What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and possessing all these qualities to exercise them in the most graceful manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, and honest father? Ought his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant? Yes—a thousand times, yes.”

Young men, on coming to New York, are often led astray by the sight of certain gaudy adventurers, who unaccountably get into society and as

unaccountably succeed. They see these men get on by means of enormous impudence, self-assurance, audacity and plausible ways.

But if they will wait for a few years they will see them go down as rapidly as they rose. No adventurer lasts long; he is a certain failure in the end. Give him rope enough and he will hang himself.

A young gentleman should lose no opportunity of improving himself. There is a fine instruction in pictures and all works of art. He should read and study in his leisure hours, and frequent the refined museums and picture galleries. He will thus have a delightful topic of conversation for his evening call, or at the dinner table. Every one wishes to open his thought, his knowledge, his social skill in society. It is the place where we exchange our mental gifts, and a young man doing the work of the world is able to be one of the most agreeable of companions, if, even without the accepted polish of society, he brings a keen intelligence, refined tastes, and a cheerful desire to be agreeable, into the most elegant and *recherché* circle.

It is not necessary here to refer to the etiquette

of clubs. Clubs are self-protecting; a man soon learns their rules and limitations. A man of honesty and character seldom gets into difficulty at his club. If his club rejects or pronounces against him, however, it is a social stigma from which he cannot recover.

Success in society is like electricity—it makes itself felt, and yet is unseen and indescribable. We see very stupid men succeed, and very bright men fail; but one thing can be certainly recommended—a young man should have some accomplishment, such as playing or singing, if he is gifted with a talent for music; or a neat hand at drawing, or a pleasant trick of elocution, etc.; or he should read a poem well, or take part in a Shakespeare club, if he wishes to make himself popular; a pretty talent for private theatricals is also useful, and to be a good dancer is now almost indispensable. However, if he is intelligent, and agreeable, he gets on without any of these helps. But they are undoubtedly an assistance. This is a working age that we live in, and the whole formation of society betrays it. Men dress plainly, simply, and without display. Their servants dress better than they do, in one sense, and

yet nothing is so distinctive as the outline of a gentleman. It is as much a costume of nobility, if properly worn—the plain black coat—as if it were the velvet cloak which Sir Walter Raleigh threw down before the Queen.

A young gentleman should not carry into any lady's drawing-room the smell of tobacco. It is disagreeable to some women, they cannot bear it. A proper regard for these little things has made many a man's future.

In addressing a note to a lady whom he does not know well, Brockett should use the third person, as follows :

“Mr. Brockett presents his compliments to Mrs. Lea, and begs to know if she and Miss Lea will honor him with their company at a theatre party, on the evening of March 3d, at ‘Wallack’s.

“R. S. V. P. “17 East Arlington street.
February 26th.”

This note should be sealed with sealing wax, impressed with the writer's coat-of-arms, or a motto, and delivered by private messenger, who should wait for the answer if the lady is at home.

In addressing a letter to a gentleman the full title should be used, as—

“George Tilden, Esc.”

Or, if the first name is not known,

“ — Tilden, Esq.”

Never address a note to “*Mr. George Tilden;*” if it be an invitation, it is not etiquette.

In writing in the first person, Mr. Brockett must be careful not to be too familiar; he must make no elisions nor contractions, but fill out every word and line as if the duty were a pleasant one.

In fact *respect*, and a thorough determination to learn all the outward forms of a proper etiquette, will soon put a man *au courant* with the rules of society.

CHAPTER II.

A YOUNG LADY'S ENTRANCE INTO SOCIETY

TO the daughter of rich and influential parents, whose life has been all "velvet and roses" from her cradle, this important event is heralded by the order of dresses from Paris, a ball at Delmonico's or at home, and the most extensive leaving of cards on all desirable acquaintances. The young lady stands beside her mother at her first ball, is presented, or launched, and takes her place in society with the way clear before her.

To so fortunate a young lady as this no advice is necessary, except a very good old-fashioned reminder, that she "should obey her mother, and be a good girl." If she does that, if she avoids clandestine meetings with young gentlemen, and all foolish love affairs, and takes care of her health, she may be quite sure that her bark will float gaily on to the comfortable port of a happy marriage and a successful future.

But our great country is full of beautiful young

girls who have no such start in life. They may have excellent and well-to-do parents who are "not in society," or they may be without parents to help them on. It has happened to many an American lady, who has sat, later, in the highest places, a President's or Senator's wife, that these questions of society and etiquette have had to be conquered and answered and comprehended by herself alone.

The first advice to a beginner is this: "Respect your parents: love them first and always; regard your mother as your best friend, even if, in her unselfish regard for her family, she has forgotten to be elegant. Remember that with *her* near you you are always safe, and that her advice is dictated by a love which has a Divine origin." Nothing is so often quoted against American girls as that they are not respectful to their mothers. Without that filial grace no young woman can become a lady. No; a disrespectful daughter is the most vulgar of people. But, should a young girl be motherless, she must select a chaperon if she would go into society. Nothing is so imperative as this, and yet many well-meaning girls forget or ignore it, and en-

deavor to make a career without that necessary adjunct. It leads to very embarrassing mistakes sometimes. So long, however, as a girl has the protecting influence and shield of *work*, independence is all very well—

“A thousand liveried angels lackey her.”

But as soon as she begins to *go into society* she must have the protection of an older woman.

If she is a young schoolmistress, artist or musician learning a profession or working for the support of herself or her parents, the world deems her self-consecrate—she is as safe as Joan of Arc from the world's slanderous tongues. But if she go into the world of fashion, she must accept its laws and limitations; they are like iron, and they must be observed if she would succeed as a woman of the world.

A young Southern lady, several years ago, possessed of a large fortune, deliberately hired a father and a mother, and went to Paris to live. She was an orphan, but she found without difficulty a gentleman and his wife who were most willing to live with her, to go out in her carriages, to accompany her to the theatres, balls and parties, go in

the summer to Baden-Baden and Homburg, and Trouville, yet who were only her chaperons. She went through several seasons of delightful life abroad, respected and admired. Not choosing to marry and fee a foreigner, she afterwards married one of her own countrymen, and still lives abroad. It was a good idea. All young heiresses are not so sensible. Remembering the freedom which American women enjoy at home, they go to Europe thinking that they can enter society there with the same freedom and impunity with which they enter it here. It is not so. A respectable young lady must have, if not a guardian, certainly a chaperon.

As for common etiquette, women imbibe that with the air. They soon learn what card to use (it should always have the prefix of "Miss") and how to dress; that seems to come by instinct. But if any are ignorant on that point, let us quote an old French proverb: "*Femme sottre se coignait à la cotte.*" "A foolish women is known by her finery."

Too much loading on of trimmings is in bad taste for the young; they do not need jewelry or the arts of the toilet. In England the

mother wears all the jewelry, the daughter none.

Above all things let her not paint her cheeks. Remember the complexion is a thing which must be approached from within. Health and exercise must send the bloom outward. Paint never deceives anybody; it is certain to give the face a meretricious air.

So of all hair-dye, of touching up the eyebrows and eyelashes. The young woman who does these things soon becomes a marked character; all men discern it at a glance.

Also let her beware of strong perfumes. They are not in good taste, not even in one's note-paper. A box of oriental orris root powder on her dressing-table, which has a healthy, clean fragrance like violets, and some German cologne, are all that a young lady needs (after cleanliness) to make her the sweetest thing on the face of this earth.

Heavy musk, patchouli, attar of roses, or any of the strong scents, are disagreeable to some people, therefore should be avoided.

Cleanliness is the foundation of all elegance, all beauty, all refinement and all physical merit and **health.**

The subject of cold or warm bathing must be carefully approached. To those who can bear a cold bath, it is the most invigorating and delightful of all ways of beginning the day. A healthy girl who can take a cold bath and then a horse-back ride, and then eat a hearty breakfast, is almost sure to be beautiful and happy.

But all cannot do these things with impunity. Many young ladies have lost their health by too much physical exercise, and are too delicate for such robust treatment. A physician should be consulted, and the young lady should obey him strictly, for a woman absolutely needs her health, and it is a great misfortune if she, through imprudence, loses it early. Wet feet, draughts, and abrupt change from heavy to light dress, should be avoided.

A girl's mother, if all that she ought to be, will take care of everything; but, as we have said, all girls have not prudent mothers—some, alas! none at all. Therefore, as American girls are prone to take care of themselves, let them do it in the right way. They should not walk in the streets alone, nor conspicuously, often. All invitations to gentlemen should proceed from the

mother ; indeed, the mother should be first and foremost in everything ; and happy is it for her daughter, if she is still young, agreeable, cultivated, so that she is a pleasant factor at the suppers, and dinners and balls which are given for her daughter. Then all goes well. But if the mother be dead, or necessarily absent, or ill, so that she cannot chaperon her daughter, a chaperon must be obtained in some way. Society allows a young lady to go nowhere alone, except on horseback, and then a groom must ride behind her. In England, the governess goes with the young ladies to walk, shopping, and sometimes into society ; but her functions end before the grand ball, the ceremonious dinner. A lady of social tact must be selected for that office.

In America there is little difficulty in finding a friend, some lady who will either occasionally or always play that part to a friendless girl.

The chaperon need not make herself up into a Spanish duenna. She need not suspect an ambush, or a lover in every flirting of a fan ; yet she should be watchful. She is the Providence of the young lady. She **knows the world**, but the young

lady does not know it. She is the person to prevent mistakes. She should see that her charge does not make improper acquaintances. She must watch the men who approach the young lady, and keep off adventurers, too thickly swarming in all American society. She should discourage intimacies with those other young ladies, who, having been out several seasons, have not left very clear and superior records behind them. To the girl just entering society it is a bewildering place, and the tinsel is as good as the gold. The wise society matron knows it all, and knows that the awakening from a dream of delight to a cold and frightful reality is a thing which may happen to any girl. Judiciously, truly, wisely, a chaperon should shape a young girl's destiny by warding off evil and encouraging all that is good, sincere and noble in the character and actions. When parents who have not been in society wish to introduce a daughter, they can, with perfect propriety, give a ball or other entertainment, and invite many people whom they have not previously visited. If those people do not choose to come, no self-respect is lost. It is merely a form of saying, on the part of some of them, that they

have acquaintances enough already ; no one need feel hurt. Enough people will come, in nine cases out of ten, if there is no moral objection to the inviting party.

A young lady, therefore, on entering society has to consider several things. She must watch her own manners ; if they are too gay, joyous and striking, she may be misunderstood ; if they are cold, haughty, repellent, she will have very little success. Let her try for that *juste milieu* which is so charming in everything. She should be courteous ; let her cultivate a graceful bow and smile, which looks always kindly, and is a little flattering. There is no insincerity in that. Lord Houghton praised the bow and smile of one American lady as being the best he had ever seen ; “It puts a crown on one,” he said. A bow and smile should look as if they came from the heart, where all good things come from.

She should consider her voice—very apt, in America, to be loud, nasal, unpleasant. The English women have great advantage of us here. They speak lower, with a much better pronunciation than we do. Either our climate has affected the throat unfavorably, or we have had bad

models for years. Certainly English people speak our mother tongue better than we do.

Young ladies should not speak or laugh loud at the theatre. Often a box-full of fashionable people has rendered the neighborhood unpleasant to those who would listen to an opera or a play. This is very bad breeding, and renders the perpetrators obnoxious.

As for the great questions of love and marriage, these young ladies must settle for themselves. Let them avoid secret engagements and clandestine interviews, and, above all, be careful how they write letters. They must remember that what is written remains, and that half of the trouble which women have met with in this life has come from the writing of letters.

On the part of the chaperon, however, there should be, respecting letters, a delicacy and caution. While she should give her charge the best advice, she has no right to break a seal. The sacredness of a seal is inviolate among well-bred people. In this respect young people are always honestly and justly tenacious of their rights. A mother, even, has no right to open a letter addressed to

her daughter; a husband who opens his wife's letters, or a wife who trifles with those addressed to her husband, cannot be too severely condemned. These are innocent confidences reposed in the one which are not intended for the other, and the seal is a lock which should not be picked. If a daughter has not principle enough to confide in her mother, no amount of *espionage* will make her confidential.

And here, as in all relations of life, honesty and confidence beget honesty and confidence. Young men and young women who are treated as *upon honor* rarely deceive their parents or guardians. If a young man finds himself suspected and watched by his teacher he feels immediately inspired to baffle him. If his teacher says, "Young gentleman, I put you upon your honor, and I know that you will not deceive me," he is rarely deceived.

If a young girl finds herself dogged, watched and suspected—if she detects her chaperon trying to open her notes or furtively watching her—she is very apt to think that double-dealing is the proper thing, and to try to outwit the detective. It is a mean, low, poor plan on both sides.

In introducing a daughter, parents seldom or never put her name on the card. The highest social authorities in New York merely send the usual form of evening invitation :

Mrs. Walsingham
at home,
Thursday evening, February 9th,
at ten o'clock.

Cotillon.

On arriving at the ball the guests find the young lady standing at her mother's right hand ; she is introduced, and dances the German with the gentleman whom her mother has selected to lead the German. That is all.

Several motherless young ladies, who have had to introduce themselves, in New York, have done it by means of a ladies' lunch. This is a very pretty and proper way of beginning society life.

In the etiquette of the ball-room young ladies should be very careful to keep their promises to their various partners. Little books are furnished as memorizers, and the same honor is imperative here as in greater things. Nothing is so insulting to a young man as for a young lady to forget or ignore these engagements.

A young lady should never accept presents of jewelry from any man, excepting the one to whom she has promised her hand. And great delicacy should be shown in allowing young men to pay for tickets, to be mulcted for bouquets, philopena presents, the hire of a carriage, etc. If a lady is caught in the rain and a gentleman hires a carriage for her and he pays for it, she should inclose him the price of the carriage immediately. There are three dreadful words used about certain classes of young ladies in society; they are these: "sponge," "fast," "loud." Let every young lady who hopes to succeed avoid them all.

CHAPTER III.

A YOUNG COUPLE ON THEIR ENTRANCE INTO
SOCIETY.

IT is hard to imagine a young couple who have to begin life without acquaintances ; but the fact exists. For those who have wealth, and family, and position, therefore, the rules which we are about to consider have no application. The questions of which they treat have been long answered for them. The "well-established" need not read these papers.

But many a young man marries a lady from another city, and brings her to New York (which we will suppose to be the social centre of American life) with no particular knowledge of *that best society* which is the only circle into which he wishes to see his wife introduced. The young couple are all at sea—they are wanderers in a trackless forest.

The question comes up : How shall they begin ? Who is to find them ? Who is to drive the entering wedge into this dense block which we call

Society? The answer generally is this: Accident, "the subruler of the universe," will lead them to know *somebody*. The rector or clergyman of their favorite church, the business partners of the gentleman, or some old friend of the lady. Somebody will turn up. It is very true that nice young people do not long remain unknown, although these early days are a lonely period for the young married woman, who has left, we will say, a very brilliant belledom in some distant city to come to find social extinction in her new home; it is undoubtedly very hard.

It is a crucial test of character if a young and pretty woman goes through these two or three years of loneliness with amiability and without committing any mistakes. She is exposed to three dangers.

The first and greatest is this: If she be pretty, a jaded man of fashion is apt to find her out, and to promise to introduce her into fashionable circles if she will consent to a flirtation with him. This succeeds wonderfully at first, as all empirical remedies are said to do, but it is apt to be fatal in the end.

The second danger is that she, in her desire to

achieve the rank which she knows is hers, shows too great a desire to be invited and to make acquaintances, and she is then accused of "push," which is a fatal word.

The third danger is, that she accepts, in lieu of the best acquaintances, second and third-rate people, the hangers-on upon society, people who have not the best or freshest reputation—the Mrs. Leo Hunters, the Misses Bore and the Messrs. Fraudulent, who are a large family. Society is often deceived ; it sometimes indorses a villain ; it often accepts a fraud ; and yet its general voice is apt to be judicious and correct. People are respected or not, as their characters deserve.

This is a general rule, which the exceptions prove ; the best people, in every sense, continue through time to be at the head of society.

As for the Mrs. Leo Hunters, the Misses Bore and the Messrs. Fraudulent, they continue to hang on to society by means of influential family ; of certain, perhaps, agreeable traits of their own ; or by that carelessness which leaves open the doors of certain well-known fashionable houses. The second-rate set is a set easy to get into, hard to get out of, for no people stick so close

as those who are wholly undesirable. A young woman should be very careful to form no intimacies with those whom she finds very easy and very pertinacious early acquaintances in her new life.

If she is reticent, if she is particular, if she waits, some day a quiet lady in a plain bonnet and dress will come in and give her name, and say that she has heard of her young neighbor and friend, and desires to know her, and lo ! she will find that the very first lady in the city has called upon her, and that her social career will be from that time only an upward and an onward success.

If she is wise, if she only knows how to manage it, if she has tact ! And if she has not tact, she may as well give up any hope of success.

It is, of course, etiquette for a young married pair to send their cards to all whom they wish to know, and the bride does well to fix a day on which to receive her friends.

This should extend through one or two months, especially in a large city, as the world is busy, and cannot always achieve an early visit.

If the means of the young couple will allow,

they should begin a series of little dinners, not necessarily expensive ones, as a means of making themselves popular and well known, for everybody likes to be asked to dinner.

Lives there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he has not said
I like my neighbor's wine and bread,"

was Sidney Smith's paraphrase of a well-known poem. Dinners make you soon acquainted ; dinners are social. Everybody must dine, therefore give one day of the week to a little dinner—if you can.

And if the young couple have but a neat maid-servant, who wears a cap and knows her business ; if the lady can carve a chicken—and all ladies should know how to do that ; if the gentleman has a good bottle of wine or two, and genuine cigars ; if their house is neatly, quietly furnished, with the last magazines on the table ; if the welcome is cordial, and there is no fussy pretense, no effort to appear to live beyond their means, no noise, no fatal errors of character, these little dinners will become very famous, and will be preferred to the showy and the grand dinners of the very rich, which are often

exceedingly dull, and but a payment of other social debts.

But to achieve a perfect little dinner with small means is a very great intellectual feat. It requires service by no means common in America ; it requires a great talent on the part of the young hostess. If she tries and fails, let her give it up and take an evening.

Evening receptions once were very fashionable in New York, and were most agreeable forms of entertaining. They have become less common, much to the disadvantage of society. It would be well to reinstate them. A young married woman who, in her fresh pretty house, will have a musical evening or a conversation evening, with but a cup of tea and a maccaroon for refreshment, would soon find herself a power in society if she has that infinite tact of a hostess to make it agreeable.

But people are frightened off from simple entertainments by the splendor of the great luxurious suppers and dinners given by the very rich, and it is a foolish fear.

If a young married woman has any specialty, such as music, she soon gathers about her

a congenial circle ; if she has a taste for charities, she can in that way do a great deal of good, and, at the same time, make more acquaintances.

But this has been fearfully abused. One charity in New York is now called the "Stepping Stone," so many young women of ambitious social propensities have joined it, simply that they might know the very eminent ladies who compose its board of directors. When a woman prostitutes her religion or her charity to the forwarding of her fashionable position, she soon gets found out, and not unfrequently dropped. If she is a sincere, good worker, she is appreciated and recognized. But pretenders are neither. A young married couple owe it to themselves to be fastidious about the character of all their acquaintances. In England a great respect for moral character once existed in all the best houses, and a line severely drawn against the woman who had been even indiscreet. Lady Holland was never received at Court, nor was Lady Blessington. Men visited them, but their wives did not. Now the very easy-going Prince of Wales has broken down all these barriers, and

receives at his own house adventuresses of American and European antecedents.

But there are many noble houses, and many that are noble only in that they are strong in a sense of what is due to virtue and honor, in England still, where the leniency of the Prince of Wales (to call it by no other name) is not yet practised. Good society shuts its doors on the man who has cheated at cards, or has abused his trust; on the woman who has degraded the name of wife and mother. The verdict of the young housekeeper should be emphatically pronounced against such—against loud, fast and wild girls; against vulgar and disreputable men, no matter if they happen to wear an illustrious name, and have a long account at their bankers; nor should they receive, if they hope for a long and honorable record in the city where they are to live, the young married flirt, who is so particularly now a prominent blot on the decency of our best society. They are the traitors within the army-list, and they deserve to be drummed out.

It is no doubt a severe temptation to a pretty young woman, as she sits neglected in her back parlor, to see the adventuress, the young married

flirt, succeed in carrying off all the best invitations and all the social *éclat*. She even hears her own husband speak with wonder and admiration of the beauty and success of these women. But, let her bide her time. Let her take Patience as a handmaiden, and in a few years she will see that her own good, modest character has been worth all—all of the meretricious devices of her neighbor, even in the lowest worldly interpretation of the word "success"—a word too often profaned.

Let no young couple be ashamed of poverty. It is a thistle which, when grasped, ceases to sting. Nor let them be ashamed, for a few years, to accept civilities from those who joyfully extend them. The time for returning these will come.

In inviting guests to dinner, the hostess should be in the parlor, waiting for her guests at least five minutes before they arrive. She should have anticipated every possible emergency, and have seen, herself, that the dinner table is properly laid and the wine cooled, the dining-room not overheated—that is a very common objection, and ruins many a dinner. She should be cool, calm, collected, smiling herself, and know exactly where

every one is to sit. The most distinguished gentleman must sit at her own right hand, of course. In inviting evening guests, both husband and wife must remember that to sink one's self in one's guests is the first phase of good breeding. In any rank in life, to invite people to show them your splendor, to exalt yourself, is the perfection of vulgarity.

A young couple devoted to each other sometimes make the mistake of showing their affection too plainly in company. That was severely dealt with by Charles Lamb in an immortal essay several decades ago. It is a great offense against good manners, as it puts every one else at a disadvantage. People of tact and taste never make this mistake. Husband and wife at their own entertainments should not take much notice of each other; both should be devoted to their guests.

The duty of writing notes will fall on the wife. She should learn from all the best authorities the most perfect forms. Her invitations should, for dinner, be in the third person, and her familiar notes should be signed with her own name. There is an unaccountable American vulgarity abroad.

by believing in which married women sign their names "Mrs." As, for instance, instead of

"Yours truly,
Mary L. Brown,"

the lady signs herself

"Yours truly,
Mrs. James Brown."

This last form is wrong. Her husband might as well sign his checks "Squire James Brown," or "Captain Tompkins."

A married woman should either say

"Mrs. Brown desires the pleasure of your company,"

or she should write in the first person and keep to it, signing her baptismal name.

The husband's duty, in America, is to make the money, the wife has her duty in spending it. He works; she is supposed to play. He makes the fire, she tends it. Women carry on society; yet the man has his part, as at his clubs and his dances and his suppers. But the Great Disposer of events sometimes determines that the woman shall be the bread-winner; that she shall hold up

her husband when he fails; and, to the credit of American women be it said, they have not been slow to do this. In the last five dreadful years of commercial distress the women have shown enormous capacity for work. The story of the Decorative Art Society, the history of literature, the various branches of science and art for which women's work fits her, have a noble story to tell of the devotion of women to a self-imposed task.

And to the credit of society, be it spoken, this power of work does not hurt a woman's position in society. The butterflies respect the bees—another tribute to the power of character.

All the good management, however, of a model hostess cannot prevent accident. The cook will get drunk at a most important dinner; the waiter may fall down and break the Sèvres porcelain; husband may be kept down town late, and be dressing in the very room where the ladies are to take off their cloaks. In this respect the American houses, except the so-called English basement, are frightfully inconvenient.

To all these *désagréments* a hostess must pre-

sent a front of invincible self-possession and repose. She must be

“Mistress of herself, though china fall.”

And she should never talk of her health or her servants. Let her remember that these topics amuse no one but herself.

Invitations to dinner should be answered at once, and all invitations should be answered speedily if an answer is desired. Certain large entertainments do not require that the invited guests record themselves ; but to most invitations the “R. S. V. P.” appended at the foot shows that the hostess wishes to know whom she may expect.

A young couple should be particularly respectful to the older people in society ; should return a visit within a week or inclose a card, and should leave no form of respect unpaid. Too many young married couples, absorbed in their new happiness, ignore these attentions ; but if they do, they suffer for it the remainder of their lives.

CHAPTER IV.

DINNERS, LARGE AND SMALL—THEIR ETIQUETTE,
NUMBER OF COURSES AND LIMITATIONS.

“**A** MAN should, if he die after having accepted an invitation to dinner, leave his executors in solemn charge to fill his place,” said Sidney Smith, in that vein of burlesque solemnity with which his ample wit draped all trifles. And the absurdity contains a truth. Dinners are so carefully measured; they are so important to the host and hostess; they are the results of so much care and thought, that every one is socially bound to remember the engagement and keep it with punctuality.

If illness or necessary absence from town cause the invitee to regret, after having accepted, a note in the first person should inform the hostess at the earliest possible moment, that she may invite somebody to fill the place.

Invitations to dinner in New York, in the gay

season, are sent out a fortnight in advance. The form is this :

“ MRS. STEVENSON
 requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Brown’s
 company at dinner, on February 22d, at seven
 o’clock.

R. S. V. P. 17 East Kent street.”

The answer should be—

“ Mr. and Mrs. Brown have much pleasure in
 accepting the polite invitation of

MRS. STEVENSON
 for dinner on February 22d.

February 7th.” 22 Remington street.

Or, if they decline—

“ Mr. and Mrs. Brown regret that a previous en-
 gagement will prevent their acceptance of

MRS. STEVENSON’S
 very polite invitation for dinner on February
 22d.

22 Remington street.”

Always allow a line for the name of your
 hostess.

The invitation does not enter into particulars,

unless you are asked to meet some distinguished person. Then the card reads—

“ MRS. STEVENSON

requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Brown's company on Tuesday, February 22d, at seven o'clock,

To meet the Swedish Minister.”

In answering, the simple form mentioned above is all that is necessary.

Much talk has taken place lately about the use of the letters “ R. S. V. P.,” some thinking it unnecessary. The fact remains that the best people use them. It simply means “ an answer is requested ” (under the elegant veil of “ *Répondez s'il vous plait,*” which sounds more polite). It is not put on all cards, as, for instance, to a tea or a reception, because then the hostess does not care to know exactly who are coming.

But a dinner invitation should be answered quickly and positively. Never hint at any contingency, but give your hostess the simple assurance that you will come, or that you will not come. Never say that you “ would come if so and so.” Now for the dinner. Never attempt to give a dinner unless you are sure of your cook

and your waiter—that both are very good (unless you give your dinner *à la Russe*, and order everything from a restaurant. These are not the best dinners. The dishes are apt to be cold, greasy and poor unless you have the very best restaurant in the world at hand).

The best dinners are those given by excellent housekeepers, whose domestic service is perfect, who have a good cook who is famous for *individual* dishes, and with a waiter who is *at home*, and who can call in, if he needs them, some men to help him.

The American habit of hiring the same waiters who have just served at a neighbor's house led to a very curious mistake from a foreign nobleman. Looking at a well-known old black man, who used to serve at all the dinners, he remarked: "What a very singular resemblance the colored race bear to each other. Now I could swear I had seen your butler at every dinner I have eaten in New York." This habit of hiring a "set of retainers" had never occurred to the nobleman.

"The little dinners," therefore, of eight or ten, cooked in the house, served by the servants of

the family, simple and short dinners, are the most agreeable, the most flattering as attentions, and require, if given often, a far greater care and expenditure of thought than the one splendid show dinner.

Now the hostess who aspires to the reputation of a "good dinner giver" must remember four things: Her room must not be too warm, nor her light too glaring; she must have a first-rate cook, and she must select *congenial people*. These laws may be extended into a thousand ramifications; but they are four cardinal principles. A room so warm that it causes the flowers to wither will be necessarily withering to the brains of the diners. Eating makes people warm: therefore your dining-room should be cool. It is the common American mistake to overheat rooms. The gaslight helps this heat, and, therefore, many hostesses are using candles and lamps. The latter, though very fashionable, are horribly inconvenient, and often go out on the dinner table, causing a smell and a smudge which ruins every one's appetite. Candles are very pleasing, but they drip and make trouble. Let us hope that the electric light is coming, and that

it will supersede gas, candles and lamps. Shades are now so generally introduced that there is little trouble about a glare of light.

“To be composed” is a difficult thing for a young hostess. She is essentially nervous and anxious, particularly if she is just beginning to entertain. But here she must resolutely put on a mask of composure and “assume a virtue if she has it not.” Nothing is of so much importance as her own demeanor; if that is dignified and quiet, she triumphs. A fussy hostess who scolds the servants, wrinkles her brow, or even forgets to listen to the man who is talking to her, is the ruin of a dinner. The author of “Cecil” tells his niece to see “stewed puppy-dog served without noticing it.” Few hostesses have so severe an ordeal as that would be demanded of them, but the maxim is a good one.

The company should be congenial. This is a hard rule to follow, and requires tact and intelligence. Remember the golden rule, and “do unto others as you would that they should do unto you,” so do not invite a party thoughtlessly, simply to pay your debts; try to remember if there has been a family quarrel

or any reason why your friends would not like to meet each other. Remember that it is best to mix the different ages and styles of person. Do not get into ruts, or invite only the young or only the elderly. The gracious Lord has put us in families—fathers, mothers, children; and the most agreeable parties are those where the same rule of nature is observed.

All extremes of luxury and every element of profusion are now fashionable, but there is one simple dinner which covers the whole ground and to which the poor gentleman may aspire, and to which he might invite a prince. The essentials of a perfect dinner are but few. The beauty of a Grecian vase without ornaments is perfect. You may add cameo and intaglio, vine, acanthus leaf, satyrs and fawns, handles of ram's horns and circlet of gems to your vase if you wish and are rich enough; but unless the outline is perfect, the splendor and the arabesque but make the vase vulgar. So with the simple dinner; it is the unadorned Grecian vase. With the splendid dinner, if these first rules are observed, the added luxury does not hurt it; it is the Grecian vase heavily ornamented.

A perfectly clean, fine damask table-cloth, napkins of equally delicate fabric, spotless glass and silver, and pretty china—everything as neat as wax ; the middle of the table furnished with growing plants in a low basket or high vase with cut flowers, as the hostess pleases—these are the beginning. Put a dinner roll in the napkin (which is simply folded) at each plate ; have chairs that are high enough ; low chairs at a dinner are distressing, bringing the arms below the proper angle for the knife and fork. Each place should have four or five glasses for the different wines and a goblet for water. If these glasses are of different colors it adds to the beauty of the table. The dessert of candied fruits may be in pretty glass or silver dishes. This is a simple dinner, but good enough for a *gourmet* ; put none of it on the table—let it be served from the side table :

Oysters on the half-shell.

Sherry.	Soupe à la Reine.	Sherry.
White wine.	Shad or Salmon, with	} Hock.
	Cucumbers or Green Peas.	
Burgundy	Filet de Bœuf aux	
and	Champignons.	
Champagne.	Fried Potatoes.	

Roman Punch.

Madeira.	}	Salad of Lettuce or Tomatoes and Cold Chicken.		
Sherry.		}	Ices and Jellies.	Cheese.
Port.	Fruit.			
	Coffee.			
	Liqueur.			

That is not an expensive dinner or a splendid dinner, but it is essentially a good dinner. The serving of the wine is sometimes altered by the taste of the gentleman of the house. Thus, many gentlemen like old Madeira before the sweets, although others serve it after the dessert. The champagne should be served after the fish and with the *pièce de résistance*, as the heaviest dish is called.

Such a dinner as this can be given once a week by people of moderate fortune to a party of eight or ten without extravagance, and it is as safe to say, with good company it is the most enjoyable kind.

From this up to the millionaire dinners, served on gold and silver and priceless Sèvres, Dresden, Japanese and Chinese plates, with flagons of ruby glass bound with gold, with Benvenuto Cellini vases and silver candelabra, the ascent is gradual.

The table-cloth is often of openwork lace over a color, with red velvet mat under the splendid silver *épergne*, which is lined with mirror. The mats are mirrors; the crystal drops of the *épergne* flash like diamonds. Each lady has a bouquet, a fan, a ribbon painted with her name, a basket or *boubonnière* to take home with her. The courses are often sixteen in number, the wines are of fabulous value, antiquity and age—each drop is like the River Pactolus, whose sands were of gold. The viands are brought from Algiers to St. Petersburg. Strawberries and peaches in January, the roses of June in February, pears from San Francisco, artichokes from Marseilles, oranges and strawberries from Florida, game from Arizona and Chesapeake Bay, and mutton and pheasants from Scotland, green peas from France and *caviare* from Russia often meet on the same dinner table. For a splendid dinner take this:

Oysters on the half-shell.

Soups.

Chicken consommé à l'Italienne.

Sherry.

Purée of Green Peas.

Sherry

Fish.

Salmon.

Hock.	{	Spanish Mackerel à la Maître	}	Château	
		d'Hôtel.			Yquem.
		Soft-shell crabs farcies.			
Tomato and Cucumber Salad.					

Champagne Frappé.	{	Saddle of Mutton.	}	Claret.
		Filet de Bœuf à la		
		Milanaise.		

Petites timbales aux Champignons.

Cotelettes d'Agneau à la Purée de Marrons.

Terrapin.

Riz de Veau.

Roman Punch.

Champagne. Johannis- berger.	{	Canvas-back Ducks	}	German wines. Steinberger.
		Squabs, Quail.		
		Perdrix aux Truffes		

Asparagus.

Broiled Mushrooms on Toast.

Madeira.	Artichokes, with sauce.	Port.
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Sherry. Madeira. Port.	{	Cabinet Pudding.	}	Burgundy.
		Tutti Fruitti.		
		Glaces, Dessert Fruit, etc., etc.		

Coffee.

Liqueur.

To attempt, however, to give bills of fare would be to crowd the book of etiquette. Only general rules can be laid down. In quiet places, where neither French cooking can be obtained nor is desired, let the hostess herself superintend, and her dinner may be as good as that of Del-

monico. Her soup must be made the day before, so that it will be free from grease, as pure as wine. Her fish must be fresh; trout from the brook would be the very best in the world. Her roast must be perfectly cooked before the fire, not inside of a stove. Fresh flowers or ferns must adorn her clean table-cloth, and such fruits as are in season can be added as dessert. Her pudding, if made by her own fair hands, will be the best in the world; and, above all, her tact and self possession, like her good bread and clear coffee, will make the guests forget the absence of expensive wines and rich viands.

The ceremony of taking people in to dinner is this: The host goes first with the lady to whom the dinner is given, the hostess always last with principal gentleman guest. All the guests should have their places marked by a card, and in the hall or ante-room each gentleman should find the card indicating which lady he is to take in to dinner. Thus, if Sir Edward and Lady Thornton asked General and Mrs. Grant to dinner, Sir Edward would go first, with Mrs. Grant; after all the guests had entered, Lady Thornton would bring up the rear

with General Grant, whom she would place at her right hand, always the high seat of honor. No gentleman should wear a dress coat at an early dinner in the country; dress coats belong to seven o'clock dinners.

The *limitations* of a dinner should be considered. It is not kind to guests to keep them more than two hours at table. The French dinners never last more than one hour. English dinners are too long and too heavy. The Prince of Wales is setting the fashion of short dinners. In New York and Washington very elaborate dinners last from seven to half-past ten, and are sometimes very tiresome.

It is better to serve coffee in the drawing-room, although, at informal dinners, it is served at the table. Gentlemen remain to smoke in the dining-room in some houses; in others they are taken to a library or smoking-room. The practice of the ladies retiring first is an English one. Frenchmen consider it barbarous. It is, however, practiced in the best houses of New York and Washington, and it is a question if the ladies do not like it as well as the gentlemen. They enjoy a little chat by themselves.

CHAPTER V.

STATE DINNERS, FORMAL DINNERS, AND FAMOUS
DINNERS.

IT is strange that the Russians, so lately re-deemed from barbarism, have taught the world how to serve a dinner. All diplomatic dinners, all state dinners, and most fashionable dinners, are served *à la Russe*; which means that nothing appears on the table to eat, but all is handed by the servants from a side table or from behind a screen.

General Washington probably carved his own turkey, even at a state dinner, but President Hayes does not know at all what he is to have for his dinner until he looks at the *menu* by his side, which was laid there by his butler.

The dinner-table is merely a splendid picture, which remains a picture to the end, unless some one is so unlucky as to overturn a glass of claret on the table-cloth. The *épergne* or centrepiece in England is generally a splendid piece of silver, covered with flowers and fruits, with a "hot-

house pine" somewhere in it or about it. Fine candelabra and vases are at either end, and dishes, holding sugar plums and dried candied fruit, are at the four corners. Very handsome pitchers of glass, holding wine, and elegant decanters are allowable. In fact, everything ornamental is allowed, and nothing that can by use become unseemly is admitted to such a dinner. We all know how disorderly, at certain moments, a dinner looks at which the carving and helping at table are allowed. In the dinner *à la Russe* the table always looks well, for the plate before each guest, constantly renewed, is alone responsible for any viand. The company enter, as we have said, the host first, with the lady to whom the dinner is given, and his guests follow, each gentleman standing behind his lady's chair until the hostess has entered and taken her seat. They find before them oysters or clams on the half-shell, on majolica plates, with bits of lemon in the centre of the plate. The servants pass red and black pepper and salt. These are removed and two soups are passed, so that each guest has a choice of soups. These removed, two choices of fish

are offered to each guest, and so on, through an elaborate dinner of from ten to sixteen courses, the table meanwhile remaining a beautiful, fresh thing, with flowers and fruits and charming *objets d'art* to look at. The butler should always place the principal dish for a moment before the hostess, that she may signify by a nod if she is pleased with it.

Books of etiquette sometimes elaborately tell people how to use a napkin and how to hold a fork. But it seems incredible that in the nineteenth century anybody can be ignorant of these simple customs. If there is such a person, let him know that it is not etiquette to pin a napkin up to his coat, or to spread it over his breast. It should be across his knees, convenient to his hand. The fork should always be held in the right hand for eating oysters, peas, or anything that is to be conveyed to the mouth, and only transferred to the left hand when meat is to be cut, and it is needed to steady the morsel.

In Europe, particularly in Germany, very well-bred people still eat with the knife; but in this country, in France and England, it is semi-barbarous to bring the knife in contact with the lips.

It often shocks well-bred Americans to see a German princess carry cauliflower, peas or potato salad to her delicate mouth on the point of a silver knife, but such a sight is possible. It is very ugly, and should be avoided here.

The custom of serving dinners *à la Russe* should prevent any one from asking for a dish a second time; indeed, this is never done at a state dinner. There is little need of it.

We have spoken of the *épergne*. The fancy now, in this country, is to replace the high ornaments by low baskets of flowers, and to do away with everything which prevents conversation across the table. Low dishes of majolica, crystal and silver are liked by some. Very many opulent hostesses have the table entirely covered with flowers, and only a space left for the plate, knives, forks and glasses of each guest. This is very beautiful, especially in mid-winter, and for a round table, which is very sociable, it is quite charming. But the high *épergne* is very stately, and makes a table always look well. A pretty and simple *épergne*, which holds flowers for every day, is always a charming object.

Be very careful to avoid mistakes as to the hour

of a dinner. Five minutes grace was all that General Washington allowed, and we could follow his example in this as in larger things. A half hour's delay spoils the fish and makes the cook lose his temper. One great "diner out," in New York, always carries his invitations with him, so that if he seems late or early he may defend himself in his own eyes by glancing at it in the hall.

A small *boutonnière* or bunch of flowers awaits him with a card in an envelope, which tells a gentleman, before entering the parlor, which lady he is to take in to dinner. If he does not know her, he must whisper this to the hostess, who will present him to the lady.

At a dinner, forget all animosities. If you are seated next to your deadliest enemy, talk and laugh and make yourself agreeable, to spare your host and hostess annoyance. Everybody is bound to be as agreeable as he can for the benefit of the whole mass.

Be careful, if you have not experienced servants, to instruct them in everything before dinner. Have plenty of side tables and sideboards, where the extra dishes, knives, forks, plates,

spoons and glasses may be found. Have extra napkins at hand to replace one which may be stained with wine. No condiments should ever be put on a table except salt, of which every guest should have a little private silver cell before him. After the meats and game, a servant should go with a crumb scraper, removing the crumbs, and another with a silver salver to remove all the glasses, except those for sherry or Madeira, or a goblet for ice water, all ladies liking ice water in America.

The butler mentions the name of the wine before pouring it. If you do not wish it, touch your glass with your finger, with a motion which checks him. It is proper to ask for bread, for water, or for champagne, at a dinner. These substances alone seeming to be always desirable, and served *ad libitum*.

The host has his duty plainly marked out before him. Above all things he must be attentive to the ladies on either side of him; he must encourage the timid, draw out the silent, throw the ball of conversation down the table, remember every man's specialty and draw him out: he must try to simulate ease and frankness, and *bon-*

hommie, even if he has not these virtues; he must never show temper, even if the butler is drunk. Let a host avoid all boasting of his wines; he can mention their age, and beg of his guest to taste his "Steinberger of '46," or his "Claret of the Comet year," or his "Old Warrior Madeira," but he should not show ostentation, or remark upon the *cost* of anything. The model host makes himself only felt by his munificence, as a stream announces its presence by the verdure along its banks. But all hosts are not millionaires, and yet would like to give dinners.

A maid-servant in a neat cap and apron can be taught to serve a dinner as well as a man. She can have a side table on which she deposits the soup tureen, and from which she helps all the guests. A maid-servant should be (if she is the waiter) taught to carve, so that she can save her employer all trouble. Two women often serve a dinner elegantly in England, and can be taught to do so in this country. The great point is to have things done neatly and quietly.

If a gentleman still chooses (like General Washington) to do his own carving, he should have his

knife sharp and learn to cut a joint or a bird sitting. Ladies often carve elegantly, and it was considered indispensable by our grandmothers that every lady should have this accomplishment. It is, however, rapidly going out, and nowadays the tea and coffee at breakfast are often served from a side table, and all the dishes passed to the guests even at breakfast.

The objection to the old fashion is that it takes away the attention of the hostess from her guests if she has to serve every dish. Certainly for a large dinner, a ceremonious dinner, it would be impossible.

A dinner table should not be crowded. If the room is large enough, a dinner of twenty-four is just as agreeable often as a dinner of ten. It depends on the companion next to you in all cases.

On rising from the table the gentlemen sometimes accompany the ladies to the parlor, and then return to smoke, and sometimes only go to the door, always remaining standing till the ladies have disappeared.

Except at Washington, Albany, Harrisburg, or other cities where official position is especially recognized, we do not in this country observe

official rank at a dinner party. A governor or a mayor is asked to sit anywhere, without loss of consequence or dignity. Mrs. Stevenson may give a dinner to Mrs. Brown, and there may be a governor, an admiral, a mayor and a general in the company ; yet she takes in Mr. Brown. That is our republican way of doing things. In Washington there must be some show of respect to the Diplomatic Corps ; but even there, senators, judges and even foreign Ministers sit wherever their hostess chooses to place them.

The President, of course, being our highest official, is always the guest at any house which he chooses to visit, and he should never be asked to sit anywhere but at the right hand of the hostess. To him and to his family the American people always give willing precedence.

The *menu*, or bill of fare, is generally written in French, as our cooks are generally men of foreign birth, who understand that language better than any other. It is a pity that there is not an English vocabulary for these delicate dishes which form the staple of our splendid dinners. Yet French is generally understood. To translate it literally makes great nonsense. People

must learn that "vol au vent de volaille" means simply chicken pie, and that "côtelettes à la financière" are nothing but mutton chops with truffles and coxcombs, and that "pommes de terre aux maître d'hôtel" are simply boiled potatoes, and so on. The knowledge is easily acquired.

Colored cooks are notably good ones. The Baltimore cookery is world-renowned; and that of New England, where recipes were handed from generation to generation, was sometimes exquisite. We need not be dependent on French cookery. But there is an American ignorance which is startling on the subject of cookery, and if ladies do not study it as an art, it will, in the rural districts, be soon impossible to get a good dinner.

To fry things, to bake meats in hot ovens, to abjure the gridiron, to ruin a beefsteak and to kill the juicy excellence of a roast, these are our national sins. To cook indigestible lumps of pastry, to feed a nation on pies, on heavy bread—who can expect greatness, wisdom or honesty from a nation of moody dyspeptics?

The dinner question is in the hands of the

women. What woman does not like to see her table neat and attractive? How many aids she has now, in the beauty of the modern glass and china, the profusion and cheapness of flowers, the excellence of canned vegetables, making her independent of the seasons, and in the profusion of the American markets. Foreigners say that we throw away enough at any meal to support another family.

Dinner cards have come in, in great variety, on which the visitor's name can be written. These, painted, etched, engraved and ornamented with flowers, feathers and Japanese figures, are in tremendous variety at all stationers and jewelers. Those are the prettiest which are done by the young people of the house or the lady herself, with quotations from Shakespeare or the poets. They show a personal thought, which is always complimentary. One should read of famous dinners. There is an account in Brillat Savarin's "Book on Taste" ("Physiologie du Gout")—a charming account by Lady Morgan of a dinner at Baron Rothschild's, which is worth reading now, to see how little the formal European dinner has changed. Charles

Lever's books are full of dinners, and so are Bulwer's. The Englishman considers that he has done his duty by you if he asks you to dinner, and nowhere does a man of good English position appear so well as at his own dinner table. The best of everything he has is at your disposal.

The old, inconvenient habit of changing the table-cloth is done away with ; the guests are not now troubled. That was the result of the "carving-at-table" process, which was likely to endanger the purity of the cloth. If all the meats are carved elsewhere the cloth remains immaculate.

The fashion of drinking healths has passed away. The modern dinner is a very unceremonious thing compared with the dinner of General Washington's time. It has steadily increased in elegance and has decreased in ceremony and stiffness.

CHAPTER VI.

RECEPTIONS, TEAS, LUNCHEONS.

THE "reception," so called in modern parlance, is simply a party by daylight. The gas is lighted, the daylight excluded; the hostess and her intimate friends are in beautiful toilette, the gayest dresses, but always in "high neck," or *corsage montant*, as the French say, and with hair very much dressed.

Their female guests come in street dresses and bonnets; their male friends in frock coats and gray trowsers—decidedly demi-toilette. This is an anomaly, as it is an anomaly that the bride is always in full evening dress, while the bridegroom is in morning costume; but etiquette has so ordained it, and etiquette must be observed.

These entertainments are usually very large, and a splendid collation is served. They are liked by many housekeepers, as being the most convenient way of entertaining, and as saving the servants from being up late at night.

The drawback to such entertainments is this:

very few gentlemen can spare the time to go in the daytime to make calls or visits. Therefore the attendance is largely feminine.

The lady guests who attend wear dressy bonnets—generally white ones—and a gown which is not too heavy, as the rooms are invariably too warm. A heavy cloak is thrown off in the hall, as it is dangerous to go out into the cold air with only the dress proper to such an atmosphere as an American house alone can create. The invitations to these receptions are formal, and are generally sent out in New York a fortnight in advance. The form is as follows :

Mrs. Majoribanks,

At home,

Wednesday, March 31st,

From 3 to 6.

R. S. V. P.

17 E. Kent street.

No response is necessary ; the hostess makes preparation for the number of guests whom she has invited.

On entering, the guest places a card on the table. If she cannot be present at the reception, she should send a card in an envelope.

After these entertainments, which *are* parties,

people should call ; but after the more informal "teas" now so fashionable, calls are not expected. They were invented to save the person of voluminous acquaintance from the *gêne* of making calls on all friends, which, in the great city of New York, becomes an impossibility.

"Tea at four o'clock" is at once so cheap, and so easy a form of entertaining, that it is quite within the reach of every entertainer. A lady sends out her visiting card with the words written in one corner, "Thursdays in April, tea at four o'clock," and she then quietly stays at home, with a tea-table spread, merely with the tea-urn, a few cups and saucers, and a basket of cake, and the claims of society are satisfied. She need do nothing further, nor make a call unless she chooses, for the season.

It is a very pretty fashion, and if it could be kept to its original design, which was intended to supplement the great ball and the large reception, it would be well.

Unfortunately, it has been considered as a precedent by those who could do more for society,

and has been turned into an evening party by the hostess, who thus escapes expense and trouble. Also, but one "tea" is given, when many should be allowed, to make up for the distance and the numberless "teas" which on Saturdays, in the season, conflict with each other.

On certain days of the cold winter of 1878-79, often nine "teas" were announced for one Saturday. It was impossible to "do" them all, and there was very little amusement to be derived from any of them, if done hastily.

But, as they are *convenient*, they will always remain fashionable in the great crowded cities. Only let it be observed that these are not parties, and therefore they do not need the subsequent ceremony of a card—if a person has attended the original "tea."

It too often becomes the fashion to substitute elaborate dressing on the part of the ladies of the family at these teas for the plain dress which merely an "at home" demands, and to make them gas-lighted, crowded and disagreeable pretenses for parties, when they should remain only "teas" or quiet "at homes."

A young lady should never issue her own card

for a reception or tea. If she is motherless, her card should read thus :

Mr. and Miss Charpentier,
At home,
Thursday, February 2d,
At 3 o'clock,
etc., etc.

Or her chaperon should send the card, with the young lady's card inclosed.

Numerals are only permitted in dates, hours and street numbers. Elisions are not permitted at all, or abbreviations. Let your friend see that you linger as long as possible over your note ; it is a respectful compliment.

The invitation to a luncheon usually requires an answer. " R. S. V. P. " is usually appended. When it is not, one may presume that the lady has asked so many that she does not require an answer, and that the luncheon is to be served as a collation to every one who approaches the table.

There are very few persons, however, who are offended at punctiliousness, and therefore, if a person wishes to send a regret or an acceptance

to such an invitation, it is proper to do so. But no leader of society is offended at the omission, unless, of course, it be an invitation to dinner, or to a "sit down lunch," and to those invitations "R. S. V. P." is always appended.

Young gentlemen should make an evening call, in full dress, some time within a month after being invited to a reception, dinner or lunch, on the lady who has invited them. If they get in, the call should last less than an hour: if they do not get in, but leave a card, their visit will be properly commended and set down to their credit by their amiable hostess.

Many ladies are now introducing dancing at day receptions and at "teas." Music is also added as an attraction. In a crowded room, where people are coming and going, this is objectionable, as there are few who enjoy music while being interrupted, and few houses are large enough for dancing and receiving. The hostess is also distracted by having to listen to both talk and music. The only place where this can be well done is at Newport, where the houses are large, the company so familiar with each other, and, with the customs of the place, that all arrive about the

same time. At a reception to the President or any distinguished man, everybody is bound to be punctual. The card should set forth the hour. The most distinguished lady in the United States has her hour engraved thus: "At half-past nine *precisely*," and her example may be well followed.

The table may groan with all the luxuries, or it may simply bear a few sandwiches, ices, coffee, tea, chocolate, punch and oysters, as the lady pleases. Heavy and elaborate day lunches are unhealthy and interfere with a seven-o'clock dinner. A well-bred host errs on the side of plainness rather than that of a heavy over-munificence.

Ladies should not wear jewelry in the morning, particularly at their own houses. The hostess should always be plainly dressed, so that her guests be not made to feel ashamed of a quiet toilette.

Evening parties are far more formal, and require the best and most elaborate dress. Everyone who can wear a low cut dress (*décolleté*) should do so. At an evening party in New York, people go at eleven o'clock—a ridiculously late hour—

unless the hostess defines the hour, as is often done, in this way :

Mrs. Campbell,
At home,
Thursday evening, March 17th,
From 9 to 11.

R. S. V. P.

Some sticklers for a perfect etiquette say that no lady has a right to demand an answer to an "at home;" she should say, if she expects an answer .

Mrs. Campbell
Requests the pleasure
Of Mrs. So-and-So's Company
On Thursday evening,
etc., etc.

No doubt this is the most perfect form, but so long as ladies do append "R. S. V. P." to an "at home," they should receive an answer.

At a reception the lady alone receives, the host walks about among his guests; the sons and daughters make themselves generally agreeable.

If the reception is given to some distinguished person, then the lady simply stands beside her guest, to present all the company to him, or her.

There are exceptions to this rule, of course—if illness or indisposition to society prevent the hostess from receiving—but so long as she is in good health and chooses to invite people she is a perfect queen. It is she who invites the guests, she who presides, who defines the laws of her household, and of her feasts. It is to her that all the honors are paid; the host, for the time being, playing but a secondary part. No fact defines so admirably the civilization of the nineteenth century as this—the pre-eminence of women. A man dresses himself plainly, but puts diamonds on his wife. In savage communities it is the male who wears the fine clothes, and the female who digs the earth and waits upon her lord, standing behind him while he eats. In the etiquette of society that savage fashion is reversed.

The etiquette of musical parties demands first, punctuality, then silence while the music is being played or sung. Nothing is so ill-bred as to talk or to move about while a song is going on.

No lady who gives a musicale should invite more than she can seat comfortably, and she

should have her rooms cool, and her lights soft and shaded. People with weak eyes suffer dreadfully in the glare of gas; and when music is going on they cannot stir to relieve themselves. Who can endure the mingled misery of a hot room, an uncomfortable seat, a glare of gas and a pianoforte solo?

A very sensible reformation is now in progress in regard to the sending of invitations and the answering of the same. The post is now freely used as a safe and convenient medium, and one that never fails. Until very lately men were hired to take notes, and servants were sent with all dinner invitations and their replies. This being found utterly impracticable in small families, or by young gentlemen living, as most young gentlemen do live, in large cities, messenger boys were employed.

This was found to be very unsafe, as messenger boys are wholly irresponsible, and if they lose a note they never tell of it.

Therefore, it has come about that notes may be sent by post, as in London or Paris, without loss of caste.

No one is obliged, of course, to send by post,

but it is much safer and often more expeditious, and there is no rule of etiquette broken.

For "teas" it is much better than sending by private messenger. A lady has a great number of cards to send, she has but to spend a morning in directing her notes and in appending the little postage stamp, or she may readily commit that duty to an intelligent servant, the notes are deposited in a neighboring lamp-post, and are quite sure to reach their destination.

The etiquette of the ball-room is scarcely greater than that of an evening party. No young lady should go without a chaperon to either. When at the ball she sits by her chaperon until asked to dance; she then, after the dance, returns to her.

A young gentleman can go to a lady friend and request to be introduced to a young lady, or he can request the patrons of the ball to present him. A lady's permission should always be asked before a gentleman is presented. A short walk after the dance is permitted, and a talk in the parlors adjacent to the ball-room, but it is not etiquette for a gentleman to take a lady off for the whole evening from her chaperon.

No gentleman should go into a supper-room alone, or help himself while one lady remains unserved. Young American gentlemen are very ill-bred in this matter sometimes, and the supper room looks like an arena of gluttony. Let all men remember while in society that they are there as the knights, the attendants on the fairer portion of creation, and not to eat, drink and be merry as at the large men's dinners, suppers and club entertainments.

CHAPTER VII.

WHO SHOULD BOW FIRST? WHO SHOULD SPEAK
FIRST? WHO SHOULD CALL FIRST?

THERE is much unnecessary questioning on these subjects, much unnecessary heart-burning.

We are on a sliding scale in America. No one knows with thorough exactitude where he stands, socially, as every one may from the humblest position rise to the very highest. Therefore, if a person have assumption, arrogance, pretension, he may assume to be a great personage, and may, by his manner, hurt the feelings of some other humbler person. We call such a person a snob, and he deserves the odious name.

The highest born and the most distinguished persons in Europe have the best, the most gracious and the least assuming manners. When Earl de Grey and Ripon was here, at the period of the "High Joint Commission" in Washington, he said "that General and Mrs. Grant had the manners of kings and queens," so simple and unpre-

tending were they, so kindly and cordial to everybody. Now some "*nouveaux riches*" in New York (and it is to be feared in other cities) are not so unpretending as was the great soldier and his quiet wife. They assume an air of lofty disdain, affect not to know those whom they do know perfectly well, and ignore their own past. Such people are not personages of refined society—they are vulgar snobs.

The lady who is fully aware of her own good birth and breeding, who has had respectable ancestors, and who has lived always in good society, is never afraid to bow first, to call first, and to speak first. She knows that courtesy is the most beautiful virtue; that politeness should be enumerated among the seven capital virtues, and that *she* is not hurt if the person to whom she bows does not bow back.

Now, some young gentlemen, with a very proper modesty, assume that it is not their place to bow to a lady until she bows to them; but here they are wrong. The mistake arises from a too great respect, and from an ignorance of the world. A lady, particularly an elderly one, and a society leader perhaps, has so many acquaint-

ances that she does not remember all the young men who have been presented. She is never offended if a young man raises his hat to her and claims an acquaintance which it would give her infinite pleasure to acknowledge did not memory fail to bring the face and name together. A gentleman should always bow first to a lady, no matter whether she returns it or not. If he sees by her face that she does not wish to return it, he can refrain from bowing the next time. Young men are generally chivalrous, respectful and humble, that is, young men who are *gentlemen*. Let them not be afraid to *bow first*. It is a courtly grace to bow well to a woman. It has the authority of Sir Walter Raleigh behind it.

Now, as for calling first, the etiquette in Washington is very definite : the latest comer calls first. It is a thousand pities that this is not the custom in every town, it would simplify matters so much. But in New York it is the fashion for the oldest resident to make the first advances, although now new people, if they choose, send their card for a tea or a reception, and await the action of the social leader, whose acquaintance is thus gracefully solicited. If this attention is not returned.

the lady who has sent the first card sends no more, naturally.

“To get on in society” involves so much that cannot be written down, that here any manual of etiquette is necessarily imperfect, for no one can predict who will succeed and who will fail. Bold, arrogant, selfish and presumptuous people sometimes succeed and sometimes fail ; there seems to be no rule.

But it is quite safe to say, “do nothing that betrays any want of self-respect ; neither push nor recede.” Do your part toward the social pleasures of your set, and leave the rest to fate. Some people are always laughed at ; some are wrongfully put down ; some are most mysteriously successful. No one can tell why ; but one thing is quite certain, no one loses anything by a modest, serene courtesy, a civility which never flags, a willingness to put the very best interpretation on all the conduct of society.

For many of the so-called “slights which patient merit of the unworthy takes” come from our overcrowded social life. A popular person, a social leader, soon becomes a person of many engagements, and with more to do than

she can do properly. Forgive such a person a long time for any seeming incivility ; remember that she cannot be always ready to return your visit, nor is she always able to remember your face. Therefore be not afraid if you are a new-comer to impress yourself upon such a desired acquaintance by acts of civility, and by the most courteous attentions. They will not be mistaken for "snobbery," if neither of you *are* snobs.

In England, where people are never introduced at a dinner, everybody speaks to his next neighbor, or the person opposite, without introduction, and with delightful courtesy. There is no restraint as in America, where two ladies will meet and gaze at each other as if they belonged to hostile tribes of Indians and are seeking each other's scalps, if perchance they have not been introduced.

Remember that the house wherein you are is a sufficient introduction ; speak to each other, make it agreeable for your hostess, even if on going down the front steps you should never speak again. It is proper etiquette to exchange the common-places of courtesy without

being introduced when you are in a friend's house.

A truly hospitable hostess does introduce, if she sees shyness or true humility on the faces of her young guests. It is not etiquette for her to introduce two New York ladies to each other if they are in such a position that they might possibly know each other and yet do not. But it is proper for them to speak to each other in her parlor.

It is always proper for a young lady to call first on an older one; always proper for everybody to call first on the family of a clergyman. Age and the clergy are our two orders of nobility.

It is always proper for a gentleman to take off his hat when he meets a lady on a hotel stair, at the box of a theatre or opera, or any place where they are brought into unexpected meeting. In France all men uncover before a funeral cortege or in the presence of death. It is a beautiful custom.

In driving, a gentleman touches his hat with his whip. He could not well take off his hat while driving, although some very respectful men do. But the etiquette of the whip is sufficient.

There are many excellent persons who are exclusive both by nature and by their prominent positions. If they were not, should we value them so much? No, certainly not. We like a hostess who is so exclusive that she shuts out bores and adventurers, rude or disagreeable people, and only lets in the well-bred, the quiet, the deserving.

“All front doors should have a coarse sieve before them,” said an old entertainer, “all society is not good society.” So there is much to be said for those hostesses who are not easy of approach. There is a vast difference between the pretensions of a snob and the exclusiveness of a Lady Palmerston. She was the queen of the political *salon* for many years, yet no one ever called her rude or too accessible. She knew exactly where to draw the line. We have some such model hostesses in America. They are very rare anywhere, but they preserve society.

Lady Waldegrave was said to possess in perfection *l'art de tenir salon*. She was never afraid to bow first, to call first, to speak first. She knew the value of courtesy. Although the daughter of Braham, the singer, made wealthy and ennobled

by her marriages, she was respected and admired by the whole British aristocracy, where there is more pride of birth than anywhere else in the world, because she respected herself and had good manners.

A gentleman who is walking with a lady or driving with her should lift his hat to every one to whom she bows, even if he does not know the person to whom the lady bows. It is a respect to her. A truly polite person also always returns a bow, even if he does not know the person bowing. It may be a mistake in identity, etc.

General Washington was once reproved for his politeness to an aged negro, who had bowed very low.

“Do you suppose,” said the great man, “that I wish to be outdone in politeness?”

Now there are instances when a lady must cut a former acquaintance. Let this be done promptly and peremptorily. Look the offender in the face and recognize her fully, but do not bow. This happens when we lose confidence in a character, have experienced rudeness, or are assured that we have been mistaken in the respectability of a man or a woman. Let no half courtesy continue,

but break at once. If there were more of this sincerity society would be much more agreeable. A lady of high position has to do this thing sometimes more than once. She cannot and should not forgive a liar, a cheat or an adventurer.

There are adventurers of both sexes. There is no punishment greater than a "cut" from a prominent, good and respected woman.

Cardinal Antonelli never recovered from the slight which the Roman princesses put upon him. They all refused to bow to him, in spite of his exalted power, knowing the lowness of his origin and the vileness of his character. There are impertinences which must be put down at once, and no hostess should suffer anybody to be impertinent in her house if she can help it.

There are women in society called "social marauders" who presume upon an acknowledged eccentricity to insult the humble, or the fearful, or the polite. Such a woman should be left out. She should not be invited. The sieve at the front door should exclude her. Every social leader owes it to herself to frown down such a woman, and to exclude from her parties men of notori-

ously bad character, even though they may have family and wealth to make them famous.

In the case of distinguished strangers a resident of a town should call first.

Nor if the stranger is to be but a short time in town should one expect a return. A card, in an envelope, is often all that a person can send as the acknowledgment of this civility.

To invite a stranger to dinner is the best civility; if that be impossible, try to offer him tickets for a box at the opera, or a good play, or something exclusive which he could not reach but for you.

After a death in the family it is the custom for all friends to call within a month, or to send cards. These attentions are noticed and deeply felt.

Also in cases of prolonged sickness: send often to inquire for the patient, with your card, on which may be penciled "Kind inquiries," or the word "Sympathy," as one pleases.

If a gentleman wishes to be presented to a lady, she should say "Thank you," and show pleasure as he advances. She need not know him again if he does not please her, but she owes a polite

recognition of anybody to the lady who introduces.

In this respect our American women are very lacking in good manners, often receiving a new acquaintance with a brusque discourtesy or an indifferent coldness, which shows themselves to be ill-bred. The true lady is always deferential, polite, and easy in her manners.

The manners of men toward women partake of the freedom of the age. The *jeunesse dorée* are not shy of their attractions: they believe, evidently, that they are attractive. Therefore, they are sometimes wanting in politeness, particularly at crowded balls, to ladies. This is a sin of manner rather than of heart, and a little thought will correct it.

In advising people to be not shy of making first visits, let no one suppose that we advocate "push." There are perfect instincts in this matter which should always tell us where we should *not* go first. If a person is so much richer, more distinguished, and more socially prominent than ourselves that the line is very distinctly drawn, of course we should not make violent efforts to achieve that acquaintance.

We should wait until some mutual friend has paved the way for us, and we should be as firm in our self-respect as our expected acquaintance is firm in her social position.

In this country wealth has, although it gives prominence, really very little power of stamping out the claims of character, old family, good breeding and culture; a *nouveau riche* still aims to fill her rooms with those who bring the gifts which no money can buy. "An old aristocrat" (although it seems a misnomer) is still a power in the newest State; a woman or a man who has education and good manners can afford to laugh at poverty, and can, with tact and courtesy, always be a favorite in society. Of course wealth is necessary, if one would entertain much, in a great city. But even in the commercial metropolis wealth has not stamped out those higher qualities which should ever reign in our society—tact, good breeding and courtesy.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONDUCT IN A CROWD.

THE American woman is said to behave badly in a crowd. She is nervous, pushing, selfish, aggressive. The entrance to a *matinée* at the Academy of Music, when the audience is almost exclusively feminine, is as dangerous and as desperate a place as one can find. Women's elbows are freely planted in a neighbor's side, and the old pun of *infra dig* comes to mind. Every woman seems to have forgotten that she is a lady, and pushes forward as brutally as if she were an English prize-fighter. A child is often in great danger in these crowds, and the sight is often seen of a mother and an aunt protecting some unhappy little thing whom these stampeding crowds would tread to death.

Now, this is not because women are cruel; it is because they are thoughtless. Many an accident has occurred at these *matinées* from overcrowding, and each woman who went to make

up the crowd probably would have regretted deeply did she know that it was *her* arm that wounded the delicate chest of a feeble sister. But each woman was anxious to get a seat, each woman was nervous, each woman thought herself as good as any other woman, and each woman felt angry at being "crowded," so that a mass of agitation was the net result.

Now, to behave well in a crowd calls for a vast deal of presence of mind. A smiling face, a pleasant voice, an apology to the woman whom you are unintentionally pushing; these things go a long way toward saving you and her. Of course a crowd is a heedless and a dreadfully dangerous thing, and prudent women keep out of it; but, if once in, nothing but good temper is of any avail.

But there are crowds in other places than at the door of a theatre; there are crowds in ball-rooms, at public receptions, and at the House of Representatives. There are crowds on the Fifth avenue, in the cars of the elevated railway and at the fashionable fairs, in a church at a wedding, and at private theatricals. Foreigners think that our American women are too much *en évidence*,

and that they are too bold in their manners. Now, there is no doubt but that the very innocence and frankness of young girls are sometimes mistaken for boldness, particularly by men who are prone to see evil in everything. An absence of self-consciousness is a charming thing, but in a crowd a young lady must remember that she is in the midst of a very severe and scathing criticism, and that she must think *how* she is looking and how she appears. She must not laugh loud or fast, or show coquetry or boldness.

At a fancy fair she must not walk about importuning men to buy things or to take chances in a raffle. It really behooves our young ladies to watch their looks and speech at these places. They can make as much money for the charity if they are reserved, courteous and plainly dressed, as if they were flaunting, bold and coquettish. Many women find these great crowds a fitting outlet for unoccupied energies, and for love of a little healthy excitement—and not being able to give money—they give what is far better, their time and talents, to a fancy fair; but they are under severe criticism while serving at the altar of charity, and should remember to propitiate by

every decent reserve that unmannerly critic, the public.

It is astonishing that women, who have had offered to them the real crowns of culture and conduct, should ever accept these false, imitation, flashy jewels, called notoriety and conspicuousness; and yet, with all good opportunities of gaining the former, too many young women accept the latter.

Eccentricity may be pardoned at home, but it is never forgiven when seen in crowds.

Lady Bulwer, whose famous divorce suit from the great novelist has been so well described, forgot her dignity in crowds, and showed temper at a Queen's drawing room. At home no one could be more like an "untrained colt." She would sop up spilt ink with a beautiful twenty-guinea pocket-handkerchief, snap a gold chain into bits, upset fine china "in the torrent and tempest and whirlwind of her passion." She presumed upon her rights as a belle, a beauty and a wit; but, although her figure was superb, her great dark eyes as soft as velvet, and her features perfectly regular, society never forgave her, and her husband very properly divorced

her. She was always respected for her talents and her blameless private life, but she had no place in "the crowd."

Women should not quarrel with each other in public. Everybody respects a woman who can smilingly keep her temper. It is doubtful if fashion is a very good adjunct to friendship, and female friendships are often but the result of propinquity, and not very deep. Rivalries arise, and coldness and quarrels are sometimes inevitable. As much as we may labor to "keep our friendships in repair," we may not always succeed, but the break should not be made public.

It costs very little effort to be polite and reserved in a crowd, or perhaps we should say "in public;" any display of temper is very improper, and totally subversive of etiquette. Women are apt to be very chivalrous in friendship, and to stand up bravely for an absent friend when attacked; this is so fine a trait that we cannot much blame it; but still, if it leads to quarreling, or to loud talking, even that should be avoided.

Women should not talk too much in a crowd, even if they talk well. Some one behind them is

sure to think that they are talking for effect. There are many women who have high spirits and a perfect gift as to a compliment or a greeting, who have a combination of splendid talents, yet who are always exciting enmity and jealousy because they seem to the cankered and envious to be trying to take up too much of the public attention. There are women who can talk to four men at once, and yet make every man think himself the favored one : women who have a talent at an epigram or a story, who have wit, and whose knowledge lies where they can easily find it. Such women are greatly sought for in society—they are its ornaments ; but, if such women are not on guard, if they laugh and talk in a crowd, at the opera, they are sure to be severely criticised.

is always in the power of a small and devoted band to stand back to back, and, with spears pointed outward, to defend a small and exclusive territory. Such may be the fortress of Fashion, to those who wish to enter that self-constituted fort. There may be danger of wounds. There is very little gained, perhaps, by getting into that strictly-defended territory, but one likes to

conquer difficulties; **so**, if one storms the fort, one must expect to encounter the bayonets of the defenders. They are "the crowd," and to propitiate that body, or to conquer it, a young aspirant for fashion must buckle on her armor.

There is, no doubt, a great growth of antipathies and hatred engendered by the pursuit of pleasure in the hot-house air of our best society. We are not angels at the best, and it is doubtful if a gay and idle pursuit of fashion and pleasure improves us. Still, the natural desire for social distinction is a very honest one—we all want our rank; but the cultivation of the graces which lead to social success seems to be accompanied by many false growths, and by those fungi which spring up in every rich soil. Therefore, as every pleasure is accompanied by a danger, the young aspirant for fashionable distinction should learn that a certain quiet, elegant reserve of manner is a perfect safety gauze mask, as much needed, morally, in the perilous air of the *salon* as the same protection is needed physically in the dangerous gas of a mine. We must learn to disarm criticism, and to look upon society as a

tournament, a field of the cloth of gold, where all the knights are allowed to enter with visor up and armor closed, to joust, to tilt as they please, but not to disclose their innermost personalities. Good breeding gives us certain definite rules, and while these are observed, society is possible; else it disintegrates. But we may, without losing self-respect, exercise a vast self-control, and not show that we distrust people, nor that we vastly like them; we need not wear our hearts on our sleeves for daws to peck at.

Members of the same family should never quarrel in public. This is often done by two sisters of uncertain tempers, and the crowd laughs. The French have a proverb about this, perhaps too well known to be quoted.

Never show that you feel a slight. This is worldly wise as well as Christian, for no one but a mean person will put a slight on another, and such a person always profoundly respects the person who is unconscious of his feeble spite. Never resent publicly a lack of courtesy: it is in the worst taste. What you do privately about dropping such an acquaintance must be left to yourself.

To a person of noble mind the contests of society must ever seem poor and furious as they think of these narrow enmities and low political manœuvres, but we know that they exist and that we must meet them. Temper, detraction and small spite are as vulgar on a Turkey carpet and in a palace as they could be in a tenement house; nay, worse, for the educated contestants know better. But that they exist we know as well as we know that the diphtheria rages. We must only reflect philosophically that it takes all sorts of people to make a world; that there are good people, rank and file; that there is a valiant army and a noble navy; that there are also pirates who will board the best of ships, and traitors in every army, and that we must be ready for them all; that if we live in a crowd we must propitiate that crowd.

Never show a fractious or peremptory irritability in small things. Be patient if a friend keeps you waiting. Bear, as long as you can, heat, or a draught, rather than to make others uncomfortable. Do not be fussy about your supposed rights; yield a disputed point of precedence. All society has to be made up of these

concessions; they make you unnumbered friends in the long run.

We are not always wrong when we quarrel; but if we meet our deadliest foe at a friend's house we are bound to treat him with perfect civility. That is neutral ground. Never, by word or look, disturb your hostess; this is an occasional duplicity which is ordered by the laws of society. And, in all honesty, cultivate a graceful salutation, not too familiar, in a crowd. Do not kiss your friend in a crowd: be grave and decorous always. Burke said that manners were more important than laws. "Manners are what vex or soothe, comfort or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like the air we breathe."

A salutation may have a great deal of meaning in it. It may say, "I respect you, and I wish you well." It may say, "I love you." It may say, "I hate you." In a crowd, it should simply say the first. The bow of a young lady should be maidenly, quiet, not too demonstrative; yet not cold or forbidding.

The salutation of a man to a woman cannot be

too respectful. It is to be feared that "old-fashioned courtesy" has no place in our fashionable society. There is either coldness or too great familiarity. The manners of young women are apt to be too careless. They emulate the manners of men and of the age too much, not remembering they should carry in their gentle ways the good manners of all ages. A young woman should remember that when a woman's salutation ceases to be delicate, elegant and finished, that she steps down from her throne and throws away her sceptre.

There is no salutation, however, more displeasing than that of a too efflorescent and flattering subserviency. "He bows too low" should never be said. Avoid being a snob, in private, as in a crowd.

People of the highest fascination communicate a flattering salutation with their eyes. Such people need no words, they talk without knowing it.

A woman who fills a high place in society must be unselfish, considerate, full of memory, complaisant, amiable and honorable. She must do a thousand gracious things for which she will never

be thanked. She must stand at her post when dying of fatigue; she must talk to bores. The post of honor is the post of danger. She must submit to criticism. She must be attacked, suspected, called selfish, proud, conceited, false perhaps, although her constancy may be perfect, but she must not let the crowd know that she notices these adverse criticisms. They are the penalty of greatness.

Never advertise your own failures. Never complain that you are not invited; that you have been badly treated; that you have made a mistake; that you regret your own want of success. The crowd does not care. It is very apt to believe that you are successful if you say nothing to the contrary; it receives you at your own rating, and, unless you are abominably selfish, egregiously vain and pretentious, or dismally sulky, will almost always rate you as a good-enough person, sufficiently fashionable and well-bred.

These are very superficial and external hints as to the ethics of etiquette. We might go much deeper, and argue from a higher, better standpoint, but that is not necessary here.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ETIQUETTE OF WEDDINGS, OF CALLS OF CONGRATULATION AND OF SYMPATHY.

THE lady, of course, fixes the day for the wedding to suit herself. Much nonsense has been written about those papers "which are expected to gazette engagements or wedding days." No paper is expected to "gazette" anything among well-bred people. The first intimation that the public receives of either fact should come from the parents of the bride, who mention the fact of the engagement to their intimate friends, and when the young couple are ready to marry, the father and mother, or guardians of the young lady, issue cards naming the day and hour of the wedding.

It would be easy to write a volume, and it would be a most useful volume if it brought conviction to the hearts of the offenders, on the wrong done to young ladies by the newspapers, who assume, without authority, to publish the news of an engagement. Many a match has been broken off

by such a premature surmise on the part of a not too well-informed reporter, and the happiness of one or more persons injured for life. For an engagement is a very delicate thing. Two people like to approach this event of their lives in great mutual confidence and secrecy. They do not wish to throw open those inner rooms of the heart for reporters to chronicle every detail of their furnishing. Consequently, all newspapers should be careful not to announce an engagement unless requested to, or unless they are particularly well informed as to the truth of it. Society, too, is very much to blame for its readiness to declare an engagement "off" without sufficient reason, and to circulate rumors prejudicial to the gentleman if an engagement is broken. This is often done, and it makes much unnecessary ill-feeling.

A gentleman presents a lady with a ring after she has accepted him—a diamond generally—"a very large diamond, imported by Tiffany," as the author of "Miss Flora McFlimsy" puts it. According to the wealth of the high-contracting parties is the diamond large or small, and so of the trousseau of the bride.

Unfortunately, in our "age of gold," money has become very much the important factor in modern matrimonial engagements. Plutus has long been a rival of Cupid, and some people say that the former has floored the latter. Let us hope, however, that young people still love each other : that the good old fashion of marrying for love is not entirely extinct.

The custom of giving bridal gifts has, however, become now an outrageous abuse of a good thing. From being a very pretty custom, one which had at its base the good old reality of helping the young couple to begin housekeeping (which is still observed in Holland by presents of the bed and table linen and the necessary knives and forks and chairs), it has become but another form of ostentation, and a very great tax upon the friends of the bride. People are expected to send certain handsome gifts. Rich old relatives are mulcted, and the bride's mother has been known to write notes to the effect that "Nellie would prefer pearls," or that "Jane hopes everything will be silver." etc.

Even if the family of the fair bride have too much delicacy to do this, a New York bride her-

self had lately no such delicacy, but requested her friends to send her *checks* instead of presents, and she afterwards boasted that she had "got five thousand dollars out of one rich old man!"

Then the rivalry between two rich families, or a rich and a poor family, begins. The Joneses say that they must not be outdone by the Williamses. So, if the Williamses send a silver dinner-set the Joneses must send one also. Such are the vulgar abuses of a good custom.

The upshot of all this is that the young couple, perhaps having but a small income, are loaded down with silverware which they cannot use, and which becomes a bill of expense to them for years, for it must be stored, and the interest of the money, the insurance and storage, soon eat up the value of the silver.

There is positively no advantage in all this, except to Tiffany, who daily sends out magnificent silver, for which he is paid an enormous price, to receive it back the same evening, and to keep it at the owner's expense for twelve years, perhaps forever. It has had one or two other uses. It has served to gratify somebody's love of display, or somebody's purse

pride, and the bride has glanced at it once. There are fourteen or fifteen young married women of twelve years' standing in New York who say that they never saw their own silver except on the wedding day. The danger of losing it is so great, that with dishonest servants and burglars about they dare not keep it at home, and they cannot afford to give the large dinners which require it.

Yet it is *etiquette* to send the bride a present after the mother has announced that "Nellie will be married in March," and every one feels, not only a love for Nellie, but a sense of the *duty* of the thing. It is no longer a mere pleasure, it is obligatory.

If, like the announcement in the death column, "It is requested that no flowers be sent," which has just stopped off a painful and unnecessary extravagance, the bridal cards could bear this inscription, "It is requested that no presents be sent," it would soon remedy this evil, and it is an evil deeply felt by those who cannot afford to be lavish; and it is overdone by the *very rich*, who are simply gratifying their own vanity.

No one need be afraid to help the young couple

in an unostentatious way ; but the publicity of the thing, the notoriety and the extravagance, might be properly checked.

A very rich girl frequently gives the bridesmaids their dresses. If she is not able to do this, she suggests what they shall wear. The groom gives the bridesmaids lockets or rings with monogram or motto, if he is able so to do, and presents each of his ushers with a scarf-pin or studs—something by which they shall remember the day.

The fashion of groomsmen has passed away. Now the happy man stands at the altar awaiting his bride with his "best man" at his side. Six ushers, dressed in frock coats, gray pantaloons and dark scarfs, bring the ladies to their seats in church, and then form a procession at the door of the church to lead up the bridal party. These are followed by the bridesmaids, who walk two and two, bearing flowers, and now, generally, wear little bonnets. Then comes the bride, leaning on the arm of her father or brother, or on the arm of the friend who is to give her away. No one should wear a veil but the bride herself. The canonical bridal dress is of white satin or brocade, long train, bridal veil of tulle or real lace,

and orange-blossoms, which none but a bride can wear.

But this is varied now and then. Brides are sometimes married in a traveling dress and bonnet. Young widows who marry a second time must *not* wear white nor veils; and young ladies who marry widowers often dress in colored silks, and with a bonnet, or not, as they please.

The fact, however, that at a day wedding the bride is properly in low evening dress, and in all the paraphernalia of full dress, while her husband is decidedly in morning costume, is one of those English anachronisms for which the French laugh at the Anglo-Saxons.

However, it is *etiquette* and must be done.

The cards are generally in this form—

Mr. and Mrs. Smith
request the pleasure of your company
at the marriage of their daughter,
Antoinette
to
Mr. Lewis Mortimer.
On Wednesday, March 20th, at 3 o'clock,
at
Grace Church.

Another card bears the following inscription—

Reception,
174 E. Kent street,
at half-past three o'clock.

The cards admitting people to the church are almost needless. for everybody goes to a church until it is full. and then nobody can get in if they possess a card.

After these cards are out. the *fiancée*, or coming bride. must not appear in public. This is an absurd regulation, but one on which society is entirely decided, and very stringent. In asking a young lady to be her bridesmaid. the bride is generally actuated by feelings of relationship or friendship, although fashion and wealth often influence these invitations. Each bridesmaid is expected to give a handsome present. The groom asks men of his own age, and of his intimate acquaintance. They must be unmarried men, of course, and arrange all matters at the church. Music should play softly through the preparatory ceremony of the entrance of the family. The mother of the bride, her brothers and sisters,

should precede her to the church and be seated in pews before she enters, unless the mother is a widow and gives away the bride herself—a very touching and beautiful ceremony. As the bride walks up the aisle the organ should play a wedding march.

After the ceremony, which should be conducted with great dignity and composure on all hands, for exhibitions of feeling, in public, are in the worst possible taste, the officiating clergyman shakes hands with the young couple, and congratulates them. The bride takes her husband's right arm, and they walk down the broad aisle, without recognizing acquaintances in the church, to their carriage at the door (here a maid should be in waiting with a cloak to wrap the bride from draughts and from intrusive starers); they then drive home alone, or to the house where the reception is to be held.

The bride and groom stand together under a floral design (a bell, generally), and with the bridesmaids at the right of the bride.

The ushers take up the people to be presented, and introduce each by name.

The bride's mother yields her place as hostess

for the nonce, and is either not especially in any one spot receiving, or, if she is, is always addressed *after the bride*.

The rest of the family make themselves generally agreeable to the guests at the reception, but every honor is conceded to the bride.

Two hours is the longest time which etiquette requires of the newly-married pair in their business of receiving.

The bride retires, changes her white dress for a traveling suit, generally of gray cloth or of some quiet-colored silk, but never black, and in her bonnet or hat comes down with her mother and sisters and friends, and meets the groom, who has also changed his dress for a traveling suit, when occurs a scene of mingled tears and smiles. The horses and driver and groom of the carriage which is to bear off the happy pair for the honeymoon are all dressed with white favors and flowers, and as they drive off rice is thrown after them, and a shower of old slippers. Happy will they be forever after if one slipper alights on the carriage. So says the old Welsh tradition.

The most approved fashion now decides that the happy pair go to some friend's house, at

which they spend the honeymoon. Some generous person who can retire and leave house and servants to them is a great boon to a newly-married pair. However, in this land of comfortable hotels, an agreeable and quiet apartment in any of our great cities can easily be procured.

After returning to the city, the bride generally advises her friends by cards of her being ready to receive them on certain days. If not, the friends should call within a month after her return, to leave their cards of congratulation.

Dinners and lunches and parties in honor of the young pair should follow in quick succession.

If a wedding occurs in the evening, the groom should appear in evening dress, of course, as all gentlemen must do after nightfall. A white cravat with a frock coat is a dreadful solecism, only permitted to the clergy. It is now worn, however, in summer, for cleanliness, sometimes, but should then be made of duck, or Marseilles—not of cambric.

A widow, on marrying again, should not use her late husband's name or initials, but in this wise: If she was Angela Jones, and had married Mr. Brown, and, being his widow, wishes to

marry Mr. Thompson, her card should read thus—

Mr. and Mrs. Jones
request the pleasure of your company at the
marriage of their daughter,
Angela Jones Brown,
to
William Thompson, Esq.,
On Thursday, March 10th,
etc., etc., etc.

Or, better still, she requests a friend to give her a reception, and the friend's name appears on an

“At Home,”

with the cards of the widow and of the gentleman whom she intends to marry simply included in the envelope.

Calls of sympathy should be made in person a week after the death of a member of a family whom you wish to treat with exceeding respect and kindness. Of course you do not ask to see the afflicted widow or daughters, but you personally inquire for them. You can leave a plain card with your name, or pencil a few words upon it. It is always well, also, to write a note expressive of your sympathy.

If neither can be done, send a card by a servant; but a personal visit is always appreciated. We are not careful enough in this country of these points of etiquette. We should call to inquire for the sick, to send messages of kind inquiry, to show our pleasure in our friends' good fortune and to sympathize with them in trouble.

CHAPTER X.

AMERICAN MISTAKES.

AMERICAN women feel very angry at Anthony Trollope and at Miss de la Ramée ("Ouida"), and at other writers, for their sketches of the American girl in Europe.

And, indeed, these pictures seem to us, who see the best American girls and see them at home, to be very coarse daubs of a very beautiful original. We have no sympathy with Sardou's "Uncle Sam," which is a sketch of American life utterly repellent to our civilized idea of the proprieties.

And yet traveling in Europe we do see here and there some eccentric and careless persons who violate etiquette at every turn; who are rich, uneducated, vulgar and loud, and we regret to learn that they are Americans.

People in Europe take of course the very prominently eccentric as types of our nation. If people behave properly, they are supposed to be—not Americans, but English; in fact, the well-bred

create no ripple on the surface ; they are only let alone.

The peculiarity of our political system has much to do with this, as a Senator may be the most ill-bred of men ; a foreign Minister and his family may be, and often are, totally unacquainted with etiquette. Now, the young and beautiful American girl is also in a very anomalous position, looking from European eyes.

She has never been graded, as in England, by an iron rule. She has possibly never even heard of that pride of birth which keeps the remotest granddaughters of certain houses in order, even if they have a roaming and piratical turn. She knows nothing of that "mysterious something" called conventionality. She only knows that she has owned her bit of sea and sky, of hillside or upland lawn, her prospect and her retrospect ever since she was born. There has been nothing between her and the thing she wanted since she learned to walk. To steadily approach the tree and to gather the peach has been her manifest destiny.

If she has been bred in the country and has come to New York or Boston to do her shopping.

she has gone to the best shops and has bought the latest fashion ; so when she goes to Europe she intends to take the best she can get—kings and queens, and dukes and princes, being the best, she steps up and takes them ! So with art and science, and the joys of traveling. She is Sir Francis Drake, Paul Jones, Columbus. Audacity is rewarded in her case by a thousand victories to one defeat.

What seems in her at first sight like an extraordinary and courageous impudence, is simply ignorance of that cobweb wall of etiquette which the spiders of all ages have been spinning, but which she does not see. No one has told her about it. She is like the blind man who received his sight in middle age, walking up against solid walls and empty space alike. They are the same to him, and to her, until both painfully learn the difference ; but if she does not see other people and things, they see her. She is apt to be beautiful and she is sure to be strange ; so she is looked at, catalogued, described. She gets into the pages of an English novel, and then is shocked (as we are all apt to be) at her own photograph. It is not com-

plimentary, but it is the image she has painted on the foreign camera. She is delineated by a native artist, perhaps, and becomes furious at his want of patriotism. It may happen that he is her best friend, and is but showing her to herself as others see her.

The late Mr. Motley—the most chivalrous of men—declared that some of the experiences of his own countrymen in Europe upset for him all his preconceived ideas. He had been bred in that cultivated and conventional smaller circle of American society whose members behave like conventional people all over the world; but as Minister at two foreign courts he was destined to see the far more extensive type of his countrywomen. It was an anecdote which he was fond of telling, that a young lady wrote to him at one of the two courts which he represented, demanding of him that she should be taken into the best society, and adding that she did not ask it as a favor, but that she demanded it as a right. He asked her if she had a chaperon. She said no, but if that were necessary he must furnish one; adding that, in her opinion, “that was what Ministers were sent to Europe for.”

Her beauty and wealth, and her perfect gentleness and innocence in all this demand, made her a conspicuous and a valuable specimen. She drove through Europe in a coach-and-four, so to speak, disdainng advice, and feeling insulted at any suggestion that she was outraging *convenances*, never reading insult in men's eyes, nor suspecting evil. Having been taken all over Europe for a Tartar princess, a Russian grand duchess, an actress, a dancer, anything but what she was, she came calmly home, married the man of her choice, settled down in Indiana or Connecticut, whence her daughter, when her time comes, will go off on a similar jaunt.

Still, one may say that American women, do what they will, cannot be more original or more lawless, than are English women; therefore, why is she more observed? This is a great mistake. An English woman is ticketed. She is somebody! The Kickleburys on the Rhine were as curious specimens to Lady Frances as is Daisy Miller to the well-bred old lady with the gray curls; but Lady Frances knows her rank, and *their want of it*, while the two Americans are, to all intents and purposes, *of the same social rank*. Or, even more

confusing, it is possible that Daisy Miller may be the daughter of an ambassador or a senator, and the conventional lady may be Mrs. Smith, of Smithville, and a nobody in European estimation. They do not understand our political equality.

After leaving the gentle and ignorant women who are innocently shocking Europe, and who are being written up, almost *ad nauseam*, we come to the larger class, who know better, and who are either foolishly regardless of appearances, or who are desirous of attracting attention. It is curious that, amidst the adventuresses of all nations, the American adventuress has so decided an originality. One would think that the type would be somewhat monotonous; but is there a city, a watering place, a sea coast, a mountain pass in Europe where some American woman is not seeking notoriety, and is not doing it with a marked nationality.

“Ouida,” in her bad and foolish novels, hits off occasionally this peculiar type. Her sketch of Mrs. Henry V. Clams, in the novel of “Friendship,” is a striking portrait; and Anthony Trollope has made some good but rather blundering masculine attempts.

No wonder that the next innocent and ignorant person who comes along mistakes Daisy Miller for Mrs. Henry V. Clams, for externally their lives are very much alike. Wild, disobedient, foolish daughters of careless, indifferent, ignorant mothers, they have not learned even to *appear* to be respectful. The European girl has at least learned that.

In the city of New York an intelligent foreigner remarked that he could understand everything better than the relation of daughter to mother. In every other country it carried reverence, and a certain simulated obedience, if not the real thing. Here he saw in many most respectable families daughters who did not even pretend to respect or obey their mothers. It is an American disability, the habit of respect, and undoubtedly shocks foreigners, as it should shock natives; but it is perhaps inevitable in a republic; perhaps we have thrown away too much. The mother who has revered nothing herself is not apt to bring up her daughters to reverence her. Whatever may be the reason, the fact remains, and to this may be referred some foreign misapprehensions. There are very many well-meaning American

daughters who do not treat their mothers with proper reverence of manner.

It is not worth a strong defense—that life of people who live in any country but their own. That idle, purposeless, scandal-loving, rootless impersonal thing, known all over Europe as the “American Colony,” is not worth the powder by which it might be blown up. The most pampered alien misses so much in living abroad that it is useless to attack her. What woman can enter church, charities, society, or build her hearthstone firmly in any land into which she has sunk no roots? It is a woman’s duty to follow her husband, but yet what misery has come of these mixed marriages, from which ambitious mothers have hoped so much, and for which foolish fathers have paid so much?

Marriage is a very different thing to the European from that definite and respectable duty which it represents to the American mind. It is there an arrangement; it includes no necessity of constancy; the husband loses no social esteem if he leads a life of recognized and open infidelity. His wife is supposed to have been more than paid for her money, her sacrifices and the

insults which she endures, if, by the gift of his title, he has introduced her to the Faubourg or to the Prince of Wales!

The story is as old as human folly, and will continue until folly shall die, that hundreds of American parents are ready and anxious to-day to risk the happiness of their beautiful daughters, and to put their own necks under a financial yoke, to buy a title for them. No doubt, to the poor girl, there has been real illusion here. The foreigner has much that is fascinating in mind and manner; he treats his *fiancée* well, however he may treat his wife, and to her romantic, inexperienced heart, what more fascinating chimera—one in which wiser heads than hers have indulged—of that possible probability that in old renown there is promise of present virtue—that a Clifford or a Howard or a Condé is made of better blood than Jones and Brown, and that a house which has been built for three centuries is better worth living in than one which was knocked up by contract last month. It is not until she has experienced the humiliations reserved for every hour of her life that she finds she has lost her American nobility

and rank, and has received dead sea apples in exchange.

To a woman who is frivolous and made up of vulgar vanity there may be gratification in seeing other Americans stare as her name and title are called out at the door of an opera or a Queen's drawing-room. That may repay her for hours of abandonment, insult and a position where she is always on sufferance; but to those who, with fresh hearts and with the honest inexperienced hope of young womanhood, have entered into these marriages, dreaming of happiness, how many realize their dreams? How rarely does the young American wife in Europe look happy? She has *not* love, honor, obedience, troops of friends. She is separated from her own family; those who would love her and keep her in sickness and in health are not by her side. She is away from that land which recognizes her as one who has no superiors. If she has not received positive insult, unmitigated wrong, and determined cruelty, she believes herself happy. But she has been patronized!

To the honor of these American wives of noble and titled husbands be it said, as a rule, they

have behaved well—they have not revenged themselves. The American women who have played most conspicuously the rôle of *Bohémienne* in Europe, and who have made the name of American wife a scandal and a reproach, have been, unfortunately, most frequently the wives of plain American citizens.

“Is there anything peculiar in your relationship?” asked an impertinent Guardsman of an American lady. “You are the first American woman whom I have ever seen traveling with her husband.”

But we may except two or three classes of foreigners who make good husbands: men who have a definite place in diplomacy, or in Government, or the army or navy; men who have something to do. Whether it is from their education, or from the firm anchorage of work, these men do make better husbands than do the idle possessors of title, who consider it a disgraceful necessity to marry an American heiress. And, again, there may be good lords and decent princes. They are not all bad; but if one of these marries an American wife, and if he loves her and treats her well, ten to one his mother does not spare her.

The wife has no ancestral importance ; she does not date back to the Conquest ; unlike Don Cæsar de Bazan, she cannot, in rags, “ wear her hat in the presence of royalty.” She must be very handsome and well dressed “ in the presence of royalty,” and then, alas ! perhaps royalty takes too much notice.

We cannot immediately educate the daughters of people who have suddenly stepped into the responsibilities of crude and unmanageable prosperity in the etiquette of the quiet, elegant, educated, thoughtful people who have for a century or more pursued the even tenor of an American aristocracy. The two classes are living side by side, and until lately one class was quite oblivious of the other. A Daisy Miller is an unheard of, unknown, rather doubtful monster to a calm gentleman who has only known the polished women of his own clearly-defined set. He does not believe in her. But let him travel through the environs of our great cities, shake off his own associations ; let him go to the very *pension* where she talked to her courier, and he will find her. She is a republican outcrop, inevitable, but sure, and—sure to be misunderstood in Europe.

It seems sometimes quite impossible that an American woman, with the dowry of quick intelligence and imitative faculty which has made her so clever an artist, so skillful a musician, so honorable in her desire for education, and so well dressed and so well mannered, as she almost immediately becomes after contact with the world, should remain so oblivious of the evident proprieties which she shocks, and which no well-intentioned woman wishes to shock. Yet here is where she fails. The very absence of reverence for her mother, of which she is not perhaps fully aware, which dates back to her nursery, makes her impatient of advice and angry at the implied disbelief in her own knowledge. An American girl in Europe does not like to be told that she must not treat her courier with familiarity. She does not like to be told that she appears badly on the Pincian Hill. She would *rather* appear badly than to be told of it. The great moral purity of these American girls, the honor in which women are held in America, the utter want of morbidity in the relations between men and women, has, from its very rareness and impossibility to a foreign mind, done very much to help along the

mistake. In illustrating this phase of his fair countrywomen, Mr. Henry James, jr., cannot be too highly praised. His beautiful story of "Madame de Mauves" should never be forgotten. He knows how good they are, and he has said so.

Of American snobbery, of the bowing down to a lord—who has not seen and regretted it? That is a phase of our republican education which we would fain ignore. But there are few diseases cured without a severe, heroic remedy, and after a thorough diagnosis. We may as well accuse *ourselves* of our own national sins, and take the bitter pill at once. We are in the position of soldiers who will not obey the word of command. If Americans do behave in either a savage or a snobbish or an ignorant way in Europe, it is well that they should confess it to themselves, or else to bear the sarcasms patiently which are showered down on them by English authors. They can escape all by a slight attention to the laws of a recognized etiquette, nor need they lose one particle of self-respect by so doing.

CHAPTER XI.

SOCIAL OBSERVANCES TOWARD FOREIGNERS AND
TOWARD OUR OWN GREAT PEOPLE.

THE way to treat a great man or woman who visits you is to do the best thing you can in your own way. A slavish imitation of the manners of one particular country, whose laws and whose rank is different from ours, would be absurd, and would deprive every nation of its individuality and of all interest, if carried too far.

For instance, it would be absurd for us to attempt to treat Prince Leopold with the thousand courtesies which would only be understood and properly carried out by the Norroy King-at-Arms. We should receive him with great respect—we owe that to ourselves—but in a truly American manner, as we would one of our own distinguished men, with the added interest and hospitality which we owe to every stranger. The running after such a person, the staring at him as if he were made of different clay, is absurd, weak and

ridiculous. It is essentially rude, too; it is a coarse and a vulgar thing to follow a royal prince, to let him for one moment consider himself a target for the gossiping observation of a thoughtless crowd.

Respect and good feeling being the background of manners, people with those two qualities need hardly be told how to behave under any circumstances. It may be well, however, to observe one or two little details.

English people, especially princes, do not expect to be shaken hands with; that is an American custom. The French princes who came over to fight under McClellan—the Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres—cultivated this pleasant habit, and made themselves very popular; but the old Prince de Joinville, their uncle, who came with them, and who was a sailor and the most democratic of princes, never could bring himself to do it indiscriminately. He had been too near the Old World etiquette, disturbed as it had been, even in his day. It is well for Americans to remember this, and to content themselves with a low bow.

After the ceremony of presentation, if the royal

visitor, or any other visitor, honors our private houses with his presence, we should simply see that he is taken in *first* to supper or to dinner: that little concession to Old World etiquette is only decent, because anything less would look like an insult: but, after that, we need not trouble ourselves to be especially particular: in fact, we must avoid being fussy, which is the worst excess of amiability.

As for our own great people—a president, for instance—we should treat him with more honor than we do—very much more.

In inviting him to our houses we should be careful to see that he and his wife are conducted first to the refreshment table. No one should, either from carelessness or indifference, begin to eat at a reception given to the President before he has been helped. This we owe to the common decencies of life.

On the arrival of the President and suite at a small town in the interior, the business of receiving him properly is often laughingly discussed by the inhabitants. The proper etiquette would be for a delegation of the first citizens to meet him at the train and to conduct him in one of

their own private carriages to the house where he is to stop, unless public ceremonies should interfere. And then *he* should be first privately consulted as to his own desire for rest and refreshment before he is compelled to receive the good people who wish to see him. If he consents to a reception, let one be given to him, of course ; and each person who enters should be presented to him first by host and hostess, but there should always be a thought for the private rest and refreshment to an over-fatigued man.

It is always an agreeable thing for a great man, a traveled man, a much shaken-handed man, to be taken to some luxurious, quiet, private house, where an amiable and accomplished hostess knows how to treat him with dignified courtesy, and to be let alone occasionally ; for the hour of rest and the "not being obliged to talk" are boons highly prized by the public man.

To appear in the front rank, to follow up a great man, to be the star which shines with reflected lustre, these are the attributes of the snob and the bore ; and scarcely ever do we see a public reception to a distinguished luminary that the lesser satellite is not present also. There are men

who have no sense of delicacy on this point—women who make themselves into notorieties as lion-hunters, and as the most disagreeable of bores, because they cannot be put down as men can. Their sex, unfortunately, protects them; but if they could hear the whispered criticism, they would gladly reform their too-officious manners. A capital article could be written on this subject alone; indeed, as referring to a whole class of such, a recent English paper says: “People often imagine that if they could only get the *entrée* into some envied clique, their position and happiness would be assured for life. At last the much-desired opportunity presents itself, and they enter the celestial portals. Their surroundings, when they find themselves there, may possibly surpass their fondest wishes, but, as regards themselves, all is not satisfactory; on the contrary, they are conscious of a complete, indescribable failure. They are painfully conscious that they have nothing in common with the inhabitants of their longed-for Paradise, and these exalted beings give them clearly to understand that they look upon them as flies in their ointment. To have the cup of happiness snatched from one’s grasp just as one is putting

it to the lips is mortifying, and the sense of disappointment to one's fondest hopes is even worse. In these days 'society' is the most run after of all the 'will-o'-the-wisps,' and there are many thousands of people whose highest desire is to be on a familiar footing with some coterie, which especially commends itself to their tastes. They are ever on the watch for an opportunity for inserting the thin end of the wedge into the desired set. There is great diversity of opinion as to what is the most delectable of earthly circles, but one or two descriptions taken at random will easily exemplify the common experience of searchers after social perfection."

The snob must have anything but an agreeable experience in thus trying to get in where he is not wanted. He is ever the marplot of these public attentions to distinguished people, and is to be particularly dreaded.

If a family wish to entertain a president or a prince, they should be careful, in issuing cards, that their invitation is explicit and in good grammar. Many invitations read absurdly, as this sort of thing :

“Mrs. Brown at home, July 1st, to meet President Hayes.”

Mrs. Brown thinks that she has invited you to meet President Hayes, whereas she has only recorded a truism. She should have said :

Mrs. Brown
requests the pleasure of the company of
Mr. and Mrs. Smith,
on Friday evening, July 1st,
to meet
The President
and
Mrs. Hayes.

Or it is proper, in giving a large entertainment, to have the card printed thus :

Mr. and Mrs. Brown request the pleasure of your company at luncheon, on Tuesday, March 2d, to meet

The President
and
Mrs. Hayes.

1 o'clock.

18 E. Kent street.

Many sticklers for the old-fashioned and most respectful etiquette, however, object to this use of the words “your company,” and say “whose

company?" They take the trouble to insert the name always, but that becomes so well understood through the address on the outside of the envelope, and the trouble is so enormous, that in our republican code of manners we may insist that the latter printed form is sufficiently ceremonious.

Some question arises in country neighborhoods, where there are no Delmonico cooks, as to whether a hot lunch or a cold one is the most in order. We say a cold lunch, as being more convenient and always sure to be better; such dishes as chicken salad, cold ham and pressed meats, ice cream, Charlotte Russe and blanc-mange, jelly and cake, being easily prepared before, and all within the power of every good housekeeper; while, if you have not a French cook, hot dishes, like sweetbread and peas, croquettes and terrapin, filet de bœuf and game pies, are apt to be very poor, particularly if the lunch is delayed. It should be the business of every country housekeeper to study up egg salads, lobster and chicken salads, the common salads from the garden, and all the preparations of potted meats, which are excellent, such as

Melton veal and chicken, cold, with a vegetable salad, all of which come in well at a hastily improvised lunch. A potato salad can be made to be perfectly delicious and very ornamental.

Morning entertainments have become very fashionable in these later years, but they have not, of course, obliterated the ball, the evening party and the evening wedding. It is to be hoped that they never will, for gentlemen find it difficult to be present at these day parties. Our work-a-day country, thank Heaven, finds something for every man to do, in the daytime ; it is only occasionally that a man can come up town before dinner. Therefore, hostesses should accept the added trouble, and give their entertainments in the evening, if possible. There has been too much shirking of this sort of responsibility in favor of the more easily gotten-up tea at five o'clock—a very much overdone form of entertainment.

While it is always proper to give a foreigner his title, as it is respectful to call a person by his real name instead of being sure to call Mr. Cromwell Mr. Carroll, or Mr. Cheeseborough Mr. Cheesman, or Mrs. Sherman Mrs. Sherwin, as some people always do, yet it is not very easy to find out

how to address a prince, a duke, or an archbishop simply by looking into any English book of etiquette. In England they avoid using the title as much as possible when talking with a very exalted person. We, as republicans, are not expected to know all the details, and if our manners are agreeable and polite, and not *too excruciatingly* respectful, we shall be forgiven for little lapses of the unintentional kind.

A too great familiarity and appearance of intimacy should be avoided with such a person. However courteous an English duke may appear, he really resents any attempt at familiarity. Never slap a foreigner on the back, or touch his elbow, as is common enough between young American men. It is considered abroad the highest insult to touch the person. A young midshipman going abroad for his first cruise treated a party of princes and noblemen who came on board his ship at some port in the Mediterranean as he had been in the habit of treating his own fellow-cadets, and he was challenged to five duels the next day. It took the whole force of the American navy to get him out of this particular scrape. It would not injure our own manners if a little of

this respect for the dignity of the body were more observed.

Women going abroad should be very careful not to assume the *insignia* of rank. American women have been known to go into foreign society wearing coronets, which is absurd. A lady once wore the Prince of Wales' plume in her hair, and was requested to not do so again. The fondness which American women have shown for title and gilded equipage of rank has caused them to be laughed at abroad and at home, and they tell of one ecstatic young lady, who said that she "loved to breathe an air which was thick with archdukes and princes." These women are the toadstools—even worse than mushrooms—of our best society. They are the exceptions, and not the rule.

In receiving and entertaining distinguished foreigners, try to find out first if they are genuine. We are often captured by a bogus lord or a fictitious count. Try to be always on guard. Remember one fact, that the best-born men are not fond of parading a title. General Grant did not go over Europe saying "Here am I! the soldier of the world; the man, who, after Wel-

lington, has the highest military renown; the President, twice, of the United States!" No; those who wanted to see General Grant had to go and find a modest little man, smoking in some back parlor.

So of real lords and real dukes, and great men of Continental hereditary title—they are generally silent, quiet men, anxious to be let alone. Occasionally an exceedingly jolly and agreeable man, like the Earl of Dufferin, appears, and is as entertaining as if he had no greatness to carry around. Lord Houghton was also singularly gracious, convivial, and fond of seeing everybody. The Dean of Westminster was frightened and shocked at being so followed in America, and asked if people were not mistaken as to his *real* position, not knowing that, in *his* case, we loved his truly excellent and liberal breadth of character.

We, perhaps, effuse too much, and in the wrong place. Let us study dignity and quiet repose of manner. As a nation we need it.

CHAPTER XII.

YOUNG PEOPLE AT A WATERING PLACE.

THE conduct of young American women at a watering place has been the prominent and eloquent text of the English traveler, from the days of Mrs. Trollope down to Sala. Indeed, the more sober-minded of our own people have not been silent on the subject. The beautiful young women who desire to be seen, and who mistake notoriety for fame, are pleased with the sensation they create, and after them comes, laboriously, the rather *passée*, fast, married woman, who is nursing her rapidly decaying powers, and who believes that if she is noisy and vulgar and flirtatious, she will be especially commended as a belle.

To go out into the surf in one of those very *décolleté* and sleeveless bathing dresses, which are worn at D'Ouville and Trouville (and mentioned by the not too scrupulous Ouida with abhorrence); to be loudly commended by a set of fast men for some outrage upon the sober order of

the beach ; to dress in a conspicuous manner at breakfast ; to lounge about on the piazza at New London, Long Branch, Saratoga or Richfield in a *negligée* only suited to one's bedroom ; to drive three ponies abreast ; to be loud, defiant and brazen—has been the plan of too many American women in the great publicity of a watering place, even by the mothers of families, as well as by their coarse, unsexed daughters. This has been the custom altogether too frequently for the good name of American women. Flirtation goes on conspicuously at these places, and the reporter of a newspaper is blamed, if, in giving the news of the day, he tells what he sees.

The wholesale violation of good manners and of etiquette is shocking, and it has led to universal misapprehension on the part of observing foreigners as to the morals of American women. No other people like to live in public as we do ; no other people except the *demi monde* of Europe and their foolish imitators flirt, dance, swim, eat, drink, amuse themselves so unrestrainedly before any number of very careless critics. We are gregarious ; we like to spend the summer in a great crowd—to eat, to drink, to listen to

music, to drive and to bathe with our dear five thousand friends. But we should, in so doing, remember that the greater the crowd, the more should each individual be "on guard," and the more should each person envelop himself, or herself, in a wrapping of personal dignity.

The appearance of a handsome young married woman at a fashionable watering place—one attended by a large crowd of adorers, a woman who may have a husband who is well-known politically and financially—is always a fact patent to the whole world, reported by the newspapers, and commented upon by the thousand who go and come at a watering place. To conduct herself so that even the breath of slander shall not be attached to her name is the study of an honorable lady. She dresses quietly; she thinks of little things; she is courteous; she does not stay out late at her yachting parties; she is not seen too much with one gentleman. If she be the wife of a public official, she should not give any one the power to say that she is spending the public money. No suspicion of bribery or corruption should attach itself to her.

And as for young people, there should be no picnic, no yachting parties without a chaperon ; no staying out late in the evening ; no driving off on a coach without some "mamma" to quell the overflow of rising merriment. Young ladies have no idea of the group of moody, jaundiced men of the world who sit at the smoking end of the piazza and say dreadful things of women. Of course these critics cannot be commended, but they should be disarmed by the propriety of the women.

Many an innocent girl has been slandered who did not deserve the harsh criticism ; but if she would remember what she did, and how she looked, and what company she kept at a watering place, perhaps she would be very sorry that she had innocently helped along the slander.

There is always enough that is reprehensible going on. Some disingenuous girl is deceiving her mother, flirting with some forbidden beau ; some arrant coquette is carrying on her game ; some married flirt is occupied with her robust determination to be talked about ; some Mrs. Skewton is painting her eyebrows and trying to pass for a young beauty ; some interloper into the ranks of respectability is carrying on her dan-

gerous game : all these are the companions, daily and hourly, of the innocent, respectable and unsuspecting ladies at a watering place.

Is it not all an argument for the preservation of quiet, dignified and proper manners? Who wishes to be taken for what she is not? We all want our rank, the advantage of good morals, good antecedents and a good reputation in every respect. Shall we then throw it away for a moment's trivial laughter?

The habits of a watering place in America vary, of course, with the situation. A lone hotel, which brings people into very close juxtaposition, is the very hot-bed of gossip. The idlers have nothing to do but to talk of the busy ones. Each young couple is watched as they wander off for a stroll on the beach, a sail at twilight, a drive or a swim. At the great, crowded sea-side places, like Coney Island and Long Branch, there is less gossip, unless some woman makes herself very prominent. It is amazing to see how much less men exploit their contempt of appearances at a watering place than women do. It would seem as if some women lost their senses when they got into a crowd.

The intimacies and flirtations between young unmarried girls and young married men, which have unfortunately become so fashionable and so very much observed at watering places lately, are much to be deprecated. The sorrow and shame which has resulted from these very improper intimacies, but which society winks at, have been enormous. Families become hopelessly estranged, and, of all the sufferers, the innocent girl is the most to be pitied. She has not known at all "what the world will say."

Of the flirtations of married flirts with young men, the world is full. But although this custom lowers the tone of society, no one is to be pitied, for the husband should have courage enough to rule his wife and to prevent his own disgrace. The man who suffers his wife to be talked about deserves all the shame that he gets. The woman who flirts is old enough to know better; no one cares very much what becomes of *her*; and, as for the young man, he accepts with his eyes open the danger and the disgrace of the whole position. So, while it is one of the most crying evils of our republican society, there is very little to be said about it, except to warn mothers not to let their

daughters have anything to do with a young married flirt at a watering place or elsewhere. There is no burden on earth like that of a flirtatious woman tied to an honest man.

A very competent critic, speaking of our young people, justly says :

“The evils arising from the excessive liberty permitted to American youth cannot be cured by laws. If we are ever to root it out, we must begin at the very bottom. Family life must be reformed. For children, parental authority is the only sure guide. Coleridge well said that he who was not able to govern himself must be governed by others, and experience has shown that the children of civilized parents are as little able to govern themselves as the children of savages. The liberty or license of our youth will have to be curtailed. As our society is becoming more complex and artificial, like older societies in Europe, our children will have to approximate to them in status, and parents will have to waken to a sense of their responsibilities, and subordinate their ambitions and their pleasures to their duties.”

Mothers should mingle more in the pleasures of their daughters. If young men knew that

they must invite the mother first to a dinner, a drive or a picnic, before inviting the daughter, it would make the surest correction of one of the evil manners of the day. He who has two oars to his boat is surer of winning the race than he who has only one. A man who treats the parents of the young lady whom he likes with respect is apt to have their assistance in winning her.

Too youthful marriages are to be deprecated. Men often regret deeply through life the mistakes made in their green youth in the choice of a companion, whom Time has proved unworthy of them. Again, they look back upon those early love affairs, which were once of so much importance—those heartbreaks which once seemed so severe—and find that the sting of parting was a very healthy pain, and they are very glad they were saved from a marriage which would have been so very uncongenial. Indeed as a man surveys the choice of his youth, and finds her ignorant, frivolous, sordid and unworthy, he often blames his friends that they were not more severe, and did not keep him from such a marriage.

A woman bows with more submission to her married fate, whatever it may have been. She is obliged to, and religion and duty both help her to wear her yoke. But, sometimes, does she not wish that the foolish fancy and flirtation of a watering place had been thwarted? and that she had been forced into a longer acquaintance, and a more deliberate period of reflection before she took that fatal step which can never be recalled.

If young engaged couples go to a watering place, they should avoid any outer demonstrations of devotion. This is in the worst taste. The gentleman should strive to avoid exhibitions of jealousy if his *fiancée* chooses to dance with another man, and the lady should be equally cool over her lover's behavior. Many an engagement, however, has been broken off at a watering place, or after a summer at one. It is often a crucial test of constancy.

It is quite proper at a watering place to speak without an introduction to those whom you meet every day. Gentlemen should always raise their hats to their fair fellow-boarders, and the acquaintance of ladies on a hotel piazza can hurt no one. The day the party leaves the hotel, that

day the acquaintance can cease if the people so choose.

A young man must be careful not to be pushing, and must, of course, be introduced to a party of ladies, or one young lady, before he could offer her any civilities or ask her to dance ; but for the elderly and the married there need be no such stiffness. Half of the pleasure of a watering-place life is the informal chat, the picking up of a new acquaintance, the insight into a larger life.

As for the cads, the pretenders, the adventurers, the scamps, the *demi-monde* ladies, who try to get into good society, they always manage to get very well introduced, and bring letters to some prominent lady, or are the guests at some dinner given by some social amphytrion. They are, therefore, not kept out by any stiffness of manner, for they take care to be well introduced. It is only after the summer is over that such people are unmasked ; often they have been the patronized favorites of some very scrupulous lady. This great carelessness of giving letters, the audacity of adventurers and their success, are great troubles in our republican society. There seems to be no possibility of curing the

evil ; therefore all the greater necessity of a proud personal dignity.

It is feared that there is not so much principle exhibited in giving letters to a man whose character is little known as there should be. Certainly, many very reprehensible foreigners have arrived on these shores with most excellent letters and have turned out to be swindlers, forgers and sometimes even murderers. The success of certain actresses and mock countesses will be well remembered by their victims, and such women choose the American watering place as their chief battle ground. The sudden disappearance of some such prominent favorite is often remembered and commented upon, and then the dupes find out whom they have been receiving.

It seems strange that any careful parent can take a family of daughters, year in and year out, to a watering place. The manners of such young ladies do not always compare well with those of the denizens of quiet country homes, nor do such young ladies marry as well, as a rule. They come to have the undesirable nameless reputation of "college widows." Yet it is a very difficult question to settle—"where to go for the summer."

Country places are expensive, and very lonely. Young people desire society, and, alas! so do their elders. Married ladies get tired of house-keeping, and like three months of rest. The American watering-place hotels are the most splendid and comfortable in the world; therefore the problem is easily solved by going to the most gay, the most amusing, the most brilliant watering place. If the young lady talks slang, and her mother is rather too easy in her manners, the stiff Englishman who sees them as he puts up for a day at Newport, Saratoga or Long Branch, goes away with the impression that all American women are rowdyish. But perhaps his specimens do not care; so, except to the quiet and well-behaved, there is no harm done.

Newport, as being at once "home and watering place," is the least objectionable of all our summer resorts. There etiquette reigns supreme. It is elegant, refined, exclusive. But it is not easy of access. It is the home of the very rich, but it is the queen of all watering places, in this country or Europe.

"Call no society good until you have sounded its morals as well as its manners."

CHAPTER XIII.

A HAUGHTY HOSTESS.

MANY a woman suddenly raised to rank and power in the Old World, as well as in the new, has thought that she was improved by her assumption of a mock dignity. There have been instances, too, in our Republic of a supposed addition to one's importance in the disagreeable and atrocious display of bad manners toward the friends invited to one's house.

It is not a rare thing in New York for a person to invite guests to her house for the purpose, it would seem, of insulting them. The manners of a hostess who has apparently made a party in order that she may show to half her guests that she despised them are certainly not ornamental, but they are not altogether impossible. It used to be the distinguishing mark of certain old ladies—who, like small beer, had turned very sour with age—but it is also assumed now by some younger women, who imagine that it gives them a species of importance.

Lady Holland in England, a woman whom no other woman would visit, assumed a very impertinent manner, perhaps to ward off insult. She would order Macaulay to stop talking, and tell Tom Moore that he was frivolous. She would command one man to carve, and another to move further down. The men bore it because they liked Lord Holland, who had been foolish enough to remove this amiable creature from another man's house. She was the wife of Sir Richard Vassall. She had run away with Lord Holland.

It is to be hoped that our haughty hostesses have no such evil memories behind them; but there are instances in Boston, New York, Washington, St. Louis and Cincinnati, and perhaps in other cities, of women who, having wealth, handsome houses, and a desire to entertain, are still so bad-mannered and ill-tempered that they absolutely invite guests in order to insult them. One lady in one of these cities has a national reputation for bad manners, and people are afraid to go to her house lest she should be overtaken with a desire to be uncivil. It is the extreme of bad manners. The Arab knows better; the wild Indian is a gentleman in his

dirty lodge; the man who eats your salt is sacred, and if a woman is rude anywhere else, she ought to be most gracious at home. There is no such detestable use of one's privileges as to be rude on one's own ground.

A hostess should think well before she invites people. She should be so generous as to let her friends alone, unless she wishes to treat them well. Then, having made up her mind to invite them, she must remember that from that moment she is their slave. She is to be all attention and all suavity. If she has nothing to offer them but a small house and a cup of tea and a smile, she is just as much a hostess as if she were a queen. If she offers them every privilege, and is not cordial, she is a snob, a vulgarian and a poor creature.

Not a thousand years ago a lady of New York, who, through her husband, enjoyed a very high social position, was led to invite—rather against her will—a lady who had but just entered the portals of good society. This lady came to receive a cold bow at the door, and every possible insult of averted looks and neglect from the hostess. The conduct was so small, so mean and narrow, that a gentleman saw it and re-

sented it. He was a leader in every sense, and he took occasion, before the evening was over, to say in the presence of his hostess that he thought a person who was invited to a house "to be ill-treated" merely, immediately became very interesting.

Mrs. Nouveau Riche, who was sitting quite alone, began after this to experience a great improvement in her enjoyment. Her hostess, Mrs. Oldbones, became all attention. She took up gentlemen to introduce to Mrs. Nouveau Riche, and haughty dames in brocade began to solicit the favor of a presentation.

Mr. Winkey, who had produced this change, was very much amused, and he afterwards said to Mr. Oldbones, loud enough to be heard by everybody :

"By the way, Oldbones, I give a dinner next week to Mrs. Nouveau Riche. I have just one seat left ; hope you'll come."

He was very careful not to invite *Mrs.* Oldbones, whose conduct was so unworthy of a lady, and who had outraged the first decency of good manners.

A hostess should be very particular to specify in

her invitations *whom* she wishes to see, and no lady should go to a strange house unless she has received a card. A young gentleman may be taken, uninvited, by a married lady, because the married lady is all-powerful, and is supposed to indorse the respectability and the presentability of the gentleman ; but a lady must always receive a card.

If, however, through any misapprehension, some person gets into a house uninvited, a hostess should never show, by look or manner, that she observes it. The very fact that a person has crossed her threshold gives that person a claim upon the hostess.

A few years ago a strange mistake was made. Two ladies of the same name gave an entertainment within a few doors of each other. Many persons got into the wrong house. The hostess who gained that day the admiring comments of all New York was the woman who received perfect strangers as if they were her best friends, and made them friends by that gracious reception. The other lady, less well bred, said to a gentleman who approached her :

“ I think you have got into the wrong house, haven't you ?”

“ Yes,” said he. “ I thought this was a *lady's* house !”

It was a terrible revenge, but a perfectly justifiable one.

In a rural university town there were two professors of the same name, and one of them asked a stranger gentleman to tea. He went to the house of the wrong professor, whose wife received him in a very chilling manner. The poor man bore it very courageously for awhile, but finally ventured to say :

“ Your husband invited me to tea.”

“ Oh, no !” said this haughty hostess. “ It must have been the other Professor S—— ; *my* husband never asks anybody to tea !”

It occurred to this gentleman to say : “ I should advise them not to accept if he did,” but he merely bowed and departed.

A hostess has so very charming a position, if she is amiable, that one wonders that even the temptations of power could lead her to be unamiable. She is in her hour of hostessship, perhaps, at the acme of a woman's ambi-

tion. It is her place to make a number of people happy, to see that they are well fed, well introduced, and not too warm. She is the person of all others to whom every gentle, sweet emotion, and every grateful feeling turns. A hostess at a pretty country house is very much to be envied, as she can, without much effort, make everybody happy. A hostess in the city can become an enormous social power; if she has tact and a certain intelligence, she becomes the envied of men and the admired of women. That she should ever use this power to make herself disagreeable is most amazing. If we had not seen it done, we should hardly believe it possible.

A hostess should never reprove her servants in the presence of her guests. All that worries her must be carefully concealed from them. It is her place to oil the wheels of the domestic machinery, so that nothing shall jar. It is quite impossible that in this country, where our servants are the worst in the world, they should ever be so trained that something may not go wrong. But the hostess must not appear to notice it. If *she* is disturbed, flustered and miserable, who can

enjoy anything? There is no such utter mistake as to lose one's temper, one's nerve, one's composure, in company. Society may be a false condition of things, but, whatever its faults, it demands of a woman the very high virtues of self-command, gentleness and composure, politeness, coolness and serenity. Good manners are said to be the shadows of virtues; they are virtues. To be polite is a virtue of the highest.

One of the greatest trials of a hostess is to find that her good dinner is kept waiting. It is a good plan to invite people for a half hour earlier than the dinner is really to be served, for that allows for the difference of watches and the well-known want of punctuality of certain fashionable women. There is no greater compliment than this same punctuality; it is the "courtesy of kings." Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales never keep anybody waiting.

But in our fashionable society there is a great want of punctuality. Those same women who dare to be haughty hostesses are always late at other people's dinners. It is the same audacity, impertinence, rudeness, which makes the hostess haughty that also makes her late.

The amiable hostess bears the ruin of her fish and soup with equanimity. She smiles and bows as graciously when a late comer enters, buttoning her gloves, as when she sees Mrs. Earlybird enter. Mrs. Earlybird, all beautifully dressed, enters the room just as the clock strikes seven. She is cheerful, chatty and pleased, and makes her host and hostess feel perfectly satisfied with their entertainment. The party begins when Mrs. Earlybird gets there. What wonder that she has more invitations than she can accept, from October to June? What wonder that she is so popular?

Mrs. Heavyfeather, on the contrary, is astonished that, with all her spending of money, and her old family, and her grand house and her fine clothes, and her frequent entertainments, she is not asked to the little dinners, the pleasant small feasts. She is sad over her want of popularity. Does she know that she is a haughty hostess, giving a very cold forefinger to half her guests, while she is very warm and cordial to the other half? Does she know that her face assumes an entirely different expression when she speaks to Mrs. Oldbones from what it wears when Mrs. Nouveau

Riche appears? Mrs. Heavyfeather despises a great portion of the human family. She does not like any one who cannot radiate some sort of importance upon her.

Why, then, does she invite them? There is the illogical part of it. Mrs. Heavyfeather knows that, to be a success, her party must be very crowded. To be a success she must have not only nobs, but snobs. She wants to bow low to the nobs, and to patronize the snobs. It is a part of her ignoble nature to do both; and she likes to assure Mrs. Nouveau Riche, with a very mutilated bow, that she hopes, "really, that she is very well—indeed, quite well!"

To patronize is a very great necessity to some natures. There is not much opportunity for the exercise of it in a land where all men are free and equal—but there is some. A haughty hostess deprives herself of her own inheritance. Every one wishes to feel kindly to the woman who asks him to her house. There is something very gracious in the act; and a man comes prepared to make himself agreeable, and a woman hopes to both be received graciously and to appear pleasantly. If the hostess throws

a bucket of cold water over them by her cold, frigid and inhospitable manner, both men and women wish that they had stayed away.

English women have great pride of birth, and are by nature and education haughty. They know their importance, and they receive, from childhood, a certain homage from their inferiors. The cottager bows as he passes, and the cottager's wife drops a courtesy to the lady of the great house. The servants are infinitely respectful, as they would be turned out without a character instantly if they were not. All this tends to give an air of *hauteur* and dignity to an English lady, as she is always made aware of her own importance. But they are generally charming hostesses—they learn it as an art. They are taught early the great duties and the responsibilities of a hostess. They are taught how to receive, how to make people welcome, how to be the head of the house and the core of welcome. No one would care to hear, in an English country house, that Lady Amabel had made herself disagreeable. Neither the Duke, her father, nor the Earl, her husband, would ever forgive her if she had made the country Member's wife un-

happy or had neglected the curate. "*Noblesse oblige*" is written over those stately castle walls. English hostesses are far more to be depended upon than American hostesses, who, in the midst of great wealth, and with every means of entertaining, are often rude, neglectful and very dull, because, perhaps, they have no instinct of hospitality and no sort of knowledge of their duties.

We would advise every young American hostess to study well the art of being a model one. She should improve herself upon all subjects of etiquette; she should especially create for herself a cordial and polite manner; she should try to be as serene as a summer's day, and to keep all that troubles her out of sight. If she entertains, she should remember that her guests are before herself, and that her house is theirs. She does not give a party to herself, but to them. Above all, let her avoid the vulgarity of stooping low to her rich or titled guests, while she snubs the rustic clergyman from the country. If there is a plain and modest person in the room, let her especially direct her kindness to that obscure corner where he stands. *Noblesse oblige!*

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ETIQUETTE OF CARDS.

A CARD is the beginning and the end of etiquette. It is the Alpha and Omega of all social intercourse. It is the first introduction, and the final leave-taking. Those little pieces of white paste-board, if imperishable, will in their amount, their many inscriptions, puzzle the New Zealander, who disinters New York after 4,000 years, as we are now examining old Egypt. What are they? will be the question. What do they represent? 'Was it the *money* of that strange people?' will ask the Brugsch Bey of the future.

Indeed, the card business multiplies itself so infinitely, that a wit once suggested that there should be a "clearing house" for cards, where Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones should leave their cards for each other on the first day of November, and by this interchange, carefully managed by clerks, escape all the *ennui* of leaving cards during the year. The idea is a good one,

unfortunately impracticable, as the sentiment of personal attention lingers around the card still.

The card should be a plain piece of white cardboard, not glazed, and the name should be engraved in script. Some people still cling to old Roman letters, to old English, and now and then a *fac-simile* of the handwriting. These are not in the highest fashion, which reduces all things to the simplest form. A lady's card should be larger than that of a gentleman, and should have her full address, and her residence in the left-hand corner, unless she wishes to use her card, as she often does, for invitations to teas and small parties. Gentlemen's cards almost invariably, in England, have the address in the left-hand corner.

In leaving cards, the lady of the house leaves her own, her husband's, and those of her sons and daughters who are out, on families whom she knows or wishes to know. If this is a first call, the civility should be returned within a week.

In giving an entertainment, a lady incloses her husband's card to all who are invited for the first time. It is equivalent to a call on his part. In calling, after a dinner or party, the lady also

leaves her husband's card, as he, in this country, is almost always too busy to make calls.

First invitations should always be responded to courteously, cards left, and a proper recognition of the civility, even if the invited guests do not wish to keep up the acquaintance. It often happens to those who have a very large acquaintance, and who have met with, perhaps, adversity or sorrow of some kind, that they cannot enlarge their acquaintance easily. Let it be then manifested carefully and with true attention to the feelings of those who invite you, that you are obliged and complimented by their manifest kindness, even if you cannot avail yourself of it. To return a card, or to say "This has been sent by mistake," and other so-called *snubs*, which have heretofore been perpetrated in New York, is to write yourself down a "snob" and a vulgar person.

The younger should call on the elder. The new-comer has a perfect right to send his cards to the old resident. The sending of a card hurts no one's self-respect, and if it is not returned no one is killed. The natural delicacy of every sensible person will prevent his intrusion upon a

social queen, whose position is so very well known to be of the highest that she can discern from her lofty station whom she wishes to know, and whose visiting list is probably over full. Two persons, however, who are upon the same social plane need never fear *to call first*. It is generally regarded as a compliment, and the person who has the *most* perfect self-respect is generally the one to do it.

The custom of making universal morning calls has become impossible in New York ; therefore most ladies have a day, or three receptions, or a tea, thus allowing all their friends to see them once a year. If impossible to go to see them on these occasions, send a card for every member of the family invited, and your duty to that lady is over for the season.

No lady leaves her own card upon a gentleman. She sends the card of her husband and son, if she chooses, and then asks him to dinner, if such a civility be necessary.

When young ladies leave their mother's card, there is the same respect expressed as if the mother called in person. Many ladies who are elderly, or invalid, or *dévoté*, or otherwise disin-

clined to social labors, leave all this work for the younger, who are fresh and strong. It is a great pity that so many American mothers do retire from the social governance of their families; but, if they do, the card is still all-potent, and the lady visited must consider herself visited by the lady of the other house.

Cards should always be left for guests' visiting at a house, if the lady calling knows of their presence. This, of course, in a large city, is not always possible: but, if possible, it is very civil.

P. P. C. cards are no longer left or sent when people are simply leaving town for the summer. Indeed, only when a prolonged trip abroad is proposed is the custom ever observed. The bridge across the Atlantic is now so short and easy a one that few people consider it necessary to mention that they propose crossing it. They are always in order if a foreigner is leaving a country where he has been a visitor. Indeed, a fashionable woman, on coming in from her afternoon drive, reads the cards on her hall table as a merchant reads his day-book or ledger. It is her debit and credit account. It is a record of her social bankruptcy

or her soundness. Some ladies have so large an acquaintance that they go to protest at once, and hope that by giving some receptions next winter, etc., they may pay their debts; others have so small a one that they are always creditors and never debtors. For all, the little white messenger, engraved with a name, is the ready-money of society.

In Europe calls are returned in twenty-four hours. There are no exceptions to this rule, and often a titled foreigner, or a quiet gentleman from Oxford, or a diplomatist, is startled and wounded because his card is not returned immediately. Here Americans should be more particular about this, and the formalities of dress should be observed. An American general was thought to be intentionally rude once, in Europe, because he returned the call of another general in his traveling dress. He thought it all right; he had called or not as he pleased in America, in a new or an old coat, the subject of etiquette had never engaged any of his personal attention; but it is the observance of these formalities which makes society polished and possible. Were there not some such laws society would be full

of careless men and boors, and would relapse into savagery. Men should always dress for dinner, and should never call on a lady in the evening in the season unless in dress coat and white cravat, with feet neatly dressed. A black cravat is permissible if a gentleman is in mourning.

“If a gentleman does not respect me sufficiently to dress himself freshly before he calls on me I do not wish to see him,” said a lady of immense popularity in New York, and she absolutely made the law of her *salon* peremptory, as all ladies should.

As for “watering-place etiquette,” it has never been settled, and never will be. People who know each other will nod and exchange visits at neighboring villas and boarding houses and hotels if they wish, or neglect it if they wish. There is no law about it. If a stranger arrives it is very proper to send a card, and to make the acquaintance, if a lady has been staying a long time in the hotel.

If Mrs. Oldbones receives a card from *anybody* in her hotel she is bound, after suitable inquiries as to the respectability of the parties, to return it. She need not know the people intimately

afterward, but she should always recognize the civility.

Cards should be left in person on hearing of illness, or the death of a friend, or any trouble which society can sympathize with, whether at home or at a watering place. Good nature, kindness of heart being the foundation of good manners, they should always be the exponents of these feelings, whenever and wherever they may be called upon to express themselves.

When a gentleman becomes engaged to a lady he must inform all his own family and particular friends, and ask them to call upon her. The sooner this duty is performed the better the deed. No gentleman should ever notice or receive as his friends again those who fail to pay this attention to his betrothed.

No lady should, however, presume on her engagement to a gentleman to call on his friends. She must wait to be invited.

A New Year's call used to be considered enough in old New York for the whole year's civilities, but that fashion has, owing to the size of the city, become obsolete, and few ladies receive.

If a card is printed "Mr. and Mrs. John Brown," one should be left on the lady with the corner turned down if she is not receiving, and another, with "Mr. John Brown" only, for the husband. The one card of "Mr. John Brown" is enough for all the younger members of the family. If cards are left once in the season they need not be left again, excepting after an invitation to dinner, or to a ball or party. It is not necessary to leave cards after a tea.

It was once considered an intentional rudeness if a lady gave out that she received on Thursdays for people to call on any other day or to leave a card otherwise than personally, or to send a card by mail. But in a great city these rules become inoperative, for no lady can fulfill all her duties in person. The only insult which a society person is bound to resent is the *persistent* ignoring of these rules. A card sent by mail is now recognized as an attention, ladies having found that the distances, the engagements and the carriage hire will not permit of their making all their calls.

If a gentleman is invited by a lady to call upon her, he should call within a week. He is not to

be forgiven if, after being invited, he does not call at least within a month. Some New York young gentlemen never call, but go on receiving and accepting invitations for years. Some kind friend should, at least, leave cards for them in such cases.

When young ladies are betrothed in Europe, the *fiancé* is regularly introduced to all of his bride's family by card. This is not done here, nor are visits of congratulation *en règle*. They are paid, however, by the members of the family and the intimate friends, and generally a number of little dinners follow.

The conduct of engaged people toward each other is nowise regulated here as in Europe, but it may be said generally that they should not be seen alone together at watering places too much, should not display fondness in public, and should not render other people uncomfortable.

Calling hours in New York are from two o'clock until six, and, unless expressly stated on a lady's card, one can consider these hours respectful to her. If she issues a card as being at home between four and six, it is the height of rudeness to call earlier.

If, by any chance, a lady is admitted to a drawing-room by a stupid servant, and the lady of the house finds it inconvenient to receive, the lady calling should not feel offended if she is told so. A hostess may be lying down, or ill with a headache, or may be very busy, or she may fear to keep her guest waiting while she dresses. She has, perhaps, instructed her servant to say that she is engaged, but he has, no doubt, forgotten that ; so she is very awkwardly placed. A message civilly worded should never offend.

A card should never be left by a young gentleman for a young lady without also including one for her mother ; or, rather, he should first inquire for her mother, and, if possible, the mother should assist her daughter to receive. Calls made on a reception day do not require separate calls afterward, nor need a gentleman leave but one card behind him on such a day. Indeed, the habit of leaving a dozen cards was so overdone by one young gentleman, that a little boy of the family collected them together and handed them all back to him. There is such a thing as being too polite.

It is a very common practice now with people

who hold their position in society somewhat by virtue of assumption, rather than by any merit, to give a ball or a reception, and, while inviting half their most desirable acquaintances to the ball, simply send their visiting card to the other half. This is an unkind thing to do—a rudeness. It would be much better to omit the visiting card. The return for such a mutilated civility would properly be a card by post, if, indeed, any notice should be taken of it at all.

As for weddings in church, *there is a question*. Where shall the cards be sent? How often are we asked to see a couple married in church when we neither know the bride's mother nor the future address of the married pair? Shall we leave cards with the sexton? It is impossible to call on a bride until she sends her married address.

A lady often uses her visiting card as the medium for an invitation. The "four-o'clock tea" is almost always given thus informally, while all should call personally and leave a card *who can*. There should be a wide forgiveness for those who are obliged to send their cards by post or by a servant. The principle of politeness remains the same.

CHAPTER XV.

FLIRTATION AND INCREASING FASTNESS OF
MANNER.

IN our American Code of Manners we cannot afford to paint merely one side of the shield ; we must look at the dark as well as at the light side ; we must ignore nothing. And the melancholy truths—the facts which tell against us as a nation—must be recognized if we hope to improve or to gain any credence for our opinions on what is proper in the subjects which we are considering.

It is, therefore, absurd to deny the facts before us. Flirtation is more openly indulged in by married women, even those who are old enough to have grown-up daughters, than ever before, and *fastness of manner* is certainly rapidly on the increase. *What is worse*, it often assists a woman to succeed, and has been the cause of the uplifting (if it may be so called) of several women to the peerage of England, and to other positions of power and fashion.

It is very well known that several women have risen to high positions in New York society—they would not have been heard of else—by their so-called “flirtations” with fashionable men.

The performances of several fast girls in New York, now somewhat conspicuously married in Europe, the success of one or two married women gifted with beauty and talent and blessed with a serene indifference to decency—these are all facts which we have before us, and from which we must sagely draw conclusions.

Innocent young women, pretty, and naturally desirous of admiration, look at these women—wonder and admire. Unfortunately, too, they copy them—sometimes with great talent and success, sometimes awkwardly, and these failures become only laughing-stocks. .

This tendency of short-sighted people to gain advantages *somehow*—honestly if they can, but to *get* the thing desired—is the oldest mistake in the world.

It is the mistake of the gambler, who gains in an hour the fortune which a hard-working man may pant after for years in vain. It is the mistake of the superficial in every profession.

Quackery succeeds where modest merit fails in more professions than that of medicine.

In regard to American etiquette this mistake has been most prejudicial. We had no Queen to do what Queen Victoria has just done.

When the Prince of Wales asked for Windsor Castle that he might entertain his friends for a week after the Ascot races, the Queen demanded a list of his visitors. When this was refused, she very properly shut the gates of Windsor Castle in the face of the Prince and his hangers-on—American and English. She knew very well that he intended to invite a set of fast American and other favorites of his whom she would not admit at her drawing-room.

The gloomy Queen deserves this tribute of perpetual respect—she does mean to keep her Court a decent one. Much honor to her for it.

Flirtation thus being one of the high roads to fashionable notoriety, and, falling in with the elderly vanity and egotism of silly women, we may not be surprised to see the woman of fifty assuming the graces of sixteen, and occupying the corridors and piazzas of watering-place hotels with feeble attendant swains. It is a melancholy

spectacle to those who desire to respect or love the woman, particularly to her sons and daughters. But her end is gained if somebody says: "Oh, Mrs. Feathercap is such a very fascinating woman to gentlemen!" She dresses, poses, and lives painfully, to reach this goal, and becomes the worst model for her young countrywomen to follow.

Flirtation among the young is forgiven, because it is very like the best and noblest event of human life—a true and honest love affair. It is a very good artificial rose—very like a real one; therefore we prefer it. Youth and high spirits being good things to have, we forgive their excesses and pardon their follies. There is no doubt that a coquettish and flirtatious girl, however, although she may become very fashionable, the reigning belle and the *toast*, is dangerously periling her chances for a good marriage by her habits of freebootery. No man cares to marry a free lance. Let her catch her fish, land him safely, and then, as a young married woman, let her go in and win as a married flirt. She will gain a fashionable position and a detestable reputation.

Such are some of the evils of a society which is, as a German Minister at Washington described it, "*all scrabble.*" To scrabble for a position, an invitation, a fortune, an heiress, a "good match," is the natural destiny of a young American who has everything to gain and nothing to lose. There is nothing to reverence, to look up to, socially. Every man (and woman) carries the god whom he would serve in his own bosom. He must be lofty, mean, generous, grand, low, honest, or the reverse, *for himself*. He has no precedents of nobility, as to manners—no standard; he is his own ancestor.

The excellent common sense of the American, the natural respect for law and order, has placed the American gentleman in the past at the very head of etiquette, has given him grave and admirable manners; and thousands of American women have been ladies in the highest sense of the word, from innate refinement and purity. But particularly since our war, and the sudden making of great fortunes, the coming up of new people from every part of the country, we do see a lamentable break in the refinement of manners and in the correctness of conduct of

American women. They not only outrage etiquette, but they are applauded for so doing.

Such, of course, is the criticism upon that portion of our society known as the ultra-fashionable. "Do not," said an English gentleman—himself of the highest aristocracy—"do not consider the professional beauties, and the fast women who compose the set of the Prince of Wales, as types of English society. They are the fungi which grow on the old oak. When the Prince becomes king he will kick the whole fabric of fashionable fastness out-of-doors."

It would be well if we could look forward to the day when any such regeneration would come to us. But we have no royal breath to blow the bubble away. It is to be feared that these are the setters of a fashion which may last for years.

Now let us look at the results of such manners and such morality.

We all know that if a gambler makes a large fortune and attempts to enter society what a certain ostracism awaits him. He cannot be elected to a club; no lady will, if she has any respect for herself, invite him to a ball at her own house.

He is a tabooed man, and the wealth he holds carries a curse with it.

Now, what sort of a fate accompanies the fast girl who has married for money or place, has misbehaved herself, and has become a *divorcée*, even if she marries an earl?

Can she, even in that lofty station, get away from her shame? Can she travel to any city, or country, or solitude, where her crime is not known? There is a brand on her forehead which the coronet cannot hide. Anonymous letters follow her. Her eyes glance furtively about the Casino, the Koursaal, the concert-room, the hotel, to see if those who knew her when innocent are looking now! The man who has married her is watching her furtively, for who can trust such a woman? Splendid misery!—the worst kind of misery is her portion. Do not envy such a countess, young women of America! nor copy her flirtation or her fastness. Her glory is nothing but ashes.

Remember, too, looking at the subject from the low standpoint of self-interest, that a copy is never so good as the original. Perhaps this so-called successful woman has an extra-

ordinary talent, a brilliant wit, a remarkable fascination, which you have not. Those gifts were but the *ignis fatuus* which swamped her; yet they were brilliant, delusive, and led men on. You may, indeed, have those gifts in being "fast and flirtatious;" without them you will only make a conspicuous failure, and no one will say: "But she was, poor girl, so beautiful, so gifted!" No, they will simply say: "She was such a dreadful fool!"

No success which is not honestly gained is worth a pin. If it is money, it stings; if it is place and position, it becomes the shirt of Nessus.

But for the well-mannered and well-behaved American woman, what a noble success, what a perfect fame, what a delightful future! She is the present and the future of American nobility. All men bow down to her. She is the queen of the man who loves her; he treats her with every respect. She is to be the proud mother of sons and daughters who, to their latest day, will say: "Let me be a gentleman, let me be a lady, for my mother taught me how to be one. It was she who taught me honor, loyalty, duty, respect, politeness, kindness, the

law of love. Let me aspire to be what my mother was, and I need not fear to present myself at any court. I can read of Sir Philip Sidney without a blush. I can make myself a type of all that is perfect in etiquette and breeding if I but remember her maxims and her example.”

Will that be the self-communing of the children of yonder countess? No! they will color with guilty shame when her name is mentioned. She has thrown away the divine right which a mother has—or should have—to the respect of her children.

An American woman, therefore, has more reason for being not only good, but elegant and refined than any other woman. She has to make precedent and public opinion. She has a patriotic reason for her good conduct. She is the Republic. Let her not pose to become that shameless Goddess of Liberty whom the French revolutionists carried about in a cart; let her rather be that gentle-eyed Madonna whom the Christian Church worships.

The institution of chivalry first, and the Christian Church afterward, raised woman from the lowest position and placed her in the highest.

She gained all that respect, affection and dignity which alone can make her lot endurable. For women must suffer much—it is their destiny.

It seems impossible, looking at the question philosophically, that a woman could willingly go back to the position of *Delilah*.

Those who saw the great actor, Salvini, saw with him an excellent actress named Piamonti. She played *Delilah* to his *Samson*, and every one who saw her admired the genius with which, when she came out into the crowd, she assumed the position and face and expression of an out-cast.

Beautiful, powerful, beloved when with her master alone—treacherous, fascinating and terrible when she was shearing his glorious hair—she became cringing, timorous, like a hunted animal, when men looked at her in the crowd. She kept away from the honest women; their eyes hurt her like daggers. She was like a blind person when a young girl walked past her. Disgrace, shame, death was the portion of *Delilah*! It was a great conception. And yet, if they did but know it, fast and flirtatious women are imitating *Delilah*. Her fasci-

nation and treachery, her prostitution of her charms—this is what they copy; they call it by a different name, that is all. They demoralize every man who approaches them, for a man's idea of virtue is that which a woman teaches him. The worst of men respect, honor and reverence a strict woman. She is a power in the state, and a "thousand liveried angels lackey her." It is in the power of every woman to make some man, perhaps many men, good or bad. She holds his salvation in her hands.

These are grave reflections for a book of etiquette, but they are not unnecessary ones. Etiquette must be the expression of the manners of a nation—its manners express its morals. No country can have any pretensions to good manners unless the women are modest and most dignified. They carry in their gentle hands the only rod of empire to which American men will bow. Let them remember this, and try to do all that an empress should do—be a model to look up to, a pattern in every virtue, a suggestion of all grace, and, above all, to convey a gentle dignity and reserve in speech, gesture, manner.

American women talk and laugh too loud.

They are seldom taught to speak with a clear, antinatal voice ; they are often boisterous, and even at Vassar College, where women receive a most admirable education, and at the fashionable boarding-schools in New York, there is not enough attention given to elocution as applied to ordinary conversation and reading aloud, that beautiful art so much neglected.

The English are far ahead of us in this accomplishment of a beautiful speaking voice and a refined intonation. An English parlor-maid will say, " Might I offer you a chair ?" in a voice which almost any New York lady could envy. Whether it is our climate, and the many severe colds which our ancestors must have taken on Plymouth Rock, and which effectually ruined the larynx of their descendants, it is certain that the bronchial membrane and the larynx does not respond as well in this country as in England. Hear what a fine, broad, open note an English-woman sounds when she begins to talk ! Sweet, too ! not discordant, nasal, poor, as are so many of our voices. " A low, sweet voice is an excellent thing in woman," and it does much to refine a coarse appearance, if one is afflicted with such.

But American women are almost always beautiful. It is only when the peacock begins to sing or talk that we discover that beauty does not always strike in. Let every American woman study her voice and her elocution. It is the next best thing to avoiding "flirtation and fast manners."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MANNERS OF YOUNG MEN.

“WHEN I despair of the Republic,” said an eminent statesman, “I look at an American boy, and my fading hopes revive.”

There are no young men in the world with more faultless manners than the best American young men. Manly, simple, unaffected, respectful, and remarkably graceful, the young American man is conceded to be admirable the world over. A graduate of Harvard or Yale, a cadet from West Point, a youth who has worked his way up from poverty to good position, it is all one, they are wonderfully well-mannered. There is something in the air of equality and of liberty which is good for them. They behave better, as a class, than do the young women of America, for they are so chivalrous that they have partly spoiled the women.

Compare a young American of eighteen to a young Englishman of that age and you find that the Englishman is a cub. The latter is

long in ripening. He has not the ready speech of the American, or his ease, or his pleasing address. He may know more, but he does not *appear* so well. The Englishman will be a finer man at sixty than the American, but he is not half so attractive in youth. Compare the young Frenchman of the same age; he is not half so noble. He tells lies, the French boy, which the American boy despises. It is not considered by the Latins a disgrace to lie; but the Anglo-Saxon abhors a lie.

Arsène Houssaye says of a young Frenchman :
“ In what does he differ from a pretty woman ? ”
He is not so pretty, and that is about all ; in everything else, about on the same level. His mind is occupied about in the same way, and when he has thought over his toilette, his furniture, how to play his little parts of a young gentleman, he is at the end of his chapter of ideas. I studied his bachelor *neglegée*, his pantaloons with socks attached, his charming summer coat with vest to match, and the exquisite mauve cravat which he wore around his standing collar, with its fresh turned-down points. His chin is smooth shaven, but his ample whiskers are joined

by his *mustache*, and over his face there flits, by turns, a *blasé* air and a look of self-satisfaction. His hands are white and soft, and on his pink fingers he wears a large ring ; from time to time he lifts his hands to let the blood run out of them. Sometimes, by a mechanical gesture, he carries them to his ear, which is small, or to his collar, a *chef d'œuvre* of taste and audacity. He understands his smile ; he moderates it, or keeps it half-way between ease and *ennui*."

This is an admirable picture of a French fop. We have a few successful copies in this country, but not many. Our young men are manly, busy and unaffected as a rule.

No wonder Arsène Houssaye asks, "What is he good for?" as he pursues this masterly sketch of the feeble, vapid, selfish creature whom he sketches.

"In my time," says he, "men were crazy about politics and literature. I belonged to the society for the regeneration of the human race."

It is true that the girlish young man of to-day is a product unknown in the past. The fop and dandy of the days of Count d'Orsay and Cecil and Lord Byron—what men were they?

Poets, sculptors and soldiers. "The puppies fight well," said the Duke of Wellington, in Spain.

But our puppies of to-day—would they fight?—could they write? No! a thousand times, no!

The fop of the nineteenth century, looking about to marry money, is the most useless and ridiculous creature in all the world?

No wonder that great Hotspur says of a certain lord, "who was perfumed like a milliner:?"

"For he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman."

Hotspur would have many occasions to-day to thus adjure the effete popinjays, even in New York. But he would not, we are grateful to say, find many at large in America, nor would he find many "untaught knaves—unmannerly." The exception proves the rule.

The young men of our new country, however, should study manners, and proper dress, and proper courtesy; it is their duty, if they have not already done so. Their tailors and their observation will tell them how to dress. Neatness should be their first and firmest ally; then no

matter how plain their clothes. A young man should never be too fine for his work. Coarse heavy shoes for walking, coarse and plain clothes in the morning, and always a change for dinner and the evening. Fresh stockings and neat-looking feet are indispensable, and clean linen is the very alphabet of gentility. He must remember to not intrude, even on the people who invite him most, to call always after an invitation, to make his calls short, "to suffer himself to be desired" rather than make himself common. These are the merest preliminaries of good breeding. In the matter of attention to ladies let him remember Dean Swift's advice: "A man's attentions to a woman should never be so vague as to be misunderstood, or (so pronounced as to alarm.") Let him, if he wishes to marry a lady, go about it honestly. There is no matter so important as this in all etiquette, that a man approach his possible bride by the straight high road of honor. He should ask her parents for permission to address her before he asks her own.

And after the engagement he must still remember that she is not his. He must be careful of

those appearances which might compromise her. He must remember that engagements may be broken, and at all events preserve her for future happiness with another, if Fate so wills it.

This is the duty of a high-bred and chivalrous man, such as most American men are. They are the noblest men in the world.

There are, to be sure, American savages—men who use the bowie-knife, who drink like the hippopotamus, who fight duels, play cards, are wildly, furiously passionate, unsafe, desperate. They dress like fiends, wearing, perhaps, a conglomerate of frock coat, white tie and broad Quaker hat, or dress coat and black pantaloons in the morning. They neither know nor care for etiquette, and yet, what have these savages which foreigners have not? Of what trait can even they boast?

They have a respect for women. Their speech grows decent, their manners kind, their excesses are restrained if a woman walks near them.

It is a splendid national peculiarity. The London rough has no such soft spot. He beats his women; he insults all women; he neither fears nor respects them. As for the

Frenchman, his external politeness toward the *beau sexe* is very marked when he wishes to propitiate, but his contempt for them is always patent, and his cruelty is that of all weak, selfish and hideously-corrupt creatures. He can see the wife of his bosom starve with the greatest possible complacency, and he has no pity on his cast-off lady-love. Yet, simply respecting women, the American young man, starting as he does in nine cases out of ten from the soil, having no antecedents, can, with a little attention to the recognized code of etiquette, become the most perfect gentleman in the world, for he has the foundation.

His native respect for women will teach him not to smoke in her presence, without asking permission. He will pay all attention to elderly people ; he will dress himself properly for all and every occasion when he is to meet ladies.

Above all things, he will restrain any propensity to take too much wine at dinner on any festive occasion.

A man half drunk is so ridiculous an animal, so utterly to be spurned from decent society, that it seems almost impossible that he should be

tolerated. Yet the fault seems to be one which society, for some mysterious reason, condones, particularly in rich young men. A drunken man is so unsafe, he is so much a marplot, so inconvenient and so disagreeable, that this is a defect which would be supposed to be irremediable. Unfortunately it is not so. There is too much respect for wealth in this country. It buys *silence*. If a poor young man dared to appear drunk in a lady's house, would he ever be asked again? Never. If a millionaire appears drunk, it is called a youthful indiscretion.

A certain brutality of manner, adopted from the English, is affected by some of our young men. They answer harshly, affect not to see a lady to whom they owe civilities, and try to become boors, even if they are not. This style is seen much in men of mixed blood, perhaps the half-Germans, half-French, half-English. It is a very poor style, and betrays the snob. It is not a common American fault, still it exists. It should be frowned down; it is the fault of mediocre men.

But, as Houssaye says: "Young men are

moderate nowadays, even in their follies. They are afraid of excess ; they cut grooves for their vices to run in ; they are *bourgeois*, who carefully avoid fatiguing, much more, exposing themselves."

Houssaye does not believe evidently that there are Sir Philip Sidneys, "admirable Crichtons," in these days, but he is wrong. A shipwreck, a battlefield, a field day in Wall street, brings them to the front. Men are as noble as ever ; there are as many heroes. The occasion finds them, and in every newspaper office, every merchant's counting room, in all the walks of the professions, are the silent heroes. What a hero is the young doctor, who works day and night succoring the wounded, helping the sick, tending the dying ! What a hero the young soldier, who has first thoroughly conquered himself ! What a hero is the young bank clerk, preserving his honesty while there is temptation all around him ! What a hero the young man doing honest work anywhere ! He shames the pouncet-box hero ; he is the Hotspur of the field of honor.

Women love these heroes. They are the men to marry. The other kind do very well for the leadership of the German, but the true women do

not care for them. One real man entering a drawing-room with his record of work behind him will scare away the fops as ghosts retire at cock-crow.

Young men should avoid boasting. It is sometimes a great drawback to the success of even a very energetic and admirable man that he boasts. The first person should appear but little in his conversation. "I" is a very good pronoun, but it should be kept in reserve. The egotistical women succeed better than the egotistical men, but both are detestable.

A man should respect the decencies of life, and—to do them justice—most men do. Women are far more apt to tell doubtful witticisms, to repeat *double entendres*, than young men are. They do this from ignorance, no doubt. Old men sin most frequently in this particular; young men are apt to be far more decent than old men.

The most fatal mistake that a young man can make for his future happiness is to have a serious flirtation with a married woman. A thousand harpies are abroad, particularly in New York, who are looking out for young men whom they can ruin. These harpies are in very good society; they keep up appear-

ances, but they secure, first, a thoughtless young man's attentions, then his affections, and then they suck his blood. More murders are committed by these heartless, vain flirts than by all the brigands. They are the most monstrous frauds ; they are the leeches of society ; they are apples of Sodom. Let young men beware of them. Far more despicable than the poor wretches of the *pavé*, who pursue their dreadful trade at least openly, these hypocrites are stealing all of hope, all of life, all of virtue, from a young man, whom they attack and seduce before the eyes of his mother and his sister.

It is the most honest, the most unsuspecting young man who falls, generally. If a man goes into such a flirtation with his eyes open no one cares what happens to him. He deserves to be shot, and in all countries but this he is shot. Here a bloodless duel sometimes takes place and both the principals return to society, not at all hurt, and the lady goes on—quietly deceiving her husband.

A young man's manners and accomplishments can both be elegant and numerous without injuring his usefulness. A graceful fellow, who can sing a song, quote poetry, who shows cultivation

in every word he utters—such a young man is the most valuable addition to the group at a country house, the party in the city, and the lawn tennis club. He is sought for a dinner party; he is inestimable.

To study manner—to make that enamel on solid gold which has characterized such men as Everett, Motley, Livingston, Jay, Bayard, McClellan and Story—is an admirable study. The men who have influenced their race have been men of fine manners. In spite of Madame de Rémusat, who was an ungrateful legitimatist, a false serving-woman, a forgetful and envious nature, we shall believe that Napoleon Bonaparte had very fine manners. No man could have paid such compliments to his soldiers as he did, without manners.

If manner has sometimes been a false enamel, covering copper instead of gold, we must still admire it. The graceful and respectful speech, the pretty and frank smile, the courteous bow, the readiness to give place—who does not admire it? In such cases the manner covers a multitude of sins. We forgive such a young man, even if from early want of training he should eat with his knife or come to dinner in a frock coat.

CHAPTER XVII.

REAL AND CONVENTIONAL BREEDING.

THERE is less distinction between the real and the conventional in matters of etiquette than in almost any other distinction between real and imitation things, for breeding and etiquette are the outward signs of an individual amiability which can appear in those who have never heard of etiquette.

Thus, a man who has never heard of the fashion of eating peas with his fork, if individually delicate and refined, would still not put his knife far down into his throat. His manner of feeding himself would be refined in his way, although not marked by a polished etiquette, perhaps.

The savage, Osceola, who was brought to Washington a prisoner, charmed everybody by the gentle sweetness of his manner. He was a real gentleman, not a conventional one. No doubt he ate with his fingers and wiped them on his blanket. He could scarcely have heard of a

finger bowl in the Everglades. He had a refined nature, however, was full of dignity, felt a respect for others, and thus gained the last grace—manner—from the teachings of Nature.

—But we have not all this interior assistance from our natural faculties. Most human beings are selfish, many are brutal: very many are shame-faced, awkward, gawky. It is for the average human being, who is all these or one of these things, that *manner* is necessary, and for whom conventional etiquette was invented.

Of course, the grand ceremonial of court is not *real*, in any sense, except that it goes to make up a pageant. A state dinner has many a wearisome detail, which must be totally absurd to a savage. The formal etiquette of a Spanish duenna, or a queen's master of ceremonies, would be as absurd to a Chinaman as his chopsticks are inconvenient to a European. But, with all that, etiquette must be *learned*, as a foreign language must be learned, if we attempt to associate with those who practice it.

A good story is told of Mr. Everett when Minister to England. He was spending an evening at the palace, and was told that he was to play

whist with the Duchess of Kent. He said, in a whisper, that he did not know whist well; but the Lord Chamberlain politely bowed, and whispered, "Go through the form." He found himself with three old ladies, one of whom was the Queen's mother, and he did *go through the forms*. He had not played long when he found that they knew less than he did, so, with quiet tact, he played on, talking occasionally, and telling a good story, and appearing so *suave* and agreeable that forever after the Duchess of Kent commanded that Mr. Everett should play whist with her. It is a good story, and reflects credit on our countryman, but what a picture it paints of the *ennui* of a royal evening, and the necessity for conventional good breeding.

A man of real breeding, and with total absence of conventional breeding, if on the plains or in some out-of-the-way place, being asked to dine with ladies, would make himself clean and would dress himself as well as he could under the circumstances. He would perhaps come in a hunter's frock and flannel shirt, but he would have all the manners of a dress coat and white

cravat. He might not know the etiquette of the dinner-table, but he would make up for it by his desire to be agreeable. A man of *conventional* breeding might come in the most careful costume, but if he showed contempt for his company and his surroundings, he would be a snob—no real gentleman, no matter how much he knew of etiquette.

Thus, we see that there is something better than mere etiquette.

A gentleman, who is one at heart, never passes a lady on a staircase—at a hotel, for instance—without raising his hat. A lady always acknowledges such a salutation. This is real breeding.

A conventional breeding is apt to leave this undone. The mere veneering of manner which some Englishmen have, and which is but an excuse to show contempt, is not good breeding. Such men often deem themselves the greater gentlemen that they *dare* to behave brutally, particularly toward American ladies. They keep on their hats and stare at a lady. “She will know I am a nobleman because I am not afraid to do this thing,” has been the mental reservation of many such a “gentleman.”

An English attaché, accustomed from his birth to the best society, once accepted a lady's invitation to accompany her to some teas in New York. He had brought letters to her, and she felt obliged to pay him this attention. She named an hour when he was to be at her house, and she took him thence to some of the best houses in New York. He amused himself by singing in the carriage and by sucking the head of his cane. As she was a lady she could not show by her manner that she was disgusted, but took him where she had promised, and then drove home. When they reached her door her footman rang the bell, and the young Englishman walked up to the door with her.

"I say—aw—I say—I've had—an awfully nice time—aw. Let's go together again—aw—some day—don't you know—aw?"

"No," said the lady, bowing and entering her own door. "I fear that your musical repertory is exhausted. Good-morning."

Afterward, this snubbed individual—a conventional but not a *real* gentleman—tried to apologize:

"I—aw—didn't know—aw—don't you know—

aw—that you'd mind my singing—over here—aw—don't you know—aw—thought you were pretty free and easy, aw."

"Would you have done it at home and in the company of a duchess?" said the lady.

"Aw—no—duchesses—don't you see—awful swell—don't you know."

"Remember, then, hereafter," said the lady, "that all American women are duchesses, and must be treated according to their rank."

One thing this gentleman did know, and that was that it was proper to sit opposite to the lady in her carriage, and not by her side, for which piece of conventional good breeding she mentally thanked him. Of this one piece of respect she says that he knew how to behave himself. He was intentionally rude and careless about the singing.

In foreign cities, if a traveler is invited to dinner and has not the proper costume with him in which to attend a dinner, he writes to his host, excusing himself on that score. If he receives another note, saying "We will gladly receive you *en costume de voyageur*," the gentleman or lady can go; but without this explanation the presence of

a person not properly dressed for a dinner would be considered an insult.

A few years ago some young Englishmen of high rank arrived at Nahant in very careless costume, sent their cards and letters of introduction to Mr. Longfellow, and were immediately invited to a seven o'clock dinner. They accepted, and came in their shooting coats and with telescopes hanging around their necks.

Mr. Longfellow had invited some distinguished Boston people to meet them, all of whom were in proper evening dress, of course. The young men endeavored "to bluff it off," as the poet carefully scanned their appearance, by saying, "We're here for shooting, you know," etc., etc.

"And do you shoot with your telescopes?" remarked Mr. Longfellow.

If they had written to Mr. Longfellow before dinner, and had explained their not having their luggage with them, and had left their telescopes at home, no one would have thought it rude. It was the assumption that they *could* do such a thing with impunity in America that was rude.

An American lady of fashion was traveling in Europe, and happened to arrive in Florence

without her luggage. Her friend, the Minister, asked her to dinner to meet a great lady of the court.

“But I have no dresses,” said the lady; “one plain black silk is all I can possibly achieve.”

“Oh!” said he, “that is all right; I will explain to those ladies whom you are to meet.”

When the lady went to the dinner, which was very elegant, all the men were in dress coats, orders, ribbons, white ties, and the paraphernalia of masculine full dress. She was astonished to see all the ladies as plainly dressed as herself. The Minister having explained her dilemma to them, they were all plainly dressed too. They were women who generally wore at dinners jewels of fabulous value, and always considered it *de rigueur* to wear neck and arms bare, and to cover themselves with lace.

But it was both real and conventional etiquette for them to thus meet the American lady who had not her toilettes with her. Although she regretted not seeing their splendid dresses, she could not but be touched by this act. They knew that she was a person of consideration

at home, and they treated her to the best and kindest in their power by dressing so plainly that she did not feel her black silk to be a blot on the dinner.

Etiquette changes with each successive age. A few years ago we should have said that it would not be proper for people to talk slang at an elegant dinner. Now we hear "awfully jolly," "immensely pretty," "awfully mean," "rum-looking chap," from delicate lips at the most *recherché* entertainments. It cannot be defended. It is far worse than the stilted grandiloquence of our grandparents, because that was at least respectful. It now would sound very stilted and foolish, no doubt, but it would be less startling than the phrases which a conventional etiquette allows.

Young men, particularly English young men, permit themselves an ease of manner which is almost rudeness sometimes. A young man who takes his foot in his lap, and pulls up his stocking, and nurses his leg, and lolls, and evidently brings the manners of the stable into the dining-room, is no real gentleman, although his title may be that of Duke of Devonshire. A scholar

who is awkward but respectful, whose manners betray, perhaps, original eccentricity, and who is unaccustomed to the etiquette of a fashionable table, still is a real gentleman, and the moment he begins to talk will announce himself as such.

A lady who prefers a fast reputation will often sit with her legs crossed, lean back in her chair, twirl her fan, show her hostess that she does not care for her, and talk loud or not at all, as the mood takes her. Some well-born young married women in New York think that incivility marks their importance. These women are accorded a place because they are well-born and well-married, and have money, but they are neither real nor yet conventional ladies, for a lady always has good manners, or cultivates what she believes to be such.

The real gentleman is careful never to let his breath offend. After smoking he should retire and rinse his mouth with cologne and water, for the breath of a smoker, particularly after drinking wine and spirits, is apt to be disgusting. After drinking, and eating a dinner in which the "forbidden fruit" (as some one called onions) has been indulged in, even though they

were concealed in Delmonico's best cookery, a man should retire with the rose-water finger bowl, or the result is dreadful. No slight impression of this kind is lost upon women, nor are they ever deceived by cachous or cardamom seeds. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"—cleanliness is next to Godliness.

Artificial observances have this merit, that they keep out of good society those independent beings who insist on their rights as reformers against what they consider as the "effete manners of society." Such men take pleasure in dirty linen, unbrushed coats, unclean shoes and dirty hands. They offend every sense, and yet some of them are in high places. If a man is marked in this way, people know enough not to invite him to dinner, and he soon finds out that he loses more than he gains.

There is no such selfishness or rudeness as to impose inelegant manners and adverse opinions upon the company to which you are invited. A man who advances atheistical opinions, or any other system of thought which shocks his host and hostess, is no gentleman.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ETHICS OF DRESS.

“**A**S costly your habit as your purse can buy,” was the worldly-wise advice of old Polonius to his son when he was to leave home for foreign travel.

It speaks not only for the worldly wisdom of the venerable courtier, but it also tells the modern reader of that demand for costume which was once so much the necessity of courts, but which, so far as men are concerned, is now almost passed away.

Did Mercutio now start on his travels he would find one small portmanteau enough for his needs, and he could not, if he would, wear more than a plain black dress suit at any court, unless he entered the military service, when he would wear a uniform.

However, much has been left off the dress of men to be put on to women. Every woman now dresses as if she were a queen. The short reign of the Empress Eugénie effected a profound change in the female dress of the world. The

luxury, variety and splendor which has entered into the composition of female attire since her advent is enormous.

Women read once of the great luxury of Queen Elizabeth and wondered. They have now but to look at the trousseau of a modern bride and see a luxury of which Queen Elizabeth never dreamed.

For the trousseau must contain twelve dozen of everything, all the underclothing must be trimmed with costly Valenciennes, and the twelve dozen is an infallible rule.

Queen Bess had brocades and jewels, of course, in plenty, but her under linen was scanty. She had two pairs of silk stockings (they were only just invented then). A modern belle has twelve dozen silken hose of every color of the rainbow.

The boots, shoes and slippers of a modern belle would have astonished Queen Bess—they are so pretty, so various and so expensive; they fit the foot much better, too, than the clumsy slipper of the past.

There is no doubt but that the American women dress too much. They have no limit in the matter of expense, for an American husband, if he has money, stops at no expense. In

Europe, where duchesses, trusting to old lace and jewels, are often extremely shabby as to their gowns, not caring a pin what anybody says, the American woman is conspicuously well-dressed, generally much fresher than the duchess.

Worth says that the American women are the best customers he has—far better than queens. *They* ask the price; American women never do. They simply say: “Give me the best, the most beautiful, the most fashionable gown.”

It is all very well if the lady can pay for it. “Costly your habit as your purse can buy.” But it sometimes happens that it is not in her power to pay. Hence the great trouble, the defalcations and the sorrowful story of dishonor.

Beautiful dress is all very fine. Every one likes to see a woman well-dressed; but the *ethics* of dress should be consulted. Is it worth all that it costs, in trouble, expense, heartburning, and every other most painful effort, besides leading to criminal extravagance? Would not the fashion be improved by plainness, simplicity and cheapness?

The fact that *costume* has disappeared all over Europe is a great loss to the painter, and the re-

lection arises—how much better would it be if every one had a costume, as in the Middle Ages ! How beautiful was then the dress of the *chanoinesse*, the middle-aged woman with her coif, the maiden with her snood, the young married woman with her veil. And these dresses were so becoming. The manufacture of them was so easy, too ; the patterns were used from year to year. There were tailors for women as for men. The materials were good ; they lasted from year to year.

Now what modern lady does not dread the hour with her dressmaker. The certainty that her dress will be too tight across the chest and too loose around the waist. It is not certain to be stylish, either, and then material and all is wasted. What a trouble, too, to have the necessity of going several times a week, and to be put off by a pampered dressmaker, and told to come—another time !

Yet every woman struggles with this evil every spring and fall, and emerges always the worse for the conflict.

No wonder women wish for “ Ladies’ Co-operative Dress Associations,” which, if they could be accomplished without fraud, would be admirable

things, and which would be an excellent check upon the abominable fraud, insolence and dishonesty of the fashionable dressmaker.

There is probably no such story in any literature of the insolence of the "pampered menial" as that of the New York dressmaker.

Mostly Irish women who have once been chambermaids, they have, by the weak indulgence of some women who call themselves ladies, become a power in the land. Having the costume in one hand and the lady in the other, they present the nursery spectacle of the naughty child who is reaching for the forbidden tart which Jane holds just above the urchin's reach. It is no longer the respectful seamstress working for her bread, but a half-drunken Irish or French woman dictating terms to her lady customer.

"My husband is waiting for me to go out in his dog-cart, so I must call my forewoman to finish this dress," remarked one of these impertinent artistes to a lady once whom she was fitting. We are glad to record that this woman afterwards failed.

The lady is entirely in the hands of the dressmaker, financially. The *modiste* may cut up and

ruin a rich velvet, the lady has no redress. She may charge twice too much, and yet the lady cannot complain. The law in this land of liberty is always on the side of the workwoman or man. If a brutal carman runs into a lady's coupé, the courts give damages to the carman. It is a part of the mistake of universal suffrage.

Such being some of the troubles of dressmaking as done outside of one's house, no wonder that many ladies try the business of having the work done at home, which, while it saves material and one sort of trouble, adds on much trouble of another sort, in the incessant demands of the seamstress for more buttons, twist, tape, lining and "trimming." No modern seamstress ever had enough of these, and many a lady, having tried the "woman in the house," who is always complaining of her accommodations, her tea and her dinner, gives up that sort of annoyance and buys some patterns and sits down and makes a plain dress herself.

But a lady cannot do everything. She has her house, her children, her improvement, her reading, her charities and her societies to attend to. She is not able to sew much,

Where shall she go? what shall she do to get her dresses ready for the season?

No wonder she sends to France, where all this thing is simplified, and where she gets good material, a good fit and stylish clothes for half the money which these things cost in New York.

Etiquette demands that a lady, if she visit at all, be handsomely dressed. There is a growing taste for plain clothes, that is to say, dark velvets and furs, black or dark silks, and an absence of garish display in the daytime. Few American women dress too much in the street now. But the velvet, or the silk, must be made by an artist, the bonnet must be a *chef d'œuvre*, and the gloves and boots must be marvelously perfect. The glove must be a long-sleeved one, or else have ten or eighteen buttons.

Women who dare, through eccentricity or avarice, to go about with dirty or ragged gowns are universally disliked. They profane society with their presence. For etiquette demands that each woman be at least neat,

“Still to be neat, still to be dressed,
As if waiting for a feast,”

is the characteristic of most ladies, but there are some who are so conceited as to believe that they can go to a ball in a costume which has seen its best days, and to carry all off by a certain audacity.

Such women should be frowned down. Dress was made to dignify the human body. In our social intercourse we wish to appear at our best, and etiquette is the code of laws made by the society of all ages for the benefit of such as enter its portals.

It is in England a sort of understood law that women should appear at dinners in low-necked dresses, with short sleeves. The dress at court is always prescribed. We have no court, and so every lady does as she pleases. It is to be recorded, however, in favor of American ladies, that they generally contrive, with all their disadvantages of impertinent dressmakers and no code of dress, to be the best-dressed women in the world; they have beauty, taste and neatness—three important codicils.

One thing, however, is apt to be mistaken in the American ethical code of dress.

Elderly women dress too young. The flaxen-

wigged Mrs. Skewton of Dickens has too many followers among us. Women of fifty, with skinny arms and hollow cheeks, painted and dressed as young girls—these are our failures. No woman but looks older for this style of dress. To look one's age, to dress appropriately, a woman should always be a little ahead of time and not behind it.

A woman who attempts to appear younger or more fascinating than she is should remember the fable of the ox who strove to gambol like the gazelle and who received the reproof of Jupiter. Mere talent should never try to copy genius, nor should a mature woman try to look like a young one. Fascination is a gift of the gods.

Truly fascinating women have no need of effort to appear what they are not, either young or old. They are not called on to trumpet their own charms or conquests, nor to touch themselves up like an old pastel. The world will give them credit; men will kneel to them. Every one gives them a courteous adoration. They know by intuition how to dress, how to conduct themselves.

"I find myself adoring beautiful, calm women who cannot be flirted with," said

Lord Byron, the man most adored by women. Our spring beauties are so fresh and lovely in America, that it seems a pity that they should ever journey down to the patches and powders of a French Marquise. These coquettish and gentle, delicate and smiling young American girls know how to dress themselves. They have the intuition of the toilette. Their only present danger is in getting too mannish, what with their brother's ulsters, their hats and gauntlets, and sometimes, alas! their brother's manners, so that you do not know which is which. The ethics of dress, which should express sex, is sometimes confusing.

Some wit said that the principal charm of a poke bonnet was that it is so essentially feminine no man could ever have worn one.

The early Puritan dress was very becoming and very lovable. The Puritan fathers could not banish love nor woman's grace with all their hard creed. Girls would be born and would be lovable.

Sometimes Fate played them strange tricks, and a marquise in disguise—a real court lady, all smiles and coquetry—would come dancing in with

fairly feet, with eyes bright as diamonds, and lips like strawberries all smothered in cream, and with curls that fluttered in the breeze—these witches would come to Salem town and confound the fathers. What capricious mermaids always landed at Newport, for instance, even in these early days, and we read that they did not patronize the Puritan dress, but sent to France for a “slip of rose paduasoy, with Brussels lappets, and high-heeled shoes with buckles.”

The ethics of dress demand that a mother should always dress better than her daughter.

The mother's dress should be of more costly material, and should be thoroughly suited to her age, complexion and style. Some American mothers go shabby and put fine clothes on their daughters. The mother should wear all the jewelry. The mother should be in velvet, silk and satin; the daughter in muslin, percale or cashmere.

The modern fashion of dressing young girls in satin and velvet is a poor one. It leaves them nothing to look forward to.

Young girls need no aid from the becoming light of jewelry. They are rubies, diamonds,

pearls themselves. Let them save those adventitious aids for the days which will surely come—the days when the eye loses its brilliancy and the teeth their pearly charm. Then jewels are becoming and fit the needs of maturity.

To allow the hair to grow white is one of the allowable coquetries of middle life. It is so becoming that a woman is to be forgiven if she blanches it a little as it grows iron-gray. It is the only hair dye which cannot be condemned, that which assists gray hair to grow into white floss silk.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN AMERICAN RETURNED FROM EUROPE.

THERE is one part of his luggage which an American should never leave in Europe, and that is—his nationality.

It too often happens that this is just what he does leave, and there have been weak Americans who have come home from Europe with but slight knowledge of their own language after a six months' absence.

Americans are sometimes very much impressed with England, and come home so heavily plated that they are called Britannia ware. Others get a smattering of German, and can listen to nothing but German music, and smoke German pipes and raise a German beard.

Others are smitten with everything French, and are constantly larding their talk with convenient French phrases, are considerably disturbed in their belief in women, and are not at all sure of their belief in anything.

These are new, green travelers, and this is a

disease, like the measles or the whooping-cough, peculiar to youth.

The old traveler, the "picked man of countries," knows that there is nothing like home, and that a person, to have any consideration in this world, must derive it from the spot of his birth.

We have, as a people, a singular inaptitude to take root in Europe. Europeans come here, and make excellent citizens, but Americans seem always to remain colonists in Europe. They rarely become part of the body politic. The tide of immigration is this way. No American can live long in Paris without feeling that he has lost something of consequence and of the feeling of citizenship.

To come home thus discontented and uprooted is to be a person without a country, that most wretched of waifs.

To come home, bringing only affectations and the poorer part of Europe, is to be even worse—an unworthy citizen.

To come home loving one's own country better, and to add to its newness all that he can bring of European art, culture and refinement, is to be the truly good citizen and the accomplished traveler.

No doubt there is much in the polished etiquette of the high society in Europe which is very grateful to Americans, particularly to women. They like ceremony, politeness and deference; they like the service, so easy and so marked; they like the definiteness of European etiquette, and they like the state and form—the elegance, in fact.

The very manners of servants and of shopkeepers, of couriers and of maids, are all so much more respectful than anything on this side that they feel, for the first time, what it is to be a lady.

Then the forms and ceremonies of a court are amusing until one gets tired of them. The necessity of a certain dress at a certain ceremonial, all this corrects that dreadful uncertainty which exists always with us.

What shall we wear? In Europe we always know what we ought to wear.

The question of liveries, here always a most perplexing question, is in Europe settled for one by his tailor.

No wonder that some Americans come home spoiled, and commit a thousand absurdities. We are none of us any too wise. It seems as if Europe

sometimes took away what little sense we originally had.

Men sometimes come home dressed in so pronounced an English style that everybody laughs.

They should read the description of Beau Brummel :

“He was always studiously and remarkably well-dressed, never *outré*, and although considerable time and attention were directed to his toilette, it never, when accomplished, seemed to occupy his attention. His manners were easy, polished, gentlemanlike, stamped with what St. Simon would call *l'usage du monde et du plus grand, et du meilleur*. His dress was the general model, and when he had struck out a new idea he would smile at observing its gradual progress, adopted by the highest as well as the lowest classes.”

A man to be thoroughly well-dressed should be dressed so that no one can tell what he has on.

It is a pity that the nineteenth century has drawn so severe a model for the dress of men, but so it is.

An American returned from Europe should not abuse his own country ; he should not complain of *ennui* or disgust. If he feels discontented

here he should keep it to himself; for all travelers know that there is no country where daily life is so comfortable for almost any well-to-do individual as in America.

New York has an air of *bien etre* about it which few cities possess. The great benefits of gas and of hot and cold water are not so common as with us in any European city. Ice water is not obtainable in Europe unless one pays for it heavily; and as for the markets, no city in the world has such a one as New York.

In traveling in Europe one is always harassed and hampered by his trunks. In America a check saves all the trouble.

So there are advantages and disadvantages everywhere. The American in Europe has everything to see which can fascinate him. The triumphs of Architecture, of Time, of Wealth, of Art, are there, and of Nature, in Switzerland, we have nothing like that here. We have no Rome, no London and no Paris: we have not the Rhine with its castles.

But we have our duty to our own soil, and we do think, read and work, let us hope, for one end: that we may bring home to our own land all the

rectified impressions, and none of the exaggerated ones.

Especially is the American to be warned against an affected habit of speech. To try to talk like an Englishman is an affectation always detected. To find French more easy than American is a most transparent humbug.

We always laugh at the mistakes of foreigners when they blunder in English; but they, fortunately, never laugh at ours. If they did, what a perpetual fund of amusement we could afford them.

The apeing of foreign manners affords the English comedian fund for the manufacture of many good comedies, and we have no better satirist than Cowper, who said quaintly :

“ How much a fool, who hath been sent to Rome,
Exceeds a fool who only staid at home !”

The snob is a very detestable creature, and the snob who pretends to be ashamed of his own country is the worst snob in the world.

Americans have often an excess of patriotism, which is called “spread-eagleism.” This is in bad taste, no doubt, and many a “Yankee” has

made himself absurd in England by talking of the stars and stripes. No one should parade the excellencies of his country any more than he should boast of the excellencies of his wife, *cela va sans dire*, but the failing is a more excusable one than the reverse. To see or hear a man run down his own country is to despise him at once.

An American at home, if he has led a useful and industrious life, is a nobleman—as good as anybody. Abroad he can never have the same consideration. He must always be, unless he has a diplomatic position, somewhat at a disadvantage in Europe. Some few Americans, by their talents, have taken very high position in Europe, but they are rare.

A traveled American, home from Europe, can have a great influence for the good of his countrymen.

He can, in many ways, improve every one in his neighborhood. He can gently and quietly bring about a greater attention to etiquette: he can show his friends how to give a dinner in the English style, which is the best style: he can show the advantage of a quiet livery, a well-organized

band of servants—always a difficult thing to bring about in America.

We cannot, with a republican form of government, ever hope to have good servants. An American citizen makes this mistake: if he is a poor man he is ashamed to be a servant; he thinks it degrades him. It is his mistake, but the mistake exists.

He thinks that he is a better man, a greater man, if, in a condition of servitude, which his pocket may compel, he is then impertinent and disobedient.

The Irishman who waits at a dinner may live to eat off the plate which he has lately washed.

All of which ruins the hope of good service—a fact as unfortunate for the waiter as for the employer.

For all cannot or do not rise, but *the hope that they will*, makes them all discontented.

We see all over the world this connection between little and great things. It would be easy to show, as Emerson says, “of many fine things in the world—in the customs of nations, the etiquette of courts, the constitution of governments—the origin in quite simple local neces-

sities. Heraldry, for example, and the ceremonies of a coronation, are a dignified repetition of the occurrences that might befall a dragoon and his footboy."

So the question of good service in the United States is forever injured and disturbed by the great instrument of our liberties, known as the Declaration of Independence.

Far more dignified and aristocratic was the act of an Italian marquis with a long old title, who, finding himself poor and friendless, went to Delmonico and let himself out as a waiter, and, until he could better his condition, performed those services well. He knew his own standing too well to be ashamed of serving—

"He also serves, who only stands and waits."

Yes, he serves at the great counter of Duty, and at *that* work nothing disgraces one but doing his work badly, and in an evil spirit.

Every American who brings home from Europe fine statues, pictures, old china, or appropriate furniture, is aiding his country to grow better and more refined. For art elevates a nation. The possession of the treasures gathered in the Palace of

the Demidoffs, if brought here, will be a liberal education to every untraveled American, to every artisan. The great Exposition of 1876 was the most admirable education to all our people.

Music, eloquence, poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture, all are of the fine arts. Of the first we already begin to take a proud place among the nations. The Americans are a musical people, but still must go to European conservatories to study. Of sculpture we may also claim some recognition. Of poetry and painting, particularly of landscape painting, we have some hold; but in architecture we are terribly behind hand. Every American's eye suffers from the windows of New York when he first lands. The American who travels to the end that he may build better when he comes home, travels wisely.

Of eloquence we have our share—perhaps too much. The Americans are glib talkers. They have the gift of the gab. If, in traveling, they learned to think more and to talk less, perhaps it would be just as well.

Another thing might be learned in Europe, and that is to not be ashamed of, a judicious economy.

We are said to be the ruin of Europe with our

extravagance. No European is ashamed to be poor, or to say "I cannot afford it." All Americans were once ashamed to say this, because they thought it reflected dishonor upon them; and almost any American would rather pay a dishonest charge than to dispute it. Few, if any Americans would take the trouble which Mr. Cobden did in New York, to give a whole day to the bringing to justice of a cabman who charged him too much; and yet how much better would our laws be observed if that were the practice of every American.

Americans returned from Europe have the greatest future before them, if they will patriotically devote themselves to the righting of wrongs and to the correcting of abuses.

Much in our great country goes by default. We are all taking things very easily as to the administration of the laws. Our cities show, by the dreadful disorder and peculation which this want of espionage has brought about, how unwise a plan it is.

Let us, therefore, copy that part of European civilization which tends to wise economy, judicious *surveillance*, and to polished manners and refined lives, without affectation.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MONEY MARRIAGE MARKET.

THERE are many calculating Romeos in this world—men who are looking for a rich wife as a means to an honest living. Work they despise. They are often most gentlemanly men, and will never do anything mean. They may make as good husbands as others; still, the world does not adore them, nor do the poets write of them as they do of Romeo, *pur et simple*. No one has imagined them as saying :

“ O cruel Love ! How great a power is thine !
Under the Poles although we lie,
Thou mak'st us fry ;
And thou canst make us freeze beneath the Line.”

No such impassioned heat disturbs these young gentlemen. They are very cool—very cool.

Heiresses, therefore, become very much attended to in society. Their rent-roll is discussed, and is ascertained to a nicety. They are sometimes injured by this fact, and are induced to

remain unmarried because they fear that they shall be married solely for their money.

Others marry men who have been won principally by fortune, but who have a real character, and who determine to repay the money obligation by a life of devotion. These matches are often very happy.

Others marry mere adventurers, who use their wives' money for their own pleasure, and neglect and insult the women who have benefitted them.

The etiquette of marriage should be as formal and as studied as that of other recognized institutions. If a man marries a woman for her money, he should never let her suspect it. He should be studiously attentive and kind. Indeed, much should be urged upon even loving husbands, who support their wives handsomely, in regard to the manners of every day. Married people should never let familiarity breed contempt.

The most calculating people in the world, the French, who marry their children to each other without speaking of love, demand that one party shall bring as much as the other to the common fund. Indeed, if the money question comes in,

that would seem to be the best and most honest arrangement, not allow an impecunious man to be wholly supported by a rich woman. Young men who have large fortunes are, in their turn, also the prey of women fortune-hunters. Every watering place has its managing mamma, who is looking out for the coming millionaire. Every one who is not in the game sees all the lures and all the snares. There is no such hunting over "brush, brook and brae" as that of a mamma with marriageable daughters, who has sighted a "rich young man;" and, to do them justice, the daughters supplement their honored parent well. Marriage has become a money market, a stock exchange, a means to an end—too much.

But if a marriage of interest is made, how soon the inevitable married flirtation begins to crop out—how the young husband, having married a woman whom he cannot love, begins to be attentive to some one else.

This seems to be the false etiquette of the age, partly borrowed from French novels.

It is, therefore, delightful to all unsophisticated humans to see the young lover *really* in love, and

to see interest disappear, and unselfish affection take its place.

But a young engaged couple, however much in love, should not make their feelings too manifest—in public, at least. They should remember that people are observing them; for, if on a stage-coach drive, a picnic, or lawn tennis party, or other occasions where many young people are congregated, they seem too devoted to each other, the general pleasure of the party is lost.

The marriage money market is most vigorous in large cities, where an heiress rarely gets through her first winter. The pursuit is sometimes disgusting, but the “end justifies the means;” such, at least, is the worldly maxim.

But even in this worldly and selfish world there should be an etiquette. “There is a becoming ‘ton’ in everything, even in religion,” says a modern author. “One of the most important points in life is decency, which is to do what is proper, and when it is proper,” says Lord Chesterfield.

A man, to enter the matrimonial money market, must be a gilded Turveydrop—all department. He must appear to be all that is good, proper.

and very deferential. If he has claims to an exalted social position, let him air them well. Let him assure the lady's family, by every means in his power, that generally he looks down upon them. He should utter only vague commonplaces. He must efface himself. Nothing passes so current in society as "conversational inanities and fossil facts, well polished into inexpressive smoothness." Beware of saying anything original—it might lead one into trouble. If he can simulate a passion for the young lady, so much the better. If he cannot, a lofty superiority, and an air of giving them the best article of a husband that they can buy for their money, has assuaged many a vulgar family who need position and are willing to pay for it.

But if it is disgraceful and degrading to see a man marrying for money, simply, it is more degrading to behold a woman willing to sacrifice all that a woman should hold most dear to obtain what money can buy. How many a woman do we see dragging around a rich, vulgar husband, who is merely an appendage to her diamonds? How many an educated woman blushes for her husband's grammar? Who shall portray the

more than Spartan endurance with which these women hide the vulture, despair, which is preying on their vitals ; “ with what pardonable artifice will they blandly smile a smile like that of St. Agnes at the stake, or like the sunshine on an overflowing volcano.” The sufferings of women who have married uncongenial men would fill a volume.

The English aristocracy is full of this sort of thing. A pretty, portionless high-born Lady Sarah *must* marry money ; so, some little red-faced, bouncing, violent, vulgar John Bull, with much money and splendid diamonds, comes about, to enjoy having the dowager thrust her elegant girl under his dreadful little nose.

The result shows itself in the queer, distorted, ungainly children which are born of such a union. Nature has its rights, which will not submit to be violated. Money can buy much, but it cannot buy everything.

American etiquette has hardly reached this point, although many parents do force their daughters to marry men, whom they do not love, because they have money.

Elegant mammas will call drunkenness “ high spirits,” vulgarity *bonhomie*, and licentious-

ness "the sowing of wild oats"—if a man has a great deal of money.

There is no such a golden glass to look through, it transmutes everything into virtue—the possession of money. That ever outcropping Pharisaism, which is the so-called specialty of the Anglo-Saxon race, displays itself in the marriage money market eminently.

However, all is not gold that glitters, and sometimes the money disappears and the marriage remains. Then the husband is in a sorry fix. He must work or starve, and sometimes he finds that the wife whom he has married for money is no helpmeet to a poor man.

A man who is married for his money, and is found to have none, is a still greater burden; for very few men who have possessed a fortune from childhood can, if they lose it, make another. It is the man whose energies have been stimulated by necessity who makes the fortune, and, if that is lost, can make another. There is nothing so admirable as that Dame, Necessity. She is a good teacher for the young.

But all rich marriages are not unhappy. Rich people of both sexes have hearts, and can make

good marriages and be happy ever after. Let "love go before like a light in the pathway," and then—no matter which has the money. It is a very good thing to have, if it is not the only attraction. And there is a positive moral obligation against an improvident marriage for a couple who have been gently reared; they should not marry without money.

There always should be a "shot in the locker" against a rainy day, against prolonged illness, against children's needs, their education and clothing. Well-bred, poor married people suffer untold tortures in not being able to educate their children according to their rank in life. That has been one of the many dreadful consequences of our late civil war to the South. A whole generation of children have grown up without the proper education, and with no perceptible future.

It is not strange that parents who have felt the evils of poverty are anxious that their children should make rich marriages. There is no want so perceptible to maturity as that of money. It is, in its way, everything; but parents who have married for love should not ignore or forget their

own early happiness, nor the strong attractions which brought them together.

Although a man who has married for money may have a social pre-eminence or while, there is a class to whom he always looks up, and whom he must always feel does not entirely respect him. Those are the hard-working, successful professional or mercantile men who have made their own way. There is much that is very disadvantageous and humiliating in the contrast of the fat, sleek and lazy horse and the full-blooded, high-mettled racer. There is no such admiration felt by mankind for the man who is simply fortunate, as for him who deserves fortune.

As for the life of a young man who makes a show for a few years that he may marry an heiress, nothing is so contemptible. He lives a purely selfish existence—he is a mere cumberer of the ground. To be the accomplished man of society, he may cultivate a few gifts and graces, but he has no true manhood. He may be a convenient man to ask to dinner, an eminent club favorite; must put down a handsome contribution to every ball list and every fashionable charity he must send good bouquets

and be well mounted at the hunt ; he must be one of those colorless, civil, useful nonentities whom society loves ; he must have no disagreeable, trying family alliances. He will thus be asked where the heiresses go. He must be seen at every tea, ball, reception ; he must give an occasional theatre party, and leave out all the people who have been civil to him, only inviting those of the highest fashion, who have snubbed him. He will thus be spoken of as a young man of excellent manners.

He must have that air of cold-blooded ingratitude which none but real snobs know, and an air of not seeing those who have been kind to him in the past. He must let the lady who was a friend to him in his youth find a seat, if she can ; but, if Miss Sunball enters the room, he must get her a seat at any cost.

He must do the opulent bachelor business for awhile, and adopt the paralytic crutch-and-toothpick style ; he must fill his rooms with *bric-à-brac* and Eastlake furniture, and give very *recherché* little suppers.

But, if he wants an heiress who knows the value of her money, he must not appear to be

fast or dissipated ; he must at least seem very respectable.

If he marries a third-rate heiress, with a loud and dreadful style, he will be perpetually shocked. She will dress beautifully, but she will talk slang, be cheek by jowl with all the second-rate men, and probably take him to Europe, flirt with her courier, and then elope with a French marquis who turns out to be a barber.

The worldly woman who determines to marry for money is often a sort of robber baroness for sallying forth from her castle armed to destroy. The world is her oyster. If her husband prove generous, she may live with him ; if he is not, she soon finds out an excuse to leave him. Such women never feel deeply or passionately ; they are social chameleons, taking the color of the times ; they are full of subserviency to those who are high in place and power. She reins in her splendid bays at the great house, but she does not stop to leave a blanket at the cottage. "She plays her part in Fortune's pageant, and plays it well ;" but woe be unto the lame child who is born to her.

Some of these worldly women who enter the

money market are butchers in disguise. They are Neros, Caligulas: ferocity toward all her rivals; egotism and selfishness toward the man whose money she is spending. She is a tigress who eats her victim while he is still alive. She flirts and enjoys her life. *He* may suffer and be still—and the Court awards her alimony.

It is no wonder that the sight of such a life has driven many a conscientious woman out of society. She is afraid of her temptations. She would not, if marrying for money, behave quite as badly; but it might weaken her virtue. She sees that no good has come to her early friend, excepting very handsome clothes and fine equipage; as for happiness or respectability, that has not followed marrying for money.

One would think that Romeo would dislike to ask his wife for money—"Please, dear Juliet, give me a ducat;" but the reverse seems to be the case. A man spends his wife's fortune with equanimity, and calls it his. She ought to be grateful if he does not spend it on other women.

Such is the worldly view of the marriage question. Such is the way one looks at the money market. It is true, every young couple are not so

venal, but we must recognize the growing danger. In America, where estate and title is not inherited, we should have no such thing as the *marriage de convenance*, but it is becoming too often a recognized institution.

No doubt the human heart is the same in all ages—frivolous, tragic, romantic. There will always be the elopement, the love match and the *marriage de convenance*. The last is the poorest kind for a Republic.

CHAPTER XXI.

RECOGNITION AND SALUTATION.

RECOGNITION should be quick, and salutation gracious. To be complimentary, salutation should be even more—it should be graceful, flattering, courteous, dignified, and suited to the exact position of the person addressed. To an old person, it should be truly respectful, for there is no such crown as a crown of gray hairs ; to a young person, it should be reassuring ; to a person who is under the pressure of calamity, it should be gracious ; to a common acquaintance, just as cordial as we wish to make it—and it should always be dignified. *Be careful not to bow too low.*

One may say that the above advice is impracticable, that no one could convey all those adjectives in a bow. But fascinating and successful people do all that, and more.

The quick recognition is more difficult. Many people forget faces, more are confused as to where and how they have seen that face last.

There is, to the dwellers in cities, a perfect confusion as to *degrees* of acquaintance, if the memory for people and faces is not extraordinary.

Therefore, people who are near-sighted, or who have not memory of faces, cannot be quick at a recognition. They are always in doubt. Such people are rarely popular. People believe them to be cold.

But if a person has a truly cordial disposition, nothing can prevent their showing it finally. Manner is but the mask of character after all ; the true nature will come out.

But we cannot all stop, in this busy world, to show off our true natures. Emerson says : " The men we see are whipped through the world. They are harried, wrinkled, anxious ; they all seem the hacks of some invisible riders." Women are in a great hurry also. The atmosphere drives us with invisible whips. How shall we greet each other—this great, hurrying and rapidly passing stream of people ?

We must *cultivate* a manner, study a recognition and a salutation which shall convey a kindly meaning at least.

As we go thus rapidly through the world, trying to do our work as best we may, perhaps we meet an old acquaintance who has been for years in the East. His face is almost forgotten, but still it recalls something. He has not forgotten us, and looks eagerly for a bow and a smile. Life has, perhaps, been lonely and sad to him; to us it has been replete with emotion and crowded with event. Shall we disappoint him? No; let there be a recognition, as quick and gracious as possible, to that wistful face. We can remember who he is afterwards. It is astonishing how soon that memory comes after the necessity for it has passed. It is like that belated wit which the French call "*l'esprit de l'escalier*"—the wit of the stair-case—the good things which we remember that we might have said as we go upstairs to bed after the party is over.

Let at least the passer-by read in your face your desire to be courteous. If you cannot remember him, at least give him a pleasant bow, if he bows to you. Such salutations hurt nobody, not even a lady alone, who, of course, must be circumspect. In the polite bow of a lady, full of purity and good-will, marked with dignity and

respect, the man of irregular life finds as profound a check to insult, as in the haughty disdain of one who, perhaps, overestimates his admiration.

There is nothing finer than a sweet dignity. It seems to be, perhaps, the best quality of a woman, and to teach her, intuitively, how low to bow, how to smile, how to receive and how to dismiss her friends. Women whose manners are too familiar never have much power. People do not care for that which they gain easily, and yet cordiality is a very necessary adjunct. A woman who can express that by a bow is sure to be a favorite.

If a gentleman comes up to a lady at a crowded watering-place, and claims acquaintance, and she has no idea who he is—an incident which happens frequently—she should, after speaking to him, frankly tell him her dilemma, and ask for his name. She can say to him, that she has a poor memory for faces, that she sees many people, that she begs that he will forgive her. Few men are, and none ought to be, so ill-tempered as to object to this inquiry. If they are so thin-skinned as to care, the acquaintance may as well stop there.

To make the case our own, let us measure our sensations toward our friends by their remembered salutations. We have no very kindly feeling toward Mrs. Tower, who gives us a lofty and brief bow, as if she wished to get rid of us as soon as possible ; still less do we admire Mrs. Smiley, who bows very much too low, and with an excessively foolish cordiality which we know she does not feel. We are not fond of Mrs. Weathercock, who bows to us fervently, when we are fashionable and well dressed, but who does not see us, when we are under the ban of adversity.

But we remember Mrs. Heartwell's elegant and formal courtesy with pleasure, for it shows that she intends always to be perfectly respectful to us.

Of course, from this, all through the gamut of the affectionate greetings we range our friends. There is the curiously-acute eye and the long-resting glance of Mr. Oakland ; he is the most interesting of our acquaintances, for his bow always says : " I should like to stop and talk with you," or that of General Tightfit, which expresses the most exalted respect.

The bow of a clergyman, a lawyer, an editor,

a president, a man who is compelled to know everybody, can scarcely be called a disinterested bow. It must be a somewhat formal, studied and conventional bow. For no man can feel equally well disposed toward three thousand people; but the character of the individual will stamp even this universal bow.

The reason of the unpopularity of a certain distinguished family in the United States, and their certain defeat if proposed for any public office, is attributed, by close observers, to their disagreeable, cold and rude manners, in the matter of recognition and salutation—the frigid bow and the contemptuous salutation.

It must be conceded that Americans have better manners than the English, but even here the Anglo-Saxon brutality does break out in us occasionally. The Latin races are far ahead of us in the matter of salutations. The Italian language is full of most lovely phrases. “A thousand beautiful days to you,” says the Italian. The Oriental salutations are as splendid as their robes, “May you live a thousand years;” the very exaggeration and impossibility of the request is in its favor. It breathes such large con-

sideration. How ungraceful would it be to limit that request so as to say: "May you live sixty years," or even ninety years. It is better to make a handsome allowance, even of nine hundred years.

Our perception far outruns our talent, and we know people, intuitively, by a bow or a salutation. We read the cold-blooded cynic or the hypocritical time-server by his bow and smile. A deep sympathy is all that we require to teach us, that the shy man would be more responsive, if he could, and that the *gauche* man is sincere, and would like to be graceful. There is, of course, a difference of impressionability; but the most simple and sincere are apt to be the keenest readers of character. A child and a dog are never mistaken.

We should watch and cherish not only all right sentiments of the heart, but all intellectual and moral sensibilities. They are the fountains of true perception.

If we thus question the recognition and salutations of our neighbors, we shall grow more genial, cordial and polite ourselves. We shall remember to say to the sick man, "How are you to-day?"

and add, "Better, I hope," with a cheerful voice. We shall take care to bow to the shy and the poor and the friendless, in a manner which shall make them happier all day. We shall not forget the passing salutation to our unknown friend whom we meet on the road. He is to go on the same weary way over which we have just come. Let us give him a passing smile and benediction. *Lohengrin* met a weary pilgrim, to whom he gave water, and the pilgrim gave him a staff. He planted the staff in the earth, and the wood grew and blossomed into lilies. Then, says the legend, *Lohengrin* knew that he had saluted an angel unawares.

"The world is always opulent, the oracles are never silent, but the receiver must, by a happy temperance, be brought to that top of condition, that frolic health, that he can easily take and give these communications."

We are not always in the mood to salute angels ; we do not always have an angel to salute. It is an imperfect world, full of impoliteness, but to rise superior to that imperfection, to be always gracious and polite, is to meet one's fate more than half-way ; to do a great deal toward being,

what we should always hope to be—true gentlemen and true ladies.

It is a sign of success, that fine manner which is always expressive of a good heart, and a true respect, for all whom we meet.

Recognition and salutation are vulgarized and barbarously maimed by a coarseness of manner on the part of young women.

A gentleman once said that he had fallen in love with a gentle girl, but that he had heard her say, in a stentorian voice, to a passing youth, "How are you, Charley?" and his love had turned to bitterest hate. He did not like that assumption of mannishness. It would have pleased him better if she had addressed Charley with a spice of maidenly reserve.

Foreigners have a beautiful custom of saluting the dead. Whenever they pass a coffin they take off their hats; to that silent majesty, who cannot respond? The custom, in Europe, of having the coffin lying in state at the door of the inner court, as in Paris, with the respectful salutation, has moved many a heart; it is the veriest spirit of reverential politeness.

Remember how easy it is to depress the world

with a gloomy countenance. There is not a joyful youth or an innocent girl, buoyant with life, who cannot be chilled by an unkind salutation. Despondency comes readily enough to us all. The daily greeting of our friends can raise or depress our spirits for a day.

“I have just met Mr. Iceland, and his bow has given me a severe cold in the head,” said a wit.

And to think that, by a bow or a smile, we *may* add energy, inspire hope, and help some brother to fight the battle of life! Charles Lamb writes a delightful sketch of Captain Jackson, a poor half-pay officer, whose wealth of imagination made life seem gloriously luxurious, and whose hearty salutation was enough to make you believe yourself worth a fortune and endowed with perpetual youth.

And be careful at home to remember the morning and evening salutation. The good manners of a household are generated as the atmosphere is generated by perpetual renewals. The household is purer and happier, where the mother kisses her son every morning, where the daughter kisses her father, with a good-night blessing. All members of a family are better and happier,

if they begin the morning with a salutation to each other.

Nothing is so out of taste, or so productive of ill-feeling, as the somewhat reprehensible practice of saying disagreeable things to each other, and calling it familiarity. It is of that familiarity which breeds, not only contempt, but hatred.

A brother, who enters the room and addresses his sister with "How now, Louisa? Why, you look as yellow as saffron, your eyes are like gooseberries!" is a cad; a sister who remarks, "Do leave the house, Harry, your cigar is most offensive," and so on. These are salutations which could be omitted.

The telling of people that they look very badly is another salutation which had better be omitted, unless to those people "who enjoy bad health," and are very glad to be always complaining. There are a set of hipped individuals who, in perfect health, delight to play with gloom and who say:

"Tend me to-night;
 Maybe it is the period of your duty!
 Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
 A mangled shadow! perchance to-morrow
 You'll serve another master; I look on you
 As one who takes his leave!"

Such a *malade imaginaire* delights to be told that he looks ill. Let us gratify him. He will be up to-morrow, eat an immense breakfast and attend all our funerals.

The manners of Puritan Yankeedom, which, in the rural districts, delight in plain truths, delighted in such salutations as this: "Well, I see you are getting old as well as myself!" "Ain't you looking a little too thin? Seems to me you are rather down," and various complimentary reassurances of that kind. There is no curing such a truthful spirit as that! Let us hope that it will live and die in its own mountains.

Human nature is such a poor thing at best that it needs all the aid it can receive from a cordial greeting. Never be afraid to take the initiative in politeness, and remember to be respectful to those in age and position who are your superiors:

"Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them;
But in the less, foul profanation."

A man cannot be too respectful in his salutation to a lady. A lady cannot be too gracious in her salutation to all people, if modesty and dignity reign in her heart.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ARAB LAW OF HOSPITALITY.

IT was the remark of a famous editor who visited America several years ago, and who afterward wrote a book about us, that an American knew how to be a host, but did not yet understand the etiquette of being a guest.

It is probably quite true that, according to the English idea, an American did not, in former years, understand the severe etiquette which reigns in an English country-house. There the guests are expected to come at the hour invited, and to leave precisely by the train which is specified in the note of the host.

The reason for this is obvious. A number of guests are invited, with great system, for three days, and another company for the ensuing three days, which invitation is always so accurate that it specifies even if the guest is to leave by the "eleven train," or the "one train," as they say in England.

The great house is thus filled continuously with

a series of congenial guests from the 1st of September until after Christmas. The leisure man who is a good story-teller, can sing a song, or act in private theatricals, is always in great demand, and on the events of these country visits hang most of the incidents of the modern society novel. Dickens described the less stately hospitality of the English country squire in his "Christmas at the Wardles," where the renowned Pickwick Club spent, perhaps, the most jolly week of which we have any account in modern contemporaneous literature.

But even jolly Mr. Wardle, or the class which he represents, would be particular as to a certain etiquette. Mr. Wardle would expect all his guests to arrive at the hour which he had named, and always to be punctual at dinner.

It would be better for us in this country if we were as particular about the duties of a guest. We are too apt to go and see our friends when it is convenient for us, and not when it is convenient for them. Trusting to that boundless American hospitality, we decline an invitation for the 6th, saying we can come on the 9th of the month.

This is not etiquette ; we should go on the 6th, or not at all. We should also ask our host to define the limits of our stay, so that we may not overstep our welcome. The terms of an American invitation generally are : "Come when you can, and stay as long as you like," which is, certainly, hospitable, but it is not etiquette.

Now, the Arab law of hospitality, which has been the phrase with which we have chosen to head this paper, is so noble, so comprehensive and so grand, that, although it transcends all etiquette, we must use it to enforce the meaning of etiquette and its vital spirit.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," is found in the Arabian as well as the Latin poets. The Arab goes further : "He who tastes my salt is sacred ; neither I nor my household shall attack him ; nor shall one word be said against him." "Bring corn, wine and fruit for the fasting stranger ; give the one who departs from the shelter of thy tent the fastest horse in thy possession. Let him who would go from thee take the fleet dromedary ; reserve the lame one for thyself."

These children of the desert, with their grave

faces, composed manners and noble creed of hospitality, could preach us moderns many a lesson in etiquette.

One phrase should be particularly studied :
“ Nor shall one word be said against him.”

Unless a guest has been particularly objectionable, it is in the worst taste to criticise him severely after he has gone. He has come to you at your invitation. He has staid at your house at your request. He has come as to an altar of safety, an ark of refuge, to your friendly roof. Your kind welcome has unlocked his reserve. He has spoken freely, laid off his armor, felt that he was in the presence of friends. If, in so doing, you have discovered in him a weak spot, be careful how you attack it. The intimate unreserve of your firesidè should be respected.

And upon the guest an equal, nay, a superior, conscientiousness should rest, as to any revelation of what particular secrets he may find out while he is a visitor. No person should go from house to house bearing tales. No stories of the weaknesses of this member of the family, or the eccentricities of that member, should ever be heard from the lips of a guest. “ Whose bread I have

eaten, he is henceforth my brother," is another fine Arab proverb, worthy of being engraven on all our walls.

Much harm is done by the gadding and the gossiping visitor through this thoughtless habit of telling of the manner of life, and of the faults, shortcomings, or quarrels, of the family under whose roof the careless talker has been admitted. Even much talk of their habits and ways is in bad taste. Speak always well of your entertainers, but speak little of their domestic arrangements; do not violate the sanctity of that fireside retreat, whose roof-tree has sheltered you :

“ Rede the rede of the old roof tree,
Scandal none, opinion free,
Knightly custom, Christian knee,
Age calm, but youthful jollity ;
Outside no traitor to his tryst
(No word to which he haply list)
Shall blur the picture of that home,
Which brought those in who widely roam,
But grateful thanks and courtesie
Should upward float to thee, old tree.”

Such is the true old Anglo-Saxon idea of the duty of a guest. We cannot improve upon it.

The manifest etiquette demands that, once in your friend's house, you inform yourself as to the hours and customs, and conform exactly. Break-

fast is an informal meal, and most large houses now allow their guests to take a cup of tea and an egg in their own room, and to not regularly breakfast until eleven or twelve o'clock. But if the host is particular as to an early breakfast, and the hostess says, "We shall expect you at the breakfast table at eight o'clock," her guest is bound to obey.

In most houses, however, the guest can breakfast when he pleases. A cold ham on the sideboard, and the oatmeal, coffee or tea which makes the modern breakfast, can be readily served at any hour. The American breakfast, with its steaks, chops, fried, stewed and baked potatoes, eggs in a dozen forms, hot cakes, toast, fruit and tea and coffee, fried fish and chicken (cold), and chicken broiled, is a meal unknown on the Continent—that luxury is reserved for the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, or more like what we call luncheon. A little strained honey, rolls, fresh butter, with cheese, serves always for the breakfast in Switzerland. In France, a cup of *café-au-lait*, a roll and butter is enough. In England, a roll or muffins and jam, with excellent black tea, and a cold cut at the sideboard, is quite enough.

Our American breakfast, though delicious, is quite too much to begin the day on. We should be better for the more delicate breakfast of the Swiss.

As breakfast is always an informal meal, a gentleman may get up and help a lady. It is rather pleasant to dismiss the servants and to wait on one's self at breakfast.

But dinner is always a formal meal. The guests should be sure to be punctual, to be dressed, to be in good spirits, and in a talking mood, at dinner. It is the quintessence of the day. We must save our best story, our *jeu d'esprit*, our *bon mot*, if we are so lucky as to have any, for dinner.

As guests, we are bound to make ourselves as agreeable as possible. No little tempers, no sour looks, no adverse opinions, no unpleasant criticisms, should fall from the lips of a guest. The most disagreeable of all circumstances should find a guest firmly good-tempered. We are not asked to our friend's house "to show our little tempers."

Never abuse the weather, or the family dog. Although the long storm may seem tedious, the weather, for the nonce, is the property of your host. Try in every way to counteract the exter-

nal gloom by suggesting that you can get up tableaux or private theatricals, or that you know a trick or two at cards. A guest should always be able to take a hand at whist or *béziq*ue, and should be very composed as to draughts or the heat of a room. Never ask to have a door or a window open, if the hostess looks as if she did not like it. Be first and always attentive to her. She is the queen ; be her dutiful subject.

The family dog is a very hard case to manage. If he be ugly, and frighten you, go around him cautiously ; if he be dirty and offensive, and if, like Macbeth's crime, " he smell to heaven," never speak of it. A family are always sensitive on this point. They will defend the dog at the cost of their lives, and as a guest, if you would preserve your popularity, do you also defend, praise and endure the family dog.

The servants, too, are another tender point. No one, however judicious and kindly, can bear to hear their servants badly spoken of. We are the servants of our servants, and we grow to harbor their defects as being our own property. We are jealous of their good name, even if we are aware of their faults. We like to abuse them ourselves,

but we do not intend that any one else shall abuse them.

Above all things, never join in when one member of the family attacks another. This is never forgiven. We can be firm and assured in our own hatred of our kindred, but we never like to have anybody else attack them. A father-in-law may call his daughter-in-law all sorts of names, but no one else can do so with impunity to him. A mother may abuse her daughter very vehemently for making an imprudent marriage, but she will never forgive any one else for doing so. A brother will call his brother a fool, and even criticise his sister unfavorably, but, if the guest agree with him, he will turn upon the guest as upon an enemy.

As for those who interfere between husband and wife, history, poetry and the drama have sufficiently elucidated their unhappy fate. Mr. Snodgrass, in "Pickwick" (to refer to that immortal book again), declared that he got the bootjack on one side of his head and the hair-brush on the other.

It is human nature. Our self-love is so great, and so incorporated in the idea of our next of

kin, that we cannot bear that they should be spoken of by others as we ourselves speak of them.

The Arab law thus holds good through all the transmutations of fashion and of time. We must be truthful, honest, sincere and good-tempered. Or if we are none of these things, we must simulate a virtue, if we have it not, or else we are not fit to be guests. We must, in spite of our convictions, maintain an amiable hypocrisy.

It is slavery, no doubt. But visiting, however pleasant, is a sort of slavery—our chains are gilded and bound with roses, but we must acknowledge that they are chains.

Only people who have sufficient love of approbation to be always amiable should ever attempt to visit.

The heroic and independent people, who cannot "conform," should never try to be guests.

The Arab law of hospitality, no doubt, though unspoken, demanded that such people should stay at home.

Be punctual, be ready to take a back seat, be patient as to a small room, accept every favor graciously, and every neglect with particular sweetness, if you would be a popular guest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHARACTERISTICS OF DIFFERENT CITIES.

FOREIGNERS find the inhabitants of our cities differing so decidedly in their ideas of etiquette, that they often declare that a placard should be set up in every city defining the different order of behavior to be expected in each.

Washington, for instance, our capital, has the manners of a cosmopolitan foreign city. The latest comers must call first. It is etiquette to leave a card, not only on the President, but on each of the Secretaries, and on every foreign Minister, on the judges of the Supreme Court, on all officials, and on the officers of the army and navy, and upon such distinguished citizens as are in the habit of receiving.

These cards should all be returned within three days at farthest. Mrs. Fish, who was a model of propriety and of elegant manners, always returned her cards the next day. The name of her reception day, in the corner of her card, gave

her visitor leave to call again on that day. This sensible form of allowing the new-comer to call first saves a world of time and trouble.

But great, busy, commercial New York has no such sensible law ; people must wait to be called upon, and there is a vast deal of trouble and fuss.

Indeed, it is not to be wondered at that people often give up trying to get at their friends in New York. It is a busy, selfish, preoccupied place.

Yet, when a person is well introduced, no city can be more hospitable. It is a city of grand dinners, magnificent receptions and the most *recherché* entertainments. But social and truly hospitable it cannot be—it is too large a conglomerate.

The old saying was, that, in Philadelphia, people asked *who* you were ; in Washington, they asked *what* you were ; in New York, how much you were worth ; in Boston, who your grandfather was. It is a just classification. The old and respectable aristocracies of Philadelphia and Boston still have time to concern themselves with ancestries. There is no such trifling in New

York. "*Moi ! Je suis mon ancêtre,*" was the proud remark of Napoleon. It is that of almost every New Yorker. It is a self-made town.

In Washington, where intellectual prominence—or what we Yankees call "smartness"—prevails, the natural inquiry would be: "What does he or she know? Can he talk well? *What is he?*"

In consequence, the society at Washington is quite unparalleled in agreeability. If there is anything in a man, it comes out in Washington. It is the city of agreeable conversations; it is the sphere of charming little dinners. No one can be local or narrow at Washington.

It is to be feared that conversation is somewhat local and provincial in both of the aristocratic cities—Boston and Philadelphia. They know so well *who they are themselves*, that they expect *you* to know. They talk of Louisa, and Sarah, and Edward, as if you, too, knew who Louisa, and Sarah, and Edward are. One English nobleman declared that a Philadelphian mentioned that, when Daniel Webster came to Philadelphia, "he had sat in his pew at church," a fact which did not interest the English nobleman much, but which was very important to the Philadelphian. In

Boston, although the most intellectual of our cities—"the Athens of America," "the Hub of the Universe"—society is very local and condensed; families have intermarried, wealth and consequence are in the hands of a few, and these few desire to keep it in the fewest hands. They are very indifferent to outside influences, and the society, to a stranger, is frigid and cold. But, when once penetrated, it is delightful; and those who know it well, like it better than any other. No one must attempt, however, to storm it. It is a city on a hill which cannot be hid, but it is well protected by the invincible reserve of its people, and one of its wits has said that a Boston man is "condensed East wind," which is not so bad a criticism.

Philadelphia is far more open-handed and easy of access than Boston, for the old Quaker hospitality has been joined to a southern warmth, and it has produced a jolly sort of open-handed hospitality. They feed one in Philadelphia as if they intended to make a *paté de foie gras* of you, and they are very delightful hosts. But beware how you attempt to marry one of their daughters—unless you have sixteen quarterings and a grand-

father ! They are particular about a grandfather in Philadelphia.

Baltimore is a delightful city, although aristocratic to the backbone. It is a very hospitable, cosmopolitan town, and has the cavalier element widely prevalent in its still gay society. The memory of Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, has given it somewhat of an English tone. But it is the best of all tones—there is nothing snobbish about it.

New Orleans—gay Creole city—had great charm before the war ; perhaps it has still. It is well placed for hospitality, and the old French population insures gaiety and a freedom from a false economy, or what seems as such.

Many strangers are struck with the Puritan economy of Boston. It is never a lavish city, and sometimes this note strikes harshly on the ear of a foreigner.

Of course, New York is “the Paris of America,” and must ever have the greatest attractions for a stranger. Even if he cannot get into society, he can amuse himself at the many theatres and at the ever-changeful aspect of its streets.

A stranger should always bring letters of intro-

duction, even if only from another city. A lady will always be glad to send a card for her receptions to a well-introduced man. She cannot, of course, do so unless she knows that he *is* a gentleman.

For much mischief has been done in New York by the willingness some hostesses have shown in introducing the most specious and plausible of adventurers—those who travel with a handle to their names. Nothing is so hard as to doubt a prince, a lord, or a marquis. Yet a prince picked a pocket at a lady's reception in New York (he was a Russian prince), and she was obliged to apologize to her guests for having to send for a policeman, to at least frighten the high-born villain. When she asked his Minister for his character he said: "Yes, madame; one of the worst rascals in Russia. He cannot visit in St. Petersburg."

With all our care the villains will get in, and, alas! good people, modest people, are kept out. It is a sad state of things that there is no social weighing ground where the true qualities of a guest can be tested. Yet it finally settles itself, and people get to know each other, somehow.

There are certain predatory arabs in all cities, who go about doing pretty much as they please. No one can say why or wherefore they are tolerated; we must only bow our heads, and—tolerate them.

To show a thorough delicacy as to accepting civilities, to wait to be formally invited to all parties, is the etiquette of every city. One cannot be too particular on this point. Never accept a verbal invitation, such as "Come and dine with me any day," from people whom you know slightly. You will scarcely ever hit upon the right day.

Such invitations mean nothing. If your friend wants you to come, let him want you so much that he will specify the day and hour. Let him say, in so many words, that he wishes you to dine with him on Thursday, at seven o'clock. It is then a very certain thing.

And you must remember, if an invited guest, to answer such an invitation immediately, and to keep the engagement with as much solemnity as you would keep an oath. No one can trifle with a dinner engagement. And, before leaving a city, make a dinner call. In all cities this is an in-

violable rule. It makes exceedingly bad feeling if this not too onerous duty is neglected.

Newport, which is a sort of summer Washington, is governed by almost the same rules as Washington, except that the new-comer does not call first, except upon Mr. Bancroft, or some very great man. The proprieties allow of a lady sending her cards to her friends, saying where she is staying. Now that Newport has a Casino, where she can place her guests before the world, as one lays a pack of cards on a table, this one necessity of informing your friends of where you are is done away with. There are no kursaals or casinos in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington or New Orleans. The more's the pity. It would be as convenient as a "clearing house for cards."

Society is in a transition state in America, and one is very glad of anything which helps to settle mooted points, such a mooted point, for instance, as who shall call first, who shall be received, and who shall not. These are now left to the hospitality and good nature of the individual.

Everything is apt to be better on acquaintance. "Even," as Willis says in his "Pencilings

by the Way"—“even a camel—unsightly as a camel is, with its long, snaky neck, its frightful hump and its awkward legs and action—wins upon your kindness with a little acquaintance. Its eye is exceedingly fine; there is a lustrous, suffused softness in its large hazel orb that is the rarest beauty in a human eye.”

If so much beauty can be found in a camel, how much may be discerned in the most unpromising human acquaintance !

Therefore, exclusiveness is not only hateful and disagreeable, after a certain point, but it cheats the person, who tries to adopt it, of a thousand pleasures. The people whom we shun may be, after all, the people whom we should like to know. We are cheating ourselves, and not them.

For too exclusive people are not always agreeable people. The most gifted, and rare, and uncommon people are not the most exclusive. Sir Walter Scott could know everybody, and yet not sully his bright genius. Gen. Washington said that he would not be outdone in politeness by a black man.

Cultivated people are apt to live in great seclusion in our country, and, having neither intrigue,

nor fashion, nor money making to think of, they are apt to depend entirely upon books for their amusement, and, therefore, when they come into fashionable society they have nothing to talk about ; for dogs, horses, cards, polo, lawn tennis, dress and the last scandal, Mrs. Bigtree's dinner and Mrs. Smallweed's, tea are what society people mostly converse upon. So the somewhat uncongenial nature of Boston society may be accounted for by the amount of culture which we know exists there.

Philadelphia has an isolated position, and has preserved its old customs and houses wonderfully. Its characteristics are very marked and highly respectable. It could perhaps, however, be improved by more breadth of street and views.

New York is a French city, a German city, a Spanish city, a Yankee city, and an English city. No one can fathom what its wonderful Banyan-tree growth will be in a hundred years. It is now the greatest curiosity as to its abnormal condition in regard to etiquette ; yet to those who are well-bred, or who desire to become so, New York offers the most perfect and the most delightful society possible in the world. If New York

has a peculiarity, it is its thoroughly American extravagance.

It is the most expensive town in the world. Over-fine clothes, over-fine equipages, over-fine houses are its characteristics. Its great merchants have made great fortunes. They are, without doubt, exceedingly magnificent.

Still, society can never arrive at its most refined type, while wealth and display are the prominent characteristics of a great city.

The sunshine and gladness of its climate, its thousand enchantments, its very quick, passionate pulse, its movement, even its dissipation, its variety and its cosmopolitan character, all tend to distinguish New York as the very field for a polite society—for a perfect and a sensible etiquette. All these things bring many healthy people together in great hope of there spending their lives, and of there trying their powers, and those people should so judiciously temper each other's peculiarities, that they may *make* a perfect society and induce a sensible etiquette.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MORALS OF FASHION.

LET us dash an assent at the heads of the enemies of fashion, and say, at once, that the morals of fashion are bad. Let us allow that the present story of the aristocracy of England is a disgraceful one, that the marriage contract is not the holy and inviolable thing which it once was. Let us concede everything. It is the best platform for argument.

Let us concede that it is the day of the married flirts, that women allow themselves to be talked about, that the precious pearl, "a good name," is often sold for a less precious pearl necklace imported by Tiffany; all this is true—too true.

And yet we shall find no stern moralist, who does not wish her daughter to be in the fashion. Why is this contradiction?

Fashion means *so much*. It means pre-eminence among our kind, it is leadership, it is success, it is pleasure, it is gay delight, it is the front seat.

Therefore, we must image fashionable life

as a great sea on which all crafts are sailing. Here is a craft which we all know is not seaworthy, and yet it makes great show on the waters—it outsails all other craft, it is the foremost yacht of the squadron. We see a very top-heavy look about her sails, and a dangerous tip to her keel, yet she gets ahead. Is it strange that all the yachts try to imitate her? It is not until she goes down that we say: “Alas! there was always something wrong.”

Now, it is to be observed, on the other hand, that all fashionable people are *not* bad. It is perfectly possible to touch pitch and to not be defiled. We are all of us susceptible to good as well as to evil impressions. A lovely mother and her lovely daughter may go about together through the excesses of fashion, as they would pick their way through a dirty lane, and neither would soil their feet. But it requires several talents to enable one to accomplish this.

First, purity of heart; to the pure, all things are pure. Secondly, clearness of head; one must see where vivacity ends, and where vulgarity begins. Thirdly, a self-command which is nearly, if not quite, miraculous.

With these three adjuncts, a woman may be as fashionable as she pleases, and still remain a good woman. She may be the companion of women who use their charms as a means of procuring camel's-hair shawls, and Worth dresses, and diamonds, and yet maintain a reputation; she may know these whited sepulchres, and still remain pure. Claims of family keep bad women in society, and are all-powerful. They cannot be read out. The pure must know them, and be assorted with them in the general estimation, yet they can remain correct themselves.

With clearness of head, a mother can decide just how much she will allow her daughter to dance, just how much she will allow her to ride on top of a coach, how much she shall dress, what men she shall know. It is a question which constantly asks itself—how much?

For no mother must conceal from herself the fact that, under its garb of flowers, society is a masquerade of hate. The serpents of envy, hatred, detraction and malice are bred by the very warmth and richness of the soil. If a woman is richer than her neighbors, entertains more and better, there are those who will say

disagreeable things about her. If a woman has the fatal gift of beauty, there are always spirits, full of detraction, who will doubt the genuineness of the color, and find falseness in the smile.

If a woman has that mysterious talent which includes all talents—a *talent for success*—she may be sure that she will be attacked. She has no armor of proof that will defend her from the sneers of the unsuccessful.

But what soldier, who had the proper stuff in him, ever left or shunned the field of battle because there was danger there? What woman retreats before such foes as these? Rather fight and be killed, than to run away.

However, a knowledge of these facts is worth having. One must, to be a woman of fashion, a woman of the world, enter the lists knowing the power of her adversary. She may perpetually carry off the wreath, but she must fight her battle with eternal vigilance.

Now, knowing what is to be feared, let us see what is to be gained.

The society of our kind, the cultivation of the social virtues. We have read in Rabelais and in Browning the evils of a conventional, an isolated,

life. No horrible, morbid vice, but may flourish in the isolation of an unnecessary solitude. A man grows to loathe himself, to hate his kind, who is shut out from the world. The surest way to drive a woman mad was ascertained by the old Italian nobles, who secluded a hated wife in a lonely, malarial castle. There is a malaria of the mind which is worse than that of the body, and which as surely accompanies solitude.

Man was not meant to live alone. Better by far, society with its false growths, and Fashion with its shifting face, than a seclusion which may lead to selfish introspection, and to a morbid distrust.

Hawthorne, whose solitary habits clouded his genius, and gave us those morbid dissections, which can be illy spared as artistic studies, but which are not disposed to encourage cheerful views of the human heart, regretted that he had ever cultivated "the cursed habit of solitude." He, undoubtedly, was less happy for it. There is something in the attrition of society which is good for the body as it is for the mind. Perhaps, we lose by contact some unnecessary electricity with which we are charged ; perhaps, it stimulates

the circulation and gives us a more robust pulse. Certainly, it saves us from ourselves. Society brightens up the wits, and causes the dullest mind to bring its treasures to the surface. Social intercourse has brought out for us the thought of Macaulay and the laughter of Sidney Smith, the wisdom of Montaigne and the profound sarcasm of Voltaire, the humor of Tom Hood and the noble wit of Thackeray.

Could we have afforded to lose all this, and more—the noble procession of people of wit and thought, through fashionable life—because also Fashion brings a few false growths.

It is a lamentable commentary on human folly, and the snobbishness which is said to underlie all the virtues, that a monarch can entirely alter the view of *what is virtue*, by making vice the fashion. One needs but to compare the state of English society during the life of the admirable Prince Consort, and the present state of society under the dissolute Prince, his son, to see it all.

Now the Queen is obliged to shut up Windsor Castle against “professional beauties” and the divorced or separated American adventuresses whom the Prince chooses to force upon English

society. There is no such **tyranny** as this. If the Prince says, "Let her be invited," the virtuous English matron and her pure daughter must receive the worst woman who lives, and to this sort of tyranny was France subjected during the lives of Louis XIV. and XV. The letters of Mme. de Sévigné to her daughter tell the story.

Fashion, in our country, it is to be feared, is trying the *rôle* of the Prince of Wales. It is very fascinating to an American mamma to hear her daughter called Lady So-and-so, and, if she can achieve it by fastness, she is apt to encourage a little fastness. It is astonishing to read of the tremendous sacrifices, humiliations and pecuniary struggles which American mothers and fathers go through for the sake of a titled alliance. This is the worst weakness of fashion.

Thus we go on seeing the lights and shadows, and begin to doubt whether or not the shadows predominate.

The "Morals of Fashion" may have another reading. We may say that Fashion has its own morality. It is the fashion, fortunately, in the gay world, to keep one's engagements, to pay one's debts—particularly one's social debts; to

dress oneself well, to make oneself agreeable. There is no doubt that Fashion makes the world more brilliant—a better place to live in. It brings to its adornment flowers, music, gay colors, gems, fine furniture, horses, carriages and splendid houses. “The pride of life” is a superb thing, it is useless to undervalue it.

Fashion keeps alive a thousand industries. It has its benevolent side. Let a charity become fashionable, and it always succeeds. A fashionable church seems a misnomer, but it has its uses. Many a person who is wholly worldly, and could be reached no other way, may be touched some day, under her silk and furs, by the silvery tones of the Reverend Morphine Velvet. Even his drawled utterances cannot stifle the beauty of that clarion call—“What shall all things benefit me, if I lose my own soul.”

Then, again, a noble word may be spoken by a great prophet, which shall rouse the congregation to better things.

Fashion makes all sorts of people. Sometimes it brings out a scornful beauty—

“Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, and her wit

Values itself so highly, that to her
 All matter else seems weak. She cannot love
 Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
 She is so self-endear'd."

Again, it creates beautiful and sweet young women, who are its pets and darlings, yet are never spoiled. They are Fashion's successes, and men say of them :

" From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still, the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academies,
 That show, contain and nourish all the world."

Fashion is at its best in the married woman, who directs, purifies and ennobles a large circle. Her power is endless. She is

" Subtle as sphinx, as sweet and musical,"
 yet generous, grand and noble as Portia ; kind to the young, a staff to the old, a friend to the friendless ; great to her rivals, for she ignores them ; faithful at home, a power abroad. Who can measure the use, the infinite value, of such a woman ?

She makes, orders, governs and holds together society. Around the outer edge of her noble sphere the married flirts may flutter and die, the deeply-dyed adventuress may plot and ensnare,

the envious may rage, and the malicious imagine a vain thing. She rises superior to them all. She is the queen.

Fashion produces its worst effects when it makes young men effete. To see a man devoted to fashion and to nothing else, is to see the poorest emasculation of the race. Particularly the form of modern effete fashion.

“ Lord Angelo is precise,
Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone.”

It is strange where Fashion got this creature—this paralytic and selfish monster. There is something deep in the heart of all humanity that loves the energy, the health, the vivacity of a strong young man. We love a lover, but he must be a manly one. We forgive even brutality in man, if it shows his strength. The errors of youthful blood have ever been condoned, and the wildest boy has often made the noblest gentleman. But the young man who has no warmth, no strength, who drawls and lisps, and devotes himself to his own pleasure, and says the weakest things, who is less than a girl in his brawn and

muscle, and like a dolt in intellect—who wants him? He must be a spawn of the worst decadence of Paris, a false growth of her miasmatic slums of wickedness, the last result of a fashion which has insulted nature by the *marriage de convenance*, and a picture of what Fashion can do when she aims at a failure.

Fashion is at her best when she makes her men love horses, dogs and hunting, boating, games and swimming; when she preaches physical culture. It is a good thing to see a man play lawn tennis under a hot sun for five hours; you feel that that man could storm a battery.

Fashion does a good work when she brings about a universal courtesy—

“The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake,
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy.”

Our American young women of fashion have been accused of a want of the soft voice, and an absence of courtesy. Let both be cultivated, for they are invaluable.

Fashion is not without a sense of humor, and loves a witty man, or, that rarer thing, a witty

woman. It loves an easy naturalness, a suitable and moderated gesticulation. It does not love (except, perhaps, occasionally in dress) exaggeration. Indeed, the morals of fashion should include a perfectly good taste, if there be such a thing.

There are some people whose natural powers of voice and manners exercise an irresistible fascination—they are always the fashion, for they are the stuff of which fashion should be made. To please, to make people feel happy, to ornament the day, to make a party go off well—this is the end and aim of the human race, whose pursuit is fashion.

There are nobler aims. We do not pretend to say that there are not. A life can be better spent than in the pursuit of fashion.

But we cannot ignore the power of that subtle influence which rules the world. We know that an absurd fashion in dress will come and go, and we shall all yield to it. We know that one year we wear boxes on our heads like the Japanese, and, the next year, wheels like the Hottentots. We know that we can no more bind fashion to our liking than can sunbeams bring flowers and grapes out of a stone wall. We could cause the

clouds to snow quite as soon as we could make a fashion. It comes mysteriously, but powerfully, from some source of which we know nothing. Why did Queen Elizabeth dine at eleven, and why do we dine at seven? Why do we wear long dresses one year and short ones the next? Imagine how a man in a lawn tennis suit, or a girl in an ulster, would have been hooted ten years ago!

Why is literature so different in different ages? A virtuous and even priggish age tolerated a freedom of expression which we cannot endure.

The wit of one age is the stupidity of the next. The immortal stories of Scott, the humor of Dickens, the poetry of Byron, are all subject to the mutations of fashion.

What is it, then? and what are its morals?

CHAPTER XXV.

SEVERAL KINDS OF EXCLUSIVENESS.

THE wealthy butcher, having made a fortune, is sure to look down on his wealthy competitor, the baker, and is not likely to invite him to his parties. In America this struggle for exclusiveness becomes always absurd, as one traces back the origin of families.

For, although there are a few families who have here claim to long descent, they are now of little importance to the men who make themselves, and an aristocracy in America must be one of talent or money. The man of the hour is the man of family.

It is not strange, however, that amid all other claims to a fine society, we should put in this one of exclusiveness

Mrs. Mont Blanc, for instance, wishes, of all things, to keep her lofty height unsullied, and she looks about, naturally, for the neighboring snowy peaks. She is richer than anybody else, her right to a splendid position is undoubted,

but she cannot bear to shine alone in solitary grandeur. She wishes to have somebody come and see her splendor, to do her homage, to keep up the burning incense before her shrine. She wants an *entourage* of worship. Who shall be permitted to go and worship? Will Mrs. Aiguille Vert be good enough? Will Miss Jungfrau come? Shall she allow Mrs. Montant Vert the privilege? She will not invite Mrs. Matterhorn—oh no! for Mrs. Matterhorn is too high herself. She must not have a rival too near the throne.

Giving so much thought and talent to the subject, Mrs. Mont Blanc does arrive at a very aristocratic state, and her parties are considered the cap-sheaf of exclusive fashion. She gets much glory from them herself, and every one is desirous of being asked, for it is thought to be a certificate of fashion to be seen at her parties.

But are they agreeable? Does not the weary traveler come home and say: "Well, it was splendid, but stupid."

Mrs. Gushingstream has another kind of exclusiveness. She wishes to be very fashionable and very fast. She will have nobody who would put a severe face on that flirting, dancing, gay

saturnalia of hers. She does not care for Mrs. Mont Blanc or Mrs. Matterhorn. They bore her excessively. She would like one invitation a year to these parties, but she could not stand more; it is important to her fashion that she should have that, but further she careth not.

The gay supper at Delmonico's after the theatre is more to her taste, and the ride on the coach, and the dancing party, with all its *fast* men for partners, is her dear delight.

Mrs. Lindenmere has another kind of exclusiveness. She only wants people of talent—men who have done something good or great, women of refined and good lives.

Mrs. Lindenmere is naturally aristocratic. She does like an old family name, but she adores talent and despises meanness. Her kind of exclusiveness is, perhaps, the most admirable, but *chacun à son goût*. Every man's house is his castle, and we cannot say a word as to the propriety of each person doing as he pleases.

Exclusiveness, however, is sometimes only another name for snobbery, ill-temper and jealousy.

The fashionable expert—who finds herself rich,

the possessor of a fine house, the person who can give invitations—is very apt to make that position a mere opportunity for wreaking slights on people whom she dislikes. A woman who is prettier than herself, who cannot help attracting the notice of gentlemen, such a woman is always sure to be left out of her parties. She takes no note of patient merit. She invites only those who will benefit herself. She conducts the social policy as certain politicians conduct the government, merely seeking those friends who will advance a selfish popularity for herself. She has no grand ideas for the rest of the world.

Exclusiveness exists in religion. The Catholic who speaks of the *Non-Catholic* instead of the *Protestant*, the Close-Communion Baptist, the Episcopalian, who denies that any one has a right to translate the Bible but himself, these are types, and they are strongly attractive types to the majority of men. They are the largest of all the sects. So it would seem that the exclusive people, both in religion and in fashion, are the most authoritative and the most envied. Every one wants to get over the highest paling, and to unlock the most vigilantly-closed door.

There is no doubt that, in a selfish point of view, exclusiveness helps a fashionable woman. It gives her a sort of dignity and worth which those do not have who open their doors to everybody. It seems to say that she is superior to others. On the other hand, no man or woman, or idea, has ever improved society or mankind if it represent narrowness and a small exclusiveness. The grand men, the great women, the bold ideas, have governed the world. Not alone that small part of it which we call society, but Church, state, and literature.

A hostess can exercise a wise exclusiveness, such as the celebrated Lady Palmerston described herself as doing, when she "passed Lord Palmerston's acquaintances through a coarse sieve," and every hostess is bound to do this. No woman who entertains should ask everybody to her house. The very respect which she owes to herself and to her guests should prevent this. As one clever woman said once of another: "I am never complimented by being asked to Mrs. Manywether's camp." No lady should allow her house to be degraded into a "camp." Such an exclusiveness, as that which Lady Palmerston

showed, is the right kind for the perfection of society. It winnows the chaff from the wheat.

Let us look, then, with some degree of respect upon those whom the world calls fantastically or snobbishly exclusive. There can be no more sure way of being *sought after*, but, perhaps, no more cruel *rôle*, for the person who adopts it hurts more feelings than she helps; but, after all, it may have its uses.

A lady, in entertaining, should always remember one thing—to invite those whom she believes to be *congenial*. She should not make her parties either political, musical or literary, exclusively, but she should have a general idea of sets and of their tastes, and of who would like to meet who. Especially is this important at a dinner or a breakfast, where the guests must sit and talk for two or three hours together. There is no such ordeal of agreeability. To invite a vaporous, fashionable woman to sit next to an Oxford or Cambridge professor who has a speciality of which he wishes to talk, is to make both supremely miserable. To ask a young poet to sit next to an old Tabby, who can talk nothing but dissection of character and social parboiling, is to ruin his dinner at least.

To ask a politician to sit next to an abstract philosopher is as bad as possible.

Therefore, a woman should consider all these questions before she begins to entertain. To form a *salon* in America is said to be impossible, because there are no people to whom society is a business, as it is in Europe, and the very people who could do it prefer to invite their own exclusive set.

It is curious to observe, at every watering-place hotel, at every capital city, even in every small village, this attempt at exclusiveness. It is astonishing to see how it always hurts somebody to be left out of somewhere. There is a very great tendency to a brutal assumption of one's social rights among our *nouveau riche* who imitate the English.

The law of primogeniture has made the whole English race selfish. The power given to an elder son to turn his mother, and sisters, and younger brothers out-of-doors, when he comes of age, of course engenders the profoundest selfishness. It makes a privileged class who can assume to drive in before another at the Ascot races, throw dust with impunity, and do all sorts

of insolent things. The poorer younger brothers cannot complain, because they want patronage.

Our rich people at Newport, and at other places, copy this insolence too often.

A man who has money and position here often thinks it an aristocratic and English thing to do, to insult some one less well known than himself. He, of course, becomes unpopular ; but it is too unfortunately true that, if he is called *exclusive*, there are many weak people who wish to be invited to his parties, and who will curry favor by submitting to insults.

All this comes under the head of snobbishness, which is the undergrowth of fashion. It is the shadow, the toadstool, the malaria of good society.

To a young person entering society we would commend a certain exclusiveness. It is always wise to choose one's friends slowly and with due consideration. We are not the most perfect beings ourselves ; we do not want to be intimate with too much imperfection. A broken friendship is a very painful thing. We should think twice ere we give an intimate confidence to any one.

But we would not advise a young person to choose his or her friends from the worldly point of fashion or wealth. Try to find those who are good and true, honorable and generous, well-bred and well-educated, whoever they may be. It is, then, of no sort of consequence as to what exact shade of fashion they may be. These people are always good society.

It is not at all impossible that such persons may be found in the realms of high fashion, for good company makes many virtues. Politeness, self-possession, fine manners strike in as well as out, and the gay *salon* shows many a glimpse of beautiful character. By no means suppose, that because some leaders of fashion are insolent, that all leaders of fashion are also. But try, in all conditions of life, to read character first, before drawing general deductions.

Exclusiveness has this advantage—it causes a lady to pause and to inquire into the general characteristics of her guests; their moral, social and political standing. We use the word *political* in its largest sense.

In spite of a determined exclusiveness, the most objectionable men and women get into the most

fashionable society. It is to be feared that the possession of wealth is more desired than the possession of any other attribute ; that much is forgiven to the rich man which would be rank heresy in the poor one. We have no such inviolable virtue that we can as yet rate Dives and Lazarus before death, as they are rated after death. Dives gives too good dinners ; we enjoy his balls and his music. A handsome, agreeable guilty woman, who can sing and who can amuse us, is very apt to get into our parties in spite of all exclusiveness.

The number of modest people who have real merit and who are kept out by the exclusiveness of society must be very large ; yet, if they have tact and a gift for social pre-eminence, they will find their way. The most certain way to please is to show a modest indifference to "the smiles of the great" (they call it patronage in England—we have no such ugly word here), and the surest way to stultify one's fashionable position is to *push*. No one likes a pusher.

That would be an ideal exclusiveness which should only admit the cultivated, the good, the wise and the elegant. But where, then, would be

the crowded halls of Fashion? We fear that they would be very lonely! It is not always the highest breeding in these degenerate days which is "the fashion." The manners on the bathing beach at a certain well-known watering-place contradict such a belief.

There is little exclusiveness there, and it is a pitiable trait of our nineteenth century manners that the want of modesty and reserve on the part of women, and the want of respect on the part of men, are thus openly tolerated.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BREEDING, CULTIVATION AND MANNERS.

GOOD breeding comprehends that intimate knowledge of all that is refined, amiable, befitting and elegant in manner and conversation, which comes, first, from a training at the mother's knee and in the father's house, and secondly, from an ability and desire to accept those refining influences which an after knowledge and interest in society will help to render one conventionally well-bred, according to the etiquette of society.

Good breeding puts the nature under restraint : it controls the temper, and tempers the speech. No man, who is well-bred, will swear in the presence of ladies, or smoke, without their permission, in any room where they may be. Good breeding is the guardian angel of a woman ; in any position in which she may find herself, it makes the plainest woman attractive, and its silent but continuous pressure encircles her like a golden or silken

net, and prevents a thousand escapades into which passion or feeling might hurry her. There are very few thoroughly well-bred women in this world who go astray.

Breeding, therefore, may be defined as the apotheosis of self-restraint : it prevents the hungry boy from accepting the last peach at dessert, it tames down the exuberant spirits of girlhood, it tells the ardent horsewoman not to jump that last fence, it modulates the laugh, and it gives dignity to the walk. A well-bred person is not loud, does not talk slang, nor is she *prononcée* in anything. A well-bred man is quiet in dress, respectful to everybody, kind to the weak, helpful to the feeble. He may not be an especially generous or kind-hearted man, but good breeding tells him that these things are within the duties of a gentleman. He simulates a virtue if he has it not, and is courteous and tender to the old, the feeble, the humble, or to those whom society taboos. "*Noblesse oblige*" is his motto, and his practice is to do that which he feels he owes to himself

A well-bred woman may take a large liberty to herself, as to dress, equipage and style, but she

will never outrage *convenances* (we have no English word to express the delicate shade of meaning which this French word so aptly defines). She will not force herself in where she is not wanted ; she will not *push* herself ; she will delicately refrain from accepting any civilities which she cannot return. She will be a *lady* through all the trials of poverty, or the greater trials of sudden and unexpected wealth. She will do her part in the social world gently, honorably, and well. No lady ever talks much of herself, or of her slights, or of her compliments. She sinks herself in others, tries to be as agreeable as she can, to be always polite, to allow no exhibitions of temper, to go helpfully on through life, to refrain from patronizing, to negatively observe all the *nuances* of good manners, to retire gracefully if her seat is wanted—to be, in fact, thoughtful of others. This is good breeding, and the perfection of it, makes the lady, no matter where she is. And yet, the reader will observe, if this is good breeding, where are all the well-bred people ?

The truth is, nothing is so rare as to see in these degenerate days, truly well-bred young men. The sons of our best families are coarse,

selfish and impolite, as a rule. They have not the air which their fathers had. They do not, apparently, respect women. This is notoriously true of most fashionable young men. They are not prone to rise and give their seats to a lady. They are not too particular as to their language. They will assume a severe and bored expression when a lady speaks to them. They are, in the vernacular of New England, *hateful*; in the language of England, they are cubs. In fact, the youthful bear would seem to be their prototype, for they can only be propitiated with sweets. To see such a young man at the Casino, at Newport, refrain from rising to give his chair to a married lady—his mother, perhaps; to see him in the skating rink, oblivious of the fact that a lady near him needs some assistance which he could render; to see the brutal manner in which he laughs at some unfortunate accident, and to notice the thorough selfishness which governs his conduct, is to finally despair of the world, and to say: "These young men have been brought up by Christian fathers and refined mothers, they have been sent to dancing school, they have been educated at college—whence, then, this dreadful

disregard of decency? Where is their breeding, where their cultivation and where their manners?"

The answer is, they have *no* cultivation, and the breeding which they receive at home is rubbed out by the selfishness of the age. The best mothers, in a worldly sense, are thinking far more of securing a rich match for their sons than of making them thorough gentlemen. These boys hear money, money, money, talked from morning until night. What girl can be well-mannered when her education tends to the necessity of catching a rich husband, in defiance of modesty or of morality? The worship of wealth in America is injuring manner.

At the colleges, the old fashion of study is almost wiped out. The men are talking of rowing, of their societies, of the ball match, the race-course and the opera bouffe, instead of discussing an ode of Horace or an essay by Macaulay. To talk of literature is considered affected, and the man who should do so is voted a muff. They have absolutely a term full of reproach for a student; he is a "dig," and no young member of the fashionable club wishes to be a "dig."

Thus cultivation, which is the very certain parent of good breeding, is left out of the training of many a young man. If a man is a scholar, a thinker, a refined and cultivated man, breeding and manners will come to him, even if, like Burns, he has started from the plow. There are no books of etiquette like the classics, in all languages. A man cannot read Latin and Greek and remain a boor. He cannot read Shakespeare, Milton, and Racine, and Molière, and be a vulgar upstart. He is, if a thoroughly cultivated man, at least a gentleman.

But the age being a revolutionary one, so far as etiquette and manners are concerned, we must look for good breeding to a class which has not been corrupted by fashion, and whose wealth is yet to be gained. We shall find in every class in college *some* natural-born gentleman. He has a good heart, he is modest, unselfish and noble: he is not thinking of himself, but of that mother whom he hopes to support; he is working for fame, for honor, and *for her*. In the banking house, in the dry goods store, in the railway office, in the struggling ranks of the professions, must we look for the coming gentleman—the man

who is *not* thinking of himself, but who is working for some one else.

In the ranks of society we also still find sometimes the ideal gentleman. Society has not produced so good a crop of young men as it should do ; yet its false aims, its glittering prizes, have not yet dazzled all men out of the true and ideal breeding. There is such a thing as an " admirable Crichton "—a man who can think, read, study, work, and be fashionable. He can go through the fierce fires of social competition and yet not be scorched. All men are not ignoble, nor vulgar, nor selfish, if the majority be. But it is not to be denied that the breeding of the young men of the fashionable world is not, to-day, the breeding in which their grandfathers or fathers excelled.

Let us, however, mention that the officers of the army and navy are almost always well-bred men. They have received what our young men all need—a *repressive* training.

The young and fast girl of the period is the most ill-bred person possible, in a majority of cases. A flirtatious and pleasure-loving mother never produces a well-bred daughter. In fact, what chance has a daughter of such a

mother of any good breeding? She must fight for herself to obtain the beaux, her rival being her mother! She finds that if she is loud, eccentric and bold, she attracts attention. To elderly ladies she is as insolent as a prize-fighter; indeed, the carriage of these half-boy young ladies recalls the attitude of a prize-fighter, often. To see them receive or return a greeting, is to see the perfection of bad breeding.

A gentleman, who had the thorough good breeding of the past, received a well-dowered and beautiful young woman into his family as a daughter-in-law. He was pleased with the connexion in every sense but one.

“She has no manners,” said he, after a month’s acquaintance. “She does not bow to me on the stairs, or accept my proffered hand. She has no breeding, no cultivation, no manners. She does not treat the servants well; she is insolent to my old sister; she makes no effort to be agreeable to my guests; and yet, I think she is kind-hearted enough, and means to do right. Do you know, I think she does not know how to be polite. She has no cultivation.”)

He was right. His daughter-in-law knew how

to ride a horse, to dance, to speak French, but *how to be a lady* she knew not. It was a language she had not learned. *Many more there are like her.*

Now, it is easy enough to learn when and how to leave a card, how to behave at a dinner, how to dress, how to eat with one's fork, how to sit in a carriage, how to bow and how to courtesy, how to receive and how to drop an acquaintance, but what a varied education is that which teaches us to be well-bred ! Can we acquire it late in life ? Can we be a thoroughbred—all by ourselves ?

Yes, by purging the nature of undue self-esteem, arrogance, selfishness and snobbery—*by making the heart right*. To be fascinating and all-conquering is not given to every one ; indeed, it is the privilege of the very few. But to be polite and well-bred is possible. Some women have but to smile and bow to conquer the world, others must study long and patiently to achieve a good manner. The worst manner is born of a coarse indifference and a self-sufficient arrogance ; it is the manner which the *nouveau riche* woman assumes ; it is the perfection of ignorance. She announces herself a vulgarian by every pompous sneer.

Breeding, cultivation and manners come, therefore, from the heart and the mind. They are not outward graces to be learned at the dancing-school. They must be fostered. The dancing-school and books of etiquette are valuable, only as the grammar of the language we are learning ; they may assist us, but we must furnish the material on which to work. The old adage, that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, is being contradicted by the conduct of many of our young men, who are undoing what three generations have made. Of course, we must always see that *race* is a predominant thing. Some families are always surly, others are polite. Judge Story, an eminent jurist, was the soul of sweetness. His politeness was most enchanting and proverbial. His gifted son, Mr. Wm. W. Story, the sculptor, has inherited this affable and delightful manner. Other distinguished contemporaries of his had icy and forbidding manners, and the frigidity and cubbiness have descended in exact ratio of excess, as the talent has diminished. To have nothing left of a great ancestor but his bad manners is a poor inheritance.

But the American should have the best man-

ners in the world, for he has nothing to crush him. He need never be subservient, he can always afford to be polite. No man here knows a master. If another man is richer, is that any reason for being afraid of him? Our richest people, the Astors, have ever been distinguished for kindly and excellent manners, generous hearts and a perfect breeding. It is to be presumed that they do not admire a snob, or any one who grovels; indeed, no one loves a snob, least of all the man whom the snob cultivates.

There is no possible return, perhaps, to those courtly bows and courtesies of the past, those compliments and those stately speeches of our ancestors. The age is a different one, and yet, as we see some pretty old lady, who of us has not envied her her manners? How graceful and picturesque they are! How delicately she eats. What neat ways she has; what pretty compliments she pays; how gently and gracefully she moves! She has never said a rude thing in her life; her lips would be paralyzed first. Is her granddaughter half as agreeable, with her loud voice, her stride, her defiant air?

No; a thousand times, no.

And this bent old gentleman, who tries to tell us a good story; to remember his past wit, to help a lady out of a carriage with old-fashioned and knightly courtesy. Is he less attractive than his grandson, who does not know one-third as much, but who assumes to know a great deal more than his grandpapa—indeed, the young cub calls the old gentleman a “buffer.” Which is the man of breeding, and cultivation, and manners?

The manners of the past, though somewhat stiff and formal, had this great advantage over the manners of the present: they were founded on respect for others.

The manners of the present are the outcropping of a selfish indifference. Until that feeling is mended, perhaps the manners never will be.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DUTIES OF AMERICANS TO SOCIETY.

THE duty of an American to his own society is somewhat complicated. He has a very queer problem to solve. We will presume that he is a traveled man, learned in all the foreign etiquette, able to hold his own in any capital of Europe, and desirous, as is every gentleman, to appear well in all—as a gentleman always should. He does not wish to parade his culture. He detests a fop, as he detests a boor; they are the two disagreeable extremes which he should avoid.

Yet he is, if he goes to Washington, as a Senator or a Representative, to be associated with a man from Yahoo Territory, who is, perhaps, his political superior, and who will be his social equal.

This man eats with his knife, picks his teeth with his fork, and wears a red necktie to an evening party, and a frock-coat in the morning. He uses bad grammar, conscientiously, because

it makes him popular with his constituents, but excellent English in his speeches. He has that singular fluency which makes the American politician the wonder and the miracle of the age; he has a natural aptitude for statesmanship. No one can accuse Bardwell Slote, however, of any knowledge of *etiquette*, yet he, possibly, will be nominated as Minister to France, the very birth-place of *etiquette*. He will be invited to dine with the King of Belgium, one of the most elegant and enlightened of modern potentates; he will go in a costume which might pass muster in Yahoo, but which causes His Majesty of Belgium to cough violently behind his handkerchief.

The polished American—from Boston, we will say—is annoyed beyond measure if he is confounded with the Hon. Bardwell Slote. He knows that, politically, he is his inferior. He cannot tell His Majesty, however, that a knowledge of knives and forks and finger bowls is as common to one-half of our country people as it is a mystery to the other half. He must bear in silence all the sneers and the insulting criticisms upon Bardwell, knowing that this particularly

awkward position is now indirectly due to the Declaration of Independence.

We have had ladies in the White House who have insulted the people's English, and who have ignored Lindley Murray; we have had foreign Ministers who got drunk in the streets, and others who raised their voices and who crowed in their court-yards like a cock.

It did not appease the polished gentleman from Boston to hear the natives say: "Oh! *les Americains!*" with a shrug.

If, by any chance, a cultivated American finds himself at a foreign court as a Minister, he is obliged to use all his diplomacy to know how to keep his country-people in bounds in the etiquette of a strict court. The Hon. Bardwell Slote wishes to pick his teeth, in the presence of Queen Victoria, with his jack-knife. His independence is bumptious; he does not intend to improve the etiquette of Yahoo.

No one in the world is more thoroughly a slave than is such a man, who thinks himself independent. He is the slave of early bad habits, of a defective education. Should he for one moment think of the difference between himself and the

cultivated man, he would see that the latter enjoyed far more freedom than himself, and a thousand privileges from which he is debarred. He will see that manners are the "open sesame" to good society all over the world. He will find that Bardwell Slote, with all his original cleverness (that enormous cleverness, which has raised him from a boat hand on a Western river to the proud position of a Senator or a foreign Minister), will not stand him in stead in the requirements of his new position.

He must learn how to dress himself properly, how to behave at a dinner table, how to speak elegantly to ladies—he must, in short, learn etiquette.

Now, the duty of an educated and traveled American is, to try to disseminate this knowledge, and the duty of an uneducated American is, to condescend to learn it.

The etiquette of a court may be fugitive and vague. We have none of those tiresome ceremonials of which we read in the autobiography of Madame d'Arblay or of Cornelia Knight. But the etiquette of good society is universal, and founded on sound principles. It can be learned

by a little study, and it is always useful, although it is a shifting and changeful thing. The duty of an American to society is to raise its tone. He should, far from allowing his family to sink into carelessness of forms and of ceremonies, try to keep them up to the standard of the highest elegance. If his means are small, still let his tablecloth be clean, and his service as neat as his purse can buy. Let there be finger-bowls, for they are cleanly; let every child be taught to eat with his fork, and let every one agree that at table each one shall be neat, orderly, agreeable and patient.

A dinner of herbs, with such manners, such attention to the realities of etiquette, will fit a boy or girl to afterward play his or her part well in any society.

To "eat an egg out of the shell" was once a fop's definition of good breeding; to break it into a cup was his definition of vulgarity. Our ancestors were very particular about these bits of table manners. Now they are of no consequence, so that a person with easy address handles his egg as if he knew what to do with it, and were not afraid of it.

But it is not many years since a prominent

American drank the water out of his finger-bowl at an English dinner and called it "rather weak lemonade." It is not long since a gentleman declared in England "that he never got on his white cravat at the right time." These are solecisms which could be mended.

Women are gifted with so much tact and so imitative a faculty that they need fewer hints than men. Yet they must learn when to wear their diamonds and when to leave them at home ; when to wear their finery and when to be plainly dressed.

On the steamboat, on the car, on the stage-coach, surely camel's-hair and diamonds are out of place ; yet one very representative political lady defended her fine clothes by saying she "always wore them traveling, to show them."

That is, perhaps, one of our national sins—a love of show ; a disdain of privacy, a very great ignoring of the proprieties of time and place.

In the leaving of cards, the first visit, the invitation to dinner, the return of civilities, there should be these general rules laid down : First, ask what is due to others ; then, what is due

to oneself. There is always a social conscience somewhere in one's organization which will point aright.

We have endeavored in these papers to lay down certain rules ; we have tried to teach the neophyte some things which he may not have known before, about the duty which every American owes to society.

But the outward performance of these conventional rules can never be thoroughly learned, unless the heart be well-bred. A man must love his neighbor, he must refine himself, he must be gentle, and honest, and fair, before he can become a gentleman.

And as for that fine old word, *lady* ; is a woman worthy to bear it, however elegant and fashionable she may be, if beneath her well-defined bodice there beats the heart of a foolish and vicious coquette ?

Are those women *ladies* who have disgraced the American name in Paris by their pursuit of a coronet, no matter at what price ?

Are those young wives who go to Europe, forgetting every possible duty to their husbands and their homes, and who become the laughing stock

of Europe for vanity and extravagance—are they doing their duty to society ?

A quaint, old-fashioned and somewhat stilted politeness may be laughable now, and recall the days of Old Grimes, who is dead, but it is very pretty, and sometimes it appears in the person of a “girl of the period,” who has learned it from a graceful grandmother. It is attractive in a young man, and sometimes, though rarely, crops out in the manner of a young English nobleman. The young Italian nobility have it to perfection ; so have the Austrians, who are the best-bred people in all Europe.

If our young Americans could find the *juste milieu!* And why can they not ?

Americans can do everything—why not this ? Why should we not have a Code of Manners equal to those of the best days—let us say, of the court of Marie de Medicis ? To have the “manners but not the morals of Chesterfield” was the old fashioned definition of a gentleman.

Why should not an American gentleman, while carefully learning the code of every European court, infuse into his correctness a certain fresh originality, a vivacity and wit which the old

civilizations have lost, and with it the original flavor of a native-born aristocracy? And why should not an American woman be low-voiced, thoroughbred, quiet, polite, and well-dressed, in addition to being very original and very beautiful?

Why should she ever degenerate into fastness, vulgarity, slang and mannish manners?

Does she not feel that she owes a great duty to her native land? It has made her the most fortunate, independent creature in the world. She is not like the sister of a duke, obliged to give up the man of her choice, because he is not well-born enough, and to linger out her life a forlorn dependent upon the grudging charity of an elder brother. She is not obliged to go into a convent, if she fails to marry, as is a poor French girl but too often.

No; an American girl can do very much as she pleases. She can become the most pampered of wives, or the most independent of spinsters. She can be author, artist, teacher, doctor or lawyer, if she think fit; she is respected and received into the best society.

Indeed, American society is very tolerant of

eccentricity in women, and rather likes an original departure from the beaten track.

But it makes a great mistake when it forgives horsey girls, and women who dress like men, or who at the sea-side go in bathing in indecent garb, or who come out to sit in the sand with a dozen men about, to secretly condemn them, while they pretend to admire.

Foreigners say that modesty is not a peculiarity of American women. While they can say that, there is some fearful lack in the American Code of Manners.

It is always noticed that the belle of the sea-side, although she enjoys the gratification of her vanity, is not certain of respect, or so sought in marriage as the quiet and retiring girl, who does not "suffer herself to be admired" in public.

The American owes this duty to society: that he should aim at correcting all public exhibitions of bad manners, such as these to which we have referred; for, although they may be the outcropping of ignorance and of innocence, they do cause our national name to suffer. The mere appearances of evil should be avoided.

To those who would say, that we are a great

continent by ourselves, and that we should study to be always original, rather than to sometimes copy, we can only say that, while we derive our Shakespeare, our Milton, and our Fénélon, Molière, Racine and Goethe from the Old World, we need not be ashamed to study those manners which were the growth of thousands of years of civilization and of culture. We can cull the best from all.

The New World is the offshoot of the Old World. It has every chance to become a perfect tree. But no tree ever grew to perfection in the park, without some training. If we like the wild luxuriance of the forest, still, when we bring the elm to our plantations, we must prune its luxuriance.

In society, in the crowd, we need *les convenances*. They help us to keep our natures in check ; they make the world a fit place to live in. When we are exposed to the brutality of ill-mannered people, we learn how dangerous a place would the world be if there were no etiquette.

The best book upon etiquette is that book which says, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

Could we always stop to consider this question, we should need no higher guide ; but, as a second and lesser manual of good breeding, we must substitute the manners of polite society, which, with their restraining influence, give us time to think.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE USE OF CERTAIN WORDS.

IT would seem at first as if all good words in our old English speech, if well chosen, ought to be fashionable. But such is not the case. Genteel, for instance, although coming from the beautiful word, gentle, is a tabooed word. "*A genteel thing,*" is a feeble and almost vulgar expression, nowadays. We no longer use the old-fashioned combination, "beautiful lady," "Mr. Brown and his lady," "she is a handsome lady," etc.

There can be no reason why "lady" is not a good word. "Lady-like" is a very appropriate combination. But the use of the combination mentioned above is almost obsolete. We are fond of the Saxon word "woman," now, and it has almost put the word "lady" out of the market.

"She is a perfect lady," however, is allowable. No one objects to so delicate a compliment as that.

Use, however, the word woman wherever you can. "She is a fine *woman*," or a beautiful woman, or a good woman, or a clever woman, but do not say, she is a "sweet lady," or a 'clever lady," if you can help it.

Do not use the word "talented." The purists say there is no such word. Use rather the word clever. It expresses all that "talented" use to mean to us, and is more elegant and more educated.

Do not be profuse in epithets of an ill-judged approbation. Do not say "that is a sweet thing." Sweet is a phrase meant to express an emotion of the tongue and palate.

Still less say of anything which you enjoy at table, "I love it." "I love melons," "I love peaches," "I adore grapes"—these are school-girl utterances. We love our friends. Love is an emotion of the heart, but not one of the palate.

We like, we appreciate grapes, but we do not love them.

All the senses have their appropriate language. None of them can be equally expressed by the same words. We must seek propriety of epithet

as much in describing these emotions as in addressing our friends.

There are minor elegancies, too, to be observed in the words "take" and "eat." We do not say now, "I take tea with Mrs. Smith to-night," but "I drink tea." We do not say, "I eat supper with Mrs. Campbell this evening," but "I take supper."

Beau Brummel rebuked a lady for saying "take tea," by saying, "Madame, a vulgar man can take liberties, but one drinks tea."

The English, who are very particular about these minor rules, are very coarse in some of their fashions. An American girl, who was visiting in England, declared that English matrons and maidens speak of men, playfully, as "horrid, nasty, greedy things," and that people address each other as "you stupid old darling," and girl friends call each other "you nasty little pet."

This use of the word "nasty," as expressing friendly ideas, is a new one, and cannot be sufficiently reprobated. When our English friends speak of a "nasty day," they quite describe a muddy and rainy one; but when they pervert the

disagreeable word to a meaning which it cannot have, they outrage decency.

An English gentleman overheard an American mamma ask her little daughter this question :
“ Do you feel like a beefsteak ? ”

He thought it a great blunder. He said “ You could feel miserably ; you could feel like a fool ; but you could not feel like a beefsteak. ”

The mamma was only questioning the child's delicate appetite. She might have said, “ Could you eat a beefsteak ? ” which would have been much more proper.

We Americans are careless as to language. We do not study our phrases as we ought. These common friends of ours, “ that ” and “ which, ” get misplaced. We are not sufficiently acquainted with our pronouns.

To say “ you was there ” was once proper—we find it in the old writers ; now it betokens an excess of ignorance, “ you were there ” being the recognized form. But some persons ignorantly say, “ I were there, ” which is ten times worse, as “ you, ” being a plural pronoun, excuses the grammatical irregularity.

“ I would have went ” is another occasional

mistake of people who have not learned their verbs, instead of "I would have gone."

These mistakes can only be corrected by study and reading. They are not half so bad as those adoptions of slang which the educated make advisedly, soberly, and in no fear of Lindley Murray. Writers are always at work at the English language, and many say that it is at present the most irregular and least understood of all languages. But, by a constant study of good models, and with good taste, any one may learn it. Do not speak *slovenly* English. Clear up your sentences. Do not drop the "g" at the ends of words like "sitting, lying, talking and moving." That is a very common fault in New England. Rather teach yourself to speak your words "trippingly on the tongue."

It is an outlook in the right direction, that now young ladies are taught declamation in Paris and at our best schools. It will correct our incorrigible national fault of drawling. For some reason, the American diaphragm is not so strong as the English one, and we need to cultivate our enunciation. They have to speak clear and loud to be heard through their own fogs. We trust too much to

our pellucid air to carry along our fatigued, nasal, drawling and careless talk.

Mr. R. G. White says that you should say, "she looks beautiful," instead of "she looks beautifully." He is a great authority, but some differ from him and say, "she looks beautifully." The last has the sanction of custom.

Do not be profuse of epithets in making an apology. A few simple words, such as "I am very sorry," or "I regret exceedingly to have intruded upon you," are far more appropriate than the "Oh! dear, I am awfully sorry," or any other excessive and overloaded phrases. "Oh! have I trodden on your little dog's foot? Well, then, I am just ready to die. I am so horribly grieved," said one young lady to another.

What could she have said more, if she had killed her sister?

Always understate rather than overstate your emotions. The profoundest contempt can be conveyed by a negative, as the man who says of a plain woman, "I have seen prettier women," conveys more meaning than he who says, "She is a horrid, homely, hateful thing!" He who says, "That young woman is not too refined,"

paints her vulgarity upon our retina as she lives. A woman who says of a man, "He is not overburdened with politeness," gives him a bad character with each well-chosen word, and yet she has not sullied her lips with a single abusive epithet. "I would rather not meet him after dinner" is quite enough to indicate that a gentleman is not always prudent with his wine.

And the word "gentleman," although one of the best in the language, should not be used too much. Do not say, he is a "very fine gentleman," or, he is a "handsome gentleman." Sometimes one can say, "he is a charming gentleman," of some very markedly agreeable and cultivated person. But say, "he is a good-looking man," "an honest man," "a strong man," "a graceful man," "an agreeable man," if you happen to find such a one. We no longer say, "Honored Sir," or "Respected Madam," as we begin a letter. Perhaps it would be better if we did. We say simply, "My Dear Sir," or, "My Dear Mrs. Brown," or, to a person in some humble capacity, as a nurse or servant, "Mrs. Brown." Be careful not to mix the first person

with the third in addressing a note. Begin it as you intend to finish it.

The word "vulgar" was formerly thought to mean indecent, now it simply means bad manners. To be vulgar is to be inadmissible to society. Vulgar people are low, mean, coarse, plebeian, no matter where the ever-turning wheel of fortune has placed them. A vulgar man may sit on a throne ; a vulgar woman may, by mistake, find herself in the most fashionable *salon*. Use the word "vulgar" freely, to express your contempt of rudeness, of coarseness, of the loud, the pretentious and the intrusive. It is a good word, and means a great deal. As a synonym for all that is to be avoided, it is a very comprehensive word.

And, as good manners should not be put on for state occasions, but should be the natural garment of every day, so should easy and elegant and cultivated language drop from the lips, instinctively. Of course, all people are not equally gifted in this respect. One child speaks correctly at two years old ; another will not speak well until he is five, and, perhaps, will never be fluent ; but each can avoid impropriety and coarseness, and can avoid, in his conversa-

tion, words which have lost their place in society.

A fashion has come in in regard to the good old phrase, "Thank you," which is now abbreviated to "Thanks." This is fashionable just now, but it cannot be called cordial or grammatical. It is as if you did your politeness up in a ball and threw it at the head of your friend. No one is hurt by a cordial "Thank you."

The word "Good-by" is the best abbreviation in our language, nor can it be replaced by any other. We say "Farewell," "Adieu," "Au revoir," not often. All have a stilted sound except the last. Never say "Good afternoon." Say "Good evening" or "Good morning," if you choose, but, still better, say "Good-by."

Old and middle-aged people say that there is now a decay in the art of conversation—that to talk well is one of the lost arts. No doubt this is, in a measure, true all over the world. It is no longer the fashion to tell anecdotes to be amusing; a person is considered a prig who "sets up" to amuse the company. All this is very bad, but it cannot be helped. It is a part of the transition of our society from the Revolutionary period

when intellect and culture ruled, to the present, when money and material prosperity are our gods.

But while puns should be avoided, and long arguments should be avoided, and the delicate subjects of religion and politics should be avoided in mixed society, people still must talk. To chat agreeably of the current events, to describe a novel or a play, to tell a short story of some recent experience at a watering-place, or to talk, if one pleases, of poetry, of love, or friendship, or music. This is all an everyday matter, within the comprehension of every one, and, with a little reading and good taste, possible to all.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DINNERS AND BREAKFASTS ONCE MORE CONSIDERED.

DINNER invitations should only be accepted from those whose acquaintance you wish to cultivate and keep. Some vulgar and ill-bred people have been known to accept a dinner invitation, and to cut or ignore the kind entertainers afterward. It is the height of meanness, the height of vulgarity, so to do. Be careful to be punctual at the dinner hour, to enter quietly, without formality; and, if your hostess does not introduce, enter into conversation with the person next to you. In England no one is introduced, but everybody talks to his neighbor.

Fifteen minutes is the time allowed to wait for a tardy guest. More than that should not be given to the most distinguished person.

The host can give his right or his left arm, as he pleases, to the lady whom he escorts, but the other guests should notice which arm he offers, and follow his example.

The host and hostess can sit at either end of their table, or in the middle, or mix themselves up with their guests, as they please. A round table, now so much the fashion, obliterates any necessity for a "head and foot;" but the principal guest must sit at the lady's right hand, and the principal lady guest at the gentleman's right hand, always.

If *introducing* is the custom of the house, it is polite to request your hostess to introduce you to the person to whom the dinner is given.

As soon as seated, place your napkin across your lap, and remove your gloves. Men do not wear gloves now, so that they have not the trouble. Lay your roll at your right hand, and, if oysters or clams are before you, proceed to eat them at once.

Now, it seems unnecessary to remind one that a gentleman does not crumble his bread about, or roll it into pills; that he does not take his soup with a hissing sound; that he does not tip his plate, to get the last drop of soup; and yet we see these defects in table manners, often. Vegetables are to be eaten with a fork. Nothing is so

vulgar as to see peas served in a saucer and eaten with a spoon.

Asparagus, on the contrary, can be eaten with your fingers. The stalk is clean, and to take it in the fingers, and to dip the end in the melted butter or sauce which accompanies the vegetable, and which should be placed on one side of the plate, is entirely proper.

Olives and artichokes are eaten with the fingers; so are radishes and green corn. It is an American fashion, and a perfectly proper one, to eat corn from the ear at the dinner table.

The reason for this is clear. It is the only way in which the incomparable flavor of the corn can be obtained.

Fish is eaten with a silver fork and a bit of bread. Fruit is cut with a silver knife, but eaten with the fingers.

While anything like haste in eating is to be deprecated, still it is no longer the fashion to wait for others, as in the olden time. Everybody eats his dinner as it is set before him. It is, however, the height of good-breeding for the hostess to seem to be eating so long as one guest is still occupied with his plate.

Cheese is to be eaten with fork or fingers, as the person chooses. Ladies in America have a strong objection to cheese, as a general thing, and refuse it. But in England a lady often takes a large piece, and eats it clear. There is no reason why a lady should not eat cheese if she likes it.

Do not allow the servant to pour wine for you, if you do not intend to drink it. It is a fertile source of drunkenness among servants, who always empty the glasses after dinner.

Toasts and the drinking of healths are now, luckily, out of date. Still, if an old-fashioned gentleman wishes to drink your health, do not refuse; bow slightly and smile, and raise the glass to your lips.

Finger-glasses, with a bit of orange leaf or lemon peel, or peppermint water dashed through, are now almost universal, and very great luxuries. After using one, wipe your fingers on your dinner napkin, not on your doyley, which is meant for the fruit. Some very luxurious persons pass a gold dish, with rose-water in it, after dinner. This should be used by dipping the end of the napkin in it. It is a refreshing bath for the lips, and removes the greasy smell or taste of food.

The mouth should always be wiped with a wet forefinger or napkin after eating.

Now, we Americans are accused of using ice too much, although our climate demands it. Everywhere, however, sherry is admitted to be better, if cooled in an ice-cooler. Sherry is served with soup, and sauterne or hock with fish. Americans generally prefer champagne served after fish, with all the courses; but red wine should be provided for those who like it. Red wine should never be iced. Burgundy and claret should be of the temperature of the room. Champagne should be frozen or "frappé" from the outside before dinner, as putting lumps of ice in the glass ruins it for the *gourmet*. It destroys the flavor of good wine to put in lumps of ice.

The glasses are removed by the waiter, when the crumb-scraper goes round, and madeira and sherry glasses set for the dessert.

Port, when passed with the cheese, is left on the table with the sherry and madeira, and each guest helps himself after the servants have helped once all round. This is the moment for story-telling, for the best talk, for the "give and take" of conversation.

Remember always, in giving a dinner, that some of the most agreeable are those which are the least expensive.

It is quite indispensable that a gentleman should always be in a dress coat and white cravat, black suit throughout, for a seven o'clock dinner.

After dinner it is now the custom to serve coffee and tea in the drawing-room, as long sitting at table fatigues everybody.

If you commit any errors at the dinner table, such as tipping over a glass of red wine, breaking a dish, dropping a knife or a fork, or, worse still, upsetting a dish into your lap, try to be composed. Motion to a servant to bring you a napkin, but do not take too much notice of your own blunder. Be absolutely deaf and blind to the blunders of others. The dinner table is the most ceremonious place in the world, and, at dinner, etiquette reigns supreme.

But etiquette does not mean stiffness. There must be an ease, a cordiality, and a grace and good breeding, which makes all the machinery work easily.

Now, breakfasts are very different meals.

here it is proper for gentlemen to jump up, cut a piece of ham at the side-board, and wait upon the ladies themselves, dismissing the servants, so that conversation may be free. Gentlemen come in lawn tennis or hunting suits; ladies in morning dresses.

When the breakfast becomes *déjeuner à la fourchette*, or a luncheon, at 12 or 1 o'clock, the etiquette becomes a little more marked, of course. Bouillon is served in cups and saucers, and dishes like sweetbreads, rissoles, cutlets, fried potatoes, game, *paté de foie gras*, fruit and coffee, complete this mid-day dinner. It is a favorite form of entertaining at Newport, and is much liked by gentlemen, as it saves them the *gêne* of evening dress.

Breakfasts are rapidly becoming the fashion, too, in New York and Washington, as people get more and more in the habit of taking a cup of tea in their bedrooms, working until twelve, and then emerging for the day.

On Sunday, as most families give their servants the afternoon, and have an early dinner and tea, the gentlemen are permitted to wear frock-coats in the evening, and to regard the day as an

“off” one, unless they are invited to some grand dinner, when they must, of course, dress.

Breakfasts in England are considered very delightful, because of their utter informality and the absence of ceremony. Wedding breakfasts are an exception to this general informality, for they are ceremonious. Wines are served with salads, salmon, game, tongues, hams, potted meats, jellies, ices and fruit. It is, indeed, but the usual table which forms the supper at a ball. Here people gather around and are requested to help themselves, or allow the waiters to attend to them. Tea and coffee are not served at a wedding breakfast.

The family breakfast table should be made very attractive. Flowers should be placed everywhere, in summer. The napkins, silver and glass and china should be spotless; the butter should be golden, the honey fragrant and fine, and the fresh rolls delicious, the coffee clear and the tea strong. Fruit should be served when in season; berries and cream, peaches and cream, and all the hot cakes. Broiled chicken, fried eggs, beefsteaks, which our omnivorous people demand should be had for the asking. Finger-bowls should be

within reach, and the favorite beverage, ice-water, should be particularly attended to. In our very prolific fruit seasons, to begin with a melon and to end with a peach is a good "Alpha and Omega."

Sidney Smith liked breakfast parties because, he said, "no one was conceited before one o'clock!"

Morning dress should be faultlessly clean and neat, but simple, and utterly ungarnished with jewels. Young girls in white, and with hat and feather, are always pretty. Elderly ladies can wear quiet silks, or the admirable cashmere, or even white muslin, if made becomingly.

But, at breakfast, rich and rustling silks, diamond rings and ear-rings are in the worst taste. Artificial flowers are detestable. Elaborate coiffures are out of place at breakfast. At home a *peignoir*, or loose robe, is proper at breakfast, but not at a watering-place.

Thick boots, Balmoral stockings, *gants de Suède* and short dresses are proper for a breakfast party.

Perfumes should never be used in the early morning. Cologne water alone is allowable on

the handkerchief, and the indefinable odor of cleanliness.

Worsted or cotton gloves are never permissible, except on the hands of a servant. Silk gloves are now fashionable and very refined, particularly with long arms to them. Men, as we have said, are always ungloved, save in riding or driving. Colored shirts and flannel shirts are worn in the morning, often until the dinner hour, in summer, and it is proper to go to an informal breakfast in the informal dress of the tennis ground.

But for a formal luncheon a man must dress himself in black frock-coat, colored necktie, and gray or drab trowsers, and with, of course, a white shirt. A kettledrum, a wedding, a day reception, all call for this same costume. Garden parties, too, demand the same dress.

Men now wear, for riding in the Park, this same costume, also corduroy, boots, felt hat and cut-away coat; for lawn tennis, flannel shirts, rough coats, knickerbockers, long gray woolen stockings and string shoes.

No man should ever put on a dress-coat by daylight in this country. It is the fashion in

Paris to wear them at morning weddings and on New Year's Day and visits of ceremony ; but here, never.

Showy shirt-fronts, jeweled studs, perfumes, rose-colored vests, too much of any sort of ornament—these mark the cad ; as simplicity, neatness and fitness mark the gentleman. Avoid brilliant cravats and shiny hats and flashy waist-coats, as much as you would avoid indifference or inattention to propriety. The *juste milieu* is the thing.

If the dinner and breakfast and lunch are understood, there seems to be but two or three little things left for us to consider further.

CHAPTER XXX.

TEAS, HIGH TEAS AND CALLS.

AFTER an invitation to a formal breakfast or luncheon, a call is quite as much *de rigueur* as after a dinner, but is not required after a "tea at five o'clock."

That is a form of entertainment which means to dispense with formal etiquette and to save time. A lady or gentleman who chooses to accept the invitation thus tendered has made his call; he need not make another. Nor need a lady do more than leave her card on the day of the tea; her duties are then over for the season, unless a dinner invitation follows. Dinner invitations demand a speedy call.

But life would be a sorry burden did every five o'clock tea involve a call afterward, as well as the original visit.

Five o'clock teas should be marked by the absence of any other refreshment than tea, thin sandwiches and cake. If even chocolate and punch are added, there is no longer an excuse for

calling it a "five o'clock tea." It has become a reception.

The original five o'clock tea arose in England, from the fact that gentlemen and ladies, before they dressed for dinner, met to take the slight refreshment of a cup of tea, and to perhaps indulge in a little chat. Like everything informal, it became very popular, and came over to America as an English fashion of entertaining. The tea-kettle here, however, became a floral decoration, and the five o'clock tea a party.

This has confused people as to the etiquette of leaving a card afterward. But we assure the doubtful, that neither is the invited guest required to call again, nor is the lady of the house required to call on those who come to her five o'clock tea. Her card inviting them has entirely served the purpose.

There are entertainments, known as "high teas," which do necessitate a call. These are usually given on Sunday evenings in cities; but at watering-places, or at country places, or in small rural cities, they take the place of dinners. They are very pretty entertainments, and great favorites in Philadelphia. It is an opportunity

for the hostess to show her beautiful cut-glass, to get out her preserves, to offer her hot rolls, scalloped oysters and delicate fried chicken. Berries and cream, and all sorts of delicate dishes, appear at the high tea, which would be lost at dinner. The hostess sits behind her silver salver and pours the coffee, tea or chocolate herself. It is only fair to say, that this meal is a greater favorite with ladies than with gentlemen, the partridges, mushrooms on toast, *pâté de foie gras*, and delicately-sliced cold ham, belonging, in the masculine mind, either to breakfast or lunch, and needing wine to wash them down. But young ladies who drink no wine are devoted to high teas. The invitations are always written as to a dinner, as only a limited number can be asked.

In the country these high teas are delightful, and, coming after a long drive or a picnic, with the solid accompaniments of a beefsteak and a baked potato, are very popular. Waffles and hot cakes, honey and maple molasses, all the American dishes, are popular at this meal, which has no prototype in England or on the Continent.

It is doubtful whether the high tea will ever

be popular in New York, where it conflicts with the custom of seven o'clock dinners. People find them antagonistic to digestion—it is a violent change of living. Tea and coffee taken in the evening keep many people awake, a single little cup of black coffee, which helps digestion, being the only stimulant that most Americans can endure of the “beverages which we infuse.”

Some ladies, who give three receptions, choose to have a “buffet” entertainment. Frozen coffee (a delicious refreshment), cold birds, meat pies, salads, salmon, various kinds of punch, biscuits, and, perhaps, jellies, ices and Charlottes standing where the guest can go and help himself. One or two servants can serve such a table, it is less trouble than the hot oyster style of thing, and even the serving of tea is more onerous. It has the advantage, too, of being scentless; while hot oysters, served in the house, invariably fill the house with odor. Perhaps as elegant a table as is needed is one where iced tea and coffee, cold game and salad, and punch, with *pâté de foie* sandwiches, stand invitingly ready through the three hours' reception.

On very cold days, hot tea and *bouillon* are, how-

ever, eagerly sought for by the shivering ladies who go from house to house.

No formal calls are made in America on Sunday. A gentleman must have a lady's permission to call on that day. In Europe it is very different. The opera is never so fashionable as on Sunday evening ; dinners are always given, and Sunday is especially a fête day. But in America, all dinners and teas are informal on that day, and generally confined to the members of one's family.

Now, all books of etiquette have a chapter on "Cards" and card leaving, but no two of them agree. Young men—who, in America, are extremely remiss in social duties—are told in one, that, if they send their cards by post, they have requited the hospitality of the lady who invites them. This is far from being the opinion of the best ladies in society. If a lady has time to invite a gentleman to dinner, and he comes, he should certainly find time, either to call, in person, on her reception day, or on some evening. It is not enough that he should send a card by post. The only person who is excused for sending a card by post is he who is suddenly called on to leave

town, or some one who is, by the death of a relative, thrown into mourning.

A modern writer on etiquette has the following rather plain talk :

“ The properly-trained youth does not annoy those next to whom he sits by fidgeting in his chair, moving his feet, playing with his bread or with the table equipage. Neither does he chew his food with his mouth open, or talk with it in his mouth. His food is not conveyed in too large or in too small quantities to his mouth. He neither holds his head as erect as a ramrod, nor does he bury his face in his plate. He handles his knife and fork properly, and not ‘overhand’ as a clown would. He removes them from the plate as soon as it is placed before him, and he crosses them, side by side, when he has finished ” (Here we differ. The modern youth lets his knife and fork alone, except when he is conveying food to his mouth with them, or should do so), “and not before, as this is a sign which a well-drilled butler observes for returning the plate(?). He does not leave his coffee or tea spoon in the cup. He avoids using his handkerchief unnecessarily, or disgusting those near him by trumpet-like per-

formances with it. He does not converse in a loud tone, nor indulge in uproarious laughter. If he breaks an article, he is not profuse in apologies, but shows his regret in his face and his manner rather than in words. Tittlebat Titmouse, when he broke a glass dish, assured his hostess that he would replace it with the best in London !”

This is good, strong writing, and undoubtedly would have been useful to the Roger Chawbacons of the fifteenth century. But we can hardly suppose that many young men would, in the present day, need these very practical hints. The age is beyond them.

The great want of all our young people is that *spirit of respect* which is the foundation of all breeding, and without which no formulas of good manners are worth much.

When a young man sits, and allows a lady to stand, when he indulges in loud, brutal laughter after she has spoken to him ; when he refuses to do these acts of courtesy which were the Alpha and Omega of chivalry : when he accepts attentions from ladies in society, and makes no response, he is a more unlicked cub than he who

puts his knife and fork on the table-cloth, or who drinks water from his finger-bowl. The one makes a mistake of ignorance, the other sins in the face of knowledge and of light.

There are young men in our fashionable society who try to make themselves of importance by being rude and insolent. They have neither conscience, nobility nor culture. Their reign is not long.

All people should learn to reply quickly to their invitations, to keep their social engagements, and to avoid snobbery, slang and scandal. Young ladies should learn, not only to talk well, but to listen well. Interruption of the speech of others is a great sin against good breeding. Never allow your eye to stray abroad while talking with a friend or a new acquaintance. Always speak a person's name fully and frequently. Instead of saying "How de do, Captain," say "How do you do, Captain Absolute." Always give a foreigner his title. Say "Yes, *Mrs. Brown*," if you are conversing with a lady older than yourself. "Yes, ma'am," "Yes, sir," are now rather provincial and old-fashioned.

If a lady invite you to a ball, call as soon as

practicable after accepting her invitation, and never fail, when at the ball, to be presented to the host ; and, if possible, ask the young lady of the house to dance with you. If the lady of the house has a reception day, always call on that day.

Avoid all quarrels and altercations in public. Two men who quarrel at a ball both insult their entertainers. Young men who abuse the hospitality of their entertainers and drink too much at supper are recommended to mercy, but their record is not a favorable one. "The Man in the Club Window" says: "Be careful of what you do and what you say, and how you dance, *after supper.*"

There are a set of married women in New York who are injuring society very much. They rather pride themselves on taking too much champagne, and, consequently, growing vulgar, noisy and *risque* after supper. To them we should say :

"You are undoing the effect of the civilization of eighteen centuries. To you the young woman is looking up ; to you the young man is commended as to a lofty ideal. You are debasing yourself and lowering the tone of society."

Such women should never be invited but once.

There is a belief on the part of young men, that they should never leave a lady standing alone when they have once begun to talk to her ; such a rule spoils many a young man's evening, and no right-minded, well-educated, delicate woman desires that a man should consider her a bore or a drag upon him. She should, therefore, give him an opportunity to leave her. Nothing can be more uncomfortable to a girl than to see that a man is talking to her and secretly hoping some one shall come along to relieve him. Possibly, too, she may desire the society of some one else as much as he does. It is well for a young lady to say, in such a case, "Will you take me to a seat?" or else, "Do not stand talking to me, I beg of you—I do not mind standing alone;" or, with a bow and smile, gracefully turn away and release a young man ; he will always like her the better afterward.

But pretty American girls have not much trouble of this kind. Married ladies can always, with graceful tact, give a young man his *congé* and say, "Ah ! I know you want to go and dance, do not let me detain you." In society it is not

considered a rudeness to leave after a few remarks have passed. There should be a constant interchange of civilities. After a gentleman has said a few words to a lady, he should, if another gentleman comes up, make a bow and leave. No gentleman should ever intrude himself on a marked *tête-à-tête*, and no man of honor will stand and listen to a conversation in which he is not included. If men could get over their dread of being "cornered," they would be twice as agreeable at balls as they now are. No man should make himself too officious at a ball, or annoy a lady by sticking too closely to her. If he does, she has a right to facilitate his departure by looking rather *distracte*, and letting him see, by her manner, that he is taking up too much of her society.

In inviting people to a large ball, it is always safe to invite twice as many as you expect, such is the percentage of those kept away by illness or accident. In inviting to a reception at a small house, the avoidance of a crowd being an object, allow the absence of one-third; that is, if you want seventy-five, invite a hundred, and so on.

In England a ball-room acquaintance seldom

goes any further, until they have met more than once. In America, if the gentleman is properly introduced to the young lady's mamma or chaperon, it is proper for her to ask him to call, if she wishes to make his further acquaintance.

Gentlemen, however, who are merely introduced to a lady at a ball, for the purpose of dancing, must wait for the lady to recognize them the next time they meet. They are at liberty to recall themselves by lifting their hats as they pass, but must not go further. A young man, on a first introduction, should not ask the lady to dance but once, unless she gives him every encouragement.

Nothing can be more underbred than for the young lady of the house to devote herself to her own amusement at her own ball. She should, on the contrary, attend to all her guests and see that they have partners, if she can obtain them. Nor should the young men of the house devote the whole evening to one young lady. They should, on the contrary, in their own house, endeavor to make it agreeable to all their guests.

Invitations for a ball should be sent out from ten days to two weeks in advance, and always answered immediately.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A FEW LAST WORDS ON ETIQUETTE.

IT is a hard thing to finish off any book, particularly one which opens up, as this does, new avenues of thought perpetually, as one tries to tread the broad path at first marked out.

The questions which have been put by the kind readers of our various chapters, as they have appeared in *THE AMERICAN QUEEN*, will, however, be glanced at in this chapter with the hope that our response may help some one out of a difficulty.

One asks for instruction as to the letter of introduction.

On entering a strange city—London, for instance—with letters of introduction, a gentleman takes a cab and drives to the address of the people to whom he brings letters, and leaves them, with his card, on which his address is fully stated.

He must then wait until he receives a card in return before he makes any further advance.

In England the greatest attention is always

paid to letters of introduction. The bearer is almost always invited to dinner, and receives other attentions.

For this reason many gentlemen in America, who are well received in England, hesitate to give letters, as it is an almost certain demand upon the host.

In this country people are singularly inattentive to letters of introduction, which is a very great rudeness.

However, when the letter is delivered, the person who bears it has no possible redress, if the person who receives it does not notice it. With many ladies in New York, who have position and influence, the right of giving letters has been much abused. Thus, a man who has but a very slight acquaintance, will introduce to Mrs. Oldfield a person who wishes to get music scholars, or who needs help in some way, and this person, once in possession of Mrs. Oldfield's house and valuable time, will abuse both. It is this inherent wrong in the introducer which has rendered the letter of introduction so great a bore.

But, if a lady receive a letter from a friend whom she values, she should lose no time in

sending for or calling on the introduced, a simple permission to call on herself being all that is necessary in return.

Many letters have asked about calls and cards, which have been fully answered, one would think, in the chapter devoted to that subject. However, a few more hints can be given.

Calling hours differ in the different cities. From two to five is, however, a period in which a call can be made in all. Among intimate friends early morning informal calls are proper, but the stranger can never presume to call before two. Many ladies who are busy, and who desire very much to have some time to themselves, deny themselves to guests on every day but one day in the week.

It is easy to ascertain the hours of a city before calling, and, where early dinners are the custom, the call must be made after dinner. It is a great mistake that we have no national dinner hour.

Ladies in cities dress with great elegance for the formal call. Dark velvets and furs, in winter, and a dress bonnet are the ordinary adornments. Light silks and showy things are in the worst possible taste. In summer there is always

a relaxation of ceremony. Gentlemen wear, for calling, their usual morning dress—a frock coat, gray trowsers, black cravat, or even those rough garments which have of late been so fashionable.

The French fashion of leaving cards without inquiring for the lady is proper, but it is not popular in America. To ladies, whose visiting circle is small, such a proceeding seems very heartless; to those whose circle is immense, and whose time is occupied, it is sometimes imperative.

It is, however, one of the uses of the book of etiquette to explain that the card is a visit, and can be returned, and should be received as an attention.

A lady should always rise to receive her visitors, and should extend a hand. It is the American custom, and any other style of reception seems cold. A well-bred lady pays equal attention to all her callers, particularly to those whom she knows the least, and who might be hurt by her inattention.

It is not customary to introduce the residents of the same city. Strangers should be introduced, but ladies who sit near each other can

well afford to speak to each other, and to be polite and agreeable to both hostess and guest.

The new customs of reception days, and five o'clock teas, are meant to save labor and to make all various interests harmonize.

In the frequent event of an exchange of calls between two ladies who have not met, they should take an early opportunity to speak to each other. The younger should seek the elder, or the one who has received the first civility should speak first. Ladies who know each other by sight should bow after the first exchange of cards.

Both ladies and gentlemen, in making the first calls of the season, should leave one card each at all the houses where they call, even if they find the lady at home. This is to help the lady, who makes these cards her memoranda for returning her visits. Young men should particularly leave cards and addresses, as a lady often wishes to invite them informally, and desires their address.

When an invitation to a house is received for the first time, very polite and formal people call and leave a card the next day, to show their appreciation of the civility; but this is optional. In

sending a first invitation, the card of the head of the family should always be enclosed, if to a gentleman ; if it is to a family, the card of the host and hostess must be enclosed.

After a first invitation, cards must be left in person, whether the invitation was accepted or declined. The only excuses for sending them by post are illness or mourning.

After visitors leave the room, it is in the worst possible taste for a hostess to discuss the character or belongings of her guests, nor should she allow others, in her presence, to discuss them.

Gentlemen should not expect to receive invitations from ladies, unless they have called upon them, or, at least, have sent a card by some friend. A mother generally leaves her sons' cards, a wife her husband's ; and almost all young gentlemen, if they have not time to call, can get some friend to leave a card. A first call, as has been said, should be returned within three or four days. Young men should call on each other. The lady of society who has sons should impress this fact upon them—that our friendships, as Dr. Johnson once said, must be kept in constant repair.

Women do so much of the work of society in America, that men are becoming very careless of these little matters of etiquette.

It seems almost an insult to suggest to any young man or woman in America, that they should not make a rattling noise on the dinner table with their fingers ; that they should not use the toothpick too conspicuously ; that they should not clean their nails outside of their dressing-room ; that they should not take hold of people when addressing them ; that the human body is sacred, and should not be elbowed, shoved, or clapped on the back : that elbows should not be put on the table ; that whispering in company is not good manners ; that staring is in bad taste ; and that it is vulgar to hide the mouth, when smiling, with the hand. All these essentials of good-breeding should be taught in the nursery : and most people of tact refrain, instinctively, from all that is rude or coarse.

But still, as we have said, good manners seem to be the privilege of the few, and we sometimes observe, in fashionable circles, a coarseness and a brutality, which is utterly and entirely worthy of the stable-yard and barroom.

“Disrespect is an unpardonable vulgarity,” as says a worthy writer.

One of the “disputed points of etiquette” is this : A lady gives a ball or a reception, and some one of her friends finds herself left out.

She naturally does not call, or make any sign, after this, and is, perhaps, hurt and offended.

Now the first lady *has* sent a card and it has been lost ; who shall ever tell her that the second lady never received it ?

Many friendships are impaired in this way, and both ladies are angry, and are, perhaps, made enemies for life.

For the lady who gave the ball says : “How rude Mrs. Oldfield was not to respond to my invitation.”

Mrs. Oldfield is in the awkward position of not knowing whether she was invited or not, and no lady likes to seem offended at such a slight, for it may be that the lady who gave the ball needed room, and so did not invite all her friends, etc. The trouble grows. It is well for the mutual friends of the two ladies to find out these circumstances and to make the peace.

But, alas! society rather foments quarrels than clears them away.

Servants often do their employers great injustice. They give wrong messages; they are uncivil at the door; they miscarry notes; they deny one person and admit another; they are very apt to lie. The mistress of a house cannot always, with the best intentions, prevent these accidents from occurring. She must, however, do her "possible," as the French say. A servant is very apt to take his *tone* from his employers, and be respectful if they are cordial, and insolent if they are insolent.

A gentleman has written to know when and where a man may wear his hat.

He may wear it at a garden party, in a draft, at all assemblies in the open air, and in picture galleries and places of public promenade, at a smoking, beer-drinking summer concert. He should, however, lift it in passing a lady on a hotel staircase, lecture or concert-room, or theatre. Some men, standing, hold their hats in their hands while talking to a lady in the street; but this is superfluous.

A man should always lift his hat if a lady

hands him a note, a bunch of flowers, an umbrella—anything which she may wish him to deliver to another.

Tact will generally decide this question. If a gentleman is in doubt, and wishes to put on his hat so that he may not take cold, he need only say, "I beg your permission to resume my hat," and any real lady will excuse him.

Formerly it was the custom for a wife to take her husband's arm on entering a room; but that is now considered old-fashioned. The lady enters first, the gentleman following with his crush hat in his hand.

A good memory for names and faces is a priceless possession in society, but all have it not, and, therefore, after cultivating it and failing, do not be afraid to confess your failing and ask for a person's name. Do it so politely that he cannot feel offended. Every one should have the proper self-respect to be aware that this is not personal to himself or herself.

Only the snobbish, the pretentious and the ignorant frequently take offense; the good, the sensible and the modest are seldom offended.

Do not, in theatre or concert-room, point with

the finger at any person whose locality you wish to indicate ; it gives great offense.

To ask an artist for a ticket to his concert ; to indicate that you wish for a permit to go and see an exhibition which has to be paid for ; to beg for invitations ; to suggest that a gentleman should hire a carriage for you—all these belong to the social marauder, the social gouge, whose character we have sketched elsewhere.

It is in bad taste for Americans to adopt the coronets, liveries, cockades, of the foreign nobility for their servants. Let every family have a decent livery of their own for their servants, if they wish, but never steal the coat-of-arms, or the colors, or the coronets, of those families who, perhaps, earned them a thousand years ago by their valor. We have our own nobility, our own coat-of arms—we need not steal.

The matters of raising a veil, or of pulling off a glove, on entering a house, have become obsolete. It is a personal thing with each individual, now, as to the treatment of his or her own dress.

On the subject of bows and salutations we have been explicit ; but still, it appears, there are questions. We can only add, that a gentleman,

when walking or driving with a lady, should bow when any one bows to her, lifting his hat from his head. It is civility, also, to return a bow, even if you do not know who is bowing to you. A bow does not necessitate an after acquaintance, but to neglect to return it marks a churlish ill-breeding.

A bow should not be accompanied by a grin or a broad smile, unless the parties are very well acquainted; and yet, says an English author, "you should never bow to a friend without a smile in your eyes."

A gentleman, on meeting a lady in the street, should offer to carry her mantilla, or her parcel, if she will allow him to do so.

In ascending a staircase, the gentleman should go up first, and not with, or after, the lady. It is optional, in the street, whether the right arm or the left be offered, if an arm is offered at all.

In regard to the etiquette of mourning, we have had many inquiries.

We can only reiterate, that an early call is proper, *as showing feeling*. A card left in person, a note written to the afflicted, is always in the best taste, if it express the purest sympathy.

As for congratulatory visits, and the cards and notes written after the engagement, or the wedding, these must be left to the instinct of the individual.

Remember, however, that every kind expression of your sincere good-will will be a very delightful souvenir to the young couple who are starting on an adventurous journey.

And in this last fragmentary chapter, in which we have tried to answer the myriad questions addressed to us, let us add the hope that we have, in this little book, touched the key-note of good-breeding, and that we have made manifest the fact, that the best guide to fair manners is an honest and a good heart.

THE END.

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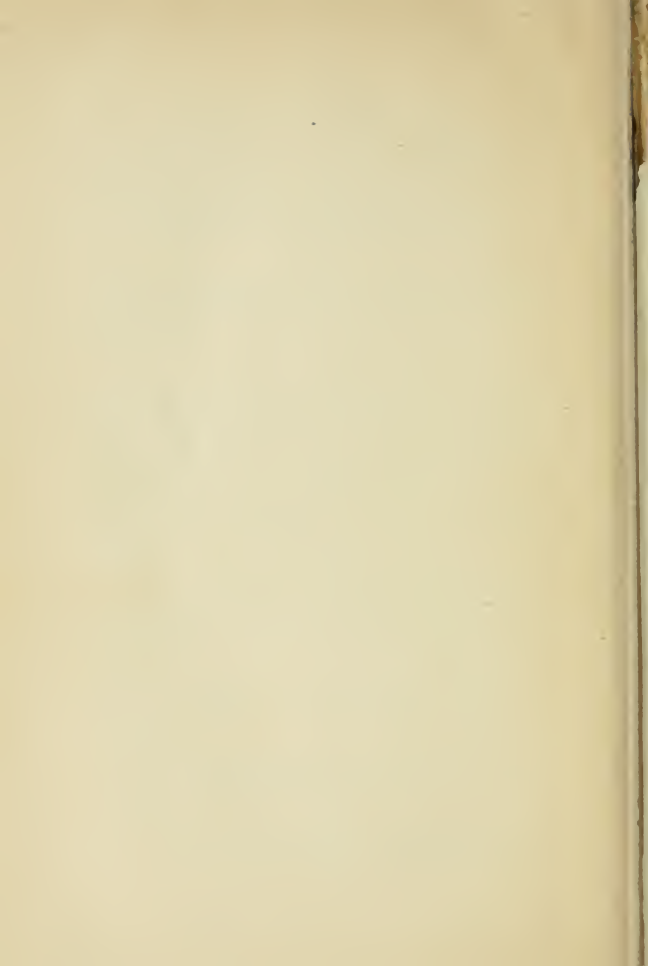
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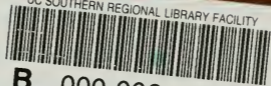
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