

## GENTILITY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"DIDN'T I see you walking up the street with a young lady yesterday, William?" said Anna Enfield to her brother, who had but a few days before returned from New York, after an absence of some months.

"Perhaps you did; I was in company with a young lady in the afternoon," replied the brother.

"Well, who was she? I did not see you until after you had passed the store I was in, and then I could not see her face."

"It was Caroline Murry; you know her, I suppose."

"Caroline Murry! Why brother! what were you doing in her company?" and Anna's face expressed unfeigned astonishment.

"Why, really, you surprise me, sister! I hope there is no blemish on her character.—But what is the matter? I feel concerned to know."

"There's nothing much the matter, brother: but, then, Caroline Murry is not genteel. We don't think of keeping her company."

"Indeed! and you don't associate with her because she is not genteel. Well, if I am any judge of gentility, Anna, Caroline Murry is about as genteel and lady-like as any girl I know—always excepting, of course, my own dear sister."

"Why, brother, how you talk! You don't certainly pretend to compare her with Ernestine Eberly and Zepherine Fitzwilliams, whom you have seen here several times?"

"No, I do not," replied the brother, emphatically.

"Well, they're what I call genteel; and Caroline Murry would'nt be tolerated in the society where they visit."

"And why not, sister?"

"Haven't I told you? Because she is not considered genteel; that is the reason."

"But I don't understand what you consider genteel, Anna. If I know what gentility means, Caroline, as far as that is concerned, is in every way superior to Ernestine Eberly and Zepherine Fitzwilliams."

"Now, William, that is too bad! If any other man had said so to me, I would never have spoken to him again as long as I lived."

"But seriously, Anna, what do you mean by gentility?" asked the brother.

"That's a question more easily asked than answered; but you know, as well as I do, what is meant by gentility. Every body knows."

"I know what I mean by it, Anna. But it seems that we don't agree on the subject; for I call Caroline Murry genteel, and you don't: so you see that different things may be called by the same name. Now, what I wish to know is, what precise meaning you attach to the word? or, why you do not think Caroline genteel?"

"Why, in the first place, she don't go into genteel company. People of the first rank won't associate with her."

Here ensued a pause, and the brother said—

"Well, why won't they associate with her, Anna? I hope she has not been guilty of improper or immoral conduct."

"Oh, no? nothing of that. I never heard the slightest reflection on her character," replied the sister. "But, then, genteel young ladies don't work in the kitchen, like hired servants; and she does. And, besides this, call on her when you will, and she is always doing something. Why, I am told that she has even been seen at the chamber windows, fronting on the public street, with her head tied up, sweeping and making the beds! And Clariissa Spiggler says that she saw her once, with the parlour windows open, sweeping and dusting like a servant! Nobody is going to associate, or be seen in the street with any one who hasn't the spirit to be above the condition of a hireling. And, besides this, whenever she was invited to balls or parties, she never would stay later than ten or eleven o'clock, which every one knows to be vulgar. Somebody had to go home with her, of course; and the choicest beau in the company was almost sure to have his good nature and his politeness taxed for this purpose. Once I heard her say, that she considered the theatre an unfit place for any young lady; she offended the whole company, and has never been invited to a party among genteel people since."

"And is that all?" said William Enfield, taking a long breath.

"Yes, and I should think that was enough, in all conscience," replied the sister.

"So should I, Anna—to make me respect her."

"Why, William!"

"Why, Anna!"

"But seriously, William, you cannot be in earnest?"

"And seriously, Anna, are you in earnest?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, sister, I'm afraid my old fashioned notions, for such I suppose you will call them, and your new fangled notions, for such I must