

TWO MUSICIANS.

I.

When one with skilful fingers swift as wind
Swopt to and fro along the glittering keys,
I said: I wish I were away from these
Chattering and noisy players! but resigned
Myself to listen, and I tried to seize
Upon some meaning in the tune I heard.
But in my ears the harsh notes rang and whirled;
It was as if I listened carelessly
Among a crowd of people coarse and rude.
Who talked in shrillest tones of grudge or feud,
Though only seldom one could catch a word.
Even their voices were a bore to me;
I pictured their dull faces, till released
From such companions, when the music ceased.

II.

But when the second player struck a note
And fingered softly out a gentle air—
It was like coming from that turmoil where
I waited, to a light Venetian boat,
Idly to glide among the shadows, there
Where one may drift and dream; and suddenly
One deep sweet voice sang such a song to me,
I listened, and I followed far away—
No music ever sent me so astray—
I never could call back the tale it told,
But all the world seemed lost, as when, one day,
I laid me down upon a high cliff's crest,
Warm with the sunshine, there alone to rest,
While far below the great waves shoreward rolled.

SARAH O. JEWETT.

MISTAKES IN ETIQUETTE.

Every year brings out one or two books on etiquette, most of them written by penny-a-liners, who have pecuniary profit more at heart than the uniform understanding of rules generally observed in our best society. One which has recently been added to the long list would seem to have been written with the best intentions, after careful study of other works on the same subject, as its author tells us, but a glance over its pages shows not a few of the errors which distinguish books so written from those which combine, with the work of compilation the results of observation and experience. We say nothing of the writer's English nor of the style of composition, nor yet of the ideas set down as to what is included in "true womanhood"; but we cannot pass over without notice the fact that there is information and instruction given, which will mislead the ignorant and make trouble for all who take the book for what it professes to be.

The author states that "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." The exchange of cards, delivered in person, between ladies, is just as binding as ever it was; there has been no relaxing of the stringency of society rules in this matter. The lady, who, misled by this piece of information, sends her visiting card by post (unless sent to notify her friends as to her reception day, may expect to receive a return card sent in the same way, terminating all exchange of visits in that quarter. For ladies in our best society would not know what construction to put upon the card of another lady sent by post; whether it was ignorance, or impertinence, on the part of the sender. The author however straightway contradicts or qualifies her statement and says that, "It is not enough that a card should be sent by post from young men who have been invited to an entertainment." It is a well-known fact that a great number of invitations which flood some of our young business men, has made impossible an acknowledgment of them all by a call in person; and hence the onerous duty of leaving the card of acknowledgment (which London men send by their servants,) has fallen upon the mothers, or sisters, or wives, of these young men. Accordingly when an English writer proposed that these cards of ceremony should be sent by post there were found sensible women in our best society who wished the custom to be established here. Hostesses looked with leniency, if not with approbation, upon the men who, engaged in business, took this method of making known their appreciation of an invitation; instead of neglecting all acknowledgment, as men must do upon whom invitations pour down in torrents. When this writer says that "the best ladies in society" do not advocate in young men the sending of cards by post, while it is "recognized as an attention," when cards are sent by ladies, does it not suggest the idea that these "best ladies" are more partial to the society of men than to that of women, inasmuch as they are willing to make the woman's cards do duty for a call, and regret the cards of the men; for the reason given, namely, that "if a lady has time to invite a gentleman he should certainly find time to call." Our ladies in society know that the card left after an entertainment is a mere matter of ceremony. The hostess instructs her servant that she does not receive; the card is taken in; and this is all that is requisite. The card may be left by a relative, by post, or in person; it is all the same, to the hostess who understands the way of the world.

Among the many errors scattered through this book we shall only take up a few of those most likely to lead astray the uninstructed. Brides are told that, though married in the day-time, they must wear full evening dress. This is not so. Low neck and short sleeves for a day ceremony are confined to brides outside of the best society. Let the material be what it will, the corsage or body must be high in the neck, and the sleeves long, to be strictly *ex regle*. When the bride wears "low body and short sleeves," she is at liberty to do when the ceremony takes place in the evening or by gas-light, the groom wears evening dress also. It would indeed be

an anomaly to see one in morning dress, the other in full evening dress. Again, it is given as "an infallible rule" that a bride's trousseau must contain twelve dozen of everything. Sensible mothers do not provide in such parvenu prodigality; and such a rule, did it exist, would be better honoured in the breach than in the observance. Some of the rules here laid down, for instance that gloves must have from ten to eighteen buttons, would seem to suggest more interest in the retail trade than in behalf of the best instruction of the readers of the book.

We are told that "cheese is to be eaten with the fork or fingers, as the person chooses." For a very good reason cheese should not be touched by the fingers in eating. Ladies use forks; men sometimes use knives when they wish to spread the cheese, a bit at a time, on the biscuit or bread which they eat with it. The use of the fingers would be anything but an agreeable sight, to say nothing of the odor and other inconveniences for the persons most intimately concerned.

An anecdote is given of an Englishman who was so rude as to "hum" a tune or sing when driving with a New York lady. The author says:—"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." The Englishman ought to have known that it was the correct thing to take his seat by the side of the lady if they were the only occupants of the carriage and they were equals, and the lady ought not to have been guilty of the incivility of permitting a guest to sit with his back to the horses in her own carriage. Perhaps her dress took up so much room that neither had any choice in the matter. This writer often confuses bad breeding with bad training; but as well trained men are more frequently found among the well bred than among the ill-bred, the rarity of good breeding leaves all the more to be done by training and by instruction, and makes it important that books written on these subjects should descend to "first principles" and give correct information. It is better not to know any rules than to know such as are put in practice by the under-bred only.

The book counsels its readers to watch the host at a dinner party, and if he offers his right arm to the lady whom he takes in to dinner, the guest is to do likewise; if the left arm, the guest must offer the left. This may serve as a compliment to the host, but a man should not have to occupy his thoughts with such uncertainties. There are strong reasons for preferring the right arm. In all countries where it is the custom to turn to the right in passing, the gentleman, by giving the lady his right arm, places her out of danger of being jostled by passers by. The man who gives his right arm is always in the right. If for any reason a lady prefers the left arm she will make it known.

The writer quotes from an English author on etiquette, placing an interrogation point at the end of the misquoted sentence (as if puzzled to render the meaning), as follows:—"This is a sign which a well-drilled butler observes for removing the plates." During the serving of the courses at a dinner the well-trained servant removes the plate of each guest as soon as the guest places his knife and fork, side by side, across the plate; and replaces the same with a clean plate, on which is a clean knife and fork, placed side by side. The well-bred guest, who has been as well trained as the servant, immediately removes the clean knife and fork, placing both at the right of his plate, so that all delay is prevented when the next course is passed. Otherwise he would keep the servant standing by him, as the knife and fork must be removed before he could help himself. In our country it is often a great annoyance to the hostess to witness these unnecessary delays. Abroad in good society both knife and fork are removed by the guest the instant that the plate is placed before him.

Again, we are told that the word "thanks" instead of "thank you" is fashionable just now, but this word has recently gone out of fashion, following the course of the words "polite" and "genteel," which are no longer used in compliments in good society. Yet this book makes use of the word "polite" instead of "kind" or "very kind" in its form for regrets. It is an obsolete form. Again we are told that "A gentleman in driving touches his hat with his whip;" "the etiquette of the whip is sufficient." Certainly some American men are doing their best to introduce this custom in our "age of license;" but well-bred women rebel against such free and easy modes of salutation. It is not recognized as good form in the most cultivated societies of Europe. In the Coach drive from London to Windsor a lady sitting on the box with the driver noticed that while he touched his hat with his whip while passing acquaintances of his own sex he invariably shifted his whip and lifted his hat when saluting the women whom he knew on the road. This man was not one of a class in life instructed in such forms; but he knew that it not a respectful salutation to touch his whip to his hat, and his instincts served the purposes of instruction; or, possibly, it was the effect of example; for if an English gentleman lets his eyes wander from his horses to salute a lady, he salutes her properly, and not with his whip. A young well-trained English girl said to a Newport swell, "You passed me to-day without bowing to me; you frequently do so." He answered, "I beg your pardon. that is impossible. I touched my whip to my hat, to-day, as usual." "Oh, do you call that a mark of

recognition?" She replied, elevating her eyebrows slightly. "I was in ignorance of the existence of such a custom, excepting between men."

After this civilly administered reproof the young man, not being a sufficiently "good whip" to lift his hat when handling his reins, contented the requirements of the lady by a bow, bending somewhat more forward, and the bow more pronounced than men give, unless under like circumstances. Without doubt the lady understood "the situation" and preferred to dispense with the lifting or touching of the hat if the whip had to accompany it. Nothing in the way of a salutation can be more "free and easy" than lifting the whip to the hat; but we are free to acknowledge that men are having things their own way, with free and easy women, so entirely that they have forgotten what they owe to women who are worthy of their respect.

The true gentleman at heart may from want of instruction, omit to lift his hat when he passes ladies to whom he has not been introduced, on the staircase of a hotel, in a corridor, and in like places, but he will not be wanting in this mark of respect to those whom he does know, nor will he lift his "stick" to his hat in passing. When we are told that a lady—stranger though she be—always acknowledges such a salutation: that "this is real breeding," that "conventional breeding is apt to leave this undone," we are forced to protest against such really bad breeding or rather bad training. A gentleman abroad lifts his hat whenever he enters the presence of ladies, be it in a railway carriage, in a hotel, or elsewhere under cover, but he expects no return of the salutation. A lady of a certain age may incline her head in acknowledgment, but should a young and attractive woman venture to notice the slight attention—well-bred and well-trained though he be—he might be tempted to presume upon the ignorance of the lady. Very different is the necessary return made for any service rendered, such as the opening of a door; the picking up of some articles dropped, the giving of a seat, all these require a civil though formal bow, or a simple "Thank you."

Let it be understood, for the sake of the foreigners who plunge into errors here after investing in books on American etiquette, as well as for those who are novices in society, that as Americans we have no established, sanctioned code of etiquette, and that if we ever succeed in making one for ourselves, we must follow those customs which rule good society elsewhere, so far as they are suited to our republican modes of life. Though a young nation, we not only hold our own, but we are marching with longer strides than those nations on whom the infirmities of age are pressing with a merciless hold. We want an etiquette of our own built up out of all that is the best in what is now observed; a sensible etiquette which will adapt itself to our needs; not imposing useless ceremonies and forms, the best good of all concerned, uniform and consistent.—*Home Journal*.

MISCELLANY.

A STRANGE AWAKENING.—James Smith, who lived some time ago in the parish of Turriff, in Aberdeenshire, was rather fond of a wee droopie, and on one occasion, when in Turriff at night, had partaken rather freely, and on his homeward journey he lost his equilibrium and fell down at a wooden spout at the Bleachfield station among the coals beside the engine, where he lay sound asleep until morning, when he was aroused by a very black-looking man, whom he saw shovelling coal into a large furnace. Jamie, being in a muddled sort of state, came to the conclusion that he had departed this life and landed in the regions of darkness. The Irishman at this time seeing Jamie demanded who he was, and what he wanted. Jamie gave him a pitiful look, saying at the same time, "Oh, I was Jamie Smith, o' the Brae o' Gask, in the last world, but I'll be anything ye like here, Mr. Deevil."

The young lady who has been asked to become the Crown Princess of the Hapsburg monarchy, and has accepted, is undergoing a course of studies such as few mortals would care to undertake short of strict necessity. Her day of marriage has been postponed in order to perfect the Princess Stephanie in those acquirements which the future Empress of Austria-Hungary will find indispensable. She takes daily lessons in riding, and is expected to be sufficiently versed in the arts and sciences to deal effectually with the gentlemen at Court. The Vienna Court has always been partial to music, painting and scholars, and the Crown Prince is himself an accomplished student of natural history. But the Princess is expected to speak with most of her future subjects in their native tongue, and so she has to devote a large part of her time to the study of languages. She knew German when she accepted Prince Rudolph's offer; at present she studies two extremely difficult languages—Hungarian and Bohemian.

The following sketch of a baby telephonist, "pretending" to communicate with her papa, is from the *Concord Monitor*.—She was a pretty child, happy-hearted, full of fun, and a great mimic. Only two summers had sent sunshine across her curls and waked to sensuous delight the infantile beauty and form. She dwelt in a home filled with creature comforts, among them a new innovation, the telephone. She had often watched this wonderful mechanism, and while she neither knew nor cared for the secrets of it, operation, she had learnt by heart the peculiar

and one-sided formula of a telephone conversation. Unheeding that someone was watching her, the other day she put a little hand to the wall and imitated the pushing of the button on the telephone. Up went the other hand to the ear, as if holding the ebony cylinder, and the little miss went on in mimicry of her elders, in the following fashion:—"Hello." She then paused for an answer from the central office. "Hello. Please hitch on Mr.—house to Mr.—office." Pause. "Is 'at you, papa?" Pause. "When is you coming home?" Pause. (Turning to her dolls, the little one here spoke impatiently, "Do you keep still; I can't here a word.") "Yes." (Rising inflection.) Pause. "I don't know." (In doubt.) Pause. "Yes." (Gee-fully.) Pause. "Why papa." (In surprise.) Pause. And so the little one went on, maintaining perfectly an imaginary conversation, till at last she dropped her hand with a motion indicative of weariness from holding the telephone, and pronounced the conversational "That's all; good bye," with all the nonchalance of a veteran.

BERNHARDT SEES A WHALE.—Previous to her Boston visit Sara Bernhardt had never seen a real whale, although she has for years been gorged by sharks, as successful people generally are. Happily for the great actress, Fred Englehardt happened to be exhibiting in Boston the finest specimen of a whale ever seen in this country, and was about departing for Chicago with his treasure when he learned of the artiste's desire to gaze upon the monster. With his usual gallantry, manager Englehardt delayed his trip, and accompanied by Mlle. Bernhardt, her sister, Jeanne, Mr. H. C. Jarrett, and Mons Jehan Soudan, special correspondent of the *Voltaire* of Paris, a journey was made to New England freight docks, the bright, crisp morning air adding keenly to the pleasure of the trip. Arrived at the place where the monster lay ready to be hoisted, a great concourse of people was found, and a great string of private vehicles were drawn up on the dock, an unusual sight at a freight depot. There was quite a distance to go on foot, but leaning lightly on the arm of Mr. Englehardt she sprang from her coach, and with a merry twinkle she darted away like a fawn, some 150 yards, to where the whale lay, pursued by her friends, who were out of breath when they arrived on the scene. Mlle. Bernhardt was profuse in her admiration of the monster, admitting, like all others who have been fortunate enough to see it, that all illustrations and descriptions fall far short of giving an adequate idea of the reality. Some fifteen minutes were spent in examining this royal captive of the great North sea, and he was divested of one sheet of bone, which was cut out as a souvenir for Mlle. Bernhardt, the only mutilation of this magnificent specimen which has been permitted. This is not a fish story.

THE GREAT BELL OF ST. PAUL'S.—St. Paul's has always possessed, and still owns, a great bell. From time immemorial the citizens claimed the eastern part of the churchyard as the place of assembly for their folk-motes. "In the great steeple there situate (which, we may remark, was an isolated structure) was their common bell, which being there rung, all the inhabitants might then hear and come together." Thus Stow, Dugdale supposes this building to have stood where is now St. Paul's School. So far back as the 15th of Edward I. (1286) mention is made, in a *Quo Warranto*, of the custom of ringing a bell in this tower as one existing long ere that date. Henry VIII. lost tower, spire, and bell at a game of hazard to Sir Miles Partridge, who quickly overthrew his winnings and the bell. For not far short of two centuries St. Paul's had no great bell. That which it now possesses was the gift of William III. It was originally cast in the reign of Edward I., and was hung at the gate of Westminster Hall to notify the hour to the Judges. It was afterwards called "Edward of Westminster," and subsequently "Westminster Tom." William gave it to the Cathedral of St. Paul, whither it was brought on New Year's Day, 1699. Since then it has been twice recast, each time with an addition of metal. It weighs more than 2 cwt. over 5 tons, it is 10 feet in diameter and 10 inches in thickness of metal. The tone is very fine in the musical note A, concert pitch. The hour is struck by a large hammer, and falls on the outside brim of the bell by its own weight. The bell is only tolled—that is to say, the clapper is only used—on the death of one of the Royal Family, or of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, or the Lord Mayor.—*City Press*.

HUMOROUS.

It is better to love a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

WHEN a dead man's property is put under the hammer it is a sale of effects; but when a man gets sea-sick it is the effects of a sail.

THREE periods of life—youth, mumps; middle age, bumps; old age, damps.

If you would get wealthy get upon a mule. You will soon find you are better off.

"I PREDICT," said Mr. Caudle the other day to his bosom friend, "a mild winter." "On what grounds?" "My wife and her mother have gone to Italy this spring."

AS old lady who had been reading the health officer's weekly reports thought "Total" must be an awfully malignant disease, since as many die of it as all the rest put together.