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THE  
Modern Art

...Of...

Making  
Love

A Complete Manual

...OF...

ETIQUETTE, LOVE,  
COURTSHIP AND  
MATRIMONY

THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING CO.  
CHICAGO AKRON, OHIO NEW YORK



**THE**  
**MODERN ART OF MAKING LOVE**

AND

**COMPLETE MANUAL**

OF

**Etiquette, Love, Courtship and Matrimony,**

CONTAINING

Indispensable Advice in relation to all the Delicate  
Situations and Perplexing Circumstances,  
incidental to the Tender Passion from  
the commencement of Court-  
ship until after Marriage.

INCLUDING

Chapters on Manners, Table Etiquette, Entertainments, Gifts,  
Happiness of Home Life, Introductions, Forms of  
Salutation, Visits and Visiting Cards, etc.

ALSO

A Complete System of Love's Telegraphy, Postage Stamp and  
Handkerchief Flirtation, the Language of Flowers, of  
Precious Stones, and their significance ; Choice  
and Sensible Selection of Love Letters  
Suitable for all occasions,

AND

A Complete Selection of Love Poems and Love Sayings of  
Famous Men and Women.

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BY **JAMES S. WILSON.**

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**THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING CO.**  
CHICAGO      AKRON, OHIO      NEW YORK

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# INTRODUCTORY.

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The desire to be married,—a desire from which we cannot rid ourselves, but nearly always follow, is so strongly imbued with our natural instincts, that we can surely doubt whether any man or woman on reaching maturity has ever been exempt from the feeling. You will find it a strong characteristic which is held sacred, and solemnized in the most serious manner by many of the wild and savage tribes of Africa. A great many of the different tribes of Indians within our own borders hold the rites of marriage more sacred and celebrate them more solemnly than do some of our civilized brethren.

Of all the institutions of the world, matrimony is the most important. On it the human race depends for perpetuation. It alone stands to-day with the least changes, from the beginning of time. Good marriages, happy marriages, ideal marriages will always be made. Indifferent marriages, unhappy marriages, bad marriages will always be made. But, by exercise of common-sense, and even the discretion which we show in trivial matters, the latter kind of marriages need never exist.

If the advice given in "Selecting a Husband," and "Selecting a Wife:" to be found in this little book, is closely followed there never need be unhappy marriages through fault of not understanding each other's characters and tempers,

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## LOVE.

I love thee not alone for what thou art,  
But for the glory which is shed on thee;  
Not only for thy body packed with sweet  
Of all this world; that cup of violet wine;  
That mortal rose in the night of life;  
That blossom by the early rain brought on;  
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged  
By drowsing lovers; nor thy perilous hair;  
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke  
Invasion of high cities! nor thy brow,  
Pale as a moon that on the summer steals;  
Nor for thy freshness breathing the strange sleep.  
Not for this only do I love thee, but  
Because Infinity upon thee broods,  
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows  
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,  
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea,  
Thy face remembered is from other stars;  
It has been sung of, though I know not when,  
It has been died for, though I know not where;  
It has the strangeness of the luring west  
And of sad sea horizons; beside thee  
I am aware of many times and lands,  
Of birth far back, of lives in many orbs.  
Oh, beauty, lone and like a candle clear  
In this dim country of the world! Oh, light,  
Oh, sudden taper, lit in far-off dark,  
A silent beam to the uncertain soul!  
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say  
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;  
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not.  
The lovely secret of the swooning breeze.



# THE MODERN ART OF MAKING LOVE.

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## THE GOOD AND BAD RESULTS OF INTRODUCTIONS.

Some people do not seem to realize the results of Introduction—that ancient key which makes known to each other the nation and the nation, the people and the people, the pauper and the king—which makes friendships that last for life, enemies that last forever, and greatest of all—love and marriage. There is a class of people who are in the habit of introducing their friends and acquaintances to everybody they meet, no matter where. Such promiscuous introductions are not at all necessary, and in a great many cases are disagreeable. An acquaintance usually begins by this means, and if the persons take a liking for each other, it is of course, a case of mutual happiness while in the others society. Often times when two persons are introduced they take a dislike and aversion to each other—no one knows why, they themselves cannot explain, but that is no reason why they should offend by disrespect, but after it is over take care and not place themselves in a position where it will be courtesy to enter into conversation. The persons who have been introduced to each other are under certain obligations which should be recognized. A gentleman before introducing his friends to ladies, should, unless he is perfectly sure of his ground, obtain permission of the latter to do so. The ladies usually grant such permission,

unless they have a reason for refusing. If a gentleman desires to make the acquaintance of a certain lady, an introduction is essential—though it is by no means uncommon that when it has taken place under other circumstances, without introduction, it has been a great advantage to both parties—but it is not possible to lay down a certain plan by which one can be obtained. If the parties belong to the same class of society, careful inquiry as to the respectability of the family is undoubtedly necessary, for much must depend upon this. Having obtained the requisite knowledge by cautious inquiries, an introduction must be patiently awaited at the hands of friends or acquaintances. Should it not be obtained in this way, if an opportunity is steadily watched for, society will probably bring about the desired meeting.

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### WHEN TO GET MARRIED.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and all the sweets of life. Anticipation is pleasant; but in order to enjoy, we must begin life while young; we must find, as we pass along youth's highway, all the flowery places, the contented thoughts, the sunny scenes, we can; for these make the beauty and poetry of life; they fill the dreary, windswept desert of human existence with happiness. The anticipation, and the hope of enjoying these is the aim and prospect of youth. All things considered, it is a duty, that we should in the heyday of youth, plan and mould and carry out these expectations. It is our nature; that is, our very life; for God himself has made marriage honorable among men and women.

When youth is ripening into maturity the mind should

be so instructed and the heart so impressed with the nature and demand of this—life's most imperative and grand duty, that it by no ordinary means can go astray. Too many regard it as they would an ordinary incident, a frolic, a romance, and approach it, not with virtuous aims, and honorable and noble aspirations, but with low, base and selfish motives.

He who deprives himself of life's most refined and exalted pleasures, by not availing himself of youth's opportunities, sets an example unworthy of imitation, not only depriving himself of some of the strongest incentives to virtue and activity, but fails to do the good he owes to society. Moreover, he leaves to pine in maidenhood and heart all the weary days of life, one who might have made him happy; depriving her also, of the duties she owes to the world.

Let no young man think he can trifle with the institution of matrimony, and expect peace and prosperity. But let all regard it as within their province and a thing to be held sacred. Let the youth of both sexes look forward to it with the expectation of entering it at a proper time, and with motives of sincerity and honor. Idleness will never purchase prosperity. Without means a family cannot subsist. A young man, therefore, should entertain no thoughts of matrimony until he has the means of support.

It must depend upon circumstances, the time in a person's life when he can enter the matrimonial state with propriety. There is a difference in the physical development of individuals as well as their standing and means of providing for a family. Some minds are matured at the age of twenty more than others at thirty. As a general rule no particular year is defined; but a certain stage of life is mentioned—youth—a portion of one's existence which connects childhood with manhood. That stage when an individual thinks himself capable of thinking upon this most important of subjects.

A woman should marry at about twenty years of age, but seldom under that period. A man at that age, in the majority of cases, would be far too young. He is considered the most marriageable near thirty. Of course, in the case of a thoughtful man, it need not be deferred that long. Much depends upon the provision he has made for the support and comfort of a family. Amiability of heart and disposition should weigh far more in the mind of the woman, when about to give her hand in marriage, than a mere show of person and polish of address. She is far more likely to marry well at the age of twenty-five. Her judgment will be more mature; she will be governed less by fancy and more by common sense; she will prefer a man of more years than herself, one who is established in business and has had experience, and with good prospects of success, instead of taking to a dashing young dandy. True and solid virtues are the only foundation for abiding affection; where these exist, they form a base, enduring as iron, and lasting as mountains. When two souls have but a single thought, when two hearts beat as one, there is experienced no higher or more tranquil bliss. When one spirit speaks with a divided tongue, when the same soul is eloquent in mutual eyes, there is a rapture, deep, serene, heartfelt and abiding, in that mysterious sympathy between congenial souls, which puts to shame the wild, but short-live, bliss of romance.

Marriage is, doubtless, the most natural, innocent, and useful state. It is a duty which we owe to the world, and it is the best of that little happiness which this life allows. Not only is it the source of the greatest benefit to themselves, but to the world at large, if entered into from proper motives. How piercing are the many sorrows of life when endured alone, without a companion to alleviate and divide them! What are fame and the highest honors in this life, without a sweet and pure companion to share them? In how

many weary hours of joys and sorrows do we not feel the need of that sweet society!

Dr. Clark says: "Youth is the time for marriage. I do not mean infancy or comparative childhood, in which fools join in marriage who are scarcely fit to leave the nursery or the school. Such couples generally disagree: they cannot bear the girlish and boyish petulancies and caprices of each other. But I mean those sufficiently old to know what they are about, and upon whom they are bestowing their affections."

As a general rule, no man or woman is fully prepared for even the humblest sphere of action on earth without the advantages peculiar to the institution of matrimony. It is there when we are called to the discharge of those multiplied duties which are involved in the endearing relations of husband, wife, parent and guardian, that our characters are fully tested and established. For one open-hearted, liberal old bachelor, you will find ten who are parsimonious, selfish and cold-hearted, and often destitute of those sympathies for their fellow-beings which the married life has a tendency to elicit and perpetuate.

We should live for virtue, usefulness and happiness; not for the accumulation of riches alone. It costs something to support a wife, but it is no more expensive than maintaining the calls of pleasure and extravagance to which the life of a bachelor is always exposed. It depends very much upon the character of a woman to whom a man unites his life, whether he will be cramped in his efforts for success and honor. If she is an extravagant simpleton, who would ever read novels, dress and gad about, then farewell forever to his hopes of a peaceful and successful life. But if the woman he has wedded, be sensible and industrious, sympathizing and affectionate, the man will progress more rapidly in the way of prosperity and honor than he would by remaining single. The single man, having

nothing to awaken his energies or move him to economize, is naturally more inclined to be expensive. Not so a married man, he has a family, he must economize and put forth all his energies. Naturally he lays up more money than the single man. His wife, if a true one, encourages him in his endeavors, strives with him, and by their united efforts they overcome all difficulties, and pass easily along the road to prosperity.

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### HOW TO WIN THE FAVOR OF LADIES.

To have the ladies' favor, dress, manners and cleanliness must not be neglected. Women look more at the cause than the effect; and a man shows his taste and sense, or want of it, in his every action.

Akwardness is usually the result of bashfulness, from which a young man is seldom free when in company of the opposite sex, and he very often errs from ignorance of what he should say or do at the proper time. A desire to be obliging and agreeable will always be recognized and appreciated, though there are certain forms very convenient to be understood.

If persons would say what they thought on the spur of the moment, without letting the occasion slip past by trying to disregard their own ideas and think of something else, there would be but few embarrassing pauses in the conversation.

---

### THE PANGS OF SECRET LOVE.

Unreciprocated love is the cause of many a blighted life. A life that henceforth will never feel the vibration

of the heart answering anothers. Women are especially subject to this hopeless passion. It is something which she cannot, dare not reveal, but which destroys her peace of mind, drives contentment from her bosom, makes the present gloomy and foreboding, and the future dark and doubtful. To her the language of the poet may aptly be applied:

“She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,  
And sate, like patience on a monument  
Smiling at grief.”

Not a syllable of the love can escape her, she leans towards the object of her admiration; she sees him, but he knows it not, while her heart is well nigh bursting; perhaps his love is lavished on another, and his thoughts and attentions are engrossed on that object; still she loves him, and has to bear and nurse in silence her eternal woe. In his presence her soul is distressed by contending emotions, in his absence she feels distressed and desolate—her whole life becomes one of unrest.

But these secret passions—this hidden love should be carefully guarded against, for it is a source of much misery and unhappiness in this life. You may certainly consider your case hopeless if the object of your love does not love in return. Women have not the ready means of arriving at a sure conviction, namely, the declaration of love, they must remain silent and should be, therefore, exceedingly cautious how they allow their affections to run.

The compliments and civilities of men should be taken as a matter of course, which they repeat to every woman of their acquaintance—they should never be received as anything more. That gallantry which is practiced

by some men, and which so many consider to be so very harmless in itself, is calculated, nevertheless, to impress some susceptible woman's heart with the idea of more than ordinary courtesy. If they would only keep their eyes open they would see that these men treat all their female acquaintances with the same amount of show. Sometimes these attentions may arise from a congeniality of sentiment and a correspondence of tastes, without the most distant view of any further connection. This is apt in a good many cases to produce on the part of the lady a more tender attachment than that of friendship, and it requires a watchful eye over it, lest the heart become engaged before we are aware of it. Both sexes are prone to fall into that species of sentimentality which is connected with love.

When Lemarch was separated from his lady-love, he looked upon his position as something so melancholy and void of hope, that he passed his days in continual weariness—his nights in sleepless agony—he refused all comfort, and as earnestly desired death as the tired want slumber. He felt life to be a burden, shunned human society, and, indulging his melancholy feelings, and brooding over his wretched condition, pined away.

A famous French painter was deeply smitten by a lovely nun. He had been engaged to paint the ceiling of the Convent Chapel—had learned to love the beautiful Sister while seeing her at her devotions. From that time he gradually sank to the grave, and died at an early age, of a broken heart. He never dared to tell his love.

The first impressions of love in a woman, should be carefully guarded against with every motive of prudence and delicacy, until such a time as she has received the most convincing proof of attachment, such as will justify a reciprocal regard.



## LOVE AT A GLANCE.

We read of love at first sight in love-songs, in romances and in novels. Many a young couple have accepted it as their creed. A young man suddenly loses his heart to some fair young Venus. To him all that is good and beautiful is centered in his beloved; only one glance has he caught of her, but that glance has been sufficient to make him fall in love—into that ceaseless passion which has changed his heart forever. He stands at the corner waiting for his mistress to pass. He lingers about her dwelling, willing to perform a weary pilgrimage, or undergo any sort of irritating exercise, to gain the hand of her he loves. Perhaps, and most probably, the lady knows nothing about it; if she did she would care little. But both may have fallen in love at the same time—the first impression may seem to deepen and strengthen with subsequent interviews. They seem to live for each other, and because their interviews are secret, because they meet in shady groves, and none know of their passion—an air of romance is thrown over the whole, binding them together with its magic witchery.

Maybe the case is reversed. A lady catches a glimpse of a gentleman, perhaps is introduced to him, and then accidentally meets him, notices him at a party, a church, a theatre or a ball-room, and begins to feel toward him as she has never felt toward any other man. She tries to analyze her feeling and finds that it is just the feeling she has always read about—love. She thinks there can be no doubt of it; her affections are engaged, they have been drawn from her, as a needle is attracted by the magnet, to him who is to be the ideal of her heart. The beautiful eyes of the stranger—for to those in love, their love makes beautiful—seem to glance upon her with a meaning that is more than ordinary; she fancies she can never forget them; though she knows nothing of his name, character, or circum-

stances, whether he is married or single; what does it matter? She is in love. It is a love full of poetry and dreaming, and she who fosters it so tenderly, little thinks what misery her young folly may entail upon her. She thinks of her loved one all through the weary hours of the day, dreams of him through the hours of night and arranges means of communicating with him, and is completely carried away by her sudden attachment, till she has entirely lost the mastery of her passions, and becomes the willing slave of her unconscious lover.

---

THE SWEETS OF FIRST LOVE .

Ah, love is deathless! we do cheat  
 Ourselves who say that we forget  
 Old fancies; last love may be sweet,  
 First love is sweeter yet.

And day by day more sweet it grows  
 Forevermore, like precious wine,  
 As time's thick cobwebs o'er it close,  
 Until it is divine.

Grows dearer every day and year,  
 Let other loves come, go at will;  
 Although the last love may be dear,  
 First love is dearer still.

Of all things fresh and beautiful this side of heaven,  
 first love is among the freshest and most beautiful.

"The first warm sunshine quivering through  
 The heart's fresh flowers and morning dew."

The heart is taken by such surprise that it is almost  
 lost in delirium and wonder.

The novelty of the passion is so indelibly impressed upon the human heart that it is never forgotten. It may be a foolish fancy; it may not be able to stand the search-light of reason; it may pass away like the fading rainbow after the storm; but it is still beautiful, still fondly remembered, and the mind looks back with a lingering tenderness to that blessed period of existence, when the heartstrings first vibrated to that mystic chord.

First love is never forgotten. Perhaps, and doubtless it is so, the heart of a woman, more susceptible and less occupied than that of a man, may cherish more fondly those early recollections.

The girl who has once loved deeply, sincerely, knows all about love; she has become acquainted with the secret penetrations of the human heart, and looking back wakes up old memories, deep and tender. She remembers the first meeting, the first word, the first glance of affection, the silent walk when both their hearts were too full to admit of conversation; when they read each other's meaning in the glance and in the pressure of the hand; when the world seemed brighter and more beautiful than ever since, and they seemed to slake their thirst at the golden fountain of the fable—ah, how can she ever forget it?

She can recall the evening when they walked together by the stream, which rippled on its way beneath the umbrageous shadow of the forest trees; remember the whole aspect of the place, like a vision, but far more beautiful than a Grecian dream—the words spoken, the loving tones, the impassioned sentiments, the wild flutter of her heart as she fell upon his neck and wept. Perhaps it was only for a few short weeks, and he who had breathed such love and endearment had grown cold or had departed—perhaps they were words of meaning, true as the heaven above, and as her husband she leans upon him yet, and loves him as of yore; but whether or no, the impression of that first love is

ineradicable—like the memories of childhood, a little dimmed by time, it may be, but none the less it survives all other things. The pages of history may be obliterated from the minds of men, the men may be no more.

Ah, how strong and deep and true is a man's first love! He may love again, but it is not with the same intensity. There is something so new, so delightful, so good and ecstatic that it can never be erased from life's pages of memory.

First love may have been a deceitful passion, but the heart that truly loves never forgets; the mind still lingers among its sweetness, the experience always with us, and they who boast that they have never fallen beneath its fatal ban, know nothing of the eternal depths of the affections that lie at the bottom of the human heart.

Longfellow, in his "Hyperion", says: "There is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love, the first fluttering of its silken wings."

There is unutterable sweetness in first love—happy are they whose first love lasts forever, whose youthful bliss becomes an everlasting reality; who are never cast back upon the world to form anew the ties of love; who sustain no jarring shock, no bitter disappointment, and to whom life is not suddenly made burdensome and abhorred. Second love is always less passionate and more doubtful and exacting—the beautiful trusting tenderness of the human heart is diminished, the true belief in others is shaken and we are no longer the credulous enthusiastic lovers; we are forever altered to ourselves and to the world. We dimly realize what we have lost. We miss that trembling vibration of the heart when our loved one speaks. We wonder if we can ever love again. The heart is true to its first love though our very nature change.

I took from their hiding place last night  
 Your letters, sweetheart, and read;  
 And their passion thrilled in the wan light,  
 Though I said, "My love is dead."  
 But tears came back to my world-worn eyes  
 As I thought of a golden June  
 And lovers who sang, "Love never dies  
 While boats drift under the moon."

For white wings come, and white sails go,  
 Drifting out into the dawn;  
 But memory comes with reflux flow,  
 And it's true as ever it was, I know,  
 That love lives on and on.

It comes with the touch or the clasp of the hand,  
 Or the glance of a stranger's eye,  
 Or a kindly act in foreign land,  
 Or the gleam of a starry sky.  
 Or a drifting boat on a silver lake,  
 Or a lily you touch with your oar,  
 Or the sound of the winds and waves that break  
 In melody on the shore.

But as long as white wings come and go  
 Or drift in the rosy dawn,  
 While memory comes with reflux flow,  
 It is true as ever it was, I know,  
 That love lives on and on.

---

#### POINTS TO BE OBSERVED IN THE SELECTION OF A WIFE.

"Happy the youth who finds a bride  
 Whose heart is to his own allied,—  
 The sweetest joy of life."

Woman, it is said, is at the bottom of everything good or bad that is done in the world. When you find a man achieving greatness, you have only to go back to his cradle, and in the face of his mother who watches there, you will find the lines of energy, determination, and will—latent properties, they may be, if her life is a calm one—but the properties which are transmitted to her child with her blood, and which are nourished with

the milk drawn from her bosom. If a man robs or murders, very often it is to gratify a woman. If he toils earnestly, and accumulates wealth by personal effort, it is that he may cast it into her lap.

Woman makes or mars life. The influence which she exercises over her child, her husband, and society in general, makes the choice of a companion for life of paramount importance to every man. It is the wife that makes the home, and home makes the man. Whenever you see a man walking blamelessly among men, you may take it for granted that the angel who keeps him so is the angel of home—a blameless wife.

Every young man who contemplates marriage, wishes to obtain the hand of some woman who will be to him a good wife; a kind, pleasant, agreeable companion; one who will watch over his interest and his happiness with assiduity. There is no young lady who is not desirous of obtaining a good husband, if she is desirous of having any. Any other view of the subject would be unnatural. No young person, of the least consideration, would harbor the thought of wedding a bad companion; one who would prove a disagreeable, unkind, corrupt, cruel husband or wife.

Could you know, assuredly, that when you are pledging your love to the person of your choice, you are forming a connection which will bring only pain and unhappiness, bitter tears and unavailing regrets, no matter how strongly you are drawn toward the object of your affection, you would shun the pit yawning before you as you would the horrors of the fabled Stygian lake. All know, or should know, that it were a thousand times better for a person, young man or young woman, to remain in a state of "single blessedness", an "old bachelor" or "old maid", if you please, till the close of life's hours, than to enter the marriage relations with such a companion.

You visit the home of a young woman. If you learn

that she is uniformly kind and respectful to her parents, anxious for their welfare and happiness, and doing all in her power for their comfort, confide in her: she will be a kind, sympathizing wife. If there is any trait in the character of a young woman which is really lovely, it is this. How interesting the relation between a mother and daughter! And how many blessings are showered upon the head of a young woman from the hand of maternal affection!

How beautiful, too, is the connection between a wise and good father and a virtuous and sympathizing daughter! There is something very tender, very touching in it. "How often have I been charmed," says Addison, "to see one of the most beauteous women the age has produced, kneeling to put on her father's slippers." Where this feature in woman's character exists, let your confidence be placed: she will not deceive you. But where it does not exist, where the young lady is disobedient and sullen, neglecting the good counsel and kind admonitions of her parents, let the young man beware. If she is not a kind daughter she will not be a kind wife. If she has no sympathy for the toil and suffering of her mother, and will not lend all her energies to assist and comfort her; or if she is ungrateful toward her father, and will give no heed to his desires, then, young man, beware of her.

Whenever you behold in a young lady tenderness and love for her brothers or sisters, or both; when she manifests her affection by endeavoring to make them happy, performing a thousand little acts of devotion and love, bearing their trials, manifesting a noble and generous spirit, forgiving their faults, and in all things endeavoring to hold them all together in a sweet bond of sympathy and affection—there you may bestow your affection in confidence—it will not be misplaced. But if a young lady is not a good sister; if she is cross, moping, peevish, deceitful as a sister, striving to make

all around her wretched, then, young man, in selecting a companion, beware of her. She may be all smiles to you, and declare her devotion in terms of the most ardent affection, but beware.

' It matters not how wealthy her parents may be, nor how well she can afford to live in idleness, if she has no disposition to accomplish any useful thing; if she takes pleasure in passing her time in idleness, gadding in the streets, visiting ball-rooms and theatres, lounging, reading novels, lying in bed till nine o'clock in the morning, then, young man, beware of her! A lazy, uncomfortable drone, she is not fit to take proper care of herself, much less to be the companion of a good husband, and at the head of a family. But if you learn, on the contrary, that a young lady is industrious, desiring to engage in domestic duties or to be concerned in some honorable avocation, whereby she can not only make herself useful, but obtain the means of an honest livelihood, you may rest assured she will prove to you an industrious wife, wishing to employ her time usefully.

To marry a girl of no economy is really self-destruction. You never can have either property or peace. Earn a horse to ride, she will want a cart; earn the cart she will want a coupe; get her that, she will long for a coach; and from stage to stage, she will torment you to the end of her and your days; for still there will be somebody with a finer equipage than you can give her; and as long as this is the case, you will never have rest. Reason would tell her that she could never be at the top; that she must stop at some point short of that; and that, therefore, all the expenses in the rivalry are so much thrown away. The economical, frugal young woman will manifest a disposition to make the most of her means, to abstain from all unnecessary expenditure, and lend her assistance in husbanding the earnings of those with whom she stands related, and on



whom she depends for support. Such a young lady will sympathize with her husband, and aid him in his efforts to obtain a competency.

A young lady who has no relish for housekeeping, who has given no attention to the duties of a wife, and used no endeavors to qualify herself to fill with honor this important station, is not worthy of a husband; and no matter how refined and genteel her education in other respects, she is not prepared to take charge of a family. Every kind and judicious mother is so thoroughly convinced of this important truth, that she begins while her daughters are yet young, to instruct them in the art of house-keeping. Nothing would grieve her more, yea, nothing would cause her cheek to mantle with the blush of shame more readily, than the thought that she had married her daughter to a man every way qualified to make a good husband, but who learned, when it was too late, that his wife was utterly deficient in all the practical duties which belong to the housewife. Housekeeping is an indispensable part of a young woman's education. She may be a good wife, and yet know nothing of French or the piano; but she cannot properly fill the place of a wife, if she is destitute of domestic knowledge.

But if one is really earnestly looking for a wife, let him go into the shop of the tailor, milliner, or dress-maker, or country kitchen; any place where industry is alive, and fresh cheeks, healthful forms, buoyant spirits, and cheerful hearts are found. The best wives in creation come from the work-shop and the kitchen altar. They are the children of good mothers, and realize their duties in life. One would do better to take one of these than to be enriched by the possession of a gold mine. You never find a man in straightened circumstances, even with a dozen children on his hands, who has a judicious, industrious companion. But let a man be rich as Croesus, and be obliged to support a wife

and one or two dry-goods stores, and he will come to want.

Neatness is a very important and very agreeable qualification in a wife, as every husband is ready to admit. What man of the least refinement can entertain a warm affection for a slattern? When young he may be deceived by appearances. A girl may not have the element of neatness, and yet in her dress, for occasions of courtship and other interviews with her lover, she may appear tidy, and thus win his esteem. Never permit a pretty face to overpower your reason. If it belongs to a young lady whom your better judgement tells you will neglect neatness, either in her person or in her house, beware. A slattern wife and domestic happiness are seldom found in the same dwelling. Beauty is invaluable; it is one of the ties, and a strong one too; but it cannot last to old age; whereas the charm of cleanliness never ends but with life itself. It has been said that the sweetest flowers, when they become putrid, are the most offensive. So the most beautiful woman, if found untidy, is the most disagreeable.

A young lady who will make a good wife, is a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister, a constant friend, gentle in disposition; possesses a desire to be useful, to cultivate habits of industry, frugality and neatness, has a love for domestic quietude, rather than a desire for fashionable life; and is faithful and affectionate, noble and generous in spirit. And if the lady adds to these a true affection for religion, for the worship of God, an interest in Sabbath school instruction, a good education, refinement and purity in taste and manners, so much the better. Although she may be plain in person, she will be beautiful in spirit, true and faithful, gentle and kind, making home a paradise, and ready to endure all things for her husband's sake.

Home is the place we live in; and that it be happy

there must be love. For the husband and wife to enjoy the sweets of domestic intercourse, there must be sincere affection existing between them; not between one of the parties and the possessions of the other, but between the hearts of the persons themselves; an affection based not so much on outward beauty of person as inward beauty of soul. Beauty of person is always captivating; but it is unwise to permit it to run riot with our better judgment. If a person with a lovely form and face is in possession of a deceitful, malicious mind, beware of that person for husband or wife. The beauty of outward form and features is soon lost in the inward ugliness of the disposition; whereas, if the spirit is beautiful, but the person plain, the outward plainness is soon lost in the loveliness of the soul.

Men of distinction show the same variety of taste that is observed in the more ordinary classes of society, with the exception that the mistakes are more frequent, and of a more serious nature. We would expect a different result from men who are so intimately acquainted with the secrets of the human heart. Many marriages are affected with mercenary motives, and so turn out unfortunate. Love is the true foundation of the marriage union.

Byron married Miss Millbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift. Milton married the daughter of a country squire, and lived with her but a short time. He was an austere literary recluse; while she was a rosy, romping country lass, that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her; so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy together. Robert Burns married a farm-girl with whom he fell in love while they worked together in a plowed field. He was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs; but at heart he was one of the noblest of men. Queen Victoria and

Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed. Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows; but we could hardly say the same of the bard himself. Like most of the great poets, he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affections on the other sex. Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say that she was worthy of him, and they lived together as married people should live—in perfect harmony with each other.

Benjamin Franklin married the girl who stood in her father's door and laughed at him as he wandered through the streets of Philadelphia, with a roll of bread under his arm, and his pocket filled with dirty clothes. She had occasion to be happy when she found herself the wife of such a great and good man. John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John being a lawyer, having a bad opinion of the morals of the profession. Thomas Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Skelton, a childless widow; but she brought him a large fortune in real estate. After the ceremony, she mounted the horse behind him, and they rode home together. It was late in the evening, and they found the fire out. But the great statesman hurried about and rebuilt it, while she seized the broom and soon put things in order. It is needless to say that they were happy; though Jefferson died a poor man, on account of his extreme liberality and hospitality.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and, besides this, was fifty-two, while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "no" for an answer; and they were married and lived happily until she died, which occurred two years after.

ward. Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant girl. She made an excellent wife and sage Empress. Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy. It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman. John C. Calhoun married his cousin; and their children, fortunately, were neither diseased nor idiotic; but they do not evince the talent of the great State Rights advocate. Edward Lytton Bulwer, the great English statesman and novelist, married a girl much his inferior in position, and got a shrew for a wife.

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#### POINTS TO BE OBSERVED IN THE SELECTION OF A HUSBAND.

An honest heart, a good head, and a pair of willing hands are the chief requisites in a young man, to make a good husband. When you see such a man, of modest, respectful, retiring manners, with unpretending yet noble independence of mind; of amiable and pious disposition; not given to pride, vanity, or indolence, such a one will make a good husband; for he will be the same to his wife after his marriage that he was before. When you see a young man that would take a wife for the value of herself, for her heart, and not for the dazzle of her wealth, that man will make a good husband; for his affection will never lessen, but his attachment will strengthen, and open new fountains in the heart, which shall murmur sweetly in the ocean of continual happiness.

Never make money an object of marriage; for if you do, as a balance of that good, you will get a bad bus-

band; one whose love and ambition will soon be irretrievably engrossed in reckless schemes of speculation, to the utter disregard and neglect of the kinder sympathies of nature, and more social enjoyments of life. When you see a young man who is tender and affectionate, and endowed with a happy intellect, no matter what his circumstances in life are, he is really worth winning. Take him who can, girls, for he will make a good husband. If you do not improve such an occasion, you may live to learn and regret that you had but one such an opportunity.

He who will visit the bar-room and tippling saloons, and engage in drinking sprees in this age of light and progression, is utterly unworthy the friendship or confidence of a young lady. Never, never trust your happiness in the keeping of such a man. Who would covet the woeful, awful lot of a drunkard's wife? Who can describe the sorrows, the shame and the miseries of such a life? And yet, in the face of all the dreadful facts that stare us in the face on every hand, young women will still encourage the addresses of drinking men, and marry them, with the delusive hope that they will forsake the cup afterwards. Having chosen such a lot, why should they not abide by their choice with all its woeful consequences?

The young man who indulges in immoral practices, who is profane, openly vulgar, a constant Sabbath-breaker, or who contracts habits of dissipation, will not make a good husband. Drinking almost invariably leads to drunkenness; and what happiness can any woman expect who is the wife of a drunkard? The wife of a drunkard! What a world of wretchedness do these five words bring up before the imagination!

"He led her down, from love and light,  
From all that made her pathway bright;  
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,  
That feeble thing,—the drunkard's wife!"

No young woman should think of marrying a man who has no trade, no profession, nor occupation, and no means by which he can maintain a family. A "do-nothing" young man will assuredly make a "good-for-nothing husband." You can expect no happiness while walking the path of life in company with such a man. Unless you have the means of support, you must labor to maintain him, as well as yourself and children, and experience a constant anxiety for the welfare of your family.

The greatest of men have been trained up to work with their hands. Akenside, Marshal Ney, Roger Sherman, Sir William Herschel, Benjamin Franklin, Ferguson, Wm. Blackstone, in fact, nearly all great and distinguished men were educated in some trade, or were not afraid of work.

Only the weak-headed, silly portion of society think it a disgrace to be connected with labor. You who dislike the name of mechanic, and who boast that your brothers are able to live and do nothing but loaf and dress, beware how you treat young men who work for a living. Thirty years ago, a pert young lady refused to promenade with a certain young man, because his father was a blacksmith. That young man has since filled the high office of Governor of Massachusetts for several years with most distinguished ability. Far better discard the would-be gentlemen, with all his rings, jewelry, and brazen pomposity, though he has a rich father, and take to your affections the callous-handed, warm-hearted, intelligent and industrious young man.

Of two men making love to the daughter of Themistocles, he preferred the industrious, virtuous man, before the rich one, saying that he would rather have a man without riches, than riches without a man. There is happiness in a cottage where virtue, intelligence, and kindness dwell. A palace will not yield it in the absence of these. It is not those families where there is the

greatest profusion of wealth, which are the most to be envied. In many a splendid mansion there are aching hearts, disappointed hopes, corroding cares, and scalding tears.

Beware young woman, of a man who utters falsehoods and words of deception. His company is no honor, though he may possess houses and lands and great wealth; the sooner you are rid of him the better. An honest man is particularly regardful of his promises. Beware of young men who make promises, especially to your sex, only to break them. Though they may wear fine clothes and have gold and jewels, they are villains. An honest young man will pay his debts. No person is running after him every few days with a bill which he has repeatedly promised "to pay to-morrow." Such are not men of integrity. They will always be in trouble, for the reason that they will always be in debt. You can not pass your days happily with a man of this description. He will do you evil, and not good, all the days of his life.

But a man of integrity you may trust. He will be true. His promise is sacred. He descends to no meanness. He maintains himself, pays his debts, and is honored and respected among his fellow men, though he labors hard every day, and wears plain clothes. We would recommend this man for a husband. He may not ape the follies of fashionable life, his hands may not be as soft and white, nor his outward appearance as graceful as that of the dandy; but he has an honest heart, and a pair of willing hands, which are the chief requisites for a kind, affectionate, provident husband; and while the vain, unprincipled coxcomb is sinking in disgrace and poverty, the honest, sensible man will be rising to honor, respectability, and wealth. In a little village there lived, some thirty years ago, two charming and attractive girls. To one of these Ex-President Hayes had become an ardent suitor; but the parents of



the young lady had vigorously opposed their courtship, on the ground that young Hayes was poor, and gave evidence of hardly sufficient ability to warrant risking their daughter's future. The match was broken off, and the lady is to-day unmarried. The other young lady had received some attentions from young Garfield, and was well disposed to reciprocate them. Her parents, however, objected to their intimacy, giving as the reason of their opposition the poverty of Garfield, and the anything but bright prospects of his future. We leave this without comment.

Young ladies engrossed with the idea of bridal veils, and orange blossoms, and handsome trousseaux, seldom if ever give a thought, unless vaguely, to the happiness and contentment that is to come, or is not to come, as a life-long crown of glory, after the marriage ceremony and honeymoon are over and gone. Sometimes they choose lazy men; sometimes they fall in love with a mustache, or a fast young man who dances gracefully and rides horseback well, whose pantaloons are fashionably cut, whose boots are always well polished, whose hair is pomaded and artificially curled, and who perfumes himself to distraction; who loafs around and is afraid to work, for fear of spoiling his hands or his clothes. Others fall in love with street-corner-watching gentry, or such as hang around church doors on Sunday, "to see the girls come out." If girls of eighteen had only the experience and judgment that generally come to them by the time they are twenty-five, these loungers would disappear like frogs when the first snow falls.

The young man who will make a good husband is a respectful, dutiful son, a kind and affectionate brother, a constant friend; possesses a desire to be useful; to cultivate habits of industry, frugality and neatness; has a love for domestic quietude rather than a desire for fashionable life; and is faithful and affectionate, noble

and generous. If he is kind, tender, and affectionate, always endeavoring to make himself useful and beloved in the home circle, by lessening the burdens of those around him, through sympathy, generosity, kindness, and constancy in affection, any young lady may safely trust in him. He will be to her a good husband; will watch over her happiness with care and assiduity; and will employ all his energies to make the home circle peaceful and blessed. A good disposition is an excellent qualification in the character of a husband or wife.

Sometimes it occurs that in seasons of courtship the lovers disagree; even quarrels and hard words ensue; then follow enstrangement and separation for a season. By and by the young man, or lady, or both, repent; think better of the difficulty; meet, shed a few tears of contrition or joy. In a few weeks another quarrel takes place, and the same scenes are enacted. There is almost invariably a bad disposition or evil motive with one or both of the parties. There is no harmony in their thoughts, while their wills are in opposite extremes. Unless they meet with a radical change, it would be well for them to resolve on a speedy and final dissolution of all matrimonial engagements.

By the way of recapitulation: never marry a man for his wealth. A woman's life does not consist alone in what she may possess. Never marry a niggard, a close-fisted, mean, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly: take care lest he stint you to death. Never marry a fop, or one who struts about, dandy-like, in his silk hat and kid gloves with silvered cane, and rings on his fingers: beware!—there is a trap. Never marry a mope or drone, one who drawls and struggles through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their own course. Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is not known or tested: some women jump right into the fire, with their eyes wide open. Never marry a man who treats his mother or

sister unkindly or indifferently: such treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked man. Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person or his dress, and is filthy in his habits; the external appearance is an index to the heart. Never, on any account marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion: such a man can never make a good husband. Shun the rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon. Finally never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it, you are better off alone, than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being burned out by alcohol.

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### GALLANTRY.

They call a man gallant who is always falling in love, or what he thinks is love. He sees a pretty girl, and no matter whether he is introduced to her or not, immediately proceeds to fall head-over-heels in love. They adore almost every woman they see.

After falling in love, the first desire and object is an introduction,—a handkerchief which has dropped from the loved one's hand serves as an excuse and being hastily picked up, is presented with a bow to her: she thanks him and unless she is a couquet or flirt, probably thinks the incident closed; but not he, all is over that held them apart, and he is acquainted, which fact he immediately tries to impress upon her, thereby making himself obnoxious and placing her in an awkward position. The flame of love is easily kindled in him and as easily expires.

Male flirts are a disgrace to themselves and mankind in general, and can only be termed male monsters. A lover of this sort meets a woman one day at a ball, falls

in love as soon as he sets eyes upon her; another day does it over again on somebody else and so on. This is his life. He is considered a woman-killer—that is fame. Harmless, no. What does he care if a woman's susceptible heart is attracted toward him. He has no heart; it is in his head. He don't dream of the priceless boon he has won. Who can fathom the bitterness of love deceived, in the trusting tender heart which she gives him so confidently? Him, whose lips never form but to dissemble; whose life is but a hideous mockery, and which he will never know, but when he is beyond the spring-time of life. Then his cry will be: Too late! Too late! For him it will be too late. He has had his time and idly thrown the chance away. The chance—that priceless boon which comes to us but once in our lives, and if we do not make the most of it by preparing ourselves for the long life that is to follow the decline of youth, it will never return.

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### FLIRTATION.

Flirtation! What can we say of it? Is it bad? We have almost said it was a trait of woman's character. Opportunities for flirtation are almost numerous as the stars above: you find it carried on in every walk of life by young men and women, and boys and girls.

A certain class of young men are always on the lookout for girls and young women who seem disposed to strike up a chance acquaintanceship. A woman has only her character and name to defend her against the world, and it certainly would be to her advantage to cut short any attempt on the part of strangers to become acquainted, without the formality of an introduction.

No gentleman is authorized to speak to a lady, without the formality of an introduction, no matter where

he meets her. There are some girls who do not use discretion, and without meaning to be forward, accept a good many attentions from a stranger without even knowing his name. They should remember that no true gentleman will offer his attentions to a lady to whom he has not been introduced, unless she happens to be placed in such a position that his assistance is necessary; neither will he, through neglect leave a young woman to whom he is engaged exposed to the attentions of strangers.

The opportunities whereby the young people of both sexes become acquainted, as we said before, are so abundant, that we should try to avoid as much as possible those chance friendships which are inclined to lead us into that state of familiarity which is apt to be dangerous for our future welfare. Therefore the first rule to be observed should be the rule of introduction, whereby we can form a more true idea of the stranger's mode of life which is indispensable for our future happiness.

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### A LADY'S CONDUCT BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

Not being engaged, a young lady may receive calls and accept attentions from such unmarried gentlemen as please her. She may accept invitations to balls, concerts and to ride; however, she should use due discretion as to whom she favors with her acceptance, and not allow special attentions from anyone to whom she is not attracted, because, in the first place, she may do an injury, in seeming to give encouragement to the gentlemen; and secondly, those whom she may like better would probably be kept away under the mistaken impression that her feelings are already interested. A young lady will certainly not encourage the attentions of a gentleman in whom she thinks she can never feel

interested. It is the right of a man to propose, and a woman to accept or refuse, and a lady of tact and kind heart will surely use her prerogative before her suitor is brought to the humiliation of a refusal which his suit would necessarily bring. No matter how much a well-bred lady admires a gentleman, she will not receive too eagerly his attentions, nor will she appear so reserved as to altogether discourage him. A lady need not discourage a man who shows her considerable attention without evincing a desire to become a suitor, but let it be seen she is not disagreeable to him. It will not be long before she is able to judge from his actions his object in paying her his attentions, and will treat him accordingly. No man of tact will risk a refusal when he makes a proposal, so will always be pretty certain it will be accepted before proposing; nor will a well-bred lady encourage him when she knows she must refuse, but at the same time will try to retain his friendship. A sensible young man will certainly take a hint when it is offered.

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#### A GENTLEMAN'S CONDUCT BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

Young men and women, who have arrived at mature age, and who are not engaged, have the utmost freedom in their social intercourse in this country, and are at liberty to associate and mingle freely in the same circles with each other. Gentlemen are allowed to invite their lady friends to operas, balls, parties, etc., and to call upon them at their houses, to ride and drive with them, and in fact make themselves as agreeable as they can to all the young ladies to whom their company is acceptable. They are at liberty to give and accept invitations *ad libitum*. However, as soon as a young

gentleman commences to devote himself to a young lady, to the neglect of all others, he gives that lady particular reason to suppose that her company is attractive to him, and further may give her cause to believe that she is to become engaged to him, without telling her so. A gentleman, who has not matrimony in view, should certainly not give his exclusive attention to any one lady, as it would not only place her in a false position, but him also.

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## LENGTH OF COURTSHIP.

Many young people often ask themselves whether their courtship should be of long or short duration. As a general rule the courtship should not be of a very long duration. There are many cases that show in long courtships a desire on the part of the lovers to get into dispute over some trifling matter, and too many of these little spats lead to a kind of estrangement, which is very liable to cause a breaking of the engagement. But a short engagement has also, its objectionable features. When you don't allow a sufficient lapse of time between the hours of introduction and courtship, and marriage, happiness surely cannot be expected. The coming of momentous events cast their mighty shadows a long way ahead. And what is a more momentous time in the lives of human beings, than the time of love and marriage. In the words of Dryden:

"The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,  
Is hardly granted to the gods above!"

If we cannot be wise and love, we have got to be practical. We cannot hurry into that unknown field and explore when we arrive. We have to discern as we are going along. A moderate time should be from twelve to fifteen months. This of course, depends upon

a good many circumstances, but it certainly would be unwise to lengthen it unnecessarily, especially after the lovers are acquainted with each others peculiarities. When two people truly love, in the hours of courtship, their natures will not allow them to hold back any of their faults, but will act in a natural manner at all times. For love is simplicity and simplicity is nature, and it will appear even in those whose training, all their lives, has been to suppress their inclinations. A courtship of a moderate length, say from eight to twelve months is usually best for both parties, and also their friends and the society in which they move. A hasty marriage is apt to incite comments in the minds of the friends of both parties. The same thing will, also, happen in cases of long courtship. It is essential, therefore, to let people know when an engagement has been made so that, henceforth, she will be regarded as pledged to her lover. This, while it relieves the lady from the attentions of others who seek to win a place in her esteem, will also, place her future husband in the proper position to act toward her as he could not were not the engagement announced. Living as we do in the midst of society, the laws of it should be observed, for it protects us, and upon it we depend for our subsistence, and our intercourse with the world. Its opinion, therefore, has to be consulted, not at random, but with propriety, and the advantages which we shall reap in the end will certainly repay us. Short or long engagements, of course, in cases where the parties have known each other from childhood, should be decided after the dictates of the hearts of the lovers, accordingly as they are acquainted with each others tastes and peculiarities.

There is a story told of a young couple who began to court at an early age, who went on courting when they were out of their teens; the lady ventured a settlement, but was begged to wait a short time longer, and so she went on waiting; youth departed, and still courting, the



pledged couple occasionally began to notice a small wrinkle and a gray hair, but went on as of old, and in fact courted their lives away, and never got beyond the magic circle of the plain gold ring. Certainly if you looked the world over, it would be hard to find another couple who would consent to pass their lives thus.

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### HOW TO BEGIN A COURTSHIP.

A gentleman, having met a lady at a social party, danced with her at balls and escorted her to and from church, may perhaps, desire to become better acquainted, which is to say, wishes to commence a formal courtship. This is a case for palpitation, but, forget not, "faint heart never won fair lady;" still you must act with prudence. Take the first opportunity that presents itself on meeting the lady and say: "Miss Braniff, since having become acquainted with you, I have been every day more pleased with your society, and I hope you will allow me to enjoy more of it. Unless you are otherwise engaged will you permit me to call on you next Friday evening? Or, "I am greatly pleased with your society, and desire to enjoy more of it: will you permit me to visit you on Friday evening next?" In all probability it will take her by surprise, perhaps she will blush, will tremble a little, yet if your proposition is an acceptable one she may say: "I am grateful for your kind opinion, and shall be pleased to see you." Or, "It will please me very much to have you call." Or possibly, she may refuse altogether, in which case, she should do it with every regard for the feelings of the gentleman.

There is absolutely no reason why the passion of love should be wrapped in mystery and it would prevent much misery if all young people thoroughly understood

this. When a young man becomes infatuated with a lady, and believes her society necessary to his happiness, it is customary before committing himself, to apply to her parents for permission to address her, and he should avoid everything secret, as clandestine meetings are always more or less injurious. The romance fades but the memory of indiscretion lives on.

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### COURTSHIP.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart,  
 When birds are on the wing,  
 When bee and bud and bubbling flood  
 Bespeak the birth of spring;  
 Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,  
 And wear this posey ring!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart,  
 In the mellow, golden glow  
 Of earth aflush with the gracious blush  
 Which the ripening fields foreshow;  
 Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart,  
 As into the moon we go!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart,  
 When the year is white and old,  
 When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth,  
 And the hand of age is cold;  
 Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,  
 Till the years of our love be told!

Delightfully dreamy are the days of courtship—days that will stand out clear and distinct as long as life lasts in the minds of those who have experienced that delightful period where love commences:

“Two souls with but a single thought,  
 Two hearts that beat as one.”

Happy, thrice happy it is when two fond, trustful and loving natures are irresistibly drawn nearer until

both have stopped under that halo of light, called love—that ardent passion which Divine Providence has implanted in the mysterious depths of the human soul—happier still, when that holy love is not dimmed, but made brighter and clearer by the troubles and vexations of life. We dwell in a strange land, and think not of the people surrounding us on every side. Our life is complete. We think not of the past or future. Our souls are engrossed and the nameless passions of love hold them in their mysterious depths. We have no thoughts that this divine existence will end; but sometimes, through inadvertence, carelessness, or want of knowledge, trifling circumstances are permitted to interrupt this blissful period of our lives.

That aged widowed woman, whose young hopes were blotted out forever; who heard her handsome, brave young husband's name read from the roll of honor, for whose gallantry to his country, death was the penalty—even she loves to think of the time when he came to woo her, and now and then linger around the old homestead so full of dim memories in the distant past.

Before that passion has been spoken, before their anticipation has been realized, how sweet and delightful is the hope and expectation. When love has been declared, when the troth has been plighted, how happy they feel in each other's presence. Truly, they live in golden minutes. How solemn is the voice that warns us that this happiness should be preserved, that nothing should be allowed to mar its glory, to dim its horizon—that there should be no taint of bitterness, no sting of mockery. The powder flashed in the pan, and a man's life is saved. Everything calculated to interfere in any way, happiness, should be routed out. Temper, stubbornness, indifference, passions, in either party, may be the cause of unspeakable misery. You should learn to shun everything that is likely to lead to offence—learn to respect the caprices of each other's nature, study

their tempers and dispositions and unite yours with them. Let these golden moments be pure and bright—pure, without a spot on their horizon—bright with the untarnished brightness of the soul of a child.

This is but the beginning—the rehearsal of the drama of the married life. Let love be to you what the flower is to the earth; it is the bud of life. Let that bud grow to the lily; it is courtship. Let that lily bloom; it is the married state. Exhaust not the strength of its perfume in the days of the dawn of love, or you will lose the fragrance of its virtue, and married life will be the beginning, not of trustful tenderness, but the beginning of the ebbing of the tide of your most holy passion. Keep a watchful eye upon it; that it may become greater and more beautiful; more deep and full as the souls draw nearer as courtships proceed. Is there anything a lover would not do for his mistress? What would he not undertake at her bidding? The annals of history and poetry has taught us that he would enter upon any duty, pass through any ordeal, however arduous, to win the hand of her he adores.

Goethe has shown us that his early love, in its best acceptation, is of the earth, earthy. “We love a girl,” he writes, “for very different things than understanding. We love her for her purity, her beauty, her youth, her confidingness, her character with all its faults, caprices and other inexpressible charms; we do not love her learning. Her mind, if it be brilliant we admire, for it may greatly elevate her in our esteem: more, it may bind us tighter even when we already love. But her learning is not that which awakens our passions. A woman would certainly not love a man who told her that he loved and courted her for her intellectuality. Her life is secluded; it is a fixed and meditative one; the world’s annals and experiences are his, and from his childhood up to the dawn of manhood, he is gaining

that experience which is to fit him for the struggle of life, be the field in what it may.

There was a shepherd of Mesopotamia, who had looked with loving eyes on a bright-eyed daughter of his race, and for her sweet sake had toiled seven long years, the hot sun scorching by day, the piercing wind by night, and when his weary slavery ended, a bondage that seemed to him of but a few months for the love he bore her, and found he was deceived, and that the loved one of his heart had been supplanted by an elder sister; but he could yet obtain her; seven years more of toil, and what—ah, he counted not the cost, but toiled on bravely, and Rachel was his own.

“Woman is to be wooed and won, taught Washington Irvington,” and if not happy in her love her heart is like some fortress that has been captured and sacked, and abandoned and left desolate. How many bright eyes grow dim, and how many soft cheeks grow pale; how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! No man, therefore, if he be a Christian or gentleman, will ever trifle with a woman’s purest affections; but will seek to win the love of her whom he has chosen, and in after life will look back upon the distant past, that passage will stand out, bright and true, as one only to be dwelt upon with tender, lingering recollections.

Sterne says: “Courtship consists of a number of quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as not to be understood.” When persons of the different sexes meet in daily intercourse on the wide footing of friendship, unless ulterior views of matrimony be entertained, a man is not excusable in picking out a lady from among the rest to whom he seeks alone to make his attentions agreeable. In the first consciousness of love in the bosom of the young, there is no thought so holy and so pure. The most sovereign symptom of love

is a tenderness sometimes almost insupportable. As the first dawn of the consciousness of love is fanned into a flame, it will either purify and nourish, or blight and destroy the happiness of the future. Love is life if it be not death. The novelist writes, "The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which he passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved, kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing emotions of the soul, rise in the pursuit."

Love requires not so much proof as expressions of love, demands nothing else than the power to feel and return love, as, in the words of Milton:

He can requite thee; for he knows the charms  
That call fame on such gentle acts as these!

Let the loved one be gentle, confiding and true, and the wooer sincere and kind—with a grain of discretion, as we stated before—and it will not be necessary for either to follow a prescribed rule or form of etiquette to guide them through the most happy period of their lives. Etiquette, the iron-arm of society, enacted and upheld by it as a barrier against the vulgar and unrefined, should be followed only so far as not to lose sight of the aphorism that "in seeking the gratifications of our own wishes, we should be careful not to offend those of others;" and also, in the words of Emerson, that, "nothing so much prevents our being natural as the desire of appearing so;" for there is nothing that so lowers a man in the eyes of a woman as a selfish, pernicious nature, and which so destroys her trusting confidence, without which she will never love him, as the fear he is playing a part,

Sweet Daisy walked one summer day  
 Beside her lover happy,  
 Over the fields and far away  
 'Neath the green trees shady;  
 There within a sheltered nook,  
 With no one by to hinder,  
 In his heart he courage took,  
 He bent his head and kissed her.

All the daisies on the hill  
 Gaze with faces smiling,  
 While the bees the story tell  
 To the violets in hiding;  
 Each ripple of the little stream  
 Seems to softly whisper  
 To the rushes tall and green,  
 "Did you see him kiss her?"

Swift the modest blushes dye  
 Her cheeks a sudden crimson,  
 The gladness in her hazel eye  
 Vain she tries to prison;  
 What need of words when soul meets soul  
 In love so true and tender?  
 With one shy glance she gave him all,  
 Again he bent and kissed her.

The story of the kiss is sung by the poet. It has been handed down to us, pure and untainted, as when first born and launched upon the waves of love. Old as it is—for it's as old as love—it is still as fresh and young as ever. But the poet may chant it, the lover may use it, still it cannot be allowed to override the rules of etiquette, and our rules will not admit of a kiss being given or received until after the troth has been plighted. Propriety, delicacy and refinement, all forbid an infringement of the respect which is enacted, and all men should offer, to the woman whose love they wish to obtain. Signs like these convey a meaning which no true woman will trifle with. Receiving such encouragement, a man must immediately obtain the consent of the young lady's parents to continue his visits

to her home, either verbally or by letter, and state his position in the matter of pecuniary means, or his prospects for providing a home for the object of his choice. He does not compromise himself, or the lady he seeks to win, by doing this, if he should happen to find on closer acquaintance that she would not make his life happy; nor will the young lady herself be embarrassed by an implied engagement which may result in a disappointment, provided the parents regard the communication as confidential. A careful observation of the habits of the family should be made so that no intrusion upon the hours devoted to the comfort of the parents will be disregarded as is often the case of the conduct of a young man toward their seniors.

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### CONDUCT AFTER ENGAGEMENT.

After an engagement the conduct of the gentleman should be, at all times, tender, unobtrusive and attentive. He should endeavor to conform to the rules of his loved one's family, and rigidly observe their hours for needs, and hours for retiring.

The gentleman commits a great impropriety by prolonging his visits after ten o'clock, unless it is the custom of the family to entertain visitors to a later hour. He should recollect that his visit is to be paid to the family, and not a *tete-a-tete* with his sweetheart, therefore, a call of about two hours duration should be sufficient: it will not detract from his affection; on the contrary, will show his consideration by making his visits short, and, if need be, more of them. He should also be kind towards the sisters of his love, and frank and cordial toward her brothers; yet he should not be unduly familiar or force himself into family confidences, because he is to be regarded as a member of that



family. The advances should come from them to him, and let him show an appreciation of any confidences which they may be pleased to bestow upon him.

The family of the young man should take the first steps towards an acquaintance with their son's future wife. If they do not reside in the same city, after being notified of the engagement, it is their place to write with due feeling and appreciation of his choice, to the young lady or her parents, and the letters should be answered at once.

An engaged woman will not flirt, though it is not necessary that she shall not make calls or receive visits, but will try to conduct herself so as not to give offense.

Neither of the parties should assume a masterful or jealous attitude toward the other. They should take the same delight in each other's friendship at all times, as they have to mingle in society after marriage as before. The fact that they have confessed their love for each other ought to be a sufficient guarantee of their faithfulness and trust in each other.

It is a breach of good manners to omit the gentleman from any invitation in which his fiancée is included, and there are not many young ladies who would consent to accept such an invitation.

A lady should not be demonstrative of her affection during the days of her engagement, for it would not be a very pleasant thing to remember, should a possibility arise whereby the engagement would have to be annulled.

A young man has no right to put a slight upon his future bride by appearing in public with other ladies while she remains neglected at home. He should attend no other lady when his fiancée needs his services; and she should accept no other escort than her lover, when he is at liberty to attend her.

## AN UNWELCOME SUIT.

A gentleman should not press an unwelcome suit on a lady. If the lady feels no affection toward him, he should think of his own future, and what the consequences would be upon his life, without the love of his helpmate; that ought to cause him no desist; besides, it would be cruel and unjust to urge her to give herself without her love. The day would surely come, when he would reproach her for not loving him, and would possibly make that an excuse for acts of unkindness. He should certainly consider her happiness before his; although he may believe for the time being, that such a possession would satisfy him.

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## A LADY'S REFUSAL.

When a proposal is made which cannot be accepted by inability to return the wooer's affection, or reason of a previous engagement, the utmost feeling and circumspection is required to soften the pain and mortification a man feels in the rejection of his suit; it being the highest honor he can pay her. No true-hearted woman can entertain any other feeling than that of sympathy for the man over whose love she is compelled to cast a shadow.

It is not absolutely necessary to take a lady's first refusal as final. She may be uncertain as to her true feelings and not wishing to commit herself will answer in the negative; but after consideration may change her opinion. A lady should make her meaning sufficiently plain when she is firmly convinced in her own mind, that an alliance with the gentleman in question would not be conducive to her happiness. She will certainly not say no twice when in her heart she means

to accept him ultimately. Sometimes a lover grows impatient at what he considers her slowness in accepting his suit; that kind of a lover should get the benefit of his impatience, as a lady should have all the time required in making up her mind on so important a subject.

A sensible man will not think the worse of a woman for refusing him. If he be sincere, it will undoubtedly pain him, for in offering his heart and hand, he not only picks her out of the entire world as the best and his most precious choice, but he pays her the highest compliment man can offer woman, and in her acknowledgement the woman ought to convey her full sense of the high honor intended her by the gentleman. It is only a contemptible flirt who would boast of the offer she had received and rejected. No true-hearted woman would divulge the secret of it, unless it be to her parents.

Etiquette demands that the rejected suitor shall accept the lady's decision as final. That decision is the last page in the book of his attentions toward her. To persist after this in urging his suit shows very bad taste. The only course left is to retire from the field as much as possible, which would spare both parties painful remembrances.

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## LOVERS' QUARRELS.

Neither party should try to make the other jealous for the purpose of testing their affection. Such a course is unworthy and contemptible; and if it cause the other's affections to wither, the offending party only get his just deserts. He shall feel the pang of disappointed love. Men or women who lose faith in one they have sincerely loved, experience a bitter change

of feeling. Their generosity has lost its fulness; their lightness of heart has gone, and their faith in humanity has been shaken. The whole ocean of feeling has been convulsed; there is nothing but darkness that is chaos. Melancholy may settle on the heart, but it is not apathy. It does not remove the tenderness of our sensibilities; we feel connected by a thousand sympathies—will all who mourn.

A lover who can give his love, gives it to one whom he feels will guard it sacredly. He would have never given it if he had not received a love in return. It is an even trade. He should learn to esteem it more, not try to test it, by picking little quarrels for the foolish delight of reconciliation. It is a great and holy thing—a thing to be handled with sacred hands. If a man or woman has the confidence to place their love in the depository of another's heart, they certainly have the faith in each other to let it stand there, and not try to domineer over it. No true lover will try to assume a commanding attitude with his future wife. If he does so, she will do well to escape from his thrall before it is too late, for a domineering lover will be more domineering as a husband.

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### BREAKING AN ENGAGEMENT.

Many circumstances justify the breaking of an engagement. Indeed anything which may occur or be discovered which would be calculated to render marriage unhappy is, and should be, accepted as a justification for such an act. An incompatibility of temper may be evinced, which went unperceived at first; habits and actions may be discovered; antipathy may arise and mar the happy prospects; under such circumstances

it is not only the wisest, but the safest course. Still, breaking an engagement is a serious matter, and certainly should not be contemplated without the most absolute and just reasons. The lover who gives away to uncontrollable outbreaks of anger, may become tyrannical and domineering when married, and the woman acts wisely who refuses to join her fate with his.

It is generally best to break an engagement by letter. By this means, the one taking action can state fully and clearly the true reasons for the act, without embarrassment. The letter should be accompanied by all presents, letters or portraits, that may have been received during the courtship and engagement. The person receiving such a letter should make no efforts to change the decision of the writer, unless it is clear that a serious mistake has been made, but acknowledge the receipt of it with dignity, and make a similar return of letters, gifts and portraits.

The lover must submit. If he be a gentleman, he should never forget to regard her as a lady for whom he entertains a high esteem, nor will he censure her in public for what she has done. He will tell nothing which has occurred during the courtship, and which she may wish concealed. If she has acted unjustly it is well that she allows it to appear before marriage.

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### POPPING THE QUESTION.

To a timid lover, "Popping the Question," is a terrible ordeal even after he knows that his loved one has made up her mind to accept him; he approaches the final business of formally proposing covered with blushes and trembling with fear. There is nothing more terrifying to a timid and soft-hearted young man than ask-

ing a girl he loves to wed him; and there are few who do not have their normal courage taxed to the utmost.

An offer of marriage is not a laughing matter, but on the contrary, it is a very serious one. A man should not gratify himself by an avowal of love, without alluding in the most distinct terms to his hopes as to the lady becoming his wife. Ladies may congratulate themselves that nature and custom have made them the responding party. There is no better mode of procedure than to approach the subject in a manly, straight-forward way. Usually, man conforms to the disposition of the woman he loves. If she is inclined to be serious, he will in a solemn manner, approach the subject; if gay and lively, he will make it a capital joke; if of a sentimental turn of mind, he must woo her in a vein of high-wrought romance. Never attempt to approach the subject in a shy, awkward manner. Should an interview be impossible, a letter may be used to convey the lover's declaration, this however, is not a very wise method; but where it cannot possibly be avoided an honorable statement in writing even at some risk of failure, is much better than to allow the suffering of suspense and mutual doubt canker the heart's first love.

If brevity is the soul of wit, concise and unmistakable should be the word of love.

Never mistake an opportunity and above all never lose one. Women become disgusted with a lover who neglects one; a lady before proposal is usually prepared for it. Very seldom such an avowal comes without some previous sign or intimation of manner. Women cannot make direct advances, but they use infinite tact in giving a man occasion to make them. When a woman gives such an opportunity it is fair to presume that she expects him to improve it.

For those who are inclined to be timid or bashful,

the following is submitted in outline. The lover is taking a walk by moonlight with the lady of his love—talks of the beauty of the scenery, the harmony of nature, and suddenly exclaims, "Ah! Marguerite, how happy would existence prove if I could always have you for a companion." She sighs, and leans more fondly on the arm that tremblingly supports her.

"My dearest Blanche, be mine forever!" This is a settler, and the answer, ever so inaudible, "makes or undoes him quite."

"Take pity on a forlorn bachelor," says another, in a manner which may be either jest or earnest; "marry me at once, and put me out of my misery." "With all my heart, whenever you are ready," replies the laughing fair. A joke carried thus far is easily made earnest.

A point is often carried by taking a thing for granted. A gentleman who has been paying attentions to a lady says:

"Well, Ruth, when is the happy day?"

"What day, pray?" she asks, with a conscious blush.

"Why, everybody knows that we are going to get married, and it might as well be one time as another; so when shall it be?" Cornered in this fashion there is no retreat.

A lover needs very few words to assure him of the devotion of love; one glance, a pressure of the hand confirms his hopes.

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## PRESENTS.

As a matter of custom the gentleman usually makes some present to his fiancée soon after the engagement, and this is generally "the engagement ring." In the majority of cases it is a plain band of gold, but if the finances of the gentleman allow, it should either be of

diamonds or pearls. The engagement having been announced, the gentleman must give the first present; it should also be followed by others upon certain days, such as Christmas, New Years' or her birthday, and the lady is at perfect liberty to return the compliment. With the lady it is customary to give a gift which is usually the work of her own hands, such as a scarf, handkerchief on which his initials are embroidered, or something similar.

The wedding presents should be always sent to the bride, never to the bridegroom, though they may be given by friends of the latter. There is a wide margin allowed for wedding presents. Nothing comes amiss, as clocks, plate, china, glass, furniture, etc., especially should the newly wedded not be in very good circumstances. It is also customary for the bride and bridegroom to give a little token of acknowledgement to the bridesmaids and groomsmen, which usually consists of some small article of jewelry, not costly, but given more as a memento of the occasion than for its intrinsic worth,

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### WEDDING INVITATIONS.

A wedding invitation, as well as all others, should be engrossed in script. Old English and German text have no longer any claims for recognition.

The invitation is engrossed on one sheet of paper, which must be of creamy daintiness, shaped so as to fold once and should read as follows:



*Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Mooney*

*request your presence at the marriage of their daughter,*

*Miss Laura Mooney*

*to*

*Mr. Frederick B. Walsh,*

*on Tuesday, October 19th, at 8 o'clock,*

*St. Elizabeth's Church,*

*Ogden Avenue.*

This invitation requires no answer. Friends living in other cities on receiving it, enclose their cards and send by mail. Residents call on the family within the prescribed time, or as soon after as possible.

The invitation to the reception is enclosed in the same envelope. A square card the same size as the folded sheet of note paper, which contains the invitation for the ceremony, is used, and usually reads:

*At Home,*

*Tuesday, October 19th,*

*from 3 until 5 o'clock,*

*121 Sunset Pl.*

The card of admission to the church is narrower, and is plainly engrossed, as follows:

*St. Elizabeth's Church,*

*Ceremony at 3 o'clock.*

For a wedding at home the form of invitation is the same as for one at church, with the exception that the street and number of the house is substituted for the name of the church.

These cards are all enclosed in one envelope superscribed with the name only of the person invited, the put in another envelope, on which is written the full name and address, and sent by mail.

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#### DRESS OF THE BRIDEGROOM AND GROOMSMEN.

The bridegroom and groomsmen, at a morning wedding, wear full morning dress, dark colored frock coats, light neckties and light trousers. The bridegroom wears white gloves, and the groomsmen wear gloves of some delicate color.

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#### DRESS OF BRIDE AND BRIDESMAIDS.

The bridal costume is usually a matter of good taste and the prevailing fashion; but the most approved costume and style is of white silk, high corsage and a long wide veil of white lace with wreath of orange flowers; for a widow, pearl color or a tinted silk dress without any veil or wreath. The dress of the brides-

maids should not be as elaborate as that of the bride. They may wear delicate colors; but pure white is much prettier. Veils, if worn, should be made shorter than that of the bride.

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## BRIDESMAIDS AND GROOMSMEN.

The unmarried sisters of the bride and bridegroom are usually chosen, otherwise relations or intimate friends. The bride's sister is, of course, entitled to the chief honor. It is her place also, to attend to the duties of seeing that there is no chance of error in sending out the cards.

The bridegroom chooses his best man and the groomsmen and ushers from his circle of relations and friends, and from the relations of his fiancée.

It is the first groomsmen's duty to have the entire control of affairs. After he receives the amount necessary to defray all expenses from the bridegroom, he gives the clergyman his fee, presents the bouquet to the bride, engages the carriages, and, in fact, makes all arrangement.

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## ETIQUETTE OF WEDDINGS.

It is quite an impossibility to prescribe definite rules applicable to all kinds of weddings, inasmuch as the circumstances under which they take place are so varied, and the religious forms to be observed in their solemnization are so numerous, that only the wealthy class of marriages are attended with the fullest ceremonies and all their accompaniments. We give the following general descriptions, which contain useful hints.

If the services be in church, after the bridal party has arranged itself for entrance, the ushers, in pairs, walk slowly up the aisle to the altar and turn to the right. The groom then follows, and when he reaches the altar, he turns and faces the aisle. The bridesmaids follow after a slight interval and after reaching the altar, turn to the left; after another brief interval, the bride enters alone entirely veiled. The groom comes forward a few steps to meet her, takes her hand; they face toward the altar; for a moment they both kneel in silent devotion. The parents of the bride having entered first, stand directly behind her and a little to the left and the usual services then proceed. While the bride and bridegroom are passing out of the church, the bridesmaids follow slowly, each upon the arm of an usher. After leaving the church they hasten as speedily as possible to welcome the bride at her home, and to arrange themselves about the newly married couple in the reception room. The first bridesmaid still retains place of honor.

In another form the ceremonials for entry to the church by the bridal party may be arranged to suit the taste. Many brides, however, prefer to follow the fashion set by their grandmothers, which is thoroughly Americanized.

In this style, the bridesmaids each leaning upon the arm of a groomsman first pass up the aisle to the altar, the ladies turning to the left and the gentlemen to the right. The groom then follows with the bride's mother or some one to represent her. The bride then enters leaning upon the arm of her father (or a relative). The father (or relative) waits at her left, a step or two back of her, until asked to give her away, which he does by taking her right hand and placing it in that of the bridegroom. In cases where there are no bridesmaids, the ushers walk into the church in pairs, just in advance of the groom, and parting at the

altar, half of them stand on the left side and half on the right; while the clergyman is congratulating the bride, they pass out in pairs a little in advance of the wedded couple.

Ushers are the first to arrive at the church; it is necessary that they stand at the inner entrance, and escort the ladies as they enter to their proper places in the church. Should a lady be accompanied by a gentleman, the latter follows the usher and the lady to the seat shown her. In all cases friends of the groom should be placed upon the right of the entrance and those of the bride upon the left. If a reception is to follow, the ushers should be the first to arrive, stationing themselves at the door of the reception room, and acting as escorts to those arriving from the church. If ladies are present without gentlemen, the ushers should accompany them to the refreshment room or provide them with escorts.

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### THE HONEYMOON.

The dictates of common sense and fashion prescribe that the newly wedded couple should seek repose and exemption from society by a journey from home, where unobserved they can enjoy their own society, and taste the blessings of connubial bliss. A journey to Niagara Falls, Washington, or to the country, no matter where, as long as it affords a good temporary residence, and a pleasant memory in after days, relieves the tedious anxieties and perplexities experienced during the season of courtship and marriage.

## MARRIAGE.

"O marriage! happiest, easiest, safest state!  
Let debauchees and drunkards scorn thy rights,  
Who, in their nauseous draughts and lusts, profane  
Both thee, and Heaven by whom thou wert ordained."

Matrimony is the golden key to the celestial portals of liberty and happiness. The beauty, moral loveliness, joy and peace revealed in true marriage, have never, and never can be, expressed in human language. It is the great eternal form of life, unwritten, but all the more real, sweet as enchantment itself; grandly stirring, bewildering in rapture as the soul's vision of heaven; and bright at every period with a beauty deeper, fuller, and more intense than ever glows on the world's great face.

Whenever two hearts come together, vowing to make each other happy, binding all their hopes and fears and anticipations in one sheath, calling on God to bless, and angels to witness the ceremony—that is a royal marriage—a perfect marriage. When with nothing but determination, zeal and loyalty to themselves, two young people start on life's journey together; willing to work hard and take cheerfully whatever the world has in store for them, never complaining, never grumbling, happy in each other's love and society, that is an ideal marriage. Its crowning features of love shall never fade; its glorious light shall never be dimmed; the crown of eternity awaits them.

God is the author of marriage. He himself made and presided at those solemn rites, performed in the sacred garden of Eden. Rites that have been handed down to us from the beginning of time, and which we in our turn, hand down to those to come, as we pass along life's course. Love it is which perpetuates the world, that love which pervades all human and animal nature,

and which cannot be washed out of its hidden depths by any misery or misfortune. God has taken it from the heavens and implanted it in the universe. He has made it the rock on which marriage is based. It will endure forever. When a man seeks to found a home for himself, he seeks to make it one that will hold his happiness, for such is his nature. Those really fitted for each other find their happiness in the harmony of each other's characters. Their two characters blend together like concordant sounds, or two streams of running water. The secret of true marriage is in mutuality of character, harmony of sentiment and action, congeniality of spirit. Without this unity there can be no true marriage, no real happiness or utility in the married life.

My heart heaves a sigh for those who, lured by wealth, rank and beauty, or any other adventitious circumstances, have thus been false to the sacred behests of a pure and sacred love, and made mercenary traffic of their persons and affections. From a dreary illusion of happiness they awake to find their heart desolate, the spirit chafing in its despair, the future a darkened vision, and, most unhappy of all, hopelessness stalking in. For such a one there is no happy mate with whom to greet the rising sun, or tread in the green pastures of life's walks, no tender partner to comfort in sickness, whose tender words cheer the weary sufferer, and whose whole being vibrates with sympathy, no loving companion with whom to bear the burdens and share the sorrows which dot life's fairest walk.

Common sense and Divine relation combine to show that, without marriage, the human race would become extinct, or so degenerated that it would no longer be a blessing. But talk of it as we will, it is a serious and stern reality. It leads us into the great temple of life, where new duties stand, ready to be lifted upon the backs of those destined to bear the burdens. To talk

of the trials and hardships attendant upon it, as being incidents which can be avoided, is absurd and nonsensical. Trials, cares and afflictions are just as much a part and parcel of matrimony as the love which prompts its consummation. This life which greets us with such a smiling countenance and with so many charms, delightful to contemplate, is not to be a state of perfect, unalloyed happiness.

The peculiar temperaments of the minds of both sexes are formed one for the other. The strength, firmness, courage, gravity and dignity of the man, correspond to the softness, delicacy, tenderness of passion, elegance of taste, of the woman. Her mind formed to confide, imagine, comply and execute; man's to defend, deliberate, foresee, contrive and advise; therefore, the temperaments of these different sexes of minds make a grand, normal union; but the opposition of minds as well proportioned, make a mixture of discords as great.

A single being living alone is always inharmonious, incomplete. Something is wanting to make it whole. That something is its mate. That mate is kindred with itself, the other half of itself. They feel, act and think as one when united. Their joys, labors and trials are the same. Their hearts beat in unison to the same time. This is a true unison; the kind that God sanctions. These two classes of men and women should all be united. They would thus lay the foundation of a grand temple of love and harmony, the beauty, the sweetness of which eye hath never seen, nor ear heard.

The trials and hardships of this life often make a man appear what he is not. He has a vein of tenderness far below the rocky stratum of his worldliness, which woman should know how to penetrate and bring up for her own as well as his enjoyment and happiness. It is in this deep tenderness that she finds her true companionship with him, and he with her. She should not be ignorant of his nature, for if she is, she will



not know how to supply his wants or answer the calls of that nature. They are singularly adapted to each other, though their natures be different. When hers is trembling, and his is bold, she seeks his in shelter. When his is cold, and hers is warm, he gladly and lovingly nestles in her bosom, to be warmed by the resistless charms of love. Man has something peculiar to his character, which is the masculine element of humanity; woman possesses a peculiarity as marked, which is the feminine element of humanity. These two, though different, are strongly attractive to each other, and must be known before marriage.

To a man of uncorrupted heart and a sound judgment, the cheerful countenance of the wife, the lisping of the infants, the mirthful sports of the children and the contentedness of all, is a scene far more preferable, and his little family circle has more charm for him, than all the world besides.

Compare, if you can, the events of what is called a life of pleasure, with this life we have tried to picture. And when nature is declining, when infirmities or disorders portend dissolution, you may see the man who has acted on the selfish principle of gratifying himself at the expense of honor and the happiness of others, deserted by all and sinking into the grave in ignominy; while those men and women who have gone hand in hand in the pleasing duties of life, will not only have a firm support in honorable recollections, but will be led down its rugged declivity by the tender care of affectionate offspring. It will not wither with the blighting of the grain, it does not fade with the closing of the day,

## LOVE SAYINGS OF FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN.

On love we depend for the perpetuation of the moral progress of the world. —W. F. M.

There is no service like his that serves because he loves. —Sir Phillip Sidney.

The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved; loved for ourselves—say, rather, in spite of ourselves. —Victor Hugo.

The remembrance of a beloved form becomes a shadow to all our actions; it precedes or follow them. —Anon.

Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a great degree is inspired by honor in a greater. —Landor.

To love and to be wise is scarcely granted to the highest. —Liberius.

The love which is nursed through shame and sorrow, is of a deeper and holier nature than that which is reared in pride and fostered in joy. —Bulwer.

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight. —Marlowe.

The adoration of his heart had been to her only as the perfume of a wild-flower which she had carelessly crushed with her foot in passing. —Longfellow.

The science of love is the philosophy of the heart. —Cicero.

Oh, love! unconquerable in the fight. —Sophocles.

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your care.—Shakespeare.

The most powerful symptom of love is a tenderness which becomes at times almost insupportable. —Victor Hugo.

Love is the salt of life; a higher taste it gives to pleasure, and then makes it last. —Buckingham.

Heaven's harmony is universal love.

—Cowper.

The first symptom of love in a young man is timidity, in a girl it is boldness. The two sexes have a tendency to approach, and each assume the qualities of the other.

—Ibid.

Love is omnipresent in nature as a motive and reward. Love is our highest word and the Synonym of God. Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfillments; each of its joys ripens into a new want. Nature, uncontainable, flowing, fore-looking, in the first sentiment of kindness, anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its general light. The introduction of this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human life; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on a man at one period, and works a revolution in his mind and body; unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civil relations, carries him with new sympathy into nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage, and gives permanence to human society.

—Emerson.

Love is an alliance of friendship and animalism; if the former predominate, it is a passion exalted and refined; but if the latter gross and sensual.

—Calton.

Lovers have an ineffable instinct which detects the presence of rivals.

—Bulwer.

In lovers' quarrels, the party that loves most is always most willing to acknowledge the greater fault.

—Scott.

The proverb holds, that to be wise and love, is hardly granted to the gods above.

—Dryden.

The soul of woman lives in love.

—Mrs. Sigourney.

There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.

—Bulwer.

We can sometimes love what we do not understand, but it is impossible to completely understand what we do love.

—Mrs. Jameson.

A lover is like a hunter—if the game be got with too much ease he cares not for't.

—Mead.

A lover's hope resembles the bean in the nursery tale; let it once take root, and it will grow so rapidly, that, in the course of a few hours, the giant Imagination builds a castle on the top, and by-and-by comes Disappointment with the curtal ax, and hews down both the plant and the superstructure.

—Sir Walter Scott.

Love weakens as it grows older, while friendship strengthens with years.

—Stanislaus.

Friendship often ends in love; but love in friendship never.

—Colton.

The wound's invisible that love's keen arrows make.

—Shakespeare.

A lover is a man who, in his anxiety to possess another, has lost possession of himself.

—Bulwer.

That you may be loved be amiable.

—Ovid.

Love will suspect where there is no cause of fear; and there not fear where it should most distrust.

—Shakespeare.

Love is the great instrument of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spirit and spring of the universe. Love is such an affection as cannot so properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that; it is the whole nature wrapped up in one desire.

—South.

It makes us proud when our love for a mistress is returned; it ought to make us prouder still when we can love her for herself alone, without the aid of any selfish reflection. This is the religion of love.

—Hazlitt.

Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

—Pope.

Love is a plant of the most tender kind that shrinks and shakes with every ruffling wind.

—Greenville.

The power of love in all ages creates angels.

—Longfellow.

Love conquers all things, and let us yield to love.

—Virgil.

No cord of cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with only a single thread.

—Burton.

A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

—Goldsmith.

The power of love consists mainly in the privilege that potentate possesses of coining, circulating, and making current those falsehoods between man and woman, that would not pass for one moment, either between woman and woman, or man and man.  
—Colton.

A woman may live without a lover, but a lover once admitted, she never goes through life with only one. She is deserted, and cannot bear her anguish and solitude, and hence fills up the void with a second idol.  
—Bulwer.

There is no sweetness in lovers' quarrels that compensates the sting.  
—Bulwer.

O, man's vows are woman's traitors.  
—Ibid.

Love is the loadstone of love.  
—Anon.

Let none think to fly the danger for soon or late love is his own avenger.  
—Byron.

Men often proceed from love to ambition, but seldom return from ambition to love.  
—Ibid.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit.  
—Shakespeare.

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.  
—Shakespeare.

In the soul, love is a passion for reigning; in minds it is a sympathy; in the body it is a latent desire to possess the object loved.  
—La Rochefoucauld.

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we excite.  
—Ibid.

The more we love the nearer we are to hate.  
—Ibid.

Love in all its tenderness, in all its kindness, its unsuspecting truth.  
—Bulwer.

Love, doubt, hope, ecstasy—the reverse, terror, inanimate despondency, agonized despair.  
—Ibid.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak. It serves for food and raiment.  
—Ibid.

Love is like a painter, who in drawing the picture of a friend having a blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of the face. —South.

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite in the finite—of the ideal made real. —Carlyle.

Diffidence and awkwardness are the two antidotes to love. —Hazlitt.

Love is the perpetual source of fears and anxieties. —Ovid.

Thou demandest what is love? It is that powerful attraction toward all that we conceive, fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. —Shelly.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived, and apt to have ague fits. —Erasmus.

Love's of a strangely open simple kind,  
And thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.  
—Cowley.

Love is peace—prevent wars, restores harmony and confidence. D. E. Frederic.

Oh! there is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love—the first flutterings of its silken wings—the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy. —Longfellow.

Love me little, love me long. —Marlowe.

True love can no more be diminished by showers of evil-hap, than flowers are marred by timely rains. —Sir P. Sidney.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. —Herrick.

There can but two things create love, perfection and usefulness; to which answer on our part, 1, Admiration, and 2, Desire; and both these are centered in love. —Jeremy Taylor.

Love is an affair of credulity. —Ovid.

Ridicule is perhaps a better expedient against love, than sober advice; and I am of opinion, that Hudibras and Don Quixote may be as effectual to cure the extravagancies of this passion, as any one of the old philosophers. —Addison.

It is a dangerous experiment to call in gratitude as an ally to love. Love is a debt, which inclination always pays; obligation, never; and the moment it becomes lukewarm and evanescent reminiscences on the score of gratitude serve only to smother the flame. —Colton.

It is difficult to define love; all we can say is that in the soul it is a desire to rule, in the mind it is a sympathy, and in the body it is a hidden and delicate wish to possess what we love—plus many mysteries. —La Rochefoucauld.

Love is the root of creation; God's essence. —Longfellow.

For love is heaven, and heaven is love. —Scott.

Friendship requires actions. Love requires not so much proofs, as expressions of Love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love. —Richter.

It is the privilege of human nature above brutes, to love those that disoblige us. —Antoninus.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious, esteem without love is languid and cold. —Johnson.

A disappointment in love is more hard to get over than any other; the passion itself so softens and subdues the heart that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the woes and distresses which befall it. The mind meets with other misfortunes in her whole strength; she stands collected within herself, and sustains the shock with all the force which is natural to her; but a heart in love has its foundation sapped, and immediately sinks under the weight of accidents that are disagreeable to its favorite passion. —Addison.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills. —Richter.

There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards the love of others, which, if it be spent upon one or a few, doth naturally spread itself toward many, and maketh men humane and charitable. —Bacon.

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme. —Homer.

Love is not in our choice, but in our fate. —Dryden.

The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved. —Victor Hugo.

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself. —Erasmus.

How to know a man in love—your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. —Shakespeare.

In many ways does the full heart reveal  
The presence of the love it would conceal.  
—Coleridge.

All the passions make us commit faults, but love makes us commit the most ridiculous ones. —La Rochefoucauld.

Hate makes us vehement partisans, but love still more so.  
—Goethe.

By love's delightful influence the attack of ill-humor is resisted, the violence of our passions abated, the bitter cup of affliction sweetened, all the injuries of the world alleviated and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewn along the most thorny paths of life. —Zimmerman.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening ear, a thousand messengers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, attitude, and look, the signals upon the countenance, the electric telegraph of touch,—all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered, which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance, and renders retreat impossible. —Longfellow.

Love is the dynamo lever which rules the world. —E. F. D.

The greatest miracle of love is the cure of coquetry.  
La Rochefoucauld.

Love never falls to master what he finds  
But works in different ways in different minds,  
The fool enlightens and the wise he blinds.  
—Dryden.



Love, a penurlous god, very niggardly of his opportunities, must be watched like a hardhearted treasurer. —Dryden.

Love is your master, for he masters you. —Shakespeare.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love for herself;—all that runs over will be yours. —Colton.

Love is merely madness; and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too.

—Shakespeare.

What we refuse to him, to death we give;  
And then, then only when we love we live.

—Congreve.

Flowers are love's truest language. —Park Benjamin.

Love is a child that talks in broken language,  
Yet then he speaks most plain. —Dryden.

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. —Shakespeare.

Love may exist without jealousy; always though this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common.

—Colton.

Love has no power to act when curbed by jealousy.—Hill.

Oh, how beautiful it is to love! Even thou that sneerest and laughest in cold indifference or scorn if others are near thee, thou, too, must acknowledge its truth, when thou art alone, and confess that a foolish world is prone to laugh in public at what in private it reveres as one of the highest impulses of our nature; namely, love. —Longfellow.

It is impossible that a man can be so changed by love that one could not recognize him as the same person. —Terence.

A man is in no danger so long as he talks his love; but to write it is to impale himself on his own pot-hooks! —Jerrold.

The lover's pleasure, like that of the hunter, is in the chase, and the brightest beauty loses half its merit, as the flower its perfume, when the willing hand can reach it too easily. There must be doubt; there must be difficulty and danger. —Scott.

Love is the purification of the heart from self; it strengthens and ennobles the character, gives higher motive and a nobler aim to every action of life, and makes both man and woman strong, noble and courageous; and the power to love truly and devotedly is the noblest gift with which a human being can be endowed; but it is a sacred fire that must not be burnt to idols.

—Miss Jewsbury.

An old, a grave, discreet man, is fittest to discourse of love matters; because he hath likely more experience, observed more, hath a more staid judgement, can better discern, resolve, discuss, advise, give better cautions and more solid precepts, better inform his auditors in such a subject, and by reason of his riper years, sooner divert.

—Burton.

Why have I been born with all these warm affections, these ardent longings after what is good, if they lead only to sorrow and disappointment? I would love some one, love him once and forever—devote myself to him alone—live for him—die for him—exist alone in him! But, alas! in all this world there is none to love me as I would be loved—none whom I may love as I am capable of loving! How empty, how desolate the world seems about me! Why has heaven given me these affections, only to fall and fade?

—Longfellow.

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving warning, and our disposition, or our weakness, favours the surprise; one look one glance from the fair fixes and determines us. Friendship on the contrary, is a long time in forming, it is of slow growth, through many trials and months of familiarity.

—La Bruyere.

Oh, the love of woman—the love of woman! How high will it not rise, and to what lowly depths will it not stoop? How many injuries will it not forgive? What obstacles will it not overcome, and what sacrifices will it not make, rather than give up the being upon which it has been once wholly and truthfully fixed? Perennial of life, which grows up under every climate, how small would be the sum of happiness without thee? No coldness, no neglect, no harshness, no cruelty, can extinguish thee! Like the fabled lamp in the sepulchre, thou sheddest thy pure light in the human heart, when everything around thee there is dead forever.

—Carleton.

The beauty of novelty is to love as the flower to the fruit; it lends a lustre which is easily lost, but which never returns.

—La Rochefoucauld.

Let thy love be at the best so long as they do well; but take heed that thou love God, thy country, thy prince, and thine own estate, before all others; for the fancies of men change, and he that loves to-day hateth to-morrow; but let reason be thy school-mistress, which shall ever guide thee aright.

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The consciousness of being loved softens the keenest pang, even at the moment of parting; yea, even the eternal farewell is robbed of half its bitterness, when uttered in accents that breathe love to the last sigh.

—Addison.

Certain it is that there is no kind of affection so purely angelic as that of a father to his daughter. He beholds her both with and without regard to her sex. In love to our wives there is desire; to our sons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters there is something which there are no words to express.

—Addison.

In a father's love, like a well-drawn picture, he eyes all his children alike, (if there be a parity of desserts,) never parching one to drown another.

—Fuller.

Love is the blending of two into one,—supreme happiness.

D. E. Frederic

## POEMS OF LOVE.

## DESCENT OF LOVE.

Hath man e'er had experience like this—  
 (For poets sing a love which children mock,  
 And bliss of love therein is laughing stock;

Their silly words make creed for common men,  
 Our life had long been dreamy holiday,  
 Till when, one even on the bleak highway,

I told her that I loved her, and she left  
 Her soul upon my lips; and thus we stayed  
 Bereft of earth. And then (O strange) we fled

Down the bleak highway till the place's fear  
 Had closed his wings and left from following!  
 So here, within sound of her sweet singing,

This summer's day, I fathom that dread time  
 And liken it—how up some desert peak  
 Sublime, went ancient men and heard God speak,

And won His law. But once they went, no more!  
 Yet, though God's dreams ran burning in their brain,  
 They hurried to the ways of humble men,  
 Nor prayed of Him to visit them again!

## HOW WOULD I THEN BE LOVED?

How would I then be loved? Most tenderly,  
 This heart doth shrink from love's fierce fever heat.  
 So soon the fire of passion burneth out  
 And leaves us naught but ashes gray and cold.

I yearn but for the dew of tenderness.  
 'Tis thus would I be loved.

How would I then be loved? Most patiently.  
 With cares and many sorrows oft oppressed.  
 Now do I need a strong and patient arm  
 To lean upon as on through life I tread,  
                     To bear me up in love.

How would I then be loved? Devotedly.  
 Of all the world I must be first and best  
 And fill the measures of existence full  
 For him whose heart and mine do interchange.  
 Devotion, patience, tenderness—no more  
 Could human heart desire this side of heaven.

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### LOVE'S SEASONS.

Full-flowered summer lies upon the land.  
 I kiss your lips, your hair—and then your hand  
 Slips into mine; lo, we two understand  
                     That love is sweet.

The roseleaf falls, the color fades and dies;  
 The sunlight fades, the summer, bird-like, flies;  
 There comes a shadow across your wistful eyes—  
                     Is love so sweet?

The flowers are dead, the land is blind with rain;  
 The bud of beauty bears the fruit of pain—  
 Can any note revive the broken strain,  
                     Is love so sweet?

The world is cold, and death is everywhere.  
 I turn to you, and in my heart's despair  
 Find peace and rest. We know, through foul or fair,  
                     That love is sweet.

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### THE HOPE OF LOVE.

There is not time enough to love you here—  
 Only a few quick years to hold you fast.  
 Days burn away; Love brings the sun so near!  
 And nights but breathe their blessings, and are past;  
 And season melts in season. Oh, my dear,  
                     And must we part at last?

Yet, search mine eyes, and tell me if my youth  
 Laughs out to you as when you called it first.  
 Nay, but I know it must, for I, in sooth,  
 Was older then than now. 'Twas you who nursed  
 My soul from sickly doubt to faith and truth  
 When life was at its worst.

And, looking back, within you. eyes I find  
 A smile that overcomes the fear of age,  
 A brave smile, telling how the joys behind  
 Were not more sure than those that gild a page  
 Of life as yet unread—delights designed  
 For our joint heritage.

\* \* \* \* \*

And is there something further distant still—  
 Somewhere without the world—for you and me;  
 When we have stepped across the quiet rill  
 That men would magnify with mystery?  
 What can we say, oh heart, of what may be?  
 "Love hopeth all things;" let us hope until  
 God smiles and bids us see.

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#### A LOVE NOTE.

What, sweet mistress, should there be  
 'Twixt thy heart and mine this day?  
 There no barrier I see  
 Which love may not kiss away—  
 Kiss away, and tenderly  
 Bear his sweetest rose to thee.

If a rose should bar his path—  
 Thorny, with a jealous frown,  
 Love such winning favor hath  
 He shall quickly kiss it down—  
 Kiss it down and beauteously  
 Bear it on his breast to thee.

Love will come his own to greet  
 Though no light his path adorns,  
 Through a world of roses sweet!  
 Through a desert sharp with thorns—  
 Jay that love thine own shall be,  
 Love will win his way to thee!

## LOVERS STILL.

His hair as wintry snow is white;  
 Her trembling steps are slow;  
 His eyes have lost their merry light;  
 Her cheeks, their rosy glow.  
 Her hair has not its tints of gold;  
 His voice, no joyous thrill;  
 And yet, though feeble, gray, and old,  
 They're faithful lovers still.

Since they were wed, on lawn and lea,  
 Oft did the daisies blow,  
 And oft across the trackless sea  
 Did swallows come and go;  
 Oft were the forest branches bare;  
 And oft, in gold arrayed;  
 Oft did the lilies scent the air,  
 The roses bloom and fade.

They've had their share of hopes and fears,  
 Their share of bliss and bale,  
 Since first he whispered in her ears  
 A lover's tender tale;  
 Full many a thorn amid the flowers  
 Has lain upon their way;  
 They've had their dull November hours,  
 As well as days of May.

But firm and true through weal and woe,  
 Through change of time and scene,  
 Through winter's gloom, through summer's glow,  
 Their faith and love have been.  
 Together hand in hand they pass  
 Serenely down life's hill,  
 In hopes one grave in churchyard grass  
 May hold them lovers still.

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 A NECKLACE OF LOVE.

No rubies of red for my lady—  
 No jewel that glitters and charms,  
 But the light of the skies in a little one's eyes  
 And a necklace of two little arms.

Of two little arms that are clinging  
 (Oh, ne'er was a necklace like this!)  
 And the wealth of the world and love's sweetness imperiled  
 In the joy of a little one's kiss.

A necklace of love for my lady  
 That was linked by the angels above—  
 No other but this—and the tender, sweet kiss  
 That sealeth a little one's love.

### BENEATH THE LIGHT.

A bit of rock, in a silent sea,  
 A lonely spot it seems to me;  
 And yet two hearts are beating there,  
 And happier hearts you'll find nowhere  
 Than in this tower across the wave,  
 Whose base the rippling waters lave.

A bit of rock, in an angry sea,  
 An awful spot it seems to me;  
 And yet yon tower, tempest tossed,  
 A shelter makes, where all is lost  
 Besides the confidence of love  
 In all on earth, and all above.

A bit of rock, and a light atop  
 Which flashes forth, as the shadows drop,  
 The smallest place in the world it seems,  
 Yet full of hopes and full of dreams,  
 As any place more proudly blest;  
 For two, this tower—home is best.

### MY LOVE THAT IS YET TO BE.

The loves that have long since vanished  
 Once more at my side I see.  
 The loves that I thought were banished  
 And the love that is yet to be.  
 The girl I loved at eleven,  
 The baby I loved at three,  
 My idol at ten and seven  
 And the love that is yet to be.



With a dash of the lark's sweet singing,  
 With the faint perfume of a rose;  
 With the echo of sleigh-bells ringing,  
 And the gleam of December snows;  
 They come, these mysterious faces,  
 From the depths of the murmurous past  
 In their old accustomed places;  
 To faint and to die at last.

Better than vanished laughter,  
 And loves that the past can show,  
 Is what is to come hereafter,  
 And the girl I am yet to know;  
 And how and where I shall greet her,  
 I care not at all to see;  
 But ah, how I long to meet her,  
 This love that is yet to be!

I dream of the tender glances,  
 And the words she is sure to say;  
 For I know that whatever chances,  
 We are certain to meet some day;  
 With the old loves cast behind me;  
 My musings are fancy free;  
 And the past can only remind me,  
 Of the love that is yet to be!

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### EARLY LOVE.

The fond caress of beauty, O, that glow!  
 The first warm glow that mantles round the heart  
 Of boyhood! when all's new—the first dear vow  
 He ever breathed—the tear-drops that first start,  
 Pure from the unpracticed eye—the overflow  
 Of waken'd passions, that but now impart  
 Hope, a wish, a feeling yet unfelt,  
 That mould to madness, or in mildness melt.

Ah! where's the youth whose stoic heart ne'er knew  
 The fires of joy, that burst through every vein  
 That burn forever bright, forever new,  
 As passion rises o'er and o'er again!

That, like the phoenix, die but to renew—  
 Beat in the heart, and throb upon the brain—  
 Self-kindling, quenchless as the eternal flame  
 That sports in Etna's base. But I'm to blame,

Ignobly thus to yield to raptures past;  
 To call my buried feelings from their shrouds,  
 O'er which the deep funeral pall was cast—  
 Like brightest skies entomb'd in darkest clouds  
 No matter, these, the latest and last  
 That rise, like spectres of the past, in crowds;  
 The ebullitions of a heart not lost,  
 But weary, wandering, worn, and tempest-toss'd.

'Tis vain, and worse than vain, to think on joys  
 Which, like the hour that's gone, return no more.  
 Bubbles of folly, blown by wanton boys—  
 Billows that swell, to burst upon the shore—  
 Playthings of passion, manhood's gilded toys,  
 Deceitful as the shell that seems to roar,  
 But proves the mimic mockery of the surge;  
 They sink in sorrow's sea, and ne'er emerge.

---

#### MY FIRST LOVE, AND MY LAST.

Cathara, when the many silent tears  
 Of beauty, bending o'er thy bed,  
 Bespoke the change familiar to our fears,  
 I could not think thy spirit yet had fled—  
 So like to life the slumber death had cast  
 On thy sweet face, my first love and my last.

I watch'd to see those lids their light unfold,  
 For still thy forehead rose serene and fair,  
 As when those raven ringlets richly roll'd  
 O'er life, which dwelt in thought and beauty there,  
 Thy cheek the while was rosy with the theme  
 That flush'd along the spirit's mystic dream.

Thy lips were circled with that silent smile  
 Which oft around their dewy freshness woke.  
 When some more happy thought or harmless wile  
 Upon thy warm and wandering fancy broke;  
 For thou wert Nature's child, and took the tone  
 Of every pulse, as if it were thine own.

I watch'd, and still believed that thou wouldst wake,  
 When others came to place thee in the shroud;  
 I thought to see this seeming slumber break,  
 As I have seen a light, transparent cloud  
 Disperse, which o'er a star's sweet face had thrown  
 A shadow like to that which veil'd thine own.

But, no; there was no token, look, or breath;  
 The tears of those around, the tolling bell  
 And hearse told us at last that this was death!  
 I know not if I breathed a last farewell;  
 But since that day my sweetest hours have pass'd  
 In thought of thee, my first love and my last.

---

LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

Yes! still I love thee;—Time, who sets  
 His signet on my brow,  
 And dims my sunken eye, forgets  
 The heart he could not bow;—  
 Where love, that cannot perish, grows  
 For one, alas! that little knows  
 How love may sometimes last;  
 Like sunshine wasting in the skies,  
 When clouds are overcast,

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose,  
 Within its robe of light,  
 Can never touch a leaf that blows,  
 Though seeming to the sight;  
 And yet it still will linger there,  
 Like hopeless love without despair,—  
 A snow-drop in the sun!  
 A moment finely exquisite,  
 Alas! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart  
 Think momentarily of me,—  
 Nor would I tear the cords apart,  
 That bind me so to thee;  
 No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild  
 Like dew upon the roses wild,  
 I would not have thee know,  
 The stream that seems to thee so still,  
 Has such a tide below!

Enough! that in delicious dreams  
 I see thee and forget—  
 Enough, that when the morning beams,  
 I feel my eyelids wet!  
 Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall  
 The darkness, for creation's pall,  
 To meet thee,—and to love,—  
 I would not shrink from aught below,  
 Nor ask for more above.

---

#### SEEK NOT TO UNDERSTAND HER.

Why seek her heart to understand,  
 If but enough thou knowest  
 To prove that all thy love, like sand,  
 Upon the wind thou throwest?  
 The ill thou makest out at last  
 Doth but reflect the bitter past,  
 While all the good thou learnest yet,  
 But makes her harder to forget.

What matters all the nobleness  
 Which in her breast resideth,  
 And what the warmth and tenderness  
 Her mien of coldness hideth,  
 If but ungenerous thoughts prevail  
 When thou her bosom wouldst assail,  
 While tenderness and warmth doth ne'er,  
 By any chance, toward thee appear.

Sum up each token thou hast won  
 Of kindred feeling there—  
 How few for Hope, to build upon,  
 How many for Despair!  
 And if e'er word or look declareth  
 Love or aversion, which she beareth,  
 While of the first, no proof thou hast,  
 How many are there of the last!

Then strive no more to understand  
 Her heart, of whom thou knowest  
 Enough to prove thy love like sand  
 Upon the wind thou throwest;  
 The ill thou makest out at last  
 Doth but reflect the bitter past,  
 While all the good thou learnest yet  
 But makes her harder to forget.

## ASK NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER.

Ask me not why I should love her;  
 Look upon those soulful eyes!  
 Look while mirth or feeling move her,  
 And see there how sweetly rise  
 Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast,  
 Which is of innocence the nest—  
 Which, though each joy were from it shred  
 By truth would still be tenanted!

See, from those sweet windows peeping,  
 Emotions tender, bright, and pure,  
 And wonder not the faith I'm keeping  
 Every trial can endure!  
 Wonder not that looks so winning  
 Still for me new ties are spinning;  
 Wonder not that heart so true  
 Keeps mine from ever changing too.

## SHE LOVES, BUT 'TIS NOT ME.

She loves, but 'tis not me she loves;  
 Not me on whom she ponders,  
 When, in some dream of tenderness,  
 Her truant fancy wanders.  
 The forms that flit her visions through  
 Are like the shapes of old,  
 Where tales of prince and paladin  
 On tapestry are told.  
 Man may not hope her heart to win,  
 Be his of common mould.

But I—though spurs are won no more  
 Where herald's trump is pealing,  
 Nor thrones carved out for lady fair  
 Where steel-clad ranks are wheeling—  
 I loose the falcon of my hopes  
 Upon as proud a flight  
 As those who hawk'd at high renown,  
 In song-ennobled sight.  
 If daring, then, true love may crown,  
 My love she must requite.

## THY SMILES.

'Tis hard to share her smiles with many!  
 And while she is so dear to me,  
 To fear that I, far less than any,  
 Call out her sprit's witchery!  
 To find my inmost heart when near her  
 Trembling at every glance and tone,  
 And feel the while each charm grow dearer  
 That will not beam for me alone.

How can she thus, sweet spendthrift, squander  
 The treasures one alone can prize!  
 How can her eyes to all thus wander,  
 When I but live in those sweet eyes!  
 Those siren tones so lightly spoken  
 Cause many a heart I know to thrill,  
 But mine, and only mine, till broken,  
 In every pulse must answer still.

## " 'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE!"

" 'Tis said that absence conquers love!"  
 But, O! believe it not;  
 I've tried, alas! its power to prove,  
 But thou art not forgot.  
 Lady, though fate has bid us part,  
 Yet still thou art as dear,  
 As fix'd in this devoted heart  
 As when I clasp'd thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,  
 And smile to hear thy name;  
 And yet, as if I thought aloud,  
 They know me still the same.  
 And when the wine-cup passes round,  
 I toast some other fair,—  
 But when I ask my heart the source,  
 Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,  
 And try to whisper love,  
 Still will my heart to thee return,  
 Like the returning dove.  
 In vain! I never can forget,  
 And would not be forgot;  
 For I must bear the same regret,  
 Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek  
 Its favorite bower to die;  
 So, lady, I would hear thee speak,  
 And yield my parting sigh.  
 'Tis said that absence conquers love!  
 But, O! believe it not;  
 I've tried, alas! its power to prove,  
 But thou art not forgot.

---

### THE DREAMING GIRL.

She floats upon a sea of mist,  
 In fancy's boat of amethyst!  
 A dreaming girl, with her fair cheek,  
 Supported by a snow-white arm,  
 In the calm joy of innocence,  
 Subdued by some unearthly charm.

The clusters of her dusky hair  
 Are floating on her bosom fair,  
 Like early darkness stealing o'er  
 The amber tints that daylight gave,  
 Or, like the shadow of a cloud  
 Upon a fainting summer-wave.

Is it a spirit of joy or pain  
 Sails on the river of her brain!  
 For, lo! the crimson on her cheek  
 Faints and glows like a dying flame;  
 Her heart is beating loud and quick—  
 Is not love that spirit's name?

Up-waking from her blissful sleep,  
 She starts with fear too wild to weep;  
 Through the tralling honeysuckle,  
 All night breathing odorous sighs,  
 Which her lattice dimly curtains,  
 The morn peeps in with his bright eyes.

Perfume loved when it is vanish'd,  
 Pleasure hardly felt ere banish'd,  
 Is the happy maiden's vision,  
 That doth on her memory gleam  
 And her heart leaps up with gladness—  
 That bliss was nothing but a dream!

---

#### ALONE ONCE MORE.

Alone once more!—but with such deep emotion,  
 Waking to life a thousand hopes and fears,  
 Such will distrust—such absolute devotion,  
 My bosom seems a dreary lake of tears;

Tears that stern manhood long restrain'd from gushing,  
 As mountains keep a river from the sea,  
 Until Spring's floods, impetuously rushing,  
 Channel a bed, and set its waters free!

What mockery to all true and earnest feeling,  
 This fatal union of the false and fair!  
 Eyes, lips, and voice, unmeasured bliss revealing,  
 With hearts whose lightness fills us with despair!

O God! some sorrows of our wondrous being  
 A patient mind can partly clear away;  
 Ambition cools when fortune's gifts are fleeing,  
 And men grow thoughtful round a brother's clay;

But to what end this waste of noble passion,  
 This wearing of a truthful heart to dust—  
 Adoring slaves of humour, praise, or fashion,  
 The vain recipients of a boundless trust?



Come home, fond heart, cease all instinctive pleading,  
 As the dread fever of insane desire,  
 To some dark gulf thy warm affections leading,  
 When love must long survive, though faith expire!

Though wanted glory from the earth will vanish,  
 And life seem desolate, and hope beguile,  
 Love's cherished dream learn steadfastly to banish,  
 Till death thy spirit's conflict reconcile!

---

THE FUGITIVE FROM LOVE.

Is there but a single theme  
 For the youthful poet's dream?  
 Is there but a single wire  
 To the youthful poet's lyre?  
 Earth below and heaven above—  
 Can he sing of naught but love?

Nay! the battle's dust I see!  
 God of war! I follow thee!  
 And, in martial numbers, raise  
 Worthy paeans to thy praise.  
 Ah! she meets me on the field—  
 If I fly not, I must yield.

Jolly patron of the grape!  
 To thy arms I will escape!  
 Quick, the rosy nectar bring;  
 "To Bacche" I will sing.  
 Ha! Confusion! every sip  
 But reminds me of her lip.

Pallas! give me wisdom's page,  
 And awake my lyric rage;  
 Love is fleeting; love is vain;  
 I will try a nobler strain.  
 O, perplexity! my books  
 But reflect her haunting looks!

Jupiter! on thee I cry!  
 Take me and my lyre on high!  
 Lo! the stars beneath me gleam!  
 Here, O, poet! is a theme.  
 Madness! She has come above!  
 Every chord is whispering "Love!"

## A DREAM OF LOVE.

I dreamed I lay beside the dark blue Rhine,  
 In that old tower where once Sir Roland dwelt;  
 Methought his gentle lady-love was mine,  
 And mine the cares and pain which once he felt.  
 Dim, cloudy centuries had rolled away,  
 E'en to that minstrel age—the olden time,  
 When Roland's lady bid him woo no more,  
 And he, a weary, sought the eastern clime.

Methought that I, like him, had wandered long,  
 In those strange lands of which old legends tell;  
 Then home I turned to my own glancing Rhine,  
 And found my lady in a convent cell;  
 And I, like him, had watched through weary years,  
 And dwelt unseen hard by her convent's bound,  
 In that old tower, which yet stands pitying  
 The cluster-isle, enclosed by water round.

I long had watched—for in the early morn,  
 To ope her lattice, came that lady oft;  
 And earnestly I gazed, yet naught I saw,  
 Save one small hand and arm, white, fair, and soft.  
 And when, at eve, the long, dark shadows fell  
 O'er rock and valley, vineyard, town and tower,  
 Again she came—again that small white hand  
 Would close her lattice for the vesper hour.

I lingered still, e'en when the silent night  
 Had cast its sable mantle o'er the shrine,  
 To see her lonely taper's softened light  
 Gleam, far reflected, o'er the quiet Rhine;  
 But most I loved to see her form, at times,  
 Obscure those beams—for then her shade would fall,  
 And I beheld it, evenly portrayed—  
 A living profile, on that window small.

And thus I lived in love—though not in hope—  
 And thus I watched that maiden many a year,  
 When, lo! I saw, one morn, a funeral train—  
 Alas! they bore my lady to her bier!  
 And she was dead—yet grieved I not therefore  
 For now in Heaven she knew the love I felt,  
 Death would not kill affection, nor destroy  
 The holy peace wherein I long had dwelt.

Oh, gentle lady! this was but a dream!  
 And in a dream I bore all this for thee,  
 If thus in sleep love's pangs assail my soul,  
 Think, lady, what my waking hours must be!

---

QUERIES.

Well, how has it been with you since we met  
 That last strange time of a hundred times?  
 When we met to swear that we could forget—  
 I your caresses, and you my rhymes—  
 The rhyme of my lays that rang like a bell,  
 And the rhyme of my heart with yours, as well?

How has it been since we drank that last kiss,  
 That was bitter with lees of the wasted wine;  
 When the tattered remains of a threadbare bliss,  
 And the wornout shreds of a joy divine,  
 With a year's best dreams and hopes, were cast  
 Into the ragbag of the Past?

Since Time, the rag-buyer, hurried away  
 With a chuckle of glee at the bargain made,  
 Did you discover, like me, one day  
 That hid in the folds of those garments frayed  
 Were priceless jewels and diadems—  
 The soul's best treasures, the heart's best gems?

---

FRIENDSHIP AFTER LOVE.

After the fierce midsummer all ablaze  
 Has burned itself to ashes, and expires  
 In the intensity of its own fires,  
 There come the mellow, mild, St. Martin days  
 Crowned with the calm of peace, but sad with haze.  
 So after Love has led us, till he tires  
 Of his own throes, and torments, and desires,  
 Comes large-eyed friendship; with a restful gaze,  
 He beckons us to follow, and across  
 Cool verdant vales we wander free from care.  
 Is it a touch of frost lies in the air?  
 Why are we haunted with a sense of loss?  
 We do not wish the pain back, or the heat;  
 And yet, and yet, these days are incomplete.

## LOVE'S COMING.

She had looked for his coming as warriors come,  
 With the clash of arms and the bugle's call;  
 But he came instead with a stealthy tread,  
 Which she did not hear at all.

She had thought how his armor would blaze in the sun,  
 As he rode like a prince to claim his pride;  
 In the sweet dim light of the falling night  
 She found him at her side.

She had dreamed how the gaze of his strange, bold eye  
 Would wake her heart to a sudden glow;  
 She found in his face the familiar grace  
 Of a friend she used to know.

She had dreamed how his coming would stir her soul,  
 As the ocean is stirred by the wild storm's strife;  
 He brought her the balm of a heavenly calm,  
 And a peace which crowned her life.

---

 OLD AND NEW.

Long have the poets vaunted, in their lays,  
 Old times, old loves, old friendship, and old wine.  
 Why should the old monopolize all praise?  
 Then let the new claim mine.

Give me strong new friends, when the old prove weak,  
 Or fail me in my darkest hour of need;  
 Why perish with the ship that springs a leak,  
 Or lean upon a reed?

Give me new love, warm, palpitating, sweet,  
 When all the grace and beauty leaves the old;  
 When like a rose it withers at my feet.  
 Or like a hearth grows cold.

## LOVE POEMS.

### LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

How does Love speak?

In the faint flush upon the telltale cheek,  
And in the pallor that succeeds it; by  
The quivering lid of an averted eye—  
The smile that proves the parent to a sigh,  
Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak?

By the uneven heart-throbs, and the freak  
Of bounding pulses that stand still and ache,  
While new emotions, like strange barges, make  
Along vein—channels their disturbing course;  
Still as the dawn, and the dawn's swift force—  
Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak?

In the avoidance of that which we seek—  
The sudden silence and reserve when near—  
The eye that glistens with an unshed tear—  
The joy that seems the counterpart of fear,  
As the alarmed heart leaps in the breast,  
And knows, and names, and greets its godlike guest—  
Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak?

In the proud spirit suddenly grown meek—  
The haughty heart grown humble; in the tender  
And unnamed light that floods the world with splendor;  
In the resemblance which the fond eyes trace  
In all fair things to one beloved face;  
In the shy touch of hands that thrill and tremble—  
In looks and lips that can no more dissemble—  
Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak?

In the wild words that uttered seem so weak  
They shrink ashamed to silence; in the fire  
Glance strikes with glance, swift flashing higher and higher,  
Like lightnings that precede the mighty storm;  
In the deep, soulful stillness; in the warm,  
Impassioned tide that sweeps through throbbing veins,  
Between the shores of keen delights and pains;  
In the embrace where madness melts in bliss,  
And in the convulsive rapture of a kiss—  
Thus doth Love speak.

## IMPATIENCE.

How can I wait until you come to me?  
 The once fleet mornings linger by the way;  
 Their sunny smiles touched with malicious glee  
 At my unrest, they seem to pause and play  
 Like truant children, while I sigh and say,  
 How can I wait?

How can I wait? Of old, the rapid hours  
 Refused to pause or loiter with me long;  
 But now they idly fill their hands with flowers,  
 And make no haste, but slowly stroll among  
 The summer blooms, not heeding my one song,  
 How can I wait?

How can I wait? The nights alone are kind;  
 They reach forth to a future day, and bring  
 Sweet dreams of you to people all my mind;  
 And time speeds by on light and airy wing.  
 I feast upon your face, I no more sing,  
 How can I wait?

## I SAW YOUR BEAUTY.

I saw your beauty ripe and rare,  
 Your Attic face and sensuous form,  
 But found them framed for seasons fair—  
 Not winter days, or nights of storm.

I might have loved, did I not know  
 That breast, though all devoid of sin,  
 Though pure without as polar snow,  
 Was cold as polar snow within.

I could have loved you, but a face  
 Came evermore betwixt us twain  
 To win me from your art and grace  
 Back to my better self again.

I would have loved you, could the bliss  
 Her presence gave me be forgot;  
 But, as it was, remember this:  
 I loved you not—I loved you not!

## LOVE.

Love much resembles daybreak; none can say  
 When it begins, or when it terminates;  
 It comes and passes like a dream away;  
 Perhaps the common friendships of to-day  
 May form to-morrow's loves, or next day's hates.  
 Who waits for love, is loving while he waits;  
 Who sneers at love, is loving while he sneers;  
 Who fears to love, is loving while he fears.  
 All men, all women love; even I, who speak,  
 I find I am a swimmer far from shore;  
 My soul is dizzy and my limbs are weak;  
 Say, shall I sink, or strive a little more?  
 Why should I strive, when love will have its will?  
 I hate to love, and yet—I love thee still.

---

## THEN—AND NOW.

Not even a glance to say that I am seen!  
 Not even a glance from that soft starry eye—  
 Not even a glance! God knows the reasons why!  
 I surely cannot be what I have been,  
 Or, sweet, you would not pass unheeding by,  
 Even were I vassal and yourself my queen;  
 Nor would you hold your sunny head so high.  
 For I would bend it with the weight of love  
 That I should shower upon it; I would bring  
 Your heart to read in every star above  
 Your name with mine entwined as queen and king,—  
 Lords of the earth, of love, of time, of fate—  
 Supreme of all things being or small or great—  
 Yea, lords of love—so lords of everything!

---

## TRUE LOVE AND TRIED.

True love and tried that never sleeps,  
 Though all the world may sleep beside;  
 But still perpetual vigil keeps—  
 True love and tried!

Whatever comes with time or tide—  
 Whoever sows—whoever reaps,—  
 Still faithful with this love abide.

Yea, more! Beyond the purple steeps,  
 Beyond the river's margin wide,  
 We yet shall know thine utmost deeps,  
 True love and tried!

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TRUE LOVE.

True love can never alter,—  
 True love can never die;  
 False love alone can falter,—  
 False love alone can fly.

Love, darling, needs to borrow  
 No beauty of the morn  
 Through day to the to-morrow  
 It smiles with scorn on scorn;

On hate—but devils only  
 Can hate—it ever glows;  
 True love leaves no heart lonely  
 It glads where'er it goes.

Even through the dust and ashes  
 Of hope wet by sad tears  
 It flings a flame which flashes  
 Athwart the coming years.

Aye, as the wild years flying  
 For swiftness lose their breath,  
 It goes with them, in dying  
 It takes the hand of death.



## HANDKERCHIEF FLIRTATION.

Among the many and varied forms of silent flirtation, that in which the handkerchief is used stands out conspicuously, as it is most simple and is conducted through the medium of that common article used by all men and women. The key to the system is given below:

Drawing across the lips—Desirous of an acquaintance.

Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.

Taking it by the center—You are too willing.

Dropping—We will be friends.

Twirling in both hands—Indifference.

Drawing it across the cheek—I love you.

Drawing it through the hands—I hate you.

Letting it rest on the right cheek—Yes.

Letting it rest on the left cheek—No.

Twirling it in the left hand—I wish to be rid of you.

Twirling it in the right hand—I love another.

Folding it—I wish to speak with you.

Drawing it across the forehead—We are watched.

Over the shoulder—Follow me.

Opposite corners in both hands—Wait for me.

Placing it on the right ear—You have changed.

Letting it remain on the eyes—You are cruel.

Winding around the forefinger—I am engaged.

Winding around the third finger—I am married.

Putting it in the pocket—No more at present.

## PRECIOUS STONES.

Precious stones as well as flowers have their sentiments, which many people consider when they make a gift of one to a lover or friend. Below will be found a list of stones with their meaning:

Garnet—Constancy and fidelity.

Amethyst—Sincerity.

Bloodstone—Courage.

Sapphire—Repentance.

Emerald—Success in love.

Agate—Health and long life.

Ruby—Forgetfulness of, and exemption from vexations caused by friendship and love.

Sardonyx—Conjugal fidelity.

Chrysolite—Freedom from evil passions and sadness of mind.

Opal—Hope and faith.

Topaz—Fidelity and friendship.

Turquoise—Prosperity.

Diamond—Innocence.

Pearl—Purity.

Cornelian—Contented mind.

Moonstone—Protects from danger.

Heliotrope—Causing the owner to walk invisible.

## POSTAGE STAMP FLIRTATION.

An unspoken conversation may be carried on by aid of postage-stamps. It undoubtedly affords much pleasure and amusement to those who indulge, but they seldom think of the trouble they give to the unfortunate clerks, through whose hands the letters pass. The method is thus:

Upside down on left corner—I love you.

Same corner, crosswise—My heart is another's.

Straight up and down—Good-bye, sweetheart.

Upside down on right corner—Write no more.

In the middle, at right hand edge—Write immediately.

In center, at top—Yes.

Opposite, at bottom—No.

On right-hand corner, at a right angle—Do you love me?

In left-hand corner—I hate you.

Top corner, at the right—I wish your friendship.

Bottom corner, at left—I seek your acquaintance

On line with surname—Accept my love.

The same, upside down—I am engaged.

At right angle, same place—I long to see you.

### LOVE'S TELEGRAPHY WITH RING, TRINKET OR FAN.

When a gentleman, in presenting a fan, flowers or trinket to a lady, uses the left hand, this, on his part, is an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer.

If a gentleman is in search of a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if he intends to remain a bachelor. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a hoop or diamond on her first finger; if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if she intends to die an old maid.

## LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

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Flowers, the most beautiful gift God placed on earth for the benefit of man, whose purity has been sung by the bards of all ages, are emblematic of all that is true, and pure, and sacred. They are strongly intertwined with human sentiment. Man places them on the grave of his dead; they are the idealization of his love. There is no other gift by which he can so fittingly show his affection.

From time to time a sentiment has been attached to flowers, and by those who are acquainted with the different sentiments attached to them, an unspoken conversation can be carried on. The following is a detailed list of the sentiments attached to the different flowers, shrubs and plants:

Acacia—Concealed love.

Acacia, Rose—Friendship.

Acanthus—Arts.

Adonis Vernalis—Bitter memories.

Agnus Casus—Coldness.

Agrimony—Thankfulness.

Almond—Hope.

Aloe—Superstition.

Althea—Consumed by love.

Alyssum, Sweet—Worth beyond beauty.

Amaranth—Immortality.

Amaryllis—Splendid beauty.

Ambrosia—Love returned.

Anemone—Expectation.

Anemone, Garden—Forsaken.

Angelica—Inspiration.

- Apocynum (Dogbane)—Inspiration.  
Apple—Temptation.  
Apple Blossom—Preference.  
Arbor vitæ—Unchanging friendship.  
Arbutus, Trailing—Welcome.  
Arum—Ardor.  
Ash—Grandeur.  
Ash, Mountain—Prudence.  
Aspen Tree—Lamentation.  
Asphodel—Regrets beyond the grave.  
Aurilica—Avarice.  
Azalea—Romance.  
Bachelor's Button—Hope in love.  
Balm—Sympathy.  
Balm of Gilead—Healing.  
Balsam—Impatience.  
Barberry—Sharpness, satire.  
Basil—Hatred.  
Bay Leaf—No change till death.  
Beech—Prosperity.  
Bee Ophrys—Error.  
Bee Orchis—Industry.  
Bell Flower—Gratitude.  
Belvidere, Wild (Licorice)—I declare against you.  
Bilberry—Treachery.  
Birch Tree—Meekness.  
Black Bryony—Be my support.  
Bladder Nut Tree—Frisolous amusements.  
Blue Bottle—Delicacy.  
Borage—Bluntness.  
Box—Constancy.  
Briers—Envy.  
Broken Straw—Constancy.  
Broom—Neatness.  
Buckbean—Calm repose.  
Pugloss—Falsehood.  
Burdock—Importunity.

- Buttercup—Riches.  
Cactus—Thou leavest me.  
Calla Lily—Feminine beauty.  
Calycanthus—Benevolence.  
Camelia—Pity.  
Camomile—Energy in action.  
Candytuft—Indifference.  
Canterbury Bell—Gratitude.  
Cape Jasmine Gardenia—Transport, ecstasy.  
Cardinal Flower—Distinction.  
Carnation, Yellow—Disdain.  
Catchfly (Silene), Red—Youthful love.  
Catchfly, White—I fall a victim.  
Cedar—I live for thee.  
Cedar of Lebanon—Incorruptible.  
Celandine—Future joy.  
Cherry Tree—Good education.  
Chickweed—I cling to thee.  
Chickory—Frugality.  
China Aster—I will think of thee.  
China, Pink—Aversion.  
Chrysanthemum, Rose—In love.  
Chrysanthemum, White—Truth.  
Chrysanthemum, Yellow—Slighted love.  
Cinquefoil—Beloved child.  
Clematis—Artifice.  
Clover, Red—Industry.  
Cobæa—Gossip.  
Coxcomb—Foppery.  
Colchium—My best days fled.  
Coltsfoot—Justice shall be done you.  
Columbine—Folly.  
Columbine, Purple—Resolved to win.  
Columbine, Red—Anxious.  
Convolvulus Major—Dead hope.  
Convolvulus Minor—Uncertainty.  
Corchorus—Impatience of happiness.

- Coreopsis—Love at first sight.  
Coriander—Hidden merit.  
Corn—Riches.  
Cornelian Cherry Tree—Durability.  
Coronilla—Success to you.  
Cowslip—Pensiveness.  
Cowslip, American—My divinity.  
Crocus—Cheerfulness.  
Crown Imperial—Majesty.  
Currants—You please me.  
Cypress—Mourning.  
Cypress and Marigold—Despair.  
Daffodil—Chivalry.  
Dahlia—Forever thine.  
Daisy, Garden—I share your feelings.  
Daisy, Michaelmas—Farewell.  
Daisy, Red—Beauty unknown to possessor.  
Daisy, White—Innocence.  
Daisy, Wild—I will think of it.  
Dandelion—Coquetry.  
Daphne Mezereon—I desire to please.  
Daphne Odora—I would not have you otherwise.  
Deadleaves—Sadness.  
Diosma—Usefulness.  
Dittany—Birth.  
Dock—Patience.  
Dodder—Meanness.  
Dogwood Flowering (Cornus)—Am I indifferent to you?  
Ebony—Hypocrisy.  
Eglantine—I wound to heal.  
Elder—Compassion.  
Elm—Dignity.  
Endive—Frugality.  
Epigaea, Repens (Mayflower)—Budding beauty.  
Eupatorium—Delay.  
Evening Primrose—Inconstancy.

- Evergreen—Poverty.  
 Everlasting (Graphalium)—Never ceasing memory.  
 Filbert—Reconciliation.  
 Fir Tree—Elevation.  
 Flax—I feel your kindness.  
 Flora's Bell—Without pretension.  
 Flowering Reed—Confide in heaven.  
 Forget-me-not—True love.  
 Foxglove—Insincerity.  
 Fraxinella—Fire.  
 Fritilaria (Guinea-hen Flower)—Persecution.  
 Furze—Anger.  
 Fuchsia—The ambition of my love thus plagues itself.  
 Fuchsia, Scarlet—Taste.  
 Gardenia—Transport; ecstasy.  
 Gentian, Fringed—Intrinsic worth.  
 Geranium, Apple—Present preference.  
 Geranium, Ivy—Your hand for next dance.  
 Geranium, Nutmeg—I expect a meeting.  
 Geranium, Oak—Lady, deign to smile.  
 Geranium, Rose—Preference.  
 Geranium, Silver-leaf—Recall.  
 Gillyflower—Lasting beauty.  
 Gladiolus—Ready armed.  
 Golden Rod—Encouragement.  
 Gooseberry—Anticipation.  
 Goosefoot—Goodness.  
 Gorse—Endearing affection.  
 Grape—Charity.  
 Grass—Utility.  
 Guelder Rose (Snowball)—Winter.  
 Harebell—Grief.  
 Hawthorne—Hope.  
 Heart's Ease—Think of me.  
 Heart's Ease, Purple—You occupy my thoughts.  
 Hazel—Reconciliation.  
 Heath—Solitude.



- Helenium**—Tears.  
**Heliotrope, Peruvian**—I love; devotion.  
**Hellebore**—Scandal.  
**Henbane**—Blemish.  
**Hepatica**—Confidence.  
**Hibiscus**—Delicate beauty.  
**Holly**—Foresight.  
**Hollyhock**—Fruitfulness.  
**Hollyhock, White**—Female ambition.  
**Honesty (Lunaria)**—Sincerity.  
**Honeysuckle**—The bond of love.  
**Honeysuckle, Coral**—The color of my fate.  
**Honeysuckle, Monthly**—I will not answer hastily.  
**Hop**—Injustice.  
**Hornbeam**—Ornament.  
**Horse-Chestnut**—Luxury.  
**Horse-Leek**—Domestic economy.  
**Houstonia**—Content.  
**Hoya (Wax Plant)**—Sculpture.  
**Hyacinth**—Jealousy.  
**Hyacinth, Blue**—Constancy.  
**Hyacinth, Purple**—Sorrow.  
**Hydrangea**—Heartlessness.  
**Ice Plant**—Your looks freeze me.  
**Indian Cress**—Resignation.  
**Ipomaea**—I attach myself to you.  
**Iris**—Message.  
**Iris, German**—Flame.  
**Ivy**—Friendship; matrimony.  
**Jessamine, Cape**—Transient joy.  
**Jessamine, White**—Amiability.  
**Jessamine, Yellow**—Grace; elegance.  
**Jonquil**—Return my affection.  
**Judas-Tree**—Betrayed.  
**Juniper**—Perfect loveliness.  
**Kalmia (Mountain Laurel)**—Treachery.  
**Kennedia**—Intellectual beauty.

- Laburnum**—Pensive beauty.  
**Lady's Slipper**—Capricious beauty.  
**Lagerstroema** (Cape Myrtle)—Eloquence.  
**Lantana**—Rigor.  
**Larch**—Boldness.  
**Larkspur**—Fickleness.  
**Laurel**—Glory.  
**Laurestinus**—I die if neglected.  
**Lavender**—Distrust.  
**Lemon Blossom**—Discretion.  
**Lettuce**—Gold-hearted.  
**Lilac**—First emotion of love.  
**Lilac, White**—Youth.  
**Lily**—Purity; modesty.  
**Lily of the Valley**—Return of happiness.  
**Lily, Day**—Coquetry.  
**Lily, Water**—Eloquence.  
**Lily, Yellow**—Falsehood.  
**Linden Tree**—Conjugal love.  
**Live Oak**—Liberty.  
**Liverwort**—Confidence.  
**Locust**—Affection beyond the grave.  
**London Pride**—Frivolity.  
**Lotus**—Forgetful of the past.  
**Love in a Mist**—You puzzle me.  
**Love Lies Bleeding**—Hopeless, not heartless.  
**Lucerne**—Life.  
**Lungwort** (Pulmonaria)—Thou art my life.  
**Lupine**—Imagination.  
**Lychnis**—Religious enthusiasm.  
**Lythrum**—Pretension.  
**Madder**—Calumny.  
**Maiden's Hair**—Discretion.  
**Magnolia, Chinese**—Love of nature.  
**Magnolia, Grandiflora**—Peerless and proud.  
**Magnolia, Swamp**—Perseverance.  
**Mallow**—Sweetness.

- Mandrake—Horror.  
Maple—Reserve.  
Marigold—Cruelty.  
Marigold, African—Vulgar-minded.  
Marigold, French—Jealousy.  
Marjoram—Blushes.  
Marshmallow—Beneficence.  
Marvel of Peru (Four o'clock)—Timidity.  
Meadow Safron—My best days gone.  
Meadow Sweet—Usefulness.  
Mignonette—Your qualities surpass your charms.  
Mimosa—Sensitiveness.  
Mint—Virtue.  
Mistletoe—I surmount all difficulties.  
Mock Orange (Syringia)—Counterfeit.  
Monkshood—A deadly foe is near.  
Moonwort—Forgetfulness.  
Morning Glory—Coquetry.  
Moss—Maternal love.  
Motherwort—Secret love.  
Mourning Bride (Scabious)—Unfortunate attachment.  
Mouse-ear Chickweed—Simplicity.  
Mulberry, Black—I will not survive you.  
Mulberry, White—Wisdom.  
Mullein—Good nature.  
Mushroom—Suspicion.  
Mush Plant—Weakness.  
Mustard Seed—Indifference.  
Myosotis—Forget me not.  
Myrtle—Love.  
Narcissus—Egotism.  
Nasturtium—Patriotism.  
Nettie—Cruelty; Slander.  
Night Blooming Cereus—Transient beauty.  
Nightshade—Bitter truth.  
Oak—Hospitality.  
Oats—Music.

- Oleander—Beware.  
Orange—Generosity.  
Orange Flower—Chastity.  
Orchis—Beauty.  
Osier—Frankness.  
Osmunda—Dreams.  
Pansy—Think of me.  
Parsley—Entertainment.  
Pasque Flower—Unpretentious.  
Passon Flower—Religious fervor.  
Pea—Appointed meeting.  
Pea, Everlasting—Wilt go with me?  
Pea, Sweet—Departure.  
Peach Blossom—My heart is thine.  
Pear Tree—Affection.  
Peony—Anger.  
Pennyroyal—Flee away.  
Periwinkle—Sweet memories.  
Persimmon—Bury me amid nature's beauties.  
Petunica—Am not proud.  
Pheasant's Eye—Sorrowful memories.  
Phlox—Our souls united.  
Pimpernel—Change.  
Pine—Time.  
Pine Apple—You are perfect.  
Pine, Spruce—Farewell.  
Pink—Pure affection.  
Pink, Clove—Dignity.  
Pink, Double-red—Pure, ardent love.  
Pink Indian—Aversion.  
Pink, Mountain—You are aspiring.  
Pink, Variegated—Refusal.  
Pink, White—You are fair.  
Pink, Yellow—Disdain.  
Plane Tree—Genius.  
Pleurisy Root (Asclepias)—Heartache cure.  
Plum Tree—Keep promise.

Plum Tree, Wild—Independence.

Polyanthus—Confidence.

Poplar, Black—Courage.

Poplar, White—Time.

Poppy—Consolation.

Poppy, White—Sleep of the heart.

Pomegranate—Foolishness.

Pomegranate Flower—Elegance.

Potato—Beneficence.

Pride of China (Melia)—Dissension.

Primrose—Early youth.

Primrose, Evening—Inconstancy.

Privet—Mildness.

Pumpkin—Coarseness.

Quince—Temptation.

Ragged-robin (Lychnis)—Wit.

Ranunculus—Radiant with charms.

Reeds—Music.

Rhododendron—Agitation.

Rose—Beauty.

Rose, Austrian—Thou art all that is lovely.

Rose, Bridal—Happy love.

Rose, Burgundy—Unconscious beauty.

Rose, Cabbage—Love's ambassador.

Rose, Champion—Only deserve my love.

Rose, Carolina—Love is dangerous.

Rose, China—Grace.

Rose, Daily—That smile I would aspire to.

Rose, Damask—Freshness.

Rose, Dog—Pleasure and Pain.

Rose, Hundred-leaf—Pride.

Rose, Inermis—Ingratitude.

Rose, Maiden's Blush—If you do love me you will find me out.

Rose, Moss—Superior merit.

Rosebud—Confessed love.

Rose, Multiflora—Grace.

- Rose, Musk-cluster—Charming.  
Rose, Sweetbriar—Sympathy.  
Rose, Tea—Always lovely.  
Rose, Unique—Call me not beautiful.  
Rose, White—I am worthy of you.  
Rose, White (withered)—Transient impression.  
Rose, Wild—Simplicity.  
Rose, Yellow—Decrease of love.  
Rose, York and Lancaster—War.  
Roses, Garland of—Reward of virtue.  
Rosebud—Young girl.  
Rosebud, White—The heart that knows not love.  
Rosemary—Your presence revives me.  
Rue—Disdain.  
Rush—Docility.  
Saffron—Excess is dangerous.  
Sage—Esteem.  
Sardonia—Irony.  
Satin-flower (Lunaria)—Sincerity.  
Scabious, Mourning Bride—Widowhood.  
Sensitive Plant—Timidity.  
Service Tree—Prudence.  
Snapdragon—Presumption.  
Snowball—Thoughts of heaven.  
Snowdrop—Consolation.  
Sorrel—Wit ill-timed.  
Southernwood—Jesting.  
Spearmint—Warm feelings.  
Speedwell, Veronica—Female fidelity.  
Spindle Tree—Your image is engraven on my heart.  
Star of Bethlehem—Reconciliation.  
Starwort, American—Welcome to a stranger.  
St. John's Wort (Hypericum)—Superstition.  
Stock, Ten-week—Promptitude.  
Stramonium, Common—Disguise.  
Strawberry—Perfect excellence.  
Strawberry Tree (Arbutus)—Esteemed love.

- Sumac—Splendor.  
Sunflower, Dwarf—Your devout admirer.  
Sunflower, Fall—Pride.  
Sweet Sultan—Felicity.  
Sweet William—Artifice.  
Sycamore—Curiosity.  
Syringia—Memory.  
Tansy—I declare against you.  
Teasel—Misanthropy.  
Thistle—Austerity.  
Thorn Apple—Deceitful charms.  
Thorn, Black—Difficulty.  
Thorns—Severity.  
Thrift—Sympathy.  
Throatwood (Pulmonaria)—Neglected beauty.  
Thyme—Activity.  
Tiger Flower—May pride befriend thee.  
Touch me not, Balsam—Impatience.  
Truffle—Surprise.  
Trumpet Flower—Separation.  
Tuberose—Dangerous pleasures.  
Tulip—Declaration of love.  
Tulip Tree—Rural happiness.  
Tulip, Variegated—Beautiful eyes.  
Tulip, Yellow—Hopeless love.  
Turnip—Charity.  
Valerian—Accommodating disposition.  
Venus's Flytrap—Caught at last.  
Venus's Looking-glass—Flattery.  
Verbena—Sensibility.  
Vine—Intoxicating.  
Violet, Blue—Love.  
Violet, White—Modesty.  
Violet, Yellow—Modest worth.  
Virgin's Bower—Filial love.  
Wall Flower—Fidelity.  
Walnut—Stratagem.

Weeping Willow—Forsaken.

Wheat—Prosperity.

Woodbine—Fraternal love.

Wood Sorrel—Joy.

Wormwood—Absence.

Yarrow—Cure for heartache.

Yew—Sorrow.

Zennae—Absent friends



SPECIMEN LOVE LETTERS.

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Love letters are an important part of love-making, but they should emanate from the heart, rather than follow any mere form. Rousseau says, "To write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written." A good many ardent lovers put too much sentiment and flattery in their letters to their loves. The fact that you love the person to whom they are addressed is sufficient proof that you appreciate his or her merit, and too much praise and affectation in a letter is apt to look a little insincere.

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**Letter from a gentleman to a lady, declaring his love.**

No. 3725 Haverford Ave., June 1st, 18—.

**MY DEAR MISS BROWN:**

I trust you will permit me to express to you the deep respect and esteem which I feel for you, and let me hope that you will permit me to call my affection by the name of love. I remember that from the first day I met you your presence filled me with an ecstasy of delight, which grew with every meeting, until I learned to love you with a love I could not fail to show. Let me hope you have seen the depths of my attachment and that you do not spurn it, that you may sometime reciprocate it.

I love you with a sincere love; may I hope for your love and affection in return?

Yours in anxious suspense,

Miss Marguerite Brown.

GEORGE I. YOUNG.

**The lady's reply, stating she is already engaged.**

No. 926 Elm St., June 2nd, 18—.

GEO. I. YOUNG, Esq.:

It has been, my dear friend, with no desire to coquet with you or in any way deceive you, that I have encouraged your visits, but because I supposed you were fully aware of my engagement to Mr. H. Marum, now absent on duty in the Navy.

My vanity was not so great as to lead me to suppose your visits were endangering your peace of mind; and enjoying your friendship, I was happy to receive you.

Your letter has grieved me, because I know that the love of an honorable man is too precious an offering to be trifled with; but my answer must lie in the words that my whole heart belongs to my betrothed.

Deeply regretting that I have caused you pain,

I am ever your friend,

MARGUERITE BROWN.

**From a gentleman to a lady, who is a stranger.**

No. 20 H—— St., Oct. 1st, 18—.

MISS BELL:

I hardly know how to address a lady to whom it is my misfortune to be unknown, and to whom

my first duty must be an apology for the liberty which I am now taking. I can only say that under the circumstances I have no other means of seeking an introduction and hope that fact will be accepted as my excuse. In asking the great privilege of your acquaintance, or at all events an opportunity of making it, it is impossible to avoid saying that I am irresistibly impelled by the deep impression which you have made upon me. I have now for several weeks seen you at church, and every time I have gazed upon you, have been more intensely desirous of seeing you again. May I beg of you to extend me the favor which I so much covet and allow this letter to commence a friendship which will make me more happy than I have any right to say that I shall be. Again requesting an answer, if even but a line,

I beg to call myself your sincere admirer,

Miss Ruth Bell.

HARRY MYRON.

**A favorable reply.**

No. 100 Wind St., Oct. 2nd, 18—.

MR. HARRY MYRON:

I have your letter, and must own to being surprised at your request. I am not sure that I should answer it, and I should not, were it not that I do not think you mean to be discourteous. The accidental meetings at church hardly justify me in admitting a strange gentleman to a correspondence, and if I so far break through the rules of society you may in turn say that my conduct is bolder than your own. Still, I will venture to say that I may possibly give by recognition the opportunity which you seek for our becoming mutually acquainted. More than this I cannot, need not write, and will therefore only add that,

I am yours truly,

RUTH BELL.

**An unfavorable reply.**

No. 100 Wind St., Oct. 2nd, 18—.

MR. HARRY MYBON:

I am very reluctant to reply at all to your most improper and unjustifiable letter. I only do so in order that you may not have the least pretext for mistaking my feeling on the subject. Under any circumstances I should not think of permitting an acquaintance to be commenced by such an introduction as you appear to consider sufficient. The accident of your attending the same place of worship as myself, and that you have somehow learned my name, are matters over which I have no control. Of that fact you take an unworthy advantage. More than this, you show disrespect towards professed religion, and a contempt for its observances, when your attendance thereon is made but the occasion of affront to a lady—for an affront I must consider your letter to be,

RUTH BELL.

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**From a gentleman to a lady, whom he loves at first sight.**

No. 16 R—— St., Dec. 21st, 18—.

MY DEAR MISS WITTER:

It is with no little trembling of heart that I venture thus to address a lady in whose presence I have only once had the pleasure of being. Forgive me, I pray you, for the liberty I take, and believe me that I am quite unable to restrain myself from giving utterance to the deep admiration and love which that one occasion has created in my heart. Before I saw you I had never been possessed by the feelings which I

entertain toward you. In the short time, during which I gazed upon you, I became devoted to you. I shall never again regain the heart which I then lost forever. If you would confer upon me the inestimable boon of your nearer acquaintance I should be the happiest of beings. I am, I know, transgressing the rules of strict etiquette in thus writing to you, but cannot avoid it; and must only trust to your great kindness to excuse me.

One line to say that you are not displeased, and that we may meet again, will make me thankful for life.

Your sincere admirer,

Miss Mary Witter.

HARRY CHISHOLM.

**The lady's reply.**

No. 206 Sun St., Dec. 22nd, 18—.

**MR. H. CHISHOLM:**

You must excuse me when I say that your letter very much surprises me, and that it would be exceedingly strange if I answered it in the manner which you seem to desire. There may be, and no doubt is, such a thing as love at first sight. But if that love be worth the attention of any young lady it would be as timid as it is ardent, and as respectful and delicate as it professes to be sincere. I will not, however, do you the injustice of doubting your sincerity. I will even own that I am somewhat flattered by your professions of regard. But you must be aware that self-respect and the respect I should seek from others will not allow me to say more than chance must determine the question of our future meeting, and I cannot consent at present to correspond with you. Yours truly,

MARY WITTER.

From a gentleman to a lady asking for her esteem.

No. 25 Moon St., Oct. 3, 18—.

MY DEAR MISS DICKSON:

There can be no more painful situation than that in which one is placed who, being very anxious to secure the affection of another, yet has not been able to discover whether there is a probability of success. I have for some time found myself in that situation. I am most anxious that you should give me some return of the feeling with which I regard you, and I am quite without any knowledge as to whether you look upon me with favor or not. May I take the liberty, if it be one, of solving my doubt by the straight-forward process of a direct avowal of my love, and as straight-forward a question as to how I am estimated by yourself? Nothing is worse than suspense. I would know the truth, and could even bear its being the reverse of agreeable, rather than be left in uncertainty. You are, Miss Nuckalls, most dear to me. I love you with a strong and fervent love, which I cannot if I would conquer. Is the confession one which I may make with hopefulness as to your reply? Upon that reply depends my peace of mind; in your hands rests the happiness or unhappiness of my future. May I be so blessed as to be endowed with your love? You do not blame me, I trust, for being thus distinct? Could I be otherwise? Would it elevate me in your esteem if I were? The whole story that I would tell is that I have lost my heart to you, and that I am eagerly seeking yours, but do not know whether it is mine or no. One line from you will make me happy or miserable—may it make me happy!

Respectfully yours,

Miss Cornelia Dickson.

HARRY STONE.

## Reply to the foregoing.

No. 24 Rain St., Oct. 4, 18—.

DEAR MR. STONE:

I will not show so little appreciation of your expressed liking for me as to say that your letter is unwelcome. I have not in our intercourse intended to appear indifferent to you, nor have I failed to understand the feelings which you hold toward me. I can only hope that you will know me better when we next meet, and that you will not, without more cause than I have unwittingly given, consider that my esteem for you is not a reflection of yours for me.

Very truly yours,

Harry Stone, Esq.

CORNELIA DICKSON.

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From an elderly man to a young lady.

No. 25 Snow St., Feb. 25th, 18—.

DEAR MISS MAC RAE:

In addressing to you the following, I must ask your permission to speak with that freedom which the difference in our ages seems in some respects to justify. I am fifty-six years of age, you but twenty-five. There is in this a great disparity. I am led to hope, however, that the disparity may be more apparent than real, provided a mutual desire exists that it shall be so. Certainly I have conceived for you as strong and sincere an affection as a younger man could express or feel. It may be, even, that my judgement enables me to perceive with more clearness than it could have done twenty years ago, what are the true sources of happiness in life, and under what circumstances married

life may, with the most confidence, be entered upon. Believe me, that the feelings which I entertain toward yourself are, while very deep and sincere, approved by my experience of myself, and by the experience of others whom I see around me. While I offer you a love which I have found it impossible to stifle, I offer you all the matured affection which one situated as I am is enabled to assure you of. You will not ask me for the glowing words of younger men, nor would your opinion of me be increased by my offering such. But I do venture to assure you that the words rise to my lips as I write, and that you will find in me as true an admirer and lover as I would be, if you allow me, life-long protector and friend.

If you grant me your hand, you may seem to submit to some sacrifices for my sake, but I will strive that you may be mistaken. If no other choice has been yours, if you are really free, and I trust that I am not in error in thinking you quite at liberty, will you think over these few lines? Your society has been to me so great a delight, and your love would be to me so great a possession, that I beg you to consider whether it is not possible that you can regard me as your future husband. Do not let me find in that thus speaking, I have mistaken your friendship for me, and that I have allowed hopes to exist, the non-fulfillment of which would be the great misfortune of my life.

Sincerely yours,

Z. HARRIS.

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**From a gentleman to a lady, who is his junior.**

No. 46 Ice St., July 3rd, 18—.

**MY DEAR MISS HOLLOWAY:**

I have some difficulty as to the manner in which I ought to approach the subject of this letter, and shall



have to beg your forbearance if I do not express myself exactly in the right phrases. We have been long and intimately acquainted, and I need not say that your society has always given me great and increasing pleasure. I will not be vain enough to assert that the pleasure has been mutual, however much I may hope that it has. On my part, the warm friendship which I entertained toward you has given place to a love as deep and sincere as that of a younger suitor could be. I have come to regard you as necessary to me. I constantly picture to myself how bright my home would be, if it were yours also. And I have, after much thought as to whether I should presume too much upon your intimacy, concluded finally to ask you to take me for your husband.

To you this request may be unexpected, and it is one also upon which you will naturally wish for reflection. It is for this latter reason that I write rather than say personally to you what my hopes and feelings are. I know that your acceptance of me may seem to you a sacrifice, which you should hesitate, and even perhaps refuse to make. I know that disparity of years may often be a good reason for rejection. I can only say that it will be my study and delight to make you happy, and to cause that disparity to disappear as much as possible. So far as worldly position is concerned, you can judge as well as I what it would be as my wife. That need not influence you—while I desire for you elegance and wealth, I know that you would not ally yourself with me for their sake. It is as a plain man who has learned to love you, and who hopes to teach you to love him, that I venture to seek your hand.

Pardon me if I have offended you, and give me as kind a reply as you can. Waiting it, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

Miss Blanche Holloway.

ROBERT ADAIR.

**The lady's reply, declining offer.**

No. 40 Air St., July 4th, 18—.

**DEAR SIR:**

I am flattered by your offer, and the very kind way in which you make it, but you will excuse me if I am unable to accept it. You will not doubt me when I say that I feel the greatest gratitude to you, and esteem for you. But I cannot undertake the position you offer, feeling that in no way could it conduce to your or my future happiness. You will pardon my being very brief. If you will continue your friendship I shall be very glad, but I cannot enter upon duties and responsibilities for which neither my inclination nor ability qualifies me.

Yours sincerely,

Mr. R. Adair.

BLANCHE HOLLOWAY.

**A favorable reply.**

No. 40 Air St., July 4th, 18—.

**MY DEAR MR. ADAIR:**

I am almost afraid to commence a reply to your letter, for I am at a loss how to find suitable expression for what I would say. First of all I thank you for it, and at the same time tell you very frankly that I am disengaged. But I fear to write more. That your offer is not disagreeable to me would be to say that I accept it, and yet I am not prepared to decline it. There is a great difference in our ages; still, others would observe that more than I should, and it may be that the mere number of years we have lived are of less consequence than the world generally supposes. You must not ask me to confess to more than a sincere regard for you—my duty I can promise to do in whatever condition of

life I may happen to be placed. If you think that this regard will meet the requirements which you would look for in such a young woman as I, it is yours. I should try to be all to you that you desire, and if you feel that this assurance is sufficient, I will consider more seriously your kind offer than I think I ought at present.

Sincerely yours,

Robert Adair, Esq.

BLANCHE HOLLOWAY.

From a gentleman to his fiancée on mutual confidence.

No. 40 Star St., Dec. 1st, 18—.

MY DEAR RUTH:

A thousand thanks for your suggestion that we should exchange, not love letters, of the kind usually known by that name, but epistles in which we both should endeavor to express our ideas of the obligations toward each other which we ought to respect, and the observance of which will tend to secure us from many of the trials and dangers of married life. If I did not believe that we think alike on what our reciprocal duty is, I should have hesitated to accept your proposal. But I knew that our thoughts have so generally accorded, that I was sure we should not disagree upon the subjects which may happen to present themselves. I propose as the first theme, one on the mutual confidences of engaged or married persons. It is my greatest happiness to belong to the first, and to aspire to the second class. I am, therefore, greatly interested on the subject. Well, as a starting point, I claim that there ought to be no secret of any kind, sort, or description, kept from wife by husband, or by husband from wife. In the case of lovers the same rule is equally valuable, and ought to be equally binding. Let us see

how the contrary operates. Secrets are the concealment of either what is good or what is bad. Nothing can be partly good or partly evil. If the one party has possession of a knowledge of what can confer happiness on the other, he or she does not love if that knowledge is not shared. If the knowledge be of an evil thing, then confession, if confession be needed; anxiety, if anxiety be felt; misfortune, if misfortune be experienced; have each their panacea in forgiveness, or encouragement or in consolation. My theory of marriage is, that there should be no obedience of wife to husband, in the vulgar sense of the word, but that our governing principle of democracy—which means that every man is a partner in the nation's business—may best of all apply to married life. I say that the wife is the husband, and the husband the wife. "One and indivisible," my darling, does just as well for your and my motto, as for the motto of our great republic.

Now see how this theory works. I believe that nearly if not quite all of the troubles of married people arise from this forgetting that "these twain have become one flesh." Take the sources of trouble generally—they are not many. The vices of human nature lie at the bottom of them all. Those vices are of more or less magnitude. They range all the way from petty faults to absolute crime. But what vice is possible when the soul of the man is an open book to the woman and hers open to him. There could not be unhappiness from jealousy, for jealousy is the result of an unlawful secret. There could not be social dishonor, for the temptation confessed would be warned off by the faithful partner who had staked his or her all in the life's venture arising from their love. We, dearest, will never depart from the golden rule of mutual confidence. Each a reflection of the other, no distorted views can be taken by either. Each knowing that no thought rests in the mind that may not be given to the other, we cannot

disagree. And where we have opinions of our own, as all should have, we will make them but add to the harmony which, like that in music, is but the blending of different notes in one glorious and elevating sound.

Affectionately yours,

Miss Ruth Butt.

OTTO WOOHURST.

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**From a young man, asking permission of a parent to address his daughter.**

No. 990 Brown Ave., Feb. 25th, 18—.

DEAR SIR:

I am sure that I ought no longer to delay addressing you upon a subject, with which is concerned not only my own happiness, but also my duty towards yourself. I have long felt for Miss Libbie a love which it has been almost impossible to conceal from her, but although I may entertain some hope that she reciprocates my affection, I would not for any consideration so far violate your confidence as to speak to her upon the subject without your permission. To you I may say that I love her very deeply, and that if I am so happy as to secure your approval, it shall be the aim of my life to render her happy in the home I shall be able to offer her. The many hours which I have spent in her society have endeared her to me more than I can express. There is nothing which I would not sacrifice for her sake, nor any ordeal of my affection which at your or her desire I would not undergo. If I may go to her and say that I do so with your sanction, you will have given me a prospect of obtaining the greatest blessing that I could ever hope for upon earth, and if she give me her love in exchange for mine I shall regard it as the most sacred trust a man could undertake.

There are other subjects upon which you may wish precise information, such as my prospects, means of securing to your daughter her proper position in the world, and other matters. Upon this and all other points I hope to be able to satisfy you entirely, and will give you all the information possible if you will allow me to do so. Meanwhile, I earnestly hope for your favorable consideration of my request, and anxiously waiting your kind answer, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

Chas. H. Hammond, Esq.

RALPH BRANDT.

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**Reply to the foregoing.**

No. 680 Ellis Ave., Feb. 26th, 18—.

**MY DEAR RALPH:**

I thank you for the candor with which you have written about Libbie, and will give you the best answer possible at present. You must know how anxious I am that when my daughter marries, as it is natural she should some day, she should be united to one in whom not only her entire affection, but my confidence shall be fully or unrestrainedly placed. I do not so much desire for her a luxurious home, as that she should find in her husband not only a lover, but a true guide and life-long friend. Perhaps I, as her parent, look upon the responsibilities of marriage more gravely than young people are apt to do, but remember that it is the whole future life of my daughter which is to be decided upon. In saying this I do not intend to express a doubt of your sincerity or high character, as you must be aware. In allowing the intimacy between you and Libbie I have already shown that I esteem you much. I only wish that before a word

further is said you should consult your own heart fully and fairly. Be quite sure you have not mistaken your feelings. Bear in mind that happiness in married life is a gift from Heaven beyond all other gifts.

So far as worldly circumstances go, I have no fears for your future. You have qualities which should make you succeed in life, and most probably will do so. But no prosperity can compensate for the absence of those enduring affections which a husband or wife must rely upon, if their home is to be worthy of that sacred name. I speak plainly, for Libbie is very dear to us, not less dear than she can ever be to you. If after thinking over what I say, you are still of the same mind, we will talk with her also, and if then we find that she entertains towards you the love without which marriage would be only a misfortune to you both, you shall hear from me again.

Meanwhile with all good wishes for your welfare from Mrs. Hammond and myself, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Ralph Brandt, Esq.

C. H. HAMMOND.

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*From a middle-aged gentleman, to a lady of the same age,*

No. 996 California Ave., Aug. 26th, 18--.

DEAR MADAM:

The long friendship which you have allowed to exist between us, and which is a source of the most sincere pleasure to me, leads me to hope that I may address you upon a subject which I have very much at heart. I have always admired you, dear madam, with the real and settled admiration which one of my age is best capable of feeling. It has grown steadily in depth and strength until I have realized the truth

that a warmer sentiment than I can overcome has inspired me, and that all my hopes have become centered upon yourself. In saying this, believe me, I use no empty compliments, such as younger men might employ. There are many who could say much better what I would express, but they could not speak more directly from the heart than I do, when I declare that I esteem, admire and love you.

If I thought that this letter would cause you any painful surprise it would not, I assure you, have ever been written. On the contrary, I am not without hope that you may receive it without disfavor. We are both able to judge of what circumstances are most likely to conduce to our happiness, and the worldly position and history of each is well known to the other of us. You may rest assured that your welfare and comfort will be the constant study of all my life, if you will consent to reward my devotion by giving me your hand.

I shall await your reply with great anxiety, and pray that it may not be unfavorable to my dearest hopes, and, meanwhile, with every wish that true respect and affection could dictate, I remain, dear madam,

Respectfully yours,

Miss Molly Everts.

JAMES MOONEY.

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**Reply to the foregoing.**

No. 1036 Douglas Park Bould., Aug. 22nd, 18—.

**MY DEAR MR. MOONEY:**

Your letter has reached me safely, and I will not delay replying to it, hoping at the same time to be as candid as yourself. I should be unworthy of the kind feelings which you express did I not acknowledge that



I am flattered and obliged. As you truly say, we are well known to each other, and I may confess to you that my regard is neither new nor slight. If I could cast my lot with any gentleman happily, I think you are the only one with whom I could do so with confidence. Still, such a step is a very serious one to consider, and I hope you have weighed all the consequences. For me, I am old enough to know that the society of a dear friend through life is always a great blessing, but are you equally sure upon the subject? I am past the time of romance, though not of real affection, but will not say how much of the latter I feel for yourself. I think that we should not be hasty in any case, and that it would be well not to decide anything at once. Reflect, therefore, my dear sir, upon these few lines, as I will upon what you have said, and until I hear again from you, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

James Mooney, Esq.

MOLLY EVERTS.

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**From a gentleman to a lady after attending a golden wedding,**

No. 961 Trumble Ave., June 3rd, 18—.

**MY DEAR MISS BORD:**

The very delightful party of last night was one which will long be remembered by those present, and by none longer than myself. I hope you enjoyed it thoroughly. How exquisite a spectacle, that of the lovers of years ago once more assembling their friends as witnesses to the union of hearts which age has not withered nor the passing of time cooled toward each other. To me there was great significance in the ceremonies of the evening. For those who aspire toward such a union themselves there must almost seem to be a wish and a

prophecy of like love and a similar history. To me they spoke words of encouragement and gave me hope. May I not take to myself that courage and that hope, and ask you to return a love which is as fond, and which will be as enduring as that is of our dear host and hostess. My dear Miss Braniff, I have longed to say this to you before. I have often nearly broken a silence which in plain truth I need not have kept. I will do so now. I will at once assure you of my earnest love, and beg you to think of me with favor. You are to me dearer than all the world besides, and you always will be. Tell me that I may come to you and say it, and you will make me happier than words can express. This may seem too abrupt—but were I to write a million pages they would but repeat that I love you and ask you to love me. Am I too bold in signing myself.

Affectionately yours,

Miss Laura Bord.

RICHARD E. WALSH.

**Answer to the foregoing.**

No. 986 Brown Ave., June 4th, 18—.

MY DEAR RICHARD:

You are rather bold; but I forgive you. I am not even angry enough to scold. Yes, it was a delightful party, and the happiness which was diffused around brought tears into my eyes more than once. Not that I am sentimental—but the scene was so full of joyfulness. You ask me to love you. I am not a coquette, and therefore confess that I love you already. Silly boy—don't you know it? But I think you do. You see I am perfectly candid. Why should I not be? You may come and tell me again what you have written, and I will repeat your own phrase that I am.

Affectionately yours,

Richard E. Walsh, Esq.

LAURA BORD.

From a soldier on being ordered to report for active duty.

No. 1274 W. 60th St., June 21st, 18—.

MY DEAR MISS BOYD:

I am rather unexpectedly ordered to join my regiment for active service, and in a few days shall be far distant from you. Whether I shall return rests with Providence alone. I go resolved to do my duty to my country, and so doing I believe that you will think more highly of me than if I were, even upon the pretext of affection for others, to stay behind.

The necessity for my departure urges me to speak plainly upon the love which I have so long borne toward you. It may be that, considering that I may have to face many dangers, or that we may not meet again for years, I ought not to address you as a lover, at least at this time. I have thought over whether I ought to ask you to be bound to one whose future is uncertain, and an engagement to whom may find a sad ending from the accidents of war, or be worn out by long delay. The prospect I have to open before you may not be brilliant, but the reverse. It is for you, not for me, to discuss that, however, and for your friends to advise if you need advice.

At the same time that I would not unduly influence your mind, I must assure you that whatever your decision may be, I am unalterably yours, if fervent love and enduring love can make me so. I am not without the hope, too, that while my profession interposes difficulties which may be against an engagement, or which you may not deem possible to be overcome, the affection for me which I seek to awaken, if even it does not exist, will be made deeper and stronger by that patriotism which animates us both, and which knows no sacrifice too great for our beloved country. You will bid me go forth to battle for America, and will pray

for my safety and honorable career. Whether you consent to be mine or not, I know that; and the knowledge is the one consolation which I have on parting with you. If I can carry with me the assurance of your affections, and the hope of its fulfillment, I shall be happy indeed. More strongly I must not speak.

Your devoted admirer,

Miss Margaret Boyd.

JOSEPH M. MOONEY.

**Answer to the foregoing.**

No. 987 Spruce Ave., June 22nd, 18—.

MY DEAR JOSEPH:

I received the news of your departure with great anxiety, but you are right in supposing that I would not wish you to be less patriotic in love of our country or less brave in her defense. At such a time, I will not hesitate to lessen the pain of separation from your friends. It would be the worst affectation if I did not declare that I shall watch your course with the deepest and most affectionate solicitude. I am not likely to give you cause to think me fickle, nor does your picture of possible misfortune terrify me—unless indeed the worst come, and then I shall have only the reflection left me that you suffered for honor and duty.

For the freedom which you invite me to exercise I thank you. There was no need that you should speak more strongly of your love for me. As a great writer says, "He that serves his country with ardor and devotion need not plead his cause with common-place rant and passion—the woman whom he honors with his love becomes his debtor, and her corresponding affection is engaged to repay his glorious toil."

If the assurance of my love and fidelity will lighten

one hour of arduous duty, give you a cheerful heart, and make you happy, I give it to you freely. You will be no less in my thoughts than I in yours. I shall pray for your safety, and that you regard it as far as consistent with a soldier's honor. If it be that you are absent for years, I shall not change, but be when you return as truly as I am now,

Your own most affectionate,

Joseph M. Mooney, Esq.

MARGARET BOYD.

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**From a young gentleman to a young lady, working in the same business house.**

No. 990 Harris Ave., March 1st, 18—,

**MY DEAR MISS LUISE:**

I cannot longer restrain the expression of feelings which I entertain toward you, and which it is my dearest hope that you may perhaps reciprocate. I have loved you from the first of our acquaintance, and shall love you always. It is the greatest desire that I have upon this earth to be permitted to pay addresses to you. The many occasions of true happiness which I have enjoyed in your society have taught me that with you alone rests the continuance of that happiness in the future. May I, then, without reserve say that I shall regard the gift of your hand as the greatest blessing with which I could be endowed. It is due to you to say that I do not forget that we are young and neither of us overburdened with wealth, but that I think that need not be any obstacle. Together I think we may face a good deal of effort in life, and I know that the knowledge that it is you for whom I labor will give me increased strength and resolution. Give me, my dear Miss Luise, the privilege of which I am so desir-

ous, and of which I shall be so proud, that of being your loving helpmate and companion. It is a true affection which I offer for your acceptance, and if you give that acceptance, the one effort of my life will be to prove that you have not mistaken me.

Affectionately yours,

Miss Luise Karret.

FREDERIC BRANDT.

A good reply.

No. 1000 W. Adams St., March 2nd, 18--.

MY DEAR FREDERIC:

Your letter shall receive the best reply which it is in my power to make, and it is that I will not reject the offer which you think proper to make me. I ought, probably, not to be so straight-forward as to say this at once, but confessing, as I do, my own feeling toward you, I should not be justified in departing from entire candor. Still, we must not be rash—so long as I feel secure in your affection I am content, nay desirous, that no hasty decision be arrived at. We shall, I hope, have many opportunities of being together, and any serious step need not be entered upon. At all events, I will only now say that if you wish it I am,

Sincerely yours,

Frederic Brandt, Esq.

LUISE KARRET.

From a gentleman to a lady, trying to settle a matter of importance to himself.

No. 1000 Harvard St., July 26th, 18--.

MY DEAR MISS EFFIE:

Having just returned from a visit to New York, I venture to request your acceptance of the little token

of my regard which you will receive with this. It is not costly, but it is sent with my very best wishes. You will, perhaps, like to hear something of my doings while absent, but I will reserve all descriptions until we chance to meet. Really, however, there is little to describe, for I was so occupied with one subject, and my thoughts were so completely absorbed by one person, that there was no room for anything or anybody else. Will you be very angry if I tell you that that person was a young lady, and that subject, my love for her? That young lady seemed never absent from me, her voice was always in my ears, her sweet face before me. What would you advise me to do? I want to tell her I love her—for I do love her very dearly. I want to ask her to wear an engagement ring, to be changed soon for another of deeper meaning still. Do you think she will repulse me? I am determined to try, at all risks, whether you advise me or not. The best way I thought might be to send the ring, to see whether it fits a certain left finger, and then, if she keeps it, to call and put it on myself. If she sends it back—but do not let me dream of so cruel an action toward,

Your devoted admirer,

Miss Effie Baker,

DANIEL H. HIGGINS.

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An unique reply.

No. 400 Cimp St., July 27th, 18—.

DEAR DANIEL:

Young men should not send jewelry to young ladies unless they are quite sure of its acceptance. The young lady you speak of was almost cross with you, and had nearly a mind to return your ring. Was it not provoking that she should try it on just out of mischief and

not to be able to get it off again? I think that as you are so experienced on the subject of fingers you had better call and see if you can remove the magic circlet—I have tried myself and cannot, nor do I believe you can.

Mamma sends her love; papa says that bonds are not good investments, while I join mamma in best wishes of your success, and remain,

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Daniel H. Higgins.

EFFIE BAKER.

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**From a lady to a delinquent lover.**

No. 1200 W. 15th St., May 1st, 18—.

DEAR HARRY:

It is with great reluctance that I enter upon a subject which has given me great pain, and upon which silence has become impossible if I would preserve my self-respect. You cannot but be aware that I have just reason for saying that you have much displeased me. You have apparently forgotten what is due to me, circumstanced as we are, thus far at least. You cannot suppose that I can tamely see you disregard my feelings, by conduct toward other ladies from which I should naturally have the right to expect you to abstain. I am not so vulgar a person as to be jealous. When there is cause to infer changed feelings, or unfaithfulness to promises of constancy, jealousy is not the remedy. What the remedy is I need not say—we both of us have it in our own hands. I am sure you will agree with me that we must come to some understanding by which the future shall be governed. Neither you nor I can bear a divided allegiance. Believe me that I write more



in sorrow than in anger. You have made me very unhappy, and perhaps thoughtlessly. But it will take much to reassure me of your unaltered regard.

Yours truly,

Mr. H. Gibson.

ROSE BUDD.

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From a gentleman, results of a sleigh ride.

No. 979 Spauld Ave., Dec. 4th, 18—.

MY DEAR MISS MABEL:

I hope that this will find you with as pleasant a recollection of last evening as I have. To me it was perfect delight. I think I could drive you in a sleigh for the whole term of my natural life—only winter does not last always, and snow will disappear whether we wish it to stay or not. Ah, Mabel, I wonder if you knew all that I would have said to you as our cutter slid along like a swallow through the air? Many a time my heart beat faster than our horse's hoofs upon the ground, and yet I did not speak. The merry bells sang to me about you, and then your dear voice made me forget them. There you nestled in your furs, and I was so happy, yet so miserable; so triumphant, and yet such a coward! If you had known how many times I almost dared to steer for a snow-bank, just to upset you into my arms for an instant, and hear you laugh and scold, and see you blush, full of fun and mischief. And then I should have gone upon my knees to you and begged for pardon and for—love. There! The word is written, that I would have spoken—"love." Yes, Mabel, I love you. Can you guess how much? No words of mine can say. I love you so deeply, fondly, entirely, that it is impossible to express it. I have loved you for long, and shall love you always. You

are become to me part of myself, and I never, never, shall part from you in spirit, even if I am forced to in material life. You think me presumptuous, too aspiring. I do aspire, and am proud to do so. You alone can say whether I presume. But I cannot say so. We were so happy, Mabel, we have been so happy before, that I cannot believe that you will be unkind. Write to me, dearest, if but one line, to bid me hope. Let me know that I am not in error when I write myself,

Ever your adorer,

Miss Mabel Raineer. BENJAMIN J. BUCK.

Reply to the foregoing.

No. 870 Pine Ave., Dec. 5th, 18—.

MY DEAR BEN:

I am sorry for your want of courage, and that I was so terrible a person as to frighten you into silence upon a certain subject. I enjoyed our drive very much indeed, quite as much as you did. Snow does melt, and winter does pass away. I do not think that I shall ever change from being,

Mr. B. J. Buck.

Your own,

MABEL.

From a gentleman, who is poor to a rich lady.

No. 784 Ogg Ave., Jan. 1st, 18—.

DEAR MADAM:

I feel a peculiar difficulty in addressing you upon a subject which may very nearly concern both of us, but upon which I hope you will allow me to use the utmost candor. The sentiments with which I am inspired toward you are such that I cannot avoid expressing them. I can no longer describe my feelings toward you as of

friendship only, for they are of the deepest love and respect. Forgive me if I speak too plainly, but I could not truthfully be less distinct in my avowal. And yet, my dear madam, I find myself placed under circumstances of great delicacy. With all the ambition which prompts me to ask for your affection there is the recollection of one fact that it is impossible to ignore. I cannot forget, and others may remember, that Fortune, who does not distribute her favors alike to all, has placed you far above me in the scale of her regard. I am, in short, of very moderate means, while you are differently situated. This is very painful to me, because, as the world goes, many consider that such a circumstance should interpose a barrier between two persons, which one of them at least should not endeavor to surmount. I love you for yourself alone, and do not hesitate to avow my passion. But I do hesitate to ask, I scarcely dare ask, for your love in return. I am unfortunate enough not to be able to offer you more than an undying affection, and still more unfortunate in having to risk the slur upon me that the granting of my wish was prompted more by your generosity than prudence. Some would not have alluded to these matters, perhaps. I may incur your displeasure by even dreaming that the opinion of other people would weigh with you on such a matter. But as an honorable man I cannot avoid a reference to what is so very embarrassing to me, and which cannot be left out of sight. While pleading my love for you I have to ask your pardon for having loved. I am powerless to repress the confession of that love, and I can only leave with you the rejection of it if I have done wrong. I wish that I could express myself better, but I cannot. I can only beg your kind interpretation of what I have said so imperfectly, remaining,

Your most sincere admirer,

Miss Mamie Rellet.

GEORGE FARRAR.

**A favorable reply to the foregoing.**

No. 996 Ogg Ave., Jan. 2nd, 18—.

**MY DEAR GEORGE:**

I fully appreciate the openness with which you have alluded to what I should certainly not have mentioned—the mere accidental difference in our incomes. In my view, that fact has no significance, nor is there any reason why a woman as well as a man should not confer upon her life companion all the benefits possible. And certainly if money is to form a restriction upon one's choice, then those who have none are the most happily situated. Let me dismiss this subject, therefore, assuring you at the same time that if I ever marry, there will be only one person whose opinion will be my guide in this and other matters. Still, I thank you for giving me the opportunity of saying so much.

You will perceive that if I were not disposed to think favorably of your offer I should have confined my reply to a simple negative. Had I been indifferent to you I should not, moreover, have so far given you encouragement as to render such an offer possible. But the contrary has been the case—I have suffered my liking to become stronger and stronger, and think that in accepting your proposal I shall best consult my happiness, and your own. You see I am as candid as yourself; I do not see, indeed, why it should be otherwise. If it be my lot to have inspired a real and lasting affection in one for whom I feel the same, I have cause for infinite contentment; and I am infinitely content.

Believe me, ever yours,

Mr. George Farrar.

MAMIE RELLET.

**An unfavorable reply.**

No. 996 Perry Ave., Jan. 2nd, 18—.

**MR. GEORGE FARRAR:**

If ever a woman had no other good reason for reject-

ing the addresses of one who seeks her hand, she would find it in the apology which he makes for being poor, and his fear that the world will deem him a fortune-hunter. Such a confession and fear prove in my estimation that his proffered love is but spurious, and that he is the very thing which he affects to despise. The next time that you fall in love, I would advise you to spare your correspondent the imputation that she could rate her pecuniary advantages above the dictates of her heart and her common sense. Whether I might have ever been disposed to place my future in your hands or not is now of no consequence. You have coupled with your declaration thoughts very repugnant to me, and which render it impossible that you can be more than one of my distant acquaintances.

MAMIE RELLET.

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**From a gentleman to a school-teacher.**

No. 16 Talk St., July 1st, 18—.

**MY DEAR MISS CBAM:**

In asking permission to avow the deep admiration with which I am inspired toward you, I think I may almost address you as my dearest teacher, for of all your pupils my affection is the strongest, and the lesson which you have taught my heart will remain there forever. I have learned to love you. I have learned that without a return of that love I am without instructor or guide. No expelled scholar could feel more badly than I, if I did not hope that you will listen to me without displeasure. Joyful indeed shall I be if you will accept from me the true homage which would strive to render your future one long and happy recess.

But my dearest teacher will think my letter savors of levity, and that I need correction if I proceed in

this strain. Though I am not conscious of levity, but of precisely the reverse, I will, however, adopt words of more serious import, and without any attempt at mere pleasantry. Plainly, then, my dear Miss Graham—would that I might say my dearest Sophina—I love you very dearly, and cannot contain my secret any longer, if indeed it be to you a secret. I love you for your charms, for your mental beauty, for your accomplishments. I love you more than all—because I love you. I have no right to ask whether you love me, but I will ask can you do so? My sole ambition is first to win you, and second to deserve you. I ask you to accept a true and honorable devotion that can know no change. You do not know, you cannot dream (unless in the blessed case of your having loved) how entirely, how unalterably, my whole being is absorbed in the one aspiration, that you will not reject me.

I could write to you volumes of what my hopes are, and of what my feelings will ever be; but you shall not be troubled with so much writing upon what may be, oh, how I trust not! a wearisome subject. Once again, and once for all, I place myself in your hands, with the most ardent attachment that it is possible to experience and that it is impossible to describe.

I remain ever yours, as you will let me,

Miss Sophina Cram

JOSEPH WHITE.

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**The school-teacher's reply.**

No. 14 Answer St., July 2nd, 18—.

**MY DEAR JOSEPH:**

If I reply affirmatively to your question I must correct first of all some of the errors which are contained in your theme. It is you who would be instructor, not

me, if the long recess you speak of were commenced. Nor do you write correctly when you speak of beauty, accomplishments, and charms, for you speak of qualities which are secondary when compared with the inner self, which governs and controls the human being in his efforts and capacity for progress toward perfection. Such is my reply as the schoolma'am to her most refractory pupil—one who is more upon her mind than all the rest. Now, I will answer for myself, separate from my classes, and away from the school-house. Frankly, I know of no one with whom I could more cheerfully enter upon a new path, and with new duties, than with you. I am glad, why should I not say it? to receive your professions of attachment. They are not unreciprocated. If you had written volumes, I should not have wearied in their perusal—you would be my "most favorite author!" You have no need to ask for love which is already yours, given freely and without reserve. I do not think you will ask me to speak more plainly, but I will add that I am very happy in signing myself,

Yours ever,

Mr. Joseph White,

SOPHINA CRAM.

## SHORT MANUAL OF ETIQUETTE.

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### INTRODUCTORY.

As a rule the people of small towns and villages do not follow the rules of the etiquette of society as strictly as do their brethren in the larger cities, and in many cases when some resident of a small town is visiting at the city home of a friend or relative, he or she is at a loss to know what to do when favored with an invitation to a social gathering.

There are a great many books published on etiquette, but there is never a book at hand when you need it most. This book is not complete by any means, but it will be found to contain all the information that is necessary when a person happens to be placed in the position above described. The etiquette of all social functions are placed in as concise a manner as possible, but without going into unnecessary details.

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### HAPPINESS OF HOME LIFE.

Etiquette embraces not only all observances connected with society, but also, such as belong particularly to the home.

To obtain all the comforts of home enjoyment something more is necessary than a handsome dwelling, gorgeous lawns, shade trees and beautiful flowers.

Family quarrels, an absence of politeness, poor breeding and etiquette, would turn the loveliest home into a house of misery.



If we were to furnish our home with all the elegancies which the upholster's art affords—to cultivate the gardens with the utmost skill—and allow our hearts and minds to remain uncultivated, rough, uncouth and uncivil, it would avail us naught.

To maintain the happiness and charming delights of the domestic home circle—prevent its being broken up or becoming absolutely devoid of interest, we must unceasingly interchange kind offices; rejoice and mourn, hope, smile and weep in unison—must exchange sympathetic emotions with regard to the feelings of others. Mutual respect is the basis of true happiness, and it certainly cannot be too strongly impressed upon the mind.

The conduct of masters and mistresses, greatly influence children and servants; and the husband who addresses his wife, in their presence, in a derogatory manner, does both himself and her decided injury.

Nothing can be more injurious, or inconsistent with politeness and good breeding, than a constant habit of fault-finding concerning trifles, when indulged in by either husband or wife, especially in the presence of others. There are men who positively never come to the table without finding fault with the dishes served upon it.

If we were to accuse a gentleman of fault-finding, he would perhaps, in every instance deny it; inasmuch as he may be a kind, good, and true husband and father, and may possibly have only inadvertently fallen into the habit of not being satisfied.

This little difficulty can easily be overcome. Every morning the wife can hand him a pencil and a card and request him to put down just what he desires for dinner and supper. This will in a measure alleviate that kind of fault-finding—perhaps effect a reformation.

Sons and daughters must show a marked respect to

their parents, elders and superiors. It is very impolite for a young man to put aside the honored name of "Father" and substitute in its place "Governor" or "Old Man."

"What is in a name?

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Father is a holy name, it comes to us direct from God, the Father of all mankind; and he who attains to that rank, and stands as Father to a family, occupies the highest position accorded to man, and his children should recognize his sacred office and give to him the name assigned to it.

Owing to the want of a little forethought young people very often fall into erroneous habits; it is therefore necessary to remind them of certain little discrepancies regarding good breeding which they should carefully avoid.

Very few, if any, of us are born well bred, and yet we do occasionally meet with those who are styled so. Good manners are taught in the home. A well bred and highly educated father and mother will not experience the difficulty in rearing polite and well-mannered children, as will those who are the reverse—not because the children are born well bred, perhaps, but because good manners are learned by example more readily than by precept and rule.

Brothers and sisters must be taught to respect each other's rights; be thoughtful to please, and watchful to avoid anything which will perplex and annoy them, as they would necessarily be to a young guest whom they desired to honor; it is then and then only that they will learn due observance of home etiquette and politeness.

Women cannot, do not, and will not respect or love a deceitful man; nor can a man esteem or love a woman whose statements do not possess the virtue of truth.

Narrow and weak-minded men will sometimes conceal

from women the realities of their lives on the plea that they are too simple to understand them; and on the other hand women, in their turn, conceal the details of their daily life on the plea that they do not wish to be interfered with, hence the theory that wives must be kept in the dark concerning their husband's pursuits.

Love of truth, high sense of honor, delicacy of manner, and strict adherence to correct principles, are the chief essentials of home etiquette.

We of to-day cannot endorse the idea that habitual inattention sometimes attributes to great genius. Such peculiarities of manners tend to shut a man within himself and make him of very little importance in life. We very often meet young people who delight to pass for geniuses or originals, and they think it very interesting to appear in a "study" while in the company of others and are very much delighted if anyone observes their eccentricities. Such manners are contrary to good breeding. If a person approaches you in a foolish or frivolous manner it is the worst of manners to pay no heed to what he says, and should he force a conversation upon you, it is very unkind, to say the least, to assume a perfectly indifferent demeanor.

It is quite possible for a man to have virtue, capacity and good habits, but if he lacks good breeding, it may make those qualities unendurable to those who are well-bred.

A man whose attire is neglected and whose whole appearance bespeaks the sloven, is to those who are accustomed to cleanliness and refinement, insupportable, notwithstanding his desirable qualities of ability and goodness. It does not follow that every man should be externally elegant, but, it is nevertheless a fact that no one who is addicted to conspicuous uncleanness can hope to be admired or sought after.

## INTRODUCTIONS.

In introducing a lady to a gentleman, always mention the lady's name first, whether she be young or old, married or single, in this manner: "Mrs. A., allow me to introduce to you Mr. B." It is the duty of Mr. B. upon bowing to say, "It gives me great pleasure to form your acquaintance, Mrs. A.," or some similar remark.

Whenever you introduce people to each other, be sure to repeat the names distinctly; yet, if one does not happen to catch the name, it is his duty to bow, saying "I beg your pardon, I did not hear the name."

When a lady is introduced to a gentleman it is not customary for her to offer her hand, but to simply bow, still, if the person to whom she is introduced be an old man or a distinguished person she may use her judgment and follow its dictates.

There is less form observed when gentlemen are introduced to one another, and one can say, "Mr. C., Mr. D.," and they usually shake hands. But they should be given their titles if they have any, as "Gen. Mooney, permit me to introduce to you Dr. Wigall." It is immaterial what words are used as long as the proper form is preserved.

No introduction should ever be given unless one is introducing a gentleman.

A lady's permission should always be obtained concerning the desirability of the acquaintance about to be made, as it will often save a person from embarrassment and annoyance.

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**PROPER FORMS OF SALUTATIONS.**

In speaking of salutations, an eminent writer said, "It would seem that good manners were originally the expression of submission from the weaker to the stronger.

In a rude state of society every salutation is to this day an act of worship. Hence the commonest acts, phrases and signs of courtesy with which we are now familiar, date from those earlier stages when the strong hand ruled and the inferior demonstrated his allegiance by studied servility. Let us take, for example, the words 'sir' and 'madam.' 'Sir' is derived from seigneur, sieur, and originally meant lord, king, ruler and, in its patriarchal sense, father. The title of sire was last borne by some of the ancient feudal families of France, who, as Selden has said, "affected rather to be styled by the name of sire than baron, as Le Sire de Montmorenci and the like." 'Madam' or 'madame,' corrupted by servants into 'ma'am,' and by Mrs. Gamp and her tribe into 'mum,' is in substance equivalent to your 'exalted,' or 'your highness,' madame originally meaning high-born, or stately, and being applied only to ladies of the highest rank.

A bow should be acknowledged instantly; between gentlemen a mere inclination of the head or gesture of the hand is sufficient; but the hat must be lifted from the head in bowing to a lady, also, if the gentleman is smoking he must remove his cigar from his mouth before lifting his hat. Any one who has been introduced to you is entitled to the courtesy of a bow and a person who fails to acknowledge it shows his utter lack of breeding.

If a person meets you on the street, or, no matter where, and bows to you, it is a simple act of courtesy to acknowledge it, whether you have met him before or not. It might be a case of mistaken identity on his part or want of quick recognition on yours. But if you desire to avoid bowing to an acquaintance you may do so by dropping the eyes or look in some other direction as the person approaches.

A gentleman walking with a lady, returns a bow by

lifting his hat to every lady or gentleman who bows to her, whether he is acquainted with them or not.

A respectful bow should always accompany the words commonly used in greeting a person, as when coming in contact with a friend you say "Good morning," "Good evening," "How do you do," or "How are you."

In nearly all cases gentlemen on being introduced to each other shake hands; it is not necessary, though it is not forbidden, but it denotes a genuine expression of good-will. Young ladies generally shake hands, but not with gentlemen unless they are friends. A married lady should always extend her hand to a stranger brought to her house by a mutual friend as an expression of her cordial welcome.

There are many curious kinds of salutation in vogue in different nations. In England and America there are three modes of salutation—the kiss, the hand-shaking and the bow. In France and Germany the parent kisses his grown-up son on the forehead, men throw their arms around the necks of their friends, and brothers embrace like lovers. The German asks, "How goes it with you?" The Frenchman bows profoundly and inquires, "How do you carry yourself." The Spaniard says, "God be with you, sir," or "How do you stand?" The Neapolitan piously remarks, "Grow in holiness." The Chinese bend low and inquires, "Have you eaten?" The Egyptian in a solicitous manner says, "How do you perspire?" The Turk folds his arm upon his breast and bends his head very low. In South Africa it is the custom to rub toes. In Lapland your friend rubs his nose against yours.

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### GOOD MANNERS.

There is nothing so essential in man or woman's education as good manners. They cannot be acquired

on the impulse of the moment, but in order that they should be as a second nature, they should be inculcated in the mind of the child when he is at an early age.

Politeness is an index of the character. It shows your bringing-up, and whether or not your parents failed in their duties. Emerson says: "Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes; he has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess."

In every class of life the possessor of good manners will distinguish himself where those who do not possess them will fall. Politeness is benevolence in small things. The manner in which a favor is granted, or a kindness done, affects us more than the deed itself. A man possessed with good manners will always respect the feelings of others even in trivial matters, as he wishes them to respect his own.

"Be true to your nature, and follow its teachings," Emerson tells us, but you cannot follow the kind impulses that are born in the heart, unless you are possessed of that civility to one another, which is denoted by good manners. Let parents teach it to their children, before they are old enough to go to school, so that when they stand on the threshold of manhood and womanhood, it will be a part of their very natures.

There is no society where pleasant looks and smiles are not welcome and deemed of far more importance than sallies of wit or refinements of understanding. A good many people are not in the habit of appreciating the value of those kind and tender qualities which go to make up trifles; but trifles, it must be remembered, make up the aggregate of human life. The little acts of civility may appear of small importance at the moment, but they are the foundation for the great and noble acts which are performed in and constitute the drama of life.

## BAD MANNERS.

To be gracious and agreeable in manner is an excellent thing in woman, yet it seems to be about the last thing in the world that is considered in the education of the sex. "Manners maketh man," said William of Wykeham, and it is a matter for regret that he did not suggest that woman, too, is the better for them. It is a fact sadly overlooked in these days, and as women are brought more and more into prominence in connection with philanthropic, legislative, educational and social matters, it is impossible to help observing that they sometimes seem to ignore the little courtesies and amenities which, even if they do not come natural to us, ought to be acquired as a matter of course.

No one can afford to be ill-mannered. Neither genius nor social position excuses rudeness, and whatever may be the work she accomplishes or the position she may fill, the woman whose manner is not characterized by amiability and grace can never do credit to her sex or command respect.

Yet go where one will nowadays, this fact seems to be generally ignored. Well-dressed crowds are proverbially the most ill-behaved. The richest and loveliest of women are not above pushing and jostling, and wherever women are in the ascendant, whether it be at a fashionable bazaar, a political gathering, an educational conference or a philanthropic meeting, it is too frequently the case that courtesy is conspicuous by its absence. Bad manners, too, often spoil good work. People can be won over to the cause, interested in an undertaking, or induced to take an active share in a certain movement by those whose bearing is gracious and manner winning, but not only do they withhold support and sympathy where individuals do not take the trouble to be even moderately agreeable, but they are actually converted into opponents in many cases through simple



lack of tact and a violation of the elementary rules of courtesy.

There is another vice which seems to be constantly on the increase; that is, the pernicious habit of grumbling. Do not let your child acquire the vice. Stop the first beginnings and it will never become a habit. If there is just cause of complaint, try to remedy it; if there is no possibility of improvement, teach that silent endurance is the best way to meet the inevitable. It is never wise to stay in a place and grumble. If the things you dislike cannot be altered, change your environment. If on reflection you decide that, balancing one thing with another, you would rather bear the ills you know than fly to others that you know not of, bear them in silence.

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### TABLE ETIQUETTE.

It is around the table that a person shows his or her refinement and breeding. It is of the highest importance that all persons should conduct themselves with the strictest regard to good breeding, even in the privacy of their homes, when at table. A neglect of such observances will render one stiff and awkward in society. There are so many little points to be observed, that unless a person is instructed in them in his childhood, he will always commit some error, or will appear awkward and constrained upon occasions when it is important to be fully at ease.

Parents should see to it that all the members of the family meet together at all the meals of the day around the family table, and that all the rules of etiquette are strictly followed.

There is usually an amount of freedom allowed with the morning meal which would be unjustifiable at any other meal, for as a rule the husband or father usually

glances at his paper, while each individual may arise and leave the table, without awaiting for the others. In a large number of families flowers at this meal are considered indispensable.

Dinner as a rule is the chief meal of the day. There the whole family meet and talk over the events of the time. There should be allowed no discord of harmony or word-quarrels, but each member should strive to be cheerful and amiable to the others.

Doing the honors of the table is one of the most pleasing duties of the housekeeper; and the manner in which she performs it increases or diminishes much of the comfort attending a well furnished table.

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### DINNER—PARTIES.

The success of the modern dinner depends a great deal on the selection of guests who are harmonious in their tastes, talents and age.

Persons who have been invited to a dinner, should be prompt in acknowledging the invitation. If there is doubt as to their ability to accept, they should decline at once, as in most cases the invitations are limited, and the hostess will probably desire to fill the vacant place.

The invitations are usually written and should read:

Mr. and Mrs. —— request the pleasure  
of

Mr. and Mrs. ——'s company to dinner  
at — o'clock on ——.

Reply if you please.

The acceptance should read: Mr. and Mrs. —— accept with pleasure Mr. and Mrs. ——'s invitation to dinner at —— o'clock on ——.

The declension of the invitation should be worded so as not to appear curt or rude. A good one should read something like this: Mr. and Mrs. —— regret exceedingly that they cannot accept Mr. and Mrs. ——'s kind invitation for ——, ——, 18—.

The reply should be addressed to both the lady and gentleman, but the lady's name alone should appear on the envelope.

The decoration of the dinner-table is an essential part of the dinner which is usually left in the hands of the caterer.

Each guest should have all the space necessary at the table, so as to eat his dinner without being crowded; and it is an important point to seat the guests properly. Sometimes an ornamented card with the lady's or gentleman's name written upon it is laid upon each plate; and the host asks each gentleman to take the lady he designates down to dinner. When the servant announces that "dinner is served," the host gives his right arm to the lady whose rank, age or position as a stranger guest, entitles her to the precedence, and leads the way to the dining-room; and the hostess often invites the greatest stranger or the most distinguished gentleman present to escort her to the table, and sometimes begs her guest to precede her.

She seats herself, and motions her escort to the seat upon her right, and the gentlemen and ladies are duly informed of their positions at the table. A gentleman is placed on each side of the hostess, while the host seats a lady at his right and left-hand, and the remainder of the guests are so disposed that if possible a gentleman and a lady alternate on each side of the table.

After returning from the dining-room, the company entertain themselves with conversation, music, cards, etc., until the hour of dispersing.

## ENTERTAINMENTS.

Afternoon parties are generally held from four to seven o'clock and are less formal than a musicale or ball. The ladies appear in simpler costumes than they usually wear at an evening entertainment, and the gentlemen wear morning dress. There should be a light luncheon served in an adjoining room, the table being replenished from time to time. The invitations should read: At Home Wednesday, from four to seven, and it is not necessary to acknowledge them.

The invitation to a five o'clock tea is usually written on the lady's visiting card and it is not necessary to reply. The tea, and plates of sandwiches and cake, are generally put on a side table.

A ball is a more formal affair than an afternoon party. Ladies wear their most elegant costumes and jewelry, while gentlemen appear in full evening dress. People who cannot dance should not be invited, and people who can dance but will not should not go. Not more than a sufficient number of people than will fill the rooms comfortably should be invited.

The host or hostess should see to it that there are dressing-rooms provided for both the ladies and gentlemen.

It is best not to have less than four pieces of music at a small ball. The dance-card should be printed; the hostess usually follows her taste in the selection and arranging of the dances.

The supper-room is thrown open at twelve o'clock. When supper is announced, the host leads the way; the hostess generally remains to the last. If any ladies happen to be left unattended, it is the gentlemen's place to offer their services, no matter if the ladies be strangers to them, and no gentleman should ever go into the supper-room alone, unless he has seen every lady enter before him.

It is not courtesy for young ladies to refuse to dance when asked, unless they give a good reason for not doing so. The members of the household should see that all those who wish to dance are provided with partners. Ladies leaving a ball or party should not allow gentlemen to see them to their carriages, unless overcoats and hats are on for departure.

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## VISITS.

We make visits of ceremony, of condolence, of friendship and of congratulation, each of which has an etiquette or form of its own.

After your friends or acquaintances invite you to a dinner, party, etc., you should pay them a short visit within the following week. That is, "A Visit of Ceremony." You hand your card to the servant at the door, and ask if the lady is in. If, after being shown into the reception or sitting-room, other visitors are announced, wait until they are seated, and then rise from your chair and take leave of your hostess, bow to the other guests and depart.

A Visit of Condolence should be made within a week after death has taken place; but if the acquaintance be merely formal, immediately after the bereaved family have appeared at church. A mourning card is sometimes used. If your friends are able to receive you, be sure to wear nothing but clothes of a sombre shade, thereby showing your sympathy for them in their affliction.

A Visit of Friendship is usually made between relatives and friends, as the customs of society should be followed among the most intimate friends. It is not fitting that they should be made unnecessarily long, especially when your friend is busy.

A Visit of Congratulation is usually made when an unusual event, which is a cause for happiness to your friends occurs, such as, a birth, a young man or young woman becoming engaged, an election to a public office, etc.

When calling upon friends and acquaintances at hotels or boarding houses, always send up a request to see them, and never enter a room until you have received an invitation to do so.

In this country, ladies are allowed considerable freedom in paying and in receiving visits, and can, without committing an impropriety, appear in all public places without an escort in the daytime; but they should invariably be provided with an escort on going out in the evening.

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### VISITING CARDS.

Cards are the great pall that surrounds society, and to understand them is one of the duties of those who mingle with that class of refined and educated people whose customs are called the ways of society. There are different kinds of cards used for visiting, congratulations, weddings, etc.

A card used for visiting should have nothing upon it but the name of the caller. Professional men are allowed to put their titles on their cards, and army and navy officers their rank and branch of service.

Cards of congratulation must be left in person; excepting upon the newly wedded. Calls in person should be made, and also, to the parents who have invited you to the marriage. When no wedding cards are sent you, nor the card of the bridegroom, you cannot call without being considered intrusive. The call of congratulation is made by friends one month after the birth of an infant.

Wedding cards are only sent to those people whom the newly wedded couple desire to keep among their acquaintances, and it is the duty of those receiving cards to call on the young couple first.

We all know what a beautiful tribute of affection it is to send Christmas and Easter cards to our friends; there are so many elegant designs and variety of colors that it is simply a matter of taste as to what kind we should send.

Just before leaving home to be absent a number of months or years, you leave a card with all your friends, enclosed in an envelope, with the letters, T. T. L. ("to take leave"), or P. P. C. (pour prendre congé"), written at the right hand lower corner.

As to the style of cards to use, it is only necessary to say "follow the fashion," as there are new designs used for nearly every year.

Turning down the corners of cards signify:

The right-hand upper corner.....	Visite
The left-hand upper corner.....	Felicitation
The right-hand lower corner.....	P. P. C.
The left-hand lower corner.....	Condolence
The right-hand end .....	Delivered in Person

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## DRESS.

We cannot overestimate the importance of dress. Indifference and inattention to it is a defect of character, rather than a virtue, and sometimes denotes indolence and slovenliness.

A wife of good sense will pay attention to her dress at all times, but will not make it her only object in life. She will always avoid unnecessary extravagance and adapt herself to that class of society in which she moves, and not go to the extremes of fashion. It is not necessary that dress should be costly to appear well and

tasteful. If a good many wives would pay a little attention to the state of their husband's finances, when they are thinking of purchasing some costly article of dress, there should be more happiness and harmony in a good many homes. An attention to dress is useful as retaining, in the minds of sensible men, that pride in a wife's appearance, which is so agreeable to her, as well as that due influence which cannot be obtained without it. But love of dress has its dangers for feeble understandings. Not being controlled by the dictates of good sense, and excited by the high pressure of ostentation it becomes a baneful evil.

As a rule men are not as much addicted to the habits of dress as the opposite sex. But still there are a good many young men who make themselves appear ridiculous by going to the extremes of fashion. "Clothes make the man," is an old saying, and to a considerable extent a true one, but it is not necessary that we should wear clothes which cost considerably more than we can afford to pay for them. All that is necessary is to appear neat and clean at all times.

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### OUTSIDE MANNERS.

When we are traveling, or walking in the street or frequenting public places, we should pay just as much attention to our manners and recognize people's feelings, just the same as if we were entertaining visitors in our own homes.

If two gentlemen acquaintances happen to meet on the street and stop to talk they should always retire to the edge of the sidewalk, and not stop in the centre of it and make the passers-by go around them. It is not necessary that a stranger should be introduced if he be with a gentleman and that gentleman stops to say a word with



a friend he meets. If a gentleman meets a lady on the street and desires to speak to her, he should not stop her, but turn around and walk in her company until he has said what he desired to say, and with a bow lift his hat and leave her. A gentleman must not pass before a lady anywhere; if he is about to enter a building and a lady also, he should open the door, allowing her to pass in first, no matter if she is an entire stranger to him. When two gentlemen are walking with a lady in the street, they should walk one on each side of her; and when a gentleman and lady are walking he usually gives her his right arm, but if the street is crowded he should keep her on the side where she will be the least exposed.

It is only an ill-bred person who will keep his window open while traveling in a car, to the detriment of the other passengers, or who piles his baggage on the seats around him when another person is trying to secure a seat for himself. Nor will people possessed of good manners laugh in a boisterous manner or strew the floor of the car with fruit and crumbs of lunch.

People should be particular about arriving before the commencement of a play at a theater, as it seriously discommodes those who have arrived on time. It shows lack of breeding to be talking and laughing during a performance, as it seriously interferes with other people's enjoyment of the play. There is another bad habit which is practiced at theaters, that is, people leaving just before the conclusion of the performance. It shows disrespect to the actors as well as to the people who are trying to listen to the closing lines.

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#### GIFTS.

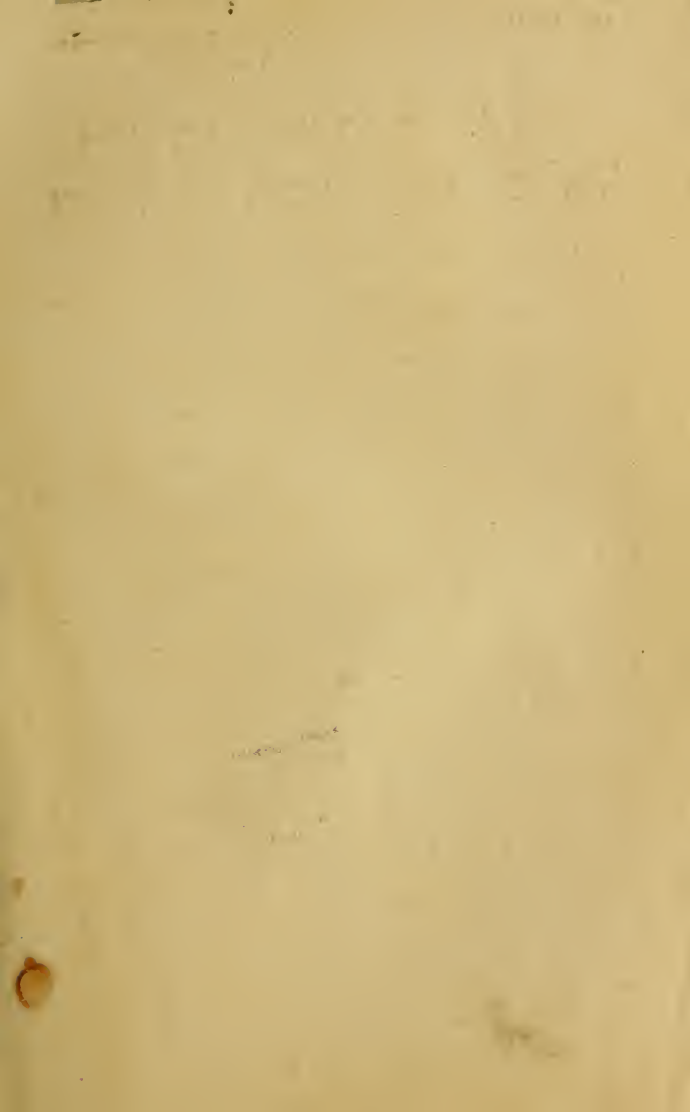
The giving and receiving of gifts is a custom handed down from ancient times and is practiced by all the na-

tions of the world. Emerson says: "Our tokens of love are for the most part barbarous, cold and lifeless, because they do not represent our life. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Therefore let the farmer give his corn; the miner his gem; the sailor coral or shells; the painter his picture; and the poet his poems."

Wedding presents should include articles which can be used by the newly wedded couple, especially if they happen to be in poor circumstances.

A present received by messenger or through the mail should be acknowledged immediately, but the one receiving it should not be too hasty in sending one in return.

Most people usually select a birthday, Christmas, New Year's or Easter, on which to make presents of gifts; and it shows lack of breeding to refuse to accept a gift, no matter how trifling it is.



**IF YOU** are a Boy or Girl, Young Man or Woman,  
a Father, Mother or Sweetheart,

Then every word of the plain truths in the book entitled

# What All Married People and Those Who Contemplate Marriage Should Know

By JOHN COWAN, M. D. and W. C. R. LATSON, M. D.

**IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO YOU.**

**YOUTH** Had such books been placed in the hands of our young people two or three generations ago, the effect would have been visible enough in the habits of the men of today.

[From JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS, *Chief Justice N. Y. Supreme Court.*]

I have read and I ought not to withhold from you the expression of my approbation of this book. I would have given a great deal for the knowledge it contains in my boyhood days and I rejoice that it has been put in a form accessible to all.

[From the *Scientific Press, San Francisco.*]

The sexual instinct, implanted in everybody, makes itself known as surely as the body ripens. It is, in our opinion, a mistaken idea on the part of parents and others to allow children to acquire the knowledge of the sexual relations from chance sources, for these sources are always impure. We therefore, welcome this book as one greatly needed.

**LOVE** Engaged couples or those thinking of becoming engaged to marry will find many important truths on the fundamental requirements of true love, with advice on courtship and the proper preparation of mind and body for marriage.

[From *Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Boston.*]

After a careful examination I am prepared to give it my very cordial approval, and wish that it might be in the possession of all who are married, and those who contemplate marriage.

**MARRIAGE** For every husband and wife this book is filled with frank and sound counsel, full of earnest help toward the proper fulfilment of the marriage bond,

[From the *Index, Francis E. Abbot, Editor.*]

It is a book devoted to all that relates to marriage, written in a style and spirit that command our unqualified approbation, being plain, direct, and practical. We conscientiously recommend it.

[From the *Christian Advocate, New York.*]

It is a difficult task to discuss in a delicate manner the subject of preliminaries to and method of prevention, as well as the production of a new human life. This, the authors of this work have done admirably. The execution of the work is unexceptionable.

**MATERNITY** Parents will appreciate these truths for the authors are experienced physicians who talk to their readers on the most delicate subjects with the utmost directness, yet with perfect propriety.

[From *Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.*]

Having read and reread this work of inestimable worth and made it my text-book in lectures, "To Women Alone," for several years. I heartily commend its study to every mother in the land. The chapters on "The Law of Continence" and "The Prevention of Conception" are especially desirable and profitable reading.

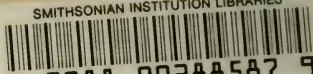
*Dr. Chas. Shrody* says, "This book should be conscientiously read by every person in the United States and can be so read with benefit."

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