

THE DAUGHTERS OF JULIA WARD HOWE

Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Hall

in the country. It should be suitable, comfortable and becoming here as there; but it should usurp no more of your thought and time. It may be that your new position makes it necessary for you to have fine dresses, whereas your old home standard was simple and limited. If this be the case, seek out the aid of some one of the many women whose business it is to make dresses for people in your position. Give her your commissions; in securing her services you enable her to gain her livelihood, and she will enable you to be as well dressed as is proper, and yet leave you your time in which to attend to the more serious duties in life, the neat and tasteful ordering of your house, the care for and companionship with your husband and children, the study and thought which are necessary to make that companionship a precious one to them. If economy has to be regarded in the yearly expenditure, and you are obliged to make your own dresses, get through with your dressmaking as quickly as you can.

Fashionable acquaintances are no more a part of the great advantages the city can give you than fashionable clothes. Many fashionable people are very agreeable and delightful folk, but that is not because they are fashionable; it is rather in spite of it. Try to make friends with real people, no matter in what rank you find them. It is a good thing to seek always the society of men and women whom you know to be your superiors in intellect, in cultivation, in character; it is a very bad thing to try and know people merely because they are richer or more fashionable than you. Their money will do you no good; you cannot shine in the reflected light of their wealth and position. They may, on the other hand, do you a great deal of harm. What bitter envy I have seen among acquaintances who called themselves friends when one was very rich and the other very poor!

Mrs. Augusta Webster, a very interesting woman, and a true poet, tells in one of her charming poems a little story which has a very good moral, I think. It is a scene between a husband and a wife. The wife comes into his library wearing a splendid ball dress, glittering with jewels, fragrant with the perfumes of her luxurious boudoir, ready to go out into the great world where she is greedy to win attention and make conquests. He asks her to sit with him a moment while he draws a picture for her, holds up the glass of memory before her eyes. He describes a country field, with a band of haymakers, and the noontide sun pouring down upon the fragrant hay. The tired men are just wiping their scythes for their midday rest. Toward them comes a young girl, "brown Madge," carrying her father's dinner to him, brightening the bright day with her brown beauty, her simple face, her homely country grace and charm. That was the girl he saw, that was the girl he courted, the bride he married and brought to his home in the city, that her simplicity and charm might make a green place in the dusty desert of his hard-working life! and this fine and fashionable lady is the wife that brown bride has become!

If you who read this are a brown country lass, and should find that your fate leads you to the city, carry with you all that you have learned in the years of childhood and maidenhood on the old farm. You will need it all in the feverish city; the memory of sky and upland, the smell of the clover, the hum of the bees, the taste of the new milk, the breath of the kine, the strength which milking and butter-making have given you, the knowledge of nature's secrets; which lilac leaves out first, which oak is last stripped of its foliage, where the ground-sparrow hides her nest, when the blackberries are fit to make into jam! Bring the simple, healthy habits of early rising, of energetic work, of out-door exercise to your city home, for you will need them now more than ever before. They will help you in gaining an understanding of the best things city life can give you, the broader experience of men and ideas, the love of art, the appreciation of literature. No matter how rich you may become, never be wasteful. Out of your abundance you should find enough to give to others, but nothing to waste. Keep some hour of the day to yourself. In the active companionship of your new affections and friendships you need time for thought more than ever before.

No life is complete which has not had the two opposite experiences which city and country give. In the country we learn to love nature, to respect her laws, which can never be set aside, save with a dire result. In the city we learn to love humanity, to respect its laws, and to realize that the social law cannot be broken more safely than the natural law. In the houses of persons of taste and cultivation we find landscapes, pictures of moor and glen, of plowed fields, of trees, of cattle, of all the sweet and reminiscent phases of country life.

I have an interesting picture before me now; an autumn landscape with cattle drinking from a still pool; the trees and foreground are all warm with the colors of the autumn. That picture is a constant reminder to me of the country, where I have learned so much that has been of use to me. I keep it where my eyes can fall naturally upon it in the pauses of my work. It has helped me through many a hard task and dull hour.

In the gallery of your mind keep room for memory pictures of the old home; look often at the familiar scenes, for they will refresh you and give you strength for your new life.

Above all things never be ashamed of being country-born and country-bred, for you have there an advantage which no other experience could have given you.

THE CHILDHOOD OF MY MOTHER

BY FLORENCE HOWE HALL



MRS. HALL

It was in old New York, in a street whose very name is now strange and unfamiliar, Marketfield street, that Julia Ward, the second daughter of that name, was born on May 27, 1819. The first little Julia Ward died of whooping cough, before the birth of her who has so long borne the name. Mrs. Howe tells the story of the death of this little sister

whom she never saw, and it evidently affected her childish imagination. It was thought that change of air would benefit the little sufferer. As her mother was in a very delicate and precarious state of health, the



AT SIX YEARS



AT PRESENT DAY

TWO PORTRAITS OF MRS. HOWE

child was sent, with two careful and responsible attendants, to a place in the vicinity of New York city. She grew worse instead of better, however, and her father left directions that if the disease should terminate fatally, a messenger should come to him, asking for the child's shoes, as Mrs. Ward would not be frightened and alarmed by so apparently innocent a message. Shortly after, he started to visit his little daughter, and meeting the bearer of ill tidings upon the road fell in a faint. This anecdote shows the intense affection of the father, an affection which his children fully recognized, in spite of the dignity, I had almost said sternness, of his manner. Mrs. Samuel Ward, a woman of gentle and lovely character, whom her distinguished daughter remembers as a semi-invalid, died at the age of twenty-seven, after a happy married life of ten years, during which she gave birth to seven children, six of whom lived to grow up. The beloved mother soon became only a sweet and gracious memory to her children. She died soon after the birth of her youngest daughter, and when Julia was only five years old. Her husband never married again, and his grief at his bereavement, and that of his children, threw a shadow over their young lives of which they were too childish to understand the reason. Mr. Ward was a man of sterling principle and great nobility of character. He spared neither pains nor expense in the education of his children, and he early saw that his daughter Julia was a child of great promise. He was wont to say after the death of his wife: "I must now be father

members delivering orations in the nursery to her younger brother Marion, her constant friend and companion for many years. These childish speeches, delivered with many accompanying gestures, were, Mrs. Howe thinks, as nonsensical as such youthful performances usually are. It is significant that at this age she dreamed of mounting the rostrum.

Her mind also ran much upon romance, and she determined to write the finest possible novels when she should be a grown woman! It may be said of her that "she lisped in numbers," though she herself is too modest to assert that "the numbers came," and does not think that her early poetry was of any special value. When she was eleven years old she ventured to hand in a piece of poetry to her teacher in lieu of a prose composition. This lady rebuked her young pupil for such an ambitious attempt, saying: "If you had the talent of Lucretia Davidson, you might try to write poetry; but as you have not, it is foolish to make the attempt!"

The little Julia's relatives, however, had more discernment than this school-teacher; and when she was fourteen years of age she wrote, by request, a poem to accompany an article on Wilson's book of birds. The article was written by her uncle, I believe, and both it and the poem were published in one of the magazines of the day. This constituted the first appearance in print of our young author.

When she was less than eight years of age she was twice taken to the opera to hear the famous singer, Malibran, then Signorina Garcia. These performances made a strong impression on her mind, and they were reproduced in the nursery, in a childish extravagant way, her little brother Marion, who had been with her at the opera, aiding and abetting her. It was judged best not to take the child to any concerts or operas for several years lest the excitement be hurtful to her. Her own musical education began at an early age, and at fourteen she was more proficient in instrumental music than at any subsequent period.

At this age, however, she made up her mind that literature must be the main affair of her life, and realizing from experience the amount of time and practice necessary to become an accomplished musician, she decided that music must occupy with her a secondary position. At school the little Julia was not, according to her own recollection, a very industrious scholar in her early childhood. She learned her lessons very easily, and enjoyed the literary part of them. For languages she had a special talent.

The French letter here reproduced, written when she was eight years of age to her brother Samuel, was found recently among the latter's papers. Mrs. Howe remembers very clearly the circumstances connected with it, as her

father, proud and pleased at his little daughter's performance, bestowed upon her a handsome child's bureau.

Of childish fun and pranks she had a certain share, although the grave tone of the household made the merriment of the children more subdued than is the case in our day.

The kind aunt who brought up the Ward children took the greatest possible care of their health, and Mrs. Howe feels that the robust health which has distinguished her throughout her long life is largely owing to the watchfulness of this lady. Some of the latter's views, however, seem very singular to us. She believed in dosing the children frequently with old-fashioned but simple medicines, not because they were ill, but in order to keep them well. Mrs. Howe

Paris 27 1828

Cher frère,

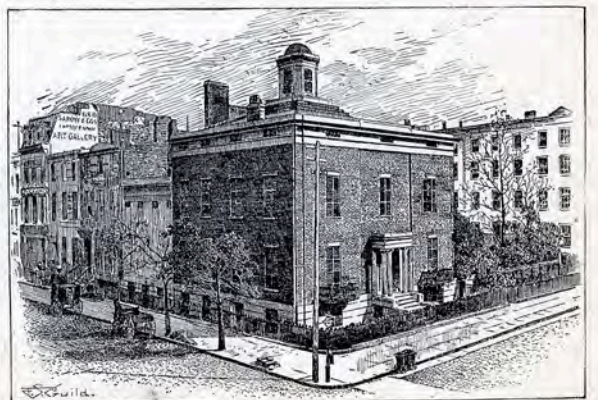
*Il y a long-temps que je desirais vous écrire une petite lettre en français pour vous témoigner mon amitié, & espère que je vous verrai dans peu de temps, je n'ai pas oublié le mois d'avril et de l'attends avec impatience, ma lettre ne sera pas très longue, parceque je ne suis pas très familière avec la langue française, mon Bro se parle assez bien, outre le français j'apprends le latin et la musique et je ferai mon possible pour réussir dans ces deux sciences, dernièrement il est arrivé à New York un homme qui sait faire toute sorte d'animaux en ivoire, mon Bro m'a montré avec lui pour le voir et il m'a acheté un petit chien, tout le monde attend avec impatience le temps de vos vacances, adieu mon cher frère,*

Julia Ward

The Letter in French

written at the age of eight years

well remembers the grief and consternation of her aunt when she first rebelled against these constant and nauseating doses! Having grown old enough to think for herself on these matters, she flatly refused the customary Epsom salts, thus asserting at an early age the doctrine of the emancipation of woman from the restraints of unwise, even though well-meaning, authority.



THE HOUSE AT BOND STREET AND BROADWAY, NEW YORK, WHERE JULIA WARD SPENT PART OF HER CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.