

to India; while the friends who came to see her had to be entertained at tea in the drawing-room, and probably turned out to be acquaintances of mater's own friends, through whom filtered back to her the intelligence that "dear Dorothy had a bad time of it, poor Mrs. Smith was so very exacting."

Then would arise another case. When the help was ready and willing to do all the work, hard or otherwise, required of her, if she were really a lady, refined, educated up to a certain point, well-bred and well-nurtured, gifted with a head, a heart, and a conscience, she did all that was expected of her, and did it faithfully and well; but at the end of six months she broke down *hopelessly*, and the employer who had been rejoicing over the treasure she possessed, mourned the loss of help and the help's loss of health.

The
Lady-help
a Failure.

These and other causes we have not space to mention have made the lady-help a failure; that she is so is abundantly testified by a look through the advertising columns of the daily or weekly papers, which for a year or two teemed with lists of lady-helps.

Now the name is either absent altogether or else is replaced by the "Useful Companion," the "Lady Housekeeper," or the "Young Lady of twenty, to take the place of elder daughter."

"Mothers' helps" are still to be engaged, and they are always supposed to be children's nurses. This we imagine to be the best field of operation for the real lady-help; for, surely, to have a refined gentlewoman to take entire charge of her children must be a great boon to a busy matron.

The vexed question of mistress and maid, therefore, does not seem to be nearer settlement; for though as mother's help, or as general helper where two or three spinsters live together in a flat, the lady-help may prove useful, as an actual worker, to take her place amongst the army of servants, she has not been found eligible.

It seems, however, that there must be a large field for the operations of those girls who cannot, for various reasons, become governesses, and who are not fit for genuine service. They have largely recruited the ranks of the sick nurses, they are to be found in dozens at the call of every surgeon, and they ably fill places of trust as housekeepers, superintendents of the laundries in large establishments, school matrons, lecturers on cookery, hygiene, nursing, and dressmaking for County Councils, and as amanuenses, secretaries, guides, couriers, companions, and even gardeners. In all these (and many more) positions is scope enough for the helper; but it is better that she should drop the prefix, and evince her title to be a gentlewoman by the conduct which proves her to be one.

PICTURESQUE IPSWICH.

"Hence to Ipswich, doubtless one of the sweetest, most pleasant, well-built townes in England." 8th July, 1656.—"THE DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN."



A CORNER POST.

IPSWICH, in spite of its great age and its respectable population, is still very much in the country. At least, so it seemed to Anna and me as we walked about the town one warm summer's evening.

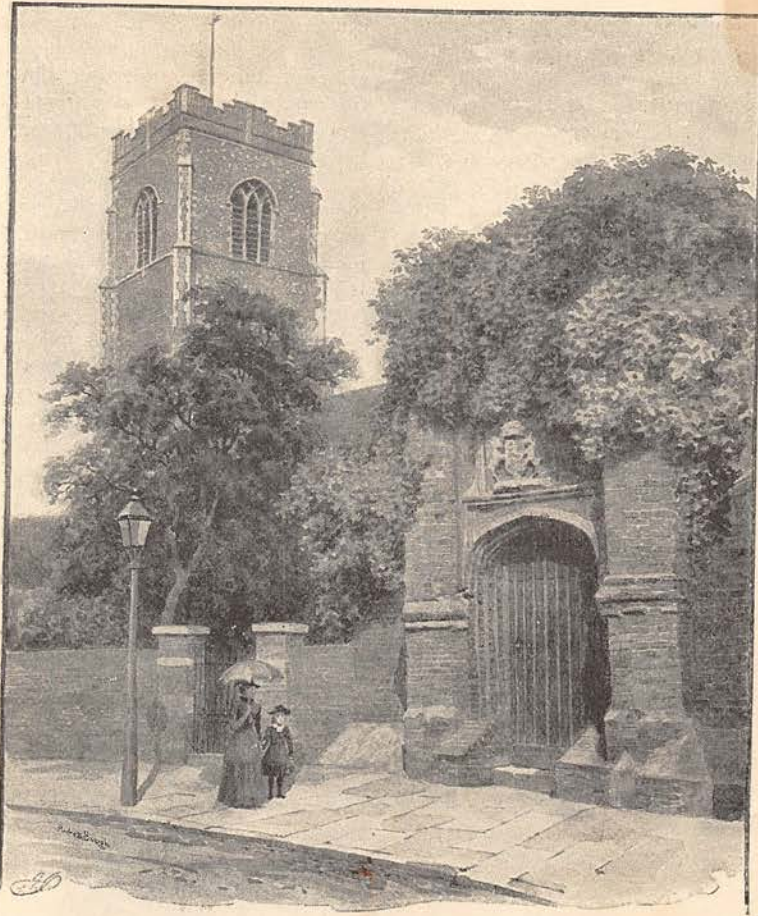
In Ipswich you are never far from the sight of green trees; and ten minutes' walk in any direction will show you some glimpse of Nature—be it river-bank, wooded hill, or distant corn-fields.

The sixteen churches of Ipswich help to deepen this semi-rural impression. Most of them are surrounded by spacious churchyards, where avenues of limes, rows of sycamores, or groups of elms lift up their green heads with that happy, vigorous growth which trees seldom display, unless they are nourished on country air.

The number and positions of these churches alone would tell us that Ipswich was an ancient place; while its tramways, its factories, its newspaper office, its girls' high school, and its girls' club assure us that it is a very modern one.

It is this union of past and present which gives its peculiar interest to Ipswich. It makes the town, in a high degree, historical.

Though it is not connected with any one great event in our history, Ipswich is a sort of historical event in itself.



WOLSEY'S GATEWAY AND ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

It is like a fragment chipped off from the mass of English life: a little, easily-handled specimen, in which may be traced all the qualities of the larger bulk.

If we look in the museum we find records of the earlier times—in the Roman tessellated pavement dug up near St. Matthew's Church, the stone vessels recovered from the ooze of the Orwell, the coins of the Saxon days, some of which were minted in Ipswich.

The churches preserve relics of the succeeding period, from the curious Norman font in St. Peter's Church down to the windows of St. Laurence, interesting specimens of the Perpendicular work of the fifteenth century: the last great style in English ecclesiastical architecture.

It is succeeded by the domestic architecture of the early Tudor days, when the general security, following upon the Wars of the Roses, expressed itself in those large-windowed houses which culminate in the Elizabethan style.

The Archdeacon's Gate, in Northgate Street, is

an interesting relic of Henry VII.'s reign, while the gateway in College Street—all that is left of Wolsey's foundation—reminds us of the greatest of the sons of Ipswich.

The vivid, many-sided life of the sixteenth century reflects itself in the old house in the Butter Market. Its elaborate ornaments in wood-carving and pargeting, the emblematic figures of the four continents which decorate its walls, as well as the scene from Virgil's *Eclogue*, recall the culture of that period, which was illuminated by the discoveries of the New World and the old learning.

The richly ornamented houses, built from this time onward, and right through the seventeenth century, are an indication of the active civic life of that period, when the towns battled manfully for their charters with their kings; when John Evelyn visited the place, commended "the prudence of the magistrates," and asserted, "in a word 'tis for building, cleanness, and good order, one of the best townes in England."

In the eighteenth century Ipswich seems to have sunk into the quiescent state, which was to follow

one period of excitement and prepare the way for another.

At one time the population of the place diminished so greatly, that it was said to be "a town without a people." It has shared to the full in the activity and energy of this present century, and grown, like the rest of the country, in wealth and numbers.

Unhappily, the lack of taste which was so characteristic of the first half of the nineteenth century, and found its strongest expression in the work of the "Regency," has set its mark on Ipswich.

It is to this period we owe the loss of some of the most interesting relics of the past—the cloisters of the old Dominican priory, still perfect in 1811, and the ancient market cross, which stood in the centre of the town.

But the artistic sins of the first half of our century are forgotten when we remember the literature which we owe to that time. The humorists of those days—from Lamb to Thackeray—have twined themselves round our hearts and our lives, and Ipswich is associated with the foremost of the band.

It was at the "Great White Horse," in Ipswich, that Mr. Pickwick had his celebrated adventure with the lady with the yellow curl-papers, and that Sam Weller "returned Mr. Job Trotter's shuttlecock as heavily as it came." The green door through which that worthy emerged, is still pointed out in Angel Lane, near the old Angel Inn, at the bottom of Fore Street.

Fore Street is full of charming specimens of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and we keep crossing and re-crossing the road to get the best view of some elaborate carving, grotesque bracket, projecting window or corner post, till our devious course attracts the attention of a kindly old dame, who is enjoying the evening air at her street door.

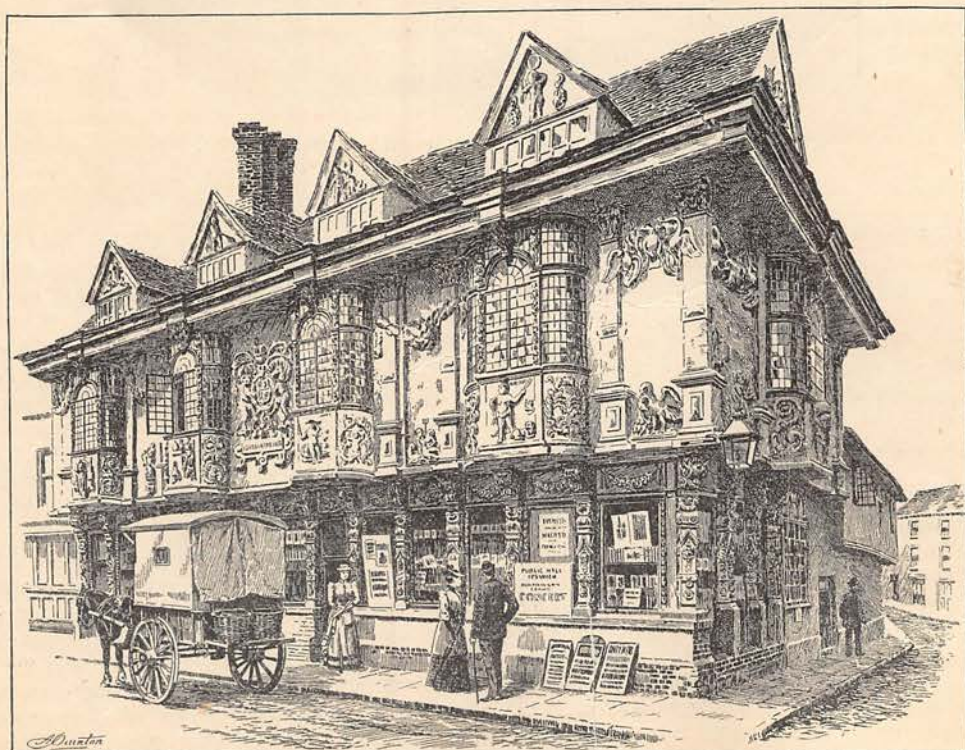
"What number are you looking for?" she amiably inquires; and we explain that we are only admiring the carving upon her house, upon which she invites us indoors, to show us the fine old staircase, of which she is justly proud.

We make out that this is the house once occupied by Cavendish, the faithful follower of Wolsey, and an ancestor of the present Duke of Devonshire.

He was also known as a traveller. His companion, Eldred, who travelled round the world with him, lies buried in St. Clement's Church, hard by. A portrait printed of him many years ago deserves to be remembered for the quaint and touching inscription that accompanied it.

"What can seeme great to him that hath seen the whole world and the wondrous works therein, save the Maker of it and the world above?"

The corner posts of Ipswich are a feature which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere; but local differences in house architecture were commoner three hundred years ago than they are in the present days of easy transport and intercourse.



THE ANCIENT HOUSE.

The old houses of Shrewsbury, Ludlow, and Tewkesbury differ widely from those of Salisbury, Wells, and the Cotswold districts, which lie near good stone quarries; and the Ipswich houses are specially interesting, as showing the good effect that can be got out of the comparatively poor materials to which their builders were, in some measure, restricted.

They are, for the most part, built of wood and plaster, with a little brick in the foundations; it is a wonder so many of them are preserved, and that they have escaped the fires which have destroyed many old wooden houses in other parts of England.

Several of the Ipswich corner posts are elaborately carved. The one at the junction of Northgate Street and Oak Lane, shown in our illustration, has a representation of a blacksmith and his forge, possibly meant for St. Dunstan.

Another post, in Foundation Street, has a carving of a fox and some geese, with an ecclesiastical-looking figure in the middle—probably one of the sly jokes against the priests, of which Chaucer and his contemporaries were so fond.

Sometimes, as in the post at the corner of Silent Street, instead of being placed against the wall, the corner post stands clear of the house, supporting the projecting beams of the upper storey, and forming a sort of double entrance to the door, which is placed in the angle of the building.

One old institution of Ipswich is preserved by name alone. Lady Lane recalls the memory of the once famous shrine of "Our Lady of Ipswich," which stood near that spot.

It was of great repute in its day, was said to work miracles, and was the object of many pilgrimages. At the Reformation it was taken to London and burnt; and it is especially mentioned by name in the second of the Church homilies—that against "the peril of idolatry."

What a comfort it is, by the way, that we don't change the names of our streets to suit the political fancies of the moment; and that we can still walk about London in company of Dr. Johnson, or John Evelyn, or Mr. Secretary Pepys, without incessantly looking at a foot-note to see whereabouts we are.

In spite of my admiration and respect for the French nation, I should find it trying to belong to a country which can change the Rue de la République to the Rue d'Orléans, and back again to the Rue de la République, in the trivial space of a single century.

The same love of old memories meets us in the streets near St. Peter's, where College Street and Cardinal Street show that Ipswich returns the affection with which Wolsey seems to have regarded her.



THE OLD "NEPTUNE" INN, FORE STREET.

The union of those two names brings up the memory of a third. Shakespeare makes Buckingham complain of—

"That Ipswich fellow's insolence";

and, later on in the play, Griffiths' apology for the dead statesman refers to—

"Those twins of learning that he raised in you—
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it."

Many of the names of Ipswich are as local as its corner posts themselves. Catchpole and Boby, Cobbold and Punchard, are all suggestive of Suffolk, and, if you meet them in any other county, you may be pretty certain about their origin.

It is upon the old side of these towns one loves to linger—rather unfairly, perhaps, in the case of Ipswich, which is taking so brave a share in our life of to-day.

Its country-town businesses have expanded into important industries, and its agricultural implements have carried the name of Ipswich all over the civilised world.

The town also shares in that revival of architecture which seems at last to be setting in, and which makes this latter end of the nineteenth century appear so very much alive.

Perhaps the old style—or rather, want of style—reaches its climax in the pillars in front of the Town Hall; but the last ten years or so have produced buildings which are worthy to stand by the early architecture of the town.

The bank buildings in the Cornhill, with the houses adjoining it, the newspaper office and the girls' club in Carr Street, are buildings which do credit to the place; and one is glad to see a finely-coloured red brick replacing the white brick in vogue some years back.

This last is a most unsatisfactory material from an artistic point of view—a poor, slaty white when new, which turns to the dingiest of greys after a few years' wear.

We went over the Working Girls' Club with its genial lady superintendent, and were charmed with the unusually well-planned building.

The bright little garden, where the girls can swing, and play croquet, and sit in the fresh air, made us quite wish we could waft it away for the benefit of our London friends. But the two beautiful acacias which adorn the place would soon hang their heads in Whitechapel or Bethnal Green, to say nothing of such a return for the courtesy with which we were shown over the club.

But of all the modern work in Ipswich, we were most pleased by the restored tower of St. Laurence's Church, a singularly happy combination of flint and stone, worthy to stand beside the old Perpendicular church, which Anna looked at with extra respect, as it is honoured by a place in the pages of "Rickman."



OLD HOUSES, FORE STREET.

This use of flint in church building is very characteristic of Suffolk; the flints are found in the county, and they give something of that local flavour so delightful alike in art and literature.

One would like to see this flint building developed to meet modern requirements: flint and stone panelling would have an excellent effect in street architecture; and we commend this idea to the notice of the Ipswich people for the next public building they may wish to erect.

Besides its promenade along the banks of the Orwell, the town is well supplied with public gardens and recreation-grounds.

One, with the high sounding name of the Arboretum, has a part reserved for subscribers, where families with children pay twice as much as those which consist of adults.

We don't know what the young people of Ipswich may have done to deserve this invidious distinction.

I asked an old woman who opened a gate for me why they kept the churchyards locked.

"If we didn't keep them shut, the boys would pull them up by the roots," she replied; but I am inclined to believe she slandered them, and Ipswich would be a more hospitable place if they left churches and churchyards open for the refreshment of the weary.

The town was keeping holiday at the time of our visit. Christchurch Park was crowded with thousands of tidy and orderly people: all the children of Ipswich seemed to be there, for the most part dressed in the simple but pretty fashions which have lately prevailed among the rich.

In a country like ours, where we show our respect for our social superiors by imitating them as closely as we can, where this year's Belgravia is reflected in next year's Whitechapel, it is a real boon when the fashions set by "the great" are such as can suitably be adopted by the poor.

One of our errands in Ipswich was to see Anna's old nurse, who had married and settled in that town, and now brought her three pretty children to the park to help in the consumption of plum-cake, which we were told was distributed to ten thousand children.

I can well believe it—the streets of Ipswich were redolent of that delicacy.

While pretty frocks and bright ribbons were fluttering in Christchurch Park, the young manhood of the town was collected in the cricket-field, where various sports were being carried on.

From a sheltered spot we watched them racing under the broiling sun of the hottest of July days, and we felt proud of belonging to the energetic race which can find its pleasure in such arduous exertion.

It is this cheerful energy which struck us as the chief characteristic of Ipswich; and the town reminded us of one of its own trees—its roots well grounded in the past, while it is growing bravely and brightly in the present.

E. CHAPMAN.