

Sixth. Women who devote themselves to claiming equal political rights for women, which would be a social injury until education is equalized.

Seventh. Finally, all persons interested in the practical study of social problems, and who are opposed to declamation that proposes no definite plan, and avoids effort, study, sacrifice.

The well-known names of Dr. Emily Blackwell, and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, are attached to this document.

"Sex in Education."—If Dr. Clarke's book has done nothing more for women, it has performed for them an inestimable service in bringing out two remarkable works, in reply to the position taken and the statements made in his little volume. One of these was edited by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and published by Roberts Brothers of Boston; the other is edited, and partly written by Miss Anna C. Brackett, formerly principal of the Normal school at St. Louis, now the head of a superior girls' school in New York city.

The books each consist of a series of articles upon education in its relation to women, contributed by distinguished women teachers, writers, and physicians, and brings together an array of testimony which must be accepted as conclusive in establishing their points. Apart from the satisfaction naturally felt by women in seeing the new position taken by their opponents demolished, they may well feel proud of the evidence presented of intellectual power in their own sex; ability not only capable of training, but already trained, and fully able to meet the disciplined forces of the other sex.

The Boston book has an introduction by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and papers and "testimony" from T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Horace Mann, Ada Shepard Badger, Caroline H. Dall, "C.," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *Boston Daily Advertiser*, Mercy B. Jackson, Prof. Bascom, Abby W. May, Maria A. Elmore, A. C. Garland—Vassar College, Antioch College, Michigan University, Lombard University, and Oberlin College.

The New York book contains, first, an exhaustive treatise on the "Education of American Girls," by Miss Anna C. Brackett, the editor.

- II. A Mother's Thought.
Edna D. Cheney.
- III. The Other Side... *Caroline H. Dall.*
- IV. Effects of Mental Growth.
Lucinda H. Stone.
- V. Girls and Women in England and America... *Mary E. Beedy.*
- VI. Mental Action and Physical Health.
Mary Putnam Jacobi, M.D.
- VII. Michigan University.
Sarah Dix Hamlin.
- VIII. Mount Holyoke Seminary.
Mary O. Nutting.
- IX. Oberlin College.
Adelia A. F. Johnston.
- X. Vassar College.
Alida C. Avery, M.D.
- XI. Antioch College. * * *
- XII. Letter from a German Woman.
Mrs. Ogden N. Rood.
- XIII. Review of "Sex in Education."
Editor.

Of the entire volume, it is only necessary to say that the first and sixth chapters are worth all that has ever been said upon sex and education, put together. They are magnificent. Every word that Miss Brackett says on the "Culture of the Will," deserves to be written in letters of gold, while the admirably clear and logical paper from Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi,

shows what a woman can do whose natural powers have received the highest and most perfect training.

We would gladly excerptate the larger part of the book and transfer it to these pages, but that cannot be done, and it even seems an injustice to extract parts, where all is so good. We will close with a brief paragraph from the "Culture of the Intellect," meanwhile enjoining teachers and mothers to secure the book itself without delay, as a most valuable aid to their efforts on behalf of their pupils and daughters.

If either of these books lack anything, it is the special testimony of women who have been mothers and workers. The statements are in some instances too general, the facts obtained from outside sources. We should have liked to see what Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the accomplished woman, the faithful worker, and mother of eight boys, has to say upon the subject in question. The following is the extract which contains the closing lines of Miss Brackett's powerful plea:

"The opponents of higher education for women, which practically is the same thing as co-education, have, within a few years, shifted their ground. At first it was asserted that woman was not equal, mentally, to the thorough mastering of the higher branches of study. Having been driven from that position by the indisputable evidence of percentages on written examinations, they have taken up their new position with the assertion that women are not able physically to pursue a thorough and complete course of study—for, I repeat again, that, for the masses, co-education and higher education for women are practically one and the same thing. In this position of the question, we have only two things for which to be profoundly thankful: The first is that we, as living women, are asserted by no one to be composed of more than two parts—spirit and body. The second is, that we have in our own hands, at last, the means of finally disposing of this question, by disproving the second assertion.

"To us, as women, as wives, as mothers, as older sisters, as friends, as teachers, as college girls, as school girls, and to us alone, the settlement of the question has at last been fairly handed over. We have only, in all these relations, to learn the laws of physical health, and to obey them, and the whole matter will be set forever at rest. We have only to see to it, day and night, that our girls are educated in proper ways of living as regards food, clothing, sleep, and exercise, till we have created for them a second nature of fixed, correct physical habits—and we alone can do this—and the end is at hand. We have at last the right to settle our own questions conceded to us. The responsibility of the decision, whether our girls are to have what we demand for them—nay, what they themselves are eagerly and persistently demanding, is decided, by the new position, to belong to us, and to us alone. Responsibility means duty. Are we ready to accept the one, and to perform the other?"

The Conversazione, or informal reception is now a most agreeable feature of New York city life, and promises to do away with the great, senseless gatherings formerly convened at stated intervals, at an enormous sacrifice of health, and comfort, and usually denominated "parties." Thoughtful, intelligent women and sensible men have become quite aware that clubs for either sex are not what is wanted—though they may have been a necessary preparation for what is to come. Clubs for men are known to afford

only a luxurious opportunity to idle, and dissipate away time, while clubs for women occupy much valuable time, and require the expenditure of money without any beneficial result, or at least without any result which is not accompanied by a corresponding disadvantage.

The true idea of social intercourse is that where the freest interchange of thought, and most agreeable companionship is obtained with the least waste of time and energy. This is the point reached by the *Conversazione*, which seems at last to have become naturalized in our midst. To these pleasant reunions ladies can go in the dress which they would wear at home—and without gloves, and gentlemen in an afternoon, or even in a business suit. The conversation is general, only interrupted by music contributed by the guests, or by readings—the refreshments are of the slightest, according to the admirable French plan, only tea or chocolate, and simple cakes, and people come and go as they please, staying a longer or shorter time, according as they have other engagements or not to fulfill. The result is a maximum of enjoyment at a minimum of cost in very respect.

Bogus Benevolence.—There are many ways to "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," and not the least common is to pretend to have a charitable motive when the real motive is selfish. One of the latest dodges of bogus benevolence is an effort to procure the passage by the Legislature of an act to prevent the use of the common treadle in sewing machines. The nominal motive is to prevent the damage to the health of sewing women; but the real motive is to secure the sale of a patent treadle. Our philosophy leads us always to suspect anyone who has an inordinate desire to benefit humanity, and we are confirmed in our opinion that the most signal benefits have been conferred upon the race more by those who were avowedly seeking their own interests than by professional philanthropists.

Afternoon Thoughts.

WOMAN'S LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY LUCY SNOW.

MEN put their love of the beautiful into their theories or the books they write; but women put it into their lives. They live it. They fall less often than men into filthy habits, such as smoking, chewing, spitting, etc., owing to their love for neatness, cleanliness, and order, which are all but species of a love for the beautiful.

A few women below the average contract these habits; but the most perfect hero of the most transcendental novel smokes while he walks in the garden thinking of his lady-love; or sits to muse by some convenient window and sips the richly-colored juice sometimes out upon the rose-vine below; and sometimes pat upon the casement, marring the paint thereof. It frequently happens that some of the most worthy masculine friends that visit a lady's house are those that appropriate her coal-box for a spittoon; or, worse still, open the door of her shining stove, and endeavor to make

a clean spit into the flames. It is hardly necessary to add that they do not always succeed in the attempt.

Men will not sacrifice their personal ease or comfort in order to bring the ideal into their every day lives; whereas women under the most discouraging circumstances will take great pains to make their every day acts one with the ideal.

The finest intellects in men are often attended with the grossest and most slovenly habits.

The reverse is true of women. The higher their order of intellect, the purer their personal habits, and the more beauty do they put into their every day lives.

A man, though he lives like a hog, if he is still able to think like a god, he is a man, and the world will ring with his renown; his rhetoric, his generalship, or whatever talent or genius he may have, is not tainted by his way of living so long as he manages to keep out of prison or escape the gallows. But let a woman's achievements be what they may, or her brilliancy never surpassed, if she is addicted to low and vicious habits, she is a failure. Even slovenliness of dress is enough to condemn her.

Women are almost always associated with flowers, not because of any resemblance, but because women almost invariably love flowers, love to wear them in their hair and love to have them growing in their door-yards and windows. It is probably among the middle class that the distinctive mental traits of men and women are best to be studied; and especially is this true of a love of the beautiful; for wealth, though it cannot make one an artist or a writer of books, may surround its possessor with every evidence of taste, and he possess that quality in a very small degree. So that it is hardly fair to judge of a rich man's love of the beautiful by his surroundings.

Go with me, then, for a little while to the prairies of the West, where farm joins farm in endless succession of beauty for the little while that the corn is waving green; but in endless succession of dreariness from the middle of August to the middle of May. I know about them, for I have lived there; and I would rather tell you of something that I know because I have seen it, than any thing far-fetched and second-handed. The dwellers on these farms, with few exceptions, are of the middle class. "The bone and sinew of the land." Farmers! A name that grows in dignity with the increase of civilization. These farmers convert the mineral agents of the soil into food fit for man. Poets have sung them, and painters have studied them, but poet and painter alike have added touches of beauty to their pictures that do not exist in nature. Let us study them and be just. Adding nothing thereto and taking nothing therefrom. Here is a little house with level corn-fields stretching on every side of it. It has never had even a priming of paint; there is no cistern, and the well is two rods from the door. There is no door-yard fenced off from the rest of the field; and the pigs and chickens keep up an endless foraging and parading close around.

It is hardly credible, but the master there owns eighty acres of land. And the mistress? Before the door that fronts the road are two pitiful little rose-bushes with stakes made of pieces of board driven around to keep away the pigs and chickens, and also a flower-bed protected by brush, and it may be that there is a box filled with dirt in the window, that in summer is bright with the blooms of rose-moss. All these are hers. In their sea-

son sweet pinks and marigolds peep modestly out from the brush that covers the flower-bed; and the two scraggy rose-bushes manage with their leaves to shelter a few buds from the sweeping prairie winds, that in the time of roses burst into bloom; and look but lonely in the midst of such surroundings.

The city has many mournful sights, but not many more mournful to the contemplative mind than these poor flowers fostered under such adverse circumstances. For when we enter this dwelling and learn of the ways of this man and this woman, we learn that these poor little flowers are to the man a perpetual source of discontent. He jeers at them as useless things in themselves, they are neither meat, nor drink, nor clothing. He sneers at them as causing a waste of time; he ridicules them as a woman's foolishness personified; he frowns at them as being in his way when he wishes to drive up close to the house with his wagon; and if ever from the woman he hears a complaint of over-work, he lays all the blame on these innocent flowers; and, in not a few cases, has been known to order them off from the place. And this woman, seven, eight, or ten miles from the nearest village or town; without books or any place of resort, such as church or lecture-room; with no amusement to relieve the weariness of toil; without any place even for a Sunday afternoon walk, save narrow lanes or rough ploughed fields—for the prairie has neither shady groves, falling waters, nor overhanging rocks, neither hills nor pebbly brooks—this woman, lacking all these, still must live and must put her love of the beautiful into her life. Behold, then, how wonderfully neat is everything within her dwelling. A princess might trail her silken robe across the floor without danger of soiling. But beyond this cleanliness there is nothing to satisfy the craving for the beautiful save a faded picture tacked to the wall without a frame, and a patch-work quilt upon the bed—a work of art, in the fabrication of which her spirit found something of exaltation above the cruel bareness of her lot. These within, and the begrudged and barricaded flowers without, and you have her history.

It may be thought that I have taken an extreme case, but I protest that I have not. The houses in either direction from this one are all very much like it for perhaps six or eight miles. Though, of course, all through the country, every now and then a fine farm residence with a barn in the rear rises on the view; but the people who live there have stepped from the golden mean to the lower rounds of the ladder of riches, at least. But for the most part, the houses are alike, save that some may be a little larger, and some not quite so large; and some masters are lords over 160 acres probably, and some few of them may own even a half section of land. But there is the same lack of paint; the same dreariness about them all, with but few exceptions; and an acquaintance with their inmates would prove them to be about as much alike as their dwellings. Not many of the men go so far as to actually prohibit the culture of flowers; though nearly all to a unit find fault with them as useless. Some are much more tolerant than others, and contemplate them with good-natured indifference. But not any of them, even after they are able to hire hands and thus exempt themselves from ploughing, and all the heavier labor, ever take the spade, the rake, or the hoe, in behalf of flower or vine. Nearly all the beautifying done to their homes then,

by these farmers, until they are actually rich, is done by the women; either through their earnest pleading or by their own hands. And even after the master is somewhat satisfied with the extent of his domains, and a door-yard, through the influence of the wife, has been fenced off from the rest of the field, and sown to blue grass, it is only the bravest of these women that dare to purchase a plant from the green-house, with an attempt to keep it through the winter. It was just the other day that a timid, soft-voiced friend of mine came to me, and wanted to know if I thought roses would do well in tubs. Her husband, she said, would not allow her to cut up one square-inch of clover in the yard; and she had a notion to have a barrel sawed in two and filled with dirt, for a couple of rose-bushes, while her husband was away. "For," said she, "my two little girls are so fond of flowers, they nearly go distracted over yours!" Is it needful to say that I felt sorry for her? But I know one wiry little woman who took the spade and the axe, and her youngest son, a boy about ten (for it is only their youngest sons that these wives ever have at their command); and went to the nearest wood, a distance of about a mile, and actually dug up young elms, maples, wahoos, hawthorns, and walnuts, and the horses and wagons not being at her disposal, carried them back in her arms, and on her shoulders, as best she might; and then dug holes through the prairie sod and set them out about her door; with her husband all the time protesting that it was useless, when he might sell out at any time, and that if they grew they would make entirely too much shade; and that she might much better save her strength for something more profitable. Well, her trees have grown up and make her a beautiful grove now. To her, an ever abiding pleasure, and a delight to all passers by. Her husband did not sell out, but has built a fine house that is well set off by the trees.

Yet this woman is a little above the average in strength of will, for pigs about the door she never would tolerate, and her husband, from first to last, as he valued peace and harmony, thought it the best plan to keep them fenced away. These two are special cases, it is granted. It may be urged, that the women have more leisure than the men, but any one who is acquainted with the farmer's life at all, knows that this is not so. The facts prove that the leisure is nearly all his. He takes many a horse-back ride over the fields to see how his neighbor's cattle are doing; or to talk over the crops that have been already talked threadbare, just to while away an afternoon that would otherwise hang heavy on his hands; while she, instead of having an afternoon to dispose of, is pushed with her work. He has freedom to come and go, but she is a fixture; almost as much a prisoner as if fastened in with bolts and bars. He gallops to town through all kinds of weather, and by mingling with other men, and having his wits sharpened by contact with theirs, returns invigorated, and finds all his work going on just as smoothly as if he had not been away. She goes to town a few times during the year; and when she goes the trip is beneficial to her, as being a change where change is so much needed, but it is nearly always to make necessary purchases that she goes, and her day is a harassing one, for she usually receives many warnings from her lord before starting, to bring her wants within the smallest possible compass; and in most cases there are none to take her place

while she is gone, so that she usually returns to a disordered house. These few trips to town, and a few Sundays out of the year spent with her neighbors, are the sum of her recreations. And then, when her fainting spirit turns for hope to flowers, to be jeered, and sneered, and picked at, till the cultivation of them seems almost a sin! It is hard. If these men have any love for the beautiful, and I do not pretend to say that they have not, they are satisfied with the idea of it, and seem to be utterly regardless as to whether their surroundings are superior to the pens wherein their swine delight to eat corn and wallow, or not. It may sound like a harsh statement, but a great many of them have to be urged by their wives, when Sunday comes, to shave and put on clean clothes, and make themselves clean and decent, unless there is to be company at the house, or some motive stronger than the mere wish to be neat and clean, to urge them instead.

All this will change, I know. These farms in time will be made beautiful; planted with groves, and adorned with shrub, and flower, and vine. But that will be done by the next generation. The son along with his father's name will inherit his land, and will probably be able to say to his servants, "Do this," and it will be done; and if his wife wants a tree set out, or a flower-bed made, he will probably say, on account of her importunity, "Sam may help you to day," and so it will be Sam and the wife who do much of the beautifying at last.

Enough has probably been said to prove that among these comparatively primitive men and women, who so patiently plant the prairies of the West with corn, and garner it year after year, primitive as being uncorrupted by the arts of society, the love of the beautiful in woman shines out in a sufficiently marked degree to be accounted one of her distinctive mental traits. Though it is not alone in her love of flowers that this is evinced. Nearly all attempts to bring beauty into their every lives are made by her. Among the greater number of families, there goes on a constant strife between the father and the mother in regard to the education of their children. For after the boys are able to make hands in the field, and the girls to make hands in the house, the father looks grudgingly on the time consumed in school, while the mother ever urges the benefits and the necessities of education. Still, with the father to pull back, and the mother push forward, these boys and girls receive a medium education, that probably best enables them in their generation to take their places as farmers and farmers' wives; and this is only mentioned to show the higher aspirations of the mother. But in proving that these men possess a love of the beautiful in a less degree than their wives, I do not wish to be understood as impeaching any of the sterling qualities for which they have long been renowned; their patience, their sobriety, their contentment, that have made them envied by sages and philosophers. I have only had to do with their love of the beautiful.

But I think in all grades and shades of society, this quality in woman shines out in an equally marked degree. In cities, in the miserable abodes of want and hopeless poverty, 'tis the woman's hand that treasures the broken toy, or faded relic of brightness. I have seen broken bits of china, whereon some painted flower or figure was yet left whole, set up on the mantel or shelf, and dusted and rubbed day after day, in the endless round of household cleaning, and

never neglected or carelessly brushed away as trash. And let not any fine lady sneer at this piece of broken dish; but rather let her look lovingly upon it as an emblem of the same holy aspirations that actuate her own breast.

In the downward way of vice, it is the woman that clings longest to the beautiful and the good; and perhaps there is no better evidence of this than that of her greater misery and self-degradation when once she is fallen. Man steals out from the haunts of vice, and if he but have on decent apparel, may hold his head as proudly as ever among his fellows. Remorse may sting him, but his friends smile and give him their hands; he is soothed, comforted, and encouraged. But when once woman is fallen, her misery is complete. She lifts not her head again toward those who were once her associates; but, like Magdalen of old, sits abject with fallen hair, and hides her face from the world.

Some one has beautifully said, "It is woman's hand that turns the cracked side of the vase to wall, and skillfully arranges a spray of evergreen over the broken looking-glass."

It is this trait, this love of the beautiful in woman, in all the lower grades of society at least, that lifts life up out of the dirt, that makes even the lowliest home a *home*, around which associations sweet and tender cling, associations powerful to bind its inmates in one strong, loving band. It seems almost an universal idea that this is a distinguishing trait of woman. Nearly all the poets and novelists that have ever written, have pictured woman as almost the saviour of her brother man, his guardian angel, ever desiring to make him better, to lead him up to higher heights, pointing him always to beauty, and truth, and goodness; and their imaginations have arrayed her always in loveliest garments, have made her dwelling-place a mirror of the beauty of her mind, and all her words and ways to accord with these. And why? Is it not thus that they have seen her? Struggling always from the highest to the lowest, to elevate life through the influence of beautiful surroundings, yielding not to adverse circumstances; but laboring untiringly, and unselfishly, just the same, to bring beauty into every-day life, softening all its asperities, smoothing the rough places, and thus beguiling the journey from the cradle to the grave.

"AT HOME AND ABROAD."

BY M. C. B.

I WONDER if any of my readers appreciate a comfortable, pleasant home after weeks and months spent in one round of excitement and travel.

I feel exuberant, joyful, and altogether like embracing every one I love, and asking them to rejoice with me. 'Tis a long quiet afternoon, with a gentle rain flashing like soft angel footsteps on the leaves beside my window, and as I gaze upon the scene, with all my senses bathed in sleepy languor, I whisper, "Home, sweet home," and cast no regrets after the retiring wings of the past gay summer.

It would be almost easier to enumerate where our gay little party have *not* been, than to try to tell where our wandering footsteps have led us. How we revelled in the sweet country air: visited the kitchen and dairy where busy housewives laughed at our awkward endeavors to churn, and smiled complacently when they discovered the secret of our energy.

Do not laugh and call us gross when the