

SOME TYPES OF GIRLHOOD;

OR,

OUR JUVENILE SPINSTERS.



MUSCULAR.

PERHAPS some of our youthful readers may look askance when they see themselves classified, and their several characteristics criticised. I am sorry for those whom the cap may fit, if not a pretty and attractive one; for there used to be one with a very long peak, which none of us seemed to covet in the old school days, whether it fitted or not. Still, it is best that we should learn to "see ourselves as others see us," and take the "counterfeit presentment" in good part.

The author of "Childe Harold" and the "Prisoner of Chillon" described his young country-women as "bread-and-butter girls"; and while we all may resent such a meagre description as this, we may read not a little, by inference, between the lines, of childlike simplicity and blooming healthfulness. A tribute to their unsophisticated innocence of mind and demeanour underlies the *sobriquet* with which he christens them, and the facts implied so much to their credit are very apparent in his ideal. Contentment with the mild restrictions and simple amusements of



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home-life were amongst their beautiful and distinguishing characteristics, contrasting most favourably with the precocity and doubtful moral principle with which the poet came in contact elsewhere.

Doubtless a large proportion of our girls have worthily replaced their very loveable predecessors of the class just indicated. But, as the years roll on, the changes that inevitably pass over kingdoms, habits, fashions, sentiments, property, and all our surrounding circumstances, could not possibly leave so large a proportion of our population unaffected by their influences.

The advance of education, the failure of what seem derisively to be called "securities," the non-payment of rents, and the enormous increase of the population, have been gradually putting a new face on English home-life. A large percentage of our girls have had to be trained to be self-supporting, and with greater educational advantages than the former generation enjoyed, they have splendidly risen to meet their responsibilities; their energy of character, and hitherto little appreciated brain-power, carrying all difficulties and disabilities of their sex before them. But here I must admit that quite as considerable a proportion of our young women and girls have suffered, more or less, from the greater liberty afforded them. The judgment is of far slower growth than the general intelligence of the young, and lacking in the experience (which is a harvest gathered later in life), and deprived of the restrictions of parental rule, and the aid of parental advice; a marked deterioration is but too appreciable in the conduct and manners of the middle and lower-middle classes. It needs but to read the "Answers to Correspondents" in this paper to see (as regards the latter) how little their own self-respect has done to substitute the guiding and restraining influence of their mothers, in their general habits and their sadly free-and-easy and undignified style of deportment with reference to the other sex.

In the higher ranks of life the change which has crept over those beneath them is far less apparent, for the simple reason that they are closely hedged about with stringent codes of etiquette and hereditary ideas of authority and precedence, all tending to keep the daughters of the house in their right place, and to maintain a due reverence for those above them, combined with self-respect.

But even amongst those whose social position is good, as well as others with whom they associate, who are not quite their equals amongst the so-called "upper ten," a deplorable degree of roughness, and puerile imitation of the off-hand manners of young men with their fellows, is grievously common, and has been the growth of the last half-century.

Now, before I portray the objectionable peculiarities of certain classes, I must premise that I hold my country-women, in general, in the greatest respect for their moral, intellectual, and religious character, only equalled by their good looks. And it is just because I so much esteem and admire them, and discover them to be capable of the highest intellectual attainments, that I desire to point out where some of them have lowered their standard of excellence and of common sense.

On consideration, I may divide the educated classes under the following denominations: There are the *Muscular*, the *Æsthetic*, the *Scholastic*, the *Literary*, the *Professors of Art* (in its several branches), the *Medical*, the *Political*, the *Devotee*, the *Home and Foreign Missionary*, the *Housewives*, *Society Women*, and the *Colourless and Common-place*, who

cannot be classified. Let me begin with the first on my list—the "*Muscular*."

Happily the prim walks, two and two, with automaton regularity, prescribed for our school-girls of former times, constituting their only exercise, and the use of straight, high-backed chairs, with an apology for a seat, or a no-backed stool, are over.

Now the Calisthenic and Swedish exercises of the modern gymnasium develop the muscles, otherwise so unevenly employed, and are thoroughly approved by medical men. But these most desirable and healthful exercises give rise, very naturally, to a desire for athletic sports, for which they have eminently qualified a girl. And so, to a large proportion of them, the graceful and feminine pastime of archery became inadequate for their requirements. So, likewise, was "croquet," a less graceful diversion, and calculated to narrow, rather than expand, the chest, and to foster a stoop in the neck and a round back. At the same time I must admit that the introduction of endless vexatious rules, supposed to give a scientific character to the game, was the true cause of its decline and extinction, and not



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the injury to the figure. Those who did not understand its developments voted it tame, and made them a sort of apology for adopting the more exciting game of cricket, which, amongst the lady athletes, came to reign in its stead. Lawn tennis has become a "rage" with both sexes alike; amongst a minority even hockey has been annexed from the exclusive proprietorship of the stronger sex; and by others, the dangerous and most unfeminine sport of polo. Who knows but that football may not follow in due course? Some day in the future we may even blush to see, in a struggling, writhing heap of prostrate human forms, piled in confusion, one over the other, the soiled (once dainty) skirts of these muscular sisters of ours, and the long tangled locks in wild disarray, floating over the cropped heads of their masculine playmates. As yet we have not arrived at this.

A limited number of our muscular cousins of Yankeeeland have recently been patronising the science of the gloves, and a New York pugilist, who was "interviewed" on the subject, spoke in warm terms of one pupil, more especially a "young lady in Fifth



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Avenue, slender in figure and medium in height," who is such an expert in the art, that (to use her instructor's words) "she knocks her two brothers about like sticks." There is also an institution, in the same transatlantic city, called "The Recreation Club," to which some of the ladies of the very best position belong. Once a month they have an outing at Highbridge, and there they have races, jump, and indulge in a regular romp, such as school-boys enjoy. But mark this—it is in private, and only amongst themselves; the police on the bridge and the Harlem goats alone may witness their muscular sports.

I find no fault with fencing, nor even boxing, if not a public exhibition, nor engaged in with male companions. I once enjoyed the gloves, the foils, and single-stick myself, but only with my brother in the privacy of home.

It is hard to draw a prohibitory line where the rules of morality and decency are not infringed. Nevertheless, it seems to me, that, short of this, the debatable borderland of what is refined and feminine in all modes of recreation, when exhibited to the gaze of a mixed multitude, and bringing a girl into personal and familiar contact with men, should be regarded with the greatest circumspection. A girl with a well-regulated mind and delicate feelings would naturally be influenced by a sensitive apprehension of making any unseemly display, or being betrayed into a coarse and ungainly act or attitude. To "polo" I utterly object; it is so risky and seriously dangerous a sport, and offers an example of a much too "rough-and-tumble" companionship with men. Besides which, a girl is likely to spoil their sport, as they fear to assert themselves, and play their best, lest they should strike or unhorse the lady opposed to them. Cricket and lawn-tennis are ungraceful, to say the least, as represented by the general run of their lady-votaries. Yet they are more in vogue than ever; and women's clubs are being formed all over the country—both sexes striving together for championship, and no longer, as formerly, with broomstick on the one side against bat on the other.

But, apart from personal views on the subject of what is refined and womanly, there is another question to be dealt with; and that is, that the girls who (as the slang term expresses it) "go in for" such muscular amusements, appear to have all taste, all enthusiasm, all bodily strength and time at their disposal, absorbed in the one pursuit, to which every other consideration must give way. One

would think that all this expenditure of natural force and interest must have for its end and object nothing less important than the bread-earning for herself and family, or some benevolent scheme for the benefit of the world outside. Doubtless the type "muscular" is healthy, bright-spirited, good-hearted, and well qualified to employ the brain-power—if not too far over-taxing the physical. They are also better able to nurse the sick and go through the wear and tear of married life in the future. But—

"It is not all of life to live,"

nor to

"Eat and drink and rise up to play."

Other training, that of the mind and heart, and a technical and practical education for some special work of usefulness to others, is often neglected in the over-indulgence in, and perpetual pursuit of, pleasure and of physical development.

But I have not yet exhausted what I have to say about this type of young woman. In playing such games as I have described with men, they are apt to adopt the masculine postures of their playmates, and the slang language they hear amongst them; and they take a strange pride in showing, or affecting to show, an acquaintance with the phraseology of the race-course and stable, the barrack or the cockpit, or sayings and jokes of the Universities. When engaged at outdoor games young men become excited and off their guard, and the distinction which should exist in their style of address when speaking to a gentleman and that in which they might speak to their fellow-men is easily forgotten in the heat of the struggle for victory. The boisterous laugh and loud voices of some of these young women might even strike themselves unpleasantly were they lookers on, instead of actors, in the performance. I only remember having seen one young lady engaged in a lawn-tennis "tournament" who walked with dignity, held herself in graceful positions, spoke in a gentle voice, and looked well on the ground. What I advocate is moderation, and a careful avoidance of the errors I have pointed out. Enjoy your lawn-tennis; but remember the obligations of your sex and of your self-respect.

Although my animadversions on the abuses above-named, in the pursuit of semi-athletic games, I freely admit that I regard their votaries, amongst my own sex, as much superior to the young dames of the patch, pillow, and powder-puff of the last century, who could not run a race, lest the bedizened cushions on the tops of their heads should come down, or the court plaster—cut to represent the moon and the stars, or even such a complicated affair as a coach and horses—should slide down into an unbecoming position through the heat of the unwonted exertion!

My next subject is supplied by the *Æsthete* young ladies. Few will enquire who they are, since we are generally familiar with their appearance, and they are not yet relegated to a place with the extinct and obsolete. What are they? Very harmless folk, we may truly admit; but that is only a negative characteristic. In brief, they entertain peculiar ideas of the beautiful, in form and combinations of colour, and also of suitability in dress, to meet the requirements of modern life. They look like the coney,—“a feeble folk,”—apparently boneless, and they flop about in a doleful and aimless way. Observe, I only say “apparently,” for we must suppose that they have some kind of mast and rigging, or they would subside and vanish, “like the baseless fabric of a vision!” A pow of unkempt hair invariably conceals the forehead, and projects like a thatched roof over their eyes; and a bag with very long strings swings about their knees like a *sabretache* on a dragon.

I should like to give a few illustrations of the most typical examples of this peculiar class. Failing this, I must content myself with a little borrowed word-painting. As we are all tired of the grand but—at one time—too ubiquitous sunflower, which, with its nobly-erect carriage, and its golden-glowing face held proudly up to the sun, is little representative of its drooping patrons; so, amongst the other flowers of field or garden, my selection is quickly made of one more faithfully symbolic: it is the

"Water-lily, chilly, stilly;
Shivering beside a streamlet.
Plighted, blighted! Love benighted!
Falsehood sharper than a gimlet!
Sighing, dying!" * * *

and what not besides?

Before I go further in my "word-painting," I should observe that I can number a few mild exponents of the proclivities of this class amongst very kindly and estimable acquaintances of my own, and that I only object to the fully fledged in the plumage of the ladies of the confraternity simply because the trailing though narrow skirts are both unwholesome—as scavengers—and very unsuitable for any active employment in every-day life, and for attendance on the sick or a visit in the cottages of the poor. Besides this, there seems to be more than a suspicion of very weak-minded vanity in adopting a stilted description of phraseology not in common use in society. At least, I can give them full credit for being thoroughly feminine in their manner of speech, dress, and general demeanour, which in the present day is according much, and certainly will go far in extenuation of many little eccentricities of taste and weaknesses in character which make them hanker after a more pronounced individuality and a desire to attract the special notice of others. Weakness of this kind is exceedingly common in whatever groove the fancy of the owner may run.

The subject of the two classes discussed is fairly exhausted, and with them, it may be, the interest and patience of the reader. For her comfort I may add, in conclusion, that some of the types of modern girls named in my list will have but a few words of notice in passing. It is better to write suggestively, and induce my readers to think for themselves, and follow out the impressions which I have confided to them, either in brief or at length, at their own sweet will.

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COMMON-PLACE.

SOME TYPES OF GIRLHOOD; OR, OUR JUVENILE SPINSTERS.

PART II.



MEDICAL.

IN my last review of the several types represented by our English-speaking girlhood, the "Muscular" and the "Æsthetic" persuasions passed before me. The next in order are the "Scholastic," "Scientific," and "Literary."

I acknowledge to a feeling of great respect for the undoubted ability, and dauntless courage and perseverance, that have shone out in so remarkable a manner amongst the first-named class. Against the bitterest opposition and prejudice they continue to win their way upwards to the highest limit of efficiency and of distinction in point of fact, although the reward of scholastic titles be not always conceded when honestly and brilliantly won. They have demonstrated the fact, that the small and delicate brain of their sex is capable of as high cultivation, to be followed by as valuable results, as that of their brothers.

I would here draw special attention to the fact, that those who have honestly attained to the top round of the ladder are too large-minded to be vain, or to adopt the supercilious airs of those who have simply "crammed" (like a large proportion of their youthful fellow-students of the other sex), or adopt the style of "blue stockings," and make themselves tiresome by pronouncing crude opinions *ex cathedra*, and disputing those of everyone else, till voted a nuisance by all who hear them. The most contemptible vanity can alone be charged with the effort to pass examinations by the assistance of highly-paid tutors (otherwise termed "coaches"). No genuine, careful study, and thorough digestion of the needs-be, of axioms propounded; no experimental working-out of problems and scientific theories; no patient week by week and month by month expenditure of time, so to learn as to be able to teach, so to learn as to remember for ever and aye.

The cramming system is simply a disgraceful fraud. It passes off the mere gilding of base metal for gold. It is of no sort of value to those who need to make their bread out of their attainments, since they cannot retain in their memories, even if they could understand, their studies; and of the

money spent on their education their parents are shamefully defrauded.

I am not finding fault with the hard-working "coaches," who have made honest work of their own studies, and attained their creditable position as competent teachers by genuine industry and natural ability. They render all the assistance in their power to such who desire it, and it is not for them to enquire whether their pupils be dishonest in their work. I would only draw attention to the fact, that amongst the "sweet girl graduates" we see a leaven of pitiful shams, as we do amongst their brothers.

For my own part, I should respect and much prefer a thoroughly idle, pleasure-seeking girl, who made no pretensions to being other than a "Mayfly," to one who plumed herself on her academical status, and the certificates obtained through false pretences.

Like their sisters of the type yclept "Æsthetic," some of these scholastic damsels adopt a description of semi-masculine attire—a somewhat queer turn-out, and, methinks, a little too childish and feeble to be consistent in the votaries of science and general scholastic learning. Even on the kindly faces of those who appreciate their talent and honest work, they might sometimes see an almost imperceptible smile lurking at the corners of the mouth, at weakness unconsciously exhibited. Devote your time and all your patience, my "sweet girl graduates," to regular work, and obtain the aid of a tutor if you can afford it; but deport yourselves like graceful, self-respecting women, and do not feel degraded by, and ashamed of, the distinctive dress that marks your sex, for in trying to ape a masculine style you dishonour it. I do not mean to imply that our dress could not be improved and modified in the interests of health and economy. All I recommend is this—to avoid eccentricity, and a desire to discard all appearance of the essentially feminine for that which is distinctively masculine.

I might have included amongst the several types of girlhood one of which this allusion to costume has just reminded me. My readers will recognise it as one not to be omitted—the "Sporting and horsey girl." Many amongst the thoroughly well-bred and graceful of our sex "ride to hounds" with their male relatives. I have lived for years in a hunting neighbourhood, and know that they may do so, and distinguish themselves as splendid horsewomen, and yet remain perfectly uncontaminated by the associations of the stable, and who never were, nor appeared to be, unsexed by their pursuits. They were essentially feminine, and could not appear, speak, nor act in any way derogatory to the natural refinement of their sex.

But oh! the mawkish, sickly little "manikin" objects that ape a feeble resemblance to a different sex! How truly ashamed I feel of them! They present a most humiliating spectacle; while the stronger and more "swaggering" in style revolt one by their coarseness. As to the spectacle of a woman handling a gun unless for purposes of defence, it is past all comment and beyond all censure of mine. To fire at a mark, or a sham bird, is harmless enough; though the use of a bow and arrows is far more graceful and suitable for them. It is against nature for a woman to kill any living thing for mere sport.

Perhaps there are some who have read the recent strictures, by a Mr. Richardson, on the

intense and rabid desire evidenced by a large proportion of his own sex "to kill something." For the benefit of those who have not read his suggestions to sufferers from this mania, I may retail them. He proposes that it may be gratified by "shooting some of the old broken-down omnibus horses." They might add, moreover, something to their means by entering into an agreement with the knackers to put an end to miserable lives. Now, let it be understood that, although I quote this philanthropist's opinions, I give none of my own in reference to the sports of men. It is with women that I have to deal; and I sincerely hope that English girls will never follow in the steps of some of our foreign neighbours, and go out to shoot, instead of merely to pick up, the game that has fallen to the gun of husband or brother.

The most innocent and unobjectionable confusion between the two sexes is to be seen in some of the "Buried Cities" of Holland. According to the reports of a lady exploring those little-frequented localities, at least by foreigners, it appears that boys and girls are dressed alike until upwards of eight years of age. Their costume consists of a gay-looking bodice, and a dark full skirt. As the traveller seemed to imagine that the rising generation were all of the female sex, the guide enquired "whether we thought that one sturdy little scholar were a boy or a girl?" The traveller replied, "A girl." Upon which he directed her attention to a small red-and-white crown-piece at the back of its cap. It was the badge of his masculine sex. "Girls' caps are plain," he replied.

I think that perhaps I should have classed our "Medical Women" side by side with the "Scientific." In their case no "cramming" could be chargeable. Their work must be genuine; their practical demonstrations *en evidence* to their examiners. No superficial attainments could obtain for them the "license to kill" (to use a pet phrase amongst the "Medicos"). The profession is of a painful, arduous, and intensely anxious character; and those of our young women who qualify for it successfully are gifted with natural capabilities



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and special talent, ensuring a career of efficiency and distinction.

The profession of anatomy, surgery, and medicine has been glorified in the teachings and practice of some of the most distinguished women of bygone times, especially in Italy. And truly one would far rather have trusted health and life to their skill and delicate hands than to the dreadful "horse-doctoring" of the English "barber-surgeons," who monopolised the art of the leech in this country for so long a period. Women are undoubtedly nurses by nature. They are gifted with quick perceptive faculties and a singular degree of intuition, as well as with a delicacy of touch, that are essentially characteristic of their sex, and of extreme value as qualifications for such a profession.

A few words must now be devoted to the type "Literary." It is a curious fact that an impression exists almost universally amongst our very young girls, that they are embryo authors, and not only so, but poets. It seems to be a necessary vent to their feelings to pour forth all their hopes, sorrows, affections, and religious aspirations in verse. It is a harmless recreation; but I would counsel them, if of a literary turn of mind, to study the rules of both lyrical composition and of prose, and thus, whether in maturer years they attain to the status of authorship or not, they may write and converse in good Saxon-English, and learn to employ the words that best express their ideas, and aptly represent the most delicate shades of thought. Moreover, they will be able the better to appreciate the language of our standard authors, both in prose and poetry. How very little of enjoyment a visitor to one of our galleries must have who looks at each work of art as a child would look at the glaring daubs presented to him in a coloured alphabet, without the least understanding of art, or appreciation of colour and form. And so I counsel them to read the best authors, and learn all that our useful friend, Dr. Eadie, can teach them in his *Hand-book of the English Tongue*.

Excellent works, instructive, artistic, scientific, poetical, astronomical, and on all the "ologies," on nursing, and social economy, owe their origin to women's clever and cultured brains; and I think I may fairly say of them, as a distinct class, that literary women are neither ostentatious nor vainglorious, neither do they (as a general and distinctive characteristic) adopt a style of exterior that is otherwise than attractive. Doubtless there are shams and would-be literary women and poetasters. Some of these latter aspirants to fame are represented by the laurel-crowned, high-stepping, bunchy-footed "Miss Bunion," who figured so conspicuously at the inimitable "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," together with the fly-away, die-away, frivelling "Miss Meggot." There are likewise the hard-featured, bespectacled lean kine, with unkempt hair, ever eagerly watching for new and original ideas, which in all probability make themselves scarce! But, so far as my personal experience has impressed me, literary women of the genuine sort are dressed simply, and often in very good taste; and though sometimes rather silent than the reverse, they assume no airs of superiority over those of their sisters who are less gifted than themselves.

The art of the Painter and Sculptor has no selfish tendency. This alone is a great recommendation to its pursuit. They work silently, and their quiet efforts after superior excellence in their art, and a distinguished name, are not carried on at the expense of the student's or writer's brain-work, or what would be more cruel still, at that of the nerves, repose, or sleep of some hapless invalid. Our girl artists have no special peculiarities of dress: they are perhaps somewhat untidy, at least in their studios; a habit once acquired and

indulged in being likely to extend into the private dwelling-rooms. In the galleries where they work in public, both at home, and abroad, they are sometimes a queer and heterogeneous-looking community. The old ladies are amusingly eccentric, without adopting any distinctive style, and the young somewhat careless as to how they look. But these are only my own observations, and my opportunities for seeing them at work have not been extensive. I like what little I have known of them, and rejoice when I can, as an art critic, say a few words in praise of their oftentimes beautiful work, when I visit a gallery on the successively recurring "Press days."

Musicians, as a rule, are very genial, good-natured, light-hearted folk, and more especially those who are professional vocalists. But O! the torment they oftentimes inflict on their neighbours, whether they be professional or amateurs, by cruelly persisting in a continuous harping on certain passages. They nearly drive their unfortunate neighbours out of their houses. Troublesome passages should be frequently changed for others, so as to relieve their nerves. Insulators should be placed under the feet of the piano, and they



POLITICAL.

also on a thick rug, and the instrument be placed away from any wall connected with the house of a neighbour.

Why do our musical girls go on so relentlessly with their desultory strumming, or tramping, like cart-horses, over the keys? Do they never bethink them of the dwellers on the under floor? Do they ever make it a point to ascertain at what hours the music mania asserts itself on the other side of their hapless next neighbours? Those only who have resided, as a sandwich, between the cross-fire of two pianos, or two sopranos of the singing sisterhood, can at all appreciate the pandemonium to which they are condemned! There is too much of self amongst us all; but the painful demonstration of this fact is more prominently noticeable amongst this class, as a matter of course.

I do not deny that quite as beautiful examples of kindly thoughtfulness for others may be found amongst singers and instrumentalists as could be found amongst artists and others. I only wish to draw the attention of young lovers of music to the nuisance their hobby may be made to others. In personal appearance this class is usually devoid of eccentricities. They affect no peculiarities,

and are dressed according to the fashions of the time, though I should consider that of the professional musician a little in excess of what I should myself consider in good taste. But for this there may be reasons of their own, into which I have not been initiated.

The "Political" sisterhood comes next in the order given. Now, I am of opinion that those individuals who have the training of children committed to them, would err very grievously if, from an early period of a child's existence, it were not taught to love its country, to feel a reverence for its rulers and its laws; and more than this, to extend its interest and closest sympathies to that "Greater Britain," which comprises all those friends and fellow-countrymen constrained to seek a living beyond the sea-girt shores of our dear old island home. Politics are by no means outside a woman's sphere of influence; and her work would grievously lack completion were she to exclude it from the list of the necessary items of a general education. But "stump oratory" may safely be regarded as quite beyond the limits of a woman's social work. What could be more revoltingly unnatural than the grim, ungainly spectacle of a woman haranguing a mob?—a woman engaged in exciting the passions of socialistic and unprincipled men; exciting them to deeds of violence and insubordination, instead of entering their homesteads in private as messengers of harmony and peace.

It may perhaps be a recognised fact, that all great and important reforms have been primarily brought about by the exaggerated zeal and excessive action taken by their earliest pioneers. Such, in the cause of women, in its varied departments, are those whom we know as the "Screaming Sisterhood." I should not select my own familiar friend and associate from the rank of that unsexed confederation, and I strongly advise my young women readers to beware of earning such unenviable notoriety as theirs. To say the least in reference to these rampant agitators, while conceding that the elements of truth and justice underlie many of their theories and demands, they are assuredly inspired with "a zeal not according to knowledge." They injure their cause by much exaggeration and bluster, in appealing to the ignorant and untrained; and they are deficient in those attributes of self-respect, delicacy of feeling, and deference to orthodox authority, which have ever been the distinguishing characteristics of womanhood in general.

Some of my girl friends may remember the pretty old fable of the combat between the sun and the wind to constrain a man to take off his cloak. It was not the fury of the violent blast that tore it from his shoulders. That caused him to wrap it the more closely around him. But the genial and gentle influences of the sunshine made him willingly relax his hold, and drop it from him. What a lesson may be learnt from this, my readers! Apply it, so far as it may be applied, in any case in which you feel an interest.

Before concluding my description of the type so nicknamed, I must warn my readers that it has been very unjustly applied in a large proportion of cases. Those opposed to any reform as regards the work, the improvement, and general influence of the sex, seem to feel a mischievous pleasure in classing all such reformers under one and the same opprobrious designation.

For myself, I certainly do not refer to those quiet, strong- (though sober) minded women who convene meetings in suitable rooms to discuss and speak on subjects connected with the well-being of their sex. The persons to whom I apply the term of satire abovenamed are the women who follow in the wake of Louise Michel—"stump orators" who harangue mobs and outdoor assemblies of the people.

S. F. A. CAULFIELD.

being left as a guest beneath Lady Easterby's roof, making Esther's position the more difficult; but to her surprise and relief the girl responded readily to the summons to come away, and rather hurried the departure than hindered it, saying, in answer to some remark of her aunt's, that she was tired of her heavy dress, and that her head ached, though her eyes were so bright and her manner so full of suppressed excitement that it was hard to believe in the headache.

Dacre and Ethel were Esther's companions in her carriage, and the boy was evidently very tired, so that Ethel had most of the conversation to herself.

Dacre contented himself with putting in a quizzical remark now and then, and when he got home he gave a great yawn, declaring that tomfoolery was a delusion, and said he should go upstairs and have a nap. That was another way of admitting a bad headache, and Esther let him go without comment, only stealing into his room an hour later to draw down the blinds and make him comfortable, as she knew by this time how to do, though she only elicited a few growls from him by way of acknowledgment.

At dinner Jessie's hot cheeks and bright eyes made her aunt ask if she were not well, and she again pleaded fatigue, and said she meant to go to

bed directly. Esther went up to her shortly, and found her more than half undressed, after which she bid her good-night, and went away to read to Lady Eleanora.

"Don't come to me any more, please, Aunt Essie," pleaded the girl; "for I awake directly if anybody comes into my room when I am asleep. I think you had better go to bed early too; for you must be as tired as the rest of us, I should think."

And Esther admitted the charge, and took Jessie's advice.

But how did Jessie herself spend that eventful evening?

(To be continued.)



SOME TYPES OF GIRLHOOD;

OR,

OUR JUVENILE SPINSTERS.

PART III.

I FIND that I am not adhering very strictly to the order given in the prospectus of this little series of articles. If this be an error, I hope for kindly indulgence.

"Society Women" must now be introduced to our notice. Amongst these we find a very large proportion of most benevolent persons. If they spend much on jewellery, or changes of expensive dresses—some of which are essential to the circumstances of their high position in society, and attendance at Court and in the Royal circles—it should be regarded in precisely the same light as the uniforms of the army and navy, of the officials of State, and of all the guilds and other institutions throughout every country on the globe. I must therefore warn our excellent sisters who deny themselves in the matter of dress, and, doubtless, with very good and commendable reason, that they do far worse in "judging their brother" (or sister) "in those things which their" (their sister's) "conscience alloweth;" remembering that there were, in those early days of self-imposed self-sacrifice, amongst the first persecuted ones of the Christian faith, "them," also, "of Cæsar's household," a leaven of the faithful belonging to the court, and amidst the luxuries, temptations, and splendours of the unbelieving and despotic monarch.

In our own land we have but little to complain of as regards the aristocracy. There may exist a grievous number of veritable "black sheep," as well as of thoughtless devotees of self-indulgence. But let the unnumbered benevolent institutions for the benefit of every class of the ailing, fallen, or needy, speak for themselves. Let the parks and pleasure-grounds, the free libraries and people's palaces, the entertainments, the coffee-houses, the night refuges—nay, the further enumeration must be left to the remembrance of the reader—I say, let all these

evidences of "deeds, not words," and of costly thoughtfulness and care for those less gifted with this world's luxuries (and "carking cares" superadded) evidenced by these same "Society Women" and men, speak for themselves.

A large proportion of these "honourable women" belong to the distinctively "Religious Class;" but others are purely benevolent and gracious beings. From Her Majesty herself downwards, including all her most estimable and hard-working family, who inaugurate and help to support such unnumbered institutions for the public good—going through an incredible amount of bodily fatigue in so doing—down through the ranks of the nobility and gentry, an example is set to all Europe worthy of imitation, but nowhere else so exhibited. Let the envious of their social position cease to criticise them, or let them temper their judgments with due consideration.

Even beyond the limits of our native country bright examples surround us, "lights set on a hill," for a guiding beacon to others. Our own transplanted Princess Royal is such in her great adopted country; and such also is Helen, widow of the late reigning Prince of Roumania, the foundress of the "Caritatea" Hospital. She endowed it with an income of 25,000 francs per annum, and is now working within its walls in the humble position of a nurse.

But we must be unbiassed by personal feelings in our comments on each class under consideration; more especially as these articles are addressed to the members of each in particular, and all have some little lesson, it may be, to learn.

"Society Women" are usually feminine in their external characteristics, dress, and habits of life. To us it would be in "bad form" to adopt eccentricities of appearance, or affect

a masculine appearance, if members of that highest circle in life described as that of "the upper ten." But they have their errors and weaknesses. They expend too much of their strength of body, mind, and nerve on afternoon visitings and recreations and on night entertainments, these latter entailing a late rising in the morning, and, possibly, a headache with which to begin the day.

Doubtless the main object of many is to see only the bright side of life, and to close the eyes to painful realities, and the fitful changes from sunshine to shade, in what one of our popular writers designates "the Sorrowful Star!" And there can be no question but that good breeding and the rules of etiquette will spare them and their associates many of the pin-pricks that destroy the comfort of those untrained in the refinements of high-class society. At the same time, the pursuits of fashionable life might easily dull the sympathies and trammel the hands of the inherently amiable and generous, with which, I maintain, this class abounds.

But natural virtues and practical benevolence should be sanctified by higher motives than simple good-natured sympathy and pleasure in obliging others; and the Christian principle of grateful love to the Divine Giver of all good things should be the mainspring of every impulse and every act in our conduct towards our fellow man. Let this grand principle be carefully instilled into the minds of children from their earliest infancy.

A few words are now due to the "Missionary and Religious Devotee" amongst our young women. These consist of several phases of thought and belief; and while holding the grand truths of the Christian faith, all may run in different grooves, and find their respective fields of labour amongst classes widely distinct from one another, at home and in distant lands. We can only say, "Let every

man be fully persuaded in his own mind;" "Let no man judge his brother;" "to his own Master he standeth or falleth;" "Peace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus in sincerity."

But while some run into asceticism and undue bodily austerities, and others perform their useful work in comparative luxury and ease, "God is able to make them stand," and to accept them with all their mistakes and infirmities, for the perfect merits' sake of Him whom they desire to serve.

It seems to me that there are three special "crazes" now widely spread amongst our girls and young women—the ambition to be masculine in appearance and pursuits; to be poets; or to be nurses, or to be missionaries; and to these latter amongst them I have a few words to say. If aspiring to be a nurse, examine yourself thoroughly as to your moral and physical qualifications—the gift of untiring patience, cheerfulness, gentleness, tact, and the essential hereditary good health, freedom from headache and fair muscular strength, strong nerves, good hearing, and a delicate though firm touch and method of handling. If you do not possess these essential natural qualifications you need not attempt to learn the duties of a hospital nurse.

To those desiring the vocation of a missionary a few queries may likewise be put, with the best advantage for themselves and their families. Do you contemplate going away to distant lands contrary to the wish of your parents? Would your home-work for them be thus set aside for any married sister, to whom you might render gladly-welcomed services, and perform genuine missionary work amongst the children? Have not a desire for adventure and love of variety, a restlessness under the restrictions of home authority, and the monotony of the little daily round of home duties, a large share amongst the influences that have developed such an ambition? Be faithful with your conscience, and beware of "running where you are not sent," and seeking new work, and new temptations and difficulties, in the place of God-given duties that you propose to leave behind. A love of notoriety is another provocative in this desire for missionary work amongst some. Be quite sure that no influences are at work to blind your eyes to the choice of God's providence for you. Pray to be guided by Him, and to subdue all personal considerations, before you presume to number yourself as one of the noble army of missionaries in heart as well as in name and deed.

Another class amongst the religiously minded, now under consideration, is known by the nickname of "Church Women." Now, this does not denote that they merely belong to the Church of England, but that they are everlastingly on the tramp backwards and forwards to church. They might do far worse, no doubt; but are there no home duties thus neglected? and does no one feel aggrieved by their continual absence from the home circle? It is indeed desirable that we should "love the courts of the Lord's house," and to attend week-day services I could only commend. But my readers will, I think, understand what I mean, for the type to which I refer is considerable in number. We would not throw cold water on their zeal, but we would only venture to give them a very gentle hint. Let them remember that there are many ways of showing that zeal for and loving devotion to what is good. I feel I am touching on very delicate ground; yet, having heard so many comments made on the perpetual going to church, and having, apparently, nothing else to do, I think I may handle the subject honestly, however tenderly. One of our sister writers has said: "Many people know how to serve God (in various ways), but few know how to serve him by taking a cab!" Her meaning is obvious, *i.e.*, by affording

themselves a cab to spare their strength and save time, together with the dangers incurred by, it might be, a severe wetting, or long exposure to a cold wind—which would entail trouble and anxiety, and, possibly, a doctor's bill, and the expense of new clothes—and their own active services are lost to others until they recover from an attack of cold, or a chill. So I fully endorse this lady's statement, and I pray my "Church Women" sisters to consider in how many more ways than one they may benefit themselves and others in a negative and positive way, and serve their Heavenly Master in all things.

Who amongst my girl readers will place themselves under the category of the "Common-place"? Yet some who might fairly be designated thus will read these remarks concerning them. Will you think me rather too frivolous if I say that this term reminds me of a riddle?—"When do some of you resemble a fish? When your father was a little common plaice and your mother was a good old sole." "Miss So-and-So is very heavy on hand. One has to supply every item for conversation oneself; and her visits are most fatiguing." How often I have heard such a remark! You who



THE HOUSEWIFE.

have never found anything to say should make a strenuous effort to ameliorate the infliction of your dullness on others. Read the latest news; think of any you may have heard of mutual friends; "look alive," and not as if you took no interest in anybody nor any pursuit. The very presence of these inert and vapid girls has so depressing an influence on those brought into contact with them. It is simply a duty which you owe to social life—to try to make yourself agreeable.

Sometimes these "Common-place Girls" make a feeble effort to appear "smart" and facetious by using slang terms and trying to be satirical. It deceives no one. A new society has lately been organised in New York, the rules of which are severe on delinquents. It is called "The Anti-Gush Society." Every slang word employed costs ten cents to the speaker. To call a jewel "delicious," to "have a gorgeous time," to be guilty of the extreme vulgarity of uttering the exclamations (prevalent, it seems, in that country), "Mercy me!" "Sakes alive!" "Dear me suds!" and such like, are chargeable at a penny apiece; while words that amount to irreverence must be paid for by the profane at five shillings each.

Many a girl with very limited powers of

mind or educational advantages has made her gentle presence and her kindly attentions and thoughtfulness for others a sunshine in the house. Such a one needs not to fret over her lack of intellectual gifts, nor does she need to affect an off-hand, flippant, sarcastic style to be passed off as wit which she does not possess. To be as nature made them—unpretending, gentle, and gracious, is sufficient to render them attractive to all.

How very curious an exhibition, and what a feast of recreation it would be, to see a good representative selection of all these types of girlhood drawn up like recruits in single file, and trotted up and down so as to give a variety of points of view for contemplation; the "Cricketer" in short skirt—as short as the thick voluminous cloth petticoat of the now obsolete German "Buy a boom" girls of some forty or fifty years ago—but with the nether limbs encased in padded shields, such as are worn by her brethren in the field; the frivelling yet feminine "Meggot;" the laurel-wreathed "Bunior," the "Painters" in apron-bib, and no particular costume observable; the "Church Woman" in close bonnet and black attire; the "Æsthetic," drooping water-lily, with sundry scraps of drapery—handkerchiefs and shawls—pinned on in divers places, and holding together no one knows how, their skirts trailing behind them for a yard and a half at least. I need not recall them all to view. Kind worthy souls, no doubt, amongst them, at whose faults and foibles it would be scarcely kind to point the finger save for the sake of others following in their lead. If some amongst my readers be of such, forgive me if my portraits do you wrong.

My sketching must conclude; but one more type presents itself before me, although there may be others. The name seems common-place enough, but truly the class includes a very considerable variety of their kind: I refer to the "Housewife."

Every one will admit that she is a member of a highly respectable class in every country where she exists, and in none more pre-eminently so than in our own. She is specially suited to be the wife of a man in the middle or lower classes of life, or the eldest daughter of the house, who holds her mother's place in the care of the children and the ordering of the house. But she is often, I observe, somewhat "heavy on hand." Household cares appear to have a depressing influence. Little petty economies, inefficient servants, delicate or troublesome children, squaring of accounts, breakages, measles, and so forth, are too engrossing, and tend to produce abstraction of mind when its presence in society is demanded. In ordinary life she too frequently fails in making herself agreeable as a good listener, or promoter of sociable conversation. But while I say this I must guard my statement by assuring my readers that there is nothing inherently dulling to the brain in a thorough and practical acquaintance with social economy, with cookery, with the waste and supply of the household, the direction of the servants, the superintendence of the garden, and, it may be, of a dairy, cows and poultry. To these I may add the supply and repair of linen and furniture, and attendance to the hygienic condition of the house and its surroundings. And here, *en passant*, I may draw my young readers' attention to the fact that, to order breakfast, dinner, and tea, or whatever may be the meals of the household, does not comprise the whole of their daily work. Even the food of the day demands careful attention. They must study the question of what is, or is not, in season, or expensive because but just in the market, in every description of viand, animal or vegetable; and they must bear in mind the taste, and the age, and state of health, of those for whom they have to provide. It must not either be *toujours perdrix*.

And now a few words to you, my friends, who have developed, it may be, much proficiency in the arts of the "Housewife." Having attained so much, and contributed so far to the comfort and well-being of your family, I would venture to suggest that you study as carefully to make yourself an agreeable and sympathetic companion to others as you have done to learn your domestic duties. The morning hours should see through these latter occupations, the afternoon should be devoted to others, to self-culture, and to outdoor engagements and healthful recreation; for the requirements of social life ought never to be lightly overlooked.

We find that the type of woman who is placed in such a position of responsibility as the "Housewife" is pre-eminently represented in that beautiful picture, word-painted by "the wisest of men," and a very extensive list is that which is therein presented to us of all the duties which come within her personal range,

and which include a responsibility and jurisdiction in the family but little recognised, yet the birthright, by Divine appointment, to her who should "guide the house." Both head and hand were in requisition by her whose price was "far above rubies," and to whom it was decreed that she was to "possess the work of her hands," and personally enjoy its happy fruition. By this I understand that, self-forgetting (as such admirable women are), both husband and children should requite her care. They should make it their business to see that she herself shall have the full personal enjoyment derived from her administrative ability, and the time and personal exertion she has expended for them.

My young readers must not think, with a sigh, that they have no house to guide, and thus, with all their ability and goodwill to "go and do likewise," they are precluded from the enjoyment of the blessings that follow her vocation. Nay, verily, not so, my young friends.

You all have ample opportunities for serving your Divine Benefactor and your daily associates; and if you expend for God's glory and your neighbours' good the "one talent" He has entrusted to your hands, be assured the "cup of cold water" given "in the name of a disciple," "shall in no wise lose its reward." And what "reward" is that? The acceptance and condescending approval of these little fruits of love and gratitude, by Him "from Whom our fruit is found."

My few brief sketches are completed in their incompleteness. A little amalgamation of a few of these distinctive types might produce a charming woman. Study each portrait, and improve your own individuality, taking a lovely tint from one and a graceful line from another. But beware of skin-deep appearances. Be true and genuine throughout. The reforms should be faithfully, aye, and prayerfully, carried out, and God speed your upward course.

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFIELD.

ROSE DUDLEY'S VENTURE.

CHAPTER III.

AT DUDLEY COURT.



W

HEN Rose Dudley reached the rooms which Lady Olivia's maid told her were to be hers, she had but a confused idea

of what she had traversed and what she had seen. She did observe, however, that the hall was very splendid and very spacious, the stairs broad, with low steps, and thick, soundless carpets, and that around the gallery above the hall hung many family portraits. She would have liked to linger, but dared not do so.

How vast and silent and gloomy it all appeared! Was it due to her own apprehensive and overwrought condition, or was there, in truth, gloom in that magnificent and luxurious home? She shook off these thoughts; and indeed, as she looked round the rooms portioned out to her, the vague feeling vanished. They were cheerful, yet rich-looking and tasteful. A cosy tea was waiting for her on a little table, and the maid busied herself pleasantly with her comfort.

"My lady wished me to say that you were to make any changes you like. Perhaps this chair would do better?"

"Oh, no; pray don't touch it! It is all very comfortable, and very prettily arranged. But it was very kind of Lady Olivia,"

"If you will give me your keys I will get your box unpacked, ma'am. Which dress shall I lay out for you for dinner?"

"They are in deep sorrow, so I suppose there is no company?"

"No, ma'am; they are quite alone."

"Then I will have my white dress, if you please."

After this she was left alone to rest and enjoy her tea and prepare herself for the difficult ordeal before her. Once more the silence of the house oppressed her; outside, however, there was a whistling wind, some large fir-trees facing her window waved to and fro, and some rooks went cawing from tree to tree. Involuntarily she recalled the pretty cottage home in which she had passed her young life, the cheerfulness of her dear Aunt Hester's delicate and sweet face, and she began wondering whether, after all, she had not experienced more happiness than she would if she had

been brought up in this stately home, only tolerated by her stepmother, and causing division between her father and his wife. "I shall not leave you long, dear auntie," she said to herself. "I could not feel happy here unless—unless—"

She raised her head. She heard a pattering of little feet along the corridor, a childish impetuous voice evidently in argument with a nurse full of admonitions as to proper conduct.

"She is a stranger, Master Hugh, and you must behave pretty to her, and not tease her too much at first with your prattle and nonsense."

"Oh, but mamma said that I might go and see her; and I may show her my pony the first thing in the morning."

Then there was a tap at the door, and as Rose said "Come in," she had to calm the beating of her heart.

This was her little stepbrother, the child of her own father; and when the bright-eyed curly-headed little fellow rushed in she had a difficulty in checking herself from snatching him up and pressing him to her.

"So you are my pupil?" she said. "May I call you Hugh, and may I give you a kiss?"

"Yes, you must call me Hugh, and I should like you to kiss me, please;" and he

put up a sweet little mouth and placed a small hand in hers.

He was silent for a moment or two, standing there beside her, eyeing her steadily and deliberately. His scrutiny appeared to please him.

"Please will you tell me what a stranger is? I told nurse that I would ask you."

"Oh, Master Hugh!" began the nurse, apologetically.

"I will try and answer you, Hugh. A stranger is a person you have never seen, and who has never seen you."

"Then you will not be a stranger to-morrow?"

She smiled and so did nurse.

"No, I shall not be a stranger to-morrow, I hope."

"And will you come to see my pony to-morrow—quite early in the morning?"

"Yes, I should like to see it very much."

"You have not seen my mamma yet," continued the child, whose power of talking and asking questions was inexhaustible.

"No, not yet."

"She is very unhappy, my mamma, and so is papa. I have lost my big brother, that is why," he said, importantly, and with large, pathetic eyes. "Have you got a big brother?"

"My dear," again put in the nurse, perhaps because a shadow passed over the governess's face.

But Hugh was not easily silenced.

"No, dear; I have not a big brother."

"I loved him very much. He used to carry me on his shoulder, and I could almost touch the chandelier—not quite, but he said I should next year."

Rose was trying to frame a suitable answer when he began again.

"Nurse says that now I must make haste and grow as big as he was so that instead of a naughty little boy like me, papa and mamma will have—"

"I didn't say you were always naughty, Master Hugh," interposed the nurse; "you are often very good."

"So that instead of a good little boy like me, papa and mamma will have a big brother like—"

"Not a big brother, Master Hugh; a son—a big son."

"But Teddy was my big brother!"

"Yes—but—"