

governess is still a need, and her social position is better and her remuneration higher than of yore, a good governess receiving as much as £60 to £100 per annum, besides board, &c. But then the article must be of the first water; she must be a perfect linguist, a good mathematician, a clever musician, one well versed in English literature, well up in all the ologies, an astrologer in petticoats, a botanist of natural as well as artificial flowers, and above all, one who understands children, who will not be too hard on "the darlings," and who yet will train these little and obstinate plants in the way they should go. This is a *rara avis*, you cry. Possibly, but the aim is to obtain as near a copy of this fair ideal as possible. In truth, the governess of to-day is almost a professional, having usually been educated from her youth, and in fact set apart for the work. And it is well that this is so, for an ignorant governess is not only a sorrow to herself, but to the generation to come. Another reason why so many unsuccessful governesses are always advertising in the papers is that the idea is not obsolete that anyone can teach, whereas in reality it is the most difficult of arts. Therefore it is that the seekers after employment still turn instinctively to this overcrowded branch of women's labour, instead of endeavouring to master some trade or profession to stand between them and the wolf at the door.

ANOTHER reason why governesses, even the best, are a drug on the market is the foreign invasion of late years carried on to such an extent in England. A peaceful invasion, but even more dangerous to the posterity of our land than the tramp of armed men, for then would the nation arise like "one man" in defence, whereas now still they come, these foreigners, seeking situations, and on all sides ousting our countrymen and countrywomen. Fraulein or Mademoiselle, especially the former, speaks English perfectly, and then "it is such an advantage for the children to learn a foreign language early and acquire a true accent," argue papa and mamma, and thus in individual egoism forget to be patriots.

THUS it is that "governessing," to coin a word, is one of the most unsuccessful fields for obligatory seekers for work to contemplate, and well is it indeed that now there are many other newer and easier ones open in which they may go a-gleaning and gather, metaphorically, bundles of golden grain. I hope, each week, to give a short account of one of these fields of labour for women, only excluding the greatest of all—Nursing, as that subject is so ably dealt with in the other pages of this Journal.

LET those who still consider "sweet girl graduates, with their golden hair," unwomanly and a disgrace to their sex, hold up their hands in horror. The movement is spreading indeed. Recently a young lady graduate, of Euphrates College, Harput, Syria—with raven locks, though, instead of golden hair—read an able essay on the education of women from a platform to a *mixed* audience of Orientals. Times, indeed, have changed! Fifty years ago women speakers were curiosities, and women graduates a poet's strange dream; now not only in ever-advancing America, and in easy-going England, but in once trodden-down Syria, the ladies are resolutely claiming, and proving they deserve to claim, a title hitherto the sole prerogative of the sons of men.

VENTNOR, Isle of Wight, is shortly to have a lady candidate for the Board of Guardians. All success to her, for surely the laws of the work-house should be regulated by women, as women, alas! even more than men are driven to seek its refuge. May she ever prove the friend of her poorer sisters, and their kindly helper in their hour of need, and then she will be verily a "guardian angel."

"Oh, woman! in our hour of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!"

THE death of Eliza Cook must have awakened an old memory in the hearts of the elder portion of this generation. This clever, simple-minded poetess published her first volume of collected poems, entitled "Melaia and other Poems," in 1840; but when still a child she commenced writing, and long before that date she had written much in the *Weekly Dispatch*, &c. She was the editor of *Eliza Cook's Journal*, the grandparent of the present social weekly; born in 1818, and was the youngest child of a South-wark tradesman. Of late years she has suffered much from bad health and has lived in quiet retirement. She was the authoress of:—

"I love it—I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair!"

MISS ANNIE LANCEY, of Carmel, O., America, has leased a mill property there, and is doing a large business, employing many hands, for the extensive works are carried on night and day. Here is a new sphere for woman. The old riddle must be changed with the times, and in future the question will run, not "Why does a miller wear a white hat?" but "Why does a milleress wear a white bonnet?" Still, I wish Miss Lancey all success in her energetic undertaking.

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