

When the far-off crowd appears
 Choking in the demon glare,
 And some helpless form uprears
 In that furnace of Despair;—
 "Save! Oh, save!" the people cry,
 But who plucks the human brand?
 Who will do the deed or die?
 'Tis a Fireman of the Land!
 Then give them Honour, give them Fame,
 A Health to those who fight the Flame.

They who march to battle-field,
 With the bullet and the sword;
 They who go to take or yield
 Life upon the crimson sward;
 They who measure blade to blade;
 They who offer shot for shot,
 Lest their hearts be deemed afraid,
 Lest their names should bear a blot;—
 Never shall such soldier live,
 Never shall such spirit stand,
 In the noble rank we give
 To the Firemen of the Land.
 Then give them Honour, give them Fame,
 And drink to those who fight the Flame.

IT IS THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

(For Music.)

It is the song my mother sings,
 And gladly do I list the strain;
 I never hear it, but it brings
 The wish to hear it sung again.
 She breathed it to me long ago,
 To lull me to my baby rest;
 And as she murmured, soft and low,
 I slept in peace upon her breast.
 Oh, gentle Song! thou hast a throng
 Of angel tones within thy spell;
 I feel that I shall love thee long,
 And fear I love thee far too well.

For though I turn to hear thee now,
 With doting glance of warm delight;
 In after years I know not how
 Thy plaintive notes may dim my sight
 That mother's voice will then be still,
 I hear it falter day by day;
 It soundeth like a fountain rill,
 That trembles ere it cease to play.
 And then this heart, thou gentle Song,
 Will find an anguish in thy spell;
 'Twill wish it could not love so long,
 Or had not loved thee half so well.

IMPROMPTU.

TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

With a bunch of Wild Flowers, gathered on Shakspeare's Cliff,
 Dover.

WHERE is the one so fit to claim
 The wildlings nourished on the sod
 That rises, great with Shakspeare's name,
 An altar dear to man and God?

To whom around me could I give
 The tiny blossoms offered now,
 Save her who helps that name to live,
 And twines fresh laurels for his brow?

BUSINESS HABITS FOR WOMEN.

"HAPPY is the man whose habits are his friends," says the proverb.

Now, are Business Habits among the list of habits which men and women should cultivate as their friends?

It is very usual for literary men to depreciate business, and all that belongs to it, as a mere money-making craft, beneath the notice of thoughtful and intellectual men. Hazlitt, especially, used to "gird" at the trading class, setting them down as the creatures of habit—the habit of plodding, saving, and accumulating. He put his thoughts on this subject in his usual brilliant but extreme form; * holding that men of business are put in a go-cart, harnessed to a trade or profession, yoked to fortune's wheels, and so they plod on, and succeed: their affairs conduct them, and not they their affairs. All they have to do is to let things take their course, and not go out of the beaten road. If a man (engaged in the business of farming), says he, has a grain more wit or penetration than his neighbours, if his vanity gets the start of his avarice only half a neck, if he has ever thought or read anything upon the subject, it will most probably be the ruin of him. Again he says, "The great requisite, it should appear, then, for the prosperous management of ordinary business, is the want of imagination, or of any ideas but those of custom and interest on the narrowest scale; and, as the affairs of the world are necessarily carried on by the common run of its inhabitants, it seems a wise dispensation of Providence that it should be so."

This is certainly placing business upon the very lowest level. Business habits, according to this view, consist simply in not thinking, and plodding on. What Hazlitt doubtless meant, when he spoke of Business, was Trade—though this is only one department of Business. And even in Trade, the man who does not think, is very soon outstripped in the race of life by those who do think, as the experience of every day abundantly proves.

But Business Habits mean more than capacity for Trading. They mean aptitude for affairs, ability for action, competency to deal vigorously and successfully with the practical work of life, whether the spur of action lie in trade, in domestic government, in social organization, or in political progress. And viewed in this broad light, we are accordingly disposed to regard the cultivation of Business Habits to be essential to the happiness and well-being of men and women in all conditions of life.

The dictionary definition of the word "Business," shows how large a part of practical life arranges itself under this head. There it is, "Business—employment; an affair; the subject of business; serious engagement; a point; a matter of question; something to be transacted; something required to be done." From this definition it would appear, that women have quite as much to do with business as men, and that the cultivation of Business Habits is quite as necessary on their part as on that of men. A woman has to do her part in the affairs of life: in the management of her household, she requires a capacity for affairs, a knowledge of government, an insight into character; she needs to have an acquaintance with a number of particular circumstances, ought to be able to resort to a variety of expedients, and she must cultivate a tact for finding out what will succeed the best in the management of her household, and the government of its inmates. And when you find such a woman, you

* Hazlitt's *Essay On Thought and Action*.

may immediately set her down as a first-rate woman of business.

We do not hesitate to say, that the world might be made much happier if the women, to whose guidance and culture all human beings are necessarily confided in their early years, were better educated as respects their habits of business; in other words, their habits of order, method, management, and action. But we have usually been carried away by the notion that it is only men who have to act in life, and that everything like business qualification—that is, knowledge and capacity for practical affairs—is utterly foreign to woman's nature.

Take the single branch of Arithmetic for example. How few women, even among the educated classes, know anything about it? And among the women of the poorer classes, it is almost entirely unknown. "What use can a woman have for arithmetic?" is often said. When men marry, they usually find this out in time. If the poor man's wife is ignorant of arithmetical proportions,—if she keep no record of her income and expenditure, being innocent of addition and multiplication,—there will most probably be a series of disorderly vagaries committed in the household, prolific in domestic bickerings. The woman not being up to her business—that is, the economical management of her household, in conformity with the simple principles of arithmetic,—makes many serious mistakes,—often commits sad extravagancies, which injuriously affect the peace and comfort of her family.

Method is another important qualification for business. The wise author of *Companions of my Solitude* well observes, that "as women are at present educated, they are for the most part thoroughly deficient in *method*. But this surely might be remedied by training. To take a very humble and simple instance. Why is it that a man-cook is always better than a woman-cook? Simply because a man is more methodical in his arrangements, and relies more upon his weights and measures. An eminent physician told me that he thought women were absolutely deficient in the appreciation of time. But this I hold to be merely one instance of their general want of accuracy, for which there are easy remedies: that is, easy if begun early enough. Now, it does seem perfectly ludicrous that in the dispensing of women's gear they should need the intervention of men. I dare say there is some good reason for the present practice; some advantage gained; but I should think it likely that this advantage would be far more than counterbalanced by the advantage of employing women altogether in these transactions."

If you ask any London draper how it is that he does not employ women to do what is really women's work in his shop, he will tell you that not one girl in fifty is able to make those rapid calculations in the prices of the articles sold, which are indispensably necessary to be done by those who fill such positions. And it all arises from defective early education. Schoolmistresses themselves have but the most meagre notion of arithmetic; and though able to sing, play the piano, talk a little French, they will generally be found ignorant of every arithmetical principle. This is especially the case in schools of the working classes, where the female children get taught spelling, reading, sewing, and a smattering of scriptural knowledge, but nothing more. So that when grown up, if they have to work for a living, such girls are only competent for service, or mill-work, or they go to swell the already over-crowded ranks of needlewomen, and to reduce by competition the wages of this unfortunate class of labourers to the lowest possible point.

The capacity for conducting business of all kinds—whether it be domestic or public,—whether the business of women or of men,—requires not only efficient intellectual culture, but also important moral discipline.

There must be *method*: no housewife can get through

her work satisfactorily without this, nor can any man engaged in business transactions of any sort. By arranging one's work properly, doing everything at the right time, with a view to an economising of labour, a great amount of work can be got through. Muddle flies before method; and higger-mugger dares not to show its face. And there is a method in spending—in laying-out money,—which is as valuable to the housewife as method in her work. A woman possessed of both is a treasure to her husband and household.

Industry is of course essential. This is the soul of business; only, without the method, industry will be less valuable. Sometimes industry may even look like confusion. The methodical and industrious woman gets through her work in a quiet, steady style,—without fuss, or noise, or dust-clouds.

Prudence is another most important business qualification in women, as in men. Prudence comes from a cultivated judgment—it means practical wisdom. It has reference to fitness, to propriety; judges of the right thing to be done, and the right way of doing it. It calculates the means, order, time, and method of doing. Prudence learns much from experience quickened by knowledge.

Punctuality is another eminently business qualification. How many grumblings would be avoided by a little more attention being paid to this virtue in domestic life. Late breakfasts and late dinners, "too late" for church and market, "cleanings" out of time, and "washings" protracted till midnight, bills put off with a "call again to-morrow," engagements and promises unfulfilled,—what a host of little nuisances spring to mind at thought of the unpunctual housewife. The unpunctual woman, like the unpunctual man, becomes disliked, because she consumes our time, interferes with our plans, causes uneasy feelings, and virtually tells us that we are not of sufficient importance to make her more prompt. To the business-man, time is money, and to the business-woman it is more,—it is peace, comfort, and domestic prosperity.

Perseverance is another good business habit. Lay down a good plan, and stick to it. Do not be turned from it without a sufficient reason. Follow it diligently and faithfully, and it will yield fruits in good season. If the plan be a prudent one, based on practical wisdom, all things will gravitate towards it, and a mutual dependence will gradually be established among all the parts of the system.

We might furnish numerous practical illustrations of the truth of these remarks; but we prefer leaving the reader to supply them from his or her own experience. Meanwhile we think we have made good our position that "Habits of Business" are necessary for women as well as for men, in order to their being efficient helpers in the world's daily life.

OUR MUSICAL CORNER.

At last we have got our box at Nature's Grand Opera, and are just in time to hear the conclusion of the bravura by Philomel. This "star" of the greenwood boards has almost finished his engagement, to our great regret, but the cuckoo still enchants with his mellow "fifths," and the mavis and merle are in the full flush of their choral eloquence. The woodlark yet sings in the purple twilight; the jays and finches chatter away in well-trained chorus; the grasshopper and dor-beetle chime in with the musical scythe, while the new-mown hay sheds a perfume far beyond that which arises from the laced *mouchoirs* of the audience at the "Royal Italian." How refreshing it is to hear our old favourites as strong in voice as ever. Oh!

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