

and altogether I felt that it was an abominable thing to condemn poor women to such hardships, which, after all, men are better suited for.

After EMILY and her cousin had left, EDWARD insisted on my taking him to hear the Band play at St. James's. Really I had never before thought EDWARD so frivolous! However, it was not worth while to contradict him, so I took him. When we got to St. James's, I saw at once what it was that made him so anxious to hear the band. Imagine my feelings when I found that it was composed of the nicest young ladies, in such very becoming uniforms, with a stout old drum-major. Instead of fifes and drums, the instruments used were guitars and pianos, and they played JULIEN'S polkas, and marched away to the tune of "*The girls we've left behind us.*" Altogether it struck me as being a style of music better suited to dance to, than to march to battle upon, and I could not but admit to myself that the old fife and drum was the more spirit-stirring of the two.

EDWARD wanting a new hat, I went with him to buy one; but he was such a time about it, trying on upwards of a dozen hats, that I thought I never should have got him away. I never imagined before that shopping could be such a nuisance, and then I saw at once that it is a merciful arrangement which sends us to shop, and our husbands to wait for us.

I left EDWARD at GUNTER'S and walked home. When I reached our own door I was stopped by two over-dressed, tawdry, fat women of the Jewish persuasion, who, tapping me on the shoulder, produced a piece of paper, which they called a writ, and informed me that I was their prisoner, on a judgment for one of EDWARD'S horrid cigar bills. I pointed out to them that the debt was incurred by him, and begged them to take him; but they told me that the law now made the wife answerable for the husband's debts, than which nothing can be more unjust. I felt at once that this was not a change for the better, and that, after all, it was quite right that if somebody must pay or go to prison, it should be the husband, and not the wife.

I was so annoyed by this latter circumstance, that I went to call upon Mrs. BOROUGHBY (a recently elected Member of Parliament) an old schoolfellow of Mama's, who had always proved my constant friend. Such a scene of confusion as I then witnessed, I shall never forget! The stairs were littered all over with brooms, dust-pans, candle-sticks, and coal-scuttles, and the drawing-room, into which I was allowed to find my way as I could, was in as great confusion as a broker's shop. On an elegant ottoman were a dust-pan and a bundle of wood; the sofas were strewn with blue books, a pair of slippers, an opera cloak, and the housemaid's box of black lead and brushes.

An old grey parrot had got out of his cage and was busily employed in picking holes in a beautiful table-cover, whilst "Buttons," the page, was seated at the piano, endeavouring to pick out the notes of an Ethiopian melody, called (I believe) "Such a Gettin' Up Stairs."

When I succeeded in making the young gentleman aware of my presence, he coolly told me that "Missus was busy, and wouldn't be disturbed by nobody; and that Master had gone out in a huff,

'cos he'd been rowed for wanting to go to the play, as Missus was gettin' up her Parliament speech for that evenin'!"

This explained to me the state of the "Home Department;" and I left without seeing Mrs. BOROUGHBY, convinced that the house in which woman should have a voice was not the House of Commons.

And so my dream went on. Everywhere I found that when women attempted men's work, they proved their own unfitness for it—discovered that our notions of the happiness, and freedom, and dignity of the other sex are founded on a mistake, and that it only depends on us to make them our slaves and adorers. It is true, we are not in the House of Commons; but what, after all, is public opinion? The opinion of men, if we do justice to ourselves, is the opinion of men's wives. Is there any field for political manoeuvre or legislation like Home? What is a Chancellor of the Exchequer to a wife?—what the Budget to the weekly house-bills?—what the difficulty of wringing the supplies out of the House of Commons to that of extracting a cheque from a hard-up hubby? Depend upon it there is employment for any amount of jockeyship and management without putting one's head beyond the street door. And so I was cured of my notion of putting woman on an equality with man.

I saw that the question between the sexes was not one of superiority or inferiority; that our two spheres lay apart from each other, but that each exercised on the other a most blessed influence—man's sphere, the world; woman's sphere, the home; the former bracing the gentle influence of the latter by its rough, sharp lessons of effort, endurance, and antagonism; the latter tempering the hardening effects of the former by its self-denial, its sympathies, and its affections. And I felt that if we are to compare these two spheres, the woman's—while the narrower—is, in many respects, the nobler of the two, and her part in the battle of life not unfrequently the more important and dangerous one.

This was the lesson of my dream. I awoke just as EDWARD let himself in with his latch-key, and I begged his pardon for my silly forwardness.

I have never had another argument since; and I don't believe I have any "mission" that can take me away from my own fire-side.

DAMSON CHEESE.—Put the damsons in a stone jar, which place in an oven or on a stove until the juice runs freely, the fruit is perfectly tender, and the stones separate from it. Remove the stones with a silver or wooden spoon; measure the pulp in a preserving pan and place it on the fire and boil, until the liquid is evaporated, and the fruit left dry. Whilst this is doing, have ready a quantity of white loaf sugar, allowing half a pound of sugar for every quart of pulp, *as measured when put into the pan.* Let this sugar be rolled fine, and then heated in the oven in a pan until it is so hot that the hand cannot be kept on it. In this hot state mix the sugar *thoroughly* with the dry pulp, also hot from the fire. It will become very firm, and does not require to go on the fire again. Put it into jars or glasses whilst hot, and when cold, cover and put away.