

The firm are said, too, to be among the most liberal paymasters in the city.

While I was awaiting my turn to speak to the forewoman, a pale little Frenchwoman stepped up, and opening a box displayed three babies' hoods made of lace and embroidered medallions. The superintendent exclaimed, "Ah, Madame Fossette, I am glad of these; the show-case is almost empty. Miss Reynolds, put up half a dozen more caps for Madame. Now, my good woman, get these in as soon as possible." Then, in reply to something the woman asked in a low tone, "O, no indeed! that would never do. You know it is quite contrary to our rules to pay for any work except on the regular days. All work brought in before Saturday will be paid for on the following Tuesday. Get these in on Friday if you can." The poor woman must have known that appeal was useless; for when her request was thus decidedly refused, she turned away without remonstrance, but with a look of hopeless sadness in her face that told a bitter story. It went to my heart with a pang, and I followed her a few steps as she went to the office, and requested her to wait for me in the vestibule, as I wished to speak to her. On my return to the table the forewoman said, apologetically, "I am sorry I could not let that poor body have the money, but it would not answer. If we show favor in one instance we must in another, and thus all system would be broken up. I wish I could have favored her, for she is an excellent hand, and I suspect is very poor. What can I do for you, Madame?" "I wish employment," said I. "In what department?" "In fine embroidery or braiding. I am a skilful and rapid worker," and I showed her a sample of my work in several styles of embroidery. "I will give you work," said she. "Do you give reference, or will you leave a deposit?" After arranging this she gave me a delicate merino morning dress to braid and bead, saying she wished it done in my best style as it was for the show-case.

In the vestibule I met Madame Fossette. We went out together. In a few moments I had her story. Her husband, a wood carver, had died a few months before. His illness had taken the last cent, and she had parted, too, with most of her furniture before he died. Since then things had gone from bad to worse, and now she lived in a little room in the attic of a tenement house in Avenue A, and supported herself and four little children by her needle. "How much do you get for such caps as you took home just now?" I asked. "Thirty-seven cents apiece, Madame, and I can hardly make one a day." "Is there nothing else you could do?" "Oh, yes, I could teach my language; I was educated in one of the best schools in Paris; but I am too shabby to look for pupils, and my children are very young to leave alone for so much time."

I asked permission to go home with her. I noticed when we left the car how wearily she walked, and how she tolled up the stairs that led to her attic, and the thought struck me that may be she was exhausted from hunger. She opened the door, saying, "Pray, excuse my poor home, Madame." Home! This wretched, utterly comfortless place, with its broken windows, stuffed with rags; its one chair and leafless table, its cracked and fireless stove, its cot-bed, with scanty covering, on which huddled four little children, the eldest not yet eight years old, and the youngest a baby of months.

Hardly was the door opened when their little tongues clamored for food. I only waited to hear the mother say: "Mamma has no money, no bread, my pets," and I was on my way to the street. Why did I not stop on my way and get something? In that freezing room I saw four little ones actually starving to death. I ran—I almost flew! It seemed to me as if I was in some way responsible for a state of things in which good women and helpless babes were left to starve. In ten minutes a sturdy porter was taking up a basket of provisions to the little family—bread was broken among them, and soon a bright fire shone through the cracks of the stove. I had provisions now and a fire, but there was no cooking utensil in the poor woman's possession, save a tin cup out of which the children drank, and in which she sometimes made a little "café noir." Again I went out, and returned with needful dishes. It was little to do—the whole outlay did not amount to \$5—but it put more comfort into that little household than it had known for many months. This was a hard case, but not by any means a solitary one. This woman was young and beautiful, and had been over and over again offered the "wages of infamy, which pays better wages than slop work;" and she confessed to me that day, amid choking sobs, that more than once she had begged for food for her children, and that lately she had been sorely tempted, for their sake, to choose dishonor rather than see them starve. "I could not see them die, Madame. Once I bought some charcoal and thought I would end it all,

but my courage failed. Had not the good God sent you to me this day I fear I must have given way."

You may be sure I did not lose sight of Madame Fossette. Friends were found for her, and she was lifted out of the depths into which she had been cast.

I worked faithfully on my wrapper four or five hours a day, and finished it in seventy-two hours, or in a little over seven working days. I took it to the marble palace from which I got it. My work was praised as superior, and I was told that an extra price would be allowed for it. My pass-book showed a credit to my name of \$3.75. More work was offered me, and I undertook to braid a pique esoque for a child. The material was thick and stiff, and very difficult to sew. I spent twenty-four hours upon it, and received for my labor eighty cents. I tried several other pieces of work, and found that on no kind of sewing could I earn more than fifty cents for ten hours' labor. I worked faithfully, saying to myself: "Do not lose a minute; work as if you had starving children to feed; remember the rent is to be paid, the coal is out, the babies are almost naked."

While in the employ of this firm, I made some inquiries, and found that the young men employed in the work room received an average salary of \$1,000 per year, while their labor was in no way so arduous as that of the forewoman, whose salary was \$600.

Some weeks subsequent to these events I went with some friends to this establishment to do some shopping. In the centre of the department we were in, in a show-case, was the wrapper I had made. At my suggestion one of our party asked the price of it. "\$85, ma'am," said the clerk. "Is not that a large price?" asked my friend; "the material could not have cost over \$20, and the embroidery, I suppose, did not cost half the remaining \$65. The clerk replied: "I assure you, Madame, the robe is very reasonable. We had it made after an imported one, which was sold for \$125, and we are obliged to pay immense prices for this sort of work." I thought this a good time to speak a word myself, so I asked: "Can you tell us, sir, what you pay for such work?" "We paid for this embroidery \$35," "Are you quite sure of this?" said I; "I have understood that the poor girls who do this sort of thing get wretchedly remunerated." "O, I assure you," said he "I know of what I am speaking. Our firm always pay liberally for work." The young man's manner was rather pert, and my indignation was rising rapidly every moment, but I replied quietly, "You are quite mistaken, sir, I made that wrapper, carrying nine strands of braid about it, and working upon it over seven days, and your liberal employers paid me just \$3.75. I do not know that you intend to deceive, but it will be well for you hereafter to be sure of your facts before you make statements."

As my friends and I walked on up Broadway we had some talk about the matter. They had not known until I stated the fact to the clerk that I had done such work. "How came you to work for wages? Were you not ashamed? I had no idea women got so little for such pretty work. I thought when we bought such work we were helping poor women, and many a time I've made it the excuse for buying what I should otherwise have thought extravagant"—were among the questions asked and the remarks made.

I say here as I said then, women should no more be ashamed to earn money than men should be. If money-making is honorable for the one it is for the other. I have earned money since I first came to appreciate my duties as a woman—have earned it for love's sake to help one who would have missed some comfort of life without the "helpmeet;" for example's sake, that I might make the way a little easier for some who would be influenced by my acts, and for need's sake also. "Gentle!" (I hate the word!) women, by their horror of useful, remunerative employment, do much to make more difficult the way for women who must work or starve, or do worse. If you would take a little pains to inquire and look into these things, you would soon find how truly the class known as "sewing-women" are to be pitied, and would learn to search them out and give them the profits of their own labor, which now you put into the pockets of their employers.

If you have no occasion, or do not choose to earn money yourselves, do not, for humanity's sake, for God's sake, do not put a straw in the way of your striving sisters.

Three professors in the Medical Department of the University of Michigan, it is said, have resigned, because the homeopaths have been given privileges in that institution. Were the souls of those men globular, like their infinitesimal pills, possibly there would be little difference between them. *Similia similibus.*

AN EAST WIND.

Editors of the Revolution:

By mere chance I met a notice of "THE REVOLUTION," and am deeply interested to see it. Why has your paper been unnoticed by the *Anti-Slavery Standard*? or have I failed to see a notice? I have read it carefully every week without meeting even the name of "THE REVOLUTION" in it. If your paper is *Radical*, if it is a truly living paper, if it does not feel that one person is better than another, I will help gladly what I can to support it. There must be high seasoning in it, or it will not suit my palate. I want a paper that dares strike at hoary wrongs; that dares call robbers, robbers, even if rich and riding in chariots; and wolves, wolves, though in sheep's wool, white cravats and pulpits, withal; and the claimants of lands by thousands of acres, keeping them from many thousands of human beings to whom they rightfully belong, pirates—land pirates—bad as any on sea. But such a paper I do not expect to find on earth, unless I start it myself. Onward, onward, ever! is the cry of Yours, ever for the good and the true,

SEWARD MITCHELL.

We can't promise our old friend much in the way of calling names. With us words are things. Robbery is committed by robbers; stealing is done by thieves; oppression is the work of tyrants, and "THE REVOLUTION" calls them accordingly.

A CHAPTER ON SCHOOL STATISTICS.

THE Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools of San Francisco, for the year ending October, 1867, contains a good deal of interesting information, including a table of the school statistics of thirty-nine of the principal cities of the Union. Mr. Felton, the San Francisco Superintendent, says: "These statistics are obtained by letter from the superintendents of schools in the cities named, and furnish a complete view of the public schools in the leading cities of the country for the years 1866-7. They were collected by the Superintendent of Public Schools of Detroit."

This valuable table (it is always an important item to be able to place the finger on correct figures and authorities) gives, among other things, the average salaries of male and female teachers in these thirty-nine cities, by which we learn that female teachers, who, as a general thing, command higher wages than women in other fields of labor, are frequently not paid a quarter of the salaries that men receive for performing the same duties, and many times in a less satisfactory manner. Chicago pays her female teachers the lowest salaries, some of them receiving considerably less than a quarter the salary of a male teacher. The highest she pays them is but little more than a third the man's salary. The other cities which may be ranked with this in the scale of female teachers' salaries, are Racine, Wis.; Lowell, Mass., and Albany, N. Y., the latter paying a little more than a quarter. The cities which may be ranked in the next class, which pay their female teachers considerably less than a third of a man's salary, are the following, the lowest salaries taking the precedence in the regular order of the names, forming a sort of graduated scale of meanness: New Brunswick, N. J.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Boston, Mass.; Worcester, Mass.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Kenosha, Wis.; Rochester, N. Y.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Newburyport, Mass. The latter pays just a third. The third and last rank (perhaps I should have begun at the other end and ranked these first) includes cities that pay women for teaching a little more than half what they pay men. The first two pay just half (that is, the average is just half), and there is an increase with each succeeding name: New York City; Terre Haute, Ind.; Keokuk, Iowa; Memphis, Tenn.; Davenport, Iowa; Fort Wayne, Ind.; Dayton, Ohio. Thus we see by this continually ascending scale that Chicago, Ill., is the lowest, and Dayton, Ohio, the highest. On the Pacific Coast, San Francisco averages just two-thirds, or a little more than Dayton; so she should bear the banner, I was about to say; but that city or state only which first pays equal wages should bear the banner.

Mr. Felton, in speaking of the table of statistics for San Francisco, says:

"Let the above table be carefully examined. It will be seen that our rates of salaries for female teachers are, as a rule, not more than they should with justice be paid—they are not over generous; but compared with the most liberal rates of any other city in the eastern states, or, perhaps, in the world, they appear extremely

liberal. I would also call attention to the rates of salaries paid to our female teachers, as compared with those received by our male teachers. And for the credit of our Department and our city and state, I invite attention to the proportion which these salaries of male and female teachers bear to each other in our Department. Let those interested compare the proportion they bear to each other with that exhibited between the salaries of male and female teachers in eastern cities. This comparison must satisfy all that in California the services of our lady teachers are somewhat suitably appreciated and rewarded. This cannot with the same truth be said in reference to the annual compensation which our Board awards to the gentlemen whom it employs. They are not as well paid as they would be in New York or other Eastern cities. In what other profession in our city would a man of good ability and fair industry be satisfied with \$2,100 per annum? And yet what profession requires better talents, more varied learning and constant reading and study, or a greater amount of industry and constant labor (and that, too, of the most wearing and wasting character), than that of the faithful teacher?"

Yes, why should men with broad shoulders and sinewy frames subject their vigorous constitutions to the harassing labors, to the wear and tear of a teacher's life, for the paltry sum of \$2,100 per annum?

And why should not women with slender constitutions and delicate nerves be glad and eager to accept the same nerve-racking situation for a third less pay? But this price applies only to California; for that El Dorado, it seems, is the sole exception in all our beautiful country—the only place where men are so "extremely liberal" as to pay women for teaching only a third less than they do themselves. The rule is two-thirds and three-quarters less.

Why should not women be glad to get these soul-harrowing situations for a quarter of the salary a man gets, so long as there are a hundred applicants for every vacancy?

What! Madam, did you venture to suggest that your pay is not proportionate to your labor—that it is not adequate to your wants—that you have to steal time from your studies to do your sewing and many other things that your salary will not allow you to have done—that you have to go through the storms of winter and the heats of summer—rise early and go to bed late, and that your constitution is fast giving way under such incessant toil and application? Go! hide your ungrateful head! And you receiving a full quarter the wages that an able-bodied man gets! Where are your reasoning faculties? or haven't you got any? Don't you know that the three-quarters and two-thirds that are doctored off your and other female teachers' wages go toward compensating these able-bodied male teachers for the trials and tortures they meet in their profession? That, although it costs no more to board and clothe a man than a woman, they require much larger salaries to supply them with little luxuries—perhaps they might be called necessities—such as cigars to soothe the nerves after a tiresome day in school—little doses of bitters, or spine-strengtheners, which brace up the spinal column, and fortify them for the vexations of the next day, and in order to keep the run of the current literature—the books, magazines and papers of the day! These, and a good many other little items too numerous to put down, require, as you see, quite a liberal salary. Nature never made men with the powers for enduring trials and privations that she did women. They (men) have such a superabundance of life and vitality that will not be repressed, they must have the means of purchasing some of the enjoyments of life, or they soon droop and fall into an untimely grave. Now you, and the rest of your sex, nature made with especial powers of endurance and self-sacrifice. You can live on an allowance so small that a man would, at the mere thought of subsisting on it, be frightened into his winding-sheet; and yet there are thirty-thousand of you in New York City alone who make shirts for six cents apiece (see *Pulsam's Magazine*), and other work for similar prices, and still you manage to keep soul and body together—to retain your sanity, and also the power of locomotion from the miserable holes where you lodge to the stores of your employers. This shows you that nature made you on a different principle entirely from that on which she made men—of different materials. The history of these thirty-thousand sewing women, could it be written out, would form a valuable contribution to physiological science, showing the wonderful powers of endurance with which your sex are endowed. What did you suggest—that the history of their employers, would also form a valuable contribution to another department of science—to the department that studies up moral depravity statistics? That is a libel on

the employers who are honest, deserving men, working hard to meet their heavy expenses. But I fear you are incorrigible. After your last suggestion, and your former one that female teachers don't receive sufficient pay, I fear my words are all wasted upon you. Not paid sufficiently? Think what a draft on the school fund it would be to double, triple or quadruple, as the case might be, the salaries of female teachers to make them equal to those of male teachers. In the thirty-nine leading cities before cited, the average of male teachers is only 630, that of female, 4,205, and the same average, probably, holds good all over the country. And shall such an enormous sum be lavished on women, whom nature made with especial reference to living on small allowances, and endanger, as it probably would, the wages of the strong-armed, vigorous male teachers, the requirements of whose natures need so much larger salaries to supply, and without which, as I said before, they would walk straight into untimely graves?

Go! Your folly makes me sick. P. E. B.

THE COOPER UNION—WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR WOMEN.

TWELVE years since the corner-stone of the Cooper Union was laid, and nine years since Peter Cooper, by his deed of trust, made and delivered in conformity with an act of the Legislature, transferred to the Trustees the real-estate and building known as Cooper Institute, for the purpose of establishing a free institution for the instruction of the working classes of New York and its vicinity in science and art. "The desire of the founder is to make this institution contribute in every way to aid the efforts of youth to acquire knowledge, and to find and fill that place where their capacity and talents can be usefully employed with the greatest possible advantage to themselves and the community in which they reside." The Trustees recognize no distinction between the sexes; woman is admitted to all the privileges of the institution on an equal footing with man, and fifty women have yearly availed themselves of the course of instruction in the Free Night School, which is divided into the scientific and art departments. In the former are taught algebra, plane and solid geometry, descriptive geometry, trigonometry, analytical geometry, the differential and integral calculus, theoretical and practical mechanics, natural philosophy, elementary chemistry, and chemistry applied to the arts.

In the art department pupils are taught in architectural drawing, mechanical drawing, free-hand drawing, and drawing from cast and life. Female pupils are not required to learn mechanical drawing, but can pursue in its place, if they prefer, a knowledge of music or Belles Lettres.

To all pupils who complete the full course of study and have at each examination received a first-class certificate, the Cooper Union medal is awarded as the highest honor of the institution. At the annual commencement, 1866, one pupil only came within the rules established for the bestowal of this honorable reward, and this pupil was the first female graduate of the institution, she having completed and been examined upon all the branches included in the full course of instruction. Mr. Cooper, on presenting the medal to her, said: "The life of the lady who is now to receive this medal should be written in letters of light. Such a life would show how great and uncommon difficulties can be met and overcome when all the powers of body and mind are brought into requisition to do the work of an honorable and useful life. Miss —, to whom it is now my pride and pleasure to tender this medal, stands before you an honor to her sex." At the annual commencement of the present year four graduates only will receive the Cooper Union Medal, two of whom are women.

Of the women who avail themselves of the evening course of instruction, the majority are occupied during the day as teachers in the public and private schools of this city, and who acknowledge it to be the most thorough and comprehensive course of instruction they can receive in any institution in the City of New York.

The most important department of instruction considered in relation to our subject, in its past and present results, is The Female School of Art. A School of Design for Women had been formed by a number of public-spirited and benevolent women. A proposition to incorporate it in the Cooper Union was made to Mr. Cooper, and the following extract from his letter to the Trustees accompanying the trust, clearly defines his object in making it the basis of the Cooper Union School.

"To manifest the deep interest and sympathy I feel in all that can advance the happiness and better the condition of the female portion of the community, and es-

pecially of those who are dependent on honest labor for support, I desire the Trustees to appropriate two hundred and fifty dollars yearly to assist such pupils of the Female School of Design as shall, in their careful judgment, by their efforts and sacrifices in the performance of duty to parents or to those that Providence has made dependent upon them for support, merit and require such aid. My reason for this requirement is not so much to reward as to encourage the exercise of heroic virtues that often shine in the midst of the greatest suffering and obscurity, without so much as being noticed by the passing throng.

"In order to better the condition of women and to widen the sphere of female employment, I have provided seven rooms to be forever devoted to a Female School of Design, and I desire the Trustees to appropriate out of the rents of the building fifteen hundred dollars annually towards meeting the expenses of said school. It is the ardent wish of my heart that this School of Design may be the means of raising to competence and comfort thousands of those that might otherwise struggle through a life of poverty and suffering.

"It is also my desire that females belonging to the School of Design shall have the use of one of the rooms, not otherwise appropriated, for the consideration and application of the useful sciences and arts to any of the various purposes calculated to improve and better their condition."

The school has grown with remarkable rapidity, and of the three thousand women who have received instruction, for a shorter or longer period, the majority have been enabled to earn an honorable and comfortable livelihood by engraving, designing for manufacturers, illustrations of books, coloring photographs, and as artists, where they have the requisite talent, and a fact worthy of record is that almost every public school throughout the United States has its Art Department represented by a teacher from the Cooper Union.

Of the large number of young women who have been pupils, many have struggled through poverty, sickness and uncomplaining misery to obtain an artistic knowledge which would afford them remunerative employment. When instances of this kind come to the knowledge of the Trustees, it is their pleasure to alleviate them. We may cite the case of a young girl, the daughter of a washerwoman, who came to this city, and after pursuing a three years' course of instruction in the School of Design, is now receiving a salary of \$1,800 per year in a large Seminary in New York State. A former pupil recently obtained a prize of \$100 for making the best design of wall paper.

The number of pupils in the school the present year is one hundred and sixty, twenty only of whom are members of the class who design to become teachers. The remainder are women not dependent upon industrial occupation for a livelihood.

The result of the course of instruction of the last and present years demonstrates that these pupils have the requisite natural taste and capacity to achieve great success as artists in painting and sculpture; and with equal advantages for information and practice, will stand side by side with any artist in the world of recognized genius, male or female.

A WISCONSIN paper—the *Oshkosh Times*—relates the following Black Crook story: "My dear," said the wife, "the Black Crook is here; shall we witness it to-night?" "Well," said the husband, "I had better go alone to-night, and see if it is a proper place for ladies." "Yes—well," says the wife, "I rather guess I'd better go and see if it is a proper place for gentlemen!" Both went.

Yes, "gentlemen" have been too much exposed to the temptations of life, and when mothers, wives, sisters and daughters learn that they, too, have duties in guarding them from all demoralizing influences, we shall have a new code of morals for both sexes. An atmosphere that is unfit for woman to breathe is unfit for man also. Through all the changing scenes of life a man is safer with a woman by his side.

ENGLAND, it is said, is ordering home her sailors, from fear of the occurrence of an American war. The British lion should remember the fable of the dog and his shadow. Even Scripture has it that "a living dog is better than a dead lion."

The Worcester *Spy* says the wife of Daniel Conghlin, of North Brookfield, gave birth, last Friday, to three daughters, weighing seven pounds each. No physician was in attendance, and none was deemed necessary—unless to prevent more coming.