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Good Wives

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1

GOSSIP

IN ORDER THAT WE MAY start afresh and go to Meg's wedding with free minds, it will be well to begin with a little gossip about the Marches. And here let me premise that if any of the elders think there is too much "loving" in the story, as I fear they may (I'm not afraid the young folks will make that objection), I can only say with Mrs March: "What *can* you expect when I have four gay girls in the house and a dashing young neighbour over the way?"

The three years that have passed have brought but few changes to the quiet family. The war is over,* and Mr March safely at home, busy with his books and the small parish which found in him a minister by nature as by grace – a quiet, studious man, rich in the wisdom that is better than learning, the charity which calls all mankind "brother", the piety that blossoms into character, making it august and lovely.

These attributes, in spite of poverty and the strict integrity which shut him out from the more worldly successes, attracted to him many admirable persons as naturally as sweet herbs draw bees, and as naturally he gave them the honey into which fifty years of hard experience had distilled no bitter drop. Earnest young men found the grey-headed scholar as earnest and as young at heart as they; thoughtful

or troubled women instinctively brought their doubts and sorrows to him, sure of finding the gentlest sympathy, the wisest counsel; sinners told their sins to the pure-hearted old man, and were both rebuked and saved; gifted men found a companion in him; ambitious men caught glimpses of nobler ambitions than their own; and even worldlings confessed that his beliefs were beautiful and true, although "they wouldn't pay".

To outsiders, the five energetic women seemed to rule the house, and so they did in many things, but the quiet man sitting among his books was still the head of the family, the household conscience, anchor and comforter – for to him the busy, anxious women always turned in troublous times, finding him, in the truest sense of those sacred words, husband and father.

The girls gave their hearts into their mother's keeping, their souls into their father's, and to both parents, who lived and laboured so faithfully for them, they gave a love that grew with their growth, and bound them tenderly together by the sweetest tie which blesses life and outlives death.

Mrs March is as brisk and cheery, though rather greyer than when we saw her last, and just now so absorbed in Meg's affairs that the hospitals and homes, still full of wounded "boys" and soldiers' widows, decidedly miss the motherly missionary's visits.

John Brooke did his duty manfully for a year, got wounded, was sent home and not allowed to return. He received no stars or bars, but he deserved them, for he cheerfully risked all he had, and life and love are very precious when both are in full bloom. Perfectly resigned to his discharge, he devoted himself to getting well, preparing for business and earning a home for Meg. With the good sense and sturdy independence

that characterized him, he refused Mr Laurence's more generous offers, and accepted the place of under-bookkeeper, feeling better satisfied to begin with an honestly earned salary than by running any risks with borrowed money.

Meg had spent the time in working as well as waiting, growing womanly in character, wise in housewifery arts and prettier than ever, for love is a great beautifier. She had her girlish ambitions and hopes, and felt some disappointment at the humble way in which the new life must begin. Ned Moffat had just married Sallie Gardiner, and Meg couldn't help contrasting their fine house and carriage, many gifts and splendid outfit with her own, and secretly wishing she could have the same. But somehow envy and discontent soon vanished when she thought of all the patient love and labour John had put into the little home awaiting her, and when they sat together in the twilight, talking over their small plans, the future always grew so beautiful and bright that she forgot Sallie's splendour, and felt herself the richest, happiest girl in Christendom.

Jo never went back to Aunt March, for the old lady took such a fancy to Amy that she bribed her with the offer of drawing lessons from one of the best teachers going, and for the sake of this advantage Amy would have served a far harder mistress. So she gave her mornings to duty, her afternoons to pleasure, and prospered finely. Jo, meantime, devoted herself to literature and Beth, who remained delicate long after the fever was a thing of the past – not an invalid exactly, but never again the rosy, healthy creature she had been, yet always hopeful, happy and serene, busy with the quiet duties she loved, everyone's friend and an angel in the house, long before those who loved her most had learnt to know it.

As long as the *Spread Eagle* paid her a dollar a column for her "rubbish", as she called it, Jo felt herself a woman of means, and spun her little romances diligently. But great plans fermented in her busy brain and ambitious mind, and the old tin kitchen* in the garret held a slowly increasing pile of blotted manuscript, which was one day to place the name of March upon the roll of fame.

Laurie, having dutifully gone to college to please his grandfather, was now getting through it in the easiest possible manner to please himself. A universal favourite, thanks to money, manners, much talent and the kindest heart that ever got its owner into scrapes by trying to get other people out of them, he stood in great danger of being spoiled, and probably would have been, like many another promising boy, if he had not possessed a talisman against evil in the memory of the kind old man who was bound up in his success, the motherly friend who watched over him as if he were her son – and, last but not least by any means, the knowledge that four innocent girls loved, admired and believed in him with all their hearts.

Being only "a glorious human boy", of course he frolicked and flirted, grew dandified, aquatic, sentimental or gymnastic, as college fashions ordained; hazed and was hazed,* talked slang, and more than once came perilously near suspension and expulsion. But as high spirits and the love of fun were the causes of these pranks, he always managed to save himself by frank confession, honourable atonement or the irresistible power of persuasion, which he possessed in perfection. In fact, he rather prided himself on his narrow escapes, and liked to thrill the girls with graphic accounts of his triumphs over wrathful tutors, dignified professors and vanquished enemies. The "men of my class" were heroes in

the eyes of the girls, who never wearied of the exploits of "our fellows", and were frequently allowed to bask in the smiles of these great creatures when Laurie brought them home with him.

Amy especially enjoyed this high honour, and became quite a belle among them, for Her Ladyship early felt and learnt to use the gift of fascination with which she was endowed. Meg was too much absorbed in her private and particular John to care for any other lords of creation, and Beth too shy to do more than peep at them, and wonder how Amy dared to order them about so, but Jo felt quite in her element, and found it very difficult to refrain from imitating the gentlemanly attitudes, phrases and feats which seemed more natural to her than the decorums prescribed for young ladies. They all liked Jo immensely, but never fell in love with her, though very few escaped without paying the tribute of a sentimental sigh or two at Amy's shrine. And speaking of sentiment brings us very naturally to the Dovecote.

That was the name of the little brown house which Mr Brooke had prepared for Meg's first home. Laurie had christened it, saying it was highly appropriate to the gentle lovers, who "went on together like a pair of turtle doves, with first a bill and then a coo". It was a tiny house, with a little garden behind and a lawn about as big as a pocket handkerchief in front. Here Meg meant to have a fountain, shrubbery and a profusion of lovely flowers, though just at present the fountain was represented by a weather-beaten urn, very like a dilapidated slop bowl; the shrubbery consisted of several young larches, who looked undecided whether to live or die, and the profusion of flowers was merely hinted by regiments of sticks to show where seeds were planted. But inside it was altogether charming, and the happy bride saw no fault from

garret to cellar. To be sure, the hall was so narrow it was fortunate that they had no piano, for one never could have been got in whole. The dining room was so small that six people were a tight fit, and the kitchen stairs seemed built for the express purpose of precipitating both servants and china pell-mell into the coal bin. But once get used to these slight blemishes and nothing could be more complete, for good sense and good taste had presided over the furnishing, and the result was highly satisfactory. There were no marble-topped tables, long mirrors or lace curtains in the little parlour, but simple furniture, plenty of books, a fine picture or two, a stand of flowers in the bay window and, scattered all about, the pretty gifts which came from friendly hands, and were the fairer for the loving messages they brought.

I don't think the Parian Psyche* Laurie gave lost any of its beauty because Brooke put up the bracket it stood upon – that any upholsterer could have draped the plain muslin curtains more gracefully than Amy's artistic hand, or that any storeroom was ever better provided with good wishes, merry words and happy hopes than that in which Jo and her mother put away Meg's few boxes, barrels and bundles – and I am morally certain that the spandy-new* kitchen never *could* have looked so cosy and neat if Hannah had not arranged every pot and pan a dozen times over, and laid the fire all ready for lighting the minute "Mis' Brooke came home". I also doubt if any young matron ever began life with so rich a supply of dusters, holders and piece bags* – for Beth made enough to last till the silver wedding came round, and invented three different kinds of dishcloths for the express service of the bridal china.

People who hire all these things done for them never know what they lose, for the homeliest tasks get beautified if loving

hands do them, and Meg found so many proofs of this that everything in her small nest, from the kitchen roller to the silver vase on her parlour table, was eloquent of home love and tender forethought.

What happy times they had planning together – what solemn shopping excursions, what funny mistakes they made, and what shouts of laughter arose over Laurie's ridiculous bargains! In his love of jokes, this young gentleman, though nearly through college, was as much of a boy as ever. His last whim had been to bring with him, on his weekly visits, some new, useful and ingenious article for the young housekeeper. Now a bag of remarkable clothespins; next a wonderful nutmeg-grater, which fell to pieces at the first trial, a knife-cleaner that spoilt all the knives or a sweeper that picked the nap neatly off the carpet and left the dirt; labour-saving soap that took the skin off one's hands, infallible cements which stuck firmly to nothing but the fingers of the deluded buyer, and every kind of tinware, from a toy savings bank for odd pennies to a wonderful boiler which would wash articles in its own steam, with every prospect of exploding in the process.

In vain Meg begged him to stop. John laughed at him, and Jo called him "Mr Toodles".* He was possessed with a mania for patronizing Yankee* ingenuity, and seeing his friends fitly furnished forth. So each week beheld some fresh absurdity.

Everything was done at last, even to Amy's arranging different-coloured soaps to match the different-coloured rooms, and Beth's setting the table for the first meal.

"Are you satisfied? Does it seem like home, and do you feel as if you should be happy here?" asked Mrs March as she and her daughter went through the new kingdom, arm in arm – for just then they seemed to cling together more tenderly than ever.

"Yes, Mother, perfectly satisfied, thanks to you all, and so happy that I can't talk about it," answered Meg with a look that was better than words.

"If she only had a servant or two it would be all right," said Amy, coming out of the parlour, where she had been trying to decide whether the bronze Mercury looked best on the whatnot* or the mantelpiece.

"Mother and I have talked that over, and I have made up my mind to try her way first. There will be so little to do that, with Lotty to run my errands and help me here and there, I shall only have enough work to keep me from getting lazy or homesick," answered Meg tranquilly.

"Sallie Moffat has four," began Amy.

"If Meg had four the house wouldn't hold them, and master and missus would have to camp in the garden," broke in Jo, who, enveloped in a big blue pinafore, was giving a last polish to the door handles.

"Sallie isn't a poor man's wife, and many maids are in keeping with her fine establishment. Meg and John begin humbly, but I have a feeling that there will be quite as much happiness in the little house as in the big one. It's a great mistake for young girls like Meg to leave themselves nothing to do but dress, give orders and gossip. When I was first married I used to long for my new clothes to wear out or get torn, so that I might have the pleasure of mending them, for I got heartily sick of doing fancywork and tending my pocket handkerchief."

"Why didn't you go into the kitchen and make messes, as Sallie says she does, to amuse herself, though they never turn out well and the servants laugh at her," said Meg.

"I did, after a while – not to 'mess', but to learn of Hannah how things should be done, that my servants need *not* laugh at

me. It was play then, but there came a time when I was truly grateful that I not only possessed the will but the power to cook wholesome food for my little girls and help myself when I could no longer afford to hire help. You begin at the other end, Meg dear, but the lessons you learn now will be of use to you by and by, when John is a richer man, for the mistress of a house, however splendid, should know how work ought to be done if she wishes to be well and honestly served."

"Yes, Mother, I'm sure of that," said Meg, listening respectfully to the little lecture, for the best of women will hold forth upon the all-absorbing subject of housekeeping. "Do you know I like this room best of all in my baby-house," added Meg a minute after as they went upstairs, and she looked into her well-stored linen closet.

Beth was there, laying the snowy piles smoothly on the shelves and exulting over the goodly array. All three laughed as Meg spoke, for that linen closet was a joke. You see, having said that if Meg married "that Brooke" she shouldn't have a cent of her money, Aunt March was rather in a quandary when time had appeased her wrath and made her repent her vow. She never broke her word, and was much exercised in her mind how to get round it, and at last devised a plan whereby she could satisfy herself. Mrs Carrol, Florence's mamma, was ordered to buy, have made and marked a generous supply of house and table linen and send it as *her* present. All of which was faithfully done, but the secret leaked out and was greatly enjoyed by the family – for Aunt March tried to look utterly unconscious, and insisted that she could give nothing but the old-fashioned pearls, long promised to the first bride.

"That's a housewifely taste, which I am glad to see. I had a young friend who set up housekeeping with six sheets, but she had finger bowls for company, and that satisfied her,"