

# SHAFTS

A PAPER FOR WOMEN

THE WORKING CLASSES

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 (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

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WISDOM  
 JUSTICE  
 TRUTH

LIGHT COMES TO THOSE WHO DARE TO THINK

OH, SWIFTLY SPEED, YE SHAFTS OF LIGHT,  
 WHILE HOSTS OF DARKNESS FLY  
 FAIR BREAKS THE DAWN; FAST ROLLS THE NIGHT  
 FROM WOMAN'S DARKENED SKY.



### A PEEP THROUGH A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS.

Only letters, nought but letters,  
Yet what stories they reveal;  
Long forgotten joys and sorrows  
O'er our memories once more steal.

—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

ONE of the most delightful, fascinating, and entertaining pastimes imaginable is that of looking through a collection of autograph letters of celebrated men and women. It was our privilege a short time ago to glance through a very valuable collection of such letters, and we were permitted to make a few extracts from some of them.

First and foremost was a letter of Abernethy, on the subject of a medical consultation, which illustrated, by its lucid and concise style the great doctor's clear and direct mode of thinking. A very valuable letter is a holograph one of Michael Angelo, stiff and formal in its character, but a splendid example of the calligraphy of the era. In a letter of Arkwright's, of cotton spinning fame, there is an inquiry of the recipient "if he has any acts relating to paper-making (*sic*), and he (Arkwright) wishes Mr. G. (Goodwin) to bring them."

A highly entertaining series of autographs are here relating to the Buonaparte family, the great Napoleon being represented by no less than four documents. We find in an endorsement on a document dated Boulak and Cairo, in the sixth year of the Republic, he signs himself "Buonaparte." In later documents the "u," which gives the name its Italian character, is dropped. In 1808 he signs himself "Napoleon," and still later "N. Empereur et Roi."

Among the more interesting of the relics of the Bonaparte family are a school lesson of the Duc de Reichstadt, son of the First Napoleon, who died young, but who, had he lived, might possibly have become Napoleon II.; and a document in the niggling hand of the last Emperor, who signs himself "Napoleon Louis."

Beau Brummel writes a fine, easy, flowing hand, and Lord Brougham exhibits a rugged, bold one.

Bismarck's autograph is a most awfully crabbed device, written surely when the Iron Chancellor was suffering from indigestion.

There is a genial but courtly letter of Boswell's, acknowledging a proposal for a literary correspondence.

In a letter of eight pages an elaborate account is given of one of the first steamboats, written by the inventor, Henry Bell.

Letters of the Poet Béranger and the *Times*' Paris correspondent (M. Blowitz), lying side by side, suggest odd contrasts; while a pathetic and unique interest attaches to a few lines of the queer but neat print-hand—the characters suggestive of Hebrew—written by Laura Bridgman, the girl who, though deaf and dumb, blind and lame, excited the admiration of Charles Dickens by the accomplishments which she had so painfully acquired.

A letter signed by Talleyrand lies next to one by P. T. Barnum, the great American showman.

There is a long letter in the third person by Edmund Burke, and one by his wife, asking for tickets for seats at the trial of Warren Hastings.

We pass over many other famous names in the B section. There is one that cannot but be dwelt upon. There is here a deeply interesting and characteristic relic of Robbie Burns. It is a letter, as the writer says, which originally was delivered "with a cargo of rhyme in it"—no other than the poem of "The Wounded Hare." The MS. of the poem is not here, but in the following words, almost as touching as the poem itself, Burns relates how he came to write it:—"As I was in my fields early one morning in this last spring I heard the report of a gun from a neighbouring wood, and presently a poor little hare, dragging its wounded limbs, limped piteously by me. I have always had an abhorrence at this way of assassinating God's creatures without first allowing them those means with which He has variously endowed them; but at this season, when the object of our treacherous murder is most probably a parent, perhaps the mother, and of consequence to leave two little helpless nurslings to perish with hunger amid the pitiless wilds, such an action is not only a sin against the letter of the law, but likewise a deep sin against the morality of the heart."

A decidedly amusing document is a yellow time-traced sheet, covered with large sprawling characters, and labelled "Cibber." It is a private memo. of the celebrated manager, and is in two parts, written at different times. The first, dated September 20th, 1723, is as follows:—"Stop Miss Seal's salary till further orders, and that of Mrs. Willis, sen'r. No woman to be admitted as a doorkeeper upon any recommendation whatever. Stop Mr. Carbonelli's money till he appears and bring it to account." Then the next is dated March 14th, 1724, and is in a more conciliatory tone. "Advanced Mr. Theo. Cibbers to 40s. per week, and young Pelpow to 12s. per week from this day."

An autograph signature of John Calvin's (written "I. Calvinus") on the flyleaf of a book is one of the most rare.

There is a long document in Russian, signed by the great and notorious Empress Catharine.

The letter of Mrs. Cowden Clarke, in which she offers her Shakespearean Concordance to Rivington, the publisher, has a unique interest; while among a group of Cobbet's letters is one relating to a lecture he proposed to give.

Canning and Carlyle are represented by two letters each, and there is a letter of Lord Chesterfield's, but not to his son.

The signatures of Carnot (ancestor of the present President of the French Republic), Robespierre, and Freleau appear together on a State paper. Letters of Cruickshank and Cobden, a portion of Captain Cook's diary, with an official signature of Cowper, when Clerk to the Parliament; letters and official papers by Cuvier, Disraeli (an election manifesto in his most flamboyant style, with a shrewd comment by his father), Dalton (the famous chemist), De Wint, Du Chaillu, we have only space to mention.

With a letter by Erasmus Darwin is one from his still more famous son Charles. A short quotation will supply the place of comment:—"We had a fat little daughter born the day before yesterday, so you will have to inquire after a little (d) in the third power, or by some other algebraic form."

One envies the recipient of the following letter from Ralph Waldo Emerson:—"I will beg you to keep next Saturday disengaged, and you shall dine with me at our club, which holds Longfellow, Agassiz, Lowell, and other good men."

Passing over autographs of Sir Humphrey Davy, Dickens, Sir John Franklin (very rare), Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Hemans, Garibaldi, we come to a musical group in which occur the signatures of Grisi and that of Paganini, the latter quite characteristic of the demon fiddler. There is an elaborate paper by Goethe, and a letter from Garrick, in a postscript to which he says:—"I am rather better, but dread a relapse. I have kept my bed four days." Father Gavazzi, Jenny Lind, Gladstone, and Gounod bring us to later times. Letters of Hohnemann, the homoeopathist, and Jenner, on the subject of vaccination, are here; one of Dr. Johnson's written shortly before his death, and a very rare prize in the shape of a letter by Keats; here also are autographs of Walter Savage Landor, and Charles Lamb. The gentle Elia is represented by a letter addressed to "Mr. Clark, Messrs. Hunt and Clark, York-street, Covent Garden," and reads:—"Your new books are almost as good as old. Who the devil wrote the novel? Your sister, or our young friend? Without being rich in story or character, it is full of clever thoughts in clever language which suits one who has outlived interest in narrative. Mary is delighted. I shall make a conscience of returning the *Pig's Meat* because that is not the book of one of the family." The latter part of this epistle is rather mystifying, but perhaps it has some reference to roast pork.

Livingstone, Longfellow, Marie Antoinette, Mazzini, Mendelssohn, Mirabeau, Count Von Moltke, Lord Nelson, Pope, Robespierre, Rousseau, Schumann, Scott, Shelley, Sheridan, George Stephenson, Dean Swift, Tennyson, and W. M. Turner are all exemplified. Turner's is a curious document. It is addressed to a Mrs. Challott. The lady has been unwell, and the great painter as a token of sympathy sends her a piece of Yorkshire pudding. She surely was not suffering from indigestion.

Horace Walpole is represented by a sheet on which he has written his mother's epitaph.

One of the most curious things is described as the seal of Joanna Southcott. This document, signed by the prophetess, doubtless was regarded by one of her believers as a perfectly valid coupon for the best possible location in the world and the next. It runs:—"The sealed of the love, the elect, precious, man's redemption. To inherit the tree of life, to be heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, 1803. JOANNA SOUTHCOTT."

DR. MURIEL MAITLAND KING presided recently at a crowded women's meeting, held at her residence, 31, Grosvenor-gardens. Mrs. Jacob Bright gave an address which pointed out the disabilities under which married women labour, such as not being allowed the municipal vote given to single women and widows, the hardships of mothers disallowed the custody of their own children when it was granted to a single woman; the taxation of a wife's separate earnings, defects in the Married Women's Property Act, inequalities in the divorce laws, and the need of a law to prevent idle husbands living on the wife's earnings. Mrs. Stanbury urged the immense importance of the franchise for women, not as the end, but as a means to an end.

AND shall life itself be less beautiful than one of its days? Do not believe it, young brother. Men call the shadow thrown upon the universe, where their own dusky souls come between it and the eternal sun, life, and then mourn that it should be less bright than the hopes of their childhood. Keep thou thy soul translucent that thou mayest never see its shadow; at least, never abuse thyself with the philosophy which calls that shadow life. Or, rather would I say, become thou pure in heart and thou shalt see God, Whose vision alone is life.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

### Influential Lives.



REV. ROBERT SPEARS.

AS the world advances we come more and more fully to understand that not intention but action influences progress; that it is not the form of belief, but the truth underlying it which fills and quickens the currents of thought to a stronger and deeper flow. The Rev. Robert Spears, of Highgate Unitarian Church, is a happy illustration of the wider range of thought and kindly feeling characteristic of the Unitarian body, and which is becoming more and more prevalent in human action everywhere. His life is a very busy one, with little personal leisure, yet full of the glad content resulting ever from a conscientious discharge of duty, and from the possession of capable powers in full activity. His judgment is not warped by prejudice, his opinions are intelligently progressive, and his sympathies keen. Mr. Spears has been for some years pastor of the church at Highgate, of which he was the founder, and which has, of late years, increased considerably, both in wealth and influence; so much so that it became necessary to build a new church. This was done by Mr. Spears and others, three years ago, assisted by friendly funds, which he has a remarkable faculty for obtaining. The good results of his work have been so patent, his earnestness of purpose is so clear, and his personal magnetism so great that he rouses the same enthusiastic interest in those whose help he seeks.

When the new church was built the old one was turned into a school-room, which Mr. Spears has utilised in the evenings by a highly successful arrangement. The large, pleasant room is thrown open from seven till ten p.m. as a free reading room and library. Here persons of every denomination are made welcome; the tables are filled with papers of every description suitable for healthy reading, pamphlets, dailies, weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies, well assorted and selected. The room is large, well lighted, well ventilated, and filled with beaming, happy faces. Indeed, the general tone of feeling seems to be one of familiar and friendly pleasantness shown in a kindly active, though unobtrusive, interest in one another on the part of the readers and book-borrowers. Much good has already been done, and many now spend their evenings in the reading-room who formerly spent them in a less satisfactory manner. The position which the Rev. Robert Spears now occupies may be taken as an example of the victory which steadfast earnestness of purpose, combined with large-hearted kindness in action, must sooner or later win over all obstacles. The Unitarian doctrines are too widely known to need delineation here. But Mr. Spears' sermons are remarkably free from dogmatism, and of an exceedingly interesting character, as the following will illustrate.

Under the heading of "Discourses to Thoughtful Men and Women, on the cordial relations between Religion and Science," Mr. Spears recently delivered several sermons, from which we select—

"A Discourse on the Planet Mars."

"Astronomy and Religion."

"The Reconciliation of Science and Religion."

"Geology and Religion."

"The Antiquity of Man," &c.

These will suffice to suggest to our readers that persons of all denominations gladly listen to Mr. Spears' sermons, which is indeed the case.

It will not surprise anyone to hear that a mind of such intelligence takes, and always has taken, a great interest in the question of Woman's Suffrage. With his frank pleasant smile he says that he has the honour of having assisted at the first woman's suffrage meeting held in London, when he was officiating at Stamford-street Unitarian Chapel. He was asked to grant the use of the chapel for the meeting, which he readily did, but when requested to take the chair he modestly declined upon the grounds that it would be much better filled by Professor Fawcett, who was then alive and present, Mr. Spears himself promising to be useful in other ways. Professor Fawcett spoke and spoke well, the building being very full, though a large number of persons were present evidently not in accord with the object for which the meeting had been convened. Every resolution was opposed in a most uproarious manner, and the behaviour of the opposition was exceedingly noisy throughout. However, the moral force of the earnest-minded prevailed, and the resolutions were carried. Mr. Spears well remembers and enthusiastically describes Professor Fawcett's excellent method of managing the rather rowdy element, also the readiness and ability with which he answered many curious questions, so curious, Mr. Spears says, that "I was glad I had declined the difficult task which had fallen to the lot of the chairman. Here is an illustration. This question was very uncivilly asked: "How would you, Mr. Fawcett, like to have a female sitting beside you in the House of Commons?" Mr. Fawcett replied with the greatest gentleness, "We are not here to-night to ask the meeting to send a lady to the House of Commons; we are only asking that the Franchise be given to women under certain conditions. But I may reply to this gentleman, with regard to my own feelings touching such a possibility. I can assure him there are very many women I would greatly prefer to sit beside in the House, to not a few gentlemen who do sit there, and if my questioner knew the facts of the case as I do, he would also share my views and feelings."

Mr. Spears says: "It was not until the meeting was over I learned that we had had the great honour of holding in our chapel the very first public meeting ever held in our land for the advocacy of the Woman's Franchise. It may not have been quite the first, but more than one speaker congratulated me in the terms I have used. Some of your readers may put the matter right if I was not then correctly informed." Mr. Spears' interest in the question of Woman's Suffrage still continues, and he is always ready with his support in every possible way. Indeed, the free library and reading-room which he has instituted help the movement forward in many ways, as the opportunities there afforded, bring into notice so much current literature, containing so many ably-written articles on the very first questions of the day. In this reading-room the kindly, genial countenance of Mr. Spears is every day to be seen, he does not disguise that he is proud of it; he says: "Nothing I have undertaken during my life has been so successful, we had the walls of the room, or rather the match-lining, which was of itself fairly pretty, hung with framed pictures, and many not framed; in the room we placed some forty tables and about 150 chairs, which made it look very comfortable. I had a fairly good library, from which I gave about 500 books. Sir James Clarke Lawrence, Bart., Mrs. Lloyd, of Highgate, Mr. Edwin Lawrence, and several others presented me with about 2,000 books, and my friend, Mr. Manwell, became honorary librarian. I then got many morning and evening, weekly and monthly papers, with magazines, numbering in all more than 150, many of which are penny papers. I also provided religious papers and magazines, some 50 in all of every denomination, for I determined that there should be no religious bias as there was no political bias, nor should the room have any political or religious name. We soon had our reading room well-filled by persons of every political and religious opinion. Roman Catholics and Protestants, Churchmen and Nonconformists, Trinitarians and Unitarians may be seen all seated under the same roof in the most friendly attitude, and this also is true of every shade of political opinion. A considerable portion of the tables is taken up by ladies' papers, all the best of the kind, and some evenings between forty and fifty ladies attend. I have seen twenty at one time studying the literature with eager interest. They take their places wherever they please, at their own or the general tables; perfect order is maintained and no conversation is allowed. Rich and poor, young and old sit quietly reading, apparently deeply absorbed in the various publications they have selected. Many persons have expressed to me the deep impression the sense of silence produces upon them when, entering the building, they perceive so many persons quietly and earnestly acquiring information without a sound. They feel that under the inspiration of all this earnest silence the acquisition of knowledge has become for the time at least the most important thing on earth. Sometimes the rooms are overcrowded, then the youngest of the readers are requested to leave that their seats may be occupied by their elders." An excellent rule and with an excellent moral principle.

The enthusiasm, satisfaction, and delight of Mr. Spears in speaking of this successful enterprise is very pleasant to see; he feels himself abundantly rewarded for his efforts in the pleasure he imparts and the opportunities thus given to many, of improving their mental capacities, also of resisting the temptations which might otherwise beset them. As a rule, Mr. Spears says, the reading room is visited by 200 persons each night, while from 100 to 800 persons take books from the library for fourteen days. No one will question the healthy influence of such an institution as this. It answers many purposes. Numbers of persons in London live in lodgings, and these not of the best kinds; many working people have no quiet or rest in their homes. It must be a great relief and benefit to such to be able to spend their evenings at the reading-room. It is to be hoped that from these homes of unrest, and lodgings of discomfort, the women as well as the men can escape into the freer and higher life thus opened to them. Mr. Spears says, "My aim is that the example which has been set at Highgate Hill may be followed by the ministers of every parish. There are plenty of rooms connected with the churches which are empty at night. These might be fitted up, the walls adorned, chairs and tables provided, with abundance of general literature. But there must be nothing narrow, the rooms must not be called Church or Chapel rooms, Liberal, Conservative, or Radical, for such would ensure failure; nor must the papers, pamphlets, &c., to be read, be provided to serve any party or sectarian spirit, all of which must be ignored. The general good must be sought, an attempt must be made to make the rooms a second home for all, success will then be ensured. The cost of caretaking, light, fire, papers, &c., need not exceed £150 per annum. Surely the churches, and the people in general in any London parish, might find so small a sum as this for so great an advantage." Mr. Spears says he has received help in this undertaking from several ladies and gentlemen for the last few years. Miss J. D. Smith and Mr. Edwin Lawrence are the principal supporters at present, but he hopes to put the undertaking on a basis which may insure its permanency, whatever may befall himself and others. This he expects to accomplish in about four years. He is earnestly anxious to see the work taken up generally. It is a work which is bringing about desirable results; a work which meets a great need, and which well deserves the help of those who have help to bestow. We may state here that the papers when finished with are sent on to the Islington and Holborn Infirmarys, at the rate of about one hundred papers weekly to each, which are a source of great pleasure to the inmates, and which were acknowledged by the Board of Guardians in a resolution of thanks to Mr. Spears for his kindness. Mr. Spears declares, and we think very truly that, "no enterprise will succeed if entered into or carried on in a beggarly way; large-heartedness and liberality are the elements of success. You must not have hard, cold walls and stiff benches; everything must be made pretty, pleasant, and agreeable, with pictures, &c., if possible, hanging in the reading-room to please the eye." How true this is everyone may experience for her or himself if they will but try to analyse the feelings produced by such surroundings. As Mr. Spears uttered these sentiments, and as if in confirmation of them, a letter arrived from Sir James Lawrence, announcing that he would be at the library that morning to deliver personally a splendid lot of books as a present.

Mr. Spears was born in a small village in the north of England, in the centre of the coal and iron fields; his early youth was passed among Methodists; his parents were labouring people, and he was sent to work at an early age with an engineering smith. A delight in study early developed itself, and he spent most part of his evenings in reading books which helped him to acquire knowledge. His parents' family was a large one, with an income not large, his mother sympathised very much with her son's desire to learn, and carefully saved pence to enable him to obtain the books he required. All this reading and studying on the part of Robert Spears discovered to him the great faculty for teaching which he has since carried to such good account. Disliking the work in which he was engaged, he managed to set up a school for himself—this was before the Board schools had come into existence—and he met with much success. The school was non-sectarian, although he was a preacher among the Methodists. At the age of twenty-five, after having maintained his school-teaching for seven years, he, according to the custom prevalent among the Methodists, had to undergo an examination upon points of doctrine. Mr. Spears declared that he was perfectly willing to answer all questions on the condition that they were couched in the language of Scripture, and not taken simply from books explanatory of the Methodist beliefs, which were only, he said, the handiwork of men. To the question, "Do you believe in the trinity and unity of God?" he replied, that before he could answer the question it must be expressed as the New Testament expresses it. Other questions also, such as, "Do you believe in the fall, and in the inherent depravity of man?" Mr. Spears answered by admitting that in many cases a man's whole life was one continued "catastrophe," but made the same request as before. The result of answers such as these was many meetings between Mr. Spears and the leaders of his church, with, however, no satisfactory result. The consequence was that Mr. Spears soon afterwards

severed himself from the Methodist body, though with no hostile feelings, his great idea being that doctrine, in so far as it raises and preserves a barrier between human beings, is bad, and should be encouraged as little as possible. With regard to the doctrine of eternal punishment, Mr. Spears believes all punishment to be remedial; and that if it were not so it would be vindictive. After his severance from the Methodists he was invited to take possession of a pulpit in Sunderland, from whence he eventually proceeded to Stockton, and thence to Stamford-street and Stepney. Some seven years ago he worked very hard and very successfully to establish, in conjunction with Miss Matilda Sharpe, the School for Girls known as Channing House High School, towards the completion of which he received many promises of support on the condition that he would endeavour to build up in connection with this school a Unitarian place of worship at Highgate. This he undertook to do, and did; for this reason he left Stepney, and began in the first small chapel on Highgate-hill, which, since the erection of the larger one, has served the purpose of a school-room, reading-room, and library.

In speaking of his life, Mr. Spears says that the love of books, the reading of which still forms the great delight of his life, began in those days when he borrowed all his books from the Mechanics' Institute, at Newcastle, to obtain which he had to walk a distance of five miles there and five back, the books he liked best being those on scientific and philosophical subjects. He now thinks that it was through his habit of reproducing such works to his fellows that he first understood his own ability for imparting instruction. While yet in his teens, he read Bacon's works in English, eight volumes. (Mr. Spears preached last Sunday on the Philosophical and Scientific Basis of Belief in a Future Life.) The strong points of his sermons are their simplicity; even children understand him; and he urges all young people to read first-class literature, which builds up, he says, the character, and helps the young to a clear outlook on matters which might otherwise be quite misunderstood.

In referring to the examinations he underwent before leaving the Methodists, Mr. Spears says "they would make an amusing history, though my examiners were most earnest and pious men, all sincerely desirous to keep me amongst them. We parted upon very friendly terms; I received a present from the community, and the blessings of the old people, who prayed that my future might be happy and successful. I have never regretted the step I then took, nor for one moment wished to abandon the principles upon which I then acted. A few years ago a question arose about using the word Unitarian, and it was in defence of its use that I wrote to the *Christian Life and Unitarian Herald* in 1891 an article entitled, "Forty Years in the Unitarian Ministry."

This energetic clergyman was secretary of the Unitarian Association for seven years, ere many had recovered from the evil effects of the doctrine, "It is our part to keep in the background." Here Mr. Spears' fresh and vigorous activity set so much work astir that it filled the Association with a new life. One of his successful attempts was the publication of a cheap edition of Channing's works; and people were so much pleased with the activity going on that the money poured in from all parts. It advanced so fast that others began to think that they would like the spending of this large sum of money, so Mr. Spears was ousted from the post he himself had made desirable, only, however, to carry on the same activity elsewhere. He almost immediately started the *Christian Life*, which is now one of the most important Unitarian organs. The very greatest credit is due to him for the part he took with Miss Sharp in the establishment of Channing House High School for the daughters of Unitarians. He has originated several chapels, his untiring industry made his Sunday school at Stepney only second in numbers to that of Portland-street, and now his daughter has been at work for nearly three years in a day-school for little boys in her parents' house, which she manages admirably. It is refreshing and encouraging to think that Highgate Hill furnishes towards the cause of progress two such valuable institutions, each in its own way so productive of culture and advance, as Channing House High School, and the Church, Reading-room, and Library of the Rev. Robert Spears.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let all choose well their company.—DUGLASS STEWART.

No duty can be more imperative than that which is laid upon the "advanced" journal to fit the democracy for their coming empire.—*Daily Chronicle*.

Queen Christina of Sweden delighted to be told that when a little infant, instead of betraying terror at the firing of guns, she clapped her hands and behaved like a true soldier's child. She was a most intrepid rider; she shot with unerring aim; she studied Tacitus and Plato; and sometimes entered with more profound sagacity into the genius of those authors than philologists by profession. Above all, she was penetrated by a sense of the high mission to which she was called by her birth; of the necessity of governing by herself; and young as she was she knew how to assume a port and a countenance before which the generals who had made Germany tremble were dumb.—RANKE.

## WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

Here and there the souls that strive have gathered, listening; dimly guessing that the girl has also thought; the air has been filled with their questioning. What have her thoughts been? What must they have been? Has all this moaning and crying that has filled the echoes of the ages with tears and sobs been because of the girl's silence in regard to her thoughts? Why has she been silent has she been gagged? Has no one chronicled her thoughts—is there no record? Yea, one there is who knows well what the girl has thought; and will tell it, from its vaguest murmurs to its fullest tones—It is the girl herself.

The Girl this week knows the meaning of genteel poverty, though, of course, she is well-dressed.

The Girl says the real problem of life for such as she, is how to be happy, though unmarried. Marriage is, no doubt, a splendid institution in its way, but since men are a minus quantity it is obviously idle for her to hanker after the unattainable.

The Girl does not scoff at the time-honoured bogey-man, she merely refuses to stay where she is put until it pleases him to glance at her.

The Girl thinks life is less hard for her than it is fabled to be. Work is her panacea, and there is plenty ready for her.

The Girl says she and her sisters are in far kinder case than Mr. Hardy's upstart poet, whose epitaph had to be, "Your beauty, dearest, covers everything." Those bad old days are gone, never to return.

The Girl says her mouth is too wide, and her nose is out of drawing, but she does not apologise for these facts. Now that she need not stay at home, and try to look pretty, but may go out into the world and make herself useful, she no longer owes her features a grudge.

The Girl says the newspapers are very ready to make telling articles out of her, and her so-called difficult position. One week they advise her to start tea-rooms, and sell her own blends of the inevitable dried leaves. Do they suggest that she should be a grocer? Oh dear, no, nothing half so commonplace or so profitable.

Another time they are eloquent about shop-window dressing. Women have such good taste. The mere counter-jumper is at the end of his resources, once he has thumbed crystallised rose leaves into position, at right angles to chocolate almonds. Hers to commemorate in sugar the death of a Laureate! Like the shopman, her only message to Edwin on the pavement is "Come, buy, come, buy."

She, however, will find out Angelina's latest fad in goodies, and place it at the psychological angle for Edwin's purse, amid topaz yellow draperies. Draped, yes, of course; nothing can be done without drapery nowadays.

The Girl says such occupations as these are only fringes, pinned on to her problem to-day to be torn off to-morrow.

The Girl says if a woman be prepared to do the real work of the world to the best of her ability she need not long remain a distressed gentlewoman.

The Girl says there is an opening for milliners, and for dressmakers who have gone through their training, and can do the work with their own hands.

The Girl says women ought to come forward and keep grocers', butchers', bakers', fruiterers' shops. In these directions there is a *bona fide* chance for the average woman.

The Girl says women must cease to imagine that because they happen to be women they stand beyond the influence of such inconsiderate economic laws as that of supply and demand. Their future motto must be *No Privilege*.

The Girl says it is a great mistake to give girls dolls to play with after four years of age, because it must weaken their physical, and dwarf their mental capacities; while the boys, having all sorts of muscular exercises, must, as a natural consequence, have more muscular strength, and the result is girls look to them for protection, instead of relying upon themselves as they ought to do.

The Girl thinks it is a shame that she should be kept in the house to learn to sew, while her brother is allowed to go out and play, not only to learn to mend her own things, which would be quite right, but also to mend his, while he is developing his health and strength in the open-air.

The Girl thinks when a woman and a man get into a tram the man should not always pay, as it puts him in the first place, besides he would not like the woman to pay for him lest people might think "what a muff he must be that he cannot pay for himself."

The Girl thinks it a pity when people go to evening parties that they do not speak to each other till they are introduced; for as they have met for social intercourse why should they wait for that formality? If they would begin to do it at the houses of friends it would be the beginning of a more friendly relationship between young women and young men.

The Girl thinks it is such a pity to hear girls speak against one another before boys, for there are people enough to say unkind and unjust things about them, they need not do it for themselves and each other.

## THE STEADFAST BLUE LINE.

Under this heading will appear short notices of whatever women in any part of the world, or in any class of life, have done or are doing in the cause of progress; also selected bits from the writings of women. Women and men are invited to contribute to this column.

THE "thin red line" has played its part of war and bloodshed in all the history of the world. The tale of the passing ages, and a higher consciousness are fast depriving it of its glory. Posterity shall judge whether the part played has been an absolute necessity as some say, or no. Meanwhile, we have ceased to contemplate its allusions of fame—the awful other side is mere within our ken.

Women are gathering together their armies for another battle; for strife of another nature—the war of Women against injustice, impurity, tyranny, cruelty and falsehood. Against these, Women have ranged their "Steadfast Blue Line," which grows stronger with every hour. Their weapon is the "Sword of the Spirit," sharp and keen, and it will never be sheathed till the "win ter of their discount" has passed away for ever, and the time of the singing of freedom's jubilant song of victory, has come.

\* \* \* \* \*

In vain would women's hearts  
In love with sacrifice, withstand the stream  
Of human progress; other spheres, new parts  
Await them.

NAMES of Women worthy of honour, worthy of answering to the Roll Call of the STEADFAST BLUE LINE will appear in print from week to week just as they occur to the thoughts of the writer, who earnestly wishes to avoid making any distinctions. It is difficult to judge of individual worth, with accuracy; as, what is on the surface, *what seems*, only is known to those who look on, observant though they may be. Work done with ardent endeavour, untiring action, and laudable intent, is often unknown to the multitude; it earns no meed of praise, though generally the most effective work of all. In these columns therefore, we avoid giving precedence to any who may, through more favourable opportunities, through the advantages of wealth or position, have come more prominently before the public:—

## ROLL CALL.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.	FLORENCE BALGARNIE.
ALICE GRENFELL.	ISABELLA TOD.
LAURA MORGAN BROWNE.	CATHERINE WHITEHEAD.
LAURA ORMISTON CHANT.	FRANCES HOGGAN, M.D.
WARNER SNOAD.	MRS. COBDEN-UNWIN.
FRANCES ELLEN BURR.	MARY WOLSTENHOLME.
EVA M'LAREN.	FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.
HARRIET STANTON BLATCH.	ANTOINETTE STERLING.
— WOLSTENHOME ELMY.	MARY SCHARLIEB, M.D.
— PRIESTMAN.	ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, M.D.
HARRIET M'ILQUHAM.	ETHEL GARRETT COMYNS.
MURIEL MAITLAND KING.	ALICE CLIFF SCATCHERD.
PRISCILLA BRIGHT M'LAREN.	E. WARDLAW BEST.
HELEN BLACKBURN.	RUKMABAI.
ELIZA ROLLASSON.	FRANCES MARY BUSS.
MATILDA SHARPE.	JANE HUME CLAPPERTON.
(PRINCESS) CHRISTIAN.	SUSAN B. ANTHONY.
EMILY PFEIFFER.	HANNAH WHITALL SMITH.
AMY HICKS.	GEORGE ELIOTT.
MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.	MARION EVANS.
OLIVE SCHREINER.	ROSA BONHEUR.

MEN ask, "What will you gain even if man does not become extinct? You will have brought justice and equality on to the earth and sent love from it. When men and women are equals they will love no more. Thus highly cultured women will not be lovable, will not love." Do they see nothing, understand nothing? It is *Tant' Sannie* who buries husbands one after another, and folds her hands resignedly, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord," and she looks for another. It is the hard-headed, deep thinker who, when the wife who has thought and worked with him goes, can find no rest, and lingers near her, till he finds sleep beside her. A great soul dreams, and is drawn with a more fierce intensity than any small one.—OLIVE SCHREINER (in *Life on an African Farm*).

NOTE.—By mistake last week the titles were placed before two names. No titles will be inserted save those earned by merit and work. Only Christian and surname will be used of all women working in the cause of progress.

## INFLUENTIAL LIVES.

By JAMES PRELOOKER.

(Continued.)



MARIE CONSTANTINOWNA ZEBRIKOWA.

When this translation appeared the Censorship confiscated it and commenced an action against the writer. At that time there still existed in Russia a form of public trial and particular rules for literary cases. The Public Prosecutor found nothing illegal in the book; the Court sent back the work to him for a fresh perusal, but again he could find nothing to bring it under the condemnation of the law.

A new law was then promulgated, according to which works confiscated by the Censorship were no longer privileged to come before the public courts, but came within the province, and under the direct supervision, of the Ministerial Councillor of Public Enlightenment, from whose verdict there was no appeal. Marie was from home at the time, in the hope of personally obtaining the passing of her book through the Censorship. She visited the principal administrative department for matters of the Press, and inquired of one of the officials, "When can I have my book?"

"The book will be sent to the Minister's Council," was the reply.

"But you have no right to do that; my book appeared while the former regulations were in force, and, as is well known, the present law has no retrospective effect."

"We live under a monarchical form of Government."

"That is very sad for me; then my book will not be given up."

The official's only reply was to cast a reproving glance at her. The Censorship was always particularly hard on all the writings of Marie Zebrikowa. Nevertheless, all her articles, critiques and other literary works, which appeared from time to time in different newspapers and magazines, made a great sensation, were sympathetically received, and she was soon regarded as the most talented female writer in Russia. She was always dissatisfied, however, with her own achievements, and was her own severest critic. Her aesthetic taste and moral sense revolted against everything that was distorted, faulty, or false in art, literature, or social ideas. A Liberal to the backbone, she directed the arrows of her criticism with particular energy against that Conservatism to which the ruling classes of society naturally belonged. For that reason alone she was always specially marked out for disapproval by the Censorship, and suffered great pecuniary loss by the prohibition to print several of her works, and the confiscation of others.

On one occasion she asked the editor of an important paper, *Patriotic Writings*, which no longer exists, "Can you explain to me why I am so persecuted? Others are more talented, and can do more than I, and yet it is I who suffer the most."

"Mademoiselle," he replied, "it is the venom in your pen which must account for it."

Frl. Zebrikowa was, however, by no means an opponent of the Government. She desired reforms that could be brought about by legal and peaceful means, and bent all the powers of her mind to influence the Socialistic youth of Russia, and to induce them to extricate themselves from the terrorism in which it was their lot to be involved. Whilst she was residing in Switzerland, and especially at Zurich, in the year 1872, the agitation there of Russian immigrants and students of both sexes was at its height. Revolutionary writings were despatched thence to Russia, and many plots were hatched. As the agitation increased the Russian Government demanded the extradition of the well-known revolutionary Retshaeff from Swiss territory. Marie went about from one to another of the schools and students' quarters to warn young people against this agitation, and against any fruitless attempts at revolution, which would only injure, instead of serving, the cause. But the high-flown, over-wrought young people would not listen to her voice, and mocked her with the nickname of the "clucking hen" on account of her frequent visits to the nests of the different students of both sexes. Some even allowed themselves to tell her insolently to her face, "The class to which you belong only occupies itself with the pen, and does nothing for the cause; go your ways, and write at your ease for so much the sheet." Towards the end of the seventies the agitation in favour of the higher education of women grew apace. It had been initiated by another Russian author, Frau Eugenie Conreedy.

She it was who presented a petition to the Congress of Naturalists in 1866, in which she claimed the help of the members of the congress for the admission of women to the Universities. When, however, Count Tolstoi, Minister of Public Enlightenment, rejected the proposal, and private evening classes for women were formed in St. Petersburg, in which lectures on natural science, mathematics, and history were delivered, Frl. Zebrikowa took the liveliest interest in their development until, with the co-operation of other women, she at last succeeded in establishing a regular society with suitable *locale*, for carrying on the so-called "Higher Lecture-classes for Women." Marie remained a member of the committee of this society from 1878 till 1888, that is until its abolition, and translated and published for its benefit the following works: *The History of the Nineteenth Century*, *The Emile of the Nineteenth Century*, and several novels.

Space will not permit us to dwell upon the works of this voluminous writer, though it may be interesting to mention that Marie was for years on the staff of the most important newspapers, such as *Patriotic Writings*, *The European Messenger*, &c. She conducted the Bibliographical paragraphs in the *Nedeschja* for a number of years, and for four edited the *Kindergarten*, which, since 1877, appears under the title of *Education and Mental Development*. Her free version of the English work, *The Women of the American Republic*, is written in a highly interesting and instructive manner, and is deservedly popular. Among lighter efforts are her articles on foreign literature, which made a sensation, especially *Types of Womanhood by Spielhagen*, articles on Shelley, Georges Sand, Auerbach and Ackermann, on *The Female Characters in the Works of Count Tolstoi*, and on those of Goulscharow. Frl. Zebrikowa states that she herself particularly prizes her articles on "The Question of Love in Its Moral Aspect (which appeared as a separate brochure), and on the well-known work, *The Woman Question in Europe*. In 1889 she published a series of very remarkable pamphlets on the labour question, and on *The Institutions for the Higher Education of Women in Russia: Their Rise and Development*.—a subject which she was especially fitted to treat, as being one of the earliest and most active initiators of the women's educational movement. In fact, her articles on a variety of social questions evince throughout considerable learning and an intimate acquaintance with her subject, together with such broad and comprehensive judgment that one might almost be ready to attribute them to some clever and experienced statesman. Both in her life and in her writings she stands forth as a firm adherent of progressive ideas and as a friend of the unfortunate and oppressed. It is this which renders her so popular among the young and ardent minds of the rising generation.

The crowning act of Fraulein Zebrikowa's career was, however, her noble and spirited address to the Czar, which, with characteristic courage, she hesitated not to hurl forth against him, though at the risk of her own punishment and imprisonment.

It is here given verbatim:—

"YOUR MAJESTY,—The laws of my fatherland punish free speech. Everyone worthy of honour in Russia must see how thought is persecuted by an arbitrary Administration. We are witnesses of the moral and physical slaughter of youth, of the robbing and flogging of a nation which stands in dumb helplessness. Freedom, sire, is the first necessity of a people, and sooner or later the hour will strike, in which the citizen, when his patience has been exhausted under this persecution, will, once for all, raise his voice, and then your authority will have to give way. The Russian Emperors see only what the Tschinovinki (their officials) allow

them to see. The latter form a thick wall of separation between the Czar and the Russian zemstvo (*i.e.*, the millions who are not officials of the Government).

"The fearful end of Alexander II. threw a shadow over your accession to the throne. You were told that his violent death was a consequence of the prevalence of Liberal ideas, and, therefore, they inspired you with the determination to let Russia sink back into the dreary condition of the epoch of Nicholas I. They terrify you by conjuring up the phantom of a revolution, which may overturn your monarchy, and yet at present, and in such a land as yours, such a revolution is a simple delusion.

"After the catastrophe of March 1st, the murderers of the Czar no longer hoped for a return to constitutional institutions. The enemies of the Czar have been executed. Everyone blindly follows the will of the monarch.

"Why, then, does the Government destroy every vestige of the reforms planned by Alexander II.? It was not these reforms which created the terrorists, but the want of such reforms, or their inadequacy. The policy of Nicholas I. is commended to you, because it favours the arbitrary administration of your ministers and officials. There is no longer any punishment for official exactions and oppression. Every governor is an autocrat in his district, every *ispavnik* is the same, every *stanovoi* is absolute in his canton, every *boriadin* in his village. If, like the Caliph in the *Arabian Nights*, you could pass invisibly through the towns and villages, and learn to know the life of the Russian people, you would see its misery. You would understand that the order maintained by thousands of soldiers, by legions of officials, and by an army of spies, is not order, but administrative anarchy. The poorer nobility and the commonalty are embittered against the late edicts, by which the High schools and Universities are closed against young people without fortune. All such measures aim at the extinction of education. They, however, only put fresh weapons into the hands of the terrorists. Every child must perceive the opposition between the action of the Government and the teachings of the Holy Scripture.

"The experience of the last reign must have shown your Majesty that a policy of persecution fails to attain its object. The day will come when persecution of freethought will appear like an evil dream. I fear, however, that that day may be heralded with fire and flame and streams of blood. Your whole system throws the discontented into the arms of the revolutionaries, even those who have a natural repugnance to violence and bloodshed. For an unguarded word, for the possession of a revolutionary writing, acquired perhaps out of idle curiosity, a young man, almost a child, is declared a political offender. Boys of fourteen are condemned to solitary confinement as political offenders. In Russia people are banished to Siberia for offences which in Austria are punished by a fortnight's imprisonment. I have a horror of the shedding of blood. When, however, one perceives that bloodshed on the one side is rewarded by honours and decorations, and on the other by the gallows and the rope, one can enter into the views of these enthusiastic and heroic young men. Side by side with the draconian punishments of the courts is the form of banishment by "administrative process," by which means the Government gets rid of those enemies against whom nothing can be proved. Orders for banishment are couched in the following terms:—"Although there is no proof for the conviction of —, he is nevertheless banished to —." It is said that your Majesty's signature adorns such orders.

"The political prisoners are the victims of the official's caprice. Every attendant, every *ctape* (officer) has the power to rob, beat, and torture the unfortunate prisoners, including women and children, complaints being of no avail. And yet all these terrorising measures, which begin by banishment, by administrative process, and end in the gallows, fail in their object. They only increase the number of political offences. The imagination of the youthful generation becomes accustomed to banishment and execution, and perceives that the cause of these political offences remains deeply rooted in the political and social state of things.

"Your rescue depends on a return to the reforms of your father: Freedom of speech, personal liberty, right of free assembly, public trials, universal instruction for the people, suppression of the tyranny of officials, and the summoning of the *Zemskosobor* (National Parliament)—herein lies your salvation. A word from you, and as by the waving of a magic wand we shall have a peaceful revolution, which will make a bright page of history. You, sire, are the most powerful monarch in the world; I am but an atom among the millions of human creatures whose fate, like my own, is in your hands; and yet my conscience, my right, and my duty as a Russian force me to speak out of a full heart the truth that lies in me."

Frl. Zebrikowa was well aware of the danger to herself in what she had written. Before despatching it to the Czar she wrote to the Danish author, Brandes, that she felt an overwhelming necessity to reveal the truth to the Czar, although she well knew the fate she was probably incurring. She requested Brandes to place her letter, if possible, before the King of Denmark, in the hope that the latter would use his influence with his son-in-law to bring about the necessary official and administrative reforms in Russia. The terrible punishment which she had nerve-

herself to meet, with such resolute heroism, now overtook her. She was arrested and banished to the little town of Yavensk, where fifteen prisoners besides herself were confined. The town is situated in the north-east of Russia, at a distance of 1,200 versts from Moscow and 1,500 from St. Petersburg. It is quite isolated and shut off from the rest of the world.

It is the earnest hope of every lover of freedom that this brave woman may soon be freed from her imprisonment, and enabled to return to that path of literary effort which she trod with such distinction, and in which she displayed a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice which has rendered her name beloved and honoured throughout her country.

## TRUE GREATNESS—AN ALLEGORY.

"The world has no tragedies for us like the inner life of its leaders."  
"Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?" has been the groan of the whole of them, from Carlyle back to Job.  
"Tis the price paid for the capacity to foresee and forefeel our futures."

I KNOW that looked at from a worldly point of view many of the lives of acknowledged great people have been failures. If they were so, be sure there was a good reason for it. But were they? When the great god Pan plucked his reed from the river he killed it. As a reed it died from the very moment he plucked it from amongst its fellows. But after that he breathed into it his own life and behold the reed gave forth strange music the like of which had never been heard before. And the other reeds quivered when they heard it, for they understood no music except that which was made by the wind sighing among their stems, and wind had blown them this way and that, and so had their song varied. But their brother was exalted far above them, singled out to be breathed upon by a god. The winds would never move him more, but he could now move them as the wind never could, and presently the god moved away from the river, taking with him his reed, and those who were left could not forget the music they had heard; it troubled them somewhat, that they could not do likewise. But presently an artist passed and he admired the reeds, for they were exceeding beautiful as they waved in the sunlight, and he painted them as they grew, and the picture was much talked of. And all the reeds cried, "We are numbered among men; our brother has missed this." Then a little child came along, and the day was hot, and the child was weary, so he flung himself down among the reeds and put his arms round as many as he could clasp. "You are so soft and easy, I love you," he cried; and then the reeds rustled softly. "We are loved," said they, "and our brother has missed this." Nevertheless, the music that they had heard haunted them—that is, some of them; there were some who declaimed that it was harsh and shrill, and they hoped they would never hear it again. Meanwhile, the god had gone on his way, still playing his pipe, and the strange music drew many people out into the wilderness to listen, and all declared that they had never heard the like of it before; and some longed for more, and some said that new things never were any improvement on the old, as people always do. And the god heard all they said, and one day he made himself a reed, much finer and more beautiful than the last. He also gave it a new power that the other had only partly possessed; no one who had once heard it could ever forget it, and when this was completed he took it out and tried its power, and when the reeds heard it, those who had liked it before bowed low and shivered, and cried out to the god, "Give us also power;" but those who had said that the music was harsh, laughed, and said, "Our brother is dead; this thing will also die;" and again they begged for the power to sing, and then the god stopped his playing and answered them, "What is life to you must be given up before you can sing even one note; you can never more be painted and admired; it is more than probable that you will never be even loved, and it is absolutely necessary that you must die, and the pain of this death will be like no pain that you ever felt before and after all that; every note of music you produce will be caused by and come wailing through intense pain, and then again you will be only given a short time to sing in, and when you are used up and forgotten, although they can never forget your song, they will forget you as though you never had been. These reeds were worthy to die, are you?" and the reeds hung their heads. "We don't want to be forgotten," they cried; "that is not to be great." And the god smiled and went his way: "These two only were worthy," he said. "Who shall say they are not great, and the music of the last was so exceedingly sweet that it echoes about the world still, and goes and comes no one knows how or when. Sometimes it comes to those who are happy, and makes them more joyous still, and more often it is heard by the suffering and weary, and to them it says, 'I suffered and was forgotten by many, but I am not dead; therefore sing your song, though every note of it hurts you, until the time comes when the god will say, Surely this reed is worthy to die.'"

L. HENDERSON.

## Shafts.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

A Paper for Women and the Working Classes.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24th, 1892.

## WHAT THE EDITOR MEANS.

Mere DEMOCRACY cannot solve the social question. An element of ARISTOCRACY must be introduced into our life. Of course I do not mean the aristocracy of birth, or of the purse, or even the aristocracy of intellect. I mean the aristocracy of character, of will, of mind. That only can free us.

From two groups will this aristocracy I hope for come to our people: from our WOMEN and our WORKMEN. The revolution in the social condition now preparing in Europe is chiefly concerned with the future of the WORKERS and the WOMEN. In this I place all my hopes and expectations, for this I will work all my life and with all my strength.—IBSEN.

IN consequence of repeated and continued inquiries we think it best to stereotype the statement already so clearly made, that the columns of SHAFTS are open to the free expression of opinion upon any subject, however diverse. These opinions will be welcomed, however widely they may differ from our own, as the *vox populi* which leads to higher things; advancing by diverse degrees to more enlarged views of life; to juster and grander conceptions of what may lie before us. Our object is to encourage thought—thought, the great lever of humanity; the great purifier and humaniser of the world. It seems to us a good thing to put into circulation a paper which takes no side save that of justice and freedom; a paper which invites the opinions of women and men of any party, creed, class, or nationality. Any views may be stated in articles or letters, and any person who may think differently from the views therein stated shall be free to discuss or refute, as the case may be. All will be treated with equal courtesy. The paper is started especially in the interests of women and the working classes; but excludes no individual and no class. All subjects must be treated with moderation and in a spirit of calm inquiry—a spirit that while it earnestly works for the triumph of right, while it unhesitatingly denounces wrong, also perceives how easy it has been to go wrong, and that love, kindness, and patient determination shall yet win the day.

IN the first place the Editor means to wish all her readers a glad Christmas, full of the gladness which thinking truly and acting truly brings.

The Editor means to thank with warm, full heart all those kind friends who have shown themselves interested in "SHAFTS," and assures them that their words of sympathy and cheer have been to her as a tower of strength. The Editor means "SHAFTS" to be a medium for the utterance of thought on any point whatever by women and men; thought often which may not be allowed expression in other papers. The Editor means to carry "Shafts" through storm and sun to its desired goal, to convince the enemies of "SHAFTS," if such there be, that the aim and *raison d'être* of the paper is to do its part towards the great social regeneration constantly going on, and to reassure its friends that, with such objects in view as it cherishes, it will not be easily crushed.

The Editor means to hold out the hand of a true comrade to all, and to work hard to promote the reign of peace and good fellowship on earth.

The Editor means once more to remind the readers of "SHAFTS" of the scope and aim of the paper, and to beg that each reader will, for her or himself, note such scope and by it guide the judgment that "SHAFTS" advocates the free expression of opinion, orthodox or heterodox, on any social, political, religious, or party question, the only check being that such opinion must be gently and moderately expressed.

The Editor means with much regret to state that "SHAFTS" is in sore need of funds to enable it to continue to exist, and will rejoice greatly to receive any free, unhampered financial assistance from any kind-hearted friend.

The Editor means to continue to ask the large-hearted co-operation of all who love progress, all who strive to free women from trammels of every description. She deprecates hasty judgment and advocates a wide, honest spirit of love and great intention, reminding those who already know it well that without mutual love and trust our efforts are rendered futile.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills inwoven with our frame;  
More pointed still, we make ourselves regret, remorse, and shame;  
And man, whose heaven-erected face the smiles of love adorn—  
Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

## A CHRISTMAS EVE OF LONG AGO.

MANY have spoken of the deep love of parents for their children, the tender, unconquerable affection so many a mother will give to the last, even to an ungrateful and thankless child, but the love of the child, its clinging confidence in the love of neglectful, even cruel, parents, has had few recorders. Many have sung the praises of the parent, few have noted or praised the long-suffering, ever loving, all-forgiving child.

Mrs. Carson, who had lost her husband a year or two before, was a proud and haughty woman. She was exceedingly angry with her elder son, who had seriously displeased her. Mrs. Carson was probably in the wrong in the first instance, for she had no love for any of her children. Brought up herself by a foolish, doting mother in the unhealthy fashion that so many girls are victims to, naturally of a selfish and violent disposition, it is to be wondered at that she turned out even as well as she did. As it was she had the habit of expending on the next object in her path the anger she felt towards the original offender. This evening she expended it on her two younger children, whom she harshly ordered to bed.

Little five-year-old Freddy cried with fright because "pretty mamma was angry." Little Freddy was the most unloved of all Mrs. Carson's children—indeed, towards him his mother seemed to feel a positive aversion; but "pretty mamma" was everything to Freddy. Slightings, slaps, unjust accusations never altered Freddy's unswerving love for "pretty mamma." With all the passionate devotion of which his little heart was capable he adored his mother.

His large wondering eyes were fixed upon her if she ever entered the nursery, his little starved heart longed for the kisses she never gave him.

Ellen, who was eight years of age, loved her little brother, but she was a quiet, unobtrusive child, content with the kindness shown them by their good-natured nurse. She could not understand Freddy's longing that mamma should "love" him.

She crept upstairs with him when her mother's harsh "Get to bed with you, you naughty children," fell on her ears, glad to get up to nurse and away from that sharp voice and angry look, while Freddy sobbed out, "Ise sorry Ise naughty, muvver."

It was Christmas Eve, and as nurse undressed the children there was much chatter about Santa Claus, and putting out their little stockings. Ellen was dubious; she was old enough to suspect who was Santa Claus, and to doubt if it were much good that particular Christmas Eve to hang her stockings to the banister; but Freddy was full of excitement. Nurse had told him Santa Claus always put something into the socks of the little girls and boys he "loved." Perhaps Santa Claus "loved" him. Ellen must go with him to the banister outside the night nursery, and, taking his little socks in his hand, he pulled her along.

Ellen hung one over the banister for him near the nursery door; the other Freddy ran and hung for himself further away, insisting on Ellen hanging one of hers beside each one of his. Then with a deep sigh he turned back, and, climbing the little crib where he slept, was soon slumbering, murmuring to himself, poor little boy, "I tink Santa Claus loves me."

Very early next morning Ellen was awakened by impatient little hands patting her face.

"Get up, Ellen, tum and see the tings Santa Claus has diven us—do tum quick, Ellen!"

Together the little children crept to the banister, feeling for their stockings, as in the grey winter morning it was still very dark; but the small hands felt in vain for Santa Claus's gifts, the tiny socks and stockings were empty. How sore the children's hearts were, and Ellen tried to comfort her little brother.

"Never mind, Freddy, darling;" but he sobbed and wailed that Santa Claus did not "love them." Poor little hungry heart! Perhaps mother had told him "they were naughty."

"We were not naughty," said little Ellen, sturdily; and so, cold and troubled, the little ones crept back, Ellen taking her brother into her warm bed and close to her motherly little heart, kissing and comforting him.

To do Mrs. Carson justice she had heard the talk about Santa Claus, and had meant to fill the children's socks, but her anger with her elder son had embittered her also without reason against her younger children, and so it came to pass that the little socks were empty.

Freddy grew up into a young man and emigrated. His mother coldly bade him adieu. She had breakfast in bed the morning that he left for Liverpool. The young man looked up at his mother's window as he left the house. The mother he had adored as a child was still most dear to him; but no face appeared at the window, no loving eyes watched him down the street, no hand waved a last adieu. Ellen had married and left home a year or so before. With a choking sob the young man turned the corner of the street, his eyes dimmed with tears, his heart heavy at leaving the home he was never to see again.

Almost directly he landed in that New World to which he was bound he was down with fever. Strangers watched tenderly round his bed, and one in writing home to his mother, said—

"He asked often for you. 'I should like to see my mother' were almost the last words on your son's lips. You must be happy indeed to think that the deep devotion you must have shown the son whose last thoughts were of you has been thus repaid. 'My mother, my mother,' he whispered constantly to the last."

Whether or no Mrs. Carson suffered when she read these words I cannot tell you.

Ellen creeps out now every Christmas Eve to fill the little stockings that hang on the banister ready for Santa Claus, and over each she breathes a prayer that she may indeed prove a true mother to one and all of her little ones; but never

does she place her hands upon those little socks but that other Christmas Eve of her childhood arises before her, and she hears Freddy's sobs and sees his loving little face. "Santa Claus does not love me," sighs that little phantom as it fades away.

And you, parents, if you cannot give your little ones, from breakfast time right away to bedtime, that love little Freddy starved after, then you had better not bring these loving little ones into the world, cold in lead without your warm affection. Such things as this sad Christmas Eve are never forgotten, but rise like ghosts from the past. There never comes and passes a Christmas Eve, however joyful, but Ellen feels the shadow of the passing ghost of this one of Long Ago.

E. WARDLAW BEST.

## THE WIDER LIFE.

A TALE OF A CHRISTMAS VISIT.

"OH! she's so eccentric! No, I shan't ask her; men don't care to dance with women of her opinions; and, besides, she's talked about, you know. One does not care to have odd people at one's parties."

"I daresay she does it to make herself conspicuous. What do you think I heard she said the other day? She had been visiting that poor woman who died, and when she came back from the funeral she called on the rector's wife, who, you know, has really been very kind to her, and told her the woman had been killed by having too large a family, and that she wished the rector would manage to say a word or two on greater unselfishness on the part of men in one of his sermons, because Mr. Smith had lately been preaching that children are sent from the Lord. Fancy alluding to such subjects in church."

"And what did Mrs. Mordan say?" inquired the first speaker.

"Just what I do, that such things had nothing to do with religious matters. And Mrs. Emerson actually told her that if children came from the Lord the illegitimate ones did too! And that the verses about the duties of women in the Epistles ought never to be read aloud to the people, as they did a great deal of harm, and influenced the men!"

"Oh! I daresay; but sensible people know quite well what is proper without tampering with the Bible!"

"She thinks and says all sorts of queer things; for instance, that it's quite wrong to have children unless you wish for them, and that sometimes marriage is—*actually* respectable marriage!—no better than the lives of some of the poor creatures who—I am ashamed to mention it."

"Humph! I understand. Well, this list will do, I think. Just see. I think I have put down all the names."

The two speakers were two elderly ladies, cold and haughty in feature, and rather stylishly dressed, seated before a table in the well-furnished drawing-room of a handsome villa in a country town in one of the Midland Counties. They were friends and neighbours, who had much to do in regulating the social life of the place. One of them, Mrs. Farren, was a cousin of a baronet, a landed proprietor in a distant part of the county, and although it was true she did not see very much of that gentleman or his family, who spent a good deal of their time in London and abroad, still the fact as a fact was generally recognised in Blankton, and persons who wished to ingratiate themselves with Mrs. Farren occasionally referred in interested tones to the movements of her wealthy connections, or inquired after their welfare.

There was also a local magnate, her husband being a county magistrate, and appearing in militia uniform in the spring. Their little "At Homes" and afternoon teas were considered very "select," and rigorously excluded unknown (unless wealthy) new comers, and all who did not set their feet in the well-worn beaten paths of propriety as appointed for all good folks—especially women-folks—in the place. But the men were few, and generally escaped too searching criticisms.

These ladies contemplated giving a reception together, and had well discussed who was and who was not to receive a card of invitation. The list, completed, lay on the table, and included everybody they did not wish to quarrel with, or whose presence could be tolerated at all, not excepting a notoriously fast man who was staying at an adjacent house. From the conversation reported above it will be gathered that Mrs. Emerson's name was not in it. She was "eccentric," and as these ladies disliked eccentricity, all Blankton followed suit, and Mrs. Emerson was far from popular.

That well-discussed lady was sitting in a little snuggerly, a kind of half study, half boudoir, reading the *Review of Reviews*, which had just been brought to her, and entirely unconscious of the judgment and sentence passed upon her within a quarter of a mile of her pretty little cottage. Circumstances connected with the house had compelled her to live for a while in this little town, and her life—though she numbered not twenty-seven years, and looked young enough—had been such as to arouse thought-thinking, for which she had always possessed, to begin with, marked proclivities. She had been married, when too young to know the world, to an officer in the army, who had seemed to her to fill her ideal of manhood—one who was well read and intelligent, kind-hearted and cheerful and affectionate enough. But he had contracted a fatal habit of drinking, and before their married life had lasted eight years Mrs. Emerson was left a widow, with more knowledge than she had ever wished to possess about the clouds which may gather over marriage, and enough sympathy for other unfortunate women to inspire her to do her best to work for them, and to alleviate the wrongs and sufferings she recognised. She felt for those especially whose husbands frequented public houses, and spent a good part of their weekly wages at the bar, and she believed that if women possessed the franchise they would largely use their influence in the matter of temperance in a practical way, which would do ill for the publicans and the brewers, who grew rich by buying up corner houses and saloons. She had given a little address on the question of woman suffrage in her own drawing-room, and had asked some of the Blankton residents as well as some working women to attend. A few of the former came and professed themselves interested, but many stayed away

owing to the overshadowing influence of Mrs. Farren and her coadjutor, and she found those on whom she made most impression were her more humble friends, who knew by experience the hard places in life which money sometimes, though not always, smooths away.

Mrs. Emerson was quite aware of her unpopularity, but she was a woman who did her own thinking, and acted according to the light of her own conscience, and though it is not exactly pleasant to be partially ignored by one's neighbours, the fact that she was left out of various "teas" and the special "At Homes" did not move her an inch. Her broad forehead, covered with fair wavy hair, spoke of intellect; her mouth, notwithstanding its pleasant smile, decision. She had the charm, without the aggressiveness, of independence, and she was a woman pleasant to talk with and to look upon, with the courageous blood of many generations of an old warrior race within her veins. Her little garden and a tiny greenhouse occupied her leisure, as well as a whole array of the best works in literature and science; she loved music, and spent many an hour in the evenings playing Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" or Beethoven's sonatas, and she had garments to make up for poor people, sensible advice to give them, and an occasional visit from a friend to cheer her.

Just now she was busy writing a paper on "The Relation of Temperance to Questions of Morality," in which many plain-spoken passages occurred with regard to some of the over-worked wives she had seen, with their yearly babies, and their mill-round of toil unlightened by so much as a kind word from the husbands, who simply regarded them as servants. As she wrote, the thought of the poor woman who had borne eleven children, some sickly, and some already dead, and who had herself succumbed to the effects of a miscarriage which would have brought number twelve upon the scene, came vividly before her, and she said to herself, "It's of no use—neither my tongue nor my pen shall be 'dumb' when these awful wrongs to womanhood and the race occur"—and she wrote, like the prophets of old, as she was inspired. Had she not heard hints of how tipsy Johns was already looking out for another victim—wife—and she knew well he would get married again to some ignorant woman within a year. She determined to read this paper to a little congregation of women who met occasionally for sewing and the cutting out of garments, and to print and circulate it afterwards.

Busy as she was, however, now and then she felt the need of sympathy, a longing for a wider life, for association with kindred minds, and sometimes she gave a little sigh over the fact that the early dawn which had seemed so full of promise and had apparently foretold such sweet companionship should have been so soon overcast by the dark storm-clouds which had gathered over the two lives which were, after all, never one, but always apart. She envied those women, of whom she knew there were a few, who found their husbands true comrades and firm friends, and who were helped and supported by them in all their plans and work for reform.

Meanwhile the day of Mrs. Farren's party came and went. Mrs. Emerson had read her paper before a little audience, some of whose hearts beat with sympathy in response to its truth, and it had been brought out by a London publisher to be scattered to a wider world. There were clear and telling passages in it that disturbed the rector and his wife, and made the gossips of Blankton exclaim, "What a queer woman she is!" while a few began to think that, after all, Mrs. Emerson had only been doing what everybody else carefully avoided—telling the truth.

At this juncture, and not very long before Christmas, a connection of Mrs. Farren's absentee cousin, Lady Rutherford, paid a visit of a couple of days at her house *en route* for another town, and on the afternoon of the day following her arrival Mrs. Farren was startled by a sudden inquiry from her guest as to whether she knew Mrs. Emerson.

"Only slightly," she replied, with marked emphasis, and an evident desire to drop an uncongenial subject.

"Really? Because I particularly want to meet her. I hear she resides here. You know I have been taking up some political and temperance work, and I want to know just such women as Mrs. Emerson. I read her pamphlet—wasn't it originally a paper read to working women here?—and it's splendid! I have given away already two or three hundred copies."

"Oh, I've never read it," faltered Mrs. Farren. "I was told it was quite extraordinary. I have no doubt Mrs. Emerson means well."

"Socially tabooed," thought Lady Rutherford, who knew the world and its ways well. "Poor thing, she won't come to this house!" and suddenly added aloud, "I'll call upon her."

Within the space of another hour Lady Rutherford and Mrs. Emerson were talking like old friends in the little drawing-room of the latter lady. Time flew as they eagerly discussed many vital questions, for the unpopular pamphlet of Blankton Lady Rutherford regarded in her own phrase as "written in gold"; and before she left the presence of its author she felt she might be able to carry out a long-cherished plan.

"I have long wished," she said, "for some active co-workers—women who can speak occasionally on the platform and also write for the Press, to aid me with an immense correspondence which has opened upon me of late. Were my husband at liberty he would give me valuable help, but he is so occupied with his Parliamentary and other duties he has little spare time, unless he has a brief holiday. We are going to have a little committee of about four or five ladies who will come down in the country to us for Christmas, when we give our tenants and the people of the village a Christmas entertainment, and speak to them on the subject of temperance. No beer will be allowed. Will you join us there? It would give anyone who loves reformatory work as you do an opportunity of meeting people just as enthusiastic as you are, and bring you out into quite a field of work. For I feel you are almost thrown away in your present surroundings. Do come and help me to fight my battle!"

Mrs. Emerson's face flushed with gladness, and she frankly replied that the proposed visit would give her the greatest pleasure. The date was fixed, and early in the Christmas week she found herself at Lady Rutherford's country house in the midst of a merry party of earnest, cultivated women, pledged to work in behalf of the franchise for women, social reform, and the temperance question. Never had she so enjoyed a Christmas since the early and fateful

days of her marriage. Lady Rutherford proved a delightful hostess, who not only drew around her thoughtful women of her own stamp, but shed a potent influence for good over the entire county to which she belonged. In sympathy she and her husband were one, and he expressed his regret that his own occupations forbade him to give her the practical help he desired.

"You make up for that," said his wife, with a smile, "by your determination to forward woman suffrage in the House and out of it."

"Little enough!" he replied. "To think of men asking women to help them to canvass, and using them in all possible ways as political agents, and then refusing to give them even a voice in the choice of a member of Parliament—it has always seemed to me the height of inconsistency and selfishness. No!—no such crooked work for me!"

The entertainment in the great hall went off with the utmost enthusiasm. Not a man was to be found the worse for liquor, not one who did not feel the better for the presence and efforts of the ladies who spoke and sang to them, and enabled them to enjoy an "old-fashioned Christmas," while the women felt, as some of them said, that they were beginning to be "somebodies" in the eyes of their husbands, and that "Jack" and "Bill" thought a sight more of them since they had seen Lord and Lady Rutherford, and how much he thought of "his lady."

"My man said to-day to me," remarked one, "Well! it do seem as if many a man thought his wife no better'n a servant, one as was never to have thoughts or feelings of her own, and was of no good but to wash, and scour, and cook, and serve a big family from morning till night; and get kicks at the end of it! Taint just, that. A man knows when his work is done, and he gets his bits of treats and holidays and his Oddfellows' meetings, but a woman's always grinding. No—my say is—give the women their turn, too! That's just what he said for Gospel!"

The result of the Christmas visit was the beginning of a new life to Mrs. Emerson. Lady Rutherford and she became firm friends, and as the former had long needed a companion and confidential co-worker for a part of the year, it was agreed that Mrs. Emerson should undertake this congenial co-operation, which was all the more pleasant to her, as she needed no remuneration and gave her heart to the cause. Through the influence of a lady she met she was able at last to dispose of her little house in Blankton, and to spend the portion of the time when she was not occupied with Lady Rutherford in London, in a pleasant little flat of her own, which brought her into the midst of quite an army of energetic and intellectual women.

The residents of Blankton regarded her departure much as a company of earth-bound farmyard poultry would the sudden flight of a young eagle—who had received more pecks than welcomes—into space with spread wings. Mrs. Farren never got over the fact that it was an admired though distant connection of her own family who had not only endorsed "that eccentric Mrs. Emerson," but had swept her off into another world.

"People in these days," she remarked to her old crony, "don't keep to their proper position! When I was young the aristocracy only mixed with their own set—people of wealth, with means like their own—and were most exclusive. The gentlemen had, of course, more liberty to do as they pleased—but the ladies, never."

Yes! the woman of the past, who has merely used her social influence in English counties to make hedges and barriers, is a woman who has thrown away a golden opportunity of helping others and promoting the Christ-like spirit of fraternity. The woman of the Future will be one who will regard the external advantages of family prestige and family means as so many avenues to noble work; as so many keys to open long-closed doors; as so many solutions to vexed problems, and by breaking down some of the mere follies of caste privilege will destroy one of those many tyrannies of human beings over each other which have sapped true life and paralysed humanitarian efforts; which have indirectly helped to maintain that attitude of subordination which has shadowed woman morally, mentally, socially, politically, and in all ways, and has kept her silent, crushed, and dependent, when she should have been simply a free human being, who valued herself at her own worth as such, and valued others, and just in the same way as such, at theirs.

Mrs. Farren died at last, unloved, in Blankton, and unknown beyond the little groove which she had done her best to make narrow, conventional, and creed-bound, while Mrs. Emerson and Lady Rutherford forgot themselves in helpful work for others. But even the social atmosphere of Blankton has grown clearer and less befogged. A branch of one of the women's political associations has been established there, and brought many of its inhabitants together in a way unknown before, and Lady Rutherford and Mrs. Emerson have helped its members and spoken on important subjects more than once. The latter has many a time said in the course of her busy life—"Oh! what I owe to that happy Christmas week!" And others, far and wide, owe to it and to her much more.

The spirits of truth and of freedom; these are the pillars of society.—  
IBS EN

When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of one who can use it and dispense it, who can be witty, and something much better than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.—*Wit and Humour*, SYDNEY SMITH.

The result of the recent Oxford University examinations for women shows a percentage of passes above the average. Thirty-four candidates presented themselves, and twenty-five passed.

Mrs. Oliphant is one of the half-dozen lady novelists who, on an average, can make £1,000 for a story.

## WHAT WORKING WOMEN AND MEN THINK.

### UTOPIA.

#### IV.

Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis* was written in Latin, and published about three years after the author's death. In form it is more artistic than More's *Utopia*, or Campanella's *Civitas Solis*, but it finishes abruptly, death having probably overtaken the author before his task was complete.

Bacon lived in a period when the world had begun to settle down after an astonishing series of discoveries by renowned travellers. Vespucci, Columbus, and their immediate successors had apparently explored the whole earth's surface, and mankind had ceased to expect to reach new worlds, when Bacon's story once more awakened the popular imagination. Australia had yet to be found, and perhaps some credit for a discovery is due to the man who kindles the imagination of those who consummate the writer's dream.

*New Atlantis* is an Utopia, not of government so much as of religion, morality, and enjoyment. There is little to learn of a helpful tendency; a few mystic statements as to the wonderful origin of the inhabitants' religion, some Baconian maxims, and a catalogue of the culinary excellencies of Atlantis almost complete the tale. Bacon could not have written anything utterly uninteresting, and there is a pleasing quaintness of style, with many masterly phrases which prevent the book from ever being quite forgotten.

Bacon's book was a transcript of the man's mind, and it is easy to understand from the facts of his life that while there is much for the scientist, the naturalist, and the student of ethics as well as the epicure to appreciate, there is a fatal absence of the necessary development of the moral sense of the community, without which science and power can only have evil results. Bacon had a marvellous intellect, he could see very far into the future on the scientific and mechanical side, but it seemed as if the ethical side were lost in a forest of formulae. He wrote magnificent moral advice, and lived the life of a selfish monster. While, therefore, we find in *New Atlantis* such excellent maxims as "Whosoever is unchaste cannot reverence himself," and "The reverence of a man's self is next religion the chiefest bridle of all vices," we cannot trace a single instance in the story of any great moral wealth of the rulers or inhabitants, nor is there any reason for supposing that the great knowledge of the people helped them in any way to live in righteousness and justice. Woman is scarcely mentioned at all, her place is, of course, with the children. Indeed woman in *New Atlantis* takes a lower place even than the children, the latter are allowed to serve the men at table, but "the women stand around, leaning against the wall." There is no labour problem in Atlantis. Everyone seems contented to maintain the king in splendour and laziness, and thoughts of the dignity of labour and the evil of idleness have not intruded.

The moral of *New Atlantis* is a negative one. We have learnt all there is to be learnt about the help to humanity likely to be derived from merely mechanical aids to progress. Hargreaves' invention of the spinning-jenny in 1764 was going to work a revolution in our individual system. None of the workers ever shared in the help afforded by the invention. Arkwright's spinning-throstle in 1767 was another hopeful invention; and Crompton's mule in 1785 made one more chance for the Baconian school to help mankind. The steam engine adapted for spinning purposes in 1764, the lace machine in 1777, and the bobbin-net machine in 1809 were further experiments in the same direction. How much have these things done to promote the total happiness of humanity? By themselves, and lacking an organised state of society, these labour-saving inventions have been worse than useless—many of them have been of positive injury to the workers. With sensible means of distributing the labour and the produce of the labour, the world at large would have benefited by every new idea born into it, and the scientist and philanthropist could join hands with one another in a well-governed society.

It was a base ideal which, by overlooking the moral element, introduced war between humanity and machinery.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

### THE LABOUR QUESTION.

#### "MORALITY BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT."—II.

We have seen that the utter absence of humanity in connection with the Factory system led eventually to the formation of a brave little phalanx of workers pledged to its reform.

The result of legislative interference was to build up a "public opinion" which rendered impossible a repetition of some of those worst abuses which had previously disgraced the manufacturing districts.

But the principle involved in the passing of the Factory Acts was of still greater importance. The case for a complete social revolution was

practically conceded by the recognition that it is the right—nay, the duty—of the State, in certain circumstances, to interfere with personal liberty, with freedom of contract, with all those things which go to make up the competitive system. The principle once admitted, its application is merely a question of degree, and the ball set rolling when the State first came between Capital and Labour—between strong and weak—was destined to a progression of ever-increasing velocity.

The first important inroad upon "vested interests" was the Cotton Mills Act of 1819. It prohibited the employment of children under nine years of age, and for more than seventy-two hours per week, and was passed chiefly through the exertions of Robert Owen. The Radical politician, Sir J. C. Hobhouse, succeeded in 1825 in getting an Act passed reducing the hours of labour for all operatives in the cotton factories on Saturdays—the inception of the "Saturday Half Holiday" and Early Closing movements.

To a Conservative member of Parliament belongs the credit of the next achievement, although he was not successful in passing his Bill. Mr. Richard Oastler introduced the first "Ten Hours Bill," and although the Whig opposition was at the time successful, Althorp, the Whig leader, was compelled shortly afterwards to travel some distance along the same road by introducing a measure which fixed the hours of labour at sixty-nine per week, and prohibited night work for young persons. Cotton mill owners were, at the same time, disqualified for acting as Justices in cases of infringement of the law. A most important provision.

Mr. Thomas Sadler, Oastler's successor in the cause of the operatives' emancipation, sought in 1832 to apply the provisions of Althorp's Act to all persons under eighteen, but the manufacturers were too strong, and the measure was withdrawn.

The next active worker against capitalistic oppression was a Tory—Lord Ashley—better known as Lord Shaftesbury—than whom no man, in his day, did more for the cause of justice to the workers.

His chief opponent was Sir Robert Peel (the son of a *Lancashire capitalist* be it remembered), but undoubtedly the bitterest and most persistent resistance came from Mr. John Bright. Lord Ashley introduced another Ten Hours Bill, which shared the fate of Oastler's original measure, but the Whigs were again compelled to follow the rejection by a Bill of their own, and in 1833 passed an Act prohibiting night work to persons under eighteen, fixing forty-eight hours per week as the maximum for children and sixty-nine for young persons, providing for daily attendance at school, and for certain holidays in the year. The Act was weakened to some extent, inasmuch as it repealed that of 1831, and manufacturers could again sit as Justices in factory cases; the consequence being, naturally, that in many instances brought forward by the inspectors the offenders got off scot free.

In 1840 Lord Ashley succeeded in further curtailing capitalist "liberty" by his first "Mines Act," prohibiting underground work by women and by boys under ten. In 1844 the labour of children was limited to six and a-half hours per day, and it was enacted that they must attend school three hours daily during the first five days of the week. The following year night work was forbidden to women.

In 1847 an important measure was introduced by Mr. Fielden, limiting the time of labour for all women and young persons to eleven hours per day, and after May, 1848, to ten hours. In spite of the opposition of Peel and the manufacturers the Bill was carried. Foiled in their attempts to prevent the Bill becoming law, the factory owners sought to evade it by working their "hands" in relays, but this manœuvre was frustrated by the Act of 1850, fixing a uniform day, so that women and young persons could only be employed between six a.m. and six p.m. and on Saturdays until two p.m. This limitation necessarily involved that of men's labour, because their work could not be done without female aid: hence the Ten Hours Day became universal.

This cursory and imperfect survey of factory legislation will serve our purpose in illustrating the evolution of "morality by Act of Parliament." The full record of the horrors of the earlier anarchic period before the strong arm of the law interposed—faintly outlined in our first paper—cannot be set down here. Let our readers consult Von Plenier's *English Factory Legislation*, F. Engel's *Condition of the English Working Classes*, Professor H. S. Foxwell's *Essay on the Claims of Labour*, *Memoirs of Robert Blincoe* (himself an apprentice), even the blue-books of the early years of the century, of which one writer says, "Even the dry, methodical, official language is galvanised into life by the miseries it has to relate."

One phase of the Factory legislation it is important to note. Initiated by the humanity of a few brave spirits, members of either of the political parties, or of none, it became afterwards simply the arena of party warfare; the interests of labour, the shuttlecock with which the game was carried on. The Factory Acts were passed against the Whig (capitalist) opposition by the Tories and landowners. The measure of their interest in the worker was apparent when, later, the Corn Laws were repealed. The landlords had no objection to the workmen having shorter hours at

other people's expense; they only opposed, with all their strength, the provision of a "cheap loaf" at their own. But the merchants had their revenge when that time came, and landowners had to contribute their quota to the worker's needs.

The moral is obvious—our own arm must bring salvation. In the nascent Labour Party is the worker's only hope. Neither lord nor merchant will assist except as necessity compels, or their own interests dictate.

And their interests coincide with those of Labour at fewer points as the months pass. The ranks of the Peers are recruited from time to time from the more successful exploiters of Labour. Accumulated capital—be it profit on railway news-stalls, or what not—enables its possessors, frequently, to become large landed proprietors and to found "noble families."

When "patents of nobility" are issued nowadays the recipient is usually some merchant-prince, and as manufacturing furnishes at least a cleaner origin—albeit, not perhaps so honest—than most of the "blue blood" in the Gilded Chamber could claim hitherto, the Lords certainly have not lost by the modern additions to their ranks.

On the other hand the Lady Vere de Vere, caste and all, no longer scorns to mix her noble blood with the churl of low degree (and muckle cash), so that the two parties will ere long be merged into one, offering a united front instead of those divided interests which have assisted Labour to a percentage of its rights in the past. SAGITTARIUS.

Sarah Miller is dead. She was a penniless wanderer in London, who lost her situation through ill-health. Her sister and she tramped many weary miles looking for work, and finally peace came to one of them in the shape of death through starvation. "After life's fitful fever she sleeps well," but the jury were right to express their wonder that "poor creatures were allowed to starve in our midst." Facts of this kind ought to suggest, even to the most optimistic student of life, that there is something wrong in the organisation of society while such things can happen in our wealthiest city.

Phil Armour is a rich man. He is said to have "made" £5,000,000 out of railways. He has recently built an institute for the people of Chicago, to be called the "Armour Institute." If railway work in America is anything like its equivalent in this country, there are millions of platelayers, signalmen, porters, and others whose wages have never exceeded eighteen shillings per week, but whose lives might have been full of happiness if men like Mr. Armour had not demanded the fruit of their labours.

### THE MESSAGE OF THE POPPIES.

From the golden gates of Heaven  
A glorious being sped,  
With swift, wide-opened pinions,  
While day before her fled.  
Her glorious form was clothed  
In raiment soft and bright,  
Her hands were full of poppies fair  
Of colours red, and white.  
On, on the spirit hastened,  
Till reached the busy town,  
Where still mankind was toiling sore,  
She floated red blooms down.  
Some caught them glad with sudden smile  
And held the poppies sweet,  
But many lightly turned aside,  
Crush'd them, beneath their feet.  
To a dark and dingy alley  
The angel next took flight,  
On many a weary little breast  
She placed a poppy white.  
Then to a stately mansion,  
Ere turning to depart,  
She laid a wondrous blossom red  
On a woman's broken heart.  
As gleams of sunlight's dawning ray  
Shone in the darkened sky;  
Homeward the angel swift did haste,  
For day again drew nigh.  
Instead of glowing poppy blooms,  
She fragrant lilies bore;  
Thanks they were from lips of those  
Who the red blossoms wore.  
Pressed to her heart most closely,  
She rarest flowers did keep;  
The spirits of the quiet ones  
Who slept the longest sleep.  
And thus of blossoms white or red  
Each soul hath drawn the breath;  
Each soul hath found its rest in Sleep,  
Or her twin sister Death. HELEN BROADBENT.

## REVIEW.

## "THE SOUL OF LILITH."

THE psychical and occult teaching now to be found in so many novels is a hopeful indication that the mere physical plane of things has ceased to satisfy many inquiring minds, who wish the rather to occupy themselves with the possibilities of the soul, and for such *The Soul of Lilith* will give deeply interesting matter for thought. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable of all Marie Corelli's books, showing her distinct growth in spiritual ideas, with an increasing grasp of the universality and final dominance of good.

It opens with the Oriental hero, El-Râmi, being present at a performance of *Hamlet*, who, he quaintly says, is inconsistent to talk of "a bourne whence no traveller returns," when he has just seen his own father in spiritual form. El-Râmi's striking appearance attracts great notice, and on his reaching his luxurious home, we are introduced to a beautiful boy, his younger brother Féraz, who is always so aware of his thought that he comes to serve him without any external summons. He tells El-Râmi much of what he calls his "Dreamland," when he goes "home" to his own familiar star, which has no death in it, but all its joy and beauty. After Féraz leaves him El-Râmi summons (also by thought) an old Moorish woman, Zaroba, who draws aside for him a curtain leading to a magnificent inner room, hung with purple and gold, its every object of rare beauty, and in its centre a couch, on which lay a lovely sleeping girl, her hands crossed on her breast over a large star-shaped ruby, and her golden hair rippling to her feet. El-Râmi called her by name, and she answered that her "soul" had been travelling among the stars, "where there was no death," and, as he insisted that, at least, the change for all on earth must be such, she replied:—"Not so, the change is *Life*, for Life is everywhere!" Quite unmoved by her beauty and her words of rejoicing trust, he then callously commands her to seek out hell, and sound the depths of suffering, that she may give him a description of it!

Next day El-Râmi is summoned away by the illness of a scientific friend, Dr. Kremlin, and very weird is the description of the good old man's researches (*not*, however, on the lines of modern pseudo "research" called vivisection, whose chief idea of "science" is to destroy and rend asunder the beautiful works of God, which it cannot construct). Kremlin's work is to study the stars in a lofty watch-tower, and by means of a gigantic crystalline disc of his own construction, to note the rhythmic reflections of their various rays, in the effort to interpret the mystery of their laws; but he is so worn out by the long strain of these studies that he fears to die ere his work is done, and so craves the help of El-Râmi. The latter goes and administers to him an elixir, of which he has learned the secret, which reinvigorates the old man in a wonderful manner. During this charitable visit the beautiful boy Féraz—who has never been allowed to know even the existence of Lilith's mysterious chamber—is incited to curiosity by Zaroba's strange hints, and persuades her who is its guardian to let him enter his brother's "sacred place." He is so deeply stirred by the dazzling beauty of the sleeping form, who smiles (though with ever-closed eyes) in answer to his utterance of her name, that he greets his brother with much resentful excitement on his return (for having kept the secret of Lilith's existence from him).

Then El-Râmi tells him the strange story and reminds him of how years before they had both joined an Arab caravan on a journey, when an old Moorish woman and a child were both stricken with deadly illness, and despite all El-Râmi's therapeutic skill the child had died, though the woman recovered. In gratitude she had offered him her life's devotion, and the Arab traveller had left them behind, on his promising to bury the child. He had then sent Féraz away in haste with important papers to a Mystic Brotherhood in Cyprus, and resolved on the most daring experiment of his life, viz., how to keep the child's body alive—from which the soul had fled—by means of his elixir, and to bind that soul to come and go at his own proud will. Years passed, and his theurgic skill was such that what *was* really the corpse of Lilith had been thus vitalised, so that it had grown to the beautiful womanly form he daily visited, and to which the soul came back when he called on it to do his behests. He is as yet, however, all unmoved by the beauty of the earthly casket, and coldly regards this ghastly and imprisoning experiment of his (like so many other cruel "scientific" deeds) as a means for his own greater knowledge. When Féraz, however, speaks of her beauty, and tells him that "she smiled when he uttered her name," a pang of jealousy goes through him that she should respond to any voice but his own.

Soon after this scene the saintly head of the Cypriote Brotherhood comes to visit El-Râmi, and warns him of the spiritual danger he is incurring by his proud defiance of all Higher Powers, and by his disbelief in God, because not proven to his intellect. He talks, too, of Lilith, and of the excited feeling of Féraz, showing that he knew all which had passed; and then he solemnly warns El-Râmi as to the consequences of his own selfishness in keeping the beautiful soul of Lilith from its joyous wandering among the stars, and that soon it *must* and would gain its freedom despite the tyranny of his will. Then El-Râmi conducts him into the mystic chamber. And here his visitor tells him the soul itself is visible to his sight, present luminously by the rose-blossoms in the room, while, as a strain of sweet unearthly music floats upon the ear, he says, "It is her voice." The words are, however, quite inaudible to El-Râmi till repeated for him as usual through the recumbent earthly form, when she wearily and sadly says she is tired out with the quest for "Evil" on which he has sent her, and that "she can find no such place as hell in all the Universe of God."

Next day El-Râmi hears of the tragic death of his old friend Dr. Kremlin, while shut up in his lonely tower during a terrible storm, watching the star-rays on his disc, till the lightning struck the tower itself, and the gigantic disc fell with a crash, the ardent watcher being crushed beneath its weight. He is found by his faithful servant Karl, who comes to tell El-Râmi the sad news, attributing it to "the judgment of God" for dealing with what in his simplicity he believed to be "unlawful secrets." This clashes in a startling manner

with El-Râmi's word just before, when he said, "God Himself should not interfere with his proud resolve to do what he would with the soul of Lilith, which he claimed for his own," for the influence of her beauty was now growing rapidly upon him, and evoking those feelings of love which he had so long scorned as mere weakness.

When Karl left, El-Râmi again went up to the purple chamber. And the roses quivered on their stalks without any wind to stir them, and strange music ebbed and flowed in the room, followed by Lilith's own audible voice, saying, "I am here," and then she told him how one, poor and despised, but pure of soul, had just passed her, flame-like, heavenwards, uplifted not by wisdom but by love, which had kept an angel—his own twin soul—ever by his side; and El-Râmi knew that she spoke of Kremlin. Then Lilith cried in thrilling tones: "Oh! my beloved, love me, not my shadow—the body is the shadow—the soul is the substance"; and when he prayed her to show herself to him as she really was, she replied, "I will come, be ready for me, and pray for the blessing of Christ. . . . If He be with us all is well!" "What is *He* to me?" El Râmi muttered, and the answer rang out as with a chorus of silver clarions—"This World's Rescue and all Worlds' Glory!" Then he asked her: "When will you come to me?" and she told him "to wait, and watch, and pray, for a sign should be given."

Weeks passed, and he began to chafe with impatience, till he resolved to put an end to all delay by violent means, if necessary, and even to risk all consequences by *wakening* Lilith from her mysterious six years' trance, that he might transform the beautiful dreamer into a really living woman. So once more he imperiously called her, and said he was weary of waiting, raining kisses on the hands he held, though she strove to withdraw them from his. "You love my shadow and not myself," she said. "I am bidden to come to you as I am, but *how* will you receive me? . . . Your pride will not bend, so it must be broken and what refuses light must accept darkness." "What would you have me do?" he cried, and in thrilling tones she answered, "Pray, pray, and repent."

"I will not pray to an unproved God, nor repent of an unproved sin," he stubbornly said; and the sad reply came, "You *will* repent indeed, and pray as children pray, when first they learn Our Father. You are not ready, but your will forces me hither ere the time."

A deep wave of sound filled the room like the grand tones of an organ, and a chill fear assailed him as she said faintly and solemnly, "Turn away from this image of me to where the roses are. There will I stand and wait!" There was a wondrous light brightening behind them, and prismatic rays shone more and more dazzlingly till a shape began to form from out of the very light itself in unspeakable loveliness, and starry eyes gazed at him with an intense appeal, till he felt swooning away with the tension of his own gaze; but, as he suddenly glanced back at the couch, he saw to his anguish the form of Lilith withering and shrunken! Clapping her madly in his arms, he cried, "Come back—from all the fairies of Heaven or Earth—you shall come back. I love you!" As he spoke the passionate words, the form lying there seem to recover its beauty and vitality—but the wondrous winged brightness had fled—he had lost the immortal self, for the sight of which he had toiled long years—for the sake of the shadow and the casket. "Waken, my Lilith," he deliriously cried, "and in our joy we will defy all gods and angels!" And then the glorious eyes opened and shone upon him for a moment with the lustre of purity and peace, as the soul looked through its windows for the last time, while the deep solemn music rolled once more through the room unheeded by him as he gave her one long passionate kiss. But even as he did so her frame convulsively writhed away from him, and after an agonised struggle her arms dropped rigidly at her side and she fell back *lifeless* as he gazed. He snatched up the elixir in horror, injecting it into her veins, though now it gave back no vitality, as was his wont, but, instead, and horrible to witness, wherever it made its way the skin blistered and blackened, and it only hastened the awful dissolution. Then at last he realised the dire agony of his fate and the destruction his defiance had wrought, till, with a delirious cry he fell forward insensible on the couch where the loved body was rapidly crumbling into hideous disfigurement. . . .

The next morning Féraz was awakened by a voice sounding in his ears, "Awake, Féraz; to-day dreams end, and life begins." After he had consulted with Zaroba as to the strange absence of El-Râmi, she went upstairs to see if all were well, when a despairing shriek fell on Féraz's ears, and as he rushed to her, Zaroba gasped out, "Lilith is gone, and El-Râmi dead!"

He found his brother insensible, kneeling by the now vacant couch, where no trace of the lovely form remained but a ghastly outline of greyish dust. Shuddering and appalled, Féraz lifted El-Râmi from the ground, and tried to restore him to animation, though when the sad dark eyes at last opened, he did not know Féraz, and only gazed vacantly around him. Then Féraz sorrowfully realised that the proud, cold intellect had wholly given way through the shock, and was, perhaps, fled for ever! He led him gently from the room, murmuring soothing words, till El-Râmi said softly, and at broken intervals, "Lilith is not here. . . . I have to 'Watch and Pray'; but I shall know where to find her, for she told me, that 'Where the roses are, there she would stand and wait!'—and later, as he sat in his own study chair in the sunlight, he clasped his hands and murmured gently as a child—"Our Father, Which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name!" The simple, grand old words, seemed to soothe his fevered brain, for soon after, to his brother's relief, he sank into a quiet sleep. . . . Next day a telegraphic message came to Féraz from the Brotherhood—"We know all. Bring El-Râmi here!" and very thankfully he took his worn-out brother to that Cypriote abode of Peace and Holiness.

The following year, some old English friends, coming to Cyprus, asked leave to visit them, and the description is very touching of the broken-down old man—once so proud—with his silver hair, and gentle ways, and touching humility. When (Irene Vassilius) a beautiful woman of the party, who had known El-Râmi in all the pride of his intellect, asked his blessing, he answered meekly, "This is very strange, I have no power to do any one any good. I am a very poor and ignorant man, quite at God's mercy; a child is much wiser than I." Then he asked for news of Lilith (taking her for an angelic messenger), and "whether she understood that he was now patient, and repentant, and believing—loving her, as she desired, beyond all time and

space?" When Irene, deeply touched, said farewell to El-Râmi, she handed him a lovely white rose, with a pale blush tint at its centre—and he smiled as he took it—for he said, "It is a rose from Heaven—it is the soul of Lilith!"

In no such brief outline as this, of what is but the main thread of the story—can any justice be done to the many powerfully-conceived scenes and characters, which will well repay careful study, and bring home in most impressive allegory, how "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble," how love is the one thing needful to attain the highest, and how God shall be all and in all—the alone enduring.

E. E. ARNEY-WALKER.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES,  
AND REMARKS THEREON.

The foundation-stone of the Clarence Memorial Wing of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, was laid on Saturday, by the Prince of Wales. The new building will make adequate provision for the accommodation of the nurses, who hitherto in many cases have been compelled to lodge outside the hospital. But the main feature in the extension plans will be the establishment of maternity wards.

Lady Ashley last week opened a new building which has been erected in Macklin-street, on the site of some of the old rookeries associated with the evil fame of Drury-lane. About 100 beds will be provided at a cost of 6d. a night.

Lady Henry Somerset has just opened a lodging-house for working-men at the Blackwall Docks. The charge is only 3d. for admission to an open dormitory, and 4d. for a cubicle.

Another poor little "adopted" waif has succumbed to horrible suffering and starvation. The evidence was collected by the Society for the Protection of Children. It plainly showed that the jury were quite right in recommending, as they did, that a "system of registration," which would apply to all adopted children, should be made imperative. A more radical alteration of society's attitude towards the frail, "unwanted" lives of the nation is desirable. But a temporary improvement might be brought about by instituting some system such as that suggested.

Miss Marsden lectured last week, at the Polytechnic, upon her experiences during her travels, and her work amongst the Siberian lepers. Few women have undergone such hardships, and few preserve such steadfastness of purpose in the face of the vilest misrepresentation. Referring to her traducers, Miss Marsden fearlessly asserts, "Let them fling their bricks at me, but they will not turn me aside from my task. . . . *these lepers are mine.*"

The highest recorded speed now made by a railway engine has just been reported from the United States. On the Philadelphia and Reading Railway a regular express, without any special preparation, made a run of one mile in thirty-seven seconds; the next mile was covered in thirty-eight seconds, the third in thirty-nine, the fourth in forty, the fifth in forty-one. Allowing for possible exaggerations it is plain that we are approaching a time when speed rather than safety will be the interest of the hour.

The authorities are making strenuous efforts to prevent any attack of cholera in this country next year. At a Conference of Port Medical Officers of Health held on Saturday, Dr. Armstrong moved, and it was agreed, that it is desirable that medical inspection for the prevention of cholera should be kept up day and night without intermission. Individual householders should feel the necessity of aiding public precautions by private sanitary arrangements.

Sir Richard Owen died on Sunday at the age of eighty-eight years. As a scientist of wonderful energy and painstaking perseverance, Owen ranked second to few. Nor was it his fate to be unappreciated by contemporaries. He was an honorary member of every scientific society of importance in Europe. He received the Prussian Order of Merit, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, besides Sheen Lodge, Richmond, as a residence, and many other distinctions.

Five women have recently been ordained to the ministry of the American Congregational body.

A collection of women's inventions bearing on education will, if possible, be exhibited at the forthcoming World's Fair. The Sub-committee on Women's Education, of which Mrs. Fawcett is president, have already received or had promises of two inventions for teaching musical notation, one for teaching sewing, a skeleton celestial globe, and also a scientific instrument for dividing a line into any number of equal parts.

Last Sunday at Princes' Hall, Mr. Frederic Harrison addressed the London Ethical Society, on "Economic Morality." All kinds of industry, he said, "were social functions, and had these three important characteristics in common (1) They were all done for the general use of society; (2) They were all dependent upon some existing social machinery, and (3) they had all to be conducive to some future social end." Mr. Harrison has great sympathy with the workers, and has done much good work for them on the County Council, of which he is an alderman. He is the high priest of the London Positivists.

We are reluctant to bring discredit on the London County Council, which has been such a true friend to Labour in so many directions. Some answer is, however, called for, to the questions raised last Sunday by the Amalgamated Society of Tailors. This society, which is largely composed of women, met to protest against the Council employing, for the manufacture of its uniforms, contractors whose rate of pay has been in some instances 2d., and even so low as 1d. per hour to their women workers. It is to be hoped that these facts have only to be known, to be made impossible for the future. It will never do for the L.C.C. to show less anxiety for justice towards women than for men workers.

The December issue of the *Board of Trade Journal* contains Mr. Burnett's monthly Labour Memoranda. The percentage of unemployed amongst the skilled labourers has increased, we learn, from 7-33 to 8-27, but no facts are forthcoming for the unskilled workers. The Labour Bureau is a useful department as it stands, and no one could prove more alert to his duties than Mr. Burnett, but with so small a staff and such inadequate facilities as he has for obtaining reliable information, it is most distressing to friends of Labour anywhere. Some of the Labour members should bring this question to the front early next session.

Some of our very poor must look upon the jail as quite a desirable place of entertainment in comparison with their own homes. Besides the general arrangements with a view to preserving the health of prisoners, special educational advantages are offered. In Ireland, last year, out of 591 who were unable to read or write when they entered the jail, 403 were able to read before they left. It would be interesting to know the proportion of those who learnt to read, to the number of those who returned to prison after release.

The Sunday question was again to the front last week. A deputa-tion waited on Mr. Acland in favour of Sunday opening of Museums and Art Galleries. The objections of narrow-minded people cannot much longer stand in the way of so desirable a movement. Mr. Acland took away the ground from under the feet of the more reasonable objectors when he stated that at South Kensington, two-thirds of the police on duty during the week are employed on Sundays in the empty galleries.

An important Conference will be held in Birmingham early next month in connection with the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. Amongst other notices on the agenda is the following: "That we press the Eight Hours Bill upon the new Government with unabated vigour; that as in the past every means be used for petitioning Parliament, writing and seeing members, &c., until the bill becomes law. That this Federation objects to move Parliament on the Eight Hours question by resolution or any other means except by the bill."

Another important topic discussed at this annual meeting was the necessity for women to be appointed as factory inspectors. Men cannot help women in the perfect way the latter can help their own sex, and there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining so necessary a reform immediately. Women who have themselves spent their early years within the factory walls would bring a practical knowledge of the troubles of the women-workers' lives to bear on their investigations, and the result could not fail to be salutary.

The Lady Mayoress has given ten guineas towards the fund just started for the relief of the sufferers by the failure of the Liberator Building Society. Her ladyship's contribution was the first received. It is hoped that at least £10,000 will be raised. No less than £100,000 will be required if substantial relief is to be afforded.

Madame Ragozin is engaged on a work dealing with *Vedic India*. Her most astonishing characteristic, says a contemporary, is her command of languages. Although a native of Russia, she uses English like a mother tongue, and appears to have a similar knowledge of French, German, Italian, and Spanish. Besides these she is also acquainted with ancient Chinese. Of this remarkable author Miss Olive Schreiner wrote, after reading her book on Chaldea: "Is the writer a man or a woman? It is a real book; there is individuality and life in it. I should be glad to think it was the work of a woman."

## "THE QUALITY OF MERCY."

BY LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.

WOMEN are arousing themselves on all sides: they are demanding freedom. They are beginning to understand the one-sided conditions under which they live. I would appeal to them to carry with them to the coming world of freedom the quality of mercy.

For, though sorrowfully I assert it, women as a whole are not truly merciful, so long as they countenance by their acts and deeds, customs and fashions which bring pain and suffering to the animal world.

If we are to become powerful we must become merciful, by which I mean merciful to animals. We must discard the wearing of furs and feathers which bring untold suffering to countless millions of birds and beasts; we must sternly clamour against the hideous practice of vivisection under any form, and deny the right of man to stretch on the rack of torture, animals who are helpless and unable to protect themselves, merely on the plea that these scientific researches are for the benefit of humanity. I defy anyone to prove that a single question of importance has been decided by vivisection, but even if it had we have no right to accept relief which has been gained at the expense of animal torture. Women must have power, but only to do good. They must have it to try and uplift humanity from the cesspool of crime, misery, torture, and suffering into which the sole rule of man has plunged it; but if we are only to use power to ape man in his past failure and to carry on his mistakes, then better remain as we are at present than seek to swell the ranks of misgovernment and mismanagement, to continue the conditions of cruelty, selfishness, and immorality which have resulted from man's rule by himself. I appeal to women to teach their children to be merciful to our dumb animals; to imprint on their young minds the terrible responsibility which they incur when they maltreat the dumb creation. Children of either sex are not naturally cruel, and very little is needed to make them love the animal world. It is a wicked mistake to teach a child to fear a dog or even to hate a rat. Obnoxious animals have often to be destroyed, but when this becomes necessary it behoves us to do it in as painless and speedy a manner as possible, and we need not teach our children to hate any living portion of the animal world. It would be well if we taught them to indulge in healthy physical exercise, in deeds of skill and strength, rather than waste our energies and our time on any pastimes which cause suffering. If women would be powerful let them learn first to be merciful.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## WOMEN AND MUSIC.

(Continued.)

"Woman's attitude towards music generally is one of exasperating frivolity." A man's utterance! I would ask the gentleman how many of his own sex (outside the profession) regard music otherwise than as an amusement? "Get your hair cut," and laughs at his sister who tries to raise his taste to a higher level. On the strength of these accomplishments he calls himself more musical than women. The proper attitude for us to assume is that of quiet persistence in our studies, and let us say this to those selfish men who would deprive us of our educational rights: "The average society girl is not taught music, as an art, but merely as an amusement; and in the profession men always try to push us out."

Has not the most famous conductor in England declared his disbelief in our musical powers, and refused to ever admit a woman into his orchestra at all?

We have one most just cause of complaint. If a (male) teacher gets hold of a clever boy he takes the greatest possible interest in that pupil and pushes him on; a girl with the same amount of talent is given showy pieces and allowed to play them in any way; no trouble is taken with her—she is only a girl.

Now to the earnest musical student I must say, "Ignore those obstacles." Women shall take the matter into their own hands, since men refuse to help them. I imagine that I address a young lady who is serious in her intention of becoming a good musician.

First, choose a thoroughly competent master; one whose pupils have been successful. A middle-aged man is best, he has had experience, but is still "in the swim."

Second, decide exactly how much time should be devoted to your daily practise; never allow yourself to miss. Keep a practising record. Prepare your work well; devote much time to technique; but not so much that you are too tired to accomplish your lighter tasks. Try to make all you can out of your pieces, in the way of contrasts, different kinds of touch and good phrasing.

Third, at the lesson ask about all you do not understand; insist on learning all the master has to teach. Find out what good music really means, and never play what is bad; if you are given "Sparkling Cascades," etc., ask the master to change them; the great musicians have all written music as simple as it is good. Pay attention to all your teacher's remarks, however slight they seem, and always remember.

Fourth, study the books which men have written for themselves; counterpoint, fugue, harmony, instrumentation. Women can learn all these as well as men. The student who follows these rules must become a good musician if possessed of any ability. Above all, leave music alone if you do not care for it; do not inflict needless torture on your fellow-creatures by bad playing. If you do take it up study in the right way; and men will be forced to drop their present sneering attitude.

V. LINDERS.

## THE FOOL.

I HAVE somewhat of an attraction for the fool, that is, the modern-day fool. My friends say that I am one; perhaps so; into that I will not enter, except to remark that I would rather be a fool than a wise one as our generation understands wisdom. The fools of their own time are the philosophers of future generations; therefore, friends, when you and I are called fools because we do not bow to the powers that be, let us lay that flattering unction to our souls. Unfortunately, this class of fools is very uncommon, in fact, it is because they are so uncommon that they are called fools. It is strange how contemporary human nature respects the wisdom of numbers. It is always safest to follow the biggest crowd, and not only safest but most respectable. I hardly know whether it is safe because it is respectable, or respectable because it is safe; but that is only by the way.

There are various species of fools, and ordinary folk do not seem to distinguish between them. I say ordinary folk, because we social reformers are not ordinary folk, we are a freak of nature who are left out of count when our recognised philosophers sum matters up. I often think it would make an interesting study for a scientific fool to inquire into the differences in the fool tribe, note their characteristics, and classify them accordingly. I throw out this suggestion free, and in these days, when the struggle for fame is as keen, though perhaps not quite so crowded, as the struggle for money, perhaps my suggestion may be of some value to aspirants to honours. Now, friends, who will be the first "Foolologist?" Although it requires a scientific mind to draw the finer lines of foolishness, there is one class which is comparatively common, so common, indeed, that I think each of us must have met at least one specimen. The individuals who make up this class are the diminishing few who are not damned by the taint of commercialism. We all know them, we remember the foolish ones at school; they worked harder than their fellows, but with indifferent success. They never knew the sly dodges and artful moves whereby the modern child oft-times reaches the top of the class. They believed all we told them, and consequently were the butt of all our practical jokes. We said they were muffs, but voted them a good sort without. We were young and foolish then; we are older now and wiser. They are older, too, but very little wiser, we sadly think, as we hear of them being swindled by some cute knave. To them all the world is as innocent as they. They bite at any bait, fall into any trap, and are the milch cows of any rogue; and yet, with all their folly, methinks I like them well.

The foolish one may be a woman, who, throwing ambition and conventionalities to the winds, marries the poor, sighing clerk with brains, instead of the smiling moneyed merchant, who has eyes and ears for naught but "closing prices." She prefers to live in love with the man who can understand her, though it brings poverty. From the height of our wisdom we look down upon the follies of our friends; and yet methinks the world would be a sorry place were it not for the fools therein.

TOBY VECK.

## REVIEWS.

A handsome seasonable present, and one well suited for children, will be found in the Christmas number of the *Animal World*. It is beautifully bound in scarlet and gold, and contains poetry, tales, anecdotes, and information of the most entertaining description. Not only so, but such as is calculated to impart to our young people a sense that the animals are denizens of this planet as well as ourselves, and equally with ourselves have their own rights which none may infringe with impunity. The pictures of themselves are so true to life, so touching in their naturalness that without the word-painting, which is so good, they tell their own tale.

The *Animals' Christmas Greeting* for 1891 is full of pathos, full also of a great truth which as soon as possible our little ones should learn.

The tales are so well told and of such literary merit that it is not possible to distinguish between them, lest we might seem to disparage others, and none must suffer the least in that way; they are too good altogether for such a chance. Many a pleasant hour will be spent by the fortunate child who may be presented with such a Christmas gift as this. Of the pictures too much cannot be said; they seem to present fresh beauties each time they are examined. Those who desire to help to drive vivisection out of the land will do well to present their own and other children with a copy of this beautiful book—beautiful in every way. Its structural form, consisting of bright cover and pictured, tale-filled pages, is beautiful indeed; but it has another beauty—it has a soul of its own, which looks out of every picture and every telling letter—a soul which cries out against cruelty, that sin accursed, which holds up to our love, and following mercy, justice, and truth with a voice which will be heard not by children alone, but must also be heard and received by those of advanced years.

As colours exist in rays of light, so does the ideal in the soul, and life is the mighty prism which refracts it.—H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Native and original truth is not so easily wrought out of the mine, as we who have it delivered ready dug and fashioned into our hands are apt to imagine.—LOCKE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[Writers are themselves responsible for what their letters may contain.]

## MEDICAL WOMEN AND THEIR FEES.

DEAR MADAM,—In the September issue of the *Women's Gazette*, in a paragraph re "Women and the British Medical Association," there occurred this sentence: "It is, unfortunately, still difficult for a woman to obtain a good practice." This fact is of course regrettable, but I cannot help thinking that the cause lies not altogether with prejudice. May not the higher—in some cases much higher—fees charged by medical women than by their fully-qualified brothers of the same profession explain the difficulty?

I feel sure that most thinking and really nice women would rather consult a doctor of their own sex if they could afford it. Perhaps I may be allowed to quote a fact in verification of this statement. A poor lady, with much to do with very small means, found it necessary to seek medical aid. She felt she would like to consult one of Dr. Garrett Anderson's skilled hands, and for this purpose made inquiry at the Women's Hospital, Euston-road, for a medical lady, whose charges were not high. Her request was courteously listened to, and she was given an address, that of one of the hospital doctors, and told that if she attended at the residence of this lady on a given evening at a given hour she would be seen for the "greatly reduced" fee of 5s. Like the young man in Scripture, my friend went away sorrowful—to her medical man, who, with undoubted skill at his command, and a long and varied experience, gave her the help she needed for just half of 5s., and this not as a favour, but as his established fee for certain hours of every day.

I know it can with truth be urged that 5s. is not a large sum to pay for often invaluable advice and treatment, but when many visits are necessary, as in the case cited above, the amount grows so large as to be quite beyond the means of many women who have to work to support themselves, and possibly others, and who are paid as a rule about half what they are worth, simply because they are women. In the coming time of better conditions of life we hope this injustice will be swept away. In the meantime, if medical ladies could see their way to help their poorer sisters by giving them needful advice, &c., at moderate cost, they would, I venture to think, in "blessing others, themselves be blest." There are, doubtless, many women who suffer unnecessary pain for years rather than consult a medical man, and, as it is a commonly accepted fact that medical ladies are expensive, they will continue to bear their ills unaided unless these come to their help.

Kindly allow me, madam, to express an earnest hope that your paper is increasing its circulation. My newsgate promises to do his best to introduce it to the public after he has ceased to be troubled by "Christmas numbers." If every subscriber would do her "best" to make SHAFTS known there would speedily be a cheery account of the circulation of the paper. I shall be so glad to see the subsidiary title added.

I am, dear madam,

Faithfully yours,

OBITER DICTUM.

## A REPLY TO THE "CRITICISM."

DEAR MADAM,—Permit me to say a word or two in reply to your correspondent, "T. G. Crippen," with regard to "Religious Mis-education." I am afraid there is a good deal in the Bible which reflects the low condition of the human race and the evil imaginings thereof, and merely shows it to be incapable of any true ideal of religion or morals. As to the principles inculcated, some of them are worse than the evils they are intended to reform. The New Testament Gospels are far beyond anything in the Old, and, in fact, beyond anything we have yet reached, for the Christianity of Christ has been neither preached nor lived out. But the arguments of your correspondent with regard to the expediency of the puerile exhortations about women are Jesuitical, and when she or he refuses to admit that "Paul" or his copyists (it does not matter which as regards the practical results of the teachings) are nowhere antagonistic to the "fullest social equality," he forgets that this cannot exist without moral equality also. I am afraid that not only have these ideas, embodied as a part of religion, reflected the ignorance of the time, but have maintained and strengthened it.

Now, apologies, explanations, interpretations notwithstanding—and most of these are by no means new to me—I consider that the passages in question were wholly unnecessary, and that they have accomplished and are now accomplishing so much harm that a square fight against them, and no compromise is a necessity for the liberty of woman. All kinds of apologies might in like manner have been made for the Jewish laws and rituals, but the Nazarene struck the true note in Solomon's porch, in his final addresses to the people. He taught freedom and a religion of the Soul with sweeping energy and power, and it is to be regretted that truth and morals were subsequently sacrificed to the interests of expediency—anything but an "excellent way," as we find to our cost. We expect something higher than this in true religion.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

THE WRITER OF "MIS-EDUCATION," &amp;c.

DEAR MADAM,—I, too, should like to record my conviction that the greatest amount of human progress and human happiness can only be reached through the complete co-operation of women and men—co-operation of body, mind, and soul. It is greatly to be feared that any attitude which tends to make competition or enmity the undertone in the communications of women and men will deform progress rather than enhance it.

In looking at the women who sit still, crying: "Give us our rights," "Remove our disabilities," one is painfully reminded of the white chalk line drawn round, mesmerised subjects, and across which they cannot step.

Personally, I have found the real barriers to greater liberty lay in my preconceived ideal, and in the hostile attitude of my own sex. In trying during two years to aid a number of middle-class girls to free their thoughts, widen their conception of life, and find new spheres of interest, I was wholly baffled by the indolence, apathy, indifference, and frivolity of my fellow-students. To-day, I owe the enlargement of mind and of interest I have attained to my own efforts, and to the group of men whom I am proud to claim as comrades. They lent me books, directed my studies, encouraged me to try and follow out my ideals, when almost all the women I knew sneered at, slandered, and disapproved of me. We, the human race, are hindered as much by the selfish apathy of women as by the selfish tyranny of men in the effort to progress.

Yours faithfully,

G. H. JOHNSTON.

## SACRIFICE OR DEVELOPMENT.

(A LETTER TO YOUNG WOMEN.)

DEAR YOUNG WOMEN,—Having been for many years a worker, in a humble way, in the cause of women, and having lived to see the beginning of a great change take place in women's position, it is much in my heart to say a few words to those who will benefit by that change.

The efforts of others in the past have made it comparatively easy for many of you to-day to have all the liberty you desire, and these efforts have also secured opportunities for the development of your powers which no generation has ever before possessed. Let me entreat you to make a worthy use of that liberty and these opportunities. With deep regret I have seen, in some cases, a readiness to sacrifice others to your own aims which is not what those who have worked in the past had hoped. What we have aimed at has been to make the lives of women something more than they have ever been: it was a higher and grander womanhood than has yet been known for which we have endeavoured to prepare the way, and in the vision of this future womanhood which has been before our mental eyes there was nothing hard or self-seeking. Perhaps we have expected too much sacrifice, too much devotion, more than it is in many natures to give. But if you achieve any success through disregard of the claims of others you are retarding the Cause of Women, and giving our enemies a handle against us which they will not fail to use. It is not through trampling on the claims of others that you will reach your highest possibilities. A one-sided cultivation is just what we have spent our lives in protesting against. The highest powers both of the intellectual and emotional sides of the nature must be cultivated before the greatest possibilities of a human being can be reached. While taking every advantage of your opportunities, try, at the same time, to think of the needs of others, and to cultivate to the utmost your sympathies. These can never be too wide and deep. . . . "Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away, but love never faileth," and if you have this power of love in your hearts you will never be in doubt or difficulty, whatever may be your desires and ambitions; but you will always know what are the times for sacrifice and what for the working towards the development of your own powers. Sacrifice may be a joy, and through it you may learn more and see farther than you could do in any other way.

Never forget that it rests with you, and those who come after you, to make that higher and nobler womanhood towards which others in the past have striven a living reality.

I am, &amp;c.,

AN OLD WORKER.

LADY EGERTON of Tatton's death means the loss of a public-spirited woman. She was the president of the Girls' Friendly Society, in which she took a keen interest.

MRS. CLOUGH is about to write a life of her sister-in-law, Miss Clough, the principal of Newnham College. It will presumably contain a full and reliable account of the efforts which have culminated in Queen's College Cambridge.

THE Women's Trades Unions League held its annual meeting a few days ago. Miss Marsland reported her success in starting three new unions amongst women employed in the Potteries. The meeting was in every respect interesting, but its chief importance, perhaps, was the emphasis laid by the chairman upon the fact that the most successful unions were those in which men and women worked together. The Cigar-makers' Union is an encouraging instance in point. In this flourishing union women and men who perform exactly similar work claim, and receive, exactly similar pay.

## OFFICIAL REGULATIONS.

All copy sent to this Office must be clearly and legibly written on one side of the paper only, and must arrive at the Office on Monday morning, or by twelve mid-day, at the latest, if intended for insertion in the current issue. Persons desirous of remuneration for MSS. must make previous arrangement in writing to that effect. Such arrangement cannot be made after the article is in print. In the writing of all articles, tales, letters, &c., the use of the masculine noun and pronoun, in expressing general thoughts or facts, must be avoided as much as possible in the present jumbled state of things. Persons may use nouns and pronouns of either sex alternately if they choose, or they can use the plural, which signifies either, but pronouns and nouns of sex must refer to the sex alone, not to the race, which is of both sexes.



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# SHAFTS Christmas Supplement.

DECEMBER 24th, 1892.

With the Compliments and Christmas Greetings of the Staff.

## "WHY HAS PUSSIES TAILS?"

"Muvver!"

"Hush-sh! you mustn't speak to mammy, she's wighten'; go an' play wif your dolly till she's finisshed," chimed in Charlie, looking up at his little sister, and toppling over his castle of cards by a hasty movement of one dimpled knee.

Mrs. Cathcart's pen scratched persistently, competing with the hands of the clock on the mantelshelf; the waning daylight had made writing almost impossible before she was ready to fasten her pages of copy together.

Having directed and fastened the wrapper, muvver leant back in her chair, wearily pushing her soft hair up off her forehead and closing her eyes.

Presently she felt a pair of large wide open blue eyes fixed on her in eager patience.

"Muvver! is oo finisshed oo's wighten? Will oo come an' play?"

Picking up her small dishevelled questioner, Muvver went over to the fireplace. As she stooped to poke the fire into a brighter blaze, a warning from her little son reached her.

"Mammy! mammy! you is knockin' down all my cards!"

"Mammy will help you to build them up again, Charlie, my darling," and seating herself Mrs. Cathcart bent to press her lips on her little five-year-old son's fair curls.

"Muvver, muvver, oo is 'queezia' baby!" murmured the owner of the blue eyes, waving a pair of fat legs pathetically.

"Run along and ring for Maggie to post muvver's letters," said muvver, planting the short legs on the carpet, and stooping to help in the castle-building.

"Maggie, will you put my letters in the post before fire o'clock, please. And you might have the kettle boiling about six o'clock, perhaps the master will be home early to-night."

"Now, babies, come away and play with mother, she's not going to write any more just now. What did you want to say to mother, Babs?"

"Muvver!" the red lips parted slowly. "Muvver! why has pussies got tails? Little girls hasn't got any tails; an' they is more nicer than pussies."

"Pussies hasn't got tails, Baby, you stupid! They has got handles, you lift them up like this." Charlie's demonstration was brought to a premature conclusion by the insertion of a good many of pussy's claws in his small leg, as she recorded her objection to the "handle theory!"

"Pussies has got tails, muvver; why has pussies got tails! Charlie says people sitted on chairs till their tails got rubbed off. If pussies sitted on chairs would their tails come off, muvver?"

"Baby, you is a silly! Mammy! if peoples shakes hands when zey is friends, and doggies wags zeur handles when zey is pleased, why does pussies wag zeur handles when zey is cross?" burst in Charlie.

"Oh, children, children, what a lot of questions," smiled mother, with a half-sigh, as she thought of the endless procession of whys which march past humanity. "My darlings, mother doesn't know; and some pussies have no tails; wild doggies don't wag their handles, Charlie; and some people rub noses, or salaam, this way, instead of shaking hands; but mother doesn't know why."

"Does papa know? Will papa come home soon, mammy?"

Mother's voice had a little choke in it as she answered: "Mother hopes papa will come home soon, Charlie, then we will ask him all the whys."

The children's quick ears caught the smothered sob. Papa's ship had sailed for the North Seas nine long months ago, and for more than six months no letter had reached his wife. For three months she had worked hard for money to buy the many things her darlings needed, and the keen struggle for life had brought her face to face with many an unanswered why.

"Muvver, dear, where is oo hurted? Baby will kiss it well again."

"Mammy, me didn't mean to be naughty; me will tell you a lovally story. Don't ky, please, mamma, Challie is velly solly."

Drawing the children closer to her, mother whispered: "Tell mother a story, Charlie," and, pressing baby's rosy face and tangled hair to her breast, tried to drive back once more the fear which lay like a dense cloud before her.

"Muvver, Baby tell tolly too."

"Charlie first, Baby mine."

"Me is finkin'," said Charlie, pushing his hands into his pockets, and drawing a long breath; "finkin hard."

"Once upon time zee world was quite young; zee mountains hadn't grow'd, an' zee tars was little sings smaller'n seeds. An' men was growin' on trees, like roses; zey couldn't speak, only waggle their hands, like branches; and one man saw a booful lady, an' he wagglid his hand, an' zee wind blow'd her han'

against it an' zey took hol' and wagglid in zee win', and zee man pulled hard an' zen zee lady comed off the tree, an' walked an' talked, so peoples shakes hans when zey is glad to see ozer peoples; but doggies has to waggle zer tails, fear zey'd tumble over. Zats all."

Ra-ta-ta-t.

"There's Maggie, chicks. Who will let her in?"

"Me," and "Me."

"No, Baby, you is too little, Charlie will."

"Muvver's hans is cold, Baby will warm zem"

"Charlie, ask Maggie to bring in your bread and milk, and say mother does not want her tea yet."

The clock on the mantelshelf was striking seven with an air of conscious well-doing, when mother, having said good-night to the sleepy babies, in their warm, white nests, came slowly into the little sitting-room, lighted by the flickering fire-light.

Sitting in her low chair, Dora Cathcart gazed dreamily into the red glowing coals, "finkin' hard." Three years to-day had little Dora been in her care: called her mother. Three years ago to-day Dora's real own mother had gone away into the great unknown—darkness or light.

And a puzzled "Why?" escaped from Mrs. Cathcart as she thought of Ada Manning's pretty smiling face one sunny February morning, as with her hand on the coat sleeve of her husband she waved good-bye from the deck of a P. and O. steamer at Southampton.

Dora had never seen her sister again, until that evening in December, three years ago, when on opening the street door, in a storm of drenching rain, Dora was met by a young woman, who, heedless of the water which dripped on her loosened hair and thin shoulders, was trying to shelter an infant under her damp shawl.

Sinking on the warm tiles before the kitchen fire, the woman held up her baby feebly. "Take her, Dora, and never tell her she had another mother."

Then, before her sister could answer, Ada Manning slipped out of the known into—Where? Three years ago, but the Cathcart's had never sought to penetrate into the history of those eleven months; three years in which little Dora had learnt to lip out "Muvver," and had already begun with tiny, warm, soft dimpled hands and great wide open blue eyes to try and unravel the vast mystery, the everlasting why? And to-day Dora Cathcart was seemingly alone in the great surging crowd of humanity—alone with two little ones to love and provide for.

At that thought Mrs. Cathcart sprang to her feet, and ringing the bell for her lamp and tea-tray began to put away the fallen cards so as to make space for her writing-table near the light.

As she bent to stir the fire into flame, a long, rapid knock startled her; pressing her hand on her breast, she stood flushed and breathless, listening.

How long Maggie took to come into the hall! "Three seconds" snapped the round-faced clock. Surely the door must be barred and bolted? No, Maggie is shutting it, and whispering to someone in the hall. Her brother? No, her brother always comes to the side door.

"Two seconds," and with the lamp in her hand, Maggie jerked into the room.

"A gentleman to see you, ma'am, and tea will be ready in a few minutes."

Dora turned white to her lips. It must be Mr. Russell coming to correct the proof-sheets of her new story; why didn't he come and shake hands? She half turned, leaning on the arm of her chair, and looked up at the man who stood just inside the door in the shadow, looked again, and ran to him.

"Charlie! oh, Charlie! why did you never write? Why?" the end of the sentence got lost somewhere between the big man's coat and his beard, as he "queezed muvver tight."

When Maggie came in with tea-tray heavy with all the comestibles she could "lay hands on" muvver was sitting on, Charlie's stool, leaning her head against her husband's knees, her two hands clasped tight in his right hand, while the left "towzey'd" mammy's hair.

The little round clock was striking nine merrily as mother made crumbs of her slice of toast, her eyes resting contentedly on papa's brown face, when a patter of hurrying footsteps sounded in the hall, and two little golden-haired babies, with sleepy eyes and flushed faces, tumbled into the room, their bare pink toes curling up from the "tickly" carpet.

"Pa-pa, papa, you is home!"

"Papa, kiss Baby; Baby's not naughty."

Then two small people climbed on papa's knees, muvver holdin' their feet to make them warm; and four human hearts forgot for a happy while the mystery question which has never been answered—forgot until a sleepy baby murmured through rosy lips, "Papa, why has Pussies tails?"

GEORGE AUDLEY.

## THE LADY AND THE LAW.\*

"I CAN scarcely believe that if the House of Commons was as much aware as every lawyer is aware of the state of the law of England as regards women, even still, after the very recent humane improvements in it, it would hesitate to say it was more worthy of a barbarian than of a civilised State. If that be so, I do not think the wisdom of Parliament will be darkened, nor the justice of Parliament slackened, because those who appeal to that wisdom are entitled to be heard by reason of the possession of something like political power, when they ask for justice. I believe fully that, after a certain number of years, the law, which I regard in many respects as wholly indefensible, will be altered. As it is, I believe the sense of justice on the part of men, if they are once aroused to it, and convinced of the injustice, will in time bring about the reform needed; but I believe this reform will not be brought about so fast as it would be if we put into the hands of those who suffer from this injustice some share of political power. Therefore, sir, while I admit that I do not question the justice of Parliament, or the right intentions of honourable members, I submit that the constitutional means of remedying injustice is by influencing Members of Parliament in a constitutional way."

This is the opinion of the Lord Chief Justice of England, delivered by him in the House of Commons, and emphasised further by his sending the extract quoted to the secretary of the Central National Society for Women's Suffrage, with a letter empowering the society to make what use they wish of it.

It may be useful to bring before the public eye a few of the crying points of injustice in that law of England which Lord Coleridge characterises as "more worthy of a barbarian than a civilised State"; although it would, of course, be impossible to give an exhaustive account of the many ways in which exclusively male legislation presses hardly upon women in the limits of such an article as this, yet enough may be brought forward to show the weight of Lord Coleridge's plea that women should be enabled to give force to their demands for speedy redress by the possession of the Parliamentary vote.

Let us begin with what men are never tired of defining as the one paramount function and duty of women—motherhood—and see how a mother's interests, wishes, and what one would suppose to be inalienable rights, are protected by laws in the making of which they have no voice.

Much was done for the mother by the Custody of Infants Act of 1886, but in passing through the Houses of Parliament the Bill was mutilated and rendered imperfect. It by no means establishes equality between the parents. Indeed, the then Lord Chancellor (Lord Selborne) very justly pointed out on the second reading that "the small amount of consideration now given by law to the mother with regard to her children was in principle wrong, as she had natural rights in her children not less than those of the father."

Those natural rights, however, received their first legal recognition when this Bill became law in 1886, when by clause 5 the court is directed to have regard to the welfare of the infant, and to the conduct of the parents, and to the wishes as well of the mother as of the father.

The "wishes" of the mother had been hitherto held of so little legal weight that a father was able to refuse a young girl, whom he had not himself seen for more than a year, and at the most critical period of her early womanhood, the solace of a few weeks' intercourse with a blameless and beloved mother. Three judges censured his conduct, but were obliged to find him within his right: "By nature and nurture married mothers in these three kingdoms were, during the lifetime of their husbands, held by law to have nothing whatever to do with their own children, to whom the father could deny them access at his pleasure, being allowed in Scotland to take an infant from its mother's breast, provided a wet-nurse was secured for its wants."

As the Bill stands, the father can appoint a guardian or guardians to act after his death jointly with the mother, however faultless she may be; whereas the mother can only provisionally appoint such a guardian or guardians to act jointly with the father after her death; and the court, after her death, will only confirm such an appointment in case it is clearly shown that the father is, for any cause whatever, unfit to be the sole guardian of his child.

How small is the mother's power with this proviso may be demonstrated by pointing out that the adulterous life of the father does not disqualify him from claiming the custody of the children during the wife's lifetime, provided he does not bring them in contact with his mistress; the Lord Chancellor in the debate on the third reading of the Bill said:

\* The author submitted this paper to the Lord Chief Justice, who kindly expressed his agreement with the reforms suggested in the following terms:—

1, Sussex square, Hyde Park, W., February 29th, 1892.

DEAR MADAM—I have read your paper through carefully and with much interest, and it appears to me to state clearly and ably the various points on which a change in the present state of the law in respect of women is chiefly to be desired.

I am, dear Madam, your very faithful servant,

COLERIDGE.

"There might be circumstances not of the gross character to which reference had been made, and not involving moral unfitness on the part of the father, which might make it highly desirable and almost necessary for the welfare of the infant that a guardian should be associated with him. Suppose there was a father not a profligate or drunkard, but impecunious, hiding here and there to avoid his creditors and unable out of his own means to provide for his children. In the present state of the law with regard to the property of married women the case was much more likely to occur than before. The mother might have to provide out of her own means for the maintenance of the children, and at her death might dispose of those means for that purpose, and desire to appoint a guardian to act with the father. He was not at all sure that the court would say that such a case came under the meaning of 'unfit.' Moreover, the Bill was held to leave untouched the 'well-settled principle, that the children should be brought up in the religion of their father.'"

Yet the father who is invested with such enormous powers is allowed, if he pleases, to will every farthing that he possesses away from his children, and to leave them helpless and destitute for the community to maintain. We have it on the authority of Chief Justice Cockburn, as an established fact, "that, except under the Poor Laws, there is no legal obligation on the part of the father to maintain his child, unless, indeed, the neglect to do so should bring the case under the criminal laws." Even under the Poor Laws the liability ceases when the child reaches the age of sixteen.

Let us now take the case of the unmarried mother. Whether married or unmarried, a mother is bound to maintain her children. If no contract of marriage has been signed, the mother has discretionary power, within twelve months of the child's birth, to institute proceedings against the father on her own behalf in a court of summary jurisdiction; and if her evidence is corroborated by further testimony "in some material particular"—often cases are dismissed on the ground that there are no witnesses to the act!—she can recover from him a sum varying from sixpence to five shillings a week during the time that she is herself liable in law for the maintenance of her child; not a penny more, however rich the father may be; and this is for herself—he has no legal obligations whatever to the child. If the mother dies, his liability ceases. Nor is the case altered if he voluntarily admits the paternity, and brings up the child; he can repudiate it when he chooses. The magnitude of this freedom from responsibility, and the recklessness it induces in men, may be gauged by the fact that some 50,000 illegitimate children are born annually in the United Kingdom. The death-rate amongst illegitimate children is far above that of those born in wedlock. Newsholme in his *Vital Statistics* gives the following figures, which afford some idea of the extent of the difference: "In the years 1871-75, the mean mortality of infants in twelve urban districts was—for legitimate children, 192 per 1,000 legitimate births; for illegitimate children, 380 per 1,000 illegitimate births. In Glasgow, during 1873-75, the annual deaths of legitimate infants to every 1,000 legitimate births were 152; of illegitimate infants to every 1,000 illegitimate births, 286."

The mothers on whom this sole responsibility is cast may be but a day over sixteen years of age—the law does not protect them beyond it; though they would be held minors in regard to any property belonging to them until they are twenty-one, they are able to "consent" to their own degradation, and the parents and guardians of a girl over sixteen have no remedy against her seducer.

We will now glance at the legal hardships of the wife. It is to be hoped that the decision in the Clitheroe case (1891) has purged from the law of England, once and for all, the reproach of upholding a slavery as absolute as any that ever was inflicted on the negro race by giving the husband right of property in the person of his wife—a property so absolute that, a few years before that decision, a husband who had subjected his wife to force, and by so doing communicated a loathsome disease to her, was accounted by the judges as acting within his rights. Yet, although in 1891 it was decided that a husband had no right to use violence of any kind on his wife's person, nor to imprison her, and that such rights had never existed, the popular view is, undoubtedly, that both chastisement and imprisonment are the natural prerogative of the husband; and the sentences given for violent assaults by husbands on their wives at police and sessional courts are evidently guided by such a theory of the marriage relationship. Cases might be quoted by scores in which the killing of wives is brought in as manslaughter, and punished by a few years' (or even months') imprisonment.

The Matrimonial Causes Act of 1878 made it possible for a wife, whose husband has been convicted of an aggravated assault upon her, to obtain at Petty Sessions an order which has the full effect of a judicial separation; but she can only secure under it the custody of her children under ten years of age. A separation order is usually accompanied by an order for maintenance of the children, whose custody the wife still retains. The Maintenance in Case of Desertion Act of 1885 allows a deserted wife to summon her husband for alimony, and authorises magistrates to appoint a sum (in no case to exceed 40s.) to be paid weekly by a man for

the support of his family. This is the extent of the liability of the husband and father for the maintenance of his wife and family, though his income may be thousands annually—just sufficient to keep them off the parish, and no more; for the Act directs the court, in adjusting the amount to be paid by the husband, to make allowance for the wife's earnings.

Such is the legal value of the promise made by the husband at the altar: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Moreover, a wife who has property is equally bound to maintain her husband. The Married Women's Property Act of 1882 has, however, made it no longer possible for the bridegroom to say to his bride on returning from church: "What's mine is my own; what is yours is mine." Yet, much as that Act did for women—being the deathblow to the old status of *coverture*, by which the individuality of the wife was entirely merged in that of the husband, and she became his "chattel"—it has limitations which need correction. The law needs reform as to the contracting power of married women, for as it at present stands many people are afraid to do business with a married woman. The clause which provides that no criminal proceedings shall be taken by any wife against her husband while they are living together concerning any property claimed by her, nor while they are living apart as or concerning any act done by the husband while they were living together, is often a great hardship. It results that if a drunken husband sells furniture bought by or belonging to the wife, she can only proceed against the agents who carried it away.

The greatest wrong of all which the law inflicts upon wives is the maintenance of the Divorce Act of 1857 (to Scotland's honour, he it said, not sanctioned over the Border), which enables a man to obtain divorce by proving simple adultery, but refuses the like relief to the wife of an adulterous husband, unless she can prove in addition that her husband treated her with *legal* cruelty, or has deserted her for a term of two years, virtually condoning adultery as permissible to men; and which further insults and degrades the wife by treating her as the property of the husband, whom it enables to claim money compensation for the loss of his goods from the co-respondent.

In 1887 Mr. Justice Butt pronounced a decree of judicial separation in a case which, after a married life of eleven days, the husband left his wife, coolly informing her that he intended to return to a woman with whom he had lived previously. This case illustrates clearly the cruelty of the law. Here is an innocent woman tied for life to a man who had broken his vows in the most insulting manner, she being left in the anomalous position of being neither maid, wife nor widow. If she had waited two years in the hope of establishing desertion, she would all that time have been at the mercy of the husband, who could, if it pleased him, have claimed conjugal rights.

Again, the cruelty which must be added to adultery to entitle a wife to a divorce must show "danger to life and limb." Considerable brutality and refined mental torture will yet escape this definition.

Another instance in which the law presses hardly on women is in the distribution of intestate estates. The ramifications of the injustice are too numerous to mention in detail, but a few of the most glaring will show their nature.

In the case of personal property: if the intestate die leaving *wife only*, no blood relations—half to wife, half to Crown; *wife, no near relations*—half to wife, rest to next of kin in equal degree to intestate, or their legal representatives; *wife and children*—one-third to wife, the rest to children and issue of dead children; *wife and father*—half to wife, half to father.

If, however, it is the wife who dies, leaving *husband and children*—all to husband. The Crown claims no share in this instance; it is the widow only that it mulets. Neither have the wife's next of kin, her father or mother, or sisters or brothers, any claim—nor even the children she has risked death to bring into the world; while the widower into whose hands it falls has the right to will every penny of it away from them if he chooses.

In the case of real property, if intestate die leaving *wife only*, no blood relations—one-third to wife for life, rest to Crown, copyholds to the lord of the manor; *husband and children*—husband for life, afterwards to eldest son or only child; *mother, brothers and sisters*—all to eldest brother; *brother and wife*—one-third to wife for life, rest to brother; *father's father and mother's mother*—all to father's father.

These contrasts will show the spirit of the law.

The root of all these evils may be confidently asserted to be the civil disabilities of women, which have grown up by custom, but have only been legally enforced for a few years.

Dr. Pankhurst, addressing the Women's Franchise League in December, 1891, said: "It was not till 1868 that there had ever been in this

\* An important alteration in favour of the widow came into operation in September, 1890, whereby the real and personal estate of an intestate leaving a widow, but no issue, passes absolutely to the widow as far as the first £500 in value is concerned. If under £500 she takes the whole; if above, she takes £500 in addition to what she was entitled to under the law previously in force.

country any declaration, either by Parliament or the Law Courts, that women could not sit in Parliament. A decision in the Court of Common Pleas in that year held that women were not entitled to sit in Parliament—firstly, on the disability of sex; and secondly, on the disability of being married."

The civil position of women by the law of this country is on a par with criminals, paupers and lunatics; and that men do not regard their interests as their own is very abundantly shown by the samples of our laws given above.

Some 656,000 women are engaged in our textile trades alone; but a single line in a Factory Act could snatch the bread from thousands of working women at a stroke. Men are continually interfering with the labour of women, making arbitrary regulations often entailing great hardships, and putting female labour at a disadvantage against male labour, which is free from like restrictions. It may be advantageous for the community that women should be prevented by law from engaging in unfit labour, such as working in mines; but if they are turned out of heavy trades, compensatory measures should be passed forbidding men to engage in light trades, for which women are better suited, otherwise it is simply taking the bread out of women's mouths and forcing them on the streets.

The small range of occupations open to them makes the competition so fierce that they must, perforce, work fifteen or sixteen hours a day. Barmaids, for instance, of whom there are 80,000 in England and Wales average an attendance of 100 hours a week for wages of about 10s. a week; and this when men are agitating for an eight hours day!

If women had their due share in choosing the Parliamentary representatives there would be a much greater probability of their interests being considered; flagrantly unjust measures—such as those for the State regulation of vice, which but lately disgraced our statutes, are still in force in certain of our colonies, and may at any time be re-enforced by a male Legislature chosen by an exclusively male electorate—would be impossible.

Again, legislation for those who cannot give force to their own wishes is often quite mistaken and disastrous in its consequences to them, when meant most kindly; while matters that much need regulation are neglected.

As an instance of such neglect we may take the non-registration of mid-wives. Physicians, surgeons, and chemists have long been compelled to prove their competency by holding diplomas. In 1878 Parliament enacted in the interest of the public that no one should practise or assume the title of *dentist* without holding a diploma which guaranteed his efficiency. In 1883 the same action was taken with regard to veterinary surgeons. No protection is accorded to English mothers, who are without any assured means of ascertaining that the mid-wives they employ are in any way qualified for the responsible duties they undertake. It is estimated that seven births out of ten are attended by mid-wives only.

The disqualification of women for civil posts and offices of public utility—such, for instance, as County Councillors—is immeasurably hurtful to the community, which, in matters affecting public health and morality, is thus deprived of the help of those best able to advise them.

The denial of the privileges of citizenship could only be justified by exemption from its burdens, but the tax-gatherer calls as regularly on the unrepresented female householder as on the represented male. In a country where there is no conscription it cannot be said that women are privileged by not being called upon to serve in the army and navy. If even they were exempted by sex from a service compulsory on men, the function of motherhood might well be claimed as a balance; if the soldier and sailor risk their lives to defend the nation, the mother risks hers to give it existence.

The greatest of all wrongs inflicted on women by the law of England is the denial of the Parliamentary vote; this rectified, all other hardships would right themselves by the simple action of their enfranchisement.

MATILDA M. BLAKE.

What though thy name by no sad lips be spoken,  
And no fane heart shall keep thy memory green?  
Thou yet shall leave thine own enduring token,  
For earth is not as though thou ne'er hadst been.

Yes, thou shalt die; but these almighty forces  
That meet to form thee, live for evermore;  
They hold the suns in their eternal courses,  
And shape the tiny sand-grains on the shore.

Be calmly glad, thine own true kindred seeing  
In fire and storm, in flowers with dew impeared;  
Rejoice in thine imperishable being,  
One with the essence of the boundless world.

—CONSTANCE NADEN.

OUR CHRISTMAS LIFE.

DEEPER, ever deeper, below the foam-crested waves, Eneone is sinking. Round and about her, darkly green, the waters surge; she struggles to regain the surface, tries to shriek for aid—all is in vain.

An unseen hand, an awful power, seems dragging her down, she knows not where, to the fate, whatever it may be, that awaits her.

She had given herself over to despair, when on her soul there break faint murmurings of music, born of the many rushing waters, and a mellow flickering light, soft, liquid as moonlight, plays about her.

Brighter it grows, more vivid, and now a pantomimic scene is breaking through the wavy atmosphere, a world unique, where the air is vapour, the earth sand and shells, and the trees tall, graceful seaweeds.

How bewitching are the aerial movements of the nymphs, as they flit along in a fantastic water-dance. Eneone longs to join them. Why, even the crabs and lobsters are affected by it, and make frantic efforts to imitate such joyous motions, and though they only succeed in looking grotesque, what matters? They at least enjoy the effort of aspiring.

"A Queen, a Queen!" and the nymphs in all their soft transparent loveliness surround Eneone, uplift her, and bear her she knows not whither.

They bring her to a throne of dazzling splendour, where all the wealth of the ocean seems stranded; such shells, rainbow-tinted; such corals, red, pink, and white; marble that seems as though it would melt at a touch; and, in the midst of it all a huge sponge, which would appear to have sprung up there and then for her especially to recline upon.

At first Eneone gazes about her in dazzled bewilderment, but gradually there creeps over her a feeling of delight thus to be adored by all. She is the central figure, round and about her they dance, they sing, they charm her to blissful rest with soft, tuneful melodies, and yet the thankless child of Mother Earth sighs, "This is too good to last, it seems like a dream."

But look at that huge wave, coming swiftly onwards; what does it bear along that drives the colour from Eneone's cheek, and, regardless of throne, of nymphs, of all, she dashes swiftly, arms outstretched, to meet it. "Perceus, my own," she murmurs, "you have come back again. You love me still." And the throne apparently has melted away, Fame seems to have vanished, the nymphs have departed, for she beholds nought but one strong, manly form.

Yet, strangely enough, the nymphs are all there as before, the throne too, though a little mischievous sprite has perched himself on it, and impudently deals out his arrows, which seem to stun all on whom they fall, and cause them to live for the time being in a world apart from the rest.

There's a twinkle of merriment in his eyes, a youthful gleaminess, as he watches that strange pair of lovers.

A great gaping oyster-shell is to be their home, and there the amorous pair shut themselves in to dream of love, and a life where they will be all in all to each other. But they are not to be left in peace altogether. Some of the nymphs are very interested in the welfare of their queen, and feel a little indignant at the intrusion of the stranger, and they plot to destroy that house, and once more regain their sovereign-queen.

And Eneone finds that even in fairy-land one's Elen may be broken into, and life will not allow two fairies just to enjoy each other.

So once again they join the merry throng, but somehow Eneone begins to feel a want she cannot define, her heart seems to have expanded, and is filled with longings she vainly would comprehend, and lull the aching pain which gnaws at her very life-strings. There is a void, which nought seems to fill.

She is standing alone. Perceus has left her for the merry throng, which is not an unusual occurrence now, and she is gazing down, longing for she knows not what, when a fairy comes floating upwards through the deeps, and beckons to her. Then, drawing nearer, she casts a soft veil, and Eneone is enshrouded by it.

It is not a bridal veil, but lovelier far, for it seems to transmute her whole form, growing dimmer and dimmer, with a radiant glory never there before.

"Can I be dying?" murmurs Eneone. "Yes, it must be death."

And Eneone has disappeared from the ever changeable water-world, but a trail of light marks the path of the fairy, as deeper than the depths of the ocean ever downwards she floats.

Solemn stillness reigns, unconsciousness broods over all, when suddenly a light breaks through the waters, dark once again, and Eneone beholds herself a glorified being, transformed, and tenderly the fairy holds her, guards her, for in the new life, the higher life, Eneone is but a frail babe.

In the distance far away glimmer the lights of the sea-world she once inhabited, but they are dim as compared to the brightness of these.

The light of Beauty pierces through the waters, but it is a faint speck when it reaches this land; Fame sinks as a bubble, but it is lost and broken in the ocean's elements; love dealt out by merry Cupid is best able to reach this land, though even it is weak and flickering as compared to the higher lights which now surround Eneone.

A delicious strength seems to suffuse her soul, a power she had never known before—and ever onwards she wanders.

All is so lovely, you cannot call one thing beautiful, because all are that, each in its varied type. And yet even in her seraphic state Eneone has a tenderness for Cupid, and softly she murmurs his name.

And lo, he has been at her side the whole time, though she knew it not, but how different he is now, he has grown so strong and great, she hardly recognises him again, as he overshadows her.

A moment, she shrinks back in awe, only his face is so full of love, a divine love, that before she is aware, she is following the heavenly Cupid. And she is not the first one, many are likewise bound to him by the ties of a great love, and as they float through the air, others are gathered in, and ever the band swells, growing larger, and yet larger.

"Ah," murmurs Eneone, "I never thought of sharing Cupid with everybody, but I understand it all now, what a lot I missed in my first life." Eneone feels and knows she has been given a higher, broader life, she does not need the

fairy to tell her that whereas her other life was embarked on a rivulet, this is launched on the great stream of love, broad and deep enough to take the whole world in.

But what is that singing breaking the stillness of night? Eneone starts up, and the moon throws her soft radiance on many sweetly familiar objects. Gentle voices wait upwards on the air, proclaiming to the sleeping world that "The Prince of a New Life has come," and Eneone, fully awake now, finds the fairy-world has all vanished, though a peace has come through the dream. The troubled heart finds rest, the weary head relief, as she comforts herself with the thought that she also has two lives; the first is gone for ever, beauty never was hers, fame has failed her, and her dream of love, the last but most precious gift of her first life, has gone with it.

"Perseus, farewell, once my own beloved, my you and yours, in the joyousness of the first life, ever remember there is a higher life still—and as for me, for Eneone, when a mermaid I had two lives, and I still retain them, for Christmas has brought me my new life.

"The love wherewith I have loved is not and never shall be lost, but it shall grow and increase until it is strong and rich enough to embrace the whole world."

OBSCURE CLEVER PEOPLE.

IN these days when celebrities are so run after, it is refreshing to think that there is a large class of people just as interesting as the very last public character who figures in the shop windows, or illustrated papers, be he Paderewski, Tennyson, or the Duke of York.

I refer to Obscure Clever Persons, who, however scarce they may have been in times past, are now to be found in abundance, both in town and country; in sickness and in health; in society and out of it, usually "out of it"; hardworking at a "fad" (for we call everything a fad till it succeeds), or eating out—her or his generally her—heart in lonely idleness; married or unmarried, more commonly unmarried; fascinating or the reverse, often the reverse; for there is generally a drawback in the circumstances of Obscure Clever Persons.

First of all, money is generally very scarce with them, and the lack of funds induces them to put themselves to hock work, where their delicate and iridescent minds are as much wasted as opals would be for mixing with asphalt on a garden path. If the Obscure Clever Person is a man, he is generally toiling at some drudgery as a bread study, and his relations think very little of him, as he lives in lodgings with a few books, and some flower-pots in the window. A display of flowers is one of the surest signs of the habitat of the Obscure Clever Person—if a man. It does not denote anything in the case of the obscure clever woman, for the tastes of the former are apt to be feminine, and of the latter masculine. The latter is apt to be fanciful, especially if she lives alone, as she often does. She is invariably unable to do anything suddenly, without due notice, and is mysteriously busy over no ostensible transaction. She is also suspicious of her relations, feeling inwardly wounded that they are so unaware of her strong points, and are so incapable of admiring her. Her affections are often to let, and she is apt to yearn after some one who is already overburdened with emotional claims, so that disappointment is a common occurrence with her.

She is fond of thinking herself learned, reads stiff books, and it hurts her very much to be addressed in them as "the general reader." She is not successful in her undertakings as a rule, for if she were she would cease to be an Obscure Clever Person. If she is "stung by the splendour of a sudden thought," and hits on something new and desirable, ten to one some more wary person will filch away her ideas and employ them for his own benefit and not hers. So she gets no credit for them. The Obscure Clever Person is afflicted with modesty, which, as a sage remarked long ago, has no connection with merit, except that it begins with the letter "M."

In an overcrowded world the modest person who does not think herself perfect will not prevail against the person who abounds in self-confidence. She will not be able to hypnotise her fellow-creatures into a blind belief in her wisdom. Her excellent advice delivered with some hesitation will not be followed. Let each look around his or her circle of acquaintances and think of the unthriving among them; in their ranks will be found the most perfect specimens of Obscure Clever Persons. They are thin-skinned, and too easily turn their faces to the wall; they defer too much to the world's coarse thumb. They are too fond of trying to lift the painted veil. They lead a capsuled life, and their choicest thoughts often lie buried in the back numbers of extinct magazines. But the very want of self-assertion which has led to the shipwreck of their own lives makes them delightful as friends. Disinterested and truthful, their society is always refreshing.

The Obscure Clever Man has this great advantage over the Obscure Clever Woman. He is generally young, and she is generally middle-aged. Consequently he has a future before him, and a very good chance of saying good-bye to adversity, and blooming as a noted celebrity—a chance denied the Obscure Clever Woman. The latter we have always with us, and on this account she is the more interesting.

She suffers a good deal, but she does not cause suffering to others, for she is unselfish, and grateful for small attentions. Large ones she is not likely to get. She has often been plain in youth, and so has been passed over, while her more commonplace milkmaid-faced sister has risen by matrimony to high estate; but the Obscure Clever Woman wears so much better, that long before middle-age they are equals in appearance. There is a delicate personality about the Obscure Clever Woman peculiar to itself, as the flavour of quince or guava is; she puts things differently from the common herd, and has a distinct note of originality about her.

The Obscure Clever Person, to be fully enjoyed, must be taken in her prime, like a pear. And often this interval is short and always uncertain. The march of time will probably hurry the Obscure Clever Man into a good post, where he will cease to be obscure; or it may turn the Obscure Clever Woman into a recluse, when she will cease to be visible. They should be made friends with before a crisis occurs, for there will be no chance afterwards. If you once hit the fancy of an Obscure Clever Woman, she is a very faithful friend. She sees you through a halo of her own invention, and wishes you to see her through a similar medium of yours. She is not fond of hard facts, but likes to embroider them with might-have-beens. The one thing which makes an Obscure Clever Woman happy is to get a disciple or follower—someone who will appreciate her peculiarities and be sufficiently discriminating to treasure up her *bon mots*. One of her weaknesses is an over-fondness for talent and intellect in general. She often wrecks herself by showing too great impatience of the society of important dullards; she does not recognise the enormous force of mediocrity when backed up by a large income and the landed interests of the country. Only some well-balanced, collectivist, Socialist State can ever place the Obscure Clever Woman in the haven where she would be; and when that State shall have been brought into existence, the genus, now so plentiful, will become extinct.

DOLE.

"WHAT WILL BE."

A LOVELY autumn morning in the middle of September; the fields so lately golden with waving corn shorn of their beauty, the sun shining on the stubble fields with a sickly smile tell us that winter is not far off. A lovely day, and a lovely spot; far away in the distance the spires and towers of an old town shone for a moment in the sunlight, and the trees, dark with Autumn's colouring, lightened under the sun's smile rosy red.

Watching the beauty of the scene and the movements of the different living things sat a girl upon a stile dressed in all the fashion of the summer of 1892, with dark blue serge skirt and coat, coloured shirt and tie.

The dress became her tall slight figure, her sailor hat sat daintily upon a head of curly wavy hair, shading the bright, clever face beneath.

No! My heroine, Dorothy Denver, is not beautiful, but she is pleasant and clever, and thoughts almost too deep and serious for a girl of twenty, as some might think, are flitting across her face, making it a study for anyone watching her. Just now she is wondering why to be a man is to have the best of everything, why her brothers are considered more important than she is?

She has a lesson to learn, and either she must accept the position of inferiority, or she must throw in her lot with those women who are ever working to get the true place and position of woman really recognised. Dorothy had lately engaged herself to a very estimable young man—good looking, well off, and a friend of hers from nursery days. She raises her eyes from the distant trees and fields, and looks across the stubble at her lover steadily walking with her two brothers in pursuit of the partridges.

Does she really love him? Can she spend her life with him, never tiring of his company, always sorry to see him go, and glad to have him back? These are the thoughts that are bothering Dorothy Denver as she looks perplexed at her future husband. Would that all girls might probe the future and know their minds before rushing into marriage.

Dorothy had played and romped with Stephen Boyd, and when they grew up it seemed only natural that the life spent so much together as boy and girl should be followed by their marriage; and when Stephen, on leaving college, rode over to the dear old place where so much of his happy childhood had been spent, and where he found her among the poppies in the old-fashioned garden and asked her to be his wife, it seemed only natural to say "Yes."

Dorothy's father and mother took it for granted much in the same way. It saved them any trouble as to her future, for Stephen lived near. They had known him and his family all their lives; and now Dorothy wonders, on this lovely autumn morning, whether she has done right—whether she has really enough affection for him. Until a short time ago she was content with the old-fashioned ideas of her parents—that the boys should have the best possible education and all advantages to help them on in life, and she, a girl, should be educated at a pretty good school, learn a little music, a little painting, and then leave, with a smattering of much, but a knowledge of only little. Leave, to come home and idle away her time, nothing provided for except tennis and dances. Slowly it had been borne in upon her that she had been brought up from a baby to do nothing, but, in time, to get married. It was considered unnecessary, even absurd, for her to attend lectures in the University town a few miles away. "You have been to school, what more do you want?" was the reply of her parents, when, with a longing to really do something, she asked their permission to do so. That is the cruel answer to many an outspoken longing of many a girl who is beginning to see that her position is inferior to her brother's, and that her life is intended in time to be handed over to the keeping of someone who will consider her

much in the light of a superior housekeeper. A few days after the scene I have described, Dorothy went on a visit to a big manufacturing town, where she heard a woman lecture on the "Proper Sphere of Woman," and for the first time she began to see that woman's powers were not inferior, that it was all a matter of cultivation and opportunity. Then for the first time she realised that she was a human being, and that differences of ideas and opinions meant that women and men were truly intended to be companions mentally, in thought and deed. Then, with a shock, came the terrible knowledge that Stephen would not sympathise with her new ideas, and she pictured his handsome face as she told him, and saw his look of astonishment and disgust as he said: "Why, my dear, silly little Dorothy, what ever is the matter? What foolish ideas are these? You surely don't want me to consult you about my business affairs? Why, you couldn't understand them; you'll have quite enough to do looking after the house. You keep to your line and I'll keep to mine." "Yes! there's the evil," thought Dorothy; "it's that that is so hard. He will pet and spoil me as if I were a child, and I shall be all the time considered unworthy to talk to him on anything the least important. No, the lecturer was quite right; true marriage must be the entire sympathy of two persons entering into all the sorrows and joys and worries of each other; and it is a mockery of that sacred tie which is entered into when the wife can only pet the husband and know nothing of what he is thinking, and the husband cannot look for real and intelligent companionship in his wife."

And thus thinking the days went by until she returned home. She took the first opportunity of telling Stephen of her new views about marriage, and of woman's real place in life. They were in the long, low oak-panelled library at Elstree. Stephen, the picture of handsome indolence, lying on the broad Chippendale sofa, gazed with a pair of big brown eyes at his fiancée, who, in a simple white frock, was moving gracefully about the room, arranging the last roses in an old blue china bowl. Her face was flushed, and her eyes looked troubled as one by one she put the roses in the water. Stephen, looking at the pretty picture, knew nothing of the trouble on her mind, which she felt she must tell him.

The roses were at last finished and placed upon the old bureau, where her father wrote his letters, and Dorothy knew that the time had come to tell him.

She crossed the room, twisting her fingers in her deep distress and uncertainty, and coming to her lover's side she knelt down beside him, putting her arms across his knees and looking into his laughing face, with a perplexed expression. Stephen, who, in his easy, airy way, really loved Dorothy, saw that she was unhappy, and placing his hand upon her curly hair said cheerfully—

"Well, little woman, what is it? Haven't I paid you enough attention lately? What makes you so sad? Come, tell me." The tears came into her blue eyes. She answered:

"I can't think how I am to tell you, dear, but I've been so miserable about our engagement ever since I heard Mrs. — lecture at Manchester on 'The True Sphere of Woman.' She spoke so beautifully and so simply of what a woman's life should be, and of marriage in its true sense. You know until then I never really considered our future life together—not seriously, dear—until I heard her, and she made me feel so small and insignificant, and then I began to think about it, and to wonder if we really knew what a great step we are taking."

Stephen listened, first, rather amused, and then began pulling his moustache, staring at Dorothy as if he were puzzled at this new phase of hers. Dorothy looked into his face and met his eyes, and he saw that she was no longer the happy light-hearted girl with no serious thoughts of life; but changed into a woman full of knowledge that life is no dream, but a deep reality, and that men and women must live not only to themselves but to all others, trying to help and sustain the weak and poor, trying each day to help someone to live a happier and better life; but seeing, yet he failed to understand. And poor Dorothy, full of the thoughts which for weeks had been tormenting her, looked into his eyes for the sympathy she instinctively felt was not there. After a long pause, during which Dorothy almost wished that she had remained contented and happy in her home, unmindful of other things, she looked up again and saw that Stephen was laughing.

"Silly girl," he said. "You can't be well, don't bother yourself with things that are not meant for you, you must be out of sorts. I shall speak to your mother and ask her to talk to you; why, my dear child if you are going to listen to the mad talking of Mrs. —, and a score of others of the same kind, why, good gracious me, we shall have you speaking yourself and advocating dress reform, and even votes for women, and equal rights, bank holidays for the labourers, and higher wages and all that rot! Don't you go bothering about such things; we are all meant to be what we are; you're well off and so am I, and we shall not worry about other people who are poor; they must look after themselves; and as for your ideas about our not seriously considering whether we have confidence in loving each other in the future, why, my dear child, excuse a smile, but you really are too ridiculous! Why, you and I have known each other all our lives; we are a suitable age, and have plenty of money, and of course we like each other, while we always said we should marry, don't you remember? Why, when I first went to school we made up our minds then. So it's all right, and there's no need to bother any more. There, give me a kiss, dear, and don't bother about this nonsense again."

Dorothy gave the kiss, but still Stephen saw she was far from happy. "Oh! you'll never understand me," said she. "I know now that if I am to marry you, I must be your wife in everything; there must be entire sympathy between us. We must bear all our sorrows and joys together, and when we want help, we must help each other. Can't you see what I mean? Look at Mrs. Duddle! Why, she is no more to her husband than a permanent lady housekeeper. She manages the house, brings up the children in a kind of way, waits on him, pets him when he is ill, and takes all his bad temper as a natural expression of affection—shall I say?—from a husband to a wife! She knows nothing of what he thinks, and very little of what he does, for he is rarely at home, and when he is, is finding fault with the meals or chatting about little nothings and gossiping. It is not the grumbling I should mind, or mother says all men grumble, but I couldn't—I couldn't—live with a

man who, in his heart of hearts, thought me his inferior, and would not consult and talk to me on subjects which he really cared for. Now, Mr. Duddle is very fond of politics, and he spends a great deal of time at the Political Club; but does he ever even mention politics to his wife and daughters? Oh, no! They're women; they can't understand them; their minds are unable to grasp anything outside their home affairs. They're very useful in their proper place, which is housekeeping and gossiping, entertaining and fancy work. No, I could never stand that; it would drive me mad! The man who marries me must love me so truly that we must be one in all we do, and I must be his companion intellectually, and we must work together for the good of others, as well as for each other and our home."

During the latter part of her speech Dorothy had risen and was standing in front of her lover, her face aglow with enthusiasm, her hands clenched with determination, and forgetting herself in the excitement of the moment she let the words fall from her lips clearly and forcibly, startling him as well as her parents, who, unseen by her, had entered by a door to which she had her back turned.

"So ho!" said Mr. Denver, his face red with anger, "so you're going to join those fanatical women, are you? I'm to have my only daughter spouting to the rabble on the equality of men and women, am I? You're going to invent an ideal marriage, where husband and wife agree upon everything and do everything together, I suppose? No doubt you and Stephen will go into business together, a pretty mess you'd make of it, there never was a woman who could do any business properly, and there never will be. I am surprised to hear you speaking in this way. What's the matter with her, my dear?"—turning to his wife, whose placid face was a picture of horrified astonishment. "What's the matter with the girl, I say? Where's she got these abominable ideas from? You never taught her, I am sure."

Turning to his daughter, who stood half-frightened yet determined before him, he burst out again:

"Look at your mother. Who wants a better wife than she has been? She never cared to meddle with anything outside her home. She stuck to that, and went her own way; and I've gone mine. I don't bother her with my politics and my reading, and she doesn't worry me with her needlework and novels. It's all nonsense; women are meant to stay at home and be useful and ornamental; they're useless and out of place anywhere else."

Dorothy turned to her furious father with a look of despair, her eyes filled with angry tears as she walked slowly from the room—determination in her young face, despair in her heart. Mr. and Mrs. Denver sat down and talked her behaviour over with Stephen. He was beginning to see that Dorothy was in earnest, and, distressed by what she had said, he paced up and down the room between the bureau and eight-day clock with a troubled expression on his usually bright, handsome face.

"A change is what she wants, dear," said the ordinarily placid handsome old lady to the irascible old father.

"Change, indeed!" said he. "She's had too much of that already. Change! Why, she heard this stuff and nonsense when she was away for change."

"Don't worry yourself, Stephen," said the mother; "leave her to me. She'll soon be her sweet self again. She'll give up all these curious notions for your sake, never fear."

Slowly Stephen went out of the house, thinking, if the truth be told, how silly she was. "When she is my wife," thought he, "I'll have no nonsense. Woman's position, indeed! Why, they're all inferior to men. What bosh! She'll never make a good wife until she's got over all that. Why," he said to himself, as he rode home on his bay mare in the half-light of the evening, "I'm blessed if I'm going to give up my hunting and shooting and my evenings at the club to be a companion to any woman. I'd rather be a bachelor all my life. No! Dorothy must make herself content with the house and the entertaining; it's enough for any woman. As for being dull, why, what more can she want? Other women are contented, and she must be the same." And so thinking Stephen reached his home, the fine old red brick house, called Lasowes, some six miles from Dorothy's home—Elstree.

Meanwhile, Dorothy, worn out with all she had gone through, went to her room, and summoning her old nurse, begged her to tell Mrs. Denver that she had a bad headache and couldn't come to dinner. Throwing herself into a rocking-chair she began to think what she must do. Her talk with Stephen had made it more than ever impossible for her to marry him. That she felt was at an end. He had laughed at her and had misunderstood her, treating her as a silly child. No! she knew now she did not really love him, not with the deep affection that would carry them through their life together. No, I will break off my engagement, she said to herself; and I will give my life in trying to help others. I will begin here, in the village, and see how I can make the lives of the people more cheerful.

The morning sun shone in upon a weary girl, worn out with thinking, yet determined whatever happened to follow her conscience and be true to herself. The family breakfast, usually a cheerful meal, was a depressed one that morning. Mr. Denver was still very angry, and grunted surlily as his daughter sat down. The boys were thinking of the day's sport, and saw little, and Mrs. Denver was dreading the talk with Dorothy which she knew was inevitable.

The father walked off to read his letters in the library, the boys disappeared in search of dogs and guns, and Dorothy and her mother were left to themselves. For some time neither spoke, each waiting for the other to begin.

"Well, my child," at last said Mrs. Denver, "I hope your sleep has done you good; your father and I were much distressed by your conduct yesterday, and poor Stephen went home quite miserable and perplexed, wondering what he could have done. He told me that you talked as if you wanted to end the engagement."

"Well, mother, I'm dreadfully distressed, but somehow I cannot make up my mind to marry him. My ideas of what marriage ought to be are changed, and

I know that, good and devoted as he is, I cannot love him enough to be his wife; we could not suit each other. If I ever marry, it must be someone who can sympathise with me and I with him, someone I can work with to keep others, someone who will make me his true companion; that to me is real love, and I feel that I cannot marry unless it is such a man. Stephen, who would be away all day, and often at the club in the evenings, needs no companion in his wife, but simply a figurehead for his table and a good manager, and I must be more than that to my husband. He will want her to go his own way, and I shall be useful to him, and after a time nothing more. His interests will never be in his home, and he will only use it as a place to rest in when he's tired. Oh, no, mother, the idea is dreadful, it's no good, I can't marry him." In vain her mother talked, and at last, in despair, called her husband to her daughter, who, finding storming and raging were as useless as kind words, and seeing that Dorothy had grown suddenly determined and obstinate, and would not give in to persuasion or force—left her, to write and explain matters to Stephen, to see if he could bring his fiancée to a proper state of mind.

Oh! the misery of the days that passed, days full of intense humiliation and sorrow; in vain Stephen saw her, in vain he begged her to reconsider her decision, he soon saw that he could do nothing, and left her, full of sorrow, mingled with anger, that a girl should be fool enough to jilt him.

Days and months went by, and Dorothy lived a solitary life, with only the thought that her action was right to cheer her. Over and over again did she say to herself the words of comfort, "To thine own self be true, and it will follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to anyone." Her parents and her brothers never understood her action in giving up her engagement with Stephen Boyd. Good, worthy people that they were, her behaviour seemed extraordinarily whimsical to them. After a time Dorothy rose out from her misery, and sought and found a real and lasting happiness in the cheering and brightening of the lives of the people round her. She was beloved by all, and rightly, for her time was spent in trying to help them. She had classes for the men and women, carving and iron work; she taught the boys and girls, and her "Happy Evenings" of musical drill, songs, and games were looked forward to with sheer delight by the little ones. Yes, and I have heard that another lover has come, a man who seeks in a wife not only a good housekeeper, but a life-long companion in this world, one who will help him in his work, and who will sympathise in all his thoughts and deeds.

Ah! Dorothy, be happy; you deserve to be. Stephen will marry, never fear. Alas! there are still many girls, waiting simply to marry and have a house, willing to give you the obedience you require, and to obey your slightest wish. For these marriage is a profession, and love plays a small part.

(MRS.) E. MARY FORDHAM.

#### A TRUE APPRECIATION OF THE GIFT AND THE GIVER.

GIFTS are occupying the attention of a large proportion of Christmas-keeping nations, and it is well to have some clearly-defined notions on the subject. One thing is certain, that what people commonly consider a gift is frequently nothing of the sort. It has no right at all to pretend to such a distinction—if distinction and giving are associated words. Were a thoroughly just and moral test applied to every act which is offered to society and to individuals as a gift, many amazing revelations would result. Those who flatter themselves that they are playing the part of benefactors to a cause or to a community, in numberless instances, would find themselves rudely awakened to stern, unpalatable facts. Indeed, it is doubtless whether they might at once be able to recognise themselves in the character of debtor where they pose as creditors. Yet such they are. Those whose business transactions, for 364 days in each year, are carried on with untiring regard to wage-paying economies, not to mention exacting attitudes and overbearing masterfulness towards those who are expending the best talents of vigorous lives in exchange for a fraction of the employers' coin—these lovingly hug the idea of "generosity," as they calculate the amount which they can afford to spend in "Christmas-boxes." They talk of "gifts" to hospitals, soup kitchens, societies, and similar, as if the bits of gold or handsome cheque were in no way connected with the benefits, direct and indirect, which every moment of their lives they have been receiving from the community in which they exist. And so it is in domestic life. The male head of the family complains or boasts that he gives so much hard cash or so many "seasonable presents" (the phrase is beautifully euphonious), when he might do well to consider whether he is, after all, only inadequately restoring, in tangible kind, a small proportion of the incalculable wealth which he has accepted as a matter of course in the form of service, devotion, energy, time, and such like, from every unpaid member of his household.

It may be an unwelcome truth but it is none the less certain, that of giving pure and simple, there is little enough. And of what there is we frequently find that the actual receiver arrogates to himself the title of giver, and the real giver is expected to answer to the name of receiver. The root of the matter lies in the extravagant notions which are everywhere current about money. And the sooner these are cleared away the better. We have no right even at Christmas time, to designate that a gift which is only an exchange of commodities, or a spasmodic effort at compensation for underpaid labour, or a tangible recognition of an altogether priceless offering from the brain and hand of another.

Peace to the odalisque, whose morning glory  
Is vanishing, to live alone in story;  
Firm in her place, a dull-robed figure stands,  
With wistful eyes and earnest grasping hands:  
The working woman, she whose soul and brain—  
Her tardy right—are bought with honest pain.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

#### ON THE REPRESSION OF WOMEN.

##### A MAN'S VIEW.

IT is constantly urged by women emancipators that Man is primarily, even solely, the cause of Woman's abasement. Although I am fortunate enough to have been born a male, I am not concerned to impugn the position on behalf of my sex, but in the interests of Truth. I say that it is my fortunate lot to be a man, not because I think myself a divinely appointed "lord of creation" and "head of woman," but because under the existing conditions of our community the male enjoys higher privileges than the female. Were this not true the scope and tone of SHAFTS would not be as they are, and there would be no need for the present humble contribution to the current dispute on the most pressing of social themes. It is because I wish to see women fight their battle on scientific lines, with emotion always duly curbed by reason, that I intend to speak that which I, rightly or wrongly, conceive to be truths. If I posit fallacies, I will yield to the verdict of my lady arbiters with the best grace possible to a "head" by inherited right.

When discussing the subject of women's advancement with average women, I have always been conscious of an undercurrent of insincerity in my co-debaters. If, for example, I have charged women with aspiring to live according to fixed standards, the reply has been that men wish women to be of a pattern, and that the dull similarity of the average is the direct result of man's influence. Now, this assumption is plausible, but it is not the whole truth. The woman who asserts this, does not search down to the very base of her innermost convictions before she makes the deliverance. She is, in fact, a little insincere. Justice forbids that I should suggest a disregard for intellectual veracity as the peculiar vice of women! For sheer hypocrisy and politeness in converse with the other sex, the average man is on the highest level of eminence. It may be that the contagion of insincerity and cowardice has spread from man to woman, but in any case it is as deplorable as it is indisputable that the sexes are in the main sundered in thought by a terrible barrier of mental reserve and dishonesty. To say that men in the bulk have forced women to become machines and automata is disingenuous. That man has in numberless ways fostered the present feminine tendency towards conventionalism of a rigid type, I do not deny. What I do gainsay is that men are alone to blame in the matter. Further, I am undecided in opinion as to whether the average unthinking man invariably approves this conformity. That the thoughtful man detests it, I am fully assured. In the case of the average man, the non-thinker, there is a strong hue of dubiety, which I will attempt to make manifest. Choice of a wife is based upon a determinate principle, when hope of pecuniary benefit does not enter into the matter of selection. That principle is affinity, but for the present purpose we will term it *interest*. A man who selects a wife from ordinary motives selects her because she interests him. Animal instinct does not, as so many believe, chiefly impel a man to marry. Sexual desire is not the *main* incentive to marriage on the man's side, any more than it is on the woman's side. This may be disputed by some; but the contention will stand close investigation, and, I think, survive it. The outcome of the view that man prefers a maximum of physical charm in women is the want of intellectual strength in the sex, judged as a whole. I do not deny that the Pauline teaching of subordination has been a potent factor in the degradation of women. But all men are not to be held accountable for this teaching. The elect among cultured men have always been opposed to it; and even the average man is not invariably orthodox in this regard. It is from their imperfect standards of the virtues and attributes most acceptable to man that part of women's state of moral and mental bondage is owing. When a man contemplates marriage he knows that the contract will be lasting. He is forewarned by ample examples around him that a durable affection is impossible unless his love is a sentiment of the mind before it becomes a passion of the body. Even the lowest class are more swayed in their selection by the sobriety and homely qualities of women than by the bodily attraction. Facts disprove the common postulate that the matrimonial chances of beautiful, brainless women are higher than those of plain, intelligent women.

In a genuine instance of "falling in love," a man is interested in a woman. Where the sexual instinct is alone concerned, it is more than probable that he holds her mental power in strong contempt. Grant that *interest*, curiosity, and a certain correspondence of ideas and tastes are the prime allurements to the man, and it will be seen that women in the aggregate have not developed and preserved their forces. While they have possessed the most powerful of all fascinations, the capability of arousing interest, they have despised and neglected it, and sighed in bitterness for the talisman of physical loveliness. So long as women base their conduct on the misconception that the generality of men wish them to absolutely imitate each other, and to shun individualism as a vice, they cannot hope for enfranchisement. Men—*even common-place, unoriginal men*—are not so afraid of originality in women as women suppose. It is the girl of *verve*, of novel opinions, and of character, who attracts the young man, and does not bore the older man with the maidenish banality of the average. Why, again, does a young man so often conceive a deep adoration for a woman of mature years? Beauty cannot be the spell in this case. It is simply that the woman is more thoughtful, more interesting than the girl.

If it be true that men are appalled by even a moderate degree of eccentricity in women, how are we to account for the strange interest which the anomalous woman arouses in the ordinary man? A Mrs. Maybrick is besieged by swains who desire to marry her if she is acquitted. A woman who can swim five miles, or use a rifle, or tame horses, or do anything that a woman is considered incapable of doing, is never without her train of ardent male worshippers. In the face of this fact, I charge with ignorance, or a want of candour, those women who insist that men are averse to the abnormal in woman. The suitors of the unfortunate Mrs. Maybrick were not lunatics. They were probably as sane as the majority. It was a case of being interested and highly curious. If the respectable Philistine has this strong capacity for being attracted by eccentricity, when it takes the shape of criminality, he is not proof against the

attraction of less harmful forms of unusual conduct. Interest is the essential motor; and, given the interest, from whatever trait or peculiarity it springs, sympathy will follow.

Even the beauty, when she is otherwise unalluring, has no power to restrain men from seeking more congenial society. It is the eternal sameness, the inane of the average woman's conversation, that drives men out of the drawing-room. Let a woman strive to be entertaining, original and thoughtful, and the male creature will postpone the pressing "appointment," which he is holding in reserve as a plea for escaping from boredom. What I plead for is individuality, sincerity, and courage in woman's table talk. I know well how hard a thing it is to combat the existing hypocrisy that practically nullifies the chances of rational intercourse when the sexes meet. But the conversational temerity of woman is not like that of man, though they have fostered it by example. We cannot hope for the suppression of the noodle-man in society, so long as women decree that nonsense and inanity and personal gossip are more fitted to engage their interest than reasonable discussion.

And so in conduct as in thought and speech, let the cultivation of a vigorous individualism be the aim of women. *Cherchez les hommes* is a too common feminine apology for lethargy and lack of mettle. I do not seek to shift the entire onus upon woman's shoulders. It would be vain to repudiate man's continual effort to drill notions of virtue into women's minds and consciences. But a maintain that women are at fault in their estimate of the extent of man's share in their repression. Women dominate over each other's thought and behaviour with merciless severity, and when taxed with contentment with their condition they plead masculine exaction, without seeking to discover how far feminine tyranny has influenced their views and actions. GEOFFREY MORTIMER.

#### THE OCCULT GENESIS.

THE first chapter of Genesis, Kabbalistically inverted, gives a luminous summary of universal theology, and its progressive growth in the human mind. Isolated, this summary would seem irreligious, and would represent divinity as a fiction of man, while the isolated text of Moses resembles a fable and distorts reason. But the two united, the star formed with the double triangle, we shall be astonished at the light and truth we shall discover. The text in the Bible can be read by all, the inversion we give as follows, so far as the first chapter is concerned.

From the beginning the vastness of Heaven and the extent of earth have created in man the idea of God.

But this conception was unformed and vague; it was a veil of darkness over an immense apparition, and the spirit of man brooded upon his conception as over the face of the waters.

And man said: Let there be a Supreme Intelligence. And there was a Supreme Intelligence. And the man saw that this idea was good, and he distinguished the Spirit of Light from the spirit of darkness, and he called the Spirit of Light, God, and the spirit of darkness the devil, and there was a realm of good and a realm of evil. This was the first night.

Man also said: Let there be an impassable boundary between the dreams of Heaven and the realities of earth. And man made a division, and he separated the things which were above from the things which are below, and so it was arranged. And man called his imaginary separation Heaven, and the evening and the morning were the second night. And man said: Let us divide in our worship the mass of vapours from the dry vault of Heaven. He gave to the heaven which was without water the name of father; to the mass of vapours the name of mother. And man saw that this was good. And he said: Let us make all the vegetation of symbols, where doctrines issue from one another, as the seed from the herb, and the herb from the seed, to germinate in Heaven.

Let us plant the Edenic apple, with its mysterious and ever-renewing fruits. And the sky brought forth symbols like grass, and mystic trees flourished. And the man saw that this was good. And the evening and the morning were the third night.

Man also said: Let there be mystical stars in the sky, and let them divide knowledge and ignorance, day and night! And it was so done; and man made two splendid dormitories, a greater for the initiated and a lesser for the common people, and small gods as numerous as the stars. And he placed them in the asylum of his sky, to rule the earth and to divide knowledge and ignorance. And man saw that this was good, and the evening and the morning were the fourth night.

Man also said: Let the clouds bring forth flying dragons and fantastic animals. And the clouds brought forth monsters to terrify children, and winged devils. And man blessed them, saying: Increase and multiply, and fill Heaven and earth; and man set in turn upon his altars all the animals of earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth night.

Man then adored animals and reptiles of every kind; and having seen that this throve with him he said: Let us make a god to our image and likeness, and let Him be King of the mythological leviathans of the celestial monstrosities, and the colossi of hell. And man created God to his own image and likeness, and said to Him: Grow and multiply Thy images: I give thee the empire of Heaven and the domain of earth. And it was so done; and man saw all that he had created, and it was very good. And there was one evening, and there was a morning, which were the sixth night. ELIPHAS LEVI.

## ONE OF THE CROWD.

BY NORA BROWNLOW.

IN a dismal attic in a close court in the heart of London, two young girls were spending their Christmas Eve. There was neither fire, nor food, nor warm clothing to be seen in the room, nothing to tell of the season which sets the joy bells ringing and hearts beating with gladness. One girl, the younger of the two, lay, too ill to move, on a rough bed in the least draughty corner; the other sat stitching in the fading light by the narrow window.

You could see she must once have been very pretty, when health and fresh country air had lent colour to her cheeks, and happiness had brightened her eyes; and even now, in that wretched garret, Jessie Rowe was by no means an ordinary-looking girl. Well cut features, though too thin for beauty, a wealth of golden brown hair, and eyes of softest hazel.

It was Christmas Eve; in the streets not far off wealthy and happy people were making their Christmas purchases, even the poorest working people were getting something for Christmas; but the holy season brought no joy to Jessie. Stitch—stitch—in hot haste, though her fingers were stiff with cold, and the biting black frost crept through the cracked, ill-fitting windows.

A stir on the other side of the room, and Jessie went over to the wretched bed on which lay the other girl—a mere child of about fourteen.

"Still at work, Jess?"

"Aye, Maidie, but I've nearly finished now; have you slept well, dear?"

"Beautifully, Jess. I dreamt we were back at Tortown and the church looked so pretty covered with snow. Only think, dear, it's Christmas Eve, need you work to-morrow? Can't we have a holiday like we used to do when father was alive down in Devonshire?"

"Aye, dear, we'll have a holiday if they pay up. And we'll have something real good for supper; what shall it be, Maidie? a bloater and some oranges?"

Jessie and Maidie Rowe had lived in a pleasant Devonshire village till about two years before, and then on the death of their father they came to live with an aunt who kept a small shop in a dreary London suburb. The girls sadly missed the sweet country breezes and wholesome country food, and pale cheeks soon took the place of roses; but darker times were coming. The aunt died and fever seized upon Maidie, who had never been strong, and for weeks Jessie fought the foe single-handed. The faint, flickering life needed all care and nourishment, and there was neither money nor hope of any, except what the elder girl could earn. Neighbours advised the workhouse or hospital, but the sisters clung together, and started life in the attic in which we find them this dreary Christmas Eve. For nearly a year Jessie had toiled for a large tailoring firm, and by working early and late had just contrived to keep the wretched home together, but the work was heavy and ill-paid, and it was hard to get even what was due to her; and still poor Maidie grew weaker for want of the food they could not get. And now as winter drew on Jessie felt that her strength, too, was giving way under the fearful strain, and she knew that at no distant day the unequal battle must end, and she must own herself beaten.

Six o'clock struck as she put in the last stitch, and placing a cup of cold tea and bit of bread, the only food they had, on a box near the bed, she wrapt her old cloak around her, and drew on the boots which were carefully saved for out of doors. Then stooping down to kiss the white face, she asked anxiously:

"Are you feeling worse to-night, Maidie?"

"No, dear, only tired. Don't be long, Jess, it's so lonesome while you are away."

"I won't be longer than I can help, child," and the slight bent figure, so young in years, so old in sorrow, stepped down the rickety stairs into the dimly lighted street. She had not gone many steps before a harsh laugh made her turn.

"Well, Jess," exclaimed a girl, whose pitiful attempts at finery and coarsely-painted cheeks told their own sad tale. "Well, Jess, going the old mill round? You'll never make a fortune that way. You'd best follow my lead. No, I know it ain't respectable; but who cares for us? Now, look here! don't set up for better than the rest of us. You sell yourself one way and I another, and I get better pay. Wrong, did you say? Come, come, girl! What's the parson done for you? May be it's wrong, but it would get something to put the life into that dying sister of yours, you set such store by. What you are doing now's no good to anyone—a short life and a merry one, say I. Well, good-bye; if you want to take good advice you know where to find me. Taint every girl that would offer to put you on to a good thing. But there, I kind of like you though you are so stand-offish. I believe you'll come to your senses before long."

It was not the first time Polly Briggs had urged poor weary Jessie Rowe to follow a "gay" life, nor the first that the terrible thought had come, could any life be worse than the losing struggle in which she was now engaged? But early training had conquered thus far. So steadily setting her face westward she battled bravely with the temptation. She must be able to face sweet Maidie's eyes; the poorest food and a clear conscience were better than the best earned by sin. The wind made the gas lamps flicker, and nearly tore the panting girl from the ground; the sleet dashed against her, wetting her scanty clothing through and through; the pavements were slippery with half-thawed snow. The well-dressed and the happy were hurrying to their homes, and everyone who could was getting under shelter.

It was just striking seven as Jessie entered the doors of Messrs. Squeezem and Screw, and then came a long hour of waiting while the manager examined the bundles of work of the women and girls who crowded the narrow office. There were many fines that night, and many a pale anxious woman went away with a pitifully small wage for her week's work.

Jessie began to get impatient of the long delay. Eight o'clock struck, and there were still ten or a dozen women waiting. The examination of the work had been longer than usual, and now the manager was in a hurry to get home to his cosy little supper with his wife and a few friends.

"Can't examine any more work to-night, my girl," he said sharply, as Jessie brought up her bundle.

"But, sir, I've been here since seven," she pleaded.

"No matter, time's up. You are no worse off than the rest, and you can come the day after Boxing-Day. No great hardship to have a holiday."

"One can't keep a holiday without food or fire," exclaimed the girl desperately.

"Hold your tongue, or I'll fine you for your impudence," cried the now enraged manager. "Come, clear out, the whole lot of you, or you won't get much work next week."

Out once more into the darkness and frost and driving sleet; faint for want of food, and haunted by the words: "It would get something to put the life into that dying sister of yours."

Could it be that Maidie, dear, gentle little Maidie, whom their father had loved so tenderly, and to whom she had promised to be a mother, was dying? Yes, she knew it now! "Dying! dying! dying!" sang the church bells in the distance. "Dying!" shrieked the railway engine bearing workers to their happy homes. "Dying!" howled the winds. "Dying, and for want of food." On, on, she sped, her own weakness and hunger forgotten—and then she paused at the corner of the street.

"It might save her," she muttered, and a strange set look came into the sweet brown eyes. "Poor child, she need never know what I did to get it—I can't, oh God! I can't let her die! Wrong? I can't help it if it is; it would be worse to let her die. God will forgive me, may be. What was that about doing evil that good might come? Well, I can't help it. I can't let the child be starved to death!" And with white lips, but resolute step, she turned down the dark street.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first streaks of the pale December dawn were in the sky as a wan faced woman, carrying a few small parcels, entered the silent court. Could this scared creature, who started at shadows, be the same Jessie who two years ago had kept Christmas so gaily in the pretty Devonshire cottage? Yes, it was she; and once more she was preparing to keep Christmas. With desperate resolution she forced herself to put out of her mind the last few terrible hours, and to think of the good the food would do her little sister whose Christmases were so near their close.

Up the narrow stairs she crept. She reached the door and listened—no sound.

"She's asleep, poor child. Better so, she won't have missed me so badly. Maidie, dear!"

"Yes, she's asleep. I'll open the packets before she wakes; it will be as good as Santa Claus when she wakes up to see the good things—heigho!" and a deep shuddering sigh cut short her bright anticipations as the price of the feast forced itself upon her.

Silently she moved about the still dark room, and then, just as the grey daylight stole in through the uncurtained window, she crept on tiptoe towards the bed where the sleeping girl lay. Very peacefully she slept, without sound or movement.

"Maidie, dear, wake up! Maidie! (louder). Oh! oh, God! I'm not too late? Wake up, Maidie!" But Maidie had slept her last sleep; hunger, and cold, and pain were over for her now.

And Jessie? Desperately she tried to rouse the dead girl, moaning to herself the while, "Oh, Maidie, I only sinned to save you—and I was too late!"

All that Christmas Day, while the bells rang and joyful people gathered round their own firesides, she sat with the dead girl's hand in hers, moaning at intervals. The humble little feast lay unnoticed and untouched; and as the gathering night fell once more, she rose, half dazed with the horror of that last dreadful night still fresh upon her. She stooped and kissed the white face for the last time; perhaps she would not have dared to touch her, so pure and innocent, could those closed eyes have looked into her guilty ones. Then out into the night, on past the lights, past the houses, down where the sullen river lies waiting for such as she, past the silent policeman waiting to be set free to join his children at their Christmas feast—on—on—through the darkness. How the river murmured! it sounded like a lullaby. What was that sound? Something fell into the water! the shadowy figure of the woman on the bridge is gone. A circle gleams and widens near the bridge, and all is still except the lap of the river and the measured tread of the policeman.

She sinned? aye, but there was none to put out a hand to save her. Who may judge her, poor bruised and beaten soldier in life's battle? Which of you who read this by your bright fireside in your safe and sheltered home this Christmastide dare say that you would have stood firm where she failed?

## CHRISTMAS PRIZE TALES.

Dear Friends and Contributors, we warmly thank you all for your pleasant writings, straight, strong, and true. We hope to be able to carry on SHAFTS for many years, and to receive thoughts fearlessly and fluently, yet gently and moderately expressed from all who have so far written and from many more. . . . From the prize tales sent in we selected a few, but after reading them carefully ourselves and handing them over to two outsiders—good judges—to read, we were forced to decide these of such equal merit that we have decided to award them as follows:—

The first prize of £3 is equally divided between the writers of "A Wider Life," "A Christmas Eve of Long Ago," and "Our Christmas Life."

The second prize of £1 10s. is divided equally between the writers of "Has Pussies Tails?" and "One of the Crowd." If these writers wish their names to be published they will be so in next week's issue. Cheques for the above sums will be forwarded to each competitor in the course of a few days.

What the Girls have said is also of equal merit in the cases of five. We have therefore decided to make the prize fifteen shillings, and give three to each competitor.