

more elementary and logical than others. They were also the best parliamentarians and most business-like. Most interesting and instructive it was to talk with the women from the Western enfranchised States. They told us that their women took an intelligent and steady interest in politics. With them the *moral* character of a candidate for office was always given the closest scrutiny, and an immoral man could hardly win an election. Asked about the effect of the votes of prostitutes (it being so often argued that the votes of bad women will counteract those of the good), we were told that the reverse is the case—that this element is disinclined to vote, and that it is even with difficulty they are bribed to go to the polls.

Mr. Rhodes—as his life and will show, was a great man—we wish he had been just a little bigger, and had realised that the world is not made by, or for man alone. The day may come—we have yet but touched the fringe of science—when the species may propagate minus a female sex—but such a millenium is not yet, and it is the nations which educate and legislate for both sexes side by side, giving equal rights to men and women, which are going to govern the earth—let their legislators take this fact to heart.

A Book of the Week.

MISTRESS BARBARA CUNLIFFE*

The main interest of Mr. Sutcliffe's book lies not in the plot, which is hesitating and feeble, but in the picture given of life on the Yorkshire moorland, in the early days of the wool manufacturing industry.

Indeed it is no mean achievement to have written such a book without incurring once, or for a single moment, the charge of plagiarism; without having written a sentence, or even a phrase, which is flavoured with "Shirley";—to have created mill-owners so unlike Robert Moore, a parson so different from Matthewson Helstone, a heroine removed by such vast distances from Shirley Keeldar or Caroline!

The book is full of racy character-drawing, among which Billy Puff, the constable, and Tim o' Tab's, whose mysterious dealings with Squire Cunliffe occasion so much scandal, stand out prominently. Then comes the altogether delightful Parson Horrocks; and, among candidates for Dante's deepest Inferno, commend us to Booth of Goit's Mill.

A fine touch is added to the whole, by the discovery, quite at the end of the book, of the nature of the old Squire's secret, so carefully kept from the reader, that very few would guess it. The pathos here is real and unforced, and one's sympathy is instantly forthcoming.

But strongest of all is the portion of the book devoted to the cry of the children.

Many things,—such as the convict ship lately anchored by Waterloo Bridge,—or the history of the American Civil War,—help us to realise what a very little way out of barbarism we really live; here is material to make us think of it still more strongly. The period is some years before Elizabeth Barrett Browning, raising the clarion voice of woman's compassion, set in motion the great lever which freed the children from their bondage.

It is a tale of the time when mill-owners relieved the workhouse of its pauper children in batches; a

* By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Fisher Unwin.

veritable slave-owning; and with each batch of normal children the union insisted that a child of feeble intellect, a half-witted creature, should be taken too. *What became of that thrice miserable make-weight?* It was thought best not to enquire too closely. At the hand of this nation it will one day be required.

Hear this account of the midnight homeward ride of Stepha Royd and Parson Horrocks.

"They saw now what had startled the mare . . . and Parson Horrocks kept his eyes upon the figure moving just ahead of them. The figure of a child it was, with shoulders bent and head thrown forward; and though she went on up the hill without a pause, her feet went stumbling from the right hand to the left of the rough highway, and time to time she tottered drunkenly. The parson called to her, but she did not answer, and when he overtook her, he saw that the lids lay heavy on her eyes.

"God's pity Stephen, what is this?" he cried, "The little lass is sound asleep, and but for your mare's fright, we might well have over-ridden her. What is it lad? Is she sleep-walking, think ye?"

"What is it?" repeated the other, who had seen such sights before, it is over-much work and over-little food; did we not see Goit Mill alight as we went by?" . . .

Parson Horrocks stooped and touched her on the shoulder, and a shiver seized her, as if he had applied the lash.

"Is it time to waken, Father?" she murmured. . . .

"They make bread of the children's tears, Stephen," he cried brokenly; "and we, who have too much—shall we not have to give a reckoning for it in the time to come?"

G. M. R.

Verse.

TWO INSCRIPTIONS FOR STONES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I.

Tell England, you that pass our monument,
Men who died serving Her lie here, content.*

II.

Together, sundered once by blood and speech,
Joined here in equal muster of the brave,
Lie Boer and Briton, foes each worthy each:
May peace strike root into their common grave,
And blossoming where the fathers fought and died,
Bear fruit for sons that labour side by side.

F. EDMUND GARRETT in the *Monthly Review*.

What to Read.

"Cecil Rhodes: A Study of a Career." By Howard Hensman. Author of "A History of Rhodesia." With portraits and other illustrations.

"Seventy-one Days Camping in Morocco." By Lady Grove.

"Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole." Edited by Sir Spencer Walpole.

"Tolstoy: his Life and Works." By John Coleman Kenworthy.

"With the Wild Geese." By Emily Lawless. With an Introduction by Stopford A. Brooke, M.A.

"The Story of a Mother." By Jane Helen Findlater.

"Love Never Fails: An Emotion Touched by Moralities." By Carnegie Simpson.

* After Simonides of Ceos.

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