

JUDITH MILES;

What Shall be Done with Her? BY MRS. F. F. VICTOR.

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CHAPTER XIX. A DAY OF SMALL EVENTS.

Yes, Judith was disillusioned about Mr. Shultz. She had learned, all in a moment, that neither culture, nor manner, nor abundant knowledge of any kind, made her ideal man; she had found out that truth and honor do not necessarily reside in colleges; she had discovered the humiliating fact for herself, that a gentleman may kill time in developing the mind, and gaining the first situations of any single-hearted girl with intellect enough to amuse him, who chances to come in his way. Judith had fallen upon that time when—

"Keen and cold and pitiless truth, The naked anguishes of things, And from the steep ideal the soul drop, In wild and sorrowful beauty, like a star From the blue heights of heaven into the sea."

It was well for her that she was not back in the old two-roomed solitary house, on her father's ranch, to eat her heart out in silent grief and bitter resentment. It was well for her, as for everybody who has a sorrow, that there was immediate necessity for action; and well enough in the chaotic state of her thoughts that nothing involving strict discipline was required of her to do. While Mrs. Braze only asked her to dress and go out, she could take time to reconstruct and arrange her world of ideas, and adapt it to the newly discovered order of things. Nobody should find out from her, that she had once been a fool. Even Major Floyd could not enlighten her now about the ways of the world! It was all he had said, and more. She no longer either feared or regarded it. So Judith told herself, in the first access of indignant pain; in the bravado of desperation. But compassionate nature has made our paroxysms of feeling short in proportion to their intensity; hence we have hopes of Judith.

On the day after the visit to the Cliff House, Mrs. Braze went with Judith and her letters, to call upon Mrs. General Cool and Mrs. Levison. She went in state, like a duchess, with her young lady dressed up in clothes suitable for a Presidential levee, to introduce to the sympathizing observation of the world of fashion a victim of "unmerciful disaster," who but for her resources might have been mistaken for one of themselves. It would have been an impertinence to inquire of so distinguished a young beauty what charity she required; and the visits were, to all appearances, very much like other visits. The men looked at her with undisguised admiration, and the women pool-pooled behind her back. Offer work to that superb young creature! A situation indeed! But they would call; certainly they should embrace an early opportunity to return Mrs. Braze's visit, and to consider how they could make Miss Miles' stay in the city agreeable. So Mrs. Braze drove home again, proud to observe the glances her stylish protegee attracted, and pleased to have made the acquaintance of the leaders of a certain set.

To say that Judith did not enjoy the farce would be untrue. She had a keen sense of the humorous side of things never so serious in themselves; and smiled to herself to find how closely the Major's picture of Mrs. Braze's proceedings corresponded to the facts. Besides, she did not yet find the admiration of worldly pleasures quite extinguished in her. On the contrary, she could not help owning that she felt most at ease with these ease-enjoying people; and the Major's warning came up in the midst of her self-examination to remind her that she need not attempt to live a hard, unlovely life, into which the beautiful was forbidden to enter. Then she fell to thinking of the way by which escape had been promised her; and to wishing the matter decided at once. In the meantime the hour for dinner had arrived.

"There was a terrible accident on the Cliff House road last evening," said the Judge, as he sat down to the table; "a lady killed instantly, by the upsetting of a carriage."

"O, dear! I am always afraid of accidents on that road, it is so crowded. Who was it? Any one that we know?" asked Mrs. Braze.

"I know her husband," returned the Judge. "His name is Shultz, and he is lately married, I think; brought his wife from Germany with him."

"What a sad thing! But what is the matter with Miss Miles? Are you going to faint, my dear? Freddie, hand Miss Miles some water. Papa, help her to the sofa." In a moment, all these directions being obeyed, Judith was surrounded, and likely to be carried off for an invalid.

"O, thank you, no; I am not ill. It was only the shock," said Judith, apologetically, refusing to leave the table.

"To be sure!" exclaimed the Judge; "you were out on the road yourself yesterday. Well, let us be thankful it was not you."

"Was Mr. Shultz injured?" inquired

Judith, as indifferently as was possible. "Only bruised badly; no serious injuries. It is a very lamentable accident, and ought to inspire greater care in driving. But it will not. Warnings are lost on the class of people who do those things."

"Was it Mr. Shultz's fault—the carelessness, I mean?" "Oh, no; some one ran against his carriage. Poor fellow! he used to be agent for the Spedden estate. You know Judge Spedden, Anna?"

"Certainly, I know the Judge. Why, the Spedden estate is down in your county, Miss Miles, is it not?" "Yes," returned Judith, "I know Mr. Shultz, and was introduced to his wife yesterday at the Cliff House."

"No wonder you were shocked. So you knew Spedden's agent? Was his wife pretty?" asked the Judge.

"I thought her quite pretty; and pleasant, I should say, though we could not converse, as I do not speak German, nor did she English," said Judith, trying to talk of these people as if they had been nothing to her.

"Well, that is the way it goes," the Judge remarked, with a sigh. "A man never knows what Fate has in store for him. Shultz has just got established in business in the city. Got some capital with his wife, I guess. Everything fixed for enjoying life; and young, too. I declare, it is too bad! By the way, Anna, I met Major Floyd on the street, and he said he would call this evening." And so the subject was dismissed.

When Major Floyd called, he found Judith seated between the two boys, Freddie and Howard, seemingly deep in the discussion of the comparative powers of lions and bears.

"The lion is the king of beasts," said Howard.

"I'll admit that he is, in that part of the world where he lives; though I guess a tiger or an elephant would make him knock under in a square fight. I know a grizzly bear is as strong as a lion."

"You don't know anything about it," denied Howard, "for you never saw one that wasn't shut up in a cage."

"I saw the track of one when I was in the Santa Cruz mountains with Nabb, and they were as big—oh, as long as—"

"As long as a boy's imagination," supplied Judith. "I'll tell you how long a bear's track is, Freddie. It is as long as his foot." At which the laugh was on Freddie.

"A new fact in Natural History," supplemented the Major, who arrived just in time to hear the explanation. "But I'll match it with another. Why is Miss Miles like the golden pheasant out at Woodward's Gardens?"

"After several attempts to discover the analogy, the boys announced that they did not know."

"Neither do I," said the Major; and was pronounced a humbug by acclamation.

"But I did not affirm there was no resemblance; I only said I did not know of any. A good way to decide the matter, would be to take her out there and compare. What do you say, boys, shall we take Miss Miles to Woodward's to-morrow, and find out about that?"

"That would be jolly!" cried Howard; and "I'm on it," proclaimed Freddie.

"Fred," said the Judge, "I've forbidden you to talk slang."

"I'd like to know how I'm to tell what is slang. All the boys say that," returned Freddie. "Miss Miles, will you go with us to Woodward's to-morrow, if Major Floyd asks you?"

"I am the Barkis of the party—constantly consenting to agreeable proposals," returned Judith.

"Miss Miles was telling us that you met that unfortunate Mr. Shultz shortly before the accident," remarked the Judge to Major Floyd.

"Miss Miles almost fainted when Papa told us about it," chipped in Howard, "and that happy faculty children have of always saying the thing they should not."

"Boys, go to your studies!" commanded their father, with some asperity, which momentary diversion served to cover Judith's shrinking movement, and avoidance of the Major's eyes.

"Yes; Miss Miles was surprised pleasantly, by meeting an old acquaintance among so many strangers," he said, carelessly.

Then Mr. Shultz was discussed over again; and Judith sat silently listening to commonplace facts about his circumstances, his prospects, the pity he merited, and so on, until the subject was as wholly exhausted as her endurance.

"Did you find Mrs. Stewart's friends at home to-day?" inquired Major Floyd of Judith.

"Yes," answered Judith, glancing at Mrs. Braze, as if she referred him to that lady for further information.

"What a distinguished-looking woman Mrs. Cool is!" cried Mrs. Braze, on the instant. "She reminds me of a lady of the 'Republican Court.' We met quite a levee there, although it is not her reception day."

"Did Miss Miles present her letter?" "O, yes; but it was impossible to do more than present it. Mrs. Cool will call; and so will Mrs. Levison. I tell Miss Miles she must have produced a favorable impression, she was looking so nicely; and it will be very agreeable having such acquaintances."

"Very true," rejoined the Major, ironically.

ESSAY.

READ BY MISS VIRGINIA OLDS, BEFORE THE G. S. W. S. A., FEB. 13, 1874.

When we look abroad over the face of creation, we behold every object in nature occupying a particular space, and seemingly existing for a specific purpose. The purpose for which an object exists, we call its mission, and the operations necessary to effect that purpose we call its sphere of action.

It is said that no two natural objects are precisely alike; that even the leaves of the trees and the sands of the ocean are sufficiently varied to give to each distinct individuality. If this is the case, and if, as we might infer, all things were created for the purpose of developing a higher form of individuality, it would necessarily follow that no two objects could have precisely the same sphere, but that their operations would necessarily be as different as the things themselves. However, be this as it may, there are so many points of resemblance among certain objects that man has been able to classify them, and to discover to a considerable extent their mission and their sphere. We find, for instance, that the cereals and all the higher forms of vegetation require moisture, warmth, light and soil to bring the future plant to a state of perfection; therefore we decide that the ground is their proper sphere, because in no other place can all the conditions of growth be so easily obtained. We are also convinced that the birds belong to the air, the fish to the sea, and the wild beast to the forest, because we see in each a special adaptation to its surroundings. But what if the seed for the field should refuse to be committed to the productive soil so carefully prepared for its reception, and should choose instead the arid desert as the most suitable place to bring forth its hundred fold? What if the fish should aspire to dwell with the bird, and believing that fish were made for flight, should flounder out into dry land in the vain attempt to navigate the air? And what if the beasts and birds should conclude the sea was their proper element and attempt to take up their abode with the finny tribe? Would we not all agree that each had made an unwarrantable departure from its sphere? Happily we see no such desire manifested among the lower order of creation. All are seemingly satisfied with the position assigned them. 'Tis only when we come to the crowning work of the Master's hand—woman—that we find discontent and unhappiness and a demand for extended privileges. Man is content to be what God made him, the Lord of Creation, the protector, supporter and ruler of women; but woman is at war with her Creator and seeks to thwart His designs by becoming what He never intended she should be, an independent being, possessed of the same right as man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. To be sure, all women are not thus affected. The great mass are still sweet, and pure, and womanly, and even angelic in their gentleness, clinging tenderness and obedience to man; but there are those who are possessed of an unholy ambition to wander unrestrained beyond their sphere. They seek to lay aside the beauties of womanhood and take upon themselves the attributes of manhood; they ask equal privileges with man, to drink and fight and swear and frequent saloons and other haunts of degradation; they wish to desert their families and destroy all that is beautiful and sacred in the social relation! My friends, such are the accusations brought against us; but are they just—are they reasonable? Can they be substantiated? Are we the monstrousities they portray us, and does our movement tend toward the terrible results they depict? Come, let us reason together; and see if we can ascertain who is right and who is wrong, and what is truly woman's sphere. To be able to determine woman's sphere we must go back to first principles and endeavor to ascertain for what purpose she was formed, and by what laws she is governed. I believe it is generally conceded that the ultimate mission of woman, as well of man, is to make preparation for a future and higher state of existence; that God has intrusted to us the germs of certain capabilities and powers which it is our duty to develop as near unto perfection as possible. We find that all human beings are threefold in their nature—physical, intellectual and spiritual; therefore they have a three-fold development to accomplish, and must have a corresponding three-fold sphere. The order of nature seems to be that soul cannot exist without mind, and that mind cannot exist independent of body; therefore, if we would attain a high degree of spirituality, or soul development, we must acquire a sound and vigorous mind; and to be able to acquire such a mind we must have a strong and healthy body. As our physical nature is first in the scale of development, it should receive our first attention. If we take up physiology we learn that in all the vital functions of the body the sexes are governed by precisely the same laws. The principles of their formation and development do not vary. What gives health and vigor to the one, gives health and vigor to the other. If a man requires pure air, abundant exercise, food and clothing and abundant exercise to secure perfect physical manhood, woman

requires the same means to secure perfect physical womanhood. The sphere of the youth of both sexes is identical. The girl has as much right by nature to run, and jump, and climb, and skate, and swim as the boy has; bone and muscle, sound lungs and pure blood are as essential to her happiness as to his, and the wise and conscientious parent will see to it that the daughter is not robbed of her birth-right by a false and pernicious public sentiment.

"But," says one, "I do not believe in that sort of doctrine. Woman was made for man, and she should be what he desires her to be. We don't want our women coarse and muscular like men; above all things, a woman should be womanly. Our girls should be kept in doors, and under the watchful eye of their mothers, should be taught all the various accomplishments of their sex. They should be taught that fashionable beauty and refinement are of inestimable value to women, and that no pains should be spared to secure for her these treasures."

And this is the physical training she very generally receives. Her feet are bound, not after the manner of the heathen Chinese, to such an extent as to produce deformity, but just sufficiently to check the circulation and prevent overgrowth. Her waist is bound to secure symmetry of form, and she is carefully guarded from exposure to the sun and wind, to secure delicacy of complexion, and so she is

"Compelled to suffer through the day, Restrains which no reward repay; And in the end you'll hear the song, Woman is weak, but man is strong."

We do not claim that woman has as great muscular power as man; but we do maintain that she is not naturally the weak, puny, miserable creature we so often find her. Look at the hale and hearty maid of Erin—the brown-haired daughter of toil—who has sought in our favored land fairer opportunities to gain an honest livelihood. She is a specimen of the physical attainments of our sex. She is not tortured by aches and pains till her complaints become monotonous and even wearisome to those around her; but she is healthy and happy, and possesses so kind and joyous a spirit that we are pleased with her in spite of the prejudices of caste. She is qualified for physical usefulness, and she takes her place as a mental in the house of the wealthy, and nobody complains that she is out of her sphere. Behold her mistress, the child of luxury, languidly reclining among the cushions of her sofa. She has been moulded to suit the requirements of fashion, and she has gained the coveted prize, for society proclaims her the embodiment of grace and beauty. But she is totally incapacitated for usefulness in almost every particular, for she has neither the health, strength nor inclination for any kind of labor. She is scarcely able to meet the demands of society, and quite too weak and nervous to endure the prattle and annoyance of her children; so she leaves them to the care of the servants, while she seeks amusement and excitement to cheer her drooping spirits. But no one deems her unwomanly or accuses her of being out of her sphere. To labor for reward she considers degrading, and she looks with contempt upon those who receive a poor pittance for ministering to her material wants. She seems to forget that labor is a necessity of our existence, and that somebody's hands must toil, and somebody's back must bend under additional weight, that she may be supported in idleness. She forgets that "labor is worship," and that we are enjoined by Scripture to do with our might whatsoever our hands find to do. She has seemingly come to the conclusion that she is a thing of beauty, and will be a joy forever, and so she is content to be a mere parlor ornament. And these two women, whose lives are so entirely opposite, are both in their sphere. Society virtually informs us that God, who is no respecter of persons, made the one for a life of unremitting toil, stamped her with the impress of inferiority, and doomed her to a condition of servitude; while He formed the other for a life of ease and elegance, set upon her the seal of nobility, and placed her in the ranks of aristocracy; and that it is right and proper, by virtue of these distinctions, that the one should spend her life in submissive servitude to the other. But is the voice of society the voice of God?

Leaving this question for you to decide, we will pass to the consideration of woman as an intellectual being. In this department we find her identical with man. There is not a single organ found in the brain of man but what is also found in the brain of woman; and whatever course of instruction is required to develop the mind of the one, is also required to develop the mind of the other. If the masculine mind is made broad and comprehensive by grasping after the intricate problems of life, so do like causes produce like effects in the feminine mind. We find the same variety of tastes and opinions among one sex as among the other. All men do not choose the same occupation, and neither do all women, when they have the privilege of choice. Agriculture, for instance, is an old and honorable occupation; and many consider the farm the most pleasant field of labor in which man can engage. The orator dwells with great earnestness on

the pleasing and ennobling influence of husbandry, and the musician sings the songs of rural life with wonderful sweetness and expression; but compel either of them to follow the plow for a living, and they would soon come to the conclusion that theory is better than practice—at least in that direction. The orator would long to electrify the world with his eloquence, and the musician would sigh to captivate the public ear with his melodies—and neither of them would succeed on the farm. Just so it is with women. All are not fitted for the same occupation. Like men, they are born orators, poets, artists and musicians. How, then, can we expect such to succeed as cooks and nursery maids? Debar men from positions for which they are fitted by birth and education, and for which they have a decided taste, and compel them to engage in unbecoming pursuits, and wouldn't there be discontent and grumbling among the brothers? Wouldn't they be holding equal rights meetings, and demanding a change in the programme? History would soon repeat itself in a New Declaration of Independence, the cry of "Liberty or death," and the clash of resounding arms. But we have no desire to spill our brother's blood. Instead of appealing to arms, we prefer to appeal to his better nature; and we have faith that our prayers for redress will not be in vain.

As the educator of youth, if for no other reason, should woman receive the highest cultivation. What position could be accompanied by greater responsibilities than that of motherhood? We read that "just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." How necessary that the mothers of men be qualified to bend the twig of humanity in the right direction, and surround it with proper conditions, that it may become a healthy and shapely and flourishing tree, rich in the abundance of its fruits of good works. It is woman's right to cultivate the talents bestowed upon her, and it is her God-appointed sphere to engage in any pursuit for which she is capacitated.

Lastly, we will consider woman as a spiritual being. Here, as before, we find her governed by the same laws as man. Each has the same desire for happiness, the same longing for immortality, and each looks forward to the change called death with equal hopes and fears. The stings of conscience are as acute in the one as in the other, and the violation of the moral law is disastrous to each alike. I believe the opinion is quite prevalent that, spiritually, woman is superior to man; that it is her special province to be good and true and pure and religious. But I do not hold that woman is naturally man's superior in any respect. If she is spiritually elevated above him, it is because of her superior moral training. She is taught at a tender age the necessity of being virtuous in every regard, while the boy's moral education is comparatively neglected. He may indulge in profane and vulgar language, and little heed is given to it, but society is shocked when a girl is thus found departing from the straight and narrow way. A man may seek the haunts of degradation, reel intoxicated through the street, using the most loathsome language, and fall into the gutter in a state of stupefaction, sunk even below the level of the brute; but he may rise in the strength of his manhood, burst the bonds that enslave him, and become a respectable and useful citizen, and even secure unto himself positions of honor and trust. But woman once fallen can never rise; her doom is sealed. How important, then, that she be early instructed in moral and religious principles, to enable her to resist temptation and lay fast hold upon that only which is good. But where comes the idea that woman should be more virtuous than man? Is her soul more precious than his in the sight of the Great All-Father? Were not the Commandments given to us irrespective of sex? And are not the means of salvation the same for every human being? Why, then, is it not necessary that man, too, receive early and careful spiritual training, to prepare him to battle successfully the evils of life, and gain the victor's crown of a noble and exalted manhood, that he may be prepared for the society of the just and pure in that future life to which we all aspire? It is woman's right to be spiritually free, and whenever she finds a "wrong that needs resistance," or a "cause that lacks assistance," it is in accordance with her sphere to cast her influence on the side of truth and justice; and it is her prerogative to determine for herself what is right and what is wrong, and not be subject to the dictation of any one in this regard. As man can not answer for woman at the Judgment-bar of God, he has no moral right to attempt to bind her reason and conscience, and make them subservient to his will. As social beings, it is our duty to encourage, sustain and assist one another in all good resolutions and undertakings; and it is also our duty to warn, admonish, exhort and restrain the evil-doer. Is woman, then, out of her sphere, when she attempts to raise her brother in the scale of humanity by convincing him of the error of his ways? Should she be regarded as his enemy, because she wages war on dram-shops and other sinks of iniquity? Does she lose her womanliness because she seeks the privilege of assisting her brother to remove temptation from his path? Nay, verily,

Woman will always be womanly, for she has no power to change her nature, and she will even be better friend, as mother, daughter and sister, she clings to him even when he has so debased himself that all other friends forsake him. Woman would fain purify our social and political atmosphere, as much on man's account as on her own; but to accomplish this she must have power; and to have power she must have independence; and to have independence she must have the BALLOT.

Mothers, Cultivate Your Minds.

What shall I say of the mother whose weary years have but ministered to the necessities of others and neglected her own soul's needs? Alas! that it is too often a real tragedy! The past cannot be restored, but the future is ours. The man who turns from the wife at the altar, who has thus sacrificed herself at the altar, is accursed, but the sacrifice ought never to be made. The very precious ointment was not taken to anoint the feet of the Lord, but to rub up the pots and kettles. Its sacredness was in its uselessness. Its use was sacrilege.

Children cannot prevent it. The fire is ashes on the altar before they know its cost. But a man is worse than brutal to demand or to accept such a sacrifice from his wife. A woman is wholly, cruelly wrong in making it.

Petroleum V. Nasby, in his poem of "Hannah Jane," gives us such a life-history. Hannah Jane yields youth, beauty, culture, all to make the fortune of her husband. She remains to the end illiterate, a drudge, a slave, a pack-horse, and her husband rather takes credit to himself for not "shoving her out alone," and never gets further than "if either I'm delinquent." If either! Such a man is dead in sin not to see that he is worse than a wife-murderer. He has slain a soul. What he promised to love, honor, and cherish, he has degraded, despoiled, destroyed. "There's another world beyond this," poetizes the missing husband, but he need not concern himself with that at present. There is this world. One is enough at a time for such evil spirits as he. The man who builds his own fate and fortune on the souls of his wife or his children does not wait for the next world to condemn him; he is condemned already. He is that execrated and ever execrable monster who plunders the one he has sworn to protect, that he may enrich himself.

But women ought to see for themselves that it is a waste of the ointment. Sometimes, perhaps, it cannot be helped. Fate closes around the child, and she has her in one groove till the grave releases her. Perhaps, I can hardly think that in this country any fate is so strong as to keep the soul fast if the will be not first a traitor. But he promised to love, honor, and cherish, he has degraded, despoiled, destroyed. "There's another world beyond this," poetizes the missing husband, but he need not concern himself with that at present. There is this world. One is enough at a time for such evil spirits as he. The man who builds his own fate and fortune on the souls of his wife or his children does not wait for the next world to condemn him; he is condemned already. He is that execrated and ever execrable monster who plunders the one he has sworn to protect, that he may enrich himself.

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A REMARKABLE SCENE.—In referring to Congressman Elliott's effort in behalf of the Civil Rights bill, the New York Dispatch has the following under the title above: "A scene remarkable in its character was presented in the House of Representatives, last week. Alexander H. Stephens, ex-Vice President of the defunct Southern Confederacy, made a long speech in opposition to the Civil Service bill, and sat down. Mr. Elliott, a colored Representative from South Carolina, rose in his place and made reply. Think of the contrast; indulge for a moment the thronging associations as memory goes back to the days of Calhoun, Bully Brooks, and Rhett—to the threats of nullification. No more lash or chain on account of color. Instead, one of the despised slave races sits in the seat of the chief of the Southern chivalry, and stands before the Representatives of thirty-seven States, the peer of any, every inch a man. The speech of Mr. Elliott was keen, calm, caustic, and clear in argument. It must have seemed as strange as wonderful to Mr. Stephens to be answered by a black man—Representative though he be. To him, the clear sentence, the flashing eye, the concise, condensed argument, must have told how utterly futile the attempt to establish a confederacy based upon involuntary servitude as a cornerstone. In that ringing voice he must have realized how utterly a lost cause was that mad attempt of Jefferson Davis when he outraged the laws of God and man to attempt the establishment of a slave oligarchy. The black man stood proudly up, was listened to with interest, and made an able, feeling, convincing argument in favor of the rights of the race he so well represents."

Mrs. Agassiz has finally completed and ready for the press the life of her husband, upon several years.