

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO WORK

SHE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SUPPORT HERSELF.

Too Many Young People Are Not Capable of Doing Anything of Marketable Value and Have to Enter Matrimony or Hang Like Millstones Around Some One's Neck.

Not long ago in my restless way I told you how I flanked Adolphus, and how I intended trying to become accustomed to his rival, the wooden-headed young man with money.

I sat down the other night and thought the matter out again. When there is something wrong, someone must be to blame. I have laid the blame for the rottenness in the state of Denmark at the doors of the fathers and mothers of the land.

When, a few years ago, my brothers went to college, where did I go? To a finishing school, of course, where I learned to pretend to do many things—all of them useless—and really to do nothing.

Now, may not the average girl have quite as much brain and ambition as her brother? Is it fair or just that she should be condemned to rust her life out in sleepy inaction in this dull old town, with not enough money, and a painful lack of new gowns?

I heard a half-dozen girls talking, the other day, all of whom are dependent on fathers who spend their income as it is earned, and have nothing laid by for the proverbial rainy day.

It is quite as much the duty of parents to educate their daughters to earn their livelihood as their sons. When a woman is left ignorant of any trade or calling there is but one path open to her, and that leads to housework.

The remedy? Let every girl insist on being taught something useful. Instead of dabbling in music, painting, French, learning half a dozen things indifferently, let them learn some one thing thoroughly.

Women lawyers, journalists, doctors, teachers, are becoming numerous. Why not have women as printers, drug-clerks, watch-makers, cabinet-makers, civil servants, and in all the other callings not requiring superabundance of muscle?

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Do let us ask for bread and, refusing the proffered stone, insist on having it. Instead of superficial "finishing" let us have solid education, let us be educated like our brothers for use and not for ornament.

The Yeomen of the Guard has been succeeded by *Erminie*, in Boston. It hasn't been a success there, from the box-office point of view.

At the sterling old Boston Museum few actors die and none resign. The engagements for the next season already include Miss Clarke, Miss O'Leary, Miss Addison (Mrs. Pitt), Mr. Pitt, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Nolan and Mrs. Nolan (Kate Ryan)—old friends, all of them, and each as capable, in his or her line, as any on the American stage.

The largest theatrical advertisement on record has just been placed by Henry Irving in the *London Era*. It covers twelve pages. There are men not quite so well known as Mr. Irving who think they can get along without advertising.

Fanny Davenport is the last to come to the front with a tale of the marvellous amount she has cleared this season. In her case it is \$200,000. The ciphers are very impressive.

The *Trautore* newspaper, of Paris, intent upon enlightening its readers as to the prosperity of art and artists in America, prints a list of wealthy actors and actresses, and gives the amounts of their respective fortunes.

Maggie Mitchell wants a divorce from her husband, on the ground of infidelity. He wooed her for fourteen years and they were married in 1868. He will probably be sorry to give her up. She has been a mother to him and she is worth \$500,000.

Courtly Gentleman—"May I ask if you were present at the creation?" Elderly Maiden—(blushing with quick indignation)—"Sir! I do not understand what you mean."

Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared comb it.

Life is a wonderful gift! The life of a human soul. By the will of Omnipotence sent adrift. Where the waves of eternities roll—Adrift, in a tiny barque.

Life hath its purpose in God: All other is puerile and vain; Nor footstep of angel or spirit hath trod On a height which it may not obtain.

Why should we ask for all? A little's best, If but that little last; Who wants life's bliss into one measure pressed, And joy forever past?

WAS JONSON BACON?

A NEW LITERARY PUZZLE PROPOSED BY A STUDENT.

Bacon Had Neither the Genius Nor the Opportunity to Write the Famous "Essays," and His Alleged Activity Ended When His Friend Became Paralyzed.

In an ingenious and novel argument before the Shakespeare society of New York, at its last meeting, Mr. Alfred Waite utterly demolished Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's theory as to the works long attributed to the Bard of Avon.

The paper opened with a brief sketch of Ben Jonson's early surroundings. His lowly origin, his distasteful work as a brick-layer followed by a term of military service in the Netherlands, were lightly touched upon as showing the contrast between himself and Bacon.

This strange friendship dated from the release of Jonson, who had been imprisoned and was in danger of death upon the block for killing his opponent in a duel. What more likely, hinted the essayist, than that Bacon's influence secured immunity for the man of lowly birth, but enormous intellectual attainments, who in return for the favor yielded his birthright, the fruit of his brain, to his deliverer.

After dwelling upon the contrasts between the two men, one of whom was, in addition to his poverty, despised as a papist and a player—then a term synonymous with outcast—Mr. Waite declared that Bacon's literary fame was born very shortly after Jonson's release from prison, strong proofs in favor of this argument being that the letters attributed to Bacon were not in his handwriting and that the supposed author was constantly forgetting the contents of his alleged writings, going so far even as to place impossible dates upon them and otherwise demonstrating his limited knowledge of their contents.

Excellent discourses in a round Saxon hand, very different from Bacon's, had been discovered among his papers a century after his death, but yet, most strangely, an admirable transcript of those same discourses had been published years before among Jonson's undoubted works.

Lady Ann Bacon's intense hatred of Papists and denunciations found among her papers of one "Jones," a member of that body, who was among her son's intimates in 1593, was presented as showing that all possible family influence was brought to bear upon Bacon to relinquish the ties binding him to Jonson, who was undoubtedly that "Jones," so bitterly disparaged by Lady Ann; but, said the essayist, the secret understanding existing between the two men was too strong to be severed.

The peculiar intimacy between Bacon and Jonson was remarked upon by many of their contemporary writers, whose bitterness toward the humble playwright was exemplified by their explaining that connection by the assertion that poor Ben simply translated Bacon's works into Latin. This was a poor theory, however, as any prominent lawyer of the day could write in Latin as easily as in English, and it would not have been necessary for Bacon—generally a despiser of the Thespian art—to seek such help in the theatre.

Among other reasons for believing that Jonson was the inspirer of Bacon's philosophy the essayist urged that while Ben's early boyhood had been remarkable, Bacon was a youth of quite ordinary attainments. Jonson's critics declared that he was slow and jeered at him as a translator. When he was stung into refuting these insinuations he nevertheless wrote "The Fox" in five weeks. His apparent slowness was to be accounted for by the presumption that playwriting was neglected for far more important work, which was turned out with marvellous rapidity, but under another's name.

Quoting from Gifford, Mr. Waite showed that Jonson's private library was exactly the place in which to gather such material as was utilized in Bacon's writings. On the other hand, Bacon's frequent illness, the pressure of official and private business, and undoubtedly authentic letters of his, full of circumlocution and tautology, clearly proved that it was really impossible for him to have accomplished such work. Jonson had been neglectful of the stage at the very periods when he might well be supposed to have been engaged on Bacon's philosophies and, finally, contended Mr. Waite, the publication of the "Paraphrase"

at the close of 1625, when Jonson was paralyzed and incapable of work, showed the monstrous incongruity of "Bacon's" best works.

Bacon's personal character came in for severely satirical comment, and the insertion in his garden, drawn up by himself after Buckingham had succeeded in obtaining that clemency from James I for the then degraded courtier, of clauses exempting him from punishment for plagiarism, was a final shot fired by the advocate of Ben Jonson into the ranks of Bacon's worshippers.

A curious side light is thrown upon all this by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's article on "Delia Bacon's Unhappy Story," in the *North American Review* for March. Dwelling upon his heroine's deserts, he says: "If Delia Bacon's theory, that William Shakespeare was a mere mask for Francis Bacon, is an absurdity and an insane delusion, and if she was, indeed, simply a mad woman, as her brother, Dr. Leonard Bacon, assured her she was, when she conceived and published that theory, we may well ask why her nephew now 'drags her frailties from their dread abode,' and parades them before the world. Has she any more claim to a biography, in that case, than any other of the unreasonable and unfortunate inhabitants of Bedlam? If she was simply the insane originator of an impossible conception, should not her relatives have spread the mantle of charitable oblivion over her shattered life? Should they not

Walk backward, with averted gaze, And hide her shame? A biography of Delia Bacon can only be justified by a belief in the truth of the theory with which her life is identified. Anything less than that is to stir the dust of the lunatic dead for commercial purposes; it is to exhibit her, straight-jacket and all, to an unsympathetic public, for a pecuniary consideration. If Delia Bacon was not insane when she framed and uttered that theory, if she was right in her views—as right as Aristarchus of Samos was in his day—then she deserves a hundred biographies to be written by tender and loving friends, with reverent eyes and enthusiastic admiration. If she was right, then was she, indeed, the profoundest thinker of her age, with a sweep of thought and depth of penetration a thousand miles beyond the shallow great ones of her generation. If she was right, she deserves to be honored as a martyr to the truth, who stood nobly up in the arena of the world until torn to pieces by the wild beasts of public opinion. There are many now who regard her as the greatest American yet born: the hope to see her biography yet written by some one who loves, honors and believes in her."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. Is It Wrong to Dance? TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: I would like to ask a few questions through your common-sense paper, upon a subject that is dealt with by many persons of a would-be religious character, who would make the world believe that they were endowed with more knowledge of the claims of the Most High than He who made laws so plain that he that runs may read:

Where within the lids of the sacred scriptures can there be found a passage in which the word *dance* or *dancing* is spoken of as offensive to Him who, in plain language, has spoken by His servants, and has given permission to use the world, with all its pleasures, and freely to enjoy, but abuse none? I am amazed to hear from time to time of persons, ignorant of the teachings of that sacred book, aiming to fix a law beyond that which is written there, by cutting off the innocent pleasures of the young—even the little children, who were once set as a fit type of the kingdom of heaven.

This question has arisen with me, as I understand that some children, in a little party, danced after their own fashion, with other enjoyments, and so wrought upon some of the Sunday-school teachers that they passed a vote that "no teachers who allowed their children to dance should act as teachers in their Sabbath-school"; and that took place within a thousand miles of St. John. Now, sir, is it not amazing that men or women who have the Bible, and read carefully the claims of true Christianity, can for one moment allow their narrow prejudices to carry them so far as to try and make the *natural, innocent* amusements of life so sinful! Amazing, indeed, and the more so as it cannot be found that amusements are anywhere condemned only in *man's* condemnation.

I tremble for the person who dares to add to or take away from what is so emphatically written. Instead of launching out anathemas on dancing that God has not denounced; how much more Godlike would it be to openly denounce what He has—the sins that today are cursing the Christian church—and to search their own hearts, lives, and actions, in all the relations of life. Take, for instance, the adulterers, false swearers, the robbers of the widow and fatherless, turning aside the stranger from his right, double dealing in business, deceiving for gain, back-biting, slandering, casting blights on character, Sabbath breaking, and a host of other sins of which God has emphatically declared that all such sinners shall have their place and shall never enter heaven. II. Fredericton, March 2.

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P. S.—Persons living in the country, by sending their name to us by letter or postal card, can have their name registered and have an equal chance. But no two names can be sent in one letter or card, the sender must write their own name to the letter or card. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., No. 5 MARKET SQUARE. LOOK FOR THE RED LIGHT.

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