CARRIE

The story of Lincoln's lost heroine

CAROLINE ELIZA DERECOURT MARTYN

A biographical anthology

Compiled by Christopher J Hodgson

PREFACE

Caroline Eliza Derecourt Martyn was described by Keir Hardy as the leading socialist of her day. Her life story is recorded in the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography and much of it also appears in Krista Cowman's essay in "Heroic Reputations and Exemplary Lives" edited by Cubitt & Warren (Manchester University Press, 2000).

Caroline, or "Carrie" to her friends, was born in Lincoln on 3rd May 1867 in the family home above the County Police Station, at the corner of High Street and Monson Street. She lived with her family through her younger years before attending Beaumont House Ladies Seminary as a weekly boarder.

Beaumont House (now known as Beaumont Court) is located at the junction of Spring Hill and Beaumont Fee in Lincoln.

These two properties are now owned by J. Hodgson & Sons Ltd. and it was an enquiry into the history of these buildings that has led to publication of this small anthology. Caroline Martyn died suddenly in July 1896. In her few adult years, she established a national reputation as a leading advocate of Christian Socialism and the Women's Movement.

Whilst largely forgotten in Lincoln, Caroline Martyn is very much remembered in Yorkshire where a celebration in song and tribute to her were included in The Street Music Festival 2002. Material from the festival has been included in this anthology. It is hoped that this small publication will help keep her memory alive for a few more years to come.

CHRISTOPHER J HODGSON

Life and Letters of Caroline Martin by Leena Wallis
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INTRODUCTION

by Professor Krista Cowman
University of Lincoln

Caroline Martyn was one of a number of women who made an important contribution to the growth and development of a socialist movement in Britain at the end of the 19th century. A good deal of women's participation in socialism has been easy to overlook. Socialism spoke directly to the working classes, to women restricted by the double demands of home and family and of work which was often unskilled and low paid. They found it difficult to find time for political activity at all, so worked in local branches close to their homes. Women who had a little more time to spare were equally likely to develop a local dimension to their politics. Whilst national government was the preserve of men until after the First World War, local government had expanded in the 19th century and allowed women to participate fully in much of its work on the School Boards, the Boards of Guardians, and finally the council chamber. Many women found that Board work in particular allowed them to bring their domestic expertise into politics, advising on menus and dress in workhouses or on curriculum design in infant schools. Caroline Martyn was amongst a small group of women who moved their politics beyond their immediate environment to make names for themselves on a national stage as organisers, writers and speakers. She left her home city of Lincoln in 1885 at the age of 18, and did not return to live there before her untimely death in 1896. Yet on re-reading her biography (written by her cousin, Lena Wallis, and published two years after her death) and her letters, it is clear that Lincoln shaped her and remained dear to her throughout her life. In an early chapter, Wallis describes the things which impacted on the young Caroline; her window over the high street where she would watch the population walking home beneath the gas lights; the games up and down Steep Hill and, above all, the 'proud Cathedral towers'. Caroline was well-known for her particular brand of Christian Socialism. She learned this indirectly in Lincoln, partly at St Peter at St Gowts whose Vicar remained a friend during her time in London. Unusually amongst Christian Socialists her personal

religion was High Anglican rather than Methodism, shaped in part by the atmosphere of Lincoln Cathedral where she attended the major festivals. Caroline Martyn only spoke at one series of lectures in Lincoln in the February before her death. She seems to have been well-received, but Lincoln was not as strong a base for socialism as the industrial centres of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Scotland or the Midlands, where her work was better known. Nevertheless, she did not forget her home city. As her political career progressed, Lincoln became more important to her. She kept up with local events, and was disappointed when a Scottish newspaper reported that Lincoln had voted against opening a public bath. Yet Lincoln had other meanings for Caroline Martyn beyond the political. Her biography shows the frenetic pace of her work, with speaking tours involving several meetings a day, punctuated by long journeys and disturbed nights when she would often have to share beds with the children of the family accommodating her. She returned to Lincoln to rest when she could and admitted to severe bouts of homesickness when she could not do this. The material in this volume offers some sense of the scale and scope of Caroline Martyn's work. The biographical material by Lena Wallis and Isabella Fyvie Mayo, previously very difficult to access, show how important she was to the socialist movement, working energetically for a number of different organisations as well as editing a national newspaper. The reprinted speech and lecture give some idea of her intellectual capabilities; clearly-argued and shot through with figures and examples they demonstrate how much effort socialist speaking required, and possibly explain why Caroline was so keen to repeat her lectures in different parts of the country if she could! Andrew Bibby's tribute draws together contemporary material which demonstrates the sense of loss prompted by her death. It is wonderful to have these together in one volume, and fitting that it should be published in Lincoln, returning Caroline Martyn to the city she so loved.

Krista Cowman

LIFE AND LETTERS

an unabridged copy of the original text of

CAROLINE MARTYN'S BIOGRAPHY

written by her cousin

LENA WALLIS

and published by

LABOUR LEADER PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT IN 1898

FORWARD

In sending forth this tribute to the memory of Caroline Martyn, I would remind my readers that it is in no sense whatever a literary effort. I have simply endeavoured to tell the story of her brief life as I remember it, and as it is shown in her letters. I feel that the finest literary skill would be incapable of doing justice to such a life, but I have brought to my task a great love which perhaps may be allowed to cover a multitude of literary defects.

Most of those who read this story will, I know, share in sympathy with me because they, too, will share in my love and admiration for the noble woman whose life was so suddenly cut short.

I am sorry that so long a time has elapsed between the death of Caroline Martyn and the publication of this little volume but unexpected public duties claimed my time and attention, and my leisure for other things has been scant.

My thanks are due to all who have in any way helped me in my task by sending me letters, reports or lectures, etc. Amongst these may be mentioned Mrs. Martyn, Lincoln; Mr. J. Whittaker, of Wolverhampton; Mr. and Mrs. A. Webster, of Aberdeen; Mr. J. A. Booth, Sowerby Bridge; Mr. J. Podmore, of Warrington; Mr. J. Hulme, of Bolton-le-Moors; Mr. and Mrs. Gerrie, of Aberdeen; Mr A. Mattison, of Hunslet; and Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo, Aberdeen.

LENA WALLIS

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAROLINE MARTYN

CHAPTER I

This is the cruel cross of life-to be
Full-visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place
Of some dear presence is but simply space.

O we not invariably wait until the hand of Death has seized upon our dear ones and carried them beyond the touch of our hands and the sound of our voices ere we lay at their feet the wealth of love we have always borne to them, but which we have been too busy, or too thoughtless, or too selfish to put into words? Again and again we have this lesson given into our hands to re-learn, and amid our blinding tears we seek to learn it, but by and by, when our tears are drier, when our sorrow is somewhat healed, we forget again, for, as George Eliot has said, "Time is inexorable. There is no cry of agony in the world that with Time does not grow at first hoarse and then dumb." Then once more we find ourselves in a similar experience, with our lesson unlearned, and another bitter passion of regret overwhelms us.

Life is all too short to admit of our delaying to utter our words of cheer and encouragement to those who are treading the path of life side by side with us. Death is on our track, and our own voices may be silenced, or the need of our friends have passed away, before we do the kindly deed, or say the kindly word, we have treasured in our hearts to do and say "when we have time."

Still, there are many beauties of character in the people about us which we never discover until death has put them far enough away from our sight.

Many of the most beautiful pictures painted by our cleverest artists seem but a blurred, indistinct mass of colour if looked at too closely. You must stand at the exactly proper distance if you would see the meaning of the whole picture.

So when our friends are near us, moving in and out amongst us day by day, it seems as if the fierce light of daily life were too strong in order for us to catch the delicate shades of beauty in their characters. We see the outlines, but we cannot fill in the details; and not until the shadows of death have softened the glare, not until the life-story is finished, do we seem to be able to grasp the underlying meaning of the whole, and to see the beauty which has lain hidden from our eyes so long.

It is in the hope that many hearts may be blessed and inspired to the doing of brave, unselfish deeds for God and their fellows, that we undertake the present sketch.

CHAPTER II

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD

Ah, what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

ORN at Lincoln on May 3rd, 1867, Caroline Eliza Derecourt Martyn was the eldest child of her parents, and brought to them the usual amount of joy and gladness that a first-born child generally brings. Before the close of 1874 a sister and three brothers had been added to this family circle, so that Caroline did not run the risk of being spoiled, and early there was developed in her that helpfulness and thought of others which family-life is bound, in a great measure, to develop in all. At the close of 1874 these children were attacked by scarlet fever, and now for the first time Caroline was brought face to face with the Angel of Death; but his summons was not for her, he passed her by, and touched her sister and one of her brothers, and they quietly followed him into the Silent Land.

During the next two years, two more boys were born who, in some degree, filled up the place of those who had been taken; but as Caroline was the only girl, naturally her father and mother showered a wealth of love upon her.

In 1880 a baby girl came to gladden this home, and in 1885 another was added, making a total of nine children, six of whom are living, and who shared in Caroline's love, for she recognised the great truth underlying the love of humanity - that there must be love of home and family before there can possibly be any great love for country and race.

Caroline's home was situated in what might fairly be called the centre of Lincoln, which, as most people know, is an ancient and historic city, lying under the shadow of its proud Cathedral Towers. Until her 19th year all Caroline's life was spent in this quiet city, and round her home was the ceaseless tread of the toiling masses for whom she was eventually to labour

and die. When quite a child it was one or her delights to sit in the dark at her bedroom window - which overlooked the High Street - and to weave romances about the people who passed under the gas-lamps below. She was very proud or her native city - she knew its history well, and proved an interesting and entertaining guide to the friends who visited her home, and who wished to see the beauties of Lincoln. We would sometimes laughingly tell her that "what she did not know she could invent," and, as none of us knew very much about it, we could not pull her up even had we desired.

My earliest memories of Caroline Martyn date from the beginning of 1875, when we came to live in Lincoln, and for the first eighteen months lived within a few doors of her home. It does not always happen that one finds one's closest friends amongst one's relatives; but it did in this case. There was but a week's difference in age between my cousin and my sister, while I was two years younger. As we were strangers in Lincoln, we were sent to the school where my cousin went. It was twenty minutes' walk from where we lived - for schools were not so plentiful in those days as they are now - and situated nearly at the top of the Steep Hill, so that we had to go right through the town. During the six months we went to that school we learnt very little, as we spent most of our time in going and coming home. The mistress was not strict, and, as we were only little ones, did not mind about the time we put in an appearance. Consequently we did not mind, and very often when we had reached the top of the hill, the three of us would run down again hand in hand to see how far we should go before we should come to a standstill. Though our minds may not have speedily developed under this system of education, our bodies did, which, after all, should be the aim of all education for the first few years of a child's life.

In the July of 1875, our mother had a serious illness, and my sister and I were sent to a boarding-school, so that for a time we saw little of my cousin; but on our removing to another part of the town and becoming possessed of a pleasant little garden, with a lovely piece of grass on which we were allowed to play to our hearts' content, it became the custom for my cousin to spend her Wednesday and Saturday afternoons with us. Delightful times we had too. One special game, I remember, we invented during the time of the Zulu War. Our little hearts had been thrilled by the news of the death of the Prince Imperial, and so we brought the circumstances of his death into our games. The chief terms in this game were Zulu and Assegai; and if by chance ordinary words were used a heavy forfeit was inflicted.

On wet afternoons we retired to our bedroom, and, though we had few toys compared to what falls to the lot of many children in these days, yet we managed to get more fun than perhaps half the children do today

who are loaded with wonderful toys and games. We would ransack our wardrobe, and transform ourselves into grown-up ladies and gentlemen. By a word we were changed into duchesses, countesses, princesses, and we did not even stop short at the Queen herself when it suited our purpose. For the time we actually lived in this charmed circle - our ordinary hum-drum life with its little pleasures, its little cares, its little duties, passed from our memories as completely as if it had never been. Through the whole routine of high life we gravely passed, Caroline supplying the imagination, while we filled in the details. Prince Leopold figured very largely in this courtly pageant. Our little bedroom, with its simple adornments, was changed as if by magic into the gorgeous palace, the dazzling ballroom, the glittering reception-room, or the scent-laden conservatory, at our pleasure. When the glow had somewhat faded from these brilliant scenes, and we grew rather tired of being "somebodies," preferring to be little girls once more, we would steal down to the kitchen, and, gathering round the fire in the twilight - watching shadows come and go upon the walls and floor - we would listen spellbound while my cousin would weave from her vivid imagination stories that now raised our hair on end and made us creep closer together, and now charmed us with their sweetness and beauty.

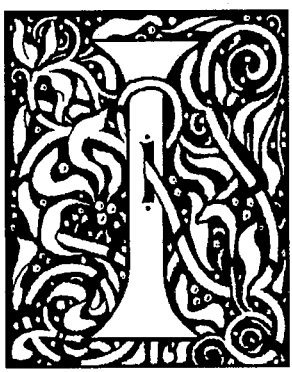
With the happy memories or my childhood surging round my heart, I would plead with parents for their children's sake.

> *Give them a happy childhood; do not spoil it for them by harshness, perhaps unintentional. They will be children but once, and to be able to look back with joy on one's early days is a priceless blessing when one has entered upon the turmoil and care and sorrow which is inseparable from later life.*

CHAPTER III

SCHOOLDAYS

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
womanhood and childhood fleet!
Life hath quicksands ~ life hath snares!
O, thou child of many prayers!
Care and age come unawares!



N 1880 Caroline Martyn was sent as a weekly boarder to Beaumont House School, in Lincoln. It is pleasantly situated on the hillside, commanding splendid views of the lower part of the city. At that time it was surrounded by a large, old-fashioned garden, since sold off in building plots and villas built upon it. The principal of the school, Miss Roome, endeared herself to the hearts of the many girls who came within the radius or her influence by her unvarying kindness, her strict sense of duty, and her unfailing justness. Here Caroline passed several happy, busy years. Her brilliant intellect soon put her far ahead of the girls of her own age, but she, at that time, lacked the capacity of sticking to her work. The temptation to carelessness must have been very great, for she could easily do work in a short time that took most girls hours to accomplish. Whatever she set her mind to do she always succeeded in doing it.

In 1882 I was sent to Beaumont House as a weekly boarder. Well do I remember the fear that possessed me when my mother bade me good-bye and left me to face the new school-life with its unknown experiences. But I was not left to tremble long, Miss Roome sent for my cousin, and giving me into her charge, said: "Take her and introduce her to the other girls, and make her feel at home," and well did she fulfil that charge. I was allowed to sit next to her at all the classes that first week because I was a new girl and did not know how to go on; but from that day to the 23rd of July, 1896, she was never too busy - never too preoccupied to explain to me the things I did not understand and which she knew.

I sometimes envied my cousin the quickness of her understanding and

the ease with which she could put her thoughts into words. An illustration of this I well remember: One morning in class we were told to show in as clear a manner as possible, without referring to our history books, the claim of Victoria to the throne of England from William the Norman. To many of the girls this seemed an impossible task, while others, I among them, laboriously set to work to draw a table of descent, as we had seen it done in the histories. It seemed as if we had scarcely got our papers and pens ready before Caroline had completed her work and taken it up to the desk. It did not fill one page or an exercise-book, but it showed more clearly than I had ever seen it before how Victoria's claim to the English Throne could be traced back to William the Conqueror.

And thus it was in all things. But there were times when it seemed as if this brilliant-minded girl could not possibly rouse herself to do her work, as if a stupor had seized her which she could not throw off. Prizes for excellence in the different subjects were always given at Christmas time; but the whole year's work was not taken into account, only the one term. In 1882 we all knew that the English prize lay between my cousin and a girl called Annie Colton, whose home was at Caistor, and who, though not possessed of a very brilliant intellect, had wonderful powers of plodding perseverance. Naturally the class divided into two sections - those who favoured Caroline and those who favoured Annie. The weekly total of marks was watched for with as much eagerness as if the fate of a kingdom hung upon the result. Until about six weeks before the end of the term the contest was a fairly even one - although I had not the slightest doubt as to who would be the victor. Suddenly my cousin seemed to lose all interest in her work, a stupor came over her, she refused to answer all questions - or rather, in answer to them she replied, "I don't know." This went on for a whole week, in spite of repeated remonstrances from her supporters, and, naturally, to our supreme disgust, the next week found her at the bottom desk in the class. Thinking that this would effectually rouse her, we waited for her turn with ill-disguised eagerness. What was our dismay when we heard her answer once more in lack-lustre tones, "I don't know." She was asked, "Why don't you know?" and she replied, "I have lost my books." These books did not turn up until the end of the term, and I believe she never looked for them.

Once when I, nearly broken-hearted, took her to task for her strange conduct, she suddenly flung her arms round my neck and said, "Don't say any more; I simply *cannot* work just for the sake of reward. Let Annie take the prize, she deserves it more than I, for she has worked harder."
After that I could say no more. This incident was but a foreshadowing of

her future action, when, renouncing the honours she might so easily have won, she turned her steps into the more lowly paths of service for the people, without any hope of reward for herself, and devoted her wealth, of love, her many talents, to them, that she might be the means of lifting many to a higher platform of life and work.

Years afterwards, in one of her letters to her mother, Caroline wrote, "You tell me that your new maid has been living with the Coltons of Caistor. Annie, the second daughter, was my school-fellow. Do you remember her? She was a very high-principled girl."

Both these girls have now passed into the Better Land, dying within fourteen months of each other, and are learning the higher lessons of the life beyond the grave, where "all narrow jealousies are silent."

Caroline was not generally popular amongst the girls - many of them could not understand her, and she did not give them a chance to try. In schoolgirl parlance, she was subject to "moods and tenses." But to the few of whom she made friends she was always the same - unwavering in fidelity, unfaltering in her trust.

There were two girls known as Carrie's special friends - one, Thalia Pigrum, commonly called "the Puritan," a girl whose influence was always on the side of right, who was never known to take part in any schoolgirl frolic for fear it should not be altogether above-board. This she resolutely adhered to, in spite of the ridicule that was plentifully showered upon her, for schoolgirls do not mince their words, and they are not particularly careful about hurting each other's feelings. Thalia's actions gained for her the respect of the whole school, and Caroline acknowledged that Thalia's influence over her was unbounded.

In the other special friend - Frankie Marshall - there was an illustration that the theory "likes repel, unlikes attract," is true of friendship, for two girls more unlike than Caroline and Frankie could not possibly be found. Frankie was the daughter of an officer in the army. Her father and mother were dead, and she was the youngest of five daughters. The others were all married to officers, and when Frankie left school she was going out to India with the avowed intention of marrying an officer also. Most of her talk was of "high life" and "society," of which she thought a great deal and of which she imagined the rest of the girls knew nothing. She was an amiable girl, very easy to get on with, but empty-headed, willing to share in any fun that was going on but unable to plan any.

The friendship between Frankie and Caroline was very sincere; the governess looked upon it with suspicion, and thought that neither girl influenced the other for good. I remember one day the order was issued

that these two should no longer sleep in the same dormitory, after having been together for many months. They were highly indignant, besides being really grieved.

When Frankie went to India we prophesied that she would drop us all out of her list of correspondents, but Caroline held to her belief in her friendship. No letter came either to Carrie or any of us, and only a few months before Carrie died she said to me, when we were talking over our schooldays and of the girls, and I was telling her what I knew of some of them, "I was disappointed in Frankie Marshall. You do not know how I loved that girl, nor how I love her still!"

Caroline was true in friendship and in love, as the many friends she had made in all parts of the country can testify.

Another striking feature in Carrie's character was her generosity. This, of course, was the result of her unselfishness. Whatever she had sent to her from home she always shared it with the girls in her bedroom, and I, though not always one of her room-mates, generally came in for a share, because I belonged to her.

One Monday I well remember she came to me, holding out half a pomegranate in her hand. I refused to take it, because I knew she had only that one; but she insisted that unless I shared it she would not enjoy it in the least. This was characteristic of her to the last day of her life - she would give away everything she had, leaving herself often times without the things she sorely needed.

Once a month we had what was called "visiting day," when the boarders were allowed to go out to tea if they had an invitation. Some girls always had invitations, others but rarely. Caroline used to wait until the last day to see who was left, and then she would invite them to go home with her - not always because she liked them particularly, but mostly because she knew they had nowhere else to go.

I remember, too, one dismal week having a letter from home telling me that my sister (who had been at a school in Wales where the fever had broken out and she had taken it) had come home, and the doctor said I had better stay at school altogether for fear of infection. I moodily watched the other weekly boarders preparing to go home on the Saturday afternoon, when my cousin came up to me and said, "Don't look so doleful. Come home with me." I thought she was joking and said so; but she drew out a letter from her mother, and showed me that Auntie had said I should be welcome there for every Sunday that I could not go home. Carrie had written at once, when I told her my miserable tale, and asked that I might go with her. My mood speedily changed, I went with her, and some happy times we had. Thus was she, when only a girl, constantly thinking of others and

of what she could do to brighten life for them. With this trait-generosity so strongly developed, there was no wonder that eventually she turned her thoughts to the unequal distribution of the necessary and luxuries of life amongst the human family, and sought to find out means by which this could be altered.

Naturally Caroline was very untidy. It seemed as if it were an impossibility for her to put her things in their proper places, and at school she got into more trouble over this than almost anything. Many a time have I "tidied-up" after her, so that the governess should not find her things lying about. She used to profess that she never felt at home in a tidy room, and I was often a sore trial to her because I would be tidy, and put things away so that she could not lay her hands on them.

Beaumont House, Lincoln. c.1880

When staying with us in the summer '92, one night just before going to bed I said something to my sister about an untidy bedroom that had not been put straight. My cousin went upstairs with my sister, and, instead of going to her bedroom, followed my sister about from room to room, without saying a word. At last my sister turned round and said, "Why don't you go to your bedroom, Carrie?" "Oh, my dear," she replied, "I am looking for that untidy room. I am just hungering for it. I have been with Lena so long that I feel like a fish out of water." "Well," said my sister, "here it is." "Oh!" expressively, "is this what you call untidy?" and she turned away with a sigh.

In a letter to me from Belvedere some time after this she says: "I think you ought to write by return of post and congratulate me on having discovered a style of doing my hair which is tidy! tidy!! tidy!!! When I turn bald I shall remember a verse of Macbeth. I have learnt it for the occasion: "Nothing in its life became it like the leaving of it,' etc - a farewell to my hair."

Though Caroline was as a rule careless about her belongings, yet her books were never in a muddle. They were to her as personal friends, and she knew where to find anyone of them at a minute's notice. Sometimes in her letters to me she would mention some book and say: 'If you have not read it call at our house and ask mother to let you get it. You will find

it on my shelves. It is the third book on the middle shelf," and invariably she was right. She greatly valued her books, but she was always willing - nay, anxious - to share them with others. If any of the girls at school were short of a book, it was often said: "Oh, ask Carrie Martyn. If she has it she will lend it to you."

It was rarely that Carrie could be persuaded into taking part in any secret, though perfectly innocent, fun that was going on. One night I remember, when we were supposed to be in bed, I and the girls who shared my room went downstairs to the next landing to try and induce some of the other girls to come up to our room and take part in an impromptu entertainment we were having. But we happened to go at an unlucky moment. Caroline was deep in a romance she was coining from her own vivid imagination, and our untimely interruption and invitation were greeted with groans from the various beds. We retired somewhat crestfallen, and my cousin, hearing my voice, called out after us, "Lena, are *you* there? I thought you were the last person in the world to break the rules." I could not take this reproach meekly, so retaliated by reminding her that she was not always a model of perfection. "Ah, well," she replied, "it does not matter so much about me. They think I'm a bad lot, and it would be a pity to disappoint them; but Julia (my sister) left an odour of sanctity behind her, which also surrounds you, and you must live up to it." I did not much appreciate having to keep up this reputation which my sister had made, but I did grieve for having disappointed my cousin. The fun was no longer fun to me, and when we were all safely in bed, and the friendly darkness hid me from curious eyes, I shed a few quiet tears.

Does life hold any keener anguish, I wonder, than that which comes from knowing that one has failed to keep up one's reputation with those one loves?

Caroline's sense of humour was very keen, and when she was in the mood for it she would keep us by the hour together shrieking with laughter (as only schoolgirls can shriek) at her inimitable descriptions of persons and things she had seen.

At the age of 18 Caroline Martyn left Beaumont House in order to enter upon her career as a teacher, and thus was closed another chapter in her short life. Happy it had indeed been, for though I by no means agree with the people who say that schooldays are the happiest ones in life, still they are free from the responsibilities, the risks, the cares that come with advancing years, which, when once they have been laid on our hearts, never really leave us, and it is impossible to get back the light-heartedness that is characteristic of schoolgirl life.

CHAPTER IV

WORK AT BELVEDERE

Just as God leads I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briers keen;
God does not yet His guidance show;
But in the end it shall be seen.
How by a loving Father's will
Faithful and true He leads me still.

OON after leaving school Caroline accepted a situation as governess in a private school at Margate, and thus was she launched upon the rough sea of life and entered upon the struggle for existence - a struggle in which many souls have been sorely wounded, have fallen by the way side and been carelessly trampled upon by others who, engaged in a hand-to-hand fight for a mere pittance for themselves, have not had time to stay to lift up their stricken fellows, fearing, lest they too may be crowded out.

Caroline's first experience of life was a very unpleasant one. Neither the school, nor the mistress, nor the house, nor the work proved to be what they had been represented, and though she bravely struggled on, putting up with discomfort and wretchedness in order to gain experience - without which commodity it is almost impossible to succeed in getting a post as teacher - she could not stand it for long, and soon came home to begin over again the heart-sickening search for employment.

After a time Caroline succeeded in obtaining a situation as governess in a doctor's family somewhere in the Midlands. Her life here was not a particularly happy one. Her pupils two girls - were very much spoilt, and allowed to do as they liked about having their lessons; and when it was found that they did not improve speedily the governess was blamed for it. There was no discipline of any kind in the home, and everything just took its chance.

Caroline stayed here some little time and then left. Her third venture proved more successful. She went to Eastbourne as governess in a private

school conducted by two maiden ladies. Here life passed very quietly and happily. She endeared herself to her mistresses by her unselfishness and her willingness to do anything for them that lay in her power, though it was over and above her duty. She did a great deal of needlework for them, in the art of which she was an adept, able to do any kind of work that was put into her hands, and to do it so quickly that it seemed to grow as if by magic beneath her fingers.

After several months in Eastbourne Caroline left, with regrets on both sides; but the school was not in a very flourishing condition, and the ladies found that they could not afford to keep a salaried governess.

Once more Carrie was numbered amongst the unemployed, and, feeling disheartened by her experiences of private teaching, decided to go in for teaching in public schools. After spending some time in preparation, she obtained the post of assistant mistress in a Church school at Belvedere, in Kent.

Here Caroline had to live in apartments, and in a letter home she thus describes them: "I have a nice bedroom, with every convenience, including a large cupboard in which to hang my dresses, an empty chest of drawers, *with the key in.* The only thing in my room I could complain of is the looking-glass, which is an inch square, but the pincushion is about a yard across, so I have to take one thing with another. There are six ducks in the garden and a chicken. It is a French chicken, by which term I have elicited - a chicken hatched from a French egg from the shop!"

Caroline found her work here very trying. The children she had to teach were of a different class from any with whom she had yet come into contact. The method of teaching was also new to her; but she bravely set herself to her task, and she writes: "I have my girls in a nice classroom all to myself now. I am so glad. I feel so much less constrained when I am teaching, and there is not so much difficulty in keeping order. I believe Miss Matthews (head-mistress) is quite satisfied with me. I am incompetent in one respect. I do not know the Tonic Sol-fa system by which they teach. Would you ask J— if they have any first book they could spare to lend me? I think I could pick it up with a little study. I do all the playing that is necessary. The harmonium is a blot on civilisation. It is enough to frighten all the music out of anybody's soul, even Hegner or Hoffman."

Caroline Martyn hungered for the love of the children whom she taught, but of which she at first despaired. She says of them: "If ever I win their affection it will indeed be a conquest."

And this affection she did win, judging from the numerous gifts which the girls brought to her. In one of her letters she says: "Lily H— brought

me a big apple this morning. That and a trail of beautiful ivy are all my gifts today; but yesterday I had a pot ornament, with the foot broken off, 'from a little mite who had previously presented me with a whip-top."

The New Education Code caused Caroline some little anxiety, on account of the alterations in the rules respecting teachers. In one of her letters home she says: "The New Code will, I fear, cause you great disappointment on my account. Mr. Burrows, the boys' schoolmaster, is kindly making every inquiry for me. I am afraid I cannot take my certificate this Christmas. I may only take a preliminary exam., then called a "first year," and must wait two more years for the second year. I am not quite sure yet. Mr. Burrows is writing to the Department tomorrow. I do not mind myself. I hope you will not feel that I am wasting my time. I do not think I am."

This was the spirit which characterised her during the whole of her life. She was generally content to do the thing that lay nearest to her, and wait quietly for what might happen.

A little later she writes: "The New Code doubles the examination for me; but I do not mind. I have seen it in the 'Schoolmaster,' but am pleased you have sent me the, 'Standard.' It always puts things so clearly and concisely."

One is amused as one reads this statement about the "Standard" when one remembers the fun Caroline used to make of that worthy paper in later years.

Caroline was most anxious to do well in her examination, and says in another letter home: "I shall find my books a heavy item in my expenditure; but I would rather go without clothes all my life than not pass."

Some little time before the examination Caroline's health gave way under the continuous strain put upon it. She suffered terribly from continuous headache, so much so that all study had to be put on one side.

Her letters at this time show how completely she was run down, although, as usual, she tried to make light of it. She says; "I believe the reason my head aches so is because I worry myself to death about trifles. There is nothing I need trouble about. I worry about my class, about the examination, about my clothes, and last, but not least, about two pretty little jugs I have had given me. They are a dreadful trouble to me because I don't know what to do with them when I come home - whether to give them to grandma or to mother, if she likes them, or to hang them up in my own bedroom. Is it not silly? But I actually lie awake ever so long thinking about them. I have come to the conclusion that I must be cranky!"

During Caroline's stay at Belvedere she gathered around her many friends, as she always did wherever she went. She formed a friendship with the curate of the church in which she was accustomed to worship, and through him she became acquainted with many pleasant people, all of whom she described as being most kind to her. Thus her hard work at school, her hard study after school hours, her work in connection with the church were all pleasantly interspersed by her visits to and from her many friends.

She keenly felt being far away from her own relations. The feeling of clanship - generally attributed to the Scotch people - was strongly developed in Caroline Martyn. Though she might wander to the other side of the world, forming hosts of new friends and acquaintances, she always turned with affectionate longing to the people who belonged to her, and in the midst of her work kept in constant touch with her relations.

Her love for her immediate home circle was very great.

Writing from Belvedere, she says, in a letter to her father: "I can't study for ever, and I want *so* to write to you. When I get a salary of £100 a year I shall want to write to you every day."

Again, to her mother, she writes: "It will relieve your maternal anxiety to know that my boots are cleaned every morning... I am always loving you and thinking of you and praying for you. I do like your letters so much, my dear mother."

Again she wrote: "Mother's birthday! I mean to have a real jubilation in your honour. I shall give my pillow a good hug and kiss first thing in the morning, as the best available substitute for you. I constantly think of all of you every hour of the day. I am sure nobody had such a loving and thoughtful mother as mine, and I do appreciate her, even when she puts me straight and I wriggle!"

Kind words expressive of our love and admiration of our dear ones do not cost much, but they go a long way to putting sunshine into their hearts.

CHAPTER V

LIFE AT READING

Our lives here are mostly in the power
Of other lives, and each of us is bound
To be his brother's keeper.

UR Caroline, in 1890, became assistant mistress in some new Board schools at Reading.

Looking back over her short life it seems to us that this was one of the most decisive steps in the whole of her history. It was here that her sympathies with Socialism were aroused.

It is strange how often great results seem to spring from little causes; and perhaps if Caroline Martyn had never gone to Reading, then her energy, her power, her love might have been: directed into a wholly different channel.

A sister of Caroline's mother - Mrs. Bailey - lived at Reading, and being a widow it was thought that it would be pleasanter for both parties if Caroline took up her abode in her aunt's home, and thus she found herself once more amongst friends.

At this time Caroline was a staunch Conservative in politics and a dame of the Primrose League. Her aunt was a thoroughgoing Radical, treasurer of the Women's Liberal Association. Interested in all political and social reforms, and having, comparatively speaking, few home duties, she did not selfishly use her time for her own gratification, but was ready for anything that came in her way by which she could help those about her who were in less happy circumstances than she was.

She was clever, well-read, and able to hold her own in an argument. In her Caroline found her match, and before she had been in Reading long we find her sympathies turning round to the political side in which her aunt was interested.

The Local Government Act having made it possible for women to sit on Boards of Guardians, Mrs. Bailey consented to stand for election to

the Reading Board.

Caroline wrote home during the canvassing: "I hope auntie will get in. The W.L.A. were most enthusiastic, and have organised a house-to-house canvass through the ward, and have got small books with all the reasons why women are necessary for the Board of Guardians to leave with every voter. On Saturday we met Mrs. Wellman, who is canvassing for auntie. She says she is sure to get in, but 'I hae ma doots.' I have heard of one man who will not vote for her because she is a Liberal, and another who declines to vote for her because she is a Unitarian."

Mrs. Bailey secured her seat on the Board and has kept it until this day, though her election has always been opposed, doing her work with her characteristic energy and with that attention to detail that a woman only knows how to give.

In the same letter home Caroline speaks of a paper she had been reading at a meeting of the W.L.A. She says: "I will send the 'Observer' with the report of my paper. I hope you will approve of it." Here, too, we find her first reference to Socialism. How her views on these things had changed we do not know; it must have been gradually, owing to the influence of Mrs. Bailey, and having once begun to think things out for herself she speedily came to her own conclusions. She was always brave in standing by her convictions, and even now, though she knew it would cause a slight upheaval in her immediate home circle, she did not keep her change of opinions to herself, but at once told her father and mother, and endeavoured to the end of her life to make them understand her position. As her knowledge grew and her convictions deepened she did her best to help her friends to follow her.

She climbed far ahead of her friends, but she tried to leave the way very clear and to cut her footholds in the steep ascent which she was climbing, so that those who wished to follow her would find the way easier than she had done.

In one of her letters to her mother she says: "I made a speech - a very small one - at the Radical Club a week ago. I have also joined the Fabian Society - just the association I have been looking for ever since my heart yearned towards Socialism. I have been a Socialist ever since I was at Belvedere. The horrors I saw there, the horrors I heard there, kept me awake many nights thinking what an awful responsibility for Christians to live and move and have influence in a society where such things are possible. I always thought God would call me to account for my share in making souls for whom Christ died live in bodies and among physical influences that would almost degrade brutes. Some of these people have no chance

to live at all. Their whole life is spent in satisfying the needs of the body; the conditions of their existence do not admit of time to improve their own circumstances nor their children's. I think an improved system of education is the foundation upon which, to build all other improvements, which are inevitable as soon as those who need them can realise their necessity. The object of the Fabian Society is to educate all classes to realise their necessities and work for their removal. It is also hoped they may show the democracy their power to help them to make a right use of it."

In another letter Caroline writes: "I am very sorry that you do not sympathise with Socialism. You know, the Fabian Socialism is very different from that which was preached by Owen in the days of Queen Mab. We have clergymen galore as members. An ideal Socialist, but for his animosity to existing forms of Christianity, Shelley's sentiments are thus' described by his wife: 'His sympathy was excited by the misery with which the world is bursting. He witnessed the sufferings of the poor and was aware of the evils of ignorance. He desired to induce every rich man to despoil himself or superfluity, and to erect a brotherhood of property and science, and was ready to be the first to lay down the advantages of birth. He looked forward to a sort of millennium of freedom and brotherhood. He saw in a fervent call to his fellow-creatures to share alike the blessings of the Creator, to love and serve each other, the noblest work that life and time permitted.' I hope you will not mind my telling you exactly what I think, especially as I give you my views in very small doses. Miss Chandler (head-mistress of the school) is interested in Socialism, because she says Christ was a true Socialist, but she fights shy of the societies because she thinks they are Infidel."

A few months later Caroline writes: "Auntie says I am to tell you she had a five hours' sitting this morning, so being on the Board of Guardians is not all 'beer and skittles.' It entails a maternal interest in all sorts of disreputable characters, and she seems to revel in dirty back alleys and scums and off-scouring generally. I own myself to a partiality for rag-tag and bobtail in the way of children; but auntie really is a model citizen, and seems to prefer that class of grown-ups too. Her splendid business capacity and practical commonsense and knowledge of the world could not be used in any way more beneficial to the community."

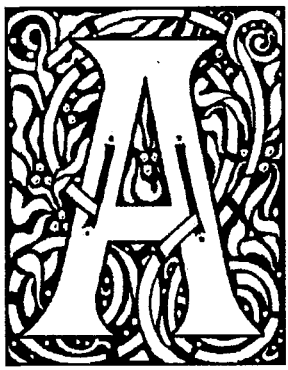
"I have not forgotten that I am a member of the Primrose League; but I am also a member of the Women's Liberal Association - the Radical Club - and the Fabian Society. I make a point of impressing upon everybody how splendidly the Primrose League is organised, and therefore what power it possesses."

During Caroline's stay in Reading she advanced far beyond her aunt in political opinions, so much so that on one occasion Mrs. Bailey had a paper to write for the W.L.A. meeting, and being pressed for time, she asked Carrie to write one for her, which she would read. Caroline consented, and wrote one; but when Mrs. Bailey looked it over prior to the meeting she found it was so Socialistic that she dare not read it, and so had to set to work to write a more moderate paper herself.

CHAPTER VI

WANDSWORTH

"The one infallible counsel for each of us must be to choose always the highest right we know."



FTERWARDS, in July, 1891, Caroline was appointed governess in the Royal Orphanage Asylum, Wandsworth Common. In her short life she experienced many changes and saw many different sides of life. This may partly account for her ability to turn her hand to everything that happened to come in her way, for it is well known that those who have been compelled to decide for themselves and to stand on their own responsibility at an early age develop into capable selfreliant men and women.

At Wandsworth, Caroline came into close touch with the children of a low class in the strata of society. Thus her eyes were opened - perhaps more so than they could have been in any other way - to the incalculable loss, to the terrible moral degradation, which two or three generations of squalid poverty leaves as a heritage to the children. Living constantly, as she did, with these children, seeing their physical and mental incapacity, finding out their terrible moral and spiritual deficiencies, is it any wonder that her leaning towards Socialism should be rapidly fostered and developed?

In this age, when it is customary to speak lightly of the "leadings of Providence" and to put everything down to chance, it may be well to point out how Caroline Martyn was, to a certain extent, pushed from one place to another, from one set of circumstances to another, and that they happened to be just the very ones which were most likely to develop her sympathy with the suffering and oppressed people of our land.

Though we may not like to believe it, it is nevertheless true that our opinions on most things are largely formed by the people under whose influence we come at the time when we are most liable to impression.

Here Caroline was able to get into touch with the Labour Movement as she could not possibly have done had she been further away from London, which seems to be the headquarters, of every movement, great or

small. She became acquainted with the Labour leaders - men and women who were heart-whole in their allegiance to the cause, and who possessed brains which they had used to some purpose. Though we may not always agree with them in the methods they use to bring about the end they have in view, still we do admire their enthusiasm, and we remember that all the great reforms the world has ever seen have been accomplished by the people who have been sneered at as fanatics and who never knew when they were beaten.

The R.V.O. Asylum is a huge stone building, with big stone staircases, and here 300 girls, big and little, were herded together at the time of which we write. The staff consisted of superintendent, assistant-superintendent, matron, three assistant-matrons, and four governesses. The work for the governesses was very hard, and none seems to have stood it long. During the three years previous to Caroline Martyn's stay there, there had been 39 changes. Five servants were kept, but most of the work was done by the girls. In one of Caroline's earliest letters from here she says: "I do not like the tone here. The teachers are taskmasters only and the girls often sullen and defiant. There seems to be no love, in any sense of the word. The Super speaks of 'children of that class' in a way which implies that they are of an utterly and entirely different nature from that of her own class. There is plenty of work for a Christian; but there are so many petty rules and regulations that the staff, as well as the girls, are pretty nearly deprived of any chance of individual work. The governesses have the best chance, because, of course, we are monarchs of all we survey during lessons. The girls are all half-timers, as they have the work of the house to do - needlework, washing, and everything. As a rule the children are very affectionate, and always pleased to do anything for you. I think, under gentler management - which could be managed without any relaxation of discipline, and, indeed, would render it easier - the place might be a happy home for everybody in it. The Prince and Princess of Wales gave away the prizes a year ago. Lord Chelmsford is chairman of the Committee, and is often here, and takes great interest in the place; also Lady Allison, and other titled people. How *could* anything be wanting in the lives of children so patronised by their superiors! It is quite unreasonable of them to complain of having to work in the laundry all day and scrub at night until 10. This arrangement is to be altered, I hear, and it certainly is a scandal. If I were to get the head-mistressship here I suppose I should be settled for life, in which case I should cart my books along, and be happy!"

In January of 1892 we find that Caroline had decided to resign her position in this school. She felt that she was not in her right place, and as it

was in Reading so here. She found that somehow her discipline was at fault, and she was not able to keep the order among the girls that was supposed to be necessary. Always conscientious, she decided to resign rather than feel that she was not doing her work as it ought to be done. In a letter to her mother she says: "I sent in my resignation yesterday. I was obliged to do it by my sense of duty. I assure you I should like to remain here, if I could. I do not feel the slightest anxiety about the future. The way has always opened before me wonderfully so far, and I think my ill-success, in spite of my best efforts, is a sign that I have not found the life-work which will absorb my best capabilities, and which I shall do well. I suppose one's experiences so far have been necessary to prepare one. Perhaps one will have to undergo still further probation; but after all that has happened to me, I should be most ungrateful if 'one step' were not enough. I can always sing 'Lead Kindly Light' with all my heart."

"I saw the Committee on Monday, and they were very nice indeed and seemed really sorry that I must go. I had a talk with the Super last evening. She says there is something lacking in myself with regard to discipline, but she cannot tell what, unless it be physical weakness. She says some days I seem to give way altogether; but I never know it. What she says is very similar to Miss Chandler's (Reading) verdict, and points out most clearly that I have made a mistake in choosing my life-vocation. I have three months in which to look round, and have two or three ideas, one of which will be sure to fructify."

Physically Caroline was far from strong at this time, and the long days on duty, often from 6 in the morning until 10 at night, tried her terribly. In this same letter she speaks of a bad cold and trouble with her throat and voice, and says:

"I should be glad of a day in bed and a poached egg for my breakfast!" and a few days afterwards she writes: "All day on Monday I felt ill, very ill. I did not know how to move about. I had to ask Miss Holden to help me with my work. She is always kind when one is in difficulties, and does her best to help you out. Of course, she has to give up her free time if she helps me. The girls were very tiresome indeed all day, but very good in the evening school, which was a considerable amount to the good. Tuesday I felt better until the evening; but I came early from the Philharmonic Society, because I was so tired. I am better again today. I am on 'Cloister' duty, which is particularly horrid. You parade the cloisters, courtyard, playgrounds, and numerous rooms while the staff have dinner. Yours is kept for you, and gets very cold and nasty, and you feel awfully cross and miserable."

Scarlet fever had broken out amongst the children. After being disinfected thoroughly twice it broke out again, and again, and although all the cases were very -mild ones the situation was not altogether pleasant. In spite of all this, we read in one of Caroline's letters: "On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Gibbs came. He asked me if I had yet made any engagement for when I leave here; if I could stay until the holidays, he said, it would be a great convenience to the Committee, and, he hoped, might prove a benefit to myself. I said I should be very glad to stay until the holidays. I did not 'say,' but I 'thought,' because it will delight mamma's heart, by enabling me to stay here a year. I feel this news will delight you very much."

In this letter we first find mention of Caroline's Socialist friends. She had joined the Fabian Society, and speaking of one of the governesses she says: "I like Miss Barnes better and better. She is awfully good to me - her affection runs to mending my dresses. She is intelligent, too, and a Radical. With judicious talking she will become a Socialist and a Fabian. There is to be a grand Fabian reunion early in February. Miss Dodd intends to be present, when I hope to see her. The affair lasts two days. I hope her day and mine will coincide. I should like to see her. Our meeting with Sidney Webb, which was arranged for tonight at St. Ann's Vicarage, is put off, because Mr. Morris, the vicar, has influenza so badly. I hope to go to St. Ann's Church for Communion on Sunday, but I shall go somewhere nearer if it is not fine. Won't the arrest of the Anarchists be a blow to the Social Democratic? It is a pity, though I don't see how it could be helped if the Anarchists chose to adopt that programme and stick to it.

Please send me a newspaper when the case comes on again. It is a bad thing, I am afraid, for the Socialist movement altogether. It is just that sort of thing, only advocated by fanatics, that frightens the middle and upper classes. It is like St. Peter striking off the ear of the High Priest's servant, only Christ is not now here in person to put things straight again and avert evil consequences."

In Caroline's next letter home, a few days later, she says, referring to Miss Barnes: "She seems really fond of me, for which I am grateful. It is a great thing to find affection in a place like this, where we are all Individualists. There have been 'ructions' in the staff. I never join in 'ructions,' so it did not make much difference to me. I think the affair is blowing over. The girls are being very naughty and giving nearly all the teachers a great deal of trouble; but they have not commenced with me yet. I daresay I shall have my turn."

Living in this atmosphere of worry and work, one can easily understand the relief with which Caroline would escape from it when she

was off duty; the friends she had at Vauxhall, and the life she saw there, helped to make her daily life more endurable. It was like the rest and peace of the quiet night, after the day of glare and fever and fret. Here she writes: "I am sending you a sermon by Stuart Headlam. I am going to join the Guild of St. Matthew; in fact, I have joined. Mr. Headlam was going to speak at our schoolroom. I was sorry it was not my free week. Canon Scott Holland is a Christian Socialist and edits a Socialist paper, but I don't think he is a Fabian. I understand he belongs to the Guild. His name is mentioned several times in Sidney Webb's 'Socialism in England,' and he is the founder of the Christian Social Union. I daresay you remember the position of the Guild of St. Matthew at the Pan-Anglican Conference, and the Bishop's practical assent to its propositions. I should like you to read 'Socialism in England.' It would not bore you, because it is not a resume of arguments but a recapitulation of facts. Will you read it if I send it? I had such a nice letter from the Vicar of Vauxhall this morning. I will enclose it."

In this letter to Caroline the Vicar says: "It will be very nice to have you at St. Ann's. My one inducement to go there was that it might become a 'city of refuge' for our sadly select band of Christian Socialists. I hope we shall all become better acquainted as time goes on. Please make any use of me you like, and in return give the St. Ann's parish and priest a place in your prayers."

It was a source of great comfort to Caroline's parents to know that she had fallen in with the Christian Socialists, for they, like many other people, feared that Socialism and Atheism were synonymous terms; but they wisely let her go her own way, knowing that if the work were of God they could do nothing against it, but if it were of men then it would die a natural death. In another letter, a little later, she writes: "I know you have a great respect for Canon Scott Holland. He formed the Christian Social Union in 1889, which is doing much good work. Mr. D. is the secretary. He writes also for a good many high-class periodicals. Canon Holland is very much interested in County Councils, and is putting forth a letter on the subject, of which I hope to send you a copy. I daresay you think I flaunt my Socialist friends, as if I were waving a red rag before a mad bull. I do not tell you my facts in that way; but because, since my principles will not allow me to abjure Socialism, I want, if I cannot convert you, at least to give you reason to respect my opinions. Mr. D. says Canon Scott Holland is as advanced as any of us. Mr. D. is clever and energetic. I like talking to him, but he makes me ashamed of myself. I suppose he is my junior about a year, but yet he is my superior in every respect, not because a man is

naturally superior to a woman but because a man is given every advantage in education and training. I have never yet described to you the Socialist's head-gear (men's). It is a soft felt, small, with a curly brim and a big dent down the middle from back to front. It has several advantages: - lst, It prevents anyone from mistaking the wearer for a gentleman; 2nd, It can be worn to its last thread without being an aggressive advertisement of its owner's poverty; 3rd, It can be folded up and disposed of in case of stones or other popular missiles, or even if they hit it, it will not be much damaged, as it is too soft to make a hole in, and any alteration in its shape cannot fail to be an improvement; 4th, The colour of it, being an impenetrable mystery, only adds variety and charm thereunto. If you are a woman, you may be - 1, Aesthetic; 2, Tailor-made; 3, Fashionable - whichever you decide upon is pre-doomed to failure, because you cannot afford to carry it out."

"There was a Committee meeting on Monday. Sir Arthur Herbert came into the schoolroom. He said to me very reproachfully: "You are going to leave, are you not?" I said, "Yes." He: "Why" I: "The work is too hard." "Are you delicate, then?" "No; the work is too hard for anyone." "What, in school?" "Oh, no; the school is very nice indeed; but school work is quite enough for one human being. You cannot expect to get a woman of intellect, and who desires to cultivate it, to come here and teach in your school, and out of school to do a hundred other things. You know how people are constantly saying that School Board teachers are overworked, but they have nothing out of school hours!" (This speech was delivered with much ardour). "You would have more time taken up as a private governess." Here I scored one by saying "That is why I gave it up - also private school." I was mean enough to ignore the charms of filthy lucre, but I said, "We do not work so hard in a Church School or a Board School - as you know I have tried both." He smiled sweetly, shook hands, and withdrew. Miss S. had previously let him have it hot on the subject of the discipline of the place, and Miss Holden took up both texts when she went into the Committee as Head of the School Department. I have missed out Sir Arthur's last remark, "We used to have the school-work *only* done by the governesses here." I said, "That is as it should be. Great changes are being made in every part of the work, and additions both to building and staff. I do not know if the governesses are to benefit thereby."

Although Caroline had made many new friends, and had taken many fresh interests into her life, she still thought lovingly of her own people. She writes, "I often think of you all, and think what each of you are doing. I see you smoking, and mamma with the newspaper, or sometimes talking of me. I see you in church, or in your walks, and sometimes feel as if I

am with you. You cannot think of me like that, because you only know my circumstances by hearsay, and we must have personal experience to be able to realise them. The only time when we may be really together is when our times of Communion tally - which is not often, I suppose."

In a letter to her mother, dated April 11th, Caroline writes again on the subject of Socialism - indeed it was the uppermost topic in her mind, and in all her letters from Wandsworth she mentions it in some way. "I am glad you approve of the ideal of the Christian Socialists. Truly the mass is not yet sufficiently, either intellectually or morally, ready, and certainly the upper 10,000 are not - but is it not the duty of the Church to teach them? and will she not strengthen her powers if she proves to them that her whole end and aim is to reform existing abuses and procure their true well-being materially and intellectually as well as spiritually. Are not our bodies first cared-for while mind and soul lie dormant? Are not our thinking faculties first aroused before our spirit is touched? Of course, it is of no use to argue with the wife of my dear father, especially when she has imbibed her views of Socialism from such rabid productions as the 'Standard' article I received this morning. Of course, the high Tory papers look at matters from an utterly opposite point of view and are not likely to make allowances or to appreciate the desperation to which uneducated minds, reflecting on *facts* are driven. I am not in sympathy with Anarchists, nor with Revolutionists in the usual meaning of the term. I *am* a Revolutionist of the 1688 type most certainly, only more so, of course. I believe I did not mention that I heard Tom Mann on Thursday. He is splendid. I did not know who he was - I was charmed, so inquired. I had gone in the hope of hearing Miss Beatrice Potter, who is a sort of prophetess of Co-operation, and is to be married shortly to Sydney Webb."

With reference to her leaving Wandsworth, in the same letter she writes: "I am sorry you are not content for me to leave my situation. There is not the faintest possibility of my staying, as I cannot do the work with any degree of satisfaction to myself or anyone else. As for Miss H.'s place, 'Out of the frying-pan into the fire' is too mild an expression. I should say from all I can gather that there will be no lightening of the burden after the alterations are completed. I stay until June in deference to your wish - do not, I beg of you, urge me to remain longer. The Vicar of Vauxhall asked me about my plans for the future the other evening, and said would I try to do the work of the Charity Organisation Society Secretaries - he could see about it for me. So I said I should be pleased, though the work is hardly in accordance with Socialist principles."

A little later on - in May - we find Caroline's hazy ideas as to her

future taking shape. In a letter to her mother she writes:- "In the evening I went to see the Editor of the "Whitehall Review," and then accompanied him to a political meeting. He has given me another book to review - a set of tales called 'Brought Together,' by Rita. I have to get it done today, so my time will be taken up. I hope I shall do it satisfactorily, for, I believe, he wants to employ me. I should like it better than charity organisation work. Of course, I am not sure of obtaining the latter. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush' of any sort. I hardly know whether I am quite fitted for that work, but we shall see. I feel much perplexed and worried sometimes, but, generally, I don't mind, because, on looking back over my life I can see how every circumstance has been a preparation for the next, and how it must have been ordered by something more than mere law, so I feel in a manner inquisitive about what is coming next, but not really anxious. I had a field-day the other day. First, I went to see Mr. Stead to ask him if he knows anything about the Editor of the 'Whitehall Review' - but he does not. He advises me to take it if I can get it, and if I am in any difficulty with regard to paper, Editor, or work, I may rely on him to help me out. This will be a great advantage to me. He is awfully gone on ghosts, and gave me the benefit of his investigations, which are most amusing and interesting. In the evening I went to a concert in the Eldon School. I was amused to find that a working-man had brought me a ticket for a rather exclusive Conservative lecture on Socialism. He thought if I could go and debate on it, Socialism would immediately rise triumphant in the constitution of England! All my friends here want me to remain in this neighbourhood, which is most kind of them. They are nice to me - quite make me one of them, you know."

In this letter we first find her giving her own reasons for being a Socialist - reasons to which she remained firm to the day of her death: "My dear mother, you must rest satisfied that I shall never identify myself with Anarchists and Revolutionaries. All my Socialism I learnt, in the first place, in its broad outlines from the New Testament, and my only motive for endeavouring to propagate my views is the belief that they are true practical Christianity. As Socialists, we come into contact with the scum and off-scouring of the earth in our pursuit of duty, but then we do not consort (for lack of power) with the sinners and harlots whom Jesus came to seek and to save, and among whom He spent His life, We are in the world of coarseness and sin and horror - but not of it. Many of the Socialists are not Christians - they say the two things are incompatible. I am *so awfully* ashamed when they point out the difference between Christianity, in the usual acceptance of the term, and the teaching of Christ. They would

rather love man whom they have seen than the God whom they know not - theoretically, I need not remind you of Christ's words on this point. Of course, some are splendid. Christians and good Churchmen. A very great many clergymen are found in our ranks."

Here we meet with one of her many presentiments put into words. She often used to say, she felt somehow that her life would not be a long one, and therefore she was anxious to make the best use of her time. She writes - it was just after her 25th birthday: "For many years until Tuesday I thought I should not live to be 25. I felt sure of it. I feel very old - I feel as if my youth is past, and I ought to be more practical, and earnest, and womanly, but, I believe, I never shall." Those who knew her best during the last few years of her life alone knew how earnest and practical she was, and how she was willing to do *anything* - the merest drudgery - if she believed it would help forward the cause of Socialism.

In one of the last letters she wrote from Wandsworth she gives a good description of the Labour Demonstration in Hyde Park on May-Day. It was the first she had seen, and she was in the midst of it all the time, and *that* she thoroughly enjoyed, she says: "As I came over Westminster Bridge the procession was just forming. I cannot go into raptures over the beauty of the sight, for there was no beauty to the bodily eye. A sea of faces broken at regular intervals by many coloured banners. The procession entered the gate between 2 and 2.30 p.m., and the end of it had not passed through at 5.30. The scene in the Park was well worth seeing. From the platform were crowds and crowds, as far as anything at all could be seen. Quiet, orderly, good-natured crowds the whole afternoon. I saw only one objectionable incident, which was the ejection of a tipsy man. There were plenty of the classes present, including ladies. When I went I made straight for the Fabian platform, which seemed to be a centre of interest for all sorts and conditions. I sold 10s.6d. worth of tracts - more than anybody else. I had talks with several different foreigners, including Louise Michel. I did not know it was she until afterwards, so I could not appreciate the privilege. I liked our Vicar's speech best of any. He said the previous speakers had all begun by saying whom they represented, and *he* represented God - the Almighty Father - and humanity - and something about a working-man of Nazareth, which I did not quite catch. Such people as our Vicar will some time convince the world that Christianity is not exactly a synonym for a High Tory Church - that the Gospel is sent to the lowly to create a new and very real brotherhood of man - 'to put down the mighty from their seat, to exalt them of low degree.' I believe the future prosperity of the Church depends in a very great measure upon its attitude towards Socialism."

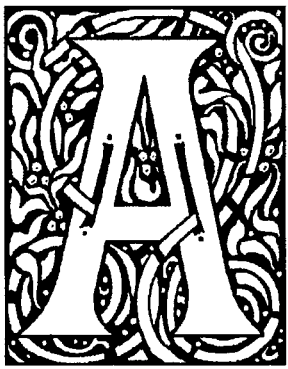
Caroline left Wandsworth in June, and spent some weeks in Lincoln, during which time we saw a good deal of her, and she astonished some of her friends and shocked others by her rapid development into an out and out Socialist. Many were the arguments we had with her during those summer weeks, and her enthusiasm led us to think of the sorrows and sins of humanity and of its needless suffering in a way that we had never thought of them before. Though she had thought of these things herself *only* a short time - comparatively speaking - yet she was well up in her subject, and could always hold her own whenever it came up for discussion, as, naturally, it did at every touch and turn.

Caroline stayed in our home for some time, and she and I shared the same room. Night after night we lay talking for hours, I asking questions, and she answering them, until one night she surprised me by suddenly sitting up and saying, "Why, I believe you are a Socialist already." I rather indignantly denied the assertion, saying I was not going to join any Fabian Society, or any Guild, or any Labour Party, and she answered very loftily, "They did not want such people as I in the Fabian Society, but so long as I held Socialistic views I might spread them more easily if I did not belong to any Society at all." And then we both laughed, and she said she would not tease me any more, so we settled down to sleep. But from that day I was strangely, and at times uncomfortably, conscious that all my thoughts, and many of my words, on the subject of Socialism were touched with the same colour as my cousin's thoughts and words were.

CHAPTER VII

LIFE IN LONDON

Measure thy life by loss, instead of gain;
Not by the wine drank, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And they who suffer most have most to give."



LREADY in the autumn of 1892 Caroline Martyn was fairly launched upon the troubled waters of journalism. She had made London her headquarters, and she, I believe, thoroughly enjoyed her Bohemian life. From now until the day of her death she was incessantly at work, never resting for more than a day or two at a time, and even then ready to speak or write if the opportunity came in her way.

It seemed as if she had already seen that few would be the years of her pilgrimage, and as if she had already heard the solemn warning of approaching night. "The night cometh when no man can work."

Caroline and a friend of hers, Miss B - joined at some rooms, and were very happy together. In a letter to her father in November, 1892, Carrie says; "Miss B - and I go nearly everywhere together; it is so much nicer in London to be two girls than one. I must send you some of her work to read. I have heard of a very good secretaryship, but I shall not know whether I shall get it for some weeks. I know I stand a good chance. The sub-editing business was a fraud, the man wanted me to do it for 15s. per week, assuring me that the experience would be worth £100 a year to me. I explained that I could not live on 15s. a week, or on experience. Old sweater! Mr. Bruce Wallace, who is a splendid, good man, and who is the minister of the Labour Church which I attend, advises me to take up lecturing if possible. You have doubtless heard that the unemployed had three collisions with the City Police yesterday. It was entirely the fault of the police. The Metropolitan behaved admirably, and they and the unemployed are quite friendly, but the city men have no discretion. It is a pity, because if there is a risk of fighting neither the Towerhill people nor their leaders

intend it to be all on one side. They are advised to carry sticks, and one of the principal men is prepared to give them revolvers. This idea has been communicated to the Chief of the Police, and a report made of the men whose conduct led to unpleasantness yesterday."

During these winter months Caroline first began to speak on Socialism for different branches of the Fabian Society. She was writing articles for different magazines, and working during her spare time in connection with Bruce Wallace's Labour Church.

In April, 1893, she writes to her father: "Have you seen my 'Christian Weekly' work? The paper was out on Thursday. The Railway Bookstall people have a number of copies, so I think you could get it through them, I lectured on 'State Pensions' on Thursday. In the beginning I was sarcastic, and made what I considered most beautiful jokes, but the audience sat and looked stolid, just as if I were reading a funeral sermon, so I felt small. However, they asked me if I would give them another date, so they appreciated something, even if the jokes fell flat! Friday was the annual Fabian meeting. I was talking to a man about the 'Freeland Scheme' - Dr. Hertzka's - and he told me some things I did not know, so I found him interesting. All the afternoon I went to work in the British Museum, then had tea with Countess Hugo, who is an old dear. She is a great admirer of Mr. Bruce Wallace, though she is a freethinker. She says, 'That man is a saint.' She is pleased because the Salvation Army have asked her to visit their shelters and write about their work. She finds it most interesting. Miss B - (the friend who lived with Caroline) says my work is very well written. Mr. Kenworthy praised it, and Mr Marsh, who is very critical, said he had not found a fault in it. My Sunday Bible-Class girls say, 'It is just like you, Miss Martyn,' and seem to think that is the highest praise, so I am well pleased. I took my Bible-Class girls to Westminster Abbey this afternoon, and we had a splendid time. I think I enjoy their society best of any. I am very happy; my time is fully occupied with what seems to me to be useful work. Could happiness be more complete? I have to write an article on Sanitary Dress before Monday morning. I have not yet prepared my Bible lesson for tomorrow. I hope the Vicar (St. Peter at St. Gowts, Lincoln) will call and see me. I yearn to see him, being, as he is, a bit of home to me. I am afraid I cannot get home for my birthday. It will not do to leave my work just now, but I need not decide until next week."

A little later on she writes: "I knew Aunt Pollie would write and tell you I look ill, but I don't often look as bad as when she saw me. I had had a specially fatiguing day. You know reading and writing always did wear me out more than anything, although they are the most enjoyable occupations.

The Vicar will tell you that he thought I looked flourishing. I believe he took that impression from my wearing my hair in the old way - low at the back of my head, but in a coil instead of plaits. He seemed pleased to see me, but not nearly so glad as I was to see him. It felt home-like, and I wanted to cry, because I am verging on a very bad attack of home-sickness. I generally have such an attack when I am not well, and I have a cold today. I have received great praise for my journalistic work, but none has given me so much pleasure as your commendation, including papa's and the boys' and girls'. I would rather be appreciated by you than anyone. I did not go to the dance on Monday. I am too old to enjoy dances, they really offer no attraction to me. My greatest delight is a lecture or a sermon on a congenial subject, and the next a good book with statistics in it - the latter is an acquired taste. I had a chat with Tom Mann last night. He does not think the strike will spread further."

As one reads over Caroline's letters to her friends at this time one cannot help being struck by her pathetic eagerness to make those friends understand her position with regard to Socialism and how she arrived at it. Many a time she must have felt unutterably sad because she had, to a certain extent, cut herself adrift from their sympathy. Only those who have been true to their convictions - when those convictions meant opposition to their own people - know what it means to take a solitary way.

In a letter to me in May of this same year, Caroline writes:

"I am writing this - I was going to say on classic ground, but will substitute classic table, that is, in the reading-room of the British Museum. However rich I might be I could never provide myself with a library to rival this, either in books or attendance (except that the latter might be a little quicker if I fetched books myself), and even if I could obtain them I could not invite so many guests to enjoy them with me as are collected here, silent, and absorbed, and I think for the most part happy in their studies. When I enjoy the treasures of the Museum, Free Libraries, the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, the Bands, free lectures, glorious buildings, and the life that courses through this heart of the world, I realise what it is to be an heir of the ages and to live at a time when Socialism is dawning. You do not become a Londoner all at once, but when you do, you feel a passionate pride in the city - its stones are dear to you; its roads and streets are more interesting to you than those of Rome and Jerusalem; its people rejoice your sight and hearing more than all the sights and sounds of Nature; and when your life admits of a constant recollection of the ideal of Socialism, and a sanguine temperament allows you sometimes to forget the sin and misery, the horrors and the slums - then you feel this aggregation of humanity, the

highest expression of the soul of God that we can know in this plane of existence, is the nearest approach to Heaven to which the mind can soar. It is beautiful to feel so much life, to be conscious of the influence of great minds, to be growing in every direction all the time. I feel as if I *could* not live elsewhere.

'Alone in London' has no meaning to me. In any of the great thoroughfares you are in sight of some creation of a great mind, and how can you converse with them but by receiving the expression of their ideal. And in the lower quarters humanity in its sorrow presses too hardly on your pity and sympathy - you have no time to be morbid. That is the beauty of this great, busy, ever-changing life; you are always obliged to be outside of yourself. I am sorry you do not take the 'Christian Weekly,' because I should like to know your opinion of my work, but you are so good, dear, that I do not think you would learn much from our paper, even from D.'s article, or even Bruce Wallace's, which will appear next week or the week after. I am beginning to speak with hardly any notes, it is much more easy, because one is obliged to be lost in one's subject, and so cannot be nervous, one then has a chance of becoming oratorical (?) and perhaps may sometimes arrive at eloquence! I was at six meetings yesterday in different parts of London, and today I am pretty well tired. They put me on the Committee of the English Land Restoration League. I am pleased."

Caroline was home for a short holiday in the summer of 1893, and we all thought she was looking far from well. It seemed to us that she was working too hard, but it was impossible to get her to rest.

In September, Caroline was back again in London, and she wrote to me: "I am outrageously busy, lecturing nearly every evening. I put in seven lectures one week, and average four to six. Last Sunday I took a Woman's Bible-Class at the Wheatsheaf Mission Hall, which you may know of in connection with W. S. Caine, M.P., of temperance fame. I am to preach there at the evening service before long. I have a great many more invitations for Gospel and Socialist addresses than I can possibly accept. The 'Christian Weekly' is now edited by J. C. Carlile, of the London School Board, the Dockers' chaplain, whose biography you may have seen in the 'Sun' on Monday. He is a very capable and energetic man, and an experienced journalist. We are very friendly, and I am glad to retire to the post of sub-editor. He says he has heard accounts of me from many sources that I wield a valuable influence, and a brilliant career is open to me if I choose to follow the right path. He is a Baptist minister, and a really good as well as clever man, and I am delighted to have received such high commendation from him. A dash of bitterness is added to my cup by the knowledge I possess

to accomplish as much as she did in the few years she was connected with the Labour movement, if this loving sympathy had not been showered upon her.

In July, Caroline went to Liverpool, and was there entertained by some people who gave her a real holiday. She says: "Charlie (her brother) will tell you how well I am, and how red my face is, and all about my visit to Blackpool. It is possible he may tell you that I am not fat - indeed I am thinner than ever. I am staying in a lovely house, in a beautiful park, surrounded by gardens, with lovely old trees blowing around. The air is as clear and pure as in the heart of the country, but what a fearful city! the misery and squalor! the dirt and rags! right in the principal streets, too. Last week I spent right in the country - a sort of picnic every day-rolling green hills and streams, and fox-gloves, new-mown hay, and green corn. We went to tea at a clergyman's one day, where there was the most delightful old-fashioned garden. We went to see the poet, Edward Carpenter, in his perfectly ideal home, amidst exquisite scenery, and stayed two days, and all the time our musician played to us until we were enveloped in a heaven of sound. I could not express to you what his music has taught to me. It has made life altogether larger, and love quite near and full. He has gone to Norway to see Greig, the composer of today. If he returns to America in October as arranged, he will communicate with influential people he knows to organise a lecturing tour in the States for me. This would delight me, as I feel it is necessary to my understanding of industrial problems that I should see the social conditions in America, where I believe the Labour War is about to be fought out. I have done some reading also, and think the time has not only been one of the most enjoyable, but also one of the most educational, and therefore restful that I have ever spent."

In a letter to a comrade, written on the same day as this one, Caroline says: "I have read a good deal in "Towards Democracy,' and the more I read the more I love it. I went with two friends to see Edward Carpenter last week. I now understand and share your love for that beautiful man. I must tell you some other time what I like least in his poetry. I hope you will reckon me among your friends even though you find me unable to communicate with you often or fully. I have thought of you often lately, and wished you could share our experiences; for I have been one of three living for ten days a life of complete and perfect comradeship - an object lesson in love which has made life nobler, purer, better for all of us."

Again, in December of the same year, Caroline wrote to the same friend: "Lucky man that you are, to be able to spend your holiday with Carpenter - no need to ask if you enjoyed it. I am flattered by his recollection

that he is mistaken. If I were not very much occupied I should be lonely in my rooms now Miss B. has gone to live with her foster-sister."

Now that Caroline had taken up her position as a lecturer, her letters seem mostly to be accounts of the places she had visited, and what she had done.

In November, 1893, she writes: "I am indeed busy, busier than ever. Yesterday afternoon I had a splendid meeting in the Public Hall at Tottenham; it holds quite 500 people, and was full. My subject was the Sociology of the New Testament. I was frequently interrupted with applause. When I sat down they gave me quite an ovation, so much so that I had to rise again and add a moral to my speech. It was not a Socialist meeting. I was delighted, but Mr. Wallace says when people applaud you it shows you are giving them a truth they already appreciate, so you are not doing all the good you ought to do. Conceit, therefore, took a back-seat."

In the following year, 1894, the "Christian Weekly," of which paper Caroline Martyn was sub-editor, came to an untimely end. I was rather amused one morning when - instead of receiving my paper from the office as usual, I received a post-card, upon which was written, in large letters - "Dead" - and now Caroline began her work in the provinces. In June, 1894, she wrote from Manchester: "You see I have moved again. I am staying with the editor of the Workman's Times. I am lecturing in the Manchester Labour Church on Sunday evening. I had a splendid time at Rochdale, picnics, teaparties; a dance, and I visited a cotton mill and a woollen mill. The workmen told me that the woollen spinning machines say, 'Porridge and milk - porridge and milk' - but the cotton machines say, 'Potatoes and beef - potatoes and beef.' I was very much interested. I received £2 2s. for my week's work.

I am engaged tonight, three times on Sunday, and every evening next week except Friday, and then I am engaged up to the end of September. I may get time to run home in August.

I believe I can earn a good living this way in time. At any rate I am earning more than I did in London, though I cannot exactly say that I am coining money. I saw Pete Curran last night. He says I am looking a hundred times better than when I left London. Everybody is most kind, and I am happy enough. I feel a bit homesick at times, but my work is very interesting, and I have some time for play."

Had it not been for the kindness of her comrades, as she loved to call them, her life would have been very much harder, very much duller, very much barer, and one wonders whether, after all, she would have been able

of me and my affairs. I am contemplating a visit to America, but it is not yet decided, and will not be for another week or more. Anyway, I am taking three months' entire rest, I am very much run down, and have slightly strained my voice - no permanent injury, but the way to make it so would be to continue to exercise it. What sort of a Happy New Year am I to wish you? Personal desires are of no moment, personal acquisition or success. I will wish you the same joy I desire for myself - ample opportunity to serve mankind - the complete self-abnegation, which is the only self-fulfilment. Please give my kindest regards to my Leeds hostess. I have forgotten her address. I am anxious to devise a scheme by which all we women may keep in touch with each other, but hitherto no inspiration has come."

In the autumn of this same year, 1894, Caroline visited Eagley, and the impression she produced is described by one who heard her speak, as follows:

"I knew nothing of the subject of Socialism, and did not care to learn much about it, but for curiosity's sake I took my seat on a tree-stump that Friday evening when Caroline Martyn came to Eagley to speak in the open air. In company with some two or three hundred people I listened to an exposition of Socialistic principles, illustrated and interspersed with the sayings and doings of the Carpenter of Nazareth. My wonder at what seemed to me the intrepidity and courage of a young and defenceless woman grew and changed to amazement at myself that I had never seen these things in this light before. She had spoken as no woman ever spoke before in my hearing. Scales fell from my eyes, and ere long I was a Socialist. Though I have never had the good fortune to hear Caroline again I have found it to be a cause for thankfulness that once I heard her, and that her ethical treatment of her subject, her intense religiosity, plainly manifest to me in that one short address, was my first introduction to Socialism."

The following letter is a birthday letter which Caroline wrote to a friend in December, 1894, which I give in full: "I was sorry you should be disappointed on your birthday by the absence of my letter. I think you would be assured that it was not because my remembrance or good wishes were lacking. I hope you are quite sure of the sincerity of my affection for you, and that it is impossible for me ever to forget you. I often think of you, dear; your life is one of the joys that shines like a star through all the clouds of depression that so often must overcast a life like mine. We meet many discouragements, and the remembrance of such women as yourself, living lives full of help, and sympathy, and useful work, with all the true beauties of a full character shining in all the ordinary routine of your life, is a beautiful object-lesson from which we learn that the ideal

is very tangible, and all we have to do is to spread the knowledge of its possibility. The true ideal must be worked out in average lives. I wonder if you are conscious of the halo that shines around you. I see it so plainly, and I do rejoice in you. My New Year's wish to you is the joy of conscious service. The world contains no greater blessedness. You will, doubtless, hear of my plans from my people; they are still utterly chaotic. Please give my love to all your dearones (remembering each by name). You are all part or home to me, and are constantly in my thoughts."

Writing to the same friend a little later, Caroline says: "I would envy you - if I dare envy any condition - your straight duty-line," showing plainly that at times she shrank from the cares, the responsibilities, the sorrows, the unrest, which she had chosen as the only path in life possible to her.

In February, 1895, Caroline was again on her way to Liverpool. On arriving she wrote home: "I had a comfortable journey - alone with a foot-warmer - all the way to Liverpool. The journey was interesting, for the snow gives quite a new character to the landscape. Where the railway runs through the rocks there are lovely sights. Miniature cascades have been arrested by the frost, and petrified in the exquisite forms that only falling water can assume. The transparent crystals flashed in the sun with unrivalled brilliancy, while those which had congealed into opaque masses rivalled the snow in purity. When we reached the factory districts there awaited us a grand object-lesson in the results or smoke, for there, on the sides of the hills, no longer displayed the virgin whiteness of the snow, but showed it hidden beneath a dull grey veil deposited from the hateful black columns that the chimneys sent up."

Caroline's home here was at Arnside, Rock Ferry, with Mrs. Mole - a well-known worker in the Labour cause - who became a great friend of Caroline's, and lavished upon her a wealth of affection which she greatly appreciated and returned with her usual ardour. Of Mr. Mole, she writes: "He is quite nice enough for his wife, which is the utmost meed or praise in my power to award."

In another letter home she writes: "I am having fine times - not to say gorgeous. The ball was very enjoyable. I have heard nothing more from Oldham, but two other secretaryships, more important, with larger salaries, are on the horizon. In view of one I am remaining here a month to help to organise a committee for promoting women's unions, so I shall have to put off my London friends. Our meetings came off on Friday; they were very good everyone said, both in the afternoon and the evening, that my speech was the event - so I am glad. Miss Irwin is very clever, and says beautiful and wise things - none, indeed, knows more of the woman's movement.

wrote: "On Friday evening I lectured to the Fabian Society, my lecture being reported in the next day's, 'Post.' Saturday we went to the Ruskin Society at a beautiful cottage in a big garden. They were not Socialists, and went for me! Sunday afternoon I spoke to 800 men at a P.S.A. Had a very fine reception. Monday morning I went to a lot of workrooms to invite bookfolders to a meeting tomorrow. It is very tiring work. I will give you my programme for next week.

Sunday afternoon, Great George Street Chapel P.S.A., 1,000 men attend, speak for fifteen minutes; evening, West Derby, I.L.P., lecture on 'Wealth and Luxury'; Monday, 3 p.m., drawing-room meeting at Arnside - speak on position of industrial women; 8 p.m., meeting of women workers in Wilton Street Schools - lecture on Trades Unionism; Tuesday, 3 p.m., drawing-room meeting at Canon Hoare's - speak on position of industrial women; Wednesday, 3 p.m., B.W.T.A. meeting lecture on Women's Wages; 8 p.m., Canon Hoare's Working Women's meeting - lecture on Trades Unionism; Thursday - lecture at 8; Friday, under arrangement; Saturday, we intend to go to Adlington to see Wallace, so you see I combine work with pleasure, and I may confess to you that I like work best."

In the next letter home, Caroline wrote: "I go to Dewsbury on Monday. I am sorry I have not been able to get home between, but, as this may lead to a permanent engagement in Liverpool, I thought it was worth the sacrifice. Last week I was in the very pathway of fortune distributing her gifts. My long-promised hat came from the Ratters' Union. It has a label inside, 'Presented to Miss C. Martyn on the occasion of her visit to Denton, Nov. 6, 1894.' From Ashton-under-Lyne I received a very nice looking and good pair of shoes, which is just what I wanted, and Mrs. Mole has given me a beautiful dress. It is made in Greek style."

The following month Caroline was at Jesmond Vale, Newcastle, and wrote: "I have had a very pleasant week. I did not see much of York on Monday, as I was feeling tired after my two lectures on Sunday, and had to be ready for one at Darlington in the evening. Darlington is a very nice town, the streets as clean as if they had all been scrubbed with soap and water. I do not like this town much. Its greatest beauty is a block of Municipal Buildings, where I shall meet nearly everybody in the I.L.P. during the next few days. It is the annual conference, and I hope to be there for a fortnight. One of the Women's Unions we have formed has straightway come out on strike, which is somewhat of a trial to the flesh and to the funds. I am writing to everybody, so need trouble you with no messages."

After the conference, Caroline wrote: "I have had a very busy time. Two meetings on Sunday. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, conference

I like her very much, and am exceedingly glad to meet her here. Sunday I went to Rochdale. I went to one friend's to dinner, another to tea, and a third to supper. My audience numbered about 700 in the afternoon, and close upon 1,000 in the evening, all very enthusiastic. There were several clergymen present in the afternoon. I returned the same evening. I am beginning to feel a little better in spite of all this dissipation."

Caroline greatly appreciated the comfort, the refinement, the luxury she enjoyed in Mrs. Mole's beautiful home, for many a time she had to stay in poor homes with people who always made her welcome to what they had, but it was different from what she had been accustomed to. Speaking to me once on this matter she said: "Do not say anything to my own people at home, but the thing that perhaps tries me most of all in my work is that often in the homes where I stay I have no bedroom to myself. They lavish their best upon me, but they cannot give me what they do not possess. The Labour movement is principally confined to the poorer classes - few middle-class people would invite a Socialist lecturer into their homes - and - often I sleep in the same room as the mother and some of the children, and occasionally in the same bed, the father having turned out for me - or rather, I do *not* sleep, for I cannot."

Again, when conversation has turned on the wastefulness and thriftlessness of the poor, Caroline bravely stood up for her friends, saying: "You do not know as I do - for you have not lived with them as I have done - that their waste arises from the fact that they have not sufficient pots and pans in which to keep things until they can use them up, and so they have to be thrown away."

Towards the end of February, Caroline began her organising work in earnest. She writes: "Yesterday I was very busy commencing my organising work. It is simply awful to see the amount or misery and poverty in Liverpool. The unemployed, who crowd round every door of charity, are a cruel sight, great efforts are being made to prevent deaths from cold or lack of food, and an organised effort has been set on foot for this purpose, which may become a permanent institution. 'Tis an ill wind blows nobody good.' Wednesday afternoon we went to a meeting of the Food Association in the Town Hall, it was very interesting, as it includes the provision of free breakfasts for poor children in the various schools – not free, but ½d. each. And a nursing sisterhood of ladies who carry food to the homes of sick people who are too poor to obtain the right sort of nourishment. There is a nominal payment for this food too. On Sunday, I spoke to 280 children at a free breakfast. They seemed very pleased."

In March she was still in Liverpool, and still working very hard. She

from 10 to 5, with one hour interval from 1 to 2. Monday, immediately after tea, a big social, at which all delegates are expected to show up, Tuesday, a meeting at Consett. Wednesday, I presided over a children's tea and meeting, then had to rush off to rather a large grown-up meeting to speak. Tonight I go to talk to the miners at Burradon Colliery. Of course, everybody in the movement was at the conference, except Ben Tillett, Cunninghame Graham and Margaret Macmillan. I was a delegate from one of the Yorkshire Clubs. It was a serious and solemn function, but we had some good laughs. For instance, when a London delegate complained that the Yorkshire Branches want to *boss* London, and later on a north country delegate piteously pleaded against London being allowed to saddle the provinces with its awful muddles and mistakes. I am very glad I was there. The local newspapers have been enjoying themselves considerably. My illness has cumulated in an awfully bad cold. I think it is a little better today. I hope to go to Scotland next Wednesday.

Newcastle is not at all a nice town. It is very smoky, dirty, and slummy, with high level bridges between the hills which enable you to look upon the horrors of poor and filthy districts from above. I had an hour upon the Tyne, which gives many picturesque glimpses of the river and shipping, with quaint houses climbing one above the other to the top of the steep banks. The numberless vessels are more crowded, and, therefore, more impressive than on the Mersey at Liverpool."

Brechin, May 13, 1895.

"I am invited to go to France in the last week in June.
Can it be done, or is it too late to alter arrangements? I *should* like to go.

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The Bakers' Union have commissioned me to write a pamphlet for them, so there will be more startlement. Do not let me go to Guise. The Goden familistere at Guise is the great object-lesson in Socialism, so it would be very helpful. I shall just die if you are so cruel as to say it cannot be managed. I am ever so much better. Scotland is lovely!"

48 Peckover Street, Bradford, May, 1895.

"Have arrived in England safely. The tour in Scotland has been fine and invigorating, both to body and mind. Such huge meetings, and so much enthusiasm.

Glasgow ask me to let them have dates as soon as possible.
Camlachie ask for a fortnight; Edinburgh want me for another week, and I am to ask you for the earliest chance possible. Ayrshire Federation ditto;

Dundee the same; Brechin and Arbroath - you are to send dates whenever convenient, They will be glad at any time, and will get up a meeting to suit days I offer. Aberdeen think they can easily arrange for a month between themselves and farther north. Paisley want a week during the autumn if possible.

The same tale everywhere. In Aberdeen they tell me I am the only woman-speaker who has been a real success. I am afraid you will think me very conceited to repeat all this, but I am glad and proud. Please do not make any more arrangements for August. My brother wants me home as soon as possible - in spite of papa and mamma being away.

As I am a Fabian I think I ought to go to their branches on the same terms as I.L.P. and S.D.P. I ought to get a big fee for my pamphlet for the Scottish Bakers' Union."

Liverpool, July 4th, 1895.

"It is very difficult to know what to do about the General Election. I enclose a list of my engagements for the month as far as I know them, and another list of what I would like to do. It is, however, necessary to take into account that arranging is no use until the writs are out, and we know which, elections come first and which last.

"I am writing to Tom Mann by this post, asking him if I had better place myself at the disposal of the N.A.C. In the meantime, please cancel after July 10th until after the General Election, offering three following days to Bolton and telling them I will try to extend it to the promised week. Send P.C. to each place I have been asked to, asking them to send date of election in their constituency, but pointing out that the National Party is my, first consideration, and I must consider where I am most needed, rather than where I would most like to go, and, therefore, while making no promise, I will do my utmost to give them help.

About N——. Each branch paid me fees and local fares, but there remained a balance of £5 towards my fare, and I paid 15s. for my lodgings; don't bother about it if any disagreeableness is likely to result."

Sowerby Bridge.

"Where do I go after Colne Valley? I want to stay over the declaration of the poll, which is Monday.

I want to go back to Scotland. If the London branches have not yet replied let them drop, and let me work northwards after September.

Manchester wants a Sunday, and I could give the other places that

offspring died - served their purpose, and next year's results will be better for their failure.

We are the servants of the race, who tend the orchard wherein grows the glorious tree of Liberty; we have lost our fruit many times, but the tree is always growing, and what seems to us like useless growth and deplorable lack of result are only necessary vicissitudes in the great growth.

Here is your bazaar, budded, and blossomed, and ripened, coming to a glorious success as a new bond of comradeship, all its necessary social meetings conducting to a closer sympathy and to the financial result, which, I hope, will be according to your highest expectations, will be added fertility for the soil in which it grows.

Our children will live in its shade, and their souls will be fed by its fruit of character, of peace, of joy, and of love which we look forward to with hope and faith.

I always bear in my remembrance the warm hearts, the quick sympathy, and loving comradeship of the Glasgow Socialists. Rest assured that such recollections are not wasted, but quicken my wishes on your behalf, such wishes for your welfare and success, personally, and in our noble cause, as cannot be lost in the spiritual world whose God is love. With friendliest greetings to each and all. - Your comrade,

CAROLINE E. D. MARTYN.

In the August of 1895, Caroline had what she considered a rest. Her father and mother happened to be away from home at the time, so she came to us, but during the three weeks she was with us she went away for each Sunday and Monday to some place in the neighbourhood, speaking and lecturing three or four times at each place. She was very much run down in health, but say what we would, we could not persuade her to rest properly, it seemed as if she literally did not know how to rest. In her first letter home after her holiday she has to write: "I have been very poorly since I came back with a perpetual headache, I nearly fainted last Monday, and had to be taken to a chemist's shop and given salvolatile - two doses. I have had successful meetings at Higham Ferrars, it is a most interesting old place with a beautiful Norman Church, full of lovely oak carving and numerous perfect brasses. Wolverhampton is a hateful place, so smoky and dull."

Again, the story of Caroline's life is given in the following extracts from her letters to her agent:

want me a week-day each. Barrow-in-Furness a day or two - Wokington, Whitehaven, Carlisle. Offer Dalry a day, or two, or three; Bridgeton, Glasgow, a few days, including a Sunday; Paisley the rest of the week and the next Sunday. Then Edinburgh, three days; Brechin, one; Arbroath, one; Dundee, one; Aberdeen, a week - Inverness and Perth. Back again to Glasgow, asking Hunter to arrange one evening in each branch. I believe you could arrange all that by simply making our tour and offering what dates you think fit. Newcastle on the way back, York, Hull, and home. Lovely!

I have had a fine time. Three days running I had six meetings each day, then ten, then eleven. After that I lost count, and my voice is as good as ever."

"Rochdale, fine meetings. Good spirit. Every hope of a good show. Bolton, very good prospects. N.E. Manchester not looking promising. Had two open-air meetings and one indoor on Thursday. Five open-air and one indoor on Friday, and six open-air meetings are arranged for today. They have arranged for me here in the morning."

The following letter is one which Caroline Martyn wrote to the Glasgow comrades on the occasion of their holding a bazaar at which she was not able to be present:

Lincoln, August, 1895.

"DEAR COMRADES,-

Though I cannot be present in person to take part in your bazaar, I should like you to know how glad I am to hear of it, and how much I wish I could express my good wishes for your success in person instead of through the unsatisfactory medium of pen, ink, and paper.

Fruit is a beautiful product of Nature, the sight of its roundness and bloom, its fine colour and lovely shapes, will call to your mind the shady orchards where it grew, and the wonderful forces of Nature that were called into play to produce its ripe glory for your benefit. For aeons the earth grew, for ages plant-life developed, through centuries our forefathers tended the soil and cultivated the trees; year after year the skies wept, and the sun shone; season followed season; buds were formed, sap rose, and a glory of bloom flooded the earth. Every blossom was a wonder of perfection in detail and in whole, but before the fruit was formed many barren blossoms fell, and before autumn came with ripening warmth and sweetness, windfalls, canker, and accidents of many kinds had stolen apple, pear, and plum before they had grown to any stage of usefulness. They were not wasted in the economy of Nature; even those which were the first and only product of the young trees - that seemed to leave and bloom to no purpose because its

Higham, Ferrars, Sept., 1895.

"I am, as you see, well started on my Midland tour. I had exceedingly good meetings at Leicester, and a very good one here last night.

The books I promised to lend Bertha are all ready for her in a parcel. My brother will put it into one of the L. and Y. parcel offices, addressed to you. I am glad she has benefitted by her visit.

Hardie asked me to write an article weekly in the 'Labour Leader' during his absence. I am writing a letter weekly for the 'Burnley Socialist.'

Edward Carpenter has seen my manuscript on Co-operation, and approves thereof quite emphatically - according to Henshall.

I go to Kettering today - shall travel to Wolverhampton tomorrow - ready for speaking on the 5th."

Long Eaton, Sept. 16th, 1895.

"I was sorry to have such a chapter of ill news from you. I hope now the sorrows are wearing away. I enclose 5s., which completes the 20s. I promised for Bertha. I am sorry to have left it so long, but I have been very ill the last fortnight, and last week had to take two days in bed. I have bought a tonic now, and I am taking what care of myself I am able. There has been a great deal too much railway on this tour.

I like the comrades all round very much. They have received me well, and been most kind. Indeed, if they had not been like so many mothers to me I should have had to cancel my engagements."

Derby, Sept. 22nd, 1895.

"I do not intend to have December booked under any circumstances. As, for next year, there are many possibilities which may necessitate a complete change in my arrangements.

My health is in a very bad way, and I may have to take some months rest anyhow. The tonics I am taking do not seem to be enough.

I had a day at home last week, and a day with Mrs. Bruce Glasier yesterday, so I have had a joyful time.

I had a good meeting here this morning, and they promise a better one tonight."

Rochdale, October 6th, 1895.

To Miss Booth.

"Your beautiful present has surprised and pleased me very much. It is a happiness to me to know that you were thinking of me with love for

so many hours as it must have taken you to make so bonnie a bag. You are right in thinking it will be useful to me, and I prefer always to use things which are pretty as well as strong.

I am sorry you are still no better. I wish I could inspire you with the same faith that I have, that even pain and what seems to us like evil is really good and best if we will only use it so. I have been very poorly, and can sympathise with your feeling of weakness and longing to feel your physical strength equal to carrying out the demands of your will, but I have had no pain to contend with, and am now so much better that I hope I shall soon be entirely well.

I am staying with three nice ladies, who are very kind. They pet me and take care of me as if I were a baby.

It was a disappointment to me that I was too ill to break my journey, either to or from Bradford. I hope when I do come I shall find you much better and perfectly happy."

Ayrshire, October 17th, 1895.

To Mr. Booth.

"The air of Scotland suits me, and I am in excellent health better than I have enjoyed for some time.

There need be no difficulty about engagements, as I shall spend January, February, and March in Glasgow attending some classes at the University - and the next three months in a Scotch tour more complete than I have yet had. I have had such a lot of applications from places to which I have never been, and am offered terms to open up new ground in East Fife; also the Society, of which my friend, Miss Irwin, is secretary, has made me an offer of work for a time.

Scotland is divinely beautiful. It is easier to work here because of the romantic scenery."

Barrow-in-Furness, Oct. 20th, 1895.

"Last time I was at Blackburn I was sent to stay in a house where the children all had mumps, and I caught it, and could hardly speak at Gorton next day. I had to go to a doctor and have ever such a bother.

As for the rest, please don't make any holidays before December. I shall be glad to give you a free lecture when I am in the neighbourhood. A week in Sheffield won't be nearly such heavy work, as in the Midlands, or in Scotland, where I had such long railways journeys as well as my lectures. If, however you cannot fill up dates I will run down home for a day or two. It would be rather hard to have vacant dates in York.

CHAPTER VIII

SCOTLAND

"The world bows itself, and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown and the stainless sceptre of womanhood."

HEREAFTER in May, 1895, Caroline Martyn took her first trip to Scotland, where she was to do a great deal of work in a few months, and where eventually she was to rest from her labours.

Writing to her father from Edinburgh, she says: "The Scotch air is very bracing, and we are enjoying beautiful weather. Edinburgh is a perfectly divine city, but I will not attempt to describe more of it until I have seen more. I am going to see the Forth Bridge as soon as my letters are finished. I am very glad - it is one of the wonders of the world, and I have always desired to investigate it. I am staying in a lovely house, and my hosts are charming."

Caroline's next letter runs: "I am having a most successful time here. People are exceedingly kind and cordial, and many seem anxious to make my acquaintance wherever I go, so I am getting used to it. I am having a jubilee this week. Edinburgh is a lovely place, and there are so many things to see. I went to the Forth Bridge yesterday. It is a lovely ten-miles' drive through country so beautiful, no words can describe it. Lord Rosebery's estate is particularly fine. I shall go over both the Forth and the Tay Bridges on Saturday on my way to Dundee. I can't keep a diary; I have not time. A lecture every evening means preparation every day. I have a great deal of correspondence, though I try to curtail my friends' share and succeed! Of course, there are letters every place I go to both beforehand and after I have left, and then one must give a little time to one's hosts."

From now to September there is no record of Caroline Martyn's life save several letters written to her organising agent, and from which the following extracts are taken. They cover a period of time from February, 1895, to September, 1895.

"I am sorry to hear Bertha (daughter of the agent) is no better. I *do* hope you are all right again. I often think of you as I found you when I

last saw you, sitting with that poor, miserable foot up. I am calling at the 'Clarion' and 'Labour Leader' office today. Could not last week for two reasons, either of which would be enough by itself. I was too ill for one, and had no money for the other.

Do not book me beyond June 30, please, If the general election does not call me into action I must take a rest then. I must not come to you for the week in February. I am real sorry to say no, but my health is in a wretched condition, and I must give myself a chance to build up. I am awfully sorry to disappoint, but my best work for the movement now is to take a rest and brace myself for future effort."

Liverpool, March 1st, 1895.

"Are you sending branches lists of subjects? It is much easier for me if the lecture is chosen. If you have not sent, please let me have a list, and I will let you know any additions. I have given two or three new lectures lately. I am very gratified to hear of so many applications. Thank you very much for all your care and trouble."

Newcastle, April 25th, 1895.

"I am not yet sure about July. In view of my wretched condition of health I *must* take another holiday. I thought the whole month of August would be best, though I might take Sunday engagements at Gainsboro', Grimsby, Nottingham, and so on. Leicester delegate asked me for first Sunday in September. I told him all arrangements must be made through you.

I don't like the town of Newcastle, nor I.L.P. Club very much. I am with very nice comrades, but 2¾ miles from the railway station is rather too much after a day's work. It seems all the comrades are at a distance, however, so I must not grumble! There is a beautiful park close at hand to make up for it.

I shall be glad to hear of Bertha being better. You must rely on me for £1 towards her expenses at Blackpool. I hope the weather will soon be fit for her to go."

After rushing through Scotland and disappointing so many places. Besides, I need not have vacant dates; if you cannot fill up, I can tell you of plenty of places where I am wanted.

Glasgow made £10 profit on my Albion Hall lecture alone, and Aberdeen reckoned they had wiped off a debt of £6. By my visit here Barrow has to pay 15s. railway fare (it is one of the poorest places) from

N. Ayrshire. It is an awful lot, and I have not the cheek to charge it all."

Towards the end of this year Caroline conceived the idea of a three months' study at the Glasgow University. She felt that perhaps the foundations of her beliefs, upon which her whole life and work were built up, were not as sound and true as they ought to be. She needed to know more certainly that her facts were facts and not "cunningly-devised fables."

Accordingly, she wrote to the Glasgow comrades asking if they thought she would be able to find enough work in Glasgow for three months in order to pay her expenses there. The answer readily came back that they would guarantee her three months' work, so she began to make her arrangements for a settled home.

In December she was at home for a short time lecturing at Gainsborough, Nottingham, and Lincoln. At the latter place she had been engaged to lecture for the Women's Co-operative Guild. In deference to her father's wishes she had hitherto declined to lecture for the Socialists in Lincoln, but this was a different thing. She looked forward to it with mingled feelings, for it would be the first time that her mother and many of the friends she had known from childhood had heard her speak.

The night came, and a large company of Caroline's friends - as well as those interested in the Women's Guild - gathered to hear her lecture on "The Brotherhood of Man." She dealt with her subject in her usual sympathetic and masterly style. For 11 hours we listened as she spoke without a single note. We forgot that it was Carrie Martyn who was speaking; we lost sight of her personality as she rapidly passed from one step to another, and as she finished we looked at each other with this conviction shining in our eyes and stamped on our faces that Caroline Martyn had found 'her vocation'.

She spent Christmas at home - her last Christmas upon earth - and a happy one it was. On the evening of December 26th. she left for Glasgow, my father having obtained a promise from her to come and speak in the Lincoln Corn Exchange on the Temperance platform some time in the following February.

Caroline's first letter from Glasgow was a very bright one. She said: "I had a good journey and was quite warm enough. My lodgings are just as nice as can be - a lovely room - very prettily furnished, and Mrs. S. is most kind, quite prepared to spoil me. Everybody is kind. When the postman brought my letters yesterday he told Mrs. S. that he had heard me lecture, and he considered it a privilege to deliver my correspondence. A lot of things have been sent for my stall at the I.L.P. bazaar. I am very pleased. Today (Sunday) I am to go to have dinner with the professor and the W. family, to lecture in the afternoon and support Miss Macmillan and

Katherine Conway in the evening. I feel quite settled down already, and think I shall be really comfortable. I am quite near the University, and my abode overlooks a nice, wide, open space. The Edinburgh people want me to go there next Sunday, but I am not yet decided whether to go or not."

In spite of Caroline's brightness, in spite of her strong determination to make the best of things as they were for herself, and to do her utmost to make them better for other people there were times when she felt keenly her own loneliness (in spite of the people's love) and the seeming failure of all her best endeavours. Something of this feeling escaped her in a letter written to me for my birthday a few days after her arrival in Glasgow. She said: "I wish you a very glad birthday, and yet I do not congratulate anyone on their birthday. To me everything which calls attention to the lapse of time comes as a cruel blow, striking on my heart with a lash of remorse for wasted time, and lost opportunities. This season of the year (New Year's Eve) is my Lent of untold anguish for my failures and degradation. It would relieve my woe if I could convey in words - by that means to secure human sympathy - my constant consciousness of the futility of thoughts, and words, and deeds. I am just a speaking machine, which receives impressions and reduces them to words without volition, and almost without motive on my own part. The impressions are beautiful, the words are sometimes good and useful; but they are not me or of me, and I, in myself, have no particle of that universal spirit which I know to be latent in others, which my words, so far as I understand them, are urging the people to realise and express.

I envy you your busy round of life, your constant duties, and your responsibilities. It is beautiful to fill a niche from which your absence would leave a gap that cannot be filled. One can hope nothing better for you than that your peace and usefulness may continue until your long rest. Your beautiful six days of work on which the spirit of God breathed through you enables you to create a world, to direct and order circumstances, so as to produce a new environment wherein the new generation of men shall be produced and live and grow, so that on the seventh day you shall look upon your work, and your soul shall applaud with 'Lo, it was very good.' This is to be a lord of creation, and this is to reign as Queen of the Earth.

I lectured on Friday on 'Queens of the Earth,' and on Sunday afternoon on the 'Social Teachings of Jesus,' and spoke for a few minutes in the evening after the lecture in the Albion Hall. I have already commenced my studies, and I am busy in some of Huxley's Evolution Lectures, which are very fascinating reading. I have a beautiful room, and every comfort and convenience. My landlady is very kind, and the place is as clean as

a new pin. I have had quite an amount of dissipation, but I must confess that in spite of all this I feel a little lonely, and yet everyone is as kind as possible."

In one or Caroline's letters there is the following beautiful description of some steel works which she visited: "We saw the pig-iron thrown into the furnaces, the liquid metal poured into other vessels and thence into ingots. We saw the ingots rolled out into yards and yards of steel rail. We saw the great blast furnace, and I mounted upon a platform right in a machine, and felt its great heart beat. We saw the molten metal when it came from the furnace put into earthen moulds, and the cold pigs stacked in trunks to be re-melted and cast into ingots. The working-men may not have a very picturesque appearance in the streets, but there in their right place, working as God meant them to work, completing His creation by making it useful to man, battling with fire and Nature's strength, in imminent peril every moment, their manliness is of more value than all the strength and wealth of the world; then, I say, they are as beautiful as the daisies in the meadows, their shouts as musical as the lark's song, their presence as inspiring as the grandest poetry or oratory."

In February Caroline had a series of meetings in the North of England, and came to Lincoln in order to fulfil an engagement she had made with my father to give a short temperance address at the Saturday night concert in the Corn Exchange, and also to address two meetings on the Sunday in the same place. It was the first time that the Lincoln public had had a proper chance of hearing Caroline Martyn speak, and they crowded the large hall to overflowing at each meeting. The burden of her short temperance address was a quotation from Walt Whitman: "Is reform needed? Is it through you? The greater the reform needed, the greater the personality you need to accomplish it." Caroline showed how that the Temperance question concerns unborn generations, and unless men and women are utterly selfish they will not, they dare not, hand on to their children a taste which may curse them from their birth. On the Sunday afternoon Caroline spoke for an hour on the Sociology of the New Testament, which was one of her favourite subjects. It so happened that the Arbitration Treaty between England and America was brought before that meeting, and Caroline, in her address, touched upon the horrors of war, but she showed that, even they, awful as they are, do not equal the horrors which are caused in our own country by the existing state of society.

After the meetings scores or men and women waited just to get a shake of the hand from Caroline Martyn. Many who wore the I.L.P. badge (and which she gleefully pointed out to me whenever she spied it, as we sat

together on the platform) were anxious to claim comradeship with her - and she - though she must have been physically exhausted, waited patiently, passing from one to another, always with a bright smile of welcome on her face and a word of encouragement upon her lips.

The following day - Monday - how it stands out in my memory with a strange vividness! - Caroline spent with us. That was the last time we had any talk with her. She was tired out, and I insisted on her spending most of the day on the couch but it was my mothers' meeting afternoon, and Carrie begged to be allowed to come and speak to the mothers. She had been in to see them two or three times before, and though I knew she sadly needed the rest, I felt I could not refuse her. She spoke to us from the words, "He went about doing good," and she tried to impress upon us that in every life there were opportunities of doing good - only to the few comes the chance of being great. She showed how, in one instance, all who were housekeepers could do good to others, though not knowing them personally, but remembering the tie of sisterhood that binds all women together the wide world over by buying Salvation Army matches. She described to us the suffering, the agony, the terrible death that comes to the girls employed in the match factories, and for their sake, and for the sake of Him who went about doing good, she begged us all to remember these poor girls when buying our matches.

How bright Carrie was that day! How we laughed till we ached with laughing over her funny descriptions of the various predicaments in which she had at different times found herself - and the means by which she had escaped. What jokes she made at her own expense. How we talked of our school-days and of the girls whom we both had known. And then again, we passed from gay to grave, as she told us of the slums she had visited in Glasgow, which, she said, were worse than any she had seen in London.

And all too soon the day was over, and Caroline had to bid us goodnight - and thus we parted in glad expectation of soon meeting again - but little dreaming - thank God - that that day was the last we should spend together on earth.

Once more we saw her - on the Saturday before Easter Sunday. She was on her way to Nottingham where a Labour Conference was being held, and, having an hour or two to spare, she came to Lincoln, and came down to see us for half-an-hour. She was so bright and happy, and full of hope about her work - she was also delighted because she had been elected to the National Council. We had much to talk over, but the time was soon gone. She put her arm round me and I walked up the road with her a little way, then she came back with me.

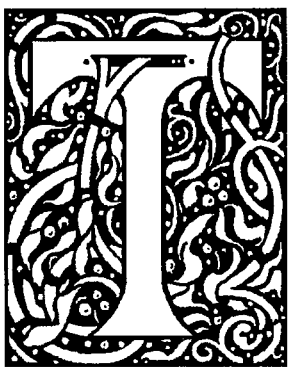
We had so many last words to say, but our joy was not dimmed by any forecast of the long separation it was to be, and at last we parted in hope of soon meeting, as Caroline thought she would come through Lincoln on her way from Nottingham the next week, and said she, "If possible I will come down then," but whether she did as she intended, or whether her time was shorter than she expected, I do not know, but we have never seen her again.

Caroline was well satisfied with the result of her studies in Glasgow. She said to me the last time we were together: "Do you know I was more than half-afraid that I should find I was wrong in my economics, and that Socialism, as I had taught it, could not possibly be built up? But I am so glad to find that it is all right. You see, now I have so thoroughly studied the subject, I *know* for certain that it is right, and so can have no doubts about it."

CHAPTER IX

LAST DAYS

What if the work be very heavy
Thou doest now with many fears!
When all thy work slips from thy fingers,
Thine own shall say, with falling tears, 'They were brave hands'



HEN at the conclusion of the three months' work in Glasgow, Caroline again began her lecturing in England.

In May she wrote home from Wolverhampton - just after the Aberdeen election, when Tom Mann succeeded in pulling down to so great an extent the Liberal majority: "It seems quite a long while since I had time to write to you. It was quite impossible to make an opportunity during the election. We were very proud of our result on Friday. Saturday I spoke at a Trades' Demonstration in Arbroath, and had to travel all night in order to be here for a similar purpose on Sunday. I was so worn-out that I went to bed after my lecture on Sunday, and never woke up until Monday afternoon. That did me good, though I am still feeling fatigued today. I am here until Saturday, Sunday and Monday I am to be in Mansfield. Tuesday at Chesterfield, then Derby for nearly a week.

In the middle of May Caroline wrote from Derby: "The Fabian Society have written to offer me the Hutchinson Trust Lectures and a study grant. They give one a status and an income, but I think I shall go on as I am; there is such an awful lot of work to be done which I can do, and few others can, so I must leave the academic side of the work to those who cannot organise. I sent you a copy of my new pamphlet, did it arrive? and, if so, did you like it? When I was in London I was introduced to J. A. Hobson, the economist, who contributes regularly, as you will see, to 'Goodwill.' I said to him, 'Mr. Hobson, I am one of your devoted disciples'; and he replied 'Miss Martyn, I am your pupil.' He then showed me 'Seedtime' in his pocket, open at my article.

You ask who J. C. is?. Well, he is a middle-class youth, who thinks

much of himself. He merely states as a fact that I am a middle-class woman, the same as Miss Stacey, Miss Conway, and Miss Macmillan, thereby indicating that the middle-classes are the salt of the earth! Poor papa, and the cleaning. I know what it means, as you say, all round. For the cleaners there is a sort of satisfaction, and, however much they are knocked up, they have done it themselves, and to please themselves. But the poor, unlucky cleaned ones - bandied about from pillar to post, and cleaned out of house and home - they have no redress, all they can hope for is the sympathy of other sufferers!"

In May - the same month - Caroline wrote to Mrs. Webster in Aberdeen: "It was very nice of you to write me such an encouraging letter about my work. I do not often get discouraged, but when I do, the remembrance of such an expression as you have given me will be sufficient to brace up my energies for fresh effort with renewed hope.

It is hard to know that many sister-women like yourself have dark hours of loneliness, when they are longing for sympathy which no one can give. Isolation is the cruellest hell; we all have to pass through it; perhaps it is absolutely necessary as a stage in the evolution of perfect unity.

I love coming to Aberdeen. I feel myself surrounded there with kindness and comradeship. I am already counting the time to my autumn visit. Your flowers survived the journey; demonstration at Arbroath was somewhat discounted by the rain, but that which I hurried to attend here was very good indeed. Perfect weather, and about 10,000 people. Electioneering and last night's demonstration combined have nearly torn my throat and chest to pieces. I shall have to sleep nearly all this week to make up for my extra exertion.

I hope you are all feeling happy and encouraged by the result of the election. It seems to me a great triumph, and if the party works wisely, next election should certainly give us a member of Parliament.

This is to thank you all for your goodness and kindness to me. I will try to live up to your ideal of me. I assure you your confidence is as valuable to me as any service I may render can be to you."

A few days later Caroline wrote to another woman-friend in Aberdeen, with whom she stayed on her first visit there. She said: "I am sending you a pinafore for your baby, which I meant to send long ago. I cannot bear for my friends to have babies without going shares myself to some extent, if only as far as one little pinafore."

There is a world of meaning in that pinafore; it just gives one a fleeting glimpse into the great loving heart of the woman.

In the same letter Caroline wrote: "I am invited to come up and

organise round your neighbourhood for the Trades Unionists, but I must take time to consider."

The following letter was written on May 26th, just two months before the end came. It was written in answer to one which Mr. Whittaker, of Wolverhampton, wrote to Caroline strongly protesting against her doing so much organising work. He saw, as did many others, that she was just wearing herself out.

Dear Comrade,

"Thank you very much for your kind letter and thoughtful advice. Do not apologise for giving me work to do. I ought to mention to branches how many open-air meetings I can do in a week. It is quite natural they should want to make the most of the time, and they, naturally, do not realise that I am at it all the time. The only way in which I can possibly limit my work is by raising my fee, and that I do not wish to do for many reasons.
I do not quite see my way to refuse to talk to people who are invited to come and talk to me, and I am at the mercy of inconsiderate hosts who arrange for me to be out to tea every day. I don't like it. Tell me how I am to avoid it, and I am indebted to you for ever.

The organising work *must* be done. It is what our party now has to stand or fall by. If I can do anything in the way of organisation by any means, though I die for it, I should consider my life well spent.

I agree with all you say as to the faults of the Democracy.

I despise them with all my heart, as I do my own faults, of which I am painfully aware, but can I do more than spend my life in trying to cure both those and these?

Speech is my gift, and the power of writing comes rarely to me - when it does come I do not let the opportunity pass, I assure you.

I hope you are working to develop the party on the lines we discussed. Don't ask me not to do 'hack' work; everything depends on the 'hack' work; it must be done, and if I see it undone, I must do it."

In commenting on this letter, Mr. Whittaker says: "This letter came in reply to a strong protest I sent her just after her week here early in May. I saw - we all saw - that her ordinary lecturing work was quite enough for her to do, and that, for her to spend, as she did, nearly all her spare time in looking after and furthering the organisation of the different branches, was simply suicidal. Everyone saw it here. One friend offered her £5 if she would take a holiday. I happened, to be with her a good deal during that week, and indoors, away from the platform, the effects of the Aberdeen campaign were painfully evident. She was too tired to get about much, but

would not rest. I think she was out to tea every day - of course, that meant continual talking for her.

This is all the recreation we could get her to have here: On Sunday night a small party of us spent half-an-hour in West Park. One afternoon she had in the Art Gallery. That was all - after that Aberdeen week. She promised to go with me on Friday to some woods - one of our prettiest local resorts, but on the morning a letter came from Bilston, saying they had arranged a tea in her honour, so she insisted on going - three miles through the worst of the Black Country - tea in a stuffy clubroom in a backstreet - and for two hours she was kept incessantly talking by an antagonistic local magnate, who was taking the chair at her meeting. And she lectured, as usual, after that!

This, I believe, was her general routine; it was a labour of love, I know, but it was drudgery all the same.

Her personality was wonderfully magnetic. Wherever she went she was at home, and her heart simply thrilled with sympathy. Altogether, apart from her position as a Socialist advocate, I think it would be impossible to find a woman so loved by all who knew her as was our beloved comrade. She seemed to reach people's hearts, young and old, instinctively, and at once."

On the same day in which Caroline wrote to Mr. Whittaker, she wrote her last letter to me, through which there runs an undercurrent of sadness, as if she felt the sins and sorrows and wrongs of the world pressing heavily upon her, and as if she were just weary of it all, and longing for rest. We need not wonder at this, for surely the daily, hourly contact with life in its saddest aspects must have been strangely depressing, and at times even Caroline Martyn's fearless sour could not help shrinking from it. Speaking of a cousin of ours, who had just died, she said: "She was so gentle and little - finely small.

She was not strong enough to fight, or bear worry, or grow old. God loved her, and so she has died young. I have never known anyone who was so entirely guided by conscience, and so completely amiable. I shall be glad when I, too, have earned my rest. I cannot pretend to say, 'Poor Lily.' I am sorry for those who are left to mourn her loss.

I am busy in the usual way, lecturing daily. Yesterday I took part in a demonstration, and addressed 3,000 people in the open-air in one of the loveliest glens in Yorkshire. The month has been spent among the Midlands. I wish I could take some ignorant, good-hearted people round with me. After all their magnificent fight for the living wage, colliers are thankful for 10s. a week. Two days a week, and 4½ hours a day, is all the work

they can get. They are honest, teetotal, thrifty, anxious to work, walking five and six miles a day on the off-chance or getting something to do, and this is all the result to them. In a crowd of 300 of them you don't see a man who looks healthy or well-fed; their wives, their children - I dare not describe them. I must not remind myself of them - it is too unnerving. One colliery has, nevertheless, paid 30 per cent. the last three years. The men are bracing themselves for war. If they accept a reduction - a grim and bitter fight with starvation. If they do not accept a reduction - a stand-up fight with the masters. The judges, who are gentlemen themselves, declare picketing illegal - that means civil war - the armed forces or the government against the unarmed men and women. The Liberals sent soldiers, so will the Conservatives - and yet it is the men who support the State, and pay the soldiers - not the masters. One would think affairs were arranged by a cynical devil, whose crowning satire is to make the Christian people uphold individual competition with all its horrors in the name of promulgator of the law of love. You comfortable, well-fed people, you don't know; you don't go into the highways and byeways where cruel death on his white horse of starvation is rushing through the richest country in the world, and only a few feeble hands stretched out to arrest his course. Well may they cry 'How long'! *My* heart is too sore for personalities; there are too many things to think about and to do,"

During this month of May, Caroline Martyn attended a demonstration at Hardcastle Craggs, and the following description is given of her at that time: "Then from a dais-like, heath-clad rock, around which the choristers had stood, arose our Carrie Martyn. Truly, no Diana of old was ever more godlike than she, as she stood before the background of waving green, and with the wind gently moving her flowing gown into graceful folds, spoke from her noble heart words of burning fervour and truth, which it were well that the whole world upon that day should hear and heed."

In June, Caroline wrote home from Liverpool: "I cannot see a chance of even getting a day at home before going to Scotland. I shall get my holiday in December instead of September."

In June also, Caroline wrote a beautiful letter to Miss Booth, from Staffordshire, from which the following extract is taken:

"I think the boy who hurt you ought to be made to understand what a dreadful thing it is to hurt a fellow creature; for a boy to strike a girl, or, above all, for anyone who is strong to inflict the smallest pain on a weaker person is a cowardly thing. I do hope, however, you will not encourage in yourself any revengeful desire of punishment. Mercy is higher than justice, you know, and to forgive is to be like God!"

Early in this year Caroline Martyn had been elected a member of the National Administrative Council of the I.L.P., which she considered a great honour, and now she was appointed Trades Union Organiser for the North of Scotland, and Editor of "Fraternity," the organ of the International Society for the Brotherhood of Man. There seemingly lay before her a field of work in which she would delight, all the more perhaps because it would be difficult, and would mean enthusiastic effort, of which, however, she was capable. Her first number of 'Fraternity' was brought out in July, in which there appeared the following letter:-

"As the founder of the International Society for the Brotherhood of Man, I am permitted the pleasure of announcing to the readers of its organ, 'Fraternity' (many of whom have stood loyally by it from its earliest struggle into existence), that we may all hope that brighter days are now dawning for our work! For we have at last gained a firm standpoint in that very section of society which we desire to enlist with us, the workers of the world, all of whom we long to see banded together as fellow-workers, since only so can they stand against the world's forces of wrong and robbery. Our Society has now entrusted its organ, 'Fraternity,' into the willing and able hands of Miss Caroline D. Martyn, who is really too well known to need any introduction, but about whom I may be allowed to say a few words. Miss Martyn is not one of those who rush into public life without any preliminary practical training, and who are very learned on the subject of 'wages,' without knowing what it is to earn them! Brought up in a quiet home and well educated, she early entered the profession of teaching. For a few years she was a governess in private life, then, her attention being directed to social subjects, she felt the need of wider horizons for herself, and resolved to help in the education of the 'Masses,' doing so first in a London Church School, and then in a Board School. Then health gave way, and a period of rest was necessary. In 1891 she joined the Fabian Society, and became an active helper at its gatherings and other allied meetings. During 1893, she was sub-editor of the 'Christian Weekly.'

Gradually her social views were forming themselves, and her oratorical powers, and her influence on audiences, especially of working men, came into full recognition. She is now well known through England and Scotland, not only as a speaker but as a writer in many of the papers dealing with Labour matters. During this year, she has been elected to the National Administrative Council of the Independent Labour Party, and is about to become Trades Union Organiser for the North of Scotland.

Such is the field which opens for' 'Fraternity' under its new Editor. I should like to add that I heard Miss Martyn lecture in Aberdeen in the

spring of '95. I was then very much struck both by her manner and the matter to which she gave such force and clearness. I have heard her speak twice since, at intervals of about six months, and each time I have had to remark an amazing development both of power of thought and nobility of expression. I have heard many of the most picturesque and entrancing orators of my time - men as widely different in school of thought and style of delivery as Spurgeon, and Pere Hyacinthe, Guthrie and Liddon, Michael Davitt and John B. Gough (and may be permitted to add Florence Balgarnie and Celestine Edwards), but in sheer oratorical impressiveness and beauty, I cannot write anyone of these as superior to Caroline Martyn. She carries her audiences with her; she convinces men, and she convinces them so charmingly that they feel as if they themselves had always thought what she makes them feel it is right to think. Part of this power she probably owes to the fact that she herself has travelled all the road along which she desires to win her hearers; for she was reared under the influences of Conservatism and Anglican teaching, and she claims, with so many others, that she was led on to her most advanced standpoints, not by 'revolutionary' pamphlets, nor even by 'economic' considerations (which are valuable rather as a buttress than a banner!), but solely by the earnest study of the New Testament itself. All her efforts and teachings are directed against the hard and bitter Materialism which, however it may be disguised, underlies all the oppressions and wrongs of the world, and, alas! often threatens to perpetuate itself by poisoning the spirit of some of those who long to diminish such oppressions and wrongs.

Miss Martyn has been already one of the warmest and most useful friends which our Society possesses. She did not need to be converted to our 'international' standards. When I introduced our endeavour to her, in the Spring of 1895, I found her more than sympathetic - at once eagerly responsive. I bespeak for her, as our new Editor, all the help and interest of all our present correspondents and readers, as well as of all the new friends whom we now hope to reach.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO

On July 8th, Caroline wrote to her father: "I hope you have had a copy of 'Fraternity.' I shall wonder what you think of it. I had only about ten days to get it out in; it is not so interesting as I hope to make it. This month is much too heavy, but, of course, at such short notice I had to rely on the matter that was available.

I started my new work last night. Trades Union organising is supposed

to be hard work, but it is child's play compared with I.L.P. organising. I am here at Alyth until next Saturday. I may go to Aberdeen on Sunday; Dundee on Monday for a fortnight. Then I go to London for a week as delegate to the International Congress. Mrs. Mole and I are going together, and are anticipating great times indeed.

I have decided to take the Hutchinson Trustees' offer after all. It commences with £30 grant for study for three months under their direction, probably at the new London School for Economics and Social Science. This will prevent any holiday until Christmas."

July 12th - which was Sunday - Caroline spent in Aberdeen with her friend Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo, and thoroughly she enjoyed the short rest. The weather was perfect, and they spent most of the time in the garden.

On Monday, July 13th, Caroline went to Dundee.

On July 14th, she wrote her last letter home to her mother. She was already breaking up in health, but she said little about it, for fear of making her own people unnecessarily anxious. "How is it I don't hear anything from anybody? I am beginning to feel quite lonesome and anxious. I always think something dreadful must have happened when I don't hear from some of you for a time.

I have commenced my organising work; last week was not so successful as I should have liked, but last night we had a good time. After my speech I took names for 19 new members of the Textile Workers' Union myself and there were two or three others taking names also. I have had a good many compliments about 'Fraternity.' I believe it can be made into a useful and valuable paper, and I mean to put my 'back' into it. Mrs. Mayo is very kind, and gives me a great deal of help. I should like to know what you think of the paper, and which feature interests you most. I hope to develop it a great deal and make it far more interesting."

Writing about "Boggart Hole Clough"- an affair well known to all readers of Socialist papers - Caroline said: "I don't think you need have been afraid of my being sent to prison even if I had been going to Boggart Hole Clough. Mr. Headlam dare not send Mrs. Pankhurst, and he cannot send the other woman without sending her, because she is really the only one who has done anything. Not that anything unlawful has been done by any of them. The way the policemen lied and contradicted themselves and each other, the day I went to listen, was something wonderful. How they have escaped being journalists I cannot imagine! However, we could never have got such good audiences, or so much money by any other advertisement, and none of them will mind a month for such an object. We may all be fools, but we have the courage or our convictions! However, I

won't got vicious!

I am in very comfortable quarters, bedroom and sitting-room in the house of two nice women, who are dressmakers (the Misses Husband). They are comrades, so they wanted to let me have the rooms and keep me for nothing, but I am paying them, of course. Our comrades are kind.

I do not know if it is the weather, which is close and gloomy, or what, but I have been feeling very queer the last few days. I have not been quite up to the mark for a week or two, and have had a bottle of Hypophosphites, now I am taking Blaud's pills again, only they are capsules this time. I hope I shall soon be all right. It is very hard to speak in public when you feel faint and ill.

I told you I am to study in London for three months preceding Christmas. Edith wants me to stay with her for 2s. 6d. per week, which will be the price of an extra bedroom. Of course, I shall pay much more, but you see how generous Socialists are to each other.

I have to be in Norwich, October 1st and 2nd. I should like to get home on the Saturday until the Monday, but it will depend how my funds are. I am afraid it would cost a good deal for one day. I am here until the 25th (the day after she was buried) a fortnight, so I feel quite anchored.

On that day I go to London for the International Congress. I hope some of you will find time to write soon. I saw in one of the Scottish papers that 3,400 voted against, and only 1,500 for the Baths in Lincoln. How apathetic people are - fancy so few voting! I suppose a bath once a year at Cleethorpes is good enough for Lincolners!"

On the night that this letter was written, Caroline Martyn lectured for the last time. She was far from well, and at the close of her lecture she fainted. She would have done her work the next day as usual, but the Misses Husband insisted on her staying indoors at least, and so she wrote the whole of the day, gradually getting worse and worse - but she wrote incessantly the next two days. It seemed as if she had some sort of an idea that her time was brief, for she answered all her letters, and, as it were, set her house in order. On Sunday, July 19th, she recognised herself that she was too ill to be up, and so she kept her bed. On the Monday news reached her mother that she was not well, but that everything was being done for her that loving skill could devise, and if serious symptoms set in a wire should be sent. I, Caroline had forbidden Miss Husband to send for her mother.

With her characteristic thoughtfulness, she said: "Don't send for her unless it becomes absolutely necessary. I should be so sorry for her to have that long journey, and all the expense for nothing" - and so, though she

must have longed intensely for her home-folks, she refused to have them troubled.

Tuesday - Wednesday - the news came that she was no worse, and if strength could be maintained all would yet be well. Somehow, though we all felt anxious, we could not realise her danger. We thought she would pull through this as she had pulled through so many times before - but in a few hours our hopes were shattered. On Wednesday afternoon there was a telegram requesting Caroline's mother to go at once. We all knew what that meant, and yet we could not believe it possible that her life should be taken. Mrs. Martyn went up by the night rail, arriving in Dundee about five o'clock on Thursday morning, July 23rd. She was met by some of the comrades, who took her to the house in which Caroline lay dying on that sweet summer morning. She had already lost consciousness, and never regained it so much as to know that her mother was with her. Her constant cry was for her father, and if only she could go home she would be better. In the midst of this longing for home, there was the memory of her life work, and she was entreating the people to "join-join."

All that medical skill could do to relieve the suffering of Caroline Martyn and bring her back to health was done. Caroline believed thoroughly in lady doctors, and carried her belief into practice in this matter, as in many others. Two ladies attended her, and towards the close of that short, sharp conflict they called in a consulting physician, but no earthly skill could save her. Her continuous, incessant work had undermined her strength, and now, when disease attacked her, she was too weary, too completely overstrained, to successfully fight against it. She quietly laid down her armour and followed Him who had come to lead her through 'the valley of the shadow' into the light and gladness of that 'better country', whose ideals she had so faithfully and strenuously endeavoured to make real in this sin-stained world.

On Thursday, July 23rd, 1896, Caroline Martyn "moved forward." Quietly and peacefully the summons came, and she gained the rest for which she longed - "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

This sad news - so unlooked for - so tragically sudden - struck a chill of horror throughout the Socialist community. None could realise that the brave heart had ceased to beat, that the strong, capable hands lay nerveless, that the eloquent tongue was silenced. They could only think in awed silence of their own irreparable loss - not of her gain.

Caroline Martyn was gone! - and a gap was made in the army or the world's workers which it seemed would be impossible to fill. They would miss the inspiration of her holy life, as well as the work she had actually

done.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, July 24th, 1896, the body of Caroline Martyn was laid to rest in the beautiful Balgay Cemetery in Dundee.

The burial service was read by a clergyman of the Church of England in the presence of her mother and eldest brother who had been hastily summoned from Grimsby - and a number of the comrades. Had more time elapsed between her death and burial many hundreds of her comrades would have assembled to pay this last tribute of respect. The coffin was lowered to its last resting place by four of her fellow-workers, and in a few moments all was over. In the brilliant summer sunshine, the mourners turned away from that grave-side with aching hearts, and a sad sense of loss, but leaving her there in sure, and certain hope of resurrection when the day shall break, and the shadows flee away from this mist-bound earth of ours.

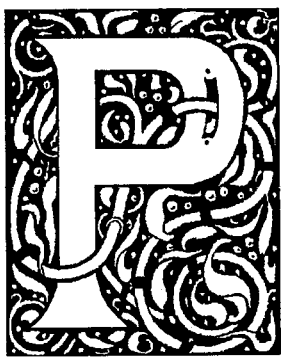
To some people it was a surprise that the body of Caroline Martyn was not brought home to be buried, but those who loved her knew that she would have wished to be buried in the place where she had been working, and where the work had slipped from her brave hands.

Memorial erected to her memory by the Dundee Textile Workers.

CHAPTER X

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

Never for me the faltering cry *of* "Mother," Or faltering step
across the floor?
Only for me ears stricken by some other Child, presences
outside the door.
Never for me arms dimpled, *soft,* tight folding My throat
encircled in warm clasp?
Only for me arms, vacant, listless, holding Dream-like a
dream within their grasp.
Never for me the passing of the children In room, or hall, or
garden fair?
Only *for* me hushed silences - bewildering The Straining soul
to utterance rare.



ERHAPS many of my readers may wonder how it is that, in a life like Caroline Martyn's, no mention has been made of that which is supposed to form the greater part of a woman's life - love and marriage.

It may have been thought that in her busy life, with its work and with its care, there was scant time for these things, or that, having marked out an independent career for herself, she despised them as being fit only for weak women who could do nothing else in the great battle of life.

Neither of these suggestions is correct - for Caroline Martyn was a woman to the very core of her being; but, love and marriage being such momentous factors in the lives of most women, it was thought best to give them a chapter to themselves.

We have been told many times of late years by various public speakers - mostly men - that women have grown impatient of the work women have done since the world began, that they, despise those feminine characteristics which make them so attractive and pleasing, that they put on priggish, mannish airs, and affect to sneer at the supreme glory of motherhood. There may be some women who do these things - they are few and far between. But there are many women who have outgrown the old notion that there is nothing for a woman worth having in life except love and marriage;

women who have seen the burdens or the world's work lying at their feet, and have bravely taken up their share of it, living a happy, independent life, using the talents God has given them, and thankfully taking love if it has come in their way.

This same independence has raised these women above the temptation of committing one of the greatest crimes under heaven, that of marrying for the sake of a home, or for fear of being sneered at as an "old maid" - without taking into consideration the question of love, which surely alone makes a marriage sacred in the eyes of God. Olive Schreiner has truly said, "Marriage without love is the uncleanest traffic that defiles the world."

But these "independent" women realise, perhaps, more vividly than others – the "supreme glory of motherhood," because many of them have missed it, and, missing *that,* they know they have missed the greatest earthly joy that can come into a woman's life; besides missing the greatest opportunity of serving their race by bringing up a pure generation.

Are not these unmarried women a great blessing to the world? Wives and mothers must of necessity find their work in their homes, but women who are free from these home ties are able to devote themselves to the work that crowds to their hands.

Caroline Martyn was one of these women. She was free, because she chose to be free - *not* because she never had the opportunity of marrying (which some persons think the only possible explanation of an unmarried woman). During the three years of her public life she had many offers of marriage, but she refused them all, giving as her reason that she knew none of these men really loved her; they might be fascinated for the time being, "but," said she, " that will not last."

The real reason, I think, lay in the fact that some years before Caroline Martyn had given her love to one who sought it most persistently, but who was not worthy of it, and when he had won it he trampled it under his feet. Caroline was but a girl at this time, unskilled in the ways of men, and this bitter experience left a scar in her heart which time could not efface.

Afterwards - when the pain had gone - she said she was thankful that things had taken the turn they did. But she could never forget that she had placed her fresh, young love upon one who was not worthy of it, and, surely there is no more cruel experience than to waken to the fact that those whom one has idealised, are but very human after all, that our golden image has its feet of clay.

Love is love, and the best love lives on even after a shock like that. If it were not so, how few of us would know the comfort and strength that comes from human love, for most of us have, at one time or another,

disappointed those who loved us most.

Surely it is true, as Annie Holdsworth says: "Love does not mean giving for giving - not the best love. There is another love that will give all, though it can never have love in return."

Whether this was the reason at Caroline Martyn's determination to remain single I cannot say, but it might have had something to do with it. Certainly it was *not* because she despised wifehood or motherhood. She sometimes said she thought she was not worthy to be entrusted with the care of children.

In a letter to her mother, just after her 25th birthday, she said: "I want to give up all hope or idea of marriage, but again I never can. I think it would be dreadful to be quite sure one could never have a little child of one's very own." A year later she wrote: "It is very distressing when you come to consider that tomorrow I commence the career of an old maid. Twenty-six is much too old for anything nice in the way of a woman!" One of Caroline's cousins was married and lived in London.

After being to see her, Carrie wrote home to her mother: "Lily's baby is perfect, I wish I had one just like it - only it would be rather inconvenient when I am at the office, so I shall not invest in that commodity at present."

Two months before Caroline died, she wrote to a lady-friend in Aberdeen: "I am sorry if I gave you a false impression that I really regret I am single. Occasionally, but very rarely, I am overwhelmed with a miserable sense of my own loneliness, but I think it is far more the result of physical weakness than any want of moral stamina. In general I count my escape from marriage as one of my greatest blessings, but for that I could never have done my work; probably could never have opened my eyes to see that it needed to be done. I do not hope to marry. I hope I may retain strength enough to continue to work to the end as a mother of all the children of men who dare not subtract from the others in order to specially endow one."

A little time before Caroline died, she was talking to her mother on this subject, and she said: "It is all very well to talk of marrying in the abstract, but when it comes to having to choose one man I always feel I would rather sit on my father's knee, and have his arm round me than anybody else's." Looking round on her own friends who were married, she once said to me, "You and I have the best of it after all," and she spoke of one cousin who was married and had two children, but was slowly dying of consumption, and another who was always ailing, of a school friend who was a widow at 28, of another who died when her first baby came, and of yet another who was separated from her husband - and I agreed with her!

Caroline Martyn held somewhat advanced views on the subject of marriage. She was anxious to secure the economic independence of women, so that the standard of marriage might be raised. Though there has been a great improvement in this during the last thirty years, yet today many women marry more for the sake of a home than for anything else. They have not been trained to earn a comfortable living for themselves, and they must inevitably suffer. Such women have literally sold themselves to their husbands - just as literally as the women-slaves, who, years ago, were bought and sold in the public markets.

Caroline held that, to put women on an equal footing with men, to give them equal wages for equal labour, to give them a voice in the government of the nation, would go a long way towards removing the deadly sin of impurity which is eating like a canker into the heart of our nation, shooting its poisonous pangs into all our fresh, young life, and corrupting it from its commencement.

Talking with me on this subject one afternoon Caroline spoke of the wrong done to both girls and boys by their parents, who, from a false sense of modesty, send them out into school-life and into the world with no knowledge of what life means - thus exposing them to the danger of getting to know these things from the worst possible sources, and in the worst possible ways. To many thousands of cultured and refined children life has for the time being - been made a degradation and almost a hell by the knowledge forced on them in an evil way - without any preparation - of those things which, had they been told by a pure and gentle mother, or wise, judicious father, would have been understood as God's laws for the carrying on of the human race.

As for public schools, where boys and girls are herded together in large numbers just at the time when they most need a mother's watchful care, Caroline's experience had not been a happy one. Speaking to me of this, she said: "The immorality in-school is awful. It made me positively ill at first. I could not have believed it possible had not I lived there myself - and you, my dear - with your sheltered home-life behind you, and your limited knowledge of the world *you* cannot conceive what it is."

Many of my readers will remember the story of Miss Edith Lanchester, which caused so great a sensation some short time ago. One afternoon I unexpectedly met Caroline Martyn when paying a call. I did not know she was in Lincoln, and, as we came away together, I expressed my delight at seeing her. She suddenly drew her arm away from mine and said, "Wait a minute before we go any further. Let me tell you something which may perhaps shock you, and make you feel that you do not care to walk any

further with me." I stood still in the pouring rain and looked at my cousin in astonishment. What on earth could she have been doing now that could possibly uproot a friendship of so long a standing as ours! Surely, thought I, it must be nothing short of a crime! "You remember the case of Edith Lanchester," said she. "Very well," I replied. "Well," said my cousin, "she came to Glasgow for a meeting, and I entertained her, besides taking the chair for her lecture. Now, what do you think of me?" I simply laughed, and putting my arm in hers again, said, " Come along, my dear, you and I are not going to quarrel over a matter of opinion; it was just like you to take Miss Lanchester's side, because it was unpopular," and then we fell to discussing the affair. My cousin said she was surprised to find Miss Lanchester, a small, fair woman, with a gentle, almost timid manner, but she thought her very brave to act upon her convictions, and, after all, said she, "I have an idea that her convictions are right, only I fear I should not have the courage to act upon them."

CHAPTER XI

RELIGION

We all are servants of one Master, Christ,
Bound by one law, redeemed by one love,
And every brow sealed with the self-same
print of blessed brotherhood.
It matters little how we be disjoined
In outward strategy, if but our souls
Are urged by one great motive to one end.

HE was always deeply religious. Ever since I have known anything of her that was one of her most striking characteristics. Had she lived in the middle-ages she would most probably have entered a Convent or given herself up to the guidance of a priest - as did Elizabeth of Hungary. But, living in this practical 19th century, her religion became what it was intended to be part and parcel of her ordinary daily life - a steadfast following of the Christ, who was no ascetic, but who was known among men as the "friend of publicans and sinners, and who said of Himself, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Caroline Martyn's parents *belonged* to the Church of England, and, of course, their children were trained in the articles and belief of the same Church.

As Caroline grew into girlhood she became an ardent Churchwoman of the ritualistic type - she had strong dislike to all dissent, and as we were Wesleyan Methodists, she and I always sheered off from discussing our religious opinions, for fear of being tempted to say stronger things than we meant.

Once when we were but children I remember we went to the Cathedral service together, and as we knelt for the first prayers my cousin whispered triumphantly to me, "You Dissenters cannot boast of such a building as this." I felt somehow that there was an answer to this - but as I could not think of it at the moment I was silent. Afterwards I thought that the Cathedrals belonged to Protestants, and as Dissenters were eminently Protestant, I had

my share in the beautiful Cathedral of our own city.

As a girl at school I believe Caroline ruined her constitution, and probably undermined her health by her determination to fast, She was growing very rapidly, and needed constant and regular nourishment; but, sometimes for days together, she would scarcely eat anything for breakfast or tea, and as often as she dared she would refuse meat for dinner. Not all the jokes of the girls moved her, and when her self-imposed fast was over she was naturally almost ravenous, and could scarcely satisfy her craving for food. Upon this there followed indigestion and other ailments which tended to destroy her natural sweetness of temper, and so to bring her religion into disfavour with the girls - and many of these girls came from homes where religion was at a discount.

At that time no one who knew Caroline Martyn would have dreamed that it would be possible for her to develop into so broad-minded a Christian as she eventually did.

On one occasion I remember Caroline's freely-expressed disgust at the Wesleyan Methodist system of lay-preachers. She was spending the Sunday in our home, and went with us to our chapel on the Sunday evening. It happened that a local preacher was taking the service; he was a young fellow, a grocer by trade, and at that time served in the Co-operative Stores. As we returned from service I tried to steer the conversation away from the preacher and the sermon, but in vain. With her head held very high, and in tones of disgust, my cousin said, "Who *is* that young man?" Very meekly I gave her the information she required - his name and daily occupation. She exclaimed, in still more disgusted tones, "I thought I had seen him before. Just fancy a man who serves you with bacon, and butter, and cheese *preaching* to you! I *am* glad I'm not a Dissenter!" Needless to say that her ideas on this subject, as on many another, became greatly modified as the years went by.

Caroline was not particularly communicative to anybody about her religious convictions; occasionally she referred to them in her letters. When she was at Belvedere she took an active interest in the work of the Church she attended. In one of her letters home she wrote: "The people here are not High Church; but evidently on the way to conversion. I was with you at Holy Communion, of course. I am glad that Charlie (her second brother) is confirmed. I hope he realises the sacredness of it. Won't it be jolly - five of us going to Communion on Christmas Day? This is a very wicked place. The people are of the gipsy and cottar class - London riff-raff! All this part used to be the home of smugglers and highwaymen and receivers of stolen goods, so you can't expect their descendents to inherit very strict morality.

The Church people are interested in the Bishop of Lincoln's persecution. Anyway it is already a triumph to have re-established the Archbishop's Court, and which ever way it is decided it will eventually lead to the establishment of the Ritual.

I have a Sunday School class consisting of eleven boys, in all of whom I am deeply interested."

In another letter Caroline wrote: "We use the Durham Mission hymn-book at St. Augustine's on a Sunday night. I keep in the choir - don't laugh! I teach one of my friends to sing alto, and we manage beautifully. Of course, I do not sit in the choir, but in one of the front seats, and he can hear me and follow me quite well. I like going to the choir practices. I gave my address at the Band of Hope last evening. The dream I sent you, the children and everybody said they liked it. We have nice Lent services on Sunday evenings. The Vicar preaches two sermons. He is a clever preacher. Several of my girls are going to be confirmed. Will you pray for them? Two of St. Augustine's girls have been up to me tonight for advice and help. I am afraid you will smile at this, but you must try to believe that I am a sensible woman here, and not the foolish child you knew at home. We are having such lovely spring weather - the sunshine makes me feel so happy and joyous. Since I have been here I have grown to realise the presence and love of Jesus so much that I feel I can never be miserable or lonely again as I used to be. I always spend a quarter of an hour at midday in church in prayer and meditation, and I cannot tell you what a help it is to me, both in my work and in my leisure. I always think of you, of course, during the eight o'clock celebrations, and it is very pleasant to know you are thinking of me. It is so lovely - is it not? - to be in the Communion of Saints."

In a letter to me, written from Belvedere, Caroline refers to a fancy for going abroad, giving several reasons for it, one being that she could make money more quickly than in England, so that she might be able to adopt a child. "I want to bring up a little girl from babyhood; I want to cultivate a little mind, to watch an intelligence expand, a pure soul grow into holiness. I want to help dawning ideas to found themselves upon worthy models, to turn a human longing heart to God; a thirsting intellect to knowledge; a new desire for the beautiful to true ideals. I want to form my own mind for the purpose of forming my little dream into an ideal woman. Pure, and gentle, and innocent, with a spirit attuned to Christ's law, a love for all mankind, and a great power of sympathy. She shall know how to cook, and nurse, and sew. Poetry and art shall delight her leisure, science and mathematics shall give her judicious and reasoning faculties, literature shall enable her

to amuse, music shall be one of her charms. Reflection and cultivation shall render her charming in conversation. Her dress and surroundings shall prove her taste, her circle of friends shall prove her amiability, her works or mercy shall prove the reality of her religion. Think, when one is old, of the delight of seeing that one's seed has given such a rich harvest to the world!

When I came here I hoped I should make, at least, some of my children such women, only, or course, restricting their acquirements to their needs and abilities, but I am so disappointed in my girls. They are - everyone without exception - deceitful. Even a London policeman, now quartered here, says, never in his experience did he meet with such naughty children. You will say I ought to be all the more pleased that any success I may have will be all the more valuable - that I should be proud as well as diffident, considering the awful responsibility of having influence over such uncultivated minds which so much need a good influence. But, alas! I have no influence. I cannot understand them.

I cannot find the point where influence may enter their minds. I believe I am wasting a great part of my energies, without using the remaining with such a degree or success as warrants such waste. There are many women with less talents (I speak not conceitedly, but of the good education my parents have exerted themselves to give me) who could do quite as well all that I am doing, perhaps better, for my constant headache renders any work outside of school impossible. Again I imagine you saying, 'Leave the result to our loving Father, and simply continue to do your duty,' but such passive obedience is not quite what He desires. He leaves it to us in a great measure to make our own circumstances; it would be positively wrong for me to go on here, if I saw a greater sphere or usefulness elsewhere - and I am perfectly convinced that a larger sphere awaits me. You see, dear, I am telling you - as I generally do - a great many of my deepest secrets! You must not suppose I ever give way to miserable fits, such as I have sometimes described to you. I feel quite old now and staid; I should feel myself quite childish and frivolous if I did so. I have learned to regard life, not as life, but as the ante-chamber to life. I see that in this world perfect happiness in worldly circumstances does not exist, that trials and troubles are its main object - in other words, it is simply and solely a preparation for Eternity. The sin and wickedness I have seen and do see among all classes of people make me wish I could convince others of that fact - but sin and wickedness do not seem to me half so heartrending as the frivolous way in which educated people - whose very intelligence, one would think, must preclude the possibility of ignoring that fact - fritter away the precious

time when many souls are hurrying to everlasting sorrow for the want of a warning word and a helping hand. The most helpless person can speak and pray.

I am now enjoying Macaulay's History; I have one of my own in two volumes. It is one of my greatest treasures. Don't you think history shows wonderfully the beauty of God's dealing with man? I forgot to tell you about the nicest part of my visit to Mrs. Goodman. It was an hour's Bible-reading, from three to four, with some women who spend that time with her every Sunday afternoon for the same purpose. Such a nice thing happened on Saturday. Mrs. Barnett - wife of the Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel - sent me a report of the great work they are doing in that wicked neighbourhood. Their parish embraces the scene of the atrocious murders of a year ago. She knows of my interest in Christian work amongst the poor, and I feel proud that she has remembered me."

In her letters, Caroline does not again allude to her religious convictions until September, 1893. She had been passing through a season of darkness and difficulty, and in the struggle some of her old beliefs had to go, but that was inevitable - her faith in God as the Father of all men remained unshaken - as did also her belief in Christ as the Redeemer of the world. Knowing this, one can easily imagine how it pained her to be misunderstood and to be termed an atheist!

In a letter to me Caroline thus describes her attitude towards religion.

"I have always spoken very freely to you on subjects I should not be able to discuss with some others. I wish I could tell you how I long to be useful; it is not only to please the Father, nor to gratify the Son, but for the sake of alleviating the awful misery which afflicts our brother-men. I do not mean only in regard to material things, though physical development and care are necessary to the complete happiness of the human; neither do I mean only in regard to the mental darkness of ignorance, though reasoning power is also a necessity to full life; I am not even anxious to see all men moral in the conventional sense, for morality does not entail goodness or joy; but I do long to see men enjoy the bliss of the spiritual life.

It is only lately I have seen how perfect freedom is to be attained in the Christian life, but now I do know. If you love Jesus really, you desire what He desires; you have set the right ideal before you, and will not wish to swerve from the path that leads directly to it. You need obey nothing but the dictates of your own heart, which, in Christ's keeping, realising its one-ness with the eternal good, which is its origin and goal, can only dictate right. My logic is bad, but your heart will sympathise with my weakness of

expression, and you will understand probably better than I by a reference to your own higher life.

God has many books; His spirit breathes through the Bible; His love is expressed in Nature; His truth guides our souls; we are then, when once our desires are brought into line with Christ's, living Bibles, living expressions of His spirit, revealing Him to men, and leading them to the knowledge of His truth.

I believe there is a Creator who is infinitely good, and a Jesus Christ who is perfect and eternal, life and work, and happiness, and one Spirit that animates humanity, and is above all else. I believe evil to be an illusion which shall be annihilated with the Father of Lies. I believe our work is to aid the work of creation by advancing human development along the line Christ has revealed - Love - which includes liberty, equality, brotherhood - physical, mental, and spiritual. This necessitates our resistance to all evil, whether it be dirt, disease, or lack of material necessities; whether it be ignorance, immorality, social ills, bad government, or lack of spiritual consciousness. Against every enemy of progress - human, social, individual, in government, life, education, religion - I pray God to make me a weapon. I vow to do my utmost to demolish sin, and ensure the ultimate return to God of every sinner.

I am accepting no more invitations to speak for the present.

I am not satisfied with either my speaking or writing. I must spend my evenings in study of books, and my days in study of men, and my whole time in self-discipline, which my character sorely needs, before I can hope for my spoken or written words to have any power for good. Jesus did not emerge from His own thought into publicity until he was 30, and He is my ideal and model.

Very egotistical. But the whole organism of the human race is not perfect so long as one alone, one member, is unsound, and though social salvation is the ideal, personal salvation is the corollary."

After one or her mother's sisters had been to see her in her London rooms, Caroline wrote home: "I knew Aunt Pollie would write and tell you about me. It is very distressing to be a Christian Socialist when all your friends are High Church Conservatives! As for High Church - my future communions will be at St. Alban's, Holborn - tell the Vicar if you see him.

The only thing in my career that Aunt Pollie found to be thankful for is that I am still religious; she thought that I was agnostic or atheist - as well as Anathema Maranatha in worldly things. None gives me credit for believing the religious question, both socially and individually, to be quite

the main point in life, but such is the case, and all my religious developments arise from religious conviction. This sounds contradictory to my having been in danger of Atheism - but the danger arose from my inability to square Christian ethics with the Christianity of ordinary profession and the Christianity - not as preached - but as practised by the, Churches. I work with Bruce Wallace willingly and absorb his teaching eagerly, because his life and doctrine are the nearest, in my experience, to the ideal - that is; Jesus Christ. It is constant trouble to me that life and experience and my reading of God's Word have led me into ways that lie apart from your sympathy. It is a great comfort to know that we are all being led by the hand of One to the same goal of perfection in the Father through Christ." In acknowledging some magazines which her mother had sent her - with some marked passages, Caroline wrote: " I have, of course, noted the passages you have marked. 'The impulse to self-sacrifice must not be carried to foolish extremes,' sounds very respectable, and is essentially an axiom of commonsense - but how about a foolish extreme of self-sacrifice that led a certain artisan, whom Christians call our great example, to give up the safe and respectable work of a carpenter in order to perambulate the country with no place to lay His head - who persisted in such self-sacrifice to such a foolish extreme that at last He clashed with the imperial authority and was executed? Again, you have marked a passage, which describes Nirvana as an idle, monotonous existence. I wish people, who denounce other people's religion and ideals, would just take the trouble to study what they are denouncing. Anyone who knows the history and philosophy of Buddha knows that it does not admit of any such final goal. Love as centre, ideal, perfection of existence, is taught as emphatically as in our Gospel, and the 'falling of the dew drop in the ocean,' that much sneered at and wilfully misunderstood metaphor, does not preclude an ideal which includes no loss of individuality but the waking of a larger and wider infinite consciousness; the perfection of life and work in the perfection of love. But if this merging into a larger life is not intended, the ultimate result is left no more obscure or indefinite by Buddha than by Christ, who left the description of our ultimate goal at 'Eye hath not seen.' My own spiritual ideals are quite clear and certain, and *all* my work is done with a view to their attainment by the whole human race, but since I know the law of development, I am aware that those hopes are bounded by the present human limitations, and with growth higher planes will develop themselves in the ever-lengthening vistas of Eternal Life.

Alderman Philips is quite mistaken as to the work of the Labour Churches. Six months of my work would lead him to very different

conclusions from those stated in his article."

In the summer of 1894, when Caroline was at home for a few days, she and I had many talks on the subject which was to each of us one of great import - religion. She told me speaking in quiet tones, but with a bright face: "I have had my Pentecost, and so all life is touched with a new meaning!"

In August of the same year Caroline had a delightful visit to Newsham Park, Liverpool, and spent two or three days amongst the woods and fields and flowers. Writing home, she said: "The longer I live, and the more I learn, the more real grows the spiritual life. It is only lately that the soul and immortality have ceased to be a mere intellectual belief with me; now they are an ever-present consciousness, for I live in the spiritual life. It makes existence so beautiful and happy that sorrow is impossible, for the world of phenomenal sinks to its true place - events appear in their true significance, and the eternal soul, which is one and indivisible, is all and in all. I think I have been much helped by coming into contact with so many people, and by the love and brotherhood which I have seen among our comrades; but, most of all, of course, by my study of Christ, of Paul, and my attempt to actualise their teaching. As one grows older and wiser the supremacy of Jesus Christ as man, as teacher, as reformer, becomes more and more evident, until one feels and sees that in the spirit which inspired Him is indeed Nirvana, not the loss of individuality, but the growth into fullest consciousness."

In March, 1895, Caroline wrote the following beautiful letter to her youngest sister on her 10th birthday:

"My Dear, Little Sister, - I hope you will be well enough tomorrow to enjoy a beautiful, happy birthday. I am sending you a book which I hope you will like. I want to tell you that now you are growing a big girl I always choose books for you which are really valuable as literature, as well as amusing for a child. I hope you will take care of them, and regard them as friends. When I am lecturing, and when my lectures have been most effective, I find, on reflection, that I have put into them the truths that are most familiar and dear to me, and they are those which I assimilated when I was your age and even younger. When the people say I have told them beautiful things they are generally alluding to reminiscences of Nature, or lessons I have learned amongst the hills and streams, on the plains, or with the flowers, but I don't think I received such impressions completely and fully until the prophets had revealed to me their love. We are very fortunate people who live in this age of the world. We need not travel weary miles to hear the truth from lips of saint or scholar; we need not with pain and

care store all we wish to remember in our brains; knowledge is gathered for us in our books, and we need only accept the treasure that lies to our hand. It is only knowledge that lies in the mere intellectual reception of the teaching in books; wisdom is a more precious thing, it is the application of knowledge by love. Always remember that no ambition is worthy, no work is true, no acquisition is valuable, no knowledge is wise, except in so far as you recognise it as a gift from the universal spirit to all mankind - you, merely the vehicle of its expression. You are not living for yourself, but for the salvation of the world, and the whole universe awaits your perfection. Thus is Christ the type, and head, and example of our race, and the crucifix the sign of our salvation - the symbol of complete self-abnegation, Perhaps I am saying what is difficult for you to understand; if so, please keep it until it is clear to you, and in the meantime think it over. I have learnt it all with sorrow and hard work, and what is the good of my being your big sister if I cannot give you some of the flowers I have found? I have seen some sorrowful things here in Liverpool among the poor, hard-worked women. I cannot tell you how poor, and you could not understand how hard-worked. Every true, pure woman, whose heart is full of love, is an influence to destroy such poverty, and weariness, and sin. I hope Ethel and you will become such women. I believe you have soft, warm hearts. Conscientious study will give you strong, clear heads, and you will be two of God's beautiful stars to lighten and beautify the earth, and by that much of loving service, hasten its restoration to its pristine happiness, and the return of Eden means the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven. With love, dear, and many prayers that tomorrow will date a new step in your life towards the Divine perfection, from your loving sister, Carrie."

During the last two years of her life Caroline Martyn cared little for sect or creed. Wherever she was asked to speak she gladly went, believing that God had given her a message for every place where the way opened for her to go - no matter whether it was in a big town-hall, or on the sea-shore, or in a Church of England school-room, or in a Primitive Methodist Chapel, or a Wesleyan Methodist Mothers' Meetings - it was all the same to her. The men and women were her brothers and sisters, and she always gave of her best.

Caroline knew well how much the Socialist movement lost by its attitude towards Christianity, and she was anxious to reconcile the two in her own life. How well she succeeded those who knew her, and loved her most; can tell. No one could possibly meet her, even in private life, without being strongly impressed with a sense of her love and loyalty to Jesus Christ. Nothing pleased her more than to know that her teaching on

this subject was understood. After lecturing in some place a comrade wrote to her, "I enclose report of your address as contained in the 'Recorder.' I have heard many an expression of admiration for the teaching embodied therein, by many who wholly reject the teaching of Jesus Christ. This, I know, will give you great pleasure to hear!"

In consequence of Caroline Martyn being a Christian and Socialist many people - whom she had never seen - seriously beset with mental difficulties wrote to her in the hope that she might unravel for them the mystery of life, death, and immortality. Her correspondence thus became a serious tax upon her time and strength; but she took no notice of this, answering all letters as fully, as wisely as she could, not sparing herself, but carefully thinking out her answer and writing in a spirit of love, realising that her powers - God given indeed - were not intended solely for her own enjoyment and gratification, but to be used for the benefit of all with whom she came in contact.

When the news of Caroline Martyn's death was flashed from one end of the kingdom to the other, it sent a sudden chill to the hearts of the many thousands of people who had known and loved her. Realising what her death meant to those who had loved her as a friend and fellow-worker, all thoughts were turned in sympathy to her immediate family-circle, which had been so suddenly bereaved, and especially to her stricken parents.

This wave of sympathy manifested itself in letters of condolence which poured in from all parts of the kingdom, testifying to the love and veneration which Caroline Martyn had gathered around her striking personality.

These letters were a source of great comfort to Caroline's father and mother, for they made clear to them the fact that at least her work, her self-sacrifice, her enthusiasm, were appreciated by the people for whom she had practically given her life. They had been haunted by the fear that she had sacrificed her life in vain, and that the very people for whom she had lived and died, neither knew nor cared to know the value of what she had done.

Caroline herself was satisfied with the love that was poured at her feet. She liked best to tell how, after the applause had died down as she ended her lecture, the poor women would often bring their children to her to be kissed.

In many of the Labour Churches, and at P.S.A. meetings, on the Sunday following Miss Martyn's death references were made to the loss the cause had sustained by her death, and to noble way in which she had endeavoured to live out the principles laid down by Jesus Christ - in her

daily life.

At Bradford Labour Church Mr. H. Bodell Smith conducted the service with special reference to Caroline's life and death.

At Brotherhood Church in London - where for some time Caroline had been an active worker - Bruce Wallace preached, and the congregation sang, "A Few More Years Shall Roll," in memory of her.

At the Christian Unitarian Church, Aberdeen, the minister, Rev. A. Webster, preached in memory of Caroline. A special requiem service was held on the Friday morning - the day on which all that was mortal of this well-beloved woman was consigned to the earth - in St. John's Church, Marlborough, when Rev. Percy Dearmer preached. The service was attended by Keir Hardie, Enid Stacey, Stewart Headlam, and others.

MEMORIES OF INTERESTING PEOPLE

Taken from Recollections of Fifty Years by Isabella Fyvia Mayo

and published in 1910

RECOLLECTIONS

CAROLINE MARTYN

One very arresting personality with whom I was in contact was that of Caroline Martyn, the Socialist lecturer. She was the daughter of a home and an environment typically English middle-class. A little book written after her death by a relative reveals the limitations of her youthful culture, and shows how she rested completely content within these till she was twenty years of age, when, under the influence of her mother's sister, she passed through Radicalism Socialism. She had in turn belonged alike Primrose League, the Radical Club, and Fabian Society. In time she became a lecturer and organizer for the Independent Labour developing very remarkable oratorical gifts. I met her first only a year or two before her death. She must have been about twenty-eight years of age, a tall, graceful figure, with well-formed head adorned with fine fair hair. She was not beautiful in features or complexion, but so pre-eminently attractive as to possess far more than beauty. From the very first she affected me with a sense of repose. It seemed to me that her subject had grasped her, and that she had not yet grasped it, in sign of which she was quite unable away from it. Her table-talk was "propaganda" I used laughingly to tell her to spare herself from "preaching" to me, for I knew exactly what she was going to say, and that she might use our intercourse as a resting-place. She was my guest on two occasions, the last time being only a few days before the onset of her fatal illness. She spent a whole Sunday with me in utter quietness indeed, I was struck by the sudden silence which seemed to have fallen on her. She had "comrades" and acquaintances in Aberdeen, and, shrinking from absorbing her myself, I asked whom she would like me to invite to meet her. "Just nobody," she said. "Not this time. I should like to be at rest." And we spent the day under the July foliage of the garden.

"A SPEAKING MACHINE"

On that occasion, as once before, she expressed to me very strongly her dissatisfaction with her nomadic lecturing life. That sense of futility which besets every worker with tongue or pen who allows himself, and especially herself, to drift apart from the simple practical duties of life, weighed heavily on her. She longed to have a special habitation, and some work of the hands which would leave the contented consciousness of "something accomplished, something done." She spoke on this matter with so much emphasis that, looking back, I should almost fancy that my memory had under-scored her words, but that I find she had expressed the same feeling with equal emphasis some time before, and in writing. In a letter to a dear friend and relative she had remarked: "I am just a speaking-machine .... I envy you your busy round of life, your constant duties, and your responsibilities."

"WORKED TO DEATH"

Caroline Martyn loved needlework, and worked skillfully. On each of her visits to me she went straight to my work-basket, took out whatever she found therein, and applied herself to it. She had been a teacher, and she had succeeded in such literary work as she had ever undertaken. For her there was certainly no advantage of pleasure or profit in the work to which she gave herself, than believing it to be her best method of serving her kind - a belief which, I think, wavered before her death. In that work she was never at rest, and seldom more than a few days in any one place, and then only as making it a centre for lecturing excursions around. Her long railway journeys were made in third-class carriages. She seldom took more luggage than she could carry in her own hands, for, knowing the poverty of her cause and of most of its supporters, her one study was to keep down all expense at any cost to herself. Cabs seldom took her to or from her platforms. Through pouring rain or driving wind she tramped there and back in a long mackintosh. "Hospitality" was usually proffered to eke out her modest fee - how modest, and how wholly dependent on the fortunes of those who sought her, some might find scarcely credible. Such hospitality was often heartily rendered by poor folk with not too much room for their own families, and Caroline, after a long, rough journey and the fatigue of addressing a meeting in some ill-ventilated hall, had to get such rest as she could find in a bedroom shared by two or three children. She did not complain. She mentioned the matter only because she feared it sometimes made her less fit than she should be for her work. Such work!

"A PROGRAMME"

A few extracts from the little biography already mentioned tell its tale: " I am engaged tonight, three times on Sunday, and every evening next week except Friday." "I received £2 2s. for my week's work." "I will give you my programme for next week." It runs: "*Sunday.* - Afternoon: P.S.A., 1,000 men attend; evening: West Derby I.L.P. *Monday.* - *Afternoon*: meeting concerning industrial women; eight o'clock: lecture on Trades Unionism. *Tuesday.* - Afternoon meeting. *Wednesday.* - *B.W.G.A.* meeting: lecture on "Women's Wages"; 8 p.m.: lecture on Trades Unionism. *Thursday.* - Lecture at eight. Friday. - Plans still forming. *Saturday.* - A pause and a visit." The intervals between these lectures were filled up by correspondence, by private discussions with interested antagonists or ill-informed supporters, while she had to be always ready to supply an article for any of the labour journals. It is little wonder that she died, worn out, before she was thirty.

She was thrown among all sorts of people and problems - was expected to cast a shield of friendliness over wild, sensational girls, too "advanced" to endure the legal marriage tie, but not too advanced to gain their living as clerks in bogus gold-mine offices - and it seemed to me that here and there, in her desire to be loyal to forlorn hopes and desperate adventurers, she was less than loyal to her own best instincts; for she wrote with apparent approval of some whom I know she despised and mistrusted, and concerning whom silence should have been her uttermost charity.

She had a ready sense of humour, which found a fine field among some of the communal groups which were so much in evidence in the early nineties. Of one leader of this school she remarked: "Why, if you asked him for a second cup of tea, he would look at you and say, 'What would Jesus do?'

A pathetic figure, more significant in herself than in all the work she did - a flower which, being thrown into a vortex, helps us to see its force. One who worked with her and loved her has since said to me that such a career must involve some sort of destruction for either man or woman, and in a woman it was likely to come the more quickly, and to mean bodily death, while in men it might be delayed only to involve final mental or moral ruin.

CO-OPERATION

The unabridged text of a speech delivered by

Caroline Martyn

to the 21st Annual Cooperative Congress
in June 1889

and as originally published by
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CO-OPERATION

In a recent speech Mr. Balfour says "that the question our nation needs to study is not of distribution but that of production." In a country producing wealth to the amount of £1,450,000,000 in a year, which, equally distributed, would give an income of £165 per annum to every group of five, such a statement appears somewhat belated. We may claim to have solved the problem of how to produce enough, and the question which confronts us, as we compare this wealth with a "submerged tenth," a class constantly on the verge of Starvation, workers whose means of existence is precarious and a system of trade which constantly allows whole industries to be overwhelmed with destruction, is how to bring distribution into line with the productive capacity of our people. This demand is not a new one; it was voiced by James Stuart Mill, by Robert Owen, by Charles Kingsley, and Arnold Toynbee; it is the seed from which sprung Trades Unionism, the Socialist movement, the Temperance agitation, the Friendly Societies, and the great Co-operative organisation of to-day.

The problem arose when the introduction of machinery created a revolution in the life, the industrial organisation and the social relationships of England. The factory system, the steam engine in mining, and the cognate growths in labour power were the first steps in co-operative production, the industrial-economic efforts of the workers have been attempts to introduce the same principle into the distributive agencies. Robert Owen became the voice crying in the wilderness of competition, that the way should be prepared for a better system of society and the path made straight for the advance of humanity to a juster order. He and the middle class men who were his friends and followers really created the ideal of Co-operative movement, though the stores and societies they formed were not successful. The great organisation of to-day had its inception in 1844, when twenty-eight working men, with only £28 capital, opened a tiny store in Toad Lane, Rochdale. They brought to their aid a factor necessarily omitted from the equipment of the rich and educated men, an intimate knowledge of the small and sordid details of working-class housekeeping, a personal interest in the possibilities of their tiny fund, and ready capable hands and brains to do their work for themselves in their own way. The Co-operative Societies of to-day are a constant object lesson in the capacity of the democracy to furnish thinking and organising power for the solution of its own problems.

The Chartist movement with its purely political aim failed, but the effect of the Revolution in France was too great to die away, and sought expression by some other means. That the Workers dimly realised the economic injustice which lies at the root of their difficulties, is manifested by the growth of Trades Union effort to secure a fair return for Labour, and by the aim and method of the Co-operative Societies, which was to eliminate profit from price and so secure to the customer the full value of his purchase. This end is secured by selling goods at the market price; it being impossible to buy wholesale and distribute the price so as to make an exact return, when commodities are sold in such small quantities as retail trade requires; yearly or quarterly accounts are made up, and to the cost price is added the expense of management, cost of buildings, allowance for deterioration, etc., and all profit on the wholesale price beyond such necessary outlay is returned to the customer-shareholder in proportion to the amount of his or her purchases.

The Co-operative Store Societies have always recognised the equality of the sexes, and ignore the law which gave the husband a right to command his wife's possessions long before the passing of the Married Women's Property Act.

The Rochdale Pioneers set forth their objects as:-

"The establishment of a store for the sale of provisions, clothing, etc.

"the building, purchasing, or erecting of a number of houses, in which those members desiring to assist each other in improving their domestic and social conditions may reside.

"The manufacture of such articles as the Society may determine upon, to provide employment of such members who may be without employment, or whose labour may be badly remunerated.

And further: "That as soon as practicable this Society shall proceed to arrange the powers of production, distribution, education and government; or, in other words, to establish a self-supporting home colony of united interests, or assist other societies in establishing such colonies."

Separating aim and method we may state the ideals of Co-operation to be "Democratising the instruments of production, with a view to securing:-

1. A high standard of living for the worker.
2. Productive industry on collective principles.
3. A refuge for the unemployed.
4. Salvation for low wages.
5. Education.

6. Democratic government of a community in which wealth shall be socialised."

Let us consider how, under modern development, these aspirations can best be attained.

The present system of Co-operation has done splendid work; it has assisted many families through the dark hour of enforced idleness; it has given to many homes comforts and luxuries that could be secured by no other means. But the Co-operative movement has not done and, indeed, cannot do all that its founders intended, though it may do much to influence society towards the realisation of their ideal.

Its inadequacy is not owing to its original method and purpose, but to the fact that in many eyes it is only a commercial undertaking, on the same lines and for the same purpose as any joint-stock company; this means the intrusion into Co-operative ranks of men and women who are not Co-operators at all, but individualists seeking pecuniary advantages. Such a membership means the derogation of the organisation from the position of a spiritual force, aiming through material expression at the destruction of poverty and the salvation of the workers, to that of a mere dividend-hunting machine, with no higher purpose than to make large profits. The fact that this is so, a fact which enthusiastic Co-operators are fain to admit with sorrow, has made it possible for the Socialist movement to grow up outside the Co-operative Society, and to claim that voluntary methods are ineffective or inadequate, and that the direction of legislative and administrative bodies by the workers is the only efficacious means of adjusting their industrial and economic relations. These claims may not be incompatible; my object is to show that Socialists and Co-operators, having the same object in view, may find that their methods are justifiable to each other in the struggle after a higher life and better conditions.

WAGES AND CONDITIONS OF LABOUR

To secure to the toiling masses a fair share of the enormous wealth that they produce is the object alike of the Socialist and the Co-operator, but one of the main objections to the latter, is, that in his eagerness to secure low prices and high dividends, he is somewhat indifferent to the conditions under which the commodities he consumes are produced, and by that indifference defeats his own ends. He is very often entirely opposed to Trade Unionism, but Trade Unionism is also Co-operative effort to obtain good conditions for the workers. In the districts where Co-operation is strong, almost invariably Trade Unionism is found to be most flourishing, and where unskilled labour, carried on under circumstances

which preclude the possibility of organisation, forms the mainstay of the inhabitants of a neighbourhood, co-operation finds no place, and stores, if they are attempted, are founded only to demonstrate that there is no bedrock to secure their permanence. For the basis of both these movements is democracy, and only men who have evolved to the possibility of self-government, are able to profit by them. Another consideration is that where Trade Unionism does not provide a safeguard, wages are low, and in the case of casual labourers precarious, long periods of enforced idleness necessitate credit, and the food and clothing of yesterday must be paid for out of to-day's wages. This practice is altogether unjustifiable according to any standard of thrift or economy, but alas! empty stomachs and naked backs make peremptory demands which cannot be deferred until logic has decided upon their claims or the best way to meet them. Moreover, without trade unions, even the economies rendered possible by membership of a store might, under the competitive system of to-day, be diverted to the pockets of employers by allowing a reduction in wages to the extent of the expenditure saved by Co-operation. The societies are not at present exerting any direct influence on the unemployed. Nay! on the contrary, so far from helping them, they have made no sign of sympathy with, or even consciousness of the destitution of a million and a quarter of those very workers whose distresses their organisation was at first intended to alleviate. For while the number of the unemployed is rather under than overstated at 1,250,000, and the number of acres of unoccupied land in our country amounts to 21,000,000, the Co-operative Societies General Committee have invested money to the extent of £250,000 in outside concerns; that is to say, for the sake of obtaining profit on their capital, they were lending it to be used in, and so to strengthen that competitive system which the Co-operative movement is formed to destroy.

In their own organisation the societies have great powers with regards to raising wages, lowering hours, and otherwise improving conditions of work. They employ a large number of workers, and by securing to them these advantages they would, to that extent, improve the condition of the labour market by forcing a high standard on competing employers. At present, working-men are proving themselves to be as hard and avaricious taskmasters as any of the commercialists whose sole relationship with the toilers is the "cash nexus." Lowering the prices of commodities is a less valuable result to the workers as a whole than raising the standard of living of even a section of them.

The value of the co-operative system in days of difficulty to the workers was well demonstrated during the recent boot and shoe lock-out

(April 1895), when the Co-operative Boot and Shoe factories at Leicester and Kettering continued at work, thus not only securing maintenance for certain workers while their comrades were on out-of-work pay, but also saving the funds of the Union, and even increasing them by enabling certain members to pay a levy. Even further benefit accrued, for at Rushden 15, and at Higham Ferrers 10, of the locked-out workers were provided with employment.

But the stores have still larger powers. For besides their own employees in the various stores and productive department connected with them, and in addition to the great Wholesale agencies and productive enterprises immediately connected with co-operative effort, the million of members of store-societies have an influence which might be wielded on outside undertakings. As yet, productive undertakings by the Co-operative Union are in their infancy, and the greater part of the goods sold in the stores are obtained through the Wholesale Society or directly from various firms conducted on the usual commercial principles. It would be thought that members and committees of stores would insist on purchase being made by their managers only of goods produced under conditions of labour most advantageous to the workers, here comes the drawback of the apethetic and selfish members. These insist on buying on the cheapest market, and whether as purchaser, voting member, or member of committee, chain the hands of true Co-operators by threatening loss of trade if the principles and ideals of the organisation are adhered to.

There is no cure for this sore in the body of politic save

EDUCATION

This is one of the investments which does not return dividend, and is somewhat neglected, only £38,016 being spent on it out of a net profit of £4,911,299 in 1894, though great strides have been made recently. Perhaps one of the most promising signs for the future of the Co-operation and its growth in influence and progress is the formation of the Women's Co-operative Guild, which has already developed many women out of mere household drudges, and given to the woman a lifework in the regeneration of the world in the following of her domestic avocations and the making of her weekly purchases. To make intelligent co-operators of the women is to give the movement a chance to become what the pioneers would have made it, by making true progressives of the majority of the purchasing members. This means a beneficial influence with regard to the exclusion of sweated goods from the stores, but it can only be brought about if the educational effort takes the right direction. Arnold Toynbee read a valuable

paper on this subject so early as 1882, when he discussed the purpose of co-operative education, confining it for wise reasons to a training in citizenship, including Political and Industrial History and Sanitation. He said: "The mere vague impulse in a man to do his duty is barren without the knowledge which enables him to perceive what his duties are, and how to perform them." Professor Patrick Geddes, of Edinburgh, has also written a fine paper on the subject for the "Co-operative Annual," 1894. At the recent Congress (1895), the Educational Committee recommended the formation of classes in co-operative subjects, lectures on similar subjects, the desirability of including the study of the "Duties of Citizenship" in all educational schemes, University Extension Lectures, the encouragement of eligible students to attend the annual summer meeting held at one or other of the Universities, with other developments. Were these recommendations carried out they would justify the existence of the societies, apart from any other achievement. Their success depends upon local committees in the first place, and the individual members in the second. Classes and lectures cannot be maintained without pupils and audience. Here is an opening to the Clarion Scout or other Socialist to make himself useful by securing the success of such educational provision, and obtaining information which will increase his powers as a propagandist at the same time.

THE PURCHASING MEMBER

is too often absolutely ignorant of the fact that he is the pivot upon which commerce turns. Demand calls forth supply, and if demand for goods produced under bad conditions is checked, such production will receive a proportionate discouragement; while the insistence upon guarantees that the producers of commodities have received a standard wage and worked under the healthiest conditions, would gradually oblige competing employers, for the sake of obtaining a market, to accept the same rates and hours. The guarantee need be no difficulty, since it would create a common ground between Co-operators and Trades Unionists, and could be worked for mutually, to the interest of both organisations. The influence of such competition would extend far beyond the confines of the Co-operative system, by its effect upon the labour market; at the same time it would strengthen the societies by its indirect result of securing to workers the wages and regularity of employment which would enable them to become members of stores. Manager, committee, executive, are alike powerless to make wholesale purchases calculated to benefit the productive workers, in face of a demand for cheaper and less valuable goods, which can only be produced by unfair pressure upon the producers. When the good

housewives, intent upon thrift for themselves and their children, realise that the pennies and halfpennies they save are stained with blood and tears, are wrung out of the emaciated bodies of anaemic girls, subtracted from the food supply of other women's babies, and torn from the life-fibres of men weakened by poverty, the sympathy of their hearts will surely effect what the reason of men's brains has left undone, and the effective demand of enlightened citizens for healthily produced commodities, will gradually eliminate the poverty resulting from inefficiency, and the possibility of inefficiency resulting from poverty.

HOUSING

is a matter of vital importance. The slum is the foul blot on modern civilisation, but it must exist in one form or another while rents are high, wages low and work precarious. The pioneers, being workers themselves, realised the evil of bad accommodation and environment, and therefore included the provision of comfortable homes in the list of their intentions; moreover, in their very keen appreciation of economic difficulties they saw the possibility of co-operative savings being absorbed in rent, so the stores have added to themselves in many cases an adjunct in the shape of a building society, in order that co-operators may secure to themselves good homes without having to pay tribute to a landowner. But this hope dawned before the days of working-men's dwelling acts and Henry George's discussion of the land question. These two modern lessons throw a new light upon Co-operative methods. the comprehension of the results of landlordism upon the production of wealth and the results of industry, reveal a menace against Co-operative attainments which the first promoters could hardly have realised. Many of them regarded Co-operation as, in itself, a lever which could raise humanity out of the slough of competition, and gradually eliminate poverty by including the whole nation within its organisation, abolishing competition and enrolling all producers in a co-operative commonwealth wherein distribution should be carried out on the same lines as production.

Economically, also, so long as the land is in the hands of individual owners, those owners have the power to increase rent so that it absorbs the whole of the produce of industry beyond the mere subsistence of the workers, and the same holds good whether the owners be few or many. The enjoyment by the worker of a freehold and a house has other results than the benefit accruing to the individual of living rent free.

In discussing the subject of freehold allotments, at a Primrose League meeting in 1882, Mr. Chaplin pointed out that the creation of a large number

of peasant proprietors, however small their share of land, was the creation of a large class of landowners, whose apparent interests would range them alongside with those who possessed thousands of acres. That is, would form a stalwart and numerous army for the defence of the land monopoly and cognate interests.

Further, the ownership of a house is a bar to that mobility of labour which is one of its most prized advantages. A man will accept a lower wage, and will submit to many encroachments by his employer, before he will decide to leave his *own* home and pay rent for another, with the risk of having his house empty on his hands, unable either to sell or to let it. Anything that encourages the worker to undersell his fellow worker is a danger to the whole of the producers, and an advantage to the capitalist.

Moreover, the railways and some other commercial undertakings, are already on national lines with capital and vested interest far out-weighing those of the Co-operative Societies, and whose wealth and power would be in no wise checked, but might be developed as co-operative enterprise constantly widened until it included most of the trade of the country. But before the national work of production and exchange is conducted on co-operative lines, the means of transit and communication must come under the universal management.

The principal means of communication are already carried on by such an agency, and the Post Office is an indication of the full growth of the co-operative principle, that is, the inclusion within its sphere of the whole nation. The State might also become the Board of Directors governing the railway system of the United Kingdom.

But even the National Co-operative Commonwealth will need its local branches for the purposes of local administration, and here they are ready to hand, with powers that fit them for use by the Co-operative Societies of to-day, in the shape of municipal authorities empowered to build for the industrial workers, healthy, wholesome and adequate dwellings; the power can become compulsion by the voice of the majority of the citizens, and the municipal houses and lodging-houses built according to the needs of the workers by genuine representatives of the workers, are Co-operative enterprise carried out of its logical and highest conclusion.

THE UNEMPLOYED

are justified in seeking help at the hands of the Co-operative Societies. They are composed of workers, they were founded by workers, their basic principle is that the producer and consumer should be identical, and their aim is to secure work and its results to members of the nation. What means

have they to satisfy such a claim? For the objects of their association oblige them to admit its validity. A limitation of hours in their own undertakings, and insistence upon similar conditions in every firm with which they have dealings, would have some effect towards the absorption of a certain number. The pressure of the individual citizen upon that civic Co-operative Committee called the Corporation, Council or what not, would have weight. But something more is expected from a body numbering a million persons with share capital amounting to £15,006,663, and turning over money to the extent of £49,985,065 in a year, with a net profit of £4,911,299.

There are signs that Co-operators are feeling their way towards a great extension of productive enterprise. The new attention to agriculture displayed by the success of Co-operative dairy-farming in Ireland, and the experiments in Lincolnshire, described by Mr. MacInnes, in his paper at the Huddersfield Conference, are such evidences. The boot and shoe, and the clothing factories, the flour mills and other undertakings will encourage further enterprise as they increase in prosperity. In the management of the wholesale departments and productive enterprises, the Co-operative Societies have shown their faithfulness to sound economics, and the English Co-operators as such, could listen with clear consciences to Professor Sidgwick's warnings at the International Conference, that too much must not be expected from the profit sharing system. The limitation of benefits to a class, however large, is not an ideal of true Collectivism, and before now the original members of a profit sharing concern have refused entry to new workers, and so resolved themselves into a mere joint-stock company. The profit sharing ideals of to-day are an echo of the cry, "The mine for the miners." Says Sidney Webb:-

"Industry should be carried on, not for the profit of those engaged in it, whether masters or men, but for the benefit of the community. We recognise no special right in the miners, as such, to enjoy the mineral wealth on which they work. The Leicester boot operatives can put in no special claim to the profits of the Leicester boot factory, nor the shopmen in a Co-operative store to the surplus of its year's trading . . . . . It is just because the million Co-operators do not as a rule share profits with their employees as employees, but only among consumers as consumers, because the control of their industry is vested not in the managers or operatives, but exclusively in the members, with one man one vote, and because they desire nothing more ardently than to be allowed in this way to make the whole community co-partners with themselves, participants in their dividend, that their organisation appears to me to be thoroughly Collectivist in principle."

RELATION OF CO-OPERATION TO THE STATE

The extension, or rather, the preservation of such possibility of including the whole community is a vital necessity if Co-operation is to be a real stepping stone through the flood of individualism to the store of a better social order.

Co-operators are apt to consider that they are engaged in pure self-help, in an organisation that is free from outside influence and State interference, but such is not the case. Quite apart from the possibility of Co-operative Stores and other enterprises being dependent upon the previous organisation of society, and its evolution to a high plane of consciousness and order, the societies themselves languished until a law was passed which gave them a legal status, and adopted them into the cognizance of the Government. Registration under the Industrial and Provident Societies' Act, 39th and 40th Vict., c. 45, is a necessary step in the foundation of a store.

The mistake that co-operators share with many reformers is in their connotation of the word State. The State is not, should not be, in a democratic country, an outside power, laying a heavy hand of restriction upon the members of the community. It is the community itself acting through its chosen representatives, who form a grand executive committee of the nation. The Government need be no more an outside domination than the store committee, and will be so no more when men realise their dignity and responsibility at the polls.

The Co-operative system is the germ of a national movement: the nationalisation of the retail trade of the country. It is thus engaged in necessary and important work from a Socialist standpoint, since it is creating and organisation in that form of distributive industry, which it would be most difficult for the State to re-arrange. Small retail trade, on competitive lines, with all the waste of labour, advertisement, and management involved, is being gradually superseded by the great store, with its more economical methods. Co-operation successful, absorbing the retail trade of the country, with local autonomy, elected committees, district councils, and a national executive, would be a department of the State whether its administration were connected with Parliament or not.

Socialists are demanding that the State, through Parish and District, Municipal and County Councils, and through Parliament, shall conduct for the benefit of the community, with funds contributed by the community, commercial enterprises of various kinds. The Post Office system has already been alluded to; other monopolies, at present devoted to the production of wealth for individuals, might be similarly taken under the national control

and the national benefit. Railways, mines, canals, docks, already to hand, but why not also the provision of food, clothing, and of shelter, which are, after all more essential to human welfare than letters and telegrams, or even elementary education, which is already a State department?

The principle has been extended in municipal undertakings to water, gas, tramways, art galleries, free libraries, museums, roads, sewers, police, technical education, baths and washhouses, houses, lodging-houses, bakeries, music, parks, recreation grounds, markets, slaughter-houses, and many other enterprises. Why not the drink traffic that under adequate supervision it may become a benefit instead of a curse to the community? Why not all forms of local effort?

This means no rivalry of Council or Government with the work of the Co-operative Societies, but that they will work on similar lines towards the same end. While Co-operation works upwards from its humble origin, Parliament will work downwards from its ambitious project of governing a vast empire without regard to the organisation of its parts, until at last the people's efforts in Parliament meet the same people's efforts in their Co-operative Societies, and the nationalisation of wealth, the highest ideals of the first co-operators, are an established fact.

HOW TO COMBINE SOCIALISM AND CO-OPERATION.

There is no reason why a store should not be formed by Socialists, on the lines of and in connection with the great society. The method of opening a store, or starting a productive society, will be fully ascertained by enquiry at any of the society's head-quarters. Nothing in the rules prevents the societies from allocating their profits as the majority of members think fit. So long as nothing is done to undermine the true principles of Co-operation, so long as the society is loyal to the productive and wholesale undertakings of the great organisation, there is no reason, moral, political, or economic, why the profits of such a society should not be devoted to the promotion of Socialism. If, at present, in an already existing store the majority of members are Socialists, it is possible to adopt the same course.

That the aims of Co-operation and Socialism are reconcilable and even identical is proved in the Belgium Worker's Party, which consists of Socialists, Trades Unionists, and Co-operators, in one harmonious whole, the trade of the Co-operative bakeries, groceries, and other departments, affording sinews of war for Socialists Propaganda and election funds.

TRADE UNIONISM

The text of a lecture delivered by

Caroline Martyn

to the Edinburgh branch of
The Bakers National Federal Union, May 9, 1895

TRADE-UNIONISM

TRADE Unions have a long and interesting history, many historians tracing their descent from the *Collegia opificum* of Rome. Their relationship to the medieval craft-guilds is less open to controversy, though it cannot be directly traced, and the organisation and power of those associations are well worthy the consideration of the organised and unorganised workers of to-day. The guilds were, in their inception, a growth of the spirit of association which is the bond of family life, and their derogation from the ideal of mutual help and comradeship to that of commercial and money-making concerns was one of the elements of their dissolution, their accumulations of wealth exciting the cupidity of princes.

Brentano makes England the birthplace of the guild. The London Weavers' Guild was established in 1100 ; the Goldsmiths claim to have held land before the Conquest ; they are mentioned in official records in 1154, and received a public charter in the 14th century. Valuable reports on the subject have been issued by successive Royal Commissions.

In Scotland the term "Guild" has been confined to the description of Merchants' Associations, the crafts being designated the Weavers, the Bakers, or later, the Weaver Trade, the Baker Trade, until now the unions are generally known as the Baker Incorporation, the Weaver Incorporation, etc. Ebenezer Bain, in his "Merchant and Craft Guilds", states that "The word 'incorporation' was brought into use in connection with the craft guilds when the craftsmen in a particular town incorporated themselves together under a deacon convener and established a convener-court, or convenery, to look after matters that were common to all the different crafts," thus forming a body corresponding to the present Trades-Council.

The duties of the craft-guilds were to regulate the industry of their members, to maintain a high standard of work, to prevent production by persons outside the organisation, and to train young people in their various industries, thus founding the apprentice system. "Their fundamental principle was," says Gibbins ("Industrial History," II. 8), "that a member

should work not only for his own private advantage, but for the reputation and good of his trade ; hence bad work was punished, and it is curious to note that *night work is prohibited as leading to badwork.*" Besides providing the benefits of a sick and burial society, the guild maintained a certain standard of morality among its members. The guilds were empowered to hold property ; the revenues of their lands were lent to poor members without interest, were used to apprentice members' children, were applied to the relief of members' widows, or were dedicated to almsgiving. Under Henry VIII. and Edward VI. the trade-guilds found themselves included with the religious guilds for the purpose of confiscation, the rich and powerful corporations of London being exempt, in order to secure their acquiescence in the spoliation of the rest.

During the period of growth and prosperity, the guilds had enjoyed great power, not only in regard to commercial affairs and industrial conditions, but in all the forms of civic life ; in some cases the combined merchant and craft guilds filled the place of the modern town council, and their wealth purchased the original charters of certain municipalities.

The loss of wealth and consequent curtailment of power which befell the workers' unions rendered possible the utter degradation of the toilers which accompanied and followed the industrial revolution consequent on the introduction of machinery into the staple trades of the country. The steam-engine in mining, the spinning-jenny and water-frame, the mule and the power-loom in textile trades followed in rapid succession, gradually reducing the human being from the position of master of his craft to that of the most plentiful and least valuable part of the machinery - the mere "hand."

The American War of Independence took place at the commencement of this period, and soon after its close England was drawn into the great struggle of civilised powers which followed on the French Revolution and its effect on the interests of the rulers of Europe, in raising alarm lest they should lose their power. Both industrial and agricultural workers suffered great privations through the heavy taxation and high prices incurred by the nation in this war ; while the same high prices which proved such a scourge to the masses of the people, and the fact that Britain alone escaped the devastation of war and the crippling of her industries by its presence within her shores, enabled manufacturers and traders to accumulate enormous fortunes. The suffering and poverty that followed the war, combined with the excitement of hope produced by the success of the French workers against their monarch and aristocracy, turned the attention of British workers to politics as a means of help. Their first endeavours to give expression to

their new conceptions were, however, mercilessly suppressed.

Reactionary measure may retard, they cannot prevent the evolutionary process in society, and the aspirations of the workers after liberty were helped towards realisation by the very pressure of the chains that enslaved them. The crowding together of many men in the great factories was favourable to combination, and the action of Tory philanthropists which brought about the first Factory Act also resulted, in 1824, in the repeal of the Combination Laws. These enactments enabled the workers to grasp the fact that the direction of the legislative machine involves the possibility of economic and industrial control, and their consciousness of the value of political power found expression in the Chartist movement. This agitation, however, was easily suppressed after it had lost the great incentive of personal misery. It suffered this loss when the repeal of the Corn Laws by the Whigs, in revenge for the Tory industrial reforms, brought cheap bread to the homes of the workers.

In their very complete history of Trade-Unionism, Mr and Mrs Sidney Webb trace no actual continuity of existence from the guild to the trade-union movement of to-day, and place the origin of the latter as later than 1700, when organisations began to be formed from social meetings, strikes or sick and union clubs. The earliest efforts of the unions were directed to securing for the workers the old rates of wages fixed by local justices; as a result the statutes were suspended. The Edinburgh Compositors, however, made a successful protest. February 28th, 1804, they presented a memorial to the Court of Session, and obtained the Interlocutor of 1805, which fixed a scale of piece-work prices for the Edinburgh printing trade. In 1863 Alexander Campbell started an agitation with regard to the Master and Servant Law. All Trade-Unions were invited to send representatives, and among the delegates are mentioned those of the Scottish Bakers' Federation. Trade-Unions were legalised in 1871.

Effective combination requires certain manly virtues in the persons organised ; there must be that unity of interest and ideas which produces real comradeship, a practical knowledge of the trade concerned, restraint of individual views and hopes in the common interest, and, more than all, a standard of honesty which justifies complete mutual trust. The work of the unions is to limit competition, to maintain a good rate of wages, and to secure fair hours and conditions. The interest of the Trade-Unionist is in danger of being confined to his own industry, for the idea of limiting competition in the interest of that trade may render him oblivious of the fact that the workers who are not allowed to compete within his circle must still earn a subsistence, and, under the present system, can only do so by

increasing the intensity of competition elsewhere. Thus, since the effect of unionism may be not to lighten but to increase the difficulty of the struggle for existence, unless it become universal, it may defeat its own ends by lowering the standard of life and wage for the average worker. The effect of unionism on the economic condition of the labouring classes has proved the value of the co-operative effort by its influence on public opinion and legislation, by raising the standard of life, and by the prevention, in the best organised trades, of serious disputes in the form of strikes and lock-outs, which are altogether deplorable in their result upon the prosperity of the community ; for the aim of unionism is to prevent loss of employment through strikes and lock-outs, by adjusting differences between employer and employed, through more effective and less destructive methods, by substituting collective for individual bargaining.

The great strikes which have been resorted to, when other means failed, have undoubtedly produced a beneficial effect, by forcing attention to the wrongs of the workers and enlisting sympathy in their behalf ; they have not always, however, succeeded in securing permanently those material reforms which were their immediate object. The great Dock Strike of 1891 cost £1,500,000 ; it meant work and sacrifices which cannot be expressed in money terms, it resulted in what appeared to be a complete victory, but to-day the dockers are little better off than before the struggle, and, one by one, many important points gained have been lost.

These facts show that Trades-Unionism, with all its powers, cannot of itself solve the problem of poverty. It can, however, do much to prevent any lowering of the standard of life or reduction of wages. It could do more were the trades completely organised. The real danger to a trade-union is not so much the aggression of employers as the competition of black-legs, and it is the men outside the union who stultify its work.

The history of the successes and failures of the Bakers' Union in Edinburgh is an object lesson. Before the formation of the Union, bakers' apprentices and journeymen were in the position of domestic servants : they lived in the house of the master baker, and were at his command at any time of the day or night. The Union was formed in 1843, and in three years was strong enough to fight for "dry" pay, that is, a cash wage. In spite of the success of this effort the bakers failed, as they have continually failed since, to maintain the strength of the Union. Whenever their burdens have become unbearable they have joined hands to obtain relief, a few steady subscribers having kept the branch together ; but immediately their demands were granted they became disorganised, and each man, alone in the hands of his master, has been once more laden with hard conditions. The lesson that

must be learned is, that only the workers can help themselves, and the trade-union can only be an effective weapon when it is kept completely organised ; to cease membership and withhold subscriptions is to renounce benefits already won, and to invite exploitation at the hands of employers.

In October 1889 the Scottish Bakers' Society went on Strike for a 55 Hours' Week, the daily work to commence not earlier than 5 A.M. The demand was conceded by the majority of the employers, but in Edinburgh a levy of 2/- was necessary to maintain the struggle until the whole trade was placed on the same footing. Rather than submit to the levy, the majority of the Branch left the Union. That is not the action of men, but of curs. To throw down weapons in the midst of a battle, to desert from the army before the campaign is ended, to run away as soon as the open country is before you, leaving comrades to defeat, are the actions of cowards. The countrymen of Wallace shamed their ancestry -

"Wha wad be a traitor knave,
Wha wad fill a cowrad's grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave,
Let him turn and flee !"

Rather from the working-men of Scotland let the response come in the noble strain -

"By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free."

Alas : out of 600 only 150 were left to finish the fight, with the result that the effort was wasted, and the half-won victory ended in a complete defeat. The majority are now working 60 hours a week, many of them about 80 hours, while the time of starting work is no longer recognised as 5 A.M., but in many cases is 4 A.M., 3 A.M., and in some shops even 2 A.M.

Perhaps the bakers have forgotten that they are also Scots; perhaps they have despised their position, have so far lost self-respect as not to rejoice in the dignity of their labour ; but they are indeed an absolutely necessary class of the community. We cannot live without food, and the bread which they bake is our staple food. They have every right to public sympathy, and when they quit them like men, fight their own battles as if they realised that they are worthy of consideration, that sympathy will not fail them.

Now let us look at the position of the bakers in Edinburgh to-day. There are between 600 and 700 bakers in the city, but only 236 are in the Union. Since this is an advance of 35 on last quarter, however, it is hoped that the men are waking to their own interest at last. The work of organisation is not complete, and the Union cannot do its full work until every baker is enrolled in its list of members. The Union has been in existence over 50 years, sometimes including the whole trade, at which period it has received good terms for its members, sometimes it has dwindled down to a mere remnant, the efforts of the real men being always discounted by those selfish individuals who wished to enjoy the benefits organisaton secured without doing their share in subscriptions and work to ensure the continuance of improved conditions for themselves and others. The few who have continued the struggle, thus handicapped by the smallness of their number and the consequent inadequacy of their funds, have found themselves unable to do more than protest against the commencement of work before 5 A.M. That protest is effective only for those who are in the Union, and surely it is worth striving for. To those who have to start at 2 A.M. it means a clear gain of three hours a day.

The standard wage is 26/- a week, but while men cut their own throats by accepting 18/- and 20/-, which is now a common wage in Edinburgh, the efforts of the Union to fix that minimum meet with very little success. Why are men content to take 18/- and 20/- when they can earn 26/-? - when 26/- might be secured, and must be secured, if they will but join their fellow-workers in insisting upon it ? A strong union, strong both in number and finance, would be able also to secure subsistence to unemployed members, who at present have no such provision.

The subject of hours has already been alluded to. 55 hours is the Union limit, but many bakers are working 70 hours with no overtime pay. The trade is nearly unanimous in favour of a legal 8 hours' day. A bill to thus restrict the hours has been drafted by the Central Executive of the Scottish Union. When will this bill become law ? It will never be pushed forward or receive any worthy support by men outside the Union. A representative of the trade to watch their interests in the legislative assembly will not have his election expenses paid or his wages secured by the men who decline to contribute to the union funds, though they would think no shame to enjoy any privileges extended by Parliament owing to the energy and pluck of the unionists.

This is not a local matter, or even a purely Scottish interest. The English and Irish Unions, realising the solidarity of labour, unite their efforts to those of the Scotch comrades in promoting such legislation. Shall it

be said that the majority of Scotch bakers are so lost to any sense beyond the mere animal, or the intensely selfish, that they decline to accept the proferred fellowship, to make the smallest sacrifice for an ideal, to fight in the world's war for freedom, and even in their own trade to realise the time when "man to man the world o'er, shall brithers be for a' that" ?

Perhaps one of the worst evils in the baking trade is that of underground bakehouses, many of them utterly devoid of sanitary appliances. This wrong should appeal to the public, as well as to the baking trade, for it is prolific of disease. The effects on the bakers who are occupied in such work places for many hours at a time are altogether disastrous. And indeed the wages and hours of which the bakers are deprived are an insignificant robbery compared with the fact that many a one must lose his life before he has enjoyed its prime. The evil air of the underground cellar, the leaving of that atmosphere heated very often to 90°, in order to serve customers in a draughty shop, or to deliver at their houses in frost and snow, in cold and rain, bread which must be taken through the streets in van or handcart, or, worst still, carried on the head upon a board, returning again to the unwholesome heat, means the encouragement of every sort of chest disease, and many others, mortality being so great that the average life of the bakers is only 37 years, and they are second on the list of suicides. Very often a baker has to carry from 20 to 30 4-lb. loaves on his head, sometimes twice that, for a mile or farther. Mr Asquith has done no more in the new Factory Bill than prohibit the opening of new underground bakeries, thus leaving the present evil untouched, neither would he consent to restrict the hours of labour, and this in spite of the fact that he described the baking as "a specially dangerous trade." A home-secretary could not thus ignore the claims of so large and important a body of workers were they fully organised, and so in a position to place their grievances before him, and insist on their recognition and removal.

The large amount of competition, and the consequent reduction of wages in the baking trade, is largely owing to the looseness of the apprentice system. At present in many Edinburgh shops there are two or three apprentices to one journeyman ; the result being that when they have served their time, they can only obtain employment by underbidding older men. There are no indentures, and, in many cases, instead of learning the trade, boys are employed in serving customers. It is most important to the members of every trade, and indeed in the interests of all, that no-more persons should enter any trade than are likely to obtain full remunerative employment in it. The obvious condition being that those employed possess the necessary skill. This is a matter for the trade union to deal with, and

the union only can deal with it effectually.

The Trade-Union demands are then :-

1. A 55 Hours Week, failing a Legal 8 Hours Day, commencing not earlier than 5 A.M. daily.
2. A Minimum Weekly Wage of 26/-.
3. Abolition of Underground and Unhealthy Bakehouses.
4. The Restriction of the Number of Apprentices.
5. To Separate the Customer-serving from the Baking.

So far from these demands being exorbitant, the bakers, in demanding 26/- for a 55 hours week, are asking less than the recognised and historic minimum wage for unskilled labour, which is 24/- for a 48 hours week.

Members of the Union have further discussed the municipalisation of the bakeries, a large section being in favour of concentrating their efforts on this project, while the remainder, though approving the principle and aim, regard it as impossible.

Here we are in view of the limitations of trade-unionism. There are matters in every trade which only experienced workers in that trade can deal with, such as differentiation of duties, apprenticeship, the regulation of hours of labour, conditions of efficiency, the amount of labour to be justly demanded in a given time, and other matters. But a man who is a worker is not only a member of his trade, he is also a member of the great working class, whose nationality is wide as the two hemispheres. Truly his trade-union is a bond which unites him to all those whose delegates meet yearly at the Trades Union Congress ; but from this wide circle are excluded the majority of his fellow-citizens, and the genuine trade-unionist is no more bound within the limit of his trade than within that of his family, or that of his individuality. His object is to improve not *my* condition nor *my fellow-craftsmen's* position only, but to raise the standard of living and to secure opportunity of good work to every member of the community.

In discussing the possibility of the municipalisation of their trade, the Edinburgh bakers have approached a phase of trade life and aspiration which brings the baker out of the ranks confined exclusively to bakers and places him in line with his fellow-citizens. There is much to be said in favour of municipalisation, much from the baker's stand-point, much from that of the general public. Doubtless if the public took charge of the provision of their staple food, they would decline to have it produced in insanitary shops infested with vermin and disease ; they would be able to organise the work and secure the efficiency of their staff by the application to production of that wealth which is now diverted in the form of profits to the pockets of middlemen, and is wasted in advertising and otherwise

consumed by the useless machinery of competition. The question is, would they apply the fund at present devoted to profits to increasing wages ? If bakers themselves refuse to join a union for raising their own wages, is it not unreasonable to suppose that the general body of citizens, who have no such direct interest in the increase, might prefer to use the money in relief of the burden of rating. Yourself must be your standard of judgement. You have no right to expect people to sacrifice for you, or do for you that which you have failed to sacrifice and to do on your own behalf. Moreover, other interests are involved besides those of the bakers. The public have to decide for themselves whether they will undertake the risk of managing a great industrial undertaking, and the whole of the inhabitants of the town, or a large majority of them, must be convinced of the public benefit to be obtained. Among others involved are the men and women engaged in all the trades represented on the Trades Council, who, if they approve of the municipalisation of bread production, would doubtless desire it for each of their own trades. If the distribution of water, the production and distribution of lighting apparatus be municipalised, why not the provision of bread ? Why, indeed! We should be referred to the fact that these were great monopolies which could be more readily transferred to public management because competition was already eliminated. The master bakers would have to be compensated, buildings and plant would have to be obtained, managers would have to be secured, - all of which changes involve considerable expense and careful adjustment of details, not by the Trade-Union, not by the Trades Council, but by the municipal authority elected to carry out the intentions of the whole body of citizens, including the bakers.

The Edinburgh Bakers, then, must attend to their civic duties if they desire the realisation of their ideals with regard to municipalisation. But in other respects the trade-unionist has vital issues at stake which must be in his mind when the November Elections take place. The excess of competition for labour among employers has the same effect as a diminution of competition among the workers, i.e., it raises wages. Such competition is promoted by every employer who minimises overtime, lessens hours and raises wages. In his civic capacity every trade-unionist is an employer, and, as a member of his union, is bound to guard the interests of his class by assisting in the election of councillors who can be relied on to give the claims of labour their first consideration.

The same holds good with regard to the legislative body. Hours of labour, a minimum wage, sanitary conditions, adequate inspection, all of which are in constant danger from unrestrained competition, can be

permanently secured and safeguarded only by Parliamentary action. This is no belittling of the value of organisation ; for we find that even when Labour affairs are taken into consideration, trades that show only a small percentage of unionists find their needs overlooked. Bakers have been especially unfortunate when the hand of the law has intervened on their behalf.

For instance, "The Bakehouses Regulations Act, 1863," placed them under the Public Health Authorities as concerned registration, sanitation, hours of labour, and indeed their entire supervision. In 1878 bakehouses were classified as non-textile factories ; thus cleanliness, overcrowding, ventilation, hours, etc., were left to the Home Secretary as represented by the factory inspector, while drains, water supply and other sanitary arrangements are still under the charge of the health authorities in concert with the inspector. 1883 saw certain further specifications with regard to conveniences, water-supply and drains, to be enforced by the factory inspector ; while all owners of bakehouses were liable to prosecution for insanitary conditions by *either* an inspector or a Local Authority. To complicate matters still further, "a real bakehouse" was invented and defined, in which no new powers nor the sanitation clauses of the Factory and Workshops Act of 1878 shall be enforced by the inspector, but by the local sanitary authority. More, and as regards Scotland what is entirely opposed to the whole method of health administration, the medical officer of health is the sanitary inspector of "retail bakehouses" ; if he finds "any child, young person or woman" at work he must report to the factory inspector, who has then to pay a visit on his own behalf.

1891 enacted that the expression "retail bakehouse" should not include any place which is a factory within the meaning of the Act of 1878. The sanitary supervision of workshops was given to the local health authorities, who were to report in writing the presence of any "child, young person or woman." The position in textile factories is exactly *vice versa.*

Were the bakers strongly organised, and could send to the Home Secretary representations of their needs, through capable officials backed up by all the bakers in the nation, new Factory Acts might be modified so as to destroy all this confusion, which largely explains the existence of such filthy places as are notorious in all our great towns. In Scotland, especially, the trade and the public should awake to the importance of reform ; for in that part of Britain factories, workshops and workplaces, which are under a general Act for their regulation, do not come under the operation of the Public Health Act. Thus the bakehouses may become a standing menace to a community in spite of the most careful sanitary administration in the

rest of the district.

This appeal is to those who have not yet joined their union. For the sake of those who must follow you, for the sake of your children, for the sake of the workers of your trade, for the sake of the national health, you are implored to take your place in the rank of battle, to do your share in the fight for liberty, to justify your existence, by doing your share towards the salvation of humanity. You are urged to fight in your trade-union for the security of food, clothing and shelter, as the result of ability and willingness to work, - not because these in themselves are worthy of the lives of men and the death of martyrs, but because they are the foundation of human life, without which no intellectual attainments and no spiritual growth can develop.

The world wants men - men of action, men of thought, men of character. You, who supply the world's needs, are the men of action, have the first right and most need to be men of thought, have the greatest possibility of becoming men of character. Thought will convince you that Trade-Unionism is the union which is strength ; character will impel you to share in the struggle for those joys of which you would partake, or which you desire to hand, as a heritage of inestimable worth, to your children. The dignity of labour is demonstrated when workers themselves realise it, and, realising, insist on its recognition.

Listen to the words of Ruskin :-

"What is chiefly needed to-day is the desire for a rich life by *joyful human labour*. Scenes smooth in field, fair in garden, full in orchard ; trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead ; full of currents of undersound ; triplets of birds, murmur and chirp of insects, deep-toned words of men, and wayward trebles of childhood. We need examples of people who will show that the maximum quantity of pleasure is that may be obtained by a consistent, well-administered competence, modest, confessed and laborious, who will decide for themselves that they will be happy in the world, and resolve to seek - not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure ; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity ; making the first of possession, self-possession ;" and "honouring themselves in the calm pursuits of peace."

The active pursuit of this ideal to-day is expressed by steady adherence to the Trade-Union, which is one of the great means of securing its realisation.

TRIBUTE

A tribute to

Caroline Martyn

compiled in 2002 by Andrew Bibby
and designed for presentation as a live performance
with four characters.

The narrative was based on comment in the
Hebden Bridge Times
on May 29th 1896.

Tribute to Caroline Martyn

Compiled by Andrew Bibby 2002

All texts are from contemporary material, mainly Hebden Bridge Times 1896 and Life and Letters of Caroline Martyn.

Four voices: Narrator 1; Narrator 2; Caroline Martyn; Man at rally

Narrator 1: The Hebden Bridge Times, May 29th 1896, page 8. "Whit Monday is a redletter day for the socialists, and demonstrations take place on this day all over the country. The Yorkshire Independent Labour Party also observe this custom and this year they held their annual demonstration at Hardcastle Craggs. Glorious weather prevailed and the gathering was a monster one in every particular. Trips were run from all parts of Yorkshire and large contingents came from Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Dewsbury, Liversedge, Brighouse, Sowerby Bridge...

Narrator 2 *(breaks in):* "The valley throughout the day sounded with mirth."

Narrator 1: "..., Keighley, Cleckheaton, Horbury, Heckmondwyke, Honley, Thornhill and Meltham and also from several towns in Lancashire, notably Todmorden, Rochdale, Oldham and Burnley. It is computed that during the day the Craggs were visited by fully 12,000 persons."

Narrator 2: "Many no doubt were attracted to the meeting simply out of curiosity, but the majority were enthusiastic socialists and made their presence felt in no small degree. A musical programme preceded the speaking, the artists being members of the Halifax, Bradford, Leeds and Keighley Clarion Vocal Unions and a quartette party from Golcar."
Narrator 1: "The singing was loudly cheered. The chief speakers were Miss C Martyn and Mr J Keir Hardie, both well-known exponents of the Labour movement."

Narrator 2: Keir Hardie, born 1856, died 1915. Celebrated socialist, instrumental in founding of the Labour Party. Caroline Martyn, born at Lincoln on May 3rd 1867. Died Dundee, July 23rd 1896, aged 29.

(gets out old book) Extracts from Life and Letters of Caroline Martyn, published by Labour Leader Publishing Department, 1898: I have had a very busy time. Two meetings on Sunday. Monday, immediately after tea...

Caroline Martyn: *(CM herself comes forward, to take over)* ...Monday, immediately after tea, a big social at which all delegates are expected to show up. Tuesday a meeting at Consett. Wednesday, I presided over a children's tea and meeting, then had to rush off to rather a large grown-up meeting to speak. Tonight I go to talk to the miners at Burradon Colliery. It was a serious and solemn function, but we had some good laughs.

Man at rally: I knew nothing of the subject of socialism, and did not care to learn much about it, but for curiosity's sake I took my seat on a tree-stump that Friday evening, when Caroline Martyn came to Eagley to speak in the open air.

CM: The Bakers' Union have commissioned me to write a pamphlet for them.

The tour in Scotland has been fine and invigorating, such huge meetings and so much enthusiasm.

Man at rally: In company with some two or three hundred people I listened to an exposition of Socialistic principles. My wonder at what seemed to me the intrepidity and courage of a young and defenceless woman grew and changed to amazement at myself that I had never seen these things in this light before.

CM: Edinburgh want me for another week, Ayrshire Federation ditto, Dundee the same, Paisley want a week during the autumn if possible. In Aberdeen they tell me I am the only woman speaker who has been a real success. I am afraid you will think me very conceited to repeat all this, but I am glad and proud.

Man at rally: She had spoken as no woman spoke before in my hearing. Scales fell from my eyes, and ere long I was a socialist.

CM: Where do I go after Colne Valley? Manchester wants a Sunday, and I could give the other places that want me a weekday each. Barrow-in-Furness a day or two, Workington, Whitehaven, Carlisle...

Man at rally: Though I have never had the good fortune to hear Caroline again, I have found it to be a cause for thankfulness that once I heard her.

CM: I have had a fine time. Three days running I had six meetings each day, then ten, then eleven. Rochdale, fine meetings. Good spirit. Bolton, very good prospects.

Narrator 1: Hebden Bridge Times, May 29th, 1896. "Miss C Martyn had an enthusiastic reception. She said it was very delightful to be present that afternoon to wish them all God speed."

Narrator 2: Extracts from Life and Letters of Caroline Martyn: "During this month of May, Caroline Martyn attended a demonstration at Hardcastle Craggs, and the following description is given of her at that time: Then from a dais-like, heath-clad rock, around which the choristers had stood, arose our Carrie Martyn. Truly no Diana of old was ever more godlike than she, as she stood before the background of waving green, and with the wind gently moving her flowing gown into graceful folds, spoke from her noble heart words of burning fervour and truth, which it were well that the whole world upon that day should hear and heed."

Narrator 1: "She saw for the world at large a glad and glorious future in the fact that men and women were together taking up the socialist movement and freeing mankind from the wrongs that had so long weighed upon them. The question was, what were they going to do with regard to the future?"

Narrator 2: On Monday July 13th, Caroline went to Dundee.

CM: I do not know if it is the weather, which is close and gloomy or what but I have been feeling very queer the last few days. I have not

been quite up to the mark for a week or two.

Narrator 2: She was already breaking up in health, but she said little about it for fear of making her own people unnecessarily anxious.

CM: Last night, after my speech, I took the names for 19 new members of the Textile Workers' Union myself, and there were two or three others taking names also. I hope I shall soon be all right. It is very hard to speak in public when you feel faint and ill.

Narrator 2: On the night that this letter was written Caroline Martyn lectured for the last time. She was far from well, and at the close of her lecture she fainted. Somehow, though we all felt anxious, we could not realise her danger. We thought she would pull through this as she had pulled through so many times before. On Wednesday afternoon there was a telegram requesting Caroline's mother to go at once. She was met by some of the comrades, who took her to the house in which Caroline lay dying. At four o'clock in the afternoon of Friday July 24th 1896 the body of Caroline Martyn was laid to rest.

Caroline Martyn was gone, and a gap was made in the army of the world's workers which it seemed would be impossible to fill.

[pause]

Narrator 1: Hebden Bridge Times, Whitsun Rally, May 1896. Miss C Martyn had an enthusiastic reception. She said it was very delightful to be present. She saw for the world at large a glad and glorious future...

CM: *(takes over)* She saw for the world at large a glad and glorious future in the fact that men and women were together taking up the socialist movement and freeing mankind from the wrongs that had so long weighed upon them.

The question was, what were they going to do with regard to the future?

Biographical Notes from the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography

Martyn, Caroline Eliza Derecourt (1867-1896), Christian socialist, was born on 3 May 1867 in Monson Street, Lincoln, the eldest of the nine children of James William Martyn, a police superintendent, and his wife, Kate Eleanor (nee Hewitt) (d. in or after 1896). The Martyns were devout

Police House, Monson Street, Lincoln c.1865

high Anglicans, and active Conservatives. After attending Beaumont House School, Lincoln, Caroline became a governess at the age of eighteen. In common with many other young girls of her class she found this unsatisfying and opted for schoolteaching, first at a church school and then in 1890 at a board school in Reading.

Caroline Martyn's first political involvement was with the Primrose League. This altered during her stay in Reading when she lodged with her mother's sister, Mrs Bailey, a lady of more leftward views. The combination of her influence and a sustained reading of the New Testament made Caroline Martyn increasingly aware of other political ideologies and she flirted briefly with radicalism before committing herself to socialism. In 1891 she moved to London. She went to take up a post as governess at the Royal Orphanage Asylum in Wandsworth, and also to be in a location where she could more fully involve herself in socialism. She joined the London Fabian Society on arrival. The following summer, when a health breakdown forced her to resign her post, she was able to devote herself completely to the socialist cause. She never married.

The religion in which she was raised always remained an important part of Caroline Martyn's political beliefs. She violently opposed the 'hard and bitter materialism' of her Marxist contemporaries (Mayo, Recollections, 226). She relied on Bible teachings more than revolutionary or economic rhetoric, and 'The social teachings of Jesus', 'The brotherhood of man', and similar titles featured heavily in her lecture list. Religion and socialism constantly intertwined in her work, allowing her politics to surface in unusual places. From the spring of 1893 she wrote regularly for the Christian Weekly on social questions of the day. However those who knew her well noted that socialism often forced her to compromise some of her religious beliefs. Her friend Isabella Fyvie Mayo sadly commented that Caroline, who always sought to help those in trouble, was often 'less than loyal to her own best instincts ... (and showed) apparent approval of some whom I know she despised and mistrusted' (ibid., 227).

A feminism which stemmed from a belief in the equality of all also underpinned Caroline's political life. As a socialist she rejected a distinct campaign for 'women's rights as something separate and apart from all other rights'. She believed instead that men and women should work together to remove the 'false social and economic conditions' that oppressed both sexes ('Women in the world', Labour Prophet, July 1895). She believed women were of 'different but equal value' from men ('Women's work and wages', Christian Weekly, 23 Sept 1893), and her writings urged women socialists to expand their superior female influence into all spheres of life.

Although she published widely in radical journals it was as a lecturer rather than a writer that Caroline Martyn was best known to her contemporaries. Ironically, despite her teaching background, she initially feared public speaking, and only the encouragement of friends persuaded her into lecturing. This brought her national recognition, and she attracted large audiences whenever she appeared. One Independent Labour Party (ILP) member who often heard her speak claimed that at her meetings:

she reaches the mind of the dullest by her simplicity and by her pathos and religious fervour she carries the whole argument upward to the plane of unworldliness and self-sacrifice. She makes the 'smart' man of commerce feel mean, and the man whose object is to get on meaner still. The effect of her teaching is to ... enlarge and ennoble the motive and aims of the socialist reformer. (Labour Chronicle, 1 Aug 1895)

Unfortunately the lifestyle of an itinerant speaker did not suit Caroline Martyn's health. She confided her emotional dissatisfaction to friends such as Mrs Mayo on more than one occasion: she missed the stability of a fixed home and felt she was merely a speaking machine. Long journeys by third-class rail, poor sleeping accommodation, and a sense of always having to move on also took their toll physically. Her 1896 election to the ILP's national executive added to her schedule. She died suddenly of pneumonia at 107 Murraygate, Dundee, on 23 July 1896 and was buried the next day in Dundee at Balgay cemetery.

Caroline Martyn's unexpected death at the age of twenty-nine shook the socialist movement. Keir Hardie wrote that she was the leading socialist of her day, with 'a power of intellect and moral-force' that was unmatched (Labour Leader, 1 Aug 1896). The Glasgow Commonweal, referring to her work in a recent Aberdeen by-election, remarked that all ILP branches in the area had lost their best member. A subscription in The Clarion raised money for a mobile propaganda van which bore her name. Added poignancy came from the fact that Caroline Martyn had just taken over the editorship of Fraternity, the journal of the International Society for the Brotherhood of Man, and was about to commence as trade union organizer among Dundee's women. In many senses it appeared her best work was about to begin.

Krista Cowman

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Likenesses J. Hindle, photograph, repro. in Labour Prophet (July 1895) • line drawing, repro. in Labour Leader

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CAROLINE ELIZA DERECOURT MARTYN

Carrie, the story of Lincoln's lost heroine, is an anthology of biographical work relating to Caroline Eliza Derecourt Martyn from the time of her birth in 1867 to her early death in Dundee in 1896.

Caroline Martyn was born and educated in Lincoln. From a young age, she championed the cause of the poor and under-privileged with selfless determination.

As a pupil of Beaumont House school in Lincoln and later as a governess and teacher, she developed skills in writing and speaking which were applied to good effect in promoting the cause of working people.

Keir Hardy described her as the leading socialist of her day; a recognition of the achievement and personal sacrifice that led to her untimely death at the age of 29.

This is the story of a young Lincoln woman's rise to prominence and fame in Victorian England.

Introduction by Professor Krista Cowman

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