Chapter 6

The Diary of a prig.

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In the great oak avenue just beyond Cape Town Rebekah’s house lay stood lay. You rode mile on mile, & on a hot summer day the sun never touched you. The oak trees met over your head, & avenue opened into avenue. There were houses, on each side. you caught sight of them on each side above the green gates, they were buried under trees that touched their roofs, the gardens before them were a blaze of colour. They had green verandah’s & venetian blinds, & creepers hung from some of them in festoons.

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1 The number at the top of this page is barely legible because the paper is frayed.
2 Near the top of the page, in pencil and in SCCS’s handwriting, is ‘31.1.21’ and ‘Written at Alassio 1886-7’.
The hedges were of roses & blue plumbago. Sometimes as you drove along you caught sight of a vineyard where the purple & red & white grapes were touching the ground. Behind the houses & the vineyards gardens were the pine woods. Men had planted them, but nature had adopted them. There was the stillness there than sometimes reigns in the bush. On windy nights there was a noise like the moaning of the sea in Rondebosch & Claremont. Whynburg, like the moaning of the sea; it was the wind in the drive foliage of the avenues & gardens. The avenues were very peaceful generally; in summer the acorns fell in them, in winter the brown leaves. Some avenues were so thick the rain
could hardly make its way through them.

In a few moments if you took the train, you were *were* in a *new* ^other^ world. The flowers & the stillness were gone. There were the narrow streets, the low one & two story houses; The ill pavements much as the Dutch left them two hundred years ago, grand old Table Mountain with its square ^crown of^ rocks & table cloth; the streets fitt filled with men of all nations under heaven, streets, & the ?carpet of living [[unreadable]]^ ^looking down on it all^ & in the streets men of all nationalities, from Malay’s, Chinamen, Half-cast & Hindoos, out-numbering the white men who also were of every nation under heaven, also of many to W^W^hite men of the most northern type.
In the harbour rode ships of all orders, from a man of war to a Chinese junk. There was a theatre, a museum, a parliament-house, a garden where the band played. There were more gardens where rich people lived among vines & flowers, & trees, & along the sea shore were more villas & trees.

Rebekah’s house was four miles off where in a large street buried were the avenues where thickest the avenues were thickest & largest. & stillest. It was divided from the avenue by a plumbago hedge. Two gigantic trees almost met over it, & a brown gate opened from the avenue. It was one story & had a green verandah. Into the garden lay. In the garden before it, in the which where the beds which were cut out of the the grass, which & were were filled with a blaze of red, blue &
yellow colours all the year round. The house was small & of one story; before it was a verandah, in which there was a hung a large green cage with a parrot, & where stood a great iron rocking chair & a bench & two cane chairs. Two trees almost met over the thatched roof.

A passage ran through the house, at the back was another verandah, where the black boy sat & cleaned his master’s harness & boots & whistled all day. Out of the passage opened the dining room & drawing-room, & Rebekah’s bedroom, & the kitchen which had also a door opening onto the back verandah.
across the yard were the store rooms & the rooms were the servants slept & the stables, only they were \^the entrance was\^ turned away so that you heard only the horses chumping. These were all the rooms when Rebakah came; they had built four \^three\^ more, two small wings to the front \at the front\ verandah & one large one at \^wing to\ the back \^verandah\^ One of the \of the small \One of the\^ front rooms \^wings\^ \^was\^ a spare spare-bedroom, with \^a pale\^ green paper running down in \?front br running in ?bold stripes, & with white muslin & lace \textit{curtains over everywhere}^;^ The other little wing was Its window opened on to the garden; the other wing of the verandah was smaller because it did \^did\^ \^not stretch back so far, & opened by a window onto the verandah. It was \^about nine feet square, & had a brown paper running in broad wavy stripes down the wall. The \textit{only} door opened from Rebekah\'s bedroom. The only way of getting to it was through Rebekah\’s bedroom.
There was a square table in the centre with a low cane arm-chair, with a cushion to rest the back of your head on; on the wall hung a two little shelf-ves with thirty fifty books on them, under the table was a waste paper basket & a f wooden footstool, & in one corner was a round stand with a microscope on on, & below draws to keep specimens in. There was a shelf running along the top of the room at one above the book shelf with fossils, & boxes, & some bottles with preserved insects; there was no ornaments in the room, & no other furniture. In the draw of the table Rebekah The floor was bare.

The back wing which stretched half across the yard & was her husband’s smoke a billiard as large. at three corners half of the house The floor had been well levelled. There was a full sized billiard table. At the other end was it was
it was carpeted & chairs armchairs with red covers stood near the fire place. There were smoking materials on the mantle piece, a couple of card tables, & a crimson curtain to cut it off from the half of the room were the billiard table stood, if necessary you could get to it through the dining-room or back verandah, & a few steps led you across the yard to the gate & the stables.

There was a queer little place at the side of the house. You could only get into it now the wings were built, from Rebekah’s bedroom window. It was a square small yard not much bigger than a room. The floor was gravel & rough grasses, a palm tree grew in the middle only a
few feet high, there was a high wall all round with banana trees growing all round against it. Before the little wing was built which made the brown study you could get to it could be reached from the garden; now it was shut off. On that side the only hedge of the front garden was very high & of pomegranets & entered shut off the grounds next, beyond which the was a path between rose hedges to the pine woods but on the other side there ran down only a low hedge of monthly-roses. Looking across it the garden on this side & the grounds on that, seemed almost one. A great two-story house there. There was a lawn of long wild Cape African grasses, among which gigantic oak trees. It was a boarding
house. The woman to whom it belonged had let the whole of the ground floor to Mrs Richard
^Theo^ Drummond, who was a lady from England who wore She did not wear positive blacks &
whites, or transparent muslins like wom She very often had tea under the trees at a little round table;
with white china cups with blue dragon’s heads on them. Her husband had sent them her from China,
where He left liv her at the Cape & went on to the East to travel. She was the only near neighbour
they had. She always wore pale gray & yellows & delicate mauve & pink tint; not possible positive
blacks & whites like Cape women; all her dresses were made of very soft stuffs, very good. She was
flat chested, & about five feet one hight-with sloping shoulders, but she s looked much taller because
her head & neck
^&^ shoulders were long & thin. Her upper lip drew up under her nose when ever she talked or smiled & showed her long white teeth which had been set in England. She was about twenty-eight. Her hair was light brown & her eyes were grey: she always kept her head on one side or the other, & crossed & uncrossed her hands over each other, the long slight fingers hanging down. She looked very nice when she was dressed, & all the women who came to see her tried to copy copied her, but they could not get the same soft tinted silks in Africa, & the English dresses were differently padded. She had been there a year, & she so & half. She was the only nabor neighbour. She said her husband was very clever & was gone to make discoveries in the East.
She & Frank belonged to the church choir: she played sometimes to play accompaniment to Frank’s violin, & sometimes Frank went over to her. Rebekah never played calleds. She went to parties with Frank & they entertained a great deal. Every evening unless he was out there were a few men to play billiards or whist, & have a little supper afterwards, & once a week they gave a little dinner party to nine or ten people. Rebekah had two servants, the boy that looked after the horses & garden, & the old woman who cooked & cleaned. Rebekah helped her, but when the second baby was born she got another little girl to help her do the housework because she did not like...
anyone but herself to touch her small ^babies^. The little house girl was a half cast, with a brown face, & ^very^ high shoulders. She has round yellow arms ^higher coloured than her face & ^her body was not badly shaped^ a light springing ?arm movement but for her high shoulders. Her hair was woolly & ^she wore a red handkerchief over it. She set the tables & made the beds, & helped with the cooking. She was eighteen. She had a great mouth & white teeth & her body was ill shaped^ When Bertie came she had the ^small^ green bedroom

When Rebekah brough Bertie back from the farm, gave had ^gave her^ the bedroom with the green papers ^to sleep in^&. Three days after they came back Frank came back from Beaufort West. ^Natal^ He looked had enjoyed his visit ^journey^ & looked sunburnt.
Rebekah kept a diary. Lonely people do. She kept it in the draw of the her bed writing her table in the little brown bedroom study. She wrote at the end of a black exercise book. When her first baby was born she tried to teach it to herself, & copied the problems she worked out there. Into that book When Afterwards she got better she had no time, so she turned the book round & began writing. She kept it locked in the drawer. When anything was happening she did not write in it but when nothing was happening she wrote. Sometimes she came in the night when everyone was in bed, or when her husband was in the smoking room with his men. Sometimes she came when it was very hot at midday & everyone was lying down: sometimes in the early, early morning when the sparrows
were shaking themselves from the dew in the garden path, sometimes day for many days she did not write.

One morning at eleven o’clock she wrote

“Dec. 14th Had no time since I came back. Found three of my crysalides came out; one found in pine-wood is [unreadable] lovely brown stripes; one is dead. Going to get Bertie to help me to paper out back part of passage. Will rouse her.”

While Rebekah wrote Bertie was sitting in the rocking chair on the verandah. The parrot was hanging out of his cage above up side down calling her names. She

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This insertion appears in the left margin, facing out at 180 degrees.
would not look up at him. He threw granes of corn on her head. She was dragging her white silk silk-socked food on the ground. turning turning the ankle out so that it scraped the floor everytime as she rocked & got dirty. She had her chin on the collar of her dress. Rebekah called to her & she got up & slouched into the house.

“Dec. 29th Had dinner party last night; ten people her. Bertie enjoyed it, looked lovely in white. I’m So tired today. Been thinking great deal, since I came from farm, on inter-action of brain & sex systems. See some light. Torn up my old notes. Begin again.
Shall see what I’ve done this time next year. So happy since I came back from Farm.”

“3rd Went to Town; did some shopping. Baby got new tooth ^today.^ Bertie gone over to Mrs Drummond’s with Frankie Gone to sleep. No time for write anything.

Drew up plan:

First write passage on nature of sex.

“Thursday the 4th Went to bed a eight last night – neuralgia. Better ^this morning.^ Drew up mentally plan of [unreadable] work. Have just made plan of work.

First – Abstract on nature of sex generally ^Its^ Complete insoluble mystery to us at present. Dual nature principles running through the entire ascending line of life from the lowest

\[This page number has perhaps been amended from 16.\]
plant & animals. – Nothing that we call life possible without the union of these two principles which we call male & female; the necessity & action of these two principles show as clearly, perhaps more clearly in the cases of the hermaphrodite animals. Bring out clearly the absolute darkness which for us at present lies about the nature & action of this primary condition of life what we call life: & the fact that in dealing with all matters of sex our conclusion can be merely empiracle till the nature of these powers & their mode of interaction is indirection.

Second part will be a collection of such facts as bare on sex.
showing the interaction of the mental & physical phenomena connected with it; & also try-ing to
get facts which shew the difference in sex phenomena in men & women, if there be a
difference, my feeling is that it be wrong is not nearly so great as is supposed, &
difference but I may be wrong. Collect all facts with regard to a changed mental effect of love of sex
in "lower" animals; also with regard to we humanbeings. Study wh among very earliest forms of animal & vegetable life: & with regard very carefully with to the mental emotional & moral affects of "partial" loss of sex in lower animals. Also in man. Very carefully get all cases of for
disease affecting sex organism, & note mental correlation. Note exactly periodic mental changes in
woman connected with her sex system. Note above all the exact nature of the mental change which
takes place at puberty. What are the bare exact
effect on the faculties seem most affected imagination, reason, & what the difference in between one sex & the other.\footnote{8}

\footnote{7 This is the first of two pages numbered 20.}
\footnote{8 One set of folded sheets of paper ends here. The next set start with page numbered 19.}
showing the interaction of the mental & physical phenomena connected with it; & also try to get at
the facts which show the difference in sex phenomena in **man** & **woman** forms.

Collect facts with regard to sex function in simplest forms of animal life, (bring all one can find on
the subject together), also with regard to the very lowest forms of vegetable life, mosses, ferns &c.
(compare). Also, collect carefully all facts relating to the partial loss of sex in higher animals &
man, & it’s effect on the mental manifestation.

Carefully note collect facts on nature exact mental changes which take place in mind at puberty; &
difference between sexes. (For myself set down astonishing revolution taking place within five
months. From being a gentle [unreadable] submissive child changed at once into one fiercely
energetic, with indomitable will. Not one of my early recollections gives the least sign of will. Was gentle very heart sore at injustice; but never thought of rebelling. All intellectual faculties seemed not to change but to wake up into a fierce aggressive life. I would know, I would learn. If there had been any change in my external life, if it had taken longer, say two years, it might have come under the head of ordinary development, but it was too sudden, too fierce, too evident to everyone. They always asked me with that “What is the matter with the child. How changed she is.” Before I was gentle but not tender: from that time I became rapidly more gentle to everything below me, & more fierce

10 This is the second of two pages numbered 20.
^(in feeling)^ to everything above me that tried to hold me. I could have fought the world. I feared nothing. I only desired to know. When I remember it seems too strange & simp rare a mental phenomena that if it were recounted to me by any one else I should not believe it. It was as though my whole nature were rent & torn. I can only compare it to the effect of a hot summer coming with rain hot rain not after a cold dry winter which has baked all the plain, & that wonderful bursting out of vegetation after the first hot rain I had always loved to learn I remember the fierce new agony wheth with which
I turned to my books, to nature, now I to nature, they must teach me! teach me! It was as if all my
nature was in a fierce hunger, & I tore at anything that came near me, & tried to work it into my own
being – or ^threw^ it away! What was most interesting I taught myself latin botony began
physio; zoology; botany R read histories; news papers; p tried to teach myself to paint; Humbolts
?Cosman, Macaulay, Gibbon, Hugh Miller; especially Chamber’s incyclopedia ^of information^
(anything) everything I tore open; absorbed what I wanted, & went on.
Nothing ever tired my brain, nothing ever made that [unreadable]. I have I have grown in knowledge,
grown in power, I have grown in depth; but I shall never see clearer ^& wider^ than I did at that first
lightening flash.

Now What did it mean? I cannot myself measure or gague it. But here one
has at last in one human being, an indication of the extent to which the brain & sex character depend on sex & sex the condition of the sex system! Was my experience exceptional if so how did it differ from The experience of one individual is of little advantage till it can be compared with that of many others, to eliminate the exception also. If one could get a large number of individuals to observe exactly, but most cannot observe, some will not speak the truth; & very few could understand the matter as of any scientific importance. I will [unreadable] observe my boys carefully was I know of men & women to observe carefully how much light would be thrown, but women are generally too personal to observe impartially.

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11 This section has been struck through with vertical lines.
they always are instinctively observe with a fore-gone conclusion; which men would not easily be roused to interest, & where shall I find men who would understand my motive if I asked them. I shall If I give myself eight years to note carefully all that takes place in my boys.

If I give myself eight years to collect the facts & two years to write them out in such a form as to show. I ought to be in such a form as to make them available to for others? I am I ought to have been able to gain some light myself. It is not likely I do anything it will do will will not be of value to any one else. If one cant could get on the wave & be the to the front of the wave & be one of the front ripples they one might carry the waves be one of those who ran a long way on the shore &

12 This section has been struck through with vertical lines.
My theory that a particular portion of the brain is connected specially with the sex nature that this in
w is closely connected with that which is related to the imagination, while it ^though worked out it^
explains many curious ?phenomising, is ^for example^ the relation between imagination strong sex
feeling ?un ^&^ genius; & the curious relation of insanity to ^&^ both: the curious phenomenon
called “being in love” which as far as I have yet been able to analyze it consists mainly in a ?mo
monomanical affection of the brain, in which one immage sense suggested by sex feeling is seized
by the imagination & held immovably in the brain, in a manner which would be distinctly &
everywhere recognized as insanity were it not that

13 This is how it is numbered. Page 24 occurs next, but is in another folded set of sheets.
the phenomenon is so universal & common in connection with sex feeling. The curious facts

the universal habit of people who can write “in the love” of writing the name of the person of the person everywhere, or of speaking & singing it, a thing not done in other cases of affection, &

mutual small curious facts are explained by this theory

Also the remarkable fact that all this curious phenomenon is found only when men have reached that point of development in which the imagination is not highly developed, though sex feeling is some of
But on the whole it seems to me unlikely that it is true. When one writes how sex function must be the result of the action of the entire organism, in however mysterious a manner eye, hand, heart muscle & nerve being answered in it & reproducing themselves in its marvelous resulting germs, it seems unlikely that any particular part of the brain is specially devoted to it, & that rather the whole is placed in a certain relation to it, the sex condition being most closely related with certain parts.

If one could only know all that has been done. I never work at anything but I find out afterwards it has all been done before. It wastes human energy so. If one could only get on the fore-front of the wave learn all that others have done before, & then
start from there, one might be of a little use & carry the wave a little further if one could be one of the front ripples. The great thing is once to see the whole field of thought, & then find the one tiny place where one can sink in & be of use.

We should get on fast if none of us ever did the same work twice over. What I do will not be of any use to any one. The subject will have to be worked out from the physical side. It will be by a long road of physical discovery that the secret of sex will be come upon at last, But one with knowledge, knowing all that
been done before by merely collecting & classifying enp psychological & pyseica facts, might through much light. I see the way in which it might work. I shall have the pleasure of collecting & thrilling over the facts though they help no one.

I only wish for a future life because after two thousand years I would like to creep back to the earth & see what men know. How they have solved these mysteries over which we break our heads now.

Sometimes it comes upon to me with a sort of terror how we we too are touching & handling always the keys to the secrets of life without knowing it. If solved the found out the secrets we stand silently wondering before now. I want to know what these two principles are which we call sex, not how & why they must
always exist & interact before there can be life, from the lichen & jelly fish to the man. The painful thought is that all these things lie open before us. At every hour in our rough & common daily life, we touch these mysteries, in the flower & water we mix & handle to make bread, the shining of the light on a wall may be the keys to some great unknown, but we are too stupid to the way in which if a shadow falls, the throbbing of a sound in our ears. They are all keys by which we could unlock mysteries, but our eyes are holden that we should not see in the common things we touch we are handling these the mysteries & playing with the keys to them which after thousands of years some one will turn One feels at last a respect for every material thing, even for the water & flower one mixes for bread.

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16 The last digit is frayed away.
17 This section is struck through with vertical lines, and the words are also scored through on top of the erasures.
“21st Every one has gone to lie down; very hot. Baby got two new teeth. New sewing machine come.

“22nd No time to write. Been into town to do shopping. Bertie over at Mrs Drummonds. Always there. Never seems happy, unless she is moving or doing something; always restless. Going with Frank & Mrs to concert this afternoon. I can’t ^go^ leave th to night.

“26th Got up very early. Reading Chaucer every night; helps one to sleep.

Am making out accounts. Household expenses come to £40 less this year than last. Horses cost £80 more. ^Have saved £5 out of my £30 dress money for books.^ Am arranging about buying bit of wine-farm, near Worcester. Frank wants to shall be glad. We ought to make at least £100 by it. I could go & see after it once a month.

18 The last digit is [unreadable].
Have been reading up on wine culture. No reason why Cape wines should not be as good as others if scientifically treated. Might benefit the whole community: not only help ourselves but benefit the whole community.

“29 Frank bought wine-farm signed papers today.

“3rd B Been to farm. Got old Hottentot man & woman there. Tumble down shed, slept in the wagon but soon have it right. Try planting vines on little slope.

Had party last night. Bertie looked lovely; my old wedding dress. She’s learning to dance. Helps me so looks after all the visitor. Quite changed, wears tight stays. Says she’ll never go back to the farm; always excited. I made three pinafores this morning, new machine bothers, broke three needles.
6th It is a hot afternoon: every one has gone to lie down. I like the quiet of this hot time.

7th Finished dress to day. Bertie over at Mrs Drummonds. Frank had supper with three of his men last night. I made peach-creams & “babotje” Bertie decorated the table. She helps me so. I’m so tired. I’ve got neuralgia. I’ve not had time to think or work for a long time.

8th Bertie & Frank have gone to a party. I am so glad not to go. I am sitting here in my room alone. I am so glad not to go. Baby is lying on my knee. It is so delightful here. The wind is howling in the trees just as if it were the sea. It is so delicious sitting here alone. It is as though the room clasped me round. I wonder if people who have human friends ever get to know how much you can love
books – the only brains that rub up against yours & throb against it. It’s so delicious here,

I’ve been thinking a great deal about that curious phenomenon, the new feeling for truth, which is springing up in the modern world. The past had nothing just like it, or the strength or extent of which is almost a measure of & to the later men & women in it – mentally.

The past had nothing quite like it. The Greeks loved truth in a way in which intervening ages have no conception somewhat the same way; one feels it as much in the pictures of their statues & building even more than as in what they wrote, there is a of simple abra but it is more the love of healing in a simple wide eyed child who looks straight at the thing before it & wishes to understand it, & who
& who hinds & conceals nothing when he reproduces it, than the modern feeling.

& who hinds & conceals nothing when he reproduces it, than the modern feeling.

19 For eighteen hundred years, the love truth as this feeling even has been dead.

During all the intervening ages of progress retrogression & development which we call Christian, we find hardly a trace of it. The feeling for truth the "love of truth" for which some men were sometimes even willing to die had nothing in its little in common with the new feeling; it might by chance coincide with it, but might also seem entirely opposite to it sometimes but more generally it would seem diametrically opposite to it.

The old love of the truth

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19 These lines have been struck through with vertical lines.
meant a high value set on a certain body of what were supposed to be facts, because of some great or beneficent result expected to flow directly to man from the acceptance of them.

It was not as truth, reality merely, but diverse and beneficent reality that they got all their value. When two bodys of fact seem to come into opposition the question was not “In favour of which there is the highest strongest argument”, but which is the most useful to man. If he accepts it.

The essence of the new love for truth lies in “This that it is a feeling of

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20 This page is also numbered 32, like the previous one.
& knowledge of all reality, & that which gives one reality a higher value than another is larger evidence of it’s reality.

Now how comes this feeling & why is it to me graduall becoming so great & dominant a feeling in our lives. Why is it that we gradually grow to value books & men as they have it, & to shrink from the most beautiful & sweet who have it not. Why do they cease to be beautiful to us we find this feeling growing stronger & stronger, till it assumes a force that sweep every thing before, & the attainment of a knowledge of truth & becomes an end & the main end in life?
I think it can only be explained in one way. It arises from a new conception of the Universe. Let us see what the old one was.

Men pictured existence so – Here was God eternal, irresponsible, everlasting. – Here was man, finite but immortal, having a beginning, but no end, ruled by no laws, but the irresponsible will of the power above him. Here was the material world, temporary, having had a beginning & readily to have an entire end: which might pass away entirely at any moment without affecting the other two

\[21\] The page number is barely readable because the paper is so frayed.
divisions of existence, which was accursed in its nature, & infinitely to be despised.

There were also intermediate beings, devils & angels who were neither God ^god^, man nor matter. This world was a world of pieces, of very varying value.

It is a little difficult for us even ^who once had this ^?conception^ to ?really fully this conception vividly.^ When we do, we realize ^see^ that no ^some^ man holding it could take ^have^ our view ^feeling^ of for truth. There mere fact a thing was real, could give it no value till we know to which ^fragment^ part ^part^ of existence it belonged. 22 If it concerned God’s will irresponsible will it was vital & great, if men ^as^ angel or devils of more or less importance of matter [unreadable] ^the passions or the firmament the^ 23^divine to the human or the natural.^ So truth came necessarily to^
“The passing or the permanent. So truth came at last to depend on the adjective before it – great, good, saving, divine – for its value!”

The passing or the permanent so truth came necessarily to depend on the adjective before it – great, saving, divine – for its value.

That state of mind in which a man feels that the great aim is to have in life should be than the should be that the mind should may accurately re-present all the facts reality of existence as known necessarily by him; that the mere facts that a thing is gives it a master weight & import-ance entirely independent of any result flowing from to it; that the great end in life being to produse

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24 This section is struck through with vertical lines.
this uniformity between the mind & the rest of existence the greatest injury that can be inflicted on
him is to have his perception falsified in anyway, & the greatest, the greatest benefit to have them
cleared; & that the greatest wrong he can inflict on a fallen man is to falsify his conception of any
part of existence. However great the immediate benefit that may flow from it, this state of mind is I
think one that was not conceivable, & would not even have been ?social under the old conception of
the Universe.

Now Let us ^now^ look at the new conception, ^& see what^ & see it means
Let us see what the new conception & see how it bears on our feeling for of the truth of the Universe means. Let us look at the new conception."

(She drew up her knee into the chair, & put the baby’s head on it, & curved her leg so that she supported it, & had her left hand free) 

I think the new conception is passed. As scientific knowledge advanced there came to men a wonderful new perception of facts. They found that whatever fact you studied with the determination of getting finding to its cause, it lead you further & further back to other facts, & these to others; that like following a vein in an organized body

As science advanced slowly but surely the all old walls that divide according to the old conception one part of existence from another, break down. God, man & matter, as they were conceived of old, no men find nowhere anywhere, slowly as the mind looks deeper & deeper, it sees something more wonderful mysterious & majestic mighty than anything

What the new conception is.

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25 This section is crossed through with vertical lines.
26 Written in the left margin at 180 degrees.
27 This is written on the left margin, facing out at 180 degrees.
the past has dreamed of. It sees a Universe that is alive, & organic, in which every part acts & reacts on every other. It sees a world in which every part is connected with every other, in which no sharp line of division can be draw anywhere; planet, sun; tide, moon, plant, fossil; vegetable, animal, body, mind; successive moods of thought; feeling, faith; they all act & react one upon another. Slowly in the mind there grows up a conception of the Unity of all things. It looks for an external arbitrary moving force; & it finds always an internal unending unchanging always propelling modifying moving power.

Slowly upon the mind is forced the conception of the Universe as a whole, living, & organic without break anywhere, in its entirety from the stone to the star, it lives & interacts. Be this conception It is from this conception that the new feeling for truth springs

28 ^The new feeling for truth of necessity results from^
It is a sense of the importance of all reality
The mind which has once grasped it, regards all reality in an entirely new light. All facts—realities—whether mental or physical [unreadable] with internal are eternal important, there does not cease to be divine truth, all truth becomes divine.

You say it is a matter of small importance that there are better black streaks on this butterfly's back? I tell you I know it is a fact vital to the whole universe, related to everything else in the Universe, & I will not vitiate my view with regard it, though I cannot tell how or with what it is connected. I know that every lie, every false conception is like a little bit of foreign matter which one tries to thrust into an organic body; it will not be absorbed, it will fester & come out again the organism will throw it out. You might
asration-allyfancythatananailorsaplinterofwoodwouldgrow&flourishifpressedintothefleshof
aman’sarm,asaliefLOURishintheuniverse.Itisthisawfulsenseoftheunityofthings & the the
livinglawswhichareall^continually^inter-workingwitheachother,thatgivesusthismightyfaith
inreality&nothingelse,whichliesbehindthis^the^newterrible^terribly^hunger^love^for
realityloveyouth;whichmakesusfeelthat&theirlivinginteractionwhichliesbehindourloveof
truth^.;itisourperceptionofthelawbound[unreadable]whichmakessationalthepassionate
desirethatourmindsshouldbeinaccordwithall&anyofthefactsofexistes,^where^wherewe
canseeno^direct^immediatebenefit?planningtoourselvesorothersthroughit;wherewecansease
sometimes

30 This section is struck through with vertical lines.
only injury & loss. I can not understand the meaning or connection of this fact, but if it be real it is connection with every other fact in existence & I will not shut my eyes to it.

^(She waved her pen over the paper ^dreaming^ looking at the paper on the opposite wall.)^  

I think at first our feeling for truth is a purely intellectual one there are

The feeling for the ^of the importance^ with regard to truth that rises from the modern scientific conception passes through three phases. The first is purely intellectual. A man ^We^ see that if a mis-conception in any department of life must vitiate more or less his ^all our^ relation to all in it.

Our feeling for truth passes through three phases stages The first is intellectual

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31 This section is struck through with vertical lines.
We are The importance of a knowledge of reality as a purely intellectual perception. It does not influence our actions, conduct, or our emotions. Possible some minds are arrested here.

In the next stage we begin vividly to realize what we have intellectually perceived, to feel as a personal matter that is all important to us that we should see every thing as it, and that if we wish to benefit our fellow & that to our fellow man we owe more than gentleness or any other gift, sincerity which shall in no way mislead him. This is the second or moral stage. Then
there is a struggle to attain to that sincerity towards ourselves in which we face all things & look into all things & that sincerity towards another, which distorts & we nothing.

Then at last comes the third stage. The feeling for the truth begins to become emotional, or organic. It begins to work in us spontaneously & guide us. We no longer need to struggle within ourselves & say “You must not strive to hold the love & sympathy of that human creature by turning from that side of your nature to it which it will love, & hiding the other.” We shrink instinctively from that
affection which is given us through mis-conception. We must feel the firm rough grating of reality in every thing or we shrink from it instinctively. Many Some of us in looking back see the three stages following each other distinctly; in no human being is the last stage at present anything more that embryonic;—

[She sat but even so, one notes growth. That ^The^ truth which one would have striven to understand or to show in a relation with a fellow man; in one year, one follows if automatically, & from passion & love in another. The new love of truth new feeling for truth shows itself at last in the
regions farthest removed from the abstract intellectual perceptions. It shows itself in the world of
sex feeling, & mother-hood.

When our mothers loved a man, they said to him “Be tender^gentle^ to us; be gentle generous, if
you do at least do not bring it before us. Do not love any other woman [unreadable] except ourselves;
if you should ever, shield us from its do not let us know it the knowledge. Oh do not speak bitterly to
us let it ever be smooth between us too.

We say – Be truthful to us: promis us that no soft or loving word should ever come from you for the
sake of soothing us. If you love another woman, tell us. Do not ever struggle with
with the feeling in your own heart. Show it us being willing to pain us with it remorselessly. Hold
our love as a light, small thing, compared to keeping our relations vital, & spontaneous: throw it
away if you cannot keep it with truth. Let us never see a flicker in your eyes when we look into them.
All our life has been a long strife after truth; be the one thing that presents us with truth with out
our seeking for it; this is love.” She

^New Par^ She stroked her black hair with her hand leaning her head on it.

“When we look down at our little child’s head sleeping at our breast, we do not pray for it as our
mother’s would “May he be great & good & happy.” We pray only,
may he be true; may he see life & his own soul as they are. May he never flinch before a fact however painful, or gloss a reality to win a great & glorious end. If he spends forty years *of his life* in devotion to some truth & *in the future* finds *in the end* it is not truth, just falsehood, let him spend the remainder of his days, in unpicking stitch by stitch the work of his life. If he has *a glorious* ideal which alone gives him joy; if it dawns on him that it is not based on truth let him turn away silently from it. If he stands before two paths & he does not know to which one truth points, & he is powerless.

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32 This is numbered page 47, as was the previous page; they are in the same set of folded sheets.
to anti-? elemental he knows. Though his life slips from him let him stand there ^doubting^ wanting weighing, agonizing; if necessary let death find him there” [She

^New Par^ [She got up & began to walk the room with the baby on her arm. She held the wet pen in the hand, that ^held^ held up ^which held^ the baby, & the ink sputtered on on its white nightgown & her holland apron; She walked up & down twisting it between her two fingers When the baby was more firmly asleep she took it into the bedroom & laid ^put^ it down & left She walked up & down for a little time & then took the baby into the bedroom, & laid it down; she left the door open, that she could hear it. She came back & sat down.

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33 This passage is struck through with vertical lines.
She sat a while dreaming watching the lamp.

“Perhaps I am not right in ascribing the love of truth so exclusively to the result of scientific training. With myself my experience has been this. When I was a little child I had a natural organic love of truth. I liked to look everything in the face, I never shirked doing this I never told a falsehood. When I was about twelve I deliberately began to experiment with truth. I thought let me see what the affect of untruth will be. I always found it fail, & had a joyful sense of triumph when it did. About that time I began to reach a few scientific.
She sat a while dreaming watching the lamp.)

“I wonder whether I exaggerated the effect of scientific though in making the love of truth! A man might spend all his life in arranging the chairs & sweeping the floor of a church, & know nothing of Christian doctrine: A man may spend all his life in collecting insects, or weighing condensing gasses & know nothing of the spirit of scientific lessons when the gasses & insects can teach some scientific spirit. Many men spend their lives in working embroidery at the edge of God’s robe, & never look up to see the face & know what they are doing. But it does not seem to me possible that a man can have grasped the
truth of science, can now in their infant stage, without 
perceiving the connection of truth being impressed at last through the reason with the importance of truth – " She was tired she had not had the baby out of her arms all day. She lay back watching the lamp. When Then she got up & walked up & down the room for an hour. Then the baby woke & she went to attend to him. She brought him back & sat in the chair, while he drinking at her breast. “One of the most important differences between the old & the new feeling for truth is shown in the fact that the lie & untruth has always been spoken of as evil specially in connection with what once was said not what
was said thought. The consciousness that the most terrible for\textsuperscript{mos} of lie is self deception, & that a direct, out spoken unmitigated lie is the least objectionable of all because the most superficial & unmixed with truth seems essentially a modern idea. The one is like a lion, & the other like a snake crawling in the grass. An implied lie has poison in it; but a direct lie has none. I suppose that poignancy of regret & self loath \textsuperscript{remorse} which one feels if one dis-covers oneself trying to gain a point through diplomacy, is not a very old feeling. I think it will be universal one day. I suppose that
intense shrinking & scorn one feels from the party politician who in quoting the speech of an opposition member manipulates its figures in a way he would if it had been on his side, & the shrinking back one feels from the woman, who says “Oh I can not bear to know such & such facts they seem so sad to me. It is so much better not to know!”. And the woman who first puts praise & approval of another woman whom she wishes to injure, & only adds the damnatory clause with a “but” or “the only thing is,” – as an objects of such intense repulsion & disgust scorn because they are trying to deceive themselves. The difference between the man who
habitually deceives himself & the man who occasion all utters an untruth to another is the difference between a man who has a passing ^temporary^ fever, & the man who has leprosy^:^ or cancer, either in this there is hope in the one case, none in the other. The one is a cancer that must kill, the other is a painful cold. For the man who says “I am a damned liar, there is hope; But for the man who smooths over his lies to himself over to^ him^self over to^ himself over to^ there is none^ He^ has sinned sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost. – The whole subject of truth & falsehood is very interesting, I should like to work it out some day.”

She sat back. She was very sleepy now, it was half past
one. After a while she set down spasmodically on the paper “I will be true always in everything, more than ever. “Nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee.” She sat back & got the little handbook on heat out of the drawer & began to read it. When she had was a child she had an imaginary companion called Charles. She was never parted from him for a moment night or day, except when she occasionally sent him for a journey. It was to tell him that she learnt many things, they talked together especially in the bush & solitary places. When she was twelve years old, at the time of her sudden development she lost him. But part of her intense delight in setting down aimlessly what

\[35\text{This is numbered 53, as is the previous page. It is the first sheet in a new fold of paper.}\]
have to be married you know.\footnote{It reads as though this sheet is an interpolation from another version of the manuscript – this first line does not follow at all.}

What she thought & what no one would ever read, came from the old habit of feeling there was some what one with her. ^She laugh^ She read on. At a quarter to two there were steps in the garden. She

She read on.

At a quarter to two, ^three^ there were steps in the garden. ^She laid the baby down^ She & went to the front door. Bertie was there alone. “Haven’t you gone to bed?”

“No, it seemed as though you’d just gone.”

“Oh I am so tired”

“Was it nice?”

“Yes very lovely.”

She took hold of ^hold^ Rebekah’s arm in the dark in ^with^ her two hands. They went into “It’s so dark. Rebekah some one proposed to me?”

“Who?”

“Mr ^Captain^ Harris.”

Rebekah struck a light, in Bertie’s room & put the candle on the drawers.
“What did you say to him?”

“Oh no, I never mean to married. I’m so tired. It was on the verandah." Rebekah stood before her. "You ought to have gone to bed. I didn’t miss one dance the whole evening. I can waltz so well now. Frank’s gone to take Mrs Drummond home. — I was so surprised when Captain Harris proposed to me. He said his regiment was going to India next week, & I didn’t know what he was going to say — Rebekah began pulling the hair pins from out of her head. “Oh leave that don’t do it doesn’t matter — I’ll tell you about it tomorrow. I am so tired, you must be too.” — She lay back her little head & moved on the [unreadable] pillow of the chair her little round head on the pillow of the chair & rolled it up as if it were loose from her little refined neck. “They’ll make

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37 This section is struck through right to left.
“Oh don’t, it’s doesn’t matter all right I’ll take them out tomorrow I could just lie down on the floor, & sleep. Oh it was so lovely. Rebekah bent over her taking them out. “Oh I’ll never marry Rebekah, I hate even to think of it. I’ll live here all my life with you. – Oh I am so sleepy it; was so nice."

She lay her little round head back on the pillow of the chair, with her eyes shut, the long dark lashes lying on her cheeks. Rebekah knelt and began to loosen her dress. “You’ve been all alone, Rebekah.”

“I’ve been very happy.”

Bertie lay her head down on the side of the bed her great beautiful arms hanging on either side of her. “I like to be so tired. Isn’t
it nice when you can’t think – I keep hearing ^the^ music – Oh – I – I’m half asleep.”

“Quite.”

Rebekah knelt down on the floor & took off her shoes & stockings. “Stand up.” Rebekah stood on tip toe to put the night gown over her head. “You are not going to get up till ten. I’ll bring you your coffee at eight. “I don’t want flannel.” ^”You must have it after you’ve been dancing. ^”Oh it was so nice.”

Rebekah turned ^down^ the bed; Bertie got in. Her sister covered her so that only the little face showed on the pillow with her eyes shut. Rebekah covered her so that only the little flow head ^face^ showed on the pillow.

Rebekah turned to gather the

“This is lovely, Rebekah don’t

“This is so lovely.”

Rebekah turned to gather the clothes on the floor. You are not to get up till you
are called tomorrow.

R “Leave them & come & lie by me.” Rebekah lay down by her. She stretched out her white night gowned arm & stretched across her little elder sister. Their faces were close together on the pillow.

“You are not to get up till” “Are your feet sore?” “No.”

“You must not get up tomorrow till I bring you your coffee

Bertie breathed as though she were asleep. “Come a little closer ‘nearer’ Rebekah. ‘Come nearer Rebekah’” Rebekah shut her eyes too. Presently Frank came onto the verandah, to the front door,

“The 12th Two of the pomegranate flowers I crossed have come to fruit.

“13th

13th Bertie & I have been making curtains for front window. She’s over at Mrs Drummond’s
now, she’s always restless & excited [unreadable] changed never happy when she is still. Baby said Mamma Ma – Ma today.

4th Have an idea of selling my old clothes

16th Going to get up very early every morning at Ha half past four. Shall have three hours before the other people awake. Just got Foster’s Physiology.

47th Friday. Got up this morning before sunrise went out into the pine woods. Splendid.

Saturday. Got up again yesterday. So delightful. Long, thin shafts of light shooting among the trees. Sun rise much more beautiful than sun set! Found a little blue insect on a pine tree. Couldn’t bring it
home; little, tiny spot of life, so happy there among the pine trees. I’d rather never know than kill it. We two so happy there alone. It was bright blue!”

21st Half past seven & not any one awake yet! No one is up yet. Going to take my writing with me tomorrow.

Thursday.

The weather is very hot. Foster’s Physiology, splendid book!

Friday. Bertie gone to a little picnic  

Frank & Mrs Drummond do not seem such good friends as they used to be. She helps me so much. Getting on so beautifully now I get up early in the morning.

It’s a beautiful old world.

(Here there was a long

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39 This is the second of two pages numbered 59.
40 These lines are struck through left to right.
break in the diary. The eldest boy got scarlet fever. Bertie took the baby & went away to the wine farm: ^at Worcester^ Frank slept in her room.

Rebekah was shut up ^in^ the room with her little son, for five weeks she ^did not^ entered the her little study.)

March

“^The 22^nd He is

He is better. He I will be able to ?look. He can ^is^ sitting up. I in bed. I shall be able to take him away in a week to the farm. I have grown so close to him; he seems bone to my bone, & flesh of my flesh. I loved him before he was born, I have loved him ever since. ^41^ He clung to me so. I have been his life. We had I had to [unreadable] When I had to put him in ?cruel agony clearing his throat ^till the blood came^ he fixed his eyes on me loving me.

^41^ This section has been struck through top left to bottom right.
& parted put up his mouth even as I finished, & clung to ^kissed^ my hand as he ?went. couldn’t get to my face I have a new feeling for him now we seem to have grown fast to each ^other^. When I was 42 clearing his throat & torturing him till the blood came & [unreadable] washing his throat & thinking he his washing ^clearing^ his throat, till the blood came, he used ^would^ to lie perfectly still fixing his eyes on my face, ^&^ lifting^ his mouth in his agony for me to kiss as soon as I had done. I will never forget it; he loved me so while I hurt him! 42 He knew I loved him. Is sitting up today. ^I am going to have ^another^ a Baby”

“2nd I am expecting a baby.

He loved me!”

24th I find I am going
“23rd (This was written in a large loose jagged hand) “I found out this morning standing at back door. X, X, X, & X. O.?H. It flashed upon me suddenly last night, in the night middle of the night ^what it meant^ I didn’t believe it. X X & C.” (These marks meant something to her) “Oh what shall I do! What shall I do! Oh what shall I do.”

24th next day

(No date just put)

(No date; put the next day)

“I have been out in the pine woods X X X Old Sarah is with the boy. My brain is all on fire I can not bear it. It seems so horrible. I have not slept two nights. What shall I do; what shall
I do!” What shall I do! XXX C! I heard across the yard & it Across the yard. X What shall I do!”

The next night he ^the^ ^boy^ was asleep. She opened the window of her bedroom & stepped out. She walked up & down in the little shut in yard The night was very dark. She walked up & down there for two hours. Then She went into her study. She took out her diary; but sat down in her chair, & leaned her head on the table. Then she walked about the room again. It was near one two o’clock. Every one in the house was asleep. ^Her eyes were heavy as if something were pressing on her head.^ Suddenly she sat down at the table. She took a foolscap sheet when she had written a few lines she took began to write quickly, wildly.
When she had written a few lines, she saw the writing was not readable & took another. Her eyes got bright & large; her breath came quickly; her face burnt.

“My Husband,

I am going to write to you. I feel that’s why we have never understood & come really near to each other, really, is because I’ve never really come near to you & showed you all I think & feel. I want to write to you; I want to open my whole heart to you; I want to show you exactly what I mean feel. We’ve never come near each other because we’ve never been quite open with each other. We haven’t trusted each other enough. I’ve never come quite up close to you & shown you all, that’s why we are so far from each other. I’m going to tell you just I have not been near to you & you have not understood.

44 Struck through with vertical lines.
I am going just to lay all my heart open to you & let you see it just as it is.

I will tell you right from the beginning that you may understand. When I married you I loved you a little; I didn’t know even all that first week we were married that it had changed, & that I loved you so much. It seemed to me I was so cold so selfish, I sat by & let you love me & worship me, & I kept thinking now how selfish I was not to love you as you loved me. Then that day you went down to Fort Beaufort, when we were staying at Green’s Hotel at Balfour I thought...
you didn’t come in the & in the evening the postcard was late & you didn’t come back, & I walked up & down between the quince hedges in agony. I had thought I should be wild so happy to be without you for one day, & then I found the wonderful thing that you were part of me, that it was pain to be away from you that I couldn’t live without you, that you seemed to blot out all the world. When you came back the next morning it seemed as if I’d got home again after I’d being long in the cold & dark. Oh you don’t know how I loved you, in all those months & months I never thought once of anything but you. It seemed
as if my body was in yours body. I felt every thing you feel, I seemed everywhere were ever I was to be thinking of you, of all your emotions. I didn’t care for my books any more, I wanted only to please you, to make the house nice & the parties, & to be what you liked me to be. I didn’t care for all the things I had cared for all my life they seemed to me so dead. I wanted to be always doing something connected with you. It didn’t matter if I didn’t see you, if what I was doing tied me to you, & yet all the while deep in my heart I felt something like a prick. I never looked at it, I shut my eyes from it with both hands; but it was there always a consciousness that there was something that divided us, & the more I loved
you, at the moment when I was loving you the most I felt it, & it tore me tear me. When that ?first
second first ^second^ night I asked you to pray & you laughed, & said you couldn’t, & said it would
be sacriledge & laughed though you prayed every night as a rule – then I felt our love wasn’t to you
what it was to me. I didn’t ask you what you had done before we were married, but you told me
you’d never loved any one: ?it & afterwards when you were talking you said for said things that
showed you had: w I hadn’t asked you: I hadn’t wanted to know, & if you had put your head against
me & told me all the sins in the world I would have loved you more. But it felt like something cold
on me; I know you were,
not showing me the truth. But you I thought you loved me absolutely, so absolutely even more than I loved you. I said you did it to shield me – but it was there. I am telling you this that you may know every thing; that you may see just how I felt feel. When my baby was born I was so glad, I felt now we would be drawn together now the thing was come we had in common. All that time I lay in bed was the happiest of my life; I’ve kept all the things you brought me the little bunch of flowers & the ring; you were so kind to me you were so glad you had a baby; you sat by me so long; you never went to town. & I thought now I would live all my life in showing you how I loved you, & we would care for our child forever. You know how I first found about

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45 On the back of this sheet, upside down – it is numbered 31 and has the words ‘Let us look’.
Mrs Drummond? I’m not telling you because I think there was ever anything in your relation that you said Sh that you said there was not. But— but I got up & dressed. ^I got up^ ^I got up^ I didn’t tell you because I thought it would be a surprise to find us in the verandah, & I thought you were in town. I heard you talking over at Mrs Drummonds & you were laughing together in the garden. And when you came in you said you just came from town that minute. I didn’t tell you that day, but when I told you about other things you always said no, no, no, you always didn’t tell me. It was so right of you not to say anything that would hurt another woman; but you didn’t tell you said no about every thing. And laughed. And

\[46\] Passage struck through with vertical lines.
then I thought at last I’d go away. I was always in agony ever day more & more & I took the £40 father gave me with that I’d saved up from my years teaching before I married, & I was going to take baby with me & go to America. I suddenly [unreadable] I took my passage third class in a little sailing vessel that was going straight; & no one but the chaplain knew, & you would never have suspected where I had gone, & I would have had 2 £15 over when I got to America, & I would have worked & earned more money & I would have studied medicine & been a doctor. And you would never have found me again. And then the last night such an agony came over me. I couldn’t bear

47 Pages 71 and 71 are on ordinary lined paper.
it, I couldn’t leave you. And I went early in the morning to the ship & got back my things & came back here. Oh my husband, I have loved you so, I have loved you so. I’ve tried to kill it out all this time but I can’t. I am thinking of you always, always, when I am working or thinking your face comes between me & every thing. Oh I am always listening for your voice without knowing it. My own Husband, I want to ask you something. Will you not let us be friends, men-friends.” I don’t (She sat still thinking a moment ^minute or two^) “I do not want you to tell me every thing. I do not mean that, ^48^ but will you trust me quite. I do not ask you to tell me everything. I want us to be like two men who trust each other & tell each other things when they think the other will can help them.

48 Passage struck through with vertical lines.
I have perhaps been wrong quite wrong in my love. I haven’t looked at things as they are I’ve let my ideal & what I thought there might be ought to between a man & a woman distort me. I will try to understand you. A man’s nature may be different from a woman’s. I haven’t made allowance for that. Will you let me be a man to you, & talk to me as you talk to men you will find I can am be a man. If you have thoughts & feelings you think I won’t like, just tell me, I will understand them. If you love another you needn’t tell me who she is, I will find out for myself, I feel it when you love any one; & I will love her who-ever she is & I will put my arm round her. If you only tell me in general terms any thing I can understand for myself. Who ever she was
I would take her to myself. I will take care of her & love her. If you love any one better than me, & don’t want me I will go; but if you want me I will stay. I will love

If you like I will just live with you & help you I will not be your wife, I would like that best. But if you want I will still be your wife, but I will not be hard on you if you love any one else. I will try & understand you. If you have children they will be my children. When my children lie at my breast & drink now, I love them so because they are made of you, & I will love any child you have so too. My Husband, I will by your friend, I will help you & in every thing. There I will try to understand your nature & what it needs You see my nature is so intense in every thing, & I want a

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49 Struck through right to left.
great absorbing love & every thing great & hard & intense. But I can see your nature is different, & why must I try to make your nature like mine.

My Husband try me; I will be a man. I will love anything that you love & take care of it. I can love a great deal, you do not know me. I will try to understand the world as it is to you, & share everything with you. Oh A woman who loves a man can stand so between him & the world, because she can put her wing over him & make things easy & right for him that couldn’t be otherwise. If he loves another woman she out & make it easy for him to out & take care of him & any woman he loves, & prevent pain & sorrow coming to them. My Husband, I do not want you to hurt any other woman, but I will have no selfishness I will take you both for me,
my heart is very large if you will try it.” She sat up. It seemed as if all her brain was on fire & her eyelids stiff. She got down out of the chair, & looked at the letter lying on the table. Then she sat down bent & wrote quickly

^”You must understand;^ “You are never subtle & false you are always direct. I would that is why I love you so. I do love you my Husband. Oh try me I will be such a good man friend. You can say to me just the same things you say to me & tell me to help you. If you had a child, - mine shouldn’t have more than any other woman’s. I would give it the best of everything. I will help you, my Husband. Oh my Husband love me ^a^ The little help me a little. trust me!”

Rebekah.”

She folded up the two foolscap
sheets. They were written very large & up pointedly in a large pointed hand, very ugly irregular. She folded them up in four. & went out into the garden. She went out into the front garden; the three quarter moon was shining above the tops through the bedroom & a She opened them & looked at them & looked at them: She wrote her husband’s name on the outside. She put it on the table. After a little while she went out through the bedroom, & passage into the front garden. before the house. It was towards mor 3 o’clock The little three-quarter moon was shining down above the tops of the trees. The grass in the garden was wet with dew; she went across quickly across it to the large cactus bush in the corner She slipped down from the verahdah

The moon was shining above the tops of the trees; a pale one quarter moon there was a dew on the grass.

Struck through with vertical lines.
She went across to the great cactus in the corner. The long white wax balls were hanging on it. She picked felt & examined about them all. She picked one with the dew on it & carried it by with a stem long white stem & carried it into the house, by its long white stem. She went back into her study & lay the flower on the table & walked about a little; her eyes seemed stiff & burnt throbbing. She took the flower & put it in between the leaves of the letter so that the long wax stem was in it & the leaves hung out the letter so that the white wax leaves being stuck showed at the top. She carried it carefully, & went into shivered all over. It was three o’clock. She turned the lamp out. In her bedroom a night light was burning & old Sarah the fat cook was sleeping lying on the floor by the side of the boys bed, where she had come to sleep that Rebekah might have a night’s rest after being up so long.

52 Struck through with vertical lines.
53 50 Gore Rd
Victoria Park
London E
Tuesday
My dear Mr. Marfell

This deleted start to a letter from Gore Road appears on the back of the previous page numbered 78. It has no page number.
blanket & got onto the bed in the dark she lay close behind him. She slipped her one arm under him, & run the other under his arm so that her arms clasped across his chest, she did it very softly. She slept close to him her teeth chattering, & she was so burning hot. She laid her face as close as she could to the back of his neck so that her face almost touched it. She put her forehead against his hair. She loved. She had such a delicious feeling in holding him so. She crept closer & closer to him vibrating. When he was asleep she was always near to him. She pictured again & again how he would wake & read the letter - & they would sit & talk together, & all she would do. She quivered with excitement. The morning was coming nearer. The moonlight went & it got darker. She went to sleep for half an hour when

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54 There is no page 79. This text does not follow on from page 78, so presumably a page is missing.
she woke her hands were still clasped round his chest. She kissed the back of his neck. It seemed as if she hadn’t been asleep at all, she woke with the same thought going on in her mind. She had a sick quivering as if something were sinking when she saw, it was the grey dawn made the window show. She was so excited she could hardly stand get off the bed sit up; she could see the letter lying by the bed in the dark; something would all be new; it would all be true new; they would all be friends! She got off the bed softly, & put on some her clothes, & went out. She found Sarah asleep, but the boy awake she gave him some hot milk, & he lay down to go to sleep again. She blew out the night light & went to the bath closet & had a bath. It was almost sunrise when she went back into [unreadable].

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55 The paper at the right bottom edge is very frayed and the last word is [unreadable] as a result.
bedroom. She put on all fresh clothes as if it were some special day, even her new boots. She did her hair before the glass, & put on a little white apron with a bib & lace all round. She bathed her face again, ^because^ her eyes were blood shot. She walked out in the little square garden, & walked up & down on the gravel path before the door. The sun was rising & the birds chirping on the grass, & the parrot awake & talking in his cage. It was five o'clock six o'clock half passed six. She walked up & down, up & down with the cool air on her face. Then the window of Bertie’s bedroom went up & ?t she heard the blind run. She turned away & ran into the house. She ran into the study & knelt down ?by the chair & put her face in it. She heard her own head throb. Afterward
Then she knelt, she went into the bedroom again. The boy was still asleep: old Sarah had gone to the kitchen. She went through the passage & to the door of Bertie’s room. It seemed she stood at the door: there was a sound of someone moving; then the clock in the hall struck seven, & she knew she must go in. She opened the door. He was standing before the glass with his side turned toward her fastening the silver & gold studs in his white shirt sleeves. He was in his shirt had on his pair of mauve coloured trousers with stripes. “How’s the boy this morning? Slept well?” “Yes,” she said.

She came & stood by the side of the bed. Her breath was coming quickly & her face was quite white. The letter was lying at the other side of the dressing table, & the flower on the glass.
“Did you read that?”

“Yes, – well I looked at it.” – He looked at his light trousers to see if they bagged at the knees. –
“Rebekah what on earth do you mean by all this?” He didn’t look at her. “What utter nonses it is.”
He didn’t speak angrily angrily, he didn’t look at her. “I really thought you’d got sensible. You are
not your self you know, you’ve been sitting up & all that sort of thing.” He laughed “What nonsense
you do write what have I to tell you. You know Mrs Drummond & I sometimes have a little lark, a
flighty little woman like that one can’t speak two sensible words to her. Come be a good old girl,
don’t work yourself up into these states of mind – ” ^I shall think all women are alike.^ “Oh my
Husband, my Husband, please speak she ?clasped
him round, ?plea & pressed her face against his arm, “please “say what you like to me, “Oh please let it be different. I am not jealous of Mrs Drummond, I never cared that you liked her. I never even thought that there was anything wrong. I knew she would was careful of her self, I know you loved me much better, I only wanted you to trust. Oh please I love you so, please, please, trust me; you can trust me. I can ^will^ be just like a man – ”

“Rebekah, what utter nonsense this is! What do you mean, do you want me to invent something for the sake of trusting you. I believe you’d like me to invent a bigamy or a murder or something of the kind for the sake of telling you,” he laughed
but he didn’t look at her. “What “You ought not to allow yourself to get into this state of mind.

^Rebekah^ You’ve been lying there with that child & you’ve got It isn’t good for you ^you should^ in your present state—“He turned round to look for the shirt stud for his shirt neck. She stood behind him. should think of your condition.” He had turned away to the dressing table to look for his st neck stud. He sat down in a chair. “Did you read all I said?” “Yes, - at least not all, do you expect a man to read a thing like that. Really Rebekah you are ridiculous. One thing,” he said looking at her, “don’t let me hear any more of this nonsense about going away.” you’ll He spoke ?realy & angrily now. “You’ll talk nonsense till you’ll

56 Passage struck through with vertical lines.
persuade yourself into it at last. You can make yourself imagine anything you know.” – she knelt down between It was quite dark before her she could
them softly with the palms of his hands. – Oh please my Husband, speak the truth to me please, please, speak the truth to me – oh please try me!” He looked down at her, “Rebekah, really what am I
to do with you know I love you better than anybody else in the world You are morbid. I thought
you’d quite given up that sort of thing ?I’ve ?than the last two years. Come, go & lie down & the
sofa, like a go & have a sleep, you see things differently when you wake.” I’d really never have
married you if I’d known
She kissed his hand. He pulled away.

“You really shouldn’t Rebekah, you are doing yourself harm. I’ve nothing to tell you. Do show a little composure please.” I suppose you’d like me tell you how many cigars I smoke in a day.” She stood up slowly. “What’s the matter with you, you are really not well you are quite worn out. You know I’ll tell Sarah to look after the boy all day & let you rest. You’ve been over doing it completely that’s what’s the matter with you. You look quite an old woman.”

“No ‘I’m not tired.” She looked at him. “Well be a sensible little girl I’d never have married you if I’d thought you were an hysterical little woman like this. You know how fond I am of you.” He patted her arm. She stood with her head on a side. “What do you stand like that for?”

“I can’t see” she said
She turned. He turned to the glass table. She began to walk away.

“You must really take care of yourself Rebekah. I’ll take you out for a drive to Kalk Bay this afternoon. I’ve got to meet some one at ten into Town this morning or I’d take you now. I ought to have let you stay in like this.” She walked away to the door.

She went down the passage & to the back door of the verandah. She stood near on the verandah. She stood in it. In the yard the sun was shining. She stood for a long while. Old Sarah was in the kitchen working the breakfast, the stable boy was in the stable grooming the horses. There was no one in the yard. Suddenly she walked across to the
back out building. There was a door opened at the side. She went round to it & knocked, & then she opened it. There were three steps lead down; the floor was earthen & the walls were whitewashed with some brightly coloured painted pictures on them there was a wooden bedstead in one corner, & Clartje the Hottentot half cast girl sat on the side & a box. Clartje the little half cast Hottentot servant sat on the side, she had got the body of her dress in her hand. Her arms were bare; she had on a pair of new red stays, & a chemes with finely embroidered. Rebekah came towards her she not walking.
Rebekah came down the steps & stood still on the mud floor for a moment.

The morning light from the uncurtained square window streamed across the floor. The girl looked at Rebekah. The girl had a red silk handkerchief in her hand. She was going to tie across her wool. With her heavy dark face, the chin jaw protruding far beyond the flat nose, her the small dark eyes glittering. Rebekah came a step nearer her. The girl had a red silk handkerchief on her knee, which she was going to tie across her wool. Her heavy jaw protruded beyond the rest of her face; her little black eyes were deep set. Her arms were a lighter yellow, but her face was dark brown.

Rebekah moved a step nearer & stood in the middle of

.Crossed through with vertical lines.
the room. \textit{hesitating} The girl folded her arms & \textit{stare} looked at her.

\textit{“Vat vel je hai?”}\footnote{Against this in pencil, in SCCS’s writing, is written ‘Wat wil jij hie’.

\textit{“Nix-nee!”} Rebekah said, \& \textit{she} turned to go out.

The girl kept her arms folded \& her chin thrust out.

Rebekah shut the door softly, \& went \textit{ou\textsc{round the \textsc{side} of the stable, to the back we wall of the stable}} out. She went up the little passage between the wall \& round past the stable door where the horses were

\footnote{Against this in pencil, in SCCS’s writing, is written ‘niets nie’.

*Note: \textit{“Vat vell je hai?”} In Cape Dutch “What do you want?” but the pronoun \textit{je} is \textit{only} used \textit{only} to servants \&c. \textit{Nix-nee} means “Nothing”*}
munching their forage, round to the black blank side. The pine woods came down to the redbrick walls of the stable; but so near to the house they were thin. She walked up & down close to the wall. Soon she had made a little path among the dead leaves & little sticks. There was only one large branch & stick that lay close to the path & she passed it every time. She rested the top of her little black head against the stable wall, & stood looking down at the ground. She went to find her fellow woman, herself, humanity
to for love, & she found a half-cast Hot half-cast Hottentot, with her lips thrust out.

After a while she heard the bell ring for breakfast.

61. The 23rd

Tomorrow Leo & I^On Monday Leo & I^ go to to the ^wine^ farm. He is sitting up playing on the bed floor with his things. Bertie has got everything ready at the farm for us. Frank went yesterday for ten days’ trip to Mossel Bay with two English officers who want to see the country.

^Leave space^

I am

“24th Neuralgia”

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6161 Down the left margin, facing in, in pencil in SCCS’s hand is written, ‘Leo was the name of a very remarkable son of her sister Alice, who died quite young.’
“24th

Neuralgia.”

“25th Cleaning out & arranging^ house. Letter from John Ferdinand to say ^saying^ he is marrying Veronica Grey. They come here next week ^on Honeymoon.^ Frank went Leaving house ready for them. Mrs Drummond will come over to welcome ^receive^ them: she Neuralgia.

26th Just starting. Going to to take no books with me. Don’t ^not^ care. Clartje is gone.

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Note

1 Present from Husband of microscope.

2 ? To Her development. Three stages &c.

3 Solitude, the old woman & man & the ?bean garden.
To be returned

To
Miss O Schreiner
Grand Hotel
Alassio
Italy

\[62\] This return address appears on the back of the previous page, numbered 94. It has no page number.
the father was at the kraals counting in the sheep, then John Ferdinand sat with Veronica on the front “stoep”. There was a still blue light under the orange trees, & John Ferdinand’s head leaned back against the vines on the wall, & Veronica knitted in the twilight at the petticoat she was making for some old woman. John Ferdinand sometimes talked of poems & hymns & Veronica told him about how she lived at Croyden near London with her mother & four sisters, how her father had died ever since she was a little child, & she had no brother; & she told about the high-church curate, & also about the poor, they She said she & her sisters belonged to societies for helping them & made petticoats for them & went to see them, she said they were

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63 ‘Chap 4’ written in pencil at the top of the sheet in the left margin facing in, in SCCS’s writing. Also, the squared paper has stopped on numbered page 96 (and has ‘To be returned to Miss O. Schreiner...’ on the back; while the set of paper starting on 97 is on ruled lines. The mixtures of squared and ordinary paper and torn off sheets stop here; from this next page, numbered 97 and not 94 (and there is clearly a break of flow), there is a run of 97 to 114 and then 122 to 147 all on ordinary lined paper. The squared paper then resumes on what is numbered as page 153.

64 This seems a different chapter, or perhaps a different kind of book – John Ferdinand and Veronica are not honeymooning in Frank and Rebekah’s Cape Town house. They are strangers and both are on Rebekah’s parents’ farm (who are the uncle and aunt of John Ferdinand and Frank). And in what follows John Ferdinand is in love with Bertie and does not yet ‘know’ what Rebekah has unwittingly encouraged Bertie to tell him.
poor because they wouldn’t economise. She was going to send that petticoat & some comforters home to England for them. John Ferdinand repeated sometimes a hymn of Keeble about the evening when it got dark, he did it every evening. When Bertie came out the dew began to fall Veronica had to go in & Bertie came out & stood by John Ferdinand sometimes walked about under the orange trees & sometimes till supper. Veronica sat inside & knitted at the petticoat. Rebekah & Veronica never spoke to each other. Old Ayah called Veronica “de Enghels-che,” & said nothing more about her. Griet didn’t like to carry her bath water for her. One morning when she was going early to the fountain she saw a large green venomous toad sitting under a stone, with bubbles on his back. She caught him &
put him in her pail, & carried him home, & put him into the bath with Veronica’s bath water. She stood out side the door in the passage to hear Veronica get in & step on him.

She said “Griet, Griet,” very slowly, (she couldn’t pronounce the hard g.) “come in. I think I see something moving in my bath.” She looked carefully into the water before she got in. Griet had to come & catch the toad.

When Veronica had been there three weeks it was time for Rebekah to go. She was going the next Monday. It was a hot Friday night. She went round into the milk-room, & found Bertie skimming the milk. She put her little jug on the end of the table for cream. The milk room had rough stone walls & a long deal table on

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There is a doodle down the left margin.
on which the milk stood. Bertie skimmed the milk into the churn; there was nothing else in the room except the grind stone. She had a tallow candle she held in one hand while she skimmed with the other. She was dressed in white. \(^{1}\)The candle cast the shadow of her head on the wall. \(^{2}\)“Rebekah,” she said putting her little head teeth near together, & parting \(^{3}\)making\(^{4}\) her lips apart. “Suppose that you loved a man, & that that man were to come to you – & he were to say – that long before you knew him,” she kept her little white teeth close together & drew back her mouth as if she were laughing, “he ’d done something – I mean something that a man oughtn’t to do; something not married. If he were to tell you that, & there was no chance of your finding it out if he didn’t tell you, what would you do?”
Rebekah stood at the end of the table near the door. She tapped her finger on the table. “This is what I would do. – I would put my face down, & I would lay it against his feet, & I would kiss them. If he pushed me away from him, I would come back to him, & put my face against them again. But you need not fear, no man will ever tell you this. He will wait, till there is a danger, or a possibility of your knowing it; or till he has carefully found out what your feelings would be. You are putting in all the milk with the cream! Give me mine. A man is like a cat, he wants comfort.” She held out her jug. “If he know anything of him he would rather you didn’t say so, & let him lie in your lap & pur, & pur, & pur – .” She took her can & went out. Bertie went on skimming
the milk into the churn along together with the cream. Suddenly she looked up with [unreadable] her lips still back as if she was smiling showing all her little white teeth. The shadow on the wall showed her great fully developed figure. She began to put take skim the cream off rightly quickly.

The next night it

Two night after it was Satur Friday night. It had been a very hot day: The little mother had a sick head ache & had gone to bed. At nine ten o’clock it was very close hot. The father had taken gone to read Swedenburg to read in the dining room with the door shut, & had gone dropped to [unreadable] will sleep with his head on the third page of Conjugal Love; in the front room Bertie was walking up & down with the baby who was teething & laid his burning little head against her cheek while she sang: Rebekah sat in the door on the stove. Vero At the centre
table Veronica sat knitting, her needles went klick, klick, she had a spotless print stiffly starched, & had on her white linen cuffs with silver studs though it was so hot. John Ferdinand Rebekah sat in the door on a stove, very tired with nursing all day. John Ferdinand lay on the sofa with his arm ^hand^ over his eyes forehead: they followed Bertie as she walked up & down. Veronica sat close to the lamp upright on a chair. It was too hot ^for anyone^ to talk.

“Hadn’t you better sit down,” said Veronica ^said^ to Bertie, “I should think it would be cooler for him & you too.”

“He wouldn’t be still if I sat down, he likes me to keep moving,” she said. Her ^She^ Bertie’s large figure moved up & down between the table & the sofa, from one door to the other, the baby’s head against her neck.
Presently Veronica stood up. “I will go & sit with your mother a little” she said, & went out shutting
the door behind her. In the little mother’s room the light was burning on the table showing the skins
on the floor & the great verandah, but the little mother was asleep in her bed. Veronica stood by her
^hesitating^ for a moment, then she went to her own bedroom. She lit a candle & sat ^down^ & she
knitted 66 a whole ^one whole^ row ^unreadable^ round the petticoat. Then she ^got up^ & took
up her ball, & blew out the candle When she went into the passage on the way to the front room. ?It
one wh row round the petticoat. When it was doen she stood up, & went down the passage to the
front-room. As she passed John Ferdinands room she saw the door open about four inches. There
was a

66 Struck through with vertical lines.
light left burning on the table he had left when he had changed his coat since he had been in to wash. in it. All the other doors into the passage were shut it was quite dark. Veronica stood still a moment, then she pushed the door a little wider. There was a candle standing on the dressing table before the window, which John Ferdinand left burning when he came to wash. She looked in, & then she stepped forward softly & was in the room. She had never been in a man’s bedroom before. Her father had died when she was small young, & she had no brother. The room looked like a woman’s bedroom. There was a bed with flowers flowered curtains, & a chest of draws & washing stand besides two chairs, & on the floor two tiger skins
She slipped up in her stiff print dress to the bed. There was a nightgown bag with red flowers on it, lying before the pillows. She turned away from the bed. There was a pair of man’s boots under the washing stand. Behind the door against the wall there was a row of pegs, on them his clothes were hanging.

Veronica went up to them. She took down the great coat quickly, & put her face against the shoulder. She was the first time had ever felt So the shoulder of a man felt when you felt your face against it. She had never had touched a man’s coat shoulder before. She hung it up & she touched the sleeves of the alpacka jacket, & ran her hand into the pocket. She took down a black waist-coat: there was a buckle at the back - she had never seen
the back of a man’s waistcoat. She hung it up quickly, & felt the trousers & another coat. If one should come there was no escape. A flood of colour burnt up in her forehead. She walked on tip toe to the washing stand. There was nothing there unlike what a woman used. She did not shave. She felt the soap with her finger; a man washed just like a woman. On the dressing table there a glass & a [unreadable] & a comb & brush; she took them up. On each side a book at each side, the "Idylls of the King" "In memorium" Then she On the dressing table there were a pile of books on each side of the glass. She stepped softly across the skins to the dressing table. There was a
pile to the right Professor Wilson’s “Nocties – ambroscanae,” two volumes; Tennyson’s “In memorium,” “The Idylls of the King.” A pamphlet “Is the Church of England in South Africa under the protection of the Church at Home?” & “John Halifax Gentleman.” On the other side of the glass there was the “Recreations of a Country Parson” by A.K.H.B., & the “Grave Thoughts”, & a copy of Milton, & a little Greek Testament, & the “Heir of Radcliff”, & Jean Ingelow’s poems, the first series. Before the glass was a pin cushion, & a wine glass with some orange blossom. Under the glass was a pen-knife. The comb brush & comb stood on a mat: Under the glass was a pen-knife. There was nothing to show it was a man’s dressing table. John
Ferdinand neither smoked nor shaved. Veronica stood looking about her. Her pale oblong face was flushed especially the lower part of her checks. Under the glass there was the corner of a likeness case sticking out. Veronica pulled it out. It was a Daguer-otype, taken when they first began to take likenesses in the Colony. It was a portrait of Bertie when she was three years old dressed in a blue merino, & with her head on her mother’s knee. Her hands were folded across her little stomach, they had the same dimples in them they still had; there was the same little sticking out chin, & the broad low forehead. She held it up before the light, so that the Daguerotype sheen might not show on it.
Then she put it down on the table. She put her thumb on the face. She pressed; it was gone into fifty fragments in a moment. She looked all round the room. Her quiet little blue eyes were bright. She put it back under the glass with her broad strong hands. She walked out of the room with her train going from side to side as she passed over the skins. She went into the mother’s bedroom & sat down & knitted in the rocking chair. When the little mother woke she said, “Who’s there?”

^”It’s me,” said Veronica. How do you feel now.”

The mother put her hand out of the bed.

“It’s good of you to come & sit here?”
“Oh, I like to sit here?”

“It’s so rest-ful to have you.”

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Chapter 5

Showing how the cicada’s sing in the bush on a hot Sunday.

The next day was Sunday. The wagon on which Rebekah was to start the next morning stood drawn out in the yard. Everywhere over the farm a peaceful Sabbath stillness lay. The day was going to be hot, but early in the morning it was still cool, though the thermometer stood at 80 in the sun there was still a cool breeze blowing, though you knew what the day would

\[67\]

While this is headed Chapter 5, it seems to follow the last part of ‘Chapter 6 The Diary of a prig’ in terms of plot development – it is about the events unfolding around Bertie ‘telling’.
would be like later on. Rebek Rebekah lay in under the orange trees before the door on a mat with her babies. Old Ayah sat on the top kitchen door step peeling potatoes with her yellow handkerchief pinned across her chest; & the ducks running after the peels. The father sat in a chair in the front room; the mother had done his hair for Sunday & oiled it, & he sat looking very smooth reading. The little mother was dressing herself in the bedroom & all the servant had gone home to their huts. There was a perfect Sunday stillness by about nine o’clock. Then John Ferdinand stept out of the house; he too was dressed in his spotless black, with his small round hat that let the sun shine
on his tiny ears. He asked Rebekah if she knew where Bertie was. She looked up from her book
“No”. She went back to it with the eager worried look of a dog when you come near him when he is
eating his bone. She went on reading. John Ferdinand went past through the hollyhocks, & dalias, &
balsams in the garden, then he went into the orchard. The sun was shining warm on the long sloping
grass some of it lying flat with it’s own weight, & the little peach trees seemed stiffening their leaves
to the heat already. Under the great pear tree Veronica sat; her head was turned towards the peach
trees, her hands were folded in her lap: Her ^her^ hat lay on the ground, & she did not move.68

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68 There is a gap after 114, which ends one fold of paper, up to page 122, which starts the fold of 122 to 147;
both of these are of the same kind of paper.
sat down. “I hated him so. I didn’t know anything, no one told me.” There was a long pause. “He went away.” There was a pause. “I didn’t tell anyone but you.” She was drawing back her lips so that the little teeth shone. John Ferdinand stood just behind her. She turned & made a sudden movement towards him half raising her arms: then she sat down again with his arm on the rock - , his hand hanging down. She turned round & made a sudden movement as if she would have looked at him, & made a sudden movement as if she would have crept close into him. Then she sat still looking before her. In a hollow tree there was a cicada crying; in the dead stillness of the midday bush it sounded as if it said, “I am king, I rule over all, I must be here alone.” Bertie listened to it.
John Ferdinand was quiet. She did not care, only the cicada was singing so, zzing-zing-zing! Szing-sszing-sszing-g-g-g! It rang in her ears. If only it would leave off. It was crying there so glad to be in the hot woods all alone. She did not move; she held her kappie fast.

“Let us go home Bertie – My poor cousin.”

Bertie stood up. The cicada was singing all the while. Oh but it was glorious crying there alone in the hot woods. She began to walk down the narrow path. John Ferdinand followed her close. The bushes came so close they caught her white skirt at each side. The midday sultriness was on the bush, all the leaves hung flaccid & with their ends curled in. There was not a sound except the cicada, & their feet
their feet on the path. She went down into the torrent, wondered when he would leave off. It was terrible that he should cry till like that inside your brain, in your head. He kept on. As they followed the narrow path & went down into the bed of the mountain stream torrent with dragging walked up & up the other side bank. At the Veronica met them. Just as they had crossed in under the Kaffir bean trees, they saw Veronica walking up the path. She was holding her skirt together with one hand, she looked very calm & placid. “I did not expect to find you up here” she said. I thought Bertie was helping old Ayah with the dinner, she said, “It’s the first time I’ve ever been.” Bertie looked at her and said nothing; John Ferdinand said “Yes”. She smiled peacefully placidly. “What a peaceful Sabbath stillness there is up here.” She passed
up the path into the bush. They walked on she in front he behind. They heard the twigs break under their feet & the Kaffir beans slip. She They came to the place where the great roots hung out of the ground. Bertie When they got to where the mimosa trees began Bertie stood still & looked turned round. She looked up into John Ferdinand’s face. His face was small white especially under the eyes. It was white; features were white at the corners of the mouth were drawn at the corners fast set. She looked at him breathing heavily; her upper lip was drawn up mouth was quite white & she said nothing. She looked up full into his eyes. “I hurt.”

It was white. Her mouth was quite white; the upper lip was drawn up close. His nostrils moved

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70 Crossed out and struck through with vertical lines.
up & down, but his delicate features were perfectly set. “I hurt you so,” she whispered, “I hurt you so!”

He looked down into her face. “It is not pain that matters, Bertie: it is sin.” She looked up into his eyes; hers grew larger. Then she turned & ran. She ran down the narrow path, & among the thorn trees. She ran breathlessly her large figure flying among the thorn trees. Her white dress caught on one of the long thorns it tore from top to bottom. As she passed out of sight, her dress caught on a thorn branch. A long white streamer was left flying on the thorn with a blue bow was left on it fluttering when you could not hear her steps; she had got down to the farm house.

71 Crossed out and/through with vertical lines.
That night at ten \textsuperscript{\textasciitilde} half past eleven o'clock Rebekah & her little mother were in the dining room. The table was covered with bundles & parcels ready for the next mornings start. Outside the wagon was drawn up with the “ox-reims” & yokes ready, & the boxes & bedding were in the wagon. At half past three the driver was to come \textsuperscript{to} wake them all \textsuperscript{knock at the \textsuperscript{the} windows & wake them & by four they were to start in the dark. Rebekah & her mother stood counting \textsuperscript{over} the different parcels & packages of food \textsuperscript{for the last time.} Every one \textsuperscript{else} in the house had gone to bed their rooms long before.

“There’s nothing more \textsuperscript{let} to do now. Let us go to bed. I’ll go in first to see how Bertie is.”

It’s all that terrible thunder storm.” \textsuperscript{It does upset one so \textsuperscript{the} little mother said} \textsuperscript{\text quotations} “I always
a sick head ache, but it doesn’t keep me lying down all day.” Rebekah & the little mother went out into the passage & stopped at the door of Bertie’s room. Rebekah knocked softly & then pushed it open. Bertie was not in bed, she was on the floor in the middle of the room: a large wagon chest was open before her, & into it she was putting things which Griet was carrying on to her from the chest of drawers.

“Bertie what is it, how are you? What are you doing?”

Bertie did not look up; she put in fresh drawers, chemises & nightgowns. Griet came in with her arms full.

“I’m going away with Rebekah to Cape Town.”

“Oh but you can’t now it’s too late,” the little mother cried jumping round the box.
Bertie looked up at Rebekah from under the heavy fring of hair that hung into her eyes.

“I’ve been ^willing for you to go^ begging you so to go with Rebekah for six months or a year, & no you wouldn’t, & now when none of your clothes are ready, & nothing arranged off you want to go!”

She kept on putting things into the box.

Rebekah stood close to her, & said nothing. Griet grinned, & stood first on one leg & then on the other, & hurried on with the clothes. It was so delightful to take part in making a change.

“I’m going with Rebekah.”

“Oh, but my dear child, why didn’t you tell me before. I know Rebekah did this kind of perverse thing. You were so different. It’s like she would go & live
& live among the Boers.”

The little mother went out to tell the father.

The candle was standing on the edge of the box; Bertie sat sorted the linen & packed. Rebekah stood close to her.

“Why do you want to go with me?”

“I’m going – If you don’t want to have me I’ll go to my aunt Susannah.”

“I want you. Come on Griet.” Rebakah knelt down & began putting in things at the other end of the box.

“Your father’s says there’s no reason you shouldn’t go, against me of course. How can you go when we haven’t even talked over the things, & your her new chemeses haven’t got a bit of lace on yet. She hasn’t a thing to wear!”

“I will buy clothes for her in Cape Town.”

“Oh, yes you can ?take everything
so quietly. If you were told you were to die tomorrow you’d order your shrouds & say nothing as if you’d known it for a year.” I’ve wanted Bertie to go, I’ve said so all along. But not in this sudden way. ‘We ought to have talked over it first.’ What makes you want to go?”

“I’m going.” We shall have everything packed by twelve,” Rebekah said, “there’s really nothing to Bertie put the things into the box with her features perfectly immovably.

“I am going. I will go.”

The little mother sat down on the edge of the bed & saving a Jeremiad, finally she said it was a [unreadable] good thing she should go. She went to bed Bertie & Rebekah packed & for half an hour, at ten past twelve it was done They said nothing. Bertie knelt up before the box putting in whatever
Rebekah sent her from the by Griet. Rebekah & Griet knelt on the lid while she fastened it down. Griet went to bed. “There isn’t any thing more I can do.”

“No.”

“You’d better go to bed.” Rebekah bent down & kissed Bertie’s cheek & mouth. Bertie did not kiss her.

“You’d better go to bed now.”

“Yes.”

“Do you feel better now?” yes

Bertie did not look up, she sat on the books box looking at her hand or the floor.

Rebekah went out. Bertie sat still for a long while, then she lay down length wise on the box. She stretched out her feet, & let them hang on the ground. She did not put out the light or undress.
Rebekah went to her room & undressed. The two babies lay side by side in the bed. She took her Elementary Physics out from under the pillow. While she was undressing, she thought of Bertie: she & John Ferdinand had evidently quarrelled; so much the better; it would be longer before she married. She undressed slowly & got into bed. She was very tired with nursing the children all day & packing the wagon. She stepped into bed & lay down & opened the book & stood it on her chest. The candle was standing at her elbow on the table. She turned the pages over till she found her place & began to read – Love, the passion of one human soul for another, is a real thing; you can no more do away with it than you can with small-pox by simply not looking at it. You must
account for it in your theory of life. It is not touched by the fact of its opposition to all reason more that small-pox is by its opposition to the laws of reason health. It is there, & you have to account for & understand it. & account for its virulence & effect. – she went back to her book, from – “If a luminous point be placed at L, the forms of its reflected rays from the concave mirror will be at F. it F, & it will readily appear that is the luminous body be placed at F, its focus will be at L, since the only difference between the two cases is that in the first place the rays begin their journey at L, & end it at F, whereas in the second it began at F, & ended at L. “ She looked at the diagram, & then looked back to refer to
refer to sometimes; she turned the leaves over, & then lay watching the fringes at the bottom of the bed – "One instant, & the entire form proportions of life altered - "One an instant & then the whole of human life reformed! all ^would be^ changed. Let us once find out how to ^gain^ mastery the great tidal wave – let is ^us gain only mastery^ be only a fractional ^of a tiny^ part of its force we gain command of & then all human life is altered ^changed^; She rubbed her or only a tiny part of it, & then all human life altered ^changed^; – She lay back the book – When this is found, the power to ?turn this great ?energy to human mechanical ends. Then in a moment the value of muscular

72 Struck through with vertical lines.
force is in its lifting ? milting ? moving as fo relation is dead. 74 Has not ever step in civilization meant this, that muscular force ^energy^ has lost in value, & other forms of human energy gained – It the first state of man the only way in which [unreadable] ruled the will ^human intelligence^ could act on the ^outer^ value ^nature^ world or its fellow was through the [unreadable] use of its muscular strength, no matter how much intelligence, if it was more than the muscells had not strength equal to its demands it was useless. If two bush men are put naked in a place it is the 25 the one with more intelligence but small muscular strength the other with less ^much^ muscular strength & less ^small^ intelligence

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73 This page is the reverse of page 134. It starts in pen as per all other pages before, but then continues in pencil.
74 The use of pencil starts here and continues to the end of the page; the next page is in ink again.
75 There are some blots of ink on these words which directly correspond to crossings out on the next page, 136; and so the change to pen must have directly followed from writing this page in pencil.
he will beat, he will kill the other, he will have the best hole, he will hold ^fast^ the woman they both want. If you put two Kaffirs there – she jumped out of bed – armed with only assegais if if the one has stronger muscular muscles, but the other had ^has had^ mental patience & trained his eye, he may aim better & kill him. The first step in mechanical invention strikes at the value of muscular expendable energy. Take an Englishman armed with a Martini-Henry – she walked up & down – however puny & small, & a Zulu armed with an assegai & his where with will the value of his size & strength be, – She walked a few throbs in the brains that invented the rifle have negated it. Has it not been so with woman also – she walked up & down between

76 The use of pen and ink recommences at the top of this page.
the washing stand & the dressing-table on across the white skin –

At first As a machine merely the female among man human female is constructed so that the force she can expend at any given moment through her muscles in hitting, running lifting pushing is less than that of the average male. In a social condition of She is as tough, lives as long, endures fatigue & disintegrative forces of some of some kinds better, but in the one quality the power of instantaneously exerting great muscular force energy she is his inferior. In a state of society when this is the most important quality when to the person & to the society woman must be inferior to man account of less value than man, the whole structure of society must

77 The writing changes to pencil here.
78 The use of pen recommences here.
tend to nurse that quality, if it does not the society must die. Therefore the man must do no domestic work, therefore the woman plants, digs & plants & builds, & carries & burdens that the man may lay on his skins in the sun & wake up to hunt, exercise his muscles in himself. His muscles must be kept in the most perfect condition, to kill enemies & preys. It is right she should labour & serve him, that her body should be sacrificed to his, it is right! – 79She struck her hand against her thy thigh – walked quicker & struck her hand against her side – then the woman’s position changes, when more inventions are made – she walked quicker – When you go to

79 Crossed out and struck through with vertical lines.
a Kaffir woman lying in her blood, she does not cry out or complain, she is bitter as a third rate school boy is bitter against the boy who has got the first prize, she he does not think she ought to have it, she does not think his power is wrong, she regrets he knows he ought not to have it, but he longs for it. The woman knows her husband has complete right over her, she may think he abuses his power she never doubts it is right he should have it. When mechanical invention does away with the value of muscular strength, even half way as it does now, then women’s po view position changes. Then arises for the first time in her mind the question “Is it right. Is man my master.”
If tomorrow She says to man already if are you my ruler superior because your legs are larger & your wrists stronger. The Zulu is stronger than you? The navie & the prize fighter would once have been at the top of the head of the race for life, now in as far as their muscles go they only stand at the bottom of the tree & starve. In your new struggle for existence man with man who is it beats, the lith spring? nervous spasmodic few, in your terrible fight for wealth in your new bloody battle field it is he you fear, he who runs; which are the men among you that are revered & loved of whom men say “Great” Shellys Byrons, Spinozas, little Corsican officers, of Shillars, all these had strenght, strength
strength to fight greatly, strength to fear nothing, strength to hunger to through into a few hours of nervous action the world's energy, you do not generate in a year, lead out all these men & set a company of Zulu chief braves against them bare handed & where are they; our great men our strong men, our men who can talbour terribly. Woman will may come in with the poet & the thinker, with the keen nervous man of business who can sit up four nights in a week for great stress of work, & yet not feel his brain dimmed or his nervous energy abated – she may has gone in with them, has partly, she can only come in fully as the tip type of human creature
to which she belongs becomes the most valuable, the nervous, tough, plyant organization that can turn the mass of the energy it generates in to \textit{nervous mental} – no mental hardly expresses it, \textit{nervous action} - now we have not words for some things! But if she does not come in, if a decision were made to-morrow, which gave man com-and of some natural force that would almost ob the value of muscular energy, as a som means to obtain human ends, if we ?master the power of the tides, a force in action not needing to be generated by labour or gathered in any way but simply commandeered, & the energy which was required was simple that which ?guids
directs muscular material motion & change, would women stand side by side with man? Is it not possible that in her long years of subjection she has become mentally inferior to man, the female dog horse ape are not infer that there may be certain modification in her brain may which render her incapable of reason, of grasping general ideas rising from particulars to the generalization, to their causes & effects; if her imagination is weaker, if her power of long sustained thought in one direction is smaller, may she not fall as much the intellectually typed man who partly rules today & will wholly rule in the future as she fell behind the muscularly typed that
ruled in the past, who partly rules today. Why should not some force of mental inferiority differentiation change in her brain as much fit not have become a secondary sexual characteristic ^modification^ connecting her like the ?ingslering connected her with her reproductive function off have taken place, & unfit her to stand side by side with man? Some women are without this modification, they look in to the minds of men & feel my own, ?me, they feel no lines dividing them. Are these women abnormal, like a woman ?born with a ?beard, a pea hen with a crest crest tail feathers. Nothing but time can prove. But see here – she was walking with her head very

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80 There is no page 145, although the sense of the last sentence here continues onto what is numbered 146.
low down – “If you think the Kaffir woman do you find her inferior to the male? Or the Hottentot? I think not; the opposite. Is not the duldest [unreadable] by the fact there is not this differs between her & the man Is not the inferiority the result of education not sexual inheritance. In the savage condition all science The Kaffir woman, all savage women, reap & pant & build all the industrial work, all the artistic work! – see the little zizzag lines round the pots, the bead kumasses they make; they manufacture every thing, therefore her reason & not superior intelligence to the man who only smokes & hunts & ornaments his assegais – he does that & begets children, an occupation much less intellectualizing in its result that the bearing & rearing of men!”
Has it never struck any one before – she was walking with her hands in each other & her face very red – that women did invent the mechanical appyances of life! Is it not true – the thought was new to herself – those little zigzag & [unreadable] square patterns are like the marks on the old Etruscan & Greek vases in the pictures, & were they not invented by women too! One think is certain no man ever invented the rude hoe they ^we^ first found the Kaffir women using when we came here. Woman invented it to lighten her labour, man cared nothing how she hoed.
She invent the twists that bind the houses. Woman is always the first doctor! There is one man witch
doctor to three women, in the lowest tribes they are all women! She made the first clothing, her little
kumass! – She stood still – has this ever struck people. What happened among the Kaffirs must
surely have happened else where where men hunted & women till did the economic
work. The And woman must have been free once! ^All female mammals are free^ The female horse
& war lion, wolf; the monkey is free – but not quite so free? See how the old male baboon clouts the
others heads & holds them ?fast & takes their fruit from them. But it is also the young males he
tyrannizes

quickly—[unreadable] sat down, I hated him so I couldn’t bear him—I didn’t know any thing, no
one told me, no one is ever told

over!

82 This does not follow on from what is on the other side of this single sheet. At its bottom, and written the
other way up, is a crossed out start to a page 122, which relates to Bertie telling John Ferdinand about the
episode with the tutor.
83 This is the upside down old page 122. At the bottom, under the upside down crossed out passage, Schreiner
has written the ‘over!’. However, the next sheet really does not follow: the page numbering is different, it is
on the ‘continental’ squared paper, and the words do not follow on.
Woman slavery is only possible to a creature who can hold fast another. Woman slavery is only part of universal slavery, the power of the muscularly stronger over the muscularly weaker. It is possible only to a creature that can not hold fast another can make a slave of it! It is with his thumb that man has enslaved woman! And have slaves & they have Man & to a slight extent the baboon, amo is the only creature among the higher mammals that can hold the female fast against her will, he is the only creature who can tie a knot therefore he can fasten his captive, he alone can shut her up. Among the

84 An ‘8’ has been written beneath the 4, in pencil, probably by Olive Schreiner.
lower animals only animals with mandibles ^ants^ have slaves, only creatures with mandibles can capture the female & hold her fast. Real slavery is impossible without a thumb or something answering to it. She moved her little thumb. The lowest avages like the Bushmen do not make slaves of women though they have thumbs; where they find her they make what use of her they wish. They have nothing to tie her up with no place to shut her in when first caught? – no it’s because they can make no use of her. They have no burden to carry, not even assegais, they have no
land to till, house to build, therefore men they let the woman rove free where she will as they do. It was good, it was necessary man should enslave woman, but she was not a slave always. Once she was free – How did it come – She stood before looking at her own face in the glass without seeing it – Shortly We see that in a primitive state of society before mechanical invention has advanced the great line of distinction between man & man is that which divides the muscularly weak from the muscularly strong. Let is suppose a diagram, - here is a

85 There is no page number 151, but the sense of this sentence follows on to page 152.
straight line which represents the form of muscular energy which in a strength in that form in which before the introducing of mechanical invention it is more precious to the race. It men are divided by it into the weak & strong, ruler & ruled; now among the many other lines which divide human creature from human creature there is another the line of sex function, that which divides any human being who has the function of begetting from the human being who has the function bearing & feeding in.
reproductive process. This line will be found to run strictly parallel on the whole with the line of muscular strength of the hitting, lifting, striking kind. Now while that line is the great dividing line between human beings wom the child bearer is of necessity & always the member of a class inferior to the begetter, & this entirely irrespective of her sex function, exactly as a Hottentot is inferior to a Kaffir & [unreadable] do & muscular to in subjection to him when they are in contact not

86 Pages 153 and 154 are the two sides of a single sheet of squared paper.
of his yellow colour, which forms an invariable difference between them but because of his muscular condition. Now society advances. Any Again the line between man & man is drawn but in an entirely new direction. It divides the intellectual ^higher intelligent^ from the intellectual unintellectual entirely without any regard to the size of muscles. At the docks waiting for work are men with the legs & arms that might have made them Zulu Kings, & the low sloping foreheads that have put them where they are & made
them the off scouring of an old advanced civilization which sends them here to try what they can do with their superannated mus-cles in a country where mechanical force is still little generated. And our best, the highest intellectual force – it turns always homeward to the great centers of civilization, when that which it possesses to excess may come to the fore, & find scope – She looked dreamily into the glass. ^under her half-closed eyes^ & turned away. The – the day of ?mu line that divides in the weak man from man – in the

87 This page number is underlined three times. It starts a double-sheet of four sides of squared paper.
the struggle for life does not seem quite transversely to the old one yet, it is waiting for the discovery which shall assail the value of muscular working power all over the world, but it almost does so. Half-pretends to do so. Parallel with this new line which forms the basis of classification of the future even now already will the line of sex be found to run? Is there in any way the same or will not the line of child bearers & child begetters wave in & out across it. Will the time not come when it will be regarded that the fact as incomprehensible that the beautiful function of reproduction so largely similar in its effect nature & action in both man begetter & bearer, should on the ground of the different form of its
manifestation be made the ground for an entire system of classification of human natures & action? This can only be if sex function is unallied with mental weakness in those points most necessary to the race. As it was with muscular so If it is, here lies before woman a period of subjection & degradation longer than the past; if there is not she will stand side by side with man & look into her master’s eye, & they will be one. Who can speak certainly till the value of muscular force has been entirely done away with, & after that whole generation & perhaps we should say the next also infected by the traditions of the past has died out? Then we shall know – she got slowly into bed, &
down, & opened the book on her chest. The baby moved & she uncovered her left breast & gave it to it. She lay on her back reading [unreadable] with the book lower.

Presently as she looked at the book her eyes got sleepy – Some women have babies & they are the children.

My dear Mr Harris,

I very much enjoyed my

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88 Although a consecutive page and is the fourth of this fold of two sheets and four sides, what is on it is struck multiply. Also at the bottom, the other way up, is the start of the letter to Frank Harris.

89 These words are written vertically 180 degrees facing out to the left.

90 The FMTM manuscript ends here on this sheet. At the bottom of the page the other way up of the start of an uncompleted letter to Frank Harris.

91 The pen and ink of the start to the Harris letter is very similar to that on the manuscript.

92 The whole of this page is struck through multiply.
down, & opened the book on her chest. The baby moved & she uncovered her left breast & gave it to
it. She lay on her back reading with the book lower – “In a spherical mirror The “Parabolic Mirror.
In a spherical mirror the image of a point of light, such as a star is only brought approximately to a
focus; the case is different if we employ a parabolic mirror” she read on, “Let C. D. be one of these
lines striking the surface at the point D, Let E F denot a tangent to the parabola, & let D F be the line
joining D –“Some women have babies & they are the children of the man they love mentally. They
lay their heads by them as well as their bodies; they have understood

93 This squared sheet is on its own and is written on one side only.
94 The next page, also numbered 158, is on lined paper; its content is fully excised, with the effect of making
page 159 follow this.
She drew the cover round her, & took up the book again, & opened it on her chest. The baby moved: she put its head on her arm & uncovered her left breast to it, & let it drink. She read holding the book up right on her body with her right hand & the two fingers of the left — “Again, from B draw a line B C E, passing through C the centre; the focus of B will be in like manner in some point B1. In time, A1 B1 will be the image of A B.” She turned over to the next page & the next diagram “Let C D be one of these lines striking the surface at the point D. Let E F denote a tangent to the parabola, & let D F be the line joining D — “Some women have babies, they are the children of the men that love them that love them, they love they love. The™ men layed their™ have layed their™ heads by them as well as their bodies, they have understood”

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95 The paper here reverts to the lined ordinary paper of folded sheets, the last 4 folded sheets and 8 pages are folded together.
96 This page is struck through vertically.
97 This page, which is on lined paper, has been excised, with the effect that the following page then follows on from the page before this, also numbered 158 but on squared paper.
each other; then a child is born; it is both of them: they believe each other utterly; they never lie to each other; they quarrel sometimes, but they never lie: then the woman feels the child is hers, it did not come by a mistake; it had to come; she carried the man’s life about within her; months & months^ they two were one, it had to come. – And it drinks always & she feels her life going out to it: they never lie to each other, the understand each other intellectually^ it to make ?His thought & life cov the man’s thoughts & whole being complete ^complete^ in a new life. They had the child together. It drinks, & it drinks. She was getting sleepy, as she looked at the book. She put her hand down quickly & drew her breast from its ^the child’s^ mouth: the baby ^it^ lay still a little while then it felt about; it made a shuffling movement with its mouth. She was wide awake she turned half onto her side & put the breast ^back^ into its mouth. It’s eyes were shut. She turned again onto her back, & kept stroking its hair ^head^ stroked it’s hair head.^
& went on reading. \(^{\wedge\wedge}\) It \(^{\wedge}\) will be bent towards the perpendicular, as we see in the figure. There are two laws which regulate the path of the refracted ray. In the first place, C D, D E are in the same plane with F.D.G. the normal to the plane at D; & in the next plane for the same medium whatever be the incidence, the sine of the angle C D F or angle of incidence, always bears a fixed proportion of that of G D E, or angle of refraction. – \(\downarrow\) If I were a man I should be at Cambridge now. I should have gone home when I was nineteen & would be in my fourth year just leaving. I would be young still. I would have worked for the Cape matric \(^{\wedge}\)degree\(^{\wedge}\) from fifteen sixteen to nineteen, & then I would have gone home. I would have studied mathematics, but I would have
studied have plenty of time for physical science. I would learn from others. What I have taught myself in months & months another man would teach me in a few days. I would not have to make my knife & fork before I began to work; they would be put in my hand by another; it would be my work to learn. I would not have to creep away & hide, & think always, is this not right? Is there not a stocking I could darn? Some one calling me. I should work & my work would be to learn. – She looked away over the book at the fringe at the bottom of the bed. – A little boy of twelve who has been rightly taught knows all I know. - - It struck her like a knife
going through her – If I was at Cambridge the other men would come in in the evening; I would have had dinner together with others & then I go to my room & lie down before the fire on the rug & sleep, & doze & then bye & bye the men would come in, & they would rose me ‘Get up old man,’ & they would one in one place one in another, the man in the corner would have his own place that he always kept the room would be small. And we would talk. And the firelight would play all over us. I would put my legs up over the chair lying on my back. We would talk & laugh; & Sometimes we would talk of the things we really thought; as washer women talk together when they are washing clothes, as shop people talk, as woman who care for dress &
& scandal talk, about the things they are really thinking of to each other. Not talking for the sake of talking, not trying to talk – talking what we really thought. We would understand what the other said, & would argue & contradict: there would be no translating. And when they were gone, the laughing one & the other we would be alone the man in the corner & I. We would sit one on each side of the fire. We would be quiet long whiles together. We would say nothing. Sometimes we would talk about the future. Sometimes we would talk of those half thought our half fledged thoughts the thoughts that keep pressing on you, that you have not quite time to work out because they keep coming
hurry, hurry, hurry. We would tell each other of the future; we would speculate about our wives & marriage, we would not be bound fast not yet. Thirty thirty-one, we might marry. We would be young still, with all our soul & strength set to journeying & We would talk & talk till the line between us seemed to melt away in the dark & we would think together. Then he would get up & say good night & go away, & I would be there alone, so warm. If we lived to be old we would still have been young ^there^ together, & have the memory We would think together when our ?arms were warm & young & could sink into each other Marriage & all that would come later. When he shook my hand & went away I would be alone there –
the fringe at the foot of the bed quivered a little every time she moved; as she lay watching it, slowly her eyes closed & her eyes grew more dreamy & closed & the book fell over on her breast. As she watched it her eyes closed, & the book fell over softly on her chest. She started up wide awake, & sprang out of bed & went to the door of the passage up. At the door of Bertie’s room she stopped & knelt down. She listened intently at the key hole, but there was no sound. She went back to bed, & blew out the light.

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Draw a line here & run on

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100 This instruction is written in pencil. It is facing inwards at 180 degrees near the bottom of this last page. It is most probably in Schreiner’s writing, not that of SCCS.