

# "SHAFTS"



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

"Shoot thine own arrow right through the earthly tissue  
Bravely; and leave the Gods to find the issue."—GOETHE.

VOL. V.

MAY, 1897.

No. 5.

## What the Editor Means.

I WATCH the storms die, and the storms begin,  
I see the white ships ghost-like come and go;  
I wave a signal they may see and know,  
What prospect then on midnights dark and dread?  
Only to mark the beacon I have fed.

Oh faces that look forward, eyes that spell  
The future time for signs, what see ye there?  
On what far gleams of portent do ye dwell?  
Whither . . . . .

Do ye stare?

So steadfast and so still, oh speak and tell  
Is the soul safe? shall the evil world be well?

I, too, gaze forward and my heart grows glad,  
I catch the comfort of the golden years.

Oh, what is this cry in our burning ears?  
And what is this light in our eyes, dear love?

WITH many seekers has the life of this planet of mystery on which we dwell been filled, and many have been the objects sought after. Yet has there been no seeking so impassioned and eager, as the seeking after Truth. No cry so full of the anguish of longing, as the cry of the soul that seeks to know why;—that breaks and dies in its hunger-quest, as it pursues ever with unsatisfied desire, the secret of life—Truth. Much comfort would come to our sad human souls could we realise that truth is not one but many, and that truth after truth is being found out by those who seek with untiring endeavour, to hold in their hands even *one* answer to the soul's endless questionings.

There are truths which belong to the external or more material portion of nature and of ourselves, and those which belong to the internal or more spiritual part. Of these the former seem to be more easy of attainment. But when we realise that for every material truth there is a corresponding spiritual truth, we have overcome one great difficulty, one barrier to our march onwards. For all existing forms are evidences of truths, all contain a teaching leading to never-ending discoveries of truths, higher,

grander, more gladdening in their revealings. These outward signs of truth exist for our learning; they are for ever calling out truths aloud in our ears, that cannot hear their cry, because of our self produced deafness. Everything that lives, from the lowest known, even to the highest, grows unceasingly, and in its growing evolves by the unchanging law of change to something ever higher and more divine. The physical expression of truths leads us onward in our quest and will bring us to the understanding of all truths, physical and spiritual, if we pursue our search with the wisdom that is born of patience, and the patience that guardeth all wisdom.

Upon arriving at a certain period of advancement, consequent upon the more or less free development allowed by itself and its surroundings, to its own impulses, every soul holds within itself a desire to know the truth concerning all things it beholds and feels; a desire unquenchable; a desire filled with enthusiasm and resolve, when once the great inspiring breath of out-reaching, higher thought, has filled its faculties and powers with "the instinct that aspires." Aspiration and inspiration are the soul's breath, that breath which "bloweth where it listeth," and who can tell "whence it cometh, or whither it goeth?"

Every soul desiring to know *shall* know. When knowledge of the Higher and Unseen comes to us, no measure can test the fulness of our joy; when that which has seemed afar off comes nigh, when our eyes can behold the unmeasured distances, no sea or sky can reflect the light through which we shall travel; no tongue can express our gladness. Only ourselves can *know*, and because we *know* we desire knowledge for all, and because we desire it we *know* that whosoever seeketh shall find the joy that conquers death; that triumphs over pain, grief and weariness; the joy of knowledge; a knowledge of the truths revealed around us, and power to read their revealings. Grave mistakes have been made; LIES have been scattered broadcast; Lies instead of truth. Lies of science, of philosophy, of religion, of all that is, or pretends to be. But of all lies, of all mistakes, the blackest, the most cruel, the most malicious, the most daring and dangerous, the most destructive to all advance, are the lies and mistakes which have been made, which are made, concerning women; misconceptions everywhere, misapprehensions wilfully entertained, which continue to be held, though so many have already seen that the result to the race has been and is disastrous in the extreme, not only to the human race, but to all living creatures, also to all we suppose to be inanimate; for all things suffer with us; over all hovers the shadow brought upon the world by this fatal mistake, this Lie of Lies.

I propose in the first few pages of each issue of SHAFTS to publish a series of articles containing some of the truths concerning women, in which I hope to interest my readers. In dealing with this subject I shall draw from, and bring to the notice of readers, a book which approaches nearer to my own gleamings of truths, and studies on this point, than any other I have read. The book was published under the title of *The Woman's Era*, and is now, I fear, almost, if not quite, out of print. I mention it here pointedly, because it ought to be in the hands of every woman, and because it might be possible to have it republished, were the demand for it made by a sufficient number of women. I shall, therefore, in these articles, bring it side by side with my own reflections upon and reception of such truths. Though the book does not, in some respects, quite reach the plane of thought upon which I take my stand, yet from it I have received the help which has made me strong to assert and to uphold my own convictions.

For many years I have perceived that the position held, or rather suffered by women, is a blot upon the human escutcheon, a slur upon life as expressed upon this planet, in its every stage:—inasmuch as Woman, being the culmination of all developed capacities in every grade of existence, therefore holding the highest place, has been forced into a subordinate position, dishonouring to herself and detrimental to the race.

It is a fact frequently demonstrated in the history of the development of life and the records of the actions and motives of sentient creatures, that where hatred and persecution take a form so intense and intolerant, as they do in the subjection of women, they are roused to animus by the possession, not of inferior, but of superior qualities in the race, nationality or individuality, against whom the effort to hold in bondage has been directed. We do not, as a rule, desire to suppress our inferiors, though we may treat them with contempt. We desire to subject those whom we covertly acknowledge to be our superiors, and who offend our self love by being so, and by the fact that we cannot deny to our own inner consciousness that they are so. No one can deny the existence of such a desire in the human being, though all must deplore its unworthiness, even those who themselves act under its impulses, and in no case has it been so unflinching in its fell purpose, so inveterate, so lasting as in the effort to keep woman from the power which is her own, and the throne she must eventually occupy. I invite discussion by letter upon this subject from any who may desire to discuss though I would myself recommend as the best way of treating a matter so profound, would be not discussion but meditation.

If discussed, I trust it may be in the spirit of earnest, temperate consideration, solicitous only for the truth, never losing sight of the fact that the truth is fast coming to light and that upon the solution of this problem (which is no problem) depends untold and undreamed of consequences to all life in this world, and especially to life upon the human stage. This page may be concluded with three quotations from *The Woman's Era*, which will plunge us at once into the very depths of our subject.

"Powers are Means for the End of Use, Uses are Means for the End of Development. And that life is most advanced which employs, in the service of the greatest number of Powers, the most complex mechanism for the End of Use. We have seen the greater complexity of the feminine structure, and its larger circuit of Use. We are, therefore, prepared to find in it the embodiment of a larger number of powers, and higher aims in its Use. In other words, to find in the feminine a deeper feeling for the Ends of Use, a more abiding faith in, and loyalty to Development, as the one aim that makes life worthy of acceptance and sweet in its passing taste; and on the other hand, to see that its failure herein is more fatal and destructive than it is in the masculine life. Between these two extremes of good and evil lies the scale of feminine action. Our object now is to show that it *includes the masculine*, transcending it in both directions."

"Thus the sentiment of reverence toward Woman, a pure deduction at its root, (springing from the intuitive perception of a nature in her that is worthy of reverence) and appearing at times in fragments among the very rudest people, becomes, as the ages pass, a FACT justifying by its existence the claims for a higher nature in her."

"What is susceptibility? It is that capacity of the Organic life through which we hold relations with the objective world. It is the material side of the mediatorship between the ME and the NOT ME. It is the avenue through which consciousness is reached, and according as it is broad or narrow, exalted or mean, clear or obstructed, will be the amount and quality of that which arrives by it. For although all that is, waits alike for each, each can take of the all but a given quantity. Our rapport with Nature is limited on *our* side, not on hers. Susceptibility is in direct proportion to nerve endowment, and the latter being a characteristic of the feminine organisation, this is equally a characteristic of the feminine nature."

(To be continued.)

## Pioneer Club Records

### AND Reorganisation.

BY A PIONEER.

"If upon a day when all is dark,  
Thou, stooping in the public ways, shalt mark  
Strange, luminous footsteps, as of feet that shine,  
Follow them; follow them; oh soul bereaven."

"The spring returneth ever.  
I know it, know it well, O land and sea!  
All my dead life wakes up to ecstasy;  
It is a full delight merely to be,  
To breathe, in spring;  
Though old my face, my heart again is young,  
Though old the roots, bright flowers again have sprung,  
And courage open wide the gates has flung  
To meet the Queen  
Who still returneth ever.

"Yes, hope returneth ever.  
It is the coward's part to loiter sad  
Among the April trees in leaf-buds clad;  
Even my dead are living and are glad  
In some far spring!  
Immortal am I—mind, is there a choice?  
Immortal am I—heart, O heart, rejoice!  
Immortal am I—Soul, lift up thy voice  
With faith, and sing,  
The spring returneth ever!"

From "The Woman's Journal," Boston, U.S.A.

"CREATION is not the continuous, simultaneous action of forces; but rather their *alternate* action. The work of creation moves on in the rhythmical beat of a huge pendulum, in which the forward stroke is always a little longer than the backward, and thus constantly advancing into *new* and unexplored regions. It is thus that the lamp of the experience of the race in the past is never a *perfect* guide for the development of the future; since, as the pendulum swings forward it must constantly advance (at its forward limit), into the regions of the heretofore unknown and unexplored, thus bringing new and untried experiences."

At this moment the Pioneer Club is preparing for the forward swing of the pendulum. In their deep grief for the loss of their President, the Pioneers had almost forgotten that there must be no pause in their steady advance. Loyal to the memory of one so beloved, who for them had done so much to give time, and place, and opportunity for that attrition of mind so invaluable to thoughtful workers; loyal also with as deep a truth, to the cause for which they and she worked; loyal to each other—they had resolved that the Club should be carried on, on the same lines, true to the same principles, and with as firm an upward trend as it had shown in the past. But there are few if any wealthy women in the Club at present, and though there is no doubt whatever that it would have continued to exist and ultimately gained an independent stand of its own, it was evident that the *times between* might have been longer than was well for a cause requiring all possible help to pass over intermediate difficulties, and hold on its way unhampered. Therefore it is a matter of rejoicing to all friends and admirers of the Club that its members, awaking from the sorrow of bereavement, found even amid their first brave efforts, their strength renewed, their hopes raised,

and themselves ready to take up the new lease of life held out by the generous action of one of themselves, a woman, and a Pioneer, who promises to prove a worthy successor, even to the exceptionally gifted woman whose work she is taking up without one murmur, or one look backward. Those, who, passing away from among us, gain the higher levels, must surely in some degree at least be aware of the action of those they leave behind. It cannot be that the spirit forgets; and, remembering, it must be gladdened by the knowledge that the banner which fell from the hand of mortal mould, grown powerless in death has been taken up by one, stronger in the flush of life physical, and as brave and true in spirit. "Knowledge is a greater thing than mirth; and aspiration more than happiness." Wise souls, and brave, increase in wisdom and fearlessness because of the trials through which they pass, and by means of all they overcome. To them is given the white stone on which a name is written which no one knoweth saving they who receive it. The White Stone which binds up and confirms a soul in truth, in knowledge of truth, and in the power and perfect peace which grows out of such qualities. In the Pioneer Club are many souls whose earnest desire is to be wise and brave, honest and true. Whosoever seeketh, findeth, and to such cometh also the peace passing comprehension which garrisons the hearts that achieve by learning to labour, girt about with patience and shod with unselfishness.

A Club founded in a grand uprising of enthusiasm, must be carried on in the same spirit, if it would retain its strength; it must satisfy the increasing demands of the day; and these demands increase, as step by step we pass into clearer and clearer light; into conditions demanding ever more and more from those who grow as they march onward.

For many years women have stood as suppliants at the doors of our halls of legislation, and have, as suppliants, raised their voices and cried to those who sat therein, for Justice. How meagre has been the reply, how feeble the responsive echo in the hearts of those who, free themselves, from at least the political bar of disfranchisement, have denied such freedom to others. Instead there has been "humbug and ale-house jabber, laughter! and the dust raised by the summersaults of the clowns," and we are calmly told by M.Ps. that members voted for the second reading "because it was the most comfortable thing to do," also that, "they had no intention of voting in favour of the third reading." Does anyone imagine that when such a gathering together of women of all ranks and classes, of all opinions, and of many of the very best intellects in the country—as this re-organised club of women is intended to be, and will be—has been established, that Members of Parliament will dare to treat the claims of women with jeers and laughter? The Club is being re-organised on the broadest lines possible at present, and will hold within itself no end of possibilities and an inherent capacity for advance, on ever broadening foundations and principles. It will possess this capacity and these possibilities because it will be on lines of growth, growth that rises evermore towards the light of Progress and the Sun of Development.

Every detail is so well and fully given in the pamphlets issued on the *Re-organisation of the Pioneer Club* that they need not be mentioned here save to refer readers to footnote giving information as to where these are obtainable. Readers of *SHAFTS* have always been specially interested in the records of the Club given each month, and as a Pioneer, I do not hesitate to draw their attention, perhaps even more specially than heretofore, to its present attitude, for it is about to take a great leap forward; a leap which will put it at one bound into a place of power and influence from which there will be no limits to its rising. I speak advisedly, for

there are no limitations, therefore let us beware how we make them in our thoughts; by so doing we only limit our own efforts, and are handicapped in the race, the gaining of which means so much to the world. As it was founded in greatness and with the highest of hopes, so now in greatness and with the highest of hopes the Club is preparing to go on its way, under the leadership of Mrs. Philipps, who is both able and willing to lift the sceptre laid down by Mrs. Massingberd—and to raise aloft the banner which, having floated so freely and so unstained in the past, will again seek the skies and the free winds as its native home, and float over ever-increasing numbers of earnest, enthusiastic women, able and ready to realise under their new leader all the grandest dreams of that beloved one who has dropped from the ranks, and also the grand hopes of their own hearts. For to each and all will belong the crowns of joy and triumph awaiting us, and no earnest purpose is ever brought to the light of day before it has struggled to birth in many souls. Let us therefore be strong and glad as we contemplate the future of the Club; those who have been faithful to one leader can be as faithful to another, and that without any disloyalty to a cherished past and—a matter of much more importance—without any disloyalty to themselves. It is ever "*La Reine est morte, Vive la Reine.*" If success is to be achieved as it should be, and swiftly, as is due to a project so superb, every single soul must be a grand, a noble soul, and there can never be any approach to dishonour in the stooping of a noble soul to accept the leadership of a soul as noble, because she may possess some qualities, or advantages, which fit her more fully to be the great leader of great souls. So let us know her to be great and noble, and make ourselves great and noble, that a splendid success, full of radiant rejoicing, may be ours.

Let our gladness and our hope and faith, be manifested towards the generous woman who has come forth to give of herself, of her wealth, and of her influence so freely to the help of women; to lift them to the heights. For the work is arduous and very-tiring, and she needs all the help in thoughts and deeds and words of sympathy and encouragement, that each soul within the club, and all who will come into it, can give. Many will come; our halls will be filled to overflowing, for the time has arrived; the dawn of the day, when women will be no longer suppliants, when they will create for themselves a power which will shift many positions. A new power which, increasing with the years—as a swiftly running river, swollen by gathering streams—will cover the whole land as the waters cover the deep, for it will be one with the deeps for evermore. To nothing more can I liken the great power coming, unless it be to the light of the sun which will fill its deeps with a power; greater, than the world has yet known. Towards its establishment this re-organised Club, wonderfully strengthened by its sister Society, "The Women's Institute," will lead the way with no faltering steps. We owe more than we can express, more than we yet know (all of which, however, we shall learn), to the unselfish, generous woman, who has stood forth to do all this for her sisters and the race. Yes, for men have not been forgotten in the "INSTITUTE" or in the possible future arrangements of the Club. In all their plans men have left women out, but women, though they have passed through centuries of suffering because of this, have not forgotten men in their thoughts of the grand Future before themselves, perhaps because of this very suffering their memory is greener, a significant fact, however, which, unless we be blind, we may read as we run.

Deep as is the debt of grateful appreciation due by the members of

the Club and Institute to Mrs. Philipps for the magnificent possibilities held out in the near future, a debt of thanks equally deep, equally deserved, is due from Mrs. Philipps to the able and earnest Pioneers and others, who uphold and support her; who provide her with great souls to lead, for were it otherwise her work would be in vain. A Leader without a host to march 'neath her banner would be lost indeed. A leader also of an army gathered from a foughten field, radiant and inspired by victories already won, must lead her hosts to greater conquests, to higher, more fearless action, to broader, wider fields, to prospects still more outreaching, or methinks it will be the worse for that leader when the time comes to number the hosts that were ready to follow. All brave hearts, enlisting under a banner so lifted up, to fight for a cause so great, must hope that the call to arms will sound no uncertain note, and that broad and ever widening will be the paths by which they are expected to march to the goal *each means to win.*

The members of the Pioneer Club who have already answered to the roll call, are a noble body of women, who have gained strength and purpose from their association during the past years; they have sounded forth a trumpet "that shall never call retreat," they mean to go forward, not backward, therefore it is well for them and well for the earnest woman who takes in one sense the lead, that she also is of purpose high, and yields to no fear, that she is one who looketh not back, who having lifted the banner of freedom on high, will hold it up "till the day is done."

It remains for each and all of us, we who hope to move so far onward by her help, to give strong unflinching support, warm and steadfast sympathy to and with all her efforts, making each endeavour our own. So all the barriers shall be taken down, and there shall be a great highway for the people.

In each issue of SHAFTS records of the Club will appear in the future as they have done in the past. There will be no lack of matter to present to my readers in this regard, and it will be full of interest. "SHAFTS gives always the bright side," writes one of my most earnest readers, "and I like it so." Yes, SHAFTS gives the bright, brighter, and brightest side, so far as it can be given of a constantly and rapidly growing system, but SHAFTS gives a side that exists, and gives it because SHAFTS believes that all that is discouraging, weakening, all that may be somewhat mean and full of littleness, has got to be overcome and WILL BE OVERCOME. Meantime personally I hope to receive from every reader of SHAFTS who is not already a member of one or other of these societies, a notice that she intends forthwith to become one. Many have already so written, and I hope many more will follow. I hope beyond my power of expression in our imperfect language, that women will come in numbers, crowding, eager to join, not because of this hope or that, of this personality or that, but because the Club and Institute now being moved further on, will lift women right up from the position of disability and supplication to the place of power which will lead them onward; will begin for them a march of strength and gladness never to cease.

And that because the time has come and has brought souls with it: because the clarion voices call and must be heard.

"How they call, and call, and call till the heart swells that hears them! Strong soul and high endeavour, the world needs them now! To all that will hear, the clarions of the battle call."

Aye, and let us remember that all those who will really help in this work for women, which has now reached a point of great moment, must

have the most single motives and the highest aims. "Strong soul and pure endeavour."

Meantime the Club at Bruton Street continues its debates, lectures, and social evenings as before. An amusing, yet at the same time highly instructive address was given on Thursday, the 6th inst., by Miss D'Esterre Keeling. She told us without any gilding how the average Englishwoman appeared to the average Irishwoman. It is to be hoped that Englishwomen, who are some of them not much better than men in the excess of English bounce they possess, will take to heart what the speaker said. Some of us had not before known how cruel, how too effusive, how untruthful and insincere we could be, until enlightened on the matter by the lecturer. Our only consolation, after we had shivered under the arrows of her humour, lay in the English replies that came fast and furious; also in the extreme paucity of the details of our sins in these respects. We ultimately concluded that Miss D'Esterre Keeling had, out of her love of humour, been playing upon us a stupendous joke, which died from the pressure of its own absurdity. *Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.*

### Club Debates.

THURSDAY EVENING LECTURES, DEBATES, DISCUSSIONS, ETC., 8.15 P.M.

May 20th.—Subject of Debate to be announced later. Opened by the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon (Headmaster of Harrow.) Mrs. Rowland Brown in the chair. Or "Stage Fiends." Lecture by Osman Edwards, Esq. Mrs. Willard in the chair.

May 27th.—"That Literary Taste is degenerating." Debate opened by Mrs. Hobson. Honnor Morten in the chair. Mrs. Holroyd Chaplain to oppose.

June 3rd.—The Club will be closed.

June 10th.—"An Apology for Tramps." Debate opened by the Rev. R. R. Dolling. Mrs. Crowe in the chair.

June 17th.—Remarks on "Clairvoyance and kindred phenomena." With practical demonstrations by Miss Rowan Vincent. Questions invited. Miss Whitehead in the chair.

June 24th.—"Where we are." Paper by Sarah Grand. Mrs. Montefiore in the chair. Or "That Colonial Legislation offers an object lesson to England." Debate opened by Mrs. Reeves. Mrs. Brownlow in the chair.

July 1st.—"The possibility of Scientific enquiry into a Spiritual Environment." Lecture by F. W. H. Myers, Esq., followed by Discussion. Miss Henderson in the chair.

July 8th.—"That the result of Marriage socially narrows a Woman's Career." Debate opened by Mrs. Leighton. Viscountess Harberton in the chair.

Mrs. Hannah G. Solomons lately officiated as rabbi in the Sinai Temple on Indiana Avenue, Chicago, the temple which, under Dr. Hirsch, has led the way in the liberal Jewish movement. President Fisher, the head of the congregation, and Prof. Kohn, of North Western University, sat beside her in the pulpit. There was not a vacant seat in the house, and there was not a disparaging comment on the new rabbi. President Fisher introduced the "daughter of the congregation," and said that he was pleased that Sinai and its Judaism had advanced to the point where a "daughter" might stand in the place of a rabbi. He claimed it as a triumph for Jewish womanhood. Mrs. Solomon spoke on the work of the recent Council of Jewish women.

Miss Ellen Hinsdale, daughter of Prof. Hinsdale, of Ann Arbor, U.S.A., received her Ph.D. from the University of Göttingen last week. This is the first time that the authorities at the Göttingen University have allowed a woman to try for the degree in Philology, a department, which, in Göttingen, requires an unusually thorough and laborious preparation.

### Sarah.

WESTERN thinkers are so matter-of-fact in their speech and thought that it might not have occurred to them that the true value of this story of Sarah and Hagar, like that of all else, not only in our own Bible but in the scriptures of other faiths, lies in the esoteric meaning, had it not been for Paul, that prince of occult philosophers, who distinctly says, according to the old version, that it is an allegory; according to the revised, that it contains an allegory: "for these women are two covenants," one bearing children unto bondage, the other unto freedom. It is our privilege, Paul goes on to teach, to be children of the free woman, but although we are this by birthright, yet there has to be a personal appreciation of that fact, and an effort to maintain our liberty. The mystical significance of this allegory has never been elucidated in reference to the position of woman, but it may well be considered as establishing her claim, not only for personal freedom, but for the integrity of the home. Acting according to the customs of the day, Sarah connived at her own degradation. Later, when her womanly dignity was developed by reason of her motherhood, she saw what should be her true position in her home, and she made her rightful demand for unrivalled supremacy in that home and in her husband's affections. She was blessed of God in taking that attitude, and was held up to the elect descendants of Abraham nearly 1660 years later by the Apostle Peter as an example to be imitated. And these later women are to be Sarah's daughters, we are told, if like her, they "are not afraid with any amazement," or, as the new version hath it, if they "are not put in fear by any terror."

Even as mere history the life and character of Sarah certainly do not intimate that it was the Divine plan that woman was to be a subordinate, either in person or in her home. Taken esoterically, as all ancient Oriental writings must be to get their full significance, it is an inspiration to woman to-day to stand for her liberty. The bondwoman must be cast out. All that makes for industrial bondage, for sex slavery and humiliation, for the dwarfing of individuality, and for the thralldom of the soul, must be cast out from our home, from society, and from our lives. The woman who does not claim her birthright of freedom will remain in the wilderness with the children that she has borne in degradation, heart starvation, and anguish of spirit, only to find that they are Ishmaels, with their hand against every man. They will be the subjects of Divine care and protection until their destiny is worked out. But she who is to be the mother of kings must herself be free, and have surroundings conducive to maintaining her own purity and dignity. After long ages of freedom shall have eradicated from woman's mind and heart the thought habits of the slave, then will she be a true daughter of Sarah, the Princess.—From "The Woman's Bible."

### When shall we meet?

NOT in the sunshine, not in the rain, not in the night of the stars untold,  
Shall we ever all meet again, or be as we were in the days of old.  
But as ships cross and more cheerily go, having changed tidings upon the sea  
I am the richer by them I know, and they are no poorer, I trust, by me.

WALTER C. SMITH.

## Appeal to the Public.

### SELF-REFORM.

THE great and continual efforts of individuals should be in the direction of the control of their thoughts. To be able to control our thoughts is to become consciously immortal. Continued right thoughts is keeping the bark of being in the direction upon life's ocean, in spite of wind and storm and adverse tides, that will soonest bring us into the harbour of Immortal Life that we are sailing for.

When we can hold our thoughts firmly in the direction we desire, sleeping or waking—and it is possible to do this—we can control all things to our will. All the ills of life come from thoughtlessness or thought wrongly directed; we, in this way, obey the physical passion-urged thoughts, and thus we become the slaves of the lower elements of our being instead of being their masters.

Realising that there cannot be any better condition of affairs in this world until we do learn to think right, we send forth this call for Self-Reform. We want our readers everywhere to help the movement along. We believe that by making this effort we shall the soonest work out of all the troubles that are continually with us. The following is the basis upon which we propose to act:

WHEREAS, The reformatory efforts of humanity, thus far, have been mainly devoted to trying to eliminate evils in others, by external appeals in the form of speeches, writings and arguments to prove the efficacy of certain methods or theories to Reform the race, while those advancing them seem not to understand that Reform comes from within, and must be evolved for one's self; and that only through Self-Reform can one help to Reform the race. Be it therefore—

*Resolved:* That we the undersigned, constitute ourselves a Society for Self-Reform, to try to live in harmony with all life.

*Resolved:* That we shall endeavour to so guard our thoughts, that we shall only evolve good ones; that we will neither think nor speak ill of another, no matter how great the provocation; and that we will strive persistently to be the embodiment of love and good will.

*Resolved:* That so far as lies within our power we will not leave any effort untried, nor let an opportunity pass to help our fellow beings.

LUCY A. MALLORY.

From *The World's Advanced Thought*.

## Patience.

WHAT an unutterable patience here we need.  
That onward looking patience that is strong  
Even to endure the triumph of the wrong,  
The dreadful silence, following on the deed,  
That seems not yet to live, but like a seed,  
Must germinate in darkness for so long.  
How through the passionate discords of the song  
The dominant harmony can we hope to read?  
Patience alone remains: ineffable,  
Calm, self-contained, unshaken by the storms,  
Of passion that have well-nigh power to quell  
The bravest hearts; untroubled by the swarms  
Of petty critics; assured that all is well,  
And under all the great truth grows and forms.

M. HEATH.

## The Busy Month of May.

### URGENT WORK FOR WOMEN WORKERS.

THE Syndicate appointed by the University of Cambridge to consider the question of the admission of women to degrees has reported in favour of conferring upon them the *titles* of the degrees in Arts, Science and Letters, when they are duly qualified by residence, examinations or other requirements. It is now announced that the voting on the question of granting the titles of degrees to women will take place on Friday, May 21st. The Graces (that is, the several recommendations) will be proposed in the form in which they were originally submitted by the Syndicate, excepting that in each Grace a proviso is to be introduced, stating in express terms that "the titles so conferred shall not involve membership of the University."\* The effect of this proviso will be that the women graduates of the near future will not be competent to vote on questions affecting the University, or to take any part in its Government.

The first Grace, for granting to successful women students the degree of B.A., will be voted on from 1 to 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st May, the subsequent Graces being offered immediately afterwards.

It is, of course, on the first Grace that the question will be really decided. These proposals are supported by the chief friends of women's education at Cambridge, amongst whom are seventeen of the leading professors, and a strong Committee of residents, headed by the Master of Trinity. A general committee has been formed under the chairmanship of Professor Westlake for the purpose of supporting the Cambridge Committee.

Among the names already received are the following: Mr. A. Balfour, Mr. Courtney, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord Kinnaird, the Bishop of Ripon, Bishop Barry, Lord MacNaghten, Lord Rigby, Sir Frederick Pollock, and the Head Masters of Charterhouse, Haileybury, Shrewsbury, University College, and King Edward's School, Birmingham; Sir C. Dalrymple, M.P., Archdeacon Emery, Mr. H. J. Roby, Mr. J. E. Johnson Ferguson, Mr. Llewellyn Davies, and others.

As a great step in advance these proposals should be supported by every friend of the higher education of women outside the University. The present proposals in no respect bar the way to future progress, and the title of the degrees thus conferred will prove of great value to the women obtaining them. I urge upon every friend of the woman's cause to use her utmost endeavours before the day of voting to arouse the sympathy of both resident and non-resident members of the University, and to induce as many non-resident members as possible to go up to Cambridge to vote for these proposals on Friday, May 21st.

The great work of the month, however, remains the question of Women's Suffrage. The effect of withdrawing from us June 23rd, by including it within the Whitsuntide holiday, would be a very serious one, since it would practically involve the loss of the Bill for the present Session. As the chances for any other Session depend exclusively on the mere fortunes of the ballot, if women allow that day to be taken away from them, it may be many years indeed before any opportunity for another consideration of the subject will be afforded. I repeat that the loss of June 23rd will almost certainly involve the loss of the Bill for the present Session, because nothing can now be done to change the position of the Bill until the day itself is reached, when, if Parliament is sitting, it

\* For the actual text of the Graces (or resolutions) see the end of this article.

may, by the refusal to accept amendments, be dealt with and passed through the stages of Committee and Third Reading in the one afternoon. But should Parliament not be sitting, the Bill will in the due order of events be transferred to the next business day of the Session, when it will follow all Government and other business previously put down for that day. The sponsor of the Bill can then put it down for any vacant place on any suitable day still remaining, but the probabilities are overwhelming that there will be no such place whatever, the only possible dates being the Wednesdays after Whitsuntide, which will before then be filled up by private members' Bills, and these, thanks to the slackness of Government business, will probably fill up every Wednesday afternoon after Whitsuntide, so that a second, third, or even a fourth place will scarcely be available for the Women's Suffrage question. Under these circumstances every earnest Suffragist will necessarily claim the day as a matter of right and justice. It is ours and it ought not to be taken away. The only pretext for its inclusion within the Whitsuntide holiday is either the sheer laziness of the House of Commons, determined to escape wherever possible from any earnest work, or the desire of our enemies to avoid a discussion in which they know that on fair terms they are bound to be beaten. If precedent be sought for, and we go back to 1887, the Jubilee year, it will be found that the House of Commons sat and busied itself with Committee of Supply on June 20th, the actual Jubilee Day, although it did not sit on Tuesday, June 21st, on account of the Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey; but on June 22nd it was again sitting, for the Coal-mines' Regulation Bill was considered in Committee. The monstrous proposal at present current to take holiday from the beginning of June till June 24th is one that women ought to resist with all their might and to protest against both publicly and privately. I ask, therefore, every friend of Women's Suffrage, man or woman, to write at once to every member of Parliament he or she can influence, asking him to resist any proposal for the inclusion of June 23rd within the Whitsuntide holidays, and to promise to be himself in his place that day in the House of Commons to support the Bill through the Committee and Third Reading stages. It is absolutely necessary that vigorous action be taken in this matter by our friends, for the enemy is in possession and always actively busy. . . . I have previously explained why it is desirable to pass the Bill as it stands and to reject all amendments. I subjoin at the end of this article the amendments now standing in the Order Book, with some of which I personally strongly sympathise, but it is so essential that the principle of Women's Suffrage should be firmly established and placed on the Statute Book that no amendment, however desirable in itself, ought to be permitted to delay this result for one moment. The Bill will enfranchise all those women who at present enjoy any local franchise, and from this point of view may be regarded as a good and practical measure. But I confess that even were the Bill much worse than it is I should be unwilling to risk any further delay. We have waited a great deal too long already, and we have twice seen a Bill carried successfully through Second Reading only to go no further. One argument largely used against the Bill is, indeed it has been stated in the House of Commons, that it enfranchises only "rich, idle and useless women." This is absolutely and absurdly untrue, as anyone will know who considers for a moment the body of women who to her own knowledge, in her own district, exercise any of the local franchises. In my own parish the practical result of the Bill will be that some fifteen hardworking women, women that is, earning their own living by the work of their hands, will obtain the Parliamentary vote to one

woman living upon means accumulated or inherited, and I cannot but believe from the data within my reach that similar proportions will generally prevail throughout the whole country.

I would like to call the attention of all friends of Women's Suffrage to the admirable article by Lady Henry Somerset, "The Victorian Era; Women in the Queen's Reign," which gives a vivid picture of the changes which the last sixty years have made in the position of women. I would earnestly ask everyone to obtain and read it. In one or two points, however, I must dissent from Lady Henry. In the course of her argument she assumes that "women have, between 1870 and 1894, been admitted to five of the existing six franchises of England." By these I presume she means the Municipal, School Board, County Council, Board of Guardians, and Parish Council votes. But Lady Henry Somerset appears to be quite unaware that the restoration of the Municipal vote to women in 1869 was an act of *restitution*, and not a new concession, made for the first time. There were women burgesses in many of our corporate towns before the Conquest, and there were women burgesses in most of them at the time of the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act, 1835, which, by using the words "male person," practically disfranchised all the women voters then existing in corporate towns. But women outside corporate towns, in places, that is, governed by Health Commissioners and the like, went on voting as before, their ratepaying qualification conferring upon them the right to vote. This argument was used with great effect in 1869, when a Municipal Franchise Bill was again brought before the House of Commons. It happened at that very time that the little town of Southport was seeking a charter of incorporation, and the women ratepayers found to their dismay that should the charter be granted they would be summarily disfranchised. I may add, in illustration of the antiquity of some of these civic rights, the fact that at the very time this question of the restitution of the Municipal vote to women was under consideration by the House of Commons, that is in May, 1869, a case was under consideration by the Committee of the Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh. A woman had there applied to have her husband admitted a burgess in her right. The question was remitted by the City Council to the Lord Provost's Committee, who, after considering all the ancient precedents, reported that the husband could not be admitted a burgess in right of his wife, but that she was competent to be admitted a burgess in her own right.

When the question of the restoration of the Municipal vote to women was brought before the House of Commons, the House showed no reluctance whatever to remedy the probably inadvertent fault committed in 1835, and the word "male" was struck out by common consent without one dissentient voice. I say this with absolute knowledge of the circumstances, being one of those who, outside Parliament, worked hard to secure this act of restitution.

So too with the parochial vote. Lady Henry seems to be unaware that the old vestry vote was the right of every parishioner, and in the belief of very many of us the concession in this Jubilee year of the Parliamentary vote to women will be the greatest act of *restitution* which Parliament has yet performed. To secure this act of restitution I entreat every woman to work with the utmost vigour during the few weeks now before us, and especially *at once*, because, if June 23rd be lost, though we shall never despair, we may have to look forward to a long and protracted period of interminable toil and struggle.

I urge that the attitude our friends should take should be that the day is ours as a matter of right and justice, and that to take it away from

us will be a flagrant breach of duty on the part of the House of Commons; a breach of duty which could never be contemplated but for the fact of the contempt for women engendered by ages of male prerogative.

ELIZABETH C. WOLSTENHOLME ELMY.

PARLIAMENTARY FRANCHISE (EXTENSION TO WOMEN) BILL:—

IN COMMITTEE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23RD.

Notices of amendment:—

Sir Charles Dilke.—Clause 2, page 1, line 7, leave out from "Act" to "voter," in line 15, and insert "for all purposes connected with or having reference to the right to vote at parliamentary elections, words in any Act of Parliament importing the masculine gender shall include women, and for all such purposes marriage shall not be a disqualification."

Colonel Milward.—Clause 2, page 1, line 7, after "woman" insert "being a widow or a spinster."

Sir Charles Dilke.—Clause 2, page 1, line 7, after "woman," insert "whether married or single."

Mr. Maclure.—Clause 2, page 1, line 7, after "who is," insert "possessed in her own right of freehold property, rent charge, or chief rent of the value of twenty pounds per annum, or who is."

Sir Charles Dilke.—Clause 2, page 1, line 7, leave out from "is" to "exist," in line 10, and insert "possessed of a household qualification."

Clause 3, page 1, line 9, after "building" insert "or who is possessed of a county or borough occupation qualification."

Clause 2, page 1, line 9, after "building" insert "or who is possessed of a lodger qualification."

Clause 2, page 1, line 9, after "building" insert "or who is possessed of a service qualification."

Clause 2, page 1, line 9, after "building" insert "or who is possessed of a county property qualification."

Mr. Griffith-Boscawen.—Clause 2, page 1, line 10, after "exist" insert "or is in her own right possessed of any freehold property, rent-charge, or chief rent, which if possessed by a man would entitle him to vote."

Mr. Macdona.—Clause 2, page 1, line 10, after "exists" insert "or is in her own right possessed of any freehold property, rent-charge, or chief rent, which if possessed by a man would entitle him to vote."

Sir Charles Dilke.—Clause 2, page 1, line 14, leave out from "provided" to "voter" in line 15.

DEGREES FOR WOMEN AT CAMBRIDGE.

TEXT OF GRACES TO BE VOTED UPON ON FRIDAY, MAY 21ST, 1897.

1. That it is desirable that the title of the Degree of Bachelor of Arts be conferred by diploma upon women who, in accordance with the now existing ordinances, shall hereafter satisfy the examiners in a final tripos examination, and shall have kept by residence nine terms at least, provided that the title so conferred shall not involve membership of the University.

2. That it is desirable that (subject to the same proviso) the title of the degree of Bachelor of Arts be conferred by diploma upon women who, in accordance with the now existing ordinances, have already satisfied the examiners in a final tripos examination and shall have kept by residence eight terms at least.

3. That it is desirable that (subject to the same proviso) the title of the degree of Master of Arts be conferred by diploma upon women who have received the title of the degree of Bachelor of Arts if six years have elapsed since the end of their first term of residence and two years from the end of the Michaelmas term in the year in which they received the title of the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

4. That it is desirable that (subject to the same proviso) the title of the degree of Doctor in Science or Letters be conferred by diploma upon women who have five years previously received the title of the degree of Master of Arts and have made valuable and original contributions to science or letters.

5. That it is desirable that (subject to the same proviso) the University be empowered to grant by diploma titles of degrees in arts, laws, letters, science and music to women who have not fulfilled the usual conditions, but have been recommended for such titles *honoris causa* by the Council of the Senate.

Stray Thoughts on Hospitals.

By W. W.

PART III.

THERE is an old saying that history repeats itself, and in the present condition of unrest and dissatisfaction with regard to hospitals and their management, we have a fresh proof of its truth. That hospitals in the early part of this century were by no means equal to what they became later, is well known. They, like many other things, benefited by the ideas which received so great an impulse from the French Revolution—ideas, which though already in existence previous to that terrible upheaval, yet came through its scorching fires renewed and strengthened, so that from having been in many cases but the ideas of chosen individuals, they became principles, which could be grasped and fought for, by men of less academic and of rougher mould.

Of these ideas the predominating one was, the right of man, as man, to fair treatment; or in other words, the evil and wrong of privilege; and these ideas rendered a change in the management of hospitals imperative. These institutions, notwithstanding the heavenly character attributed to them by Edmund Burke, were in a sadly earthly condition, and those who knew most about them were best aware of this fact. The necessity for a reform was patent, the only question was, how the change so much wanted, should come about; and in view of the somewhat similar state of dissatisfaction which prevails on the same subject to-day, it may be both of interest and of use to consider how the needed changes at last did come to pass, and see whether this old story has any lesson to teach us. A most interesting account of this revolution in hospital matters has lately been published in the *Lancet*, and for what follows I am entirely indebted to that journal.

In the year 1815, there came to London, to study medicine at the united schools of St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals, a young man. He belonged to a numerous family, where the predominating atmosphere was that of fair play. In London hospitals he found a condition of things directly the reverse. Nepotism reigned supreme, talent and application counted for little unless backed up by medical influence and connections; in fact, to quote the *Lancet*, "Nepotism was rampant, ignorance was too often exalted, and pecuniary traffic determined success." Lecturers paid by the high fees of students to deliver lectures in the medical schools often sent substitutes; lectures were not allowed to be published, so that the lectures of such men as Abernethy and Astley Cooper were only of use to their own students, and were lost to students attending any other medical schools. Hospitals were managed as if they existed for the benefit of the officials, and not for the patients; unsatisfactory operations were hushed up, and the public knew little of them; finally, the great medical corporations were in such a condition in the year 1826, that this young man in his indignation declared, that "you might as well remonstrate with the devil as with such a constitutionally rotten concern as the Royal College of Surgeons," and he determined to make it his life's work to combat these abuses and to conquer them, and he did it. That man was Thomas Wakley, founder of the *Lancet*. It is needless to say, that he brought down on himself a perfect avalanche of abuse. For telling the truth about these matters, he was denounced by his professional opponents as a disseminator of moral garbage, he was abused in every way, and when all other methods of attack were exhausted, it was darkly hinted that "he had a past." However, Wakley cared nothing, he defied what he called the "medical ring" of that day, charged them with clinging to their fees, hinted at "astonishing revelations of abuses," pointed out that hitherto hospital officials had carefully avoided publicity; asserted that the elections to the staffs of the various hospitals in the metropolis were solely due to family influence, and gave most discreditable accounts in the *Lancet*, which paper he had founded in 1823, of the administration of the medical schools, and of the practice in the hospital wards. When to all this he added a banter at the expense of Sir Astley Cooper's favouritism for his relations, speaking of him and his colleagues as united not only by ties of relationship, but by a "common participation in £3,600 a year, which they annually extract from their students," we can hardly be surprised that he was from that day excluded from the Borough Hospitals by order of the surgeons to those institutions (St. Thomas's and Guy's). Justly, however, did Wakley say, "These men fear publicity because they habitually betray their trusts. They discharge public duties inefficiently, and fear lest the public should find them out. Therefore they drive the truth seeker from among them."

But this arbitrary move on the part of the hospital officials did not benefit them much. Just as Wakley had, at the commencement of his warfare, been able to take down notes of the lectures of Astley Cooper and Abernethy under their very eyes, yet without their knowledge, notes which he then published *in extenso*, to their great wrath



and indignation (thus for the first time vindicating the right of the public to read lectures given in the medical schools), so he now, through many friends and adherents, obtained the information necessary to him in his struggle, and which he was debarred from obtaining himself. That these colleagues should aid him covertly, writing also under pseudonyms in his dashing periodical, is not to be wondered at. Even after some years, when certain of these earlier friends had severed their connection with the *Lancet*, and, in one case at least, had accepted preferment of which Wakley disapproved, as incompatible with opposition to abuses, this silence did not cease, but was strictly observed on both sides; for to be known as being connected with the *Lancet* would have been sufficient to end all chance of advancement, not only for a student, but even for one already holding a post of authority, in most of the hospitals.

Very shortly after the above mentioned expulsion, a very painful affair occurred, which gave point to all the charges of *mal praxis* and nepotism by which Wakley had made himself so obnoxious. An operation, the details of which are even at this distance of time painful to read of, ended fatally; the circumstances could not fail to excite strong feeling, even in one less impulsive than Wakley, and his natural indignation was fanned to fever heat, by the utterances of the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, the rival journal of the *Lancet*. This paper having expressed the opinion that, if a surgeon fail from want of dexterity, it is sufficient punishment without the torture of his failure being blazoned forth to the public, Wakley replied with scorn, that though he was "prepared for the imbecilities of these hole and corner champions," yet "this monstrous proposition somewhat staggered" him. This was followed by so fierce an attack on the peccant surgeon, that it led to a libel action in which Wakley defended himself with his usual vigour, cautioning the jury not to place too much reliance on the evidence of "a gang of hospital surgeons," who, he said, stood by the plaintiff, because they were aware they might any day be in the same position themselves, and concluding his speech with an eloquent appeal that the jury would "consider the poor in their verdict, the poor, who were at the mercy of the hospital surgeon." The verdict was nominally for the plaintiff, but really for Wakley; it is therefore not wonderful that his opponents waxed more and more wrath, and described him as a "malicious slanderer," and "a panderer to morbid tastes" in publishing his hospital reports. Little do we think to-day in perusing the pages of the *Lancet* and studying its hospital reports, of the fierce encounters which raged round them some seventy years ago.

In the year 1827 an apparently ordinary occurrence took place in Scotland, which nevertheless has left a lasting mark on the Statute book of Great Britain, and in the history of the medical profession. There died in an Edinburgh lodging-house a man so poor that he absolutely left nothing wherewith the rent due by him could be defrayed—unfortunately not a very unusual occurrence. His landlord, also himself poor, could not afford the loss, and knowing that a good price was paid for subjects for dissection, took the body of his lodger to the proper quarter and received £7 10s. for it, a casual remark being made that as much would be given for any others which might be brought. So far all was open and above board on all sides; but soon a regular trade sprang up in subjects for dissection; no questions were asked but once, and no explanation given as to how this sudden supply was procured.

At last in November, 1828, matters could no longer be kept quiet. Two men, Burke and Hare, were charged with committing a series of murders, and thus possessing themselves with these bodies; they were tried for their lives and found guilty, and as a result of these hideous revelations a Parliamentary Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Henry Warburton, was appointed to enquire into the study of anatomy as practised in the United Kingdom. In 1829 Mr. Warburton introduced a Bill for allowing the unclaimed bodies of persons dying in hospital to be sold for the purpose of dissection. The Commons passed it, but the Lords threw it out.

In 1831 another murder occurred, this time in London; the victim was an Italian boy who made his livelihood by showing white mice. The body was offered for sale to the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Partridge of King's College Hospital; fortunately he suspected foul play, and instituted enquiries, which brought the murderers to justice.

This last outrage sufficed to carry the Anatomy Bill successfully through Parliament. By this Act dissection was placed, and to this day remains, under the jurisdiction of the Home Office. The Home Secretary grants licences to dissect, but no dissection can legally be made, except in some place of which the Home Secretary has had notice a week previously. The Home Office may appoint inspectors for all such places, one of the duties of the inspector, being to make quarterly returns as to the bodies carried in for examination. Wakley on this, as on many other occasions, advocated what has since come to pass, thereby again showing his distrust of hospital authorities; he desired that the inspectors should distribute the subjects to the different places in strict proportion to the number of students. He feared, it is said, that

otherwise the big hospitals would act unfairly to the smaller institutions and to the private schools of anatomy, of which he was a staunch supporter, and would succeed in obtaining more than their just share of the subjects for dissection.

And here I may mention in passing, that this was a matter which touched him closely; he was a devotee of anatomy. To quote the *Lancet*, "That he considered an intimate acquaintance with the machinery of the human body an absolute essential to all medical study, is revealed over and over again in his writings in the *Lancet*, in his words from the coroner's bench, and in his Parliamentary speeches." "To say that a knowledge of anatomy is the basis of all sound medicine and surgery, is such a truism, that to claim for Thomas Wakley that it was his idea must seem a little unnecessary, for if he had not possessed the idea he would have stood convicted of shortsightedness." Unfortunately it does not appear to be a truism in the eyes of those responsible for medical education to-day.

In 1834 a Parliamentary Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Warburton, was appointed to enquire into the state of the medical profession, and to take evidence, among other things, on the treatment in institutions supported by voluntary contributions, and on the mode of appointing officers of such hospitals. Among the witnesses called were those who held the very highest place in the profession, some of whom had upheld the existing condition of things and had accused the malcontents with being either "malicious" or "hood-winked, silly persons." Mr. Guthrie, speaking for the College of Physicians, gave the most contradictory evidence, shewed that Wakley was perfectly within his right in speaking of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons as a "self-perpetuating junto," its "education useless, and its examiners not fit or proper persons." His evidence was perfectly conclusive, but conclusive against the condition of things he strove to defend.

The following year Wakley entered Parliament; always on the Liberal side, one of his first acts was to defend some of the earliest trades unionists, and to procure their pardon. In 1836, in a debate on the Muting Bill, he supported Daniel O'Connell in pleading for the total abolition of flogging in the army, and it is interesting to record, that the majority of military men and the members for garrison towns supported him. Besides this, and other reforms which he advocated, he was successful in his effort to get smallpox inoculation made illegal. In the year 1839 one of the most important events of his life, both for himself and the public, occurred. He was elected coroner of West Middlesex, the first medical man ever selected for the post. This was one of the many questions on which he had long held strong opinions; the absurdity of the verdicts brought in, and the rarity of inquests having often astonished and disgusted him. When, for example, we find it on record, that the death of an infant from over-dosing with mercury was brought in as "Death by the visitation of God, and not in consequence of any neglect on the part of any person or persons," it is evident that at that time at least, a medical coroner was an absolute necessity for the safety of the public.

True to his traditions, Wakley at once began to introduce reforms, and as a commencement, issued a series of regulations as to when the coroner must be notified of a death. The most important to us in relation to hospitals to-day, was the rule that, whenever a woman died either in childbirth or a few hours after, an inquest was necessary in order to ascertain if the death were due to natural causes, or to neglect or mismanagement of any kind. Important as this rule must seem, and wise as all the others likewise would appear, they called down a fresh storm of abuse and rage on Wakley's head. Hospital officials declared they contained a "deliberate insult to the medical profession," and that part of the medical press which in many cases had found its interests seriously interfered with by Wakley, now made its voice heard in condemnation of these rules, asserting that they were dangerous to the profession, which they would be used to overawe, precisely as the *Lancet* by its fierce attacks on hospital mismanagement, had in the past been used to overawe all who had charge of those institutions. Naturally all this mattered little to a man, who had ever wisely regarded the abuse of the upholders of abuses as the highest form of praise, and it was not long before the general public had an opportunity of judging, what a valuable acquisition not only West Middlesex, but the whole British Empire, had made in the appointment of its first medical coroner.

In 1846 Frederick John White, a trooper in the 7th Hussars, was sentenced to be flogged for grave insubordination. The punishment, which was very severe, took place in the presence of the Colonel and of a certain Dr. Warren, who, it seems incredible to state, permitted the man to be flogged after seventeen hours' deprivation of food, and further allowed him to be refused a cup of tea, for which he asked the sergeant in charge of him, as he walked to hospital after the punishment. Even supposing Dr. Warren was not absolutely cognizant of these extra strains put on a man subjected to severe suffering, it is impossible to acquit him of grave neglect of his duty; his presence implying that no undue demands were made on the strength

of the offending soldier, it was imperative that he should ascertain his condition previous to and subsequent to the punishment. The end of the story was, that after recovering somewhat, and manifesting a great deal of pluck, White fell ill and died, nominally of some affection of the lungs. Only after several days did the matter reach Wakley's ears—he instantly insisted on holding an inquest, and on a further examination being made of the unfortunate man's remains. For this purpose he summoned Mr. Erasmus Wilson—afterwards Sir Erasmus Wilson—to his aid. The *post-mortem* convinced Wilson that even though White might have died, as stated, of some lung disease, yet that the mischief was itself due to flogging, and he reported accordingly at the inquest. Wakley now was able to do more to crush out this shameful practice than O'Connell and he would ever have been able to do in the House of Commons. He appealed to the public, and raised such a storm through the country that flogging, though not absolutely abolished till the year 1881, yet became so hedged in with provisos and was so rarely and carefully inflicted, that its official extinction when it came attracted little notice, it having already virtually ceased to exist.

So Frederick John White did not die in vain, and, like many another, though unwittingly, did a greater work by his death, than he could ever have done by his life. Even on this memorable occasion Wakley's enemies, those whose interests he had attacked, those who clung to the abuses he was steadily undermining, could not forgive him, and of the whole press the only paper which did not support him was the *Medical Times*, which abused him and Erasmus Wilson with vigour, and vowed the whole thing was got up by Wakley for electioneering purposes.

In the year 1848 a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider the question of medical registration, and Wakley had the satisfaction of cross-examining the President of the London Corporations on their methods. This must truly have been a triumphant moment for him after his long struggle with them, during which, to quote the *Lancet*, "he passed from their contempt to their hatred, from their hatred to their fear, from their fear to their respect, and from their respect, in many instances, to their friendship."

Just ten years later, when the General Medical Council was instituted, he again shewed his prescience, in advocating a greater amount of direct representation of the profession on it, exactly what the rank and file is still calling out for; a demand which is exciting violent heat and much unparliamentary language, quite (worthy of that used during Wakley's many struggles,) but which has not as yet been conceded by the powers that be.

Much more might be told of this remarkable man; the interesting points of his career are very numerous, and are not merely confined to his medical work; in fact even those who, as a rule, care but little for medical matters, would find a perusal of his life as told in the pages of the *Lancet* for 1896, amply repay them for the time spent on it. But it is with his work for hospitals and public health that this paper has to do; I am therefore compelled to close it, quoting in conclusion the words spoken of him by a great surgeon: "When Wakley began as a journalist," said Sir John Erichsen, "corruption, jobbery, nepotism, promotion by purchase, were rife in the colleges and hospitals, and medical education was at a low ebb." "By his outspoken and fearless denunciations of these abuses he brought about their reform."

He was a grand man, and if he at times approached certain questions from the point of view of how they affected his own profession more than from that of the general public, who shall blame him, or gainsay, that in his battles the interests of the public were on the whole identical with those of the profession, and that therefore the *esprit de corps* which animated him, was a source of good and not of evil

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink and sleep—to expose to the darkness and the light—to pace around in the mill of habit. In this but a fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities will slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the hearth; the tears that freshen the dry wastes within; the music that brings childhood back; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship which forces us to struggle; the anxieties that end in trust; all these are the true nourishment of our natural being.

### Women's Position in Turkey.

Just now as woman's position in most countries is so momentous a matter, it would be well to compare the progressive situation of Western women with the degrading position our Eastern sisters have to occupy.

Let us commence by considering her childhood, from her earliest years. If she has the misfortune to be one of a large family of girls only, her lot is still more deplorable. Her birth is looked upon by her father with the greatest indifference. He dare not deplore it, for it is Allah's will, to which every Turk knows how to submit; but the rejoicings which usually attend the birth of a male child contrast strangely and sadly with the arrival of only a girl. The father will even try and conceal her birth from his friends as if it were an iniquity to have added to the number of women. Often the father of a large family of boys and girls when called upon to state the number of them, will answer with great pride (say), "I have six children!" "All boys?" "Ah . . . no . . . four girls as well." This is added with much timidity, as if ashamed to confess to so great a misfortune. I have even heard of husbands who have divorced their wives for the great crime of only having given birth to girls.

Neither does the mother take the same interest in her female child, for she is aware of her husband's indifference, nay, often displeasure. The gifts she receives in return for a girl (for the Turkish husband always rewards his wife for every child she bears, looking upon a large family as a blessing of Allah), the gifts are neither as handsome nor as costly as those received in return for a boy. If it be in a wealthy family, the little baby girl is entrusted to the entire charge of a nurse, from her very earliest years she is trained to be as quiet as possible.

The only and continual order she receives is, "sit sit" (*otour-otour*), and, poor little mite, sit she does. Not an attempt being made to awaken or cultivate her intelligence; no toys nor rattles—no nursery rhymes nor fairy tales—no delightful romps in the nursery with brothers or sisters, mother or auntie. All this is a myth to the poor forlorn little Turk. Is it then surprising that her intellectual faculties seem torpid and deadened? Rarely, very rarely, does a Turkish mother kiss or fondle her girl, who is early taught to pay the utmost deference to her parents. On perceiving her mother or father, she walks sedately up to them, takes hold of their hand, kisses it and presses it to her forehead. This being the greatest sign of respect with the Turks. Servants and slaves kiss the hem of their employers' or owners' garment, and press the spot in a similar way to their forehead.

The Turkish little sisters can never join in any game with their brothers. This would be termed "a great shame," (*ajibder*, a favourite Turkish expression), for early, very early is modesty and the sense of propriety impressed upon her.

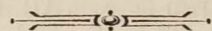
When she has reached the age to receive instruction, she is handed over to a "master" or *khodja*, who very often is a certain dignitary of a mosque.

It is not rarely that she imbibes from him, fanatic and superstitious notions and hatred towards the unbelievers (*Gaours*). He teaches her to write, read the Koran and recite prayers by heart.

The written Turkish language being extremely difficult, and the pupil not always over bright, very little progress is made, and by the time her education is considered completed, she has just mastered enough to read with difficulty and write a very imperfect letter.

But here again, a girl or woman has so little opportunity of making use of that which she has learned, that it is of very little consequence how much or how little she has profited by her instruction.

Sometimes it happens, and fortunately it is becoming more universal now, that the enlightened Turk, when he has the means, engages the services of a foreign governess to instruct his daughters in the English, French or German language and in music. But of this much had better be left untold, for although it is a very slight step towards emancipation and progression, this education is as yet in its very embryo. As the Turk desires nothing else but the mere satisfaction of hearing his daughters talk and prattle the language, and often being unacquainted with it himself, his choice of governess is not always a happy one, and often he gets sadly imposed upon. The girl upon reaching the age of fourteen is deemed mature, and given in marriage or affianced. Much more serious is her history at, and after this stage, and it will require a further chapter.



In 1872 Mr. Henry W. Sage offered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the erection and endowment of a dormitory, in Cornell University, for the use of women students. After thorough enquiry as to the working of co-education elsewhere, the trustees accepted the offer, and have never had any reason to regret their action. The scholarship of the women (who now make up one-ninth of the whole attendance) averaged higher than that of the men; and it is believed that their presence, so far from working injury to the University manners and morals, is one factor of the remarkably good order which prevails.—*Saturday Evening Spectator*.

The intuitive one has the whole universe for a library.

It is time to give up the idea that capitalists are the only tyrants. There will always be slavery for the majority, until the majority have grown into the spirit of justice and truth, and thus learned self-government. This is what all the present agitation is leading to; it is getting the people to think—the capitalists, [monopolists, “sweaters” as well as the oppressed—and that will be their salvation.

Duties accumulate if left unperformed, and form the ever-increasing burden that weighs down with misery the ignorant, thoughtless ones. Every duty performed lifts one a step upward; every duty shirked sinks one down a step. Perform each duty as it comes up. As brick by brick the house is built, so duty by duty we construct our mansions eternal in the heavens.

UNIVERSAL BUREAU, 1A, PORTLAND ROAD, HOLLAND PARK, W.—MISS SCHÖNBERG, in establishing this Bureau, endeavours to meet the requirements of a long-felt want, and intends to carry out commissions of all descriptions. BAZAARS ORGANISED. RECEPTIONS AND “AT HOMES” ARRANGED. PROFESSIONALS ENGAGED. HOUSES, APARTMENTS, AND BOARD FOUND IN ANY LOCALITY. GUIDES PROVIDED FOR SIGHT-SEEING AND TRAVELLERS. SHOPPING EXECUTED. MISS SHÖNBERG gives immediate attention to all communications addressed to her.

### The Moral Crusade of the Nineteenth Century.

IN the March number of SHAFTS I called attention under this title to the imminent danger of the re-imposition in one form or another of the infamous Contagious Diseases Acts, first in India and ultimately in England. At the moment the greater part of the press of the country had proved utterly traitor to the cause of justice, freedom and equal humanity, demanding vociferously the re-imposition of this wicked system and the consequent degradation of womanhood as a sacrifice to the alleged necessity of vice for men. For the moment the danger, so far as England alone is concerned, seems to have passed away. The wild outcries of the panic-mongering statisticians seem to have a little overshot their mark, and to have shown all thoughtful persons that, were the state of things really such as they alleged, the question at issue would not be a re-imposition of the Contagious Diseases Acts or any analogous system, but a reconsideration and reformation of our whole military system, especially in India. For evidence as to the falsity of the alleged figures, I would refer the readers of SHAFTS to an article in the current number of the *Westminster Review*, “The Contagious Diseases Acts: A Warning.” Yet it is upon the faith of figures such as those there criticised that the present Government have sanctioned the imposition in India of methods closely analogous to the condemned system, which can only prepare the way for the re-introduction of the worst and most mischievous form of that system unless the humanity and sense of justice of the nation demand the total withdrawal of these measures, and the substitution for them of measures based upon the recognition that even a British soldier in India is a human being, and not a mere male animal.

On March 22nd last, the *Times*, quoting from the *Indian Pioneer*, gives the following suggestion:—

“There are various ways in which this could be done. It would be open to the Secretary of State for War, or for India, to make a direct appeal to Parliament on the basis of the terrible facts that have been disclosed, and to demand from that authority the specific repudiation of the principle laid down by the House of Commons’ resolution which established free trade in vice. Or another course would be simpler still. Acting with the approval of the Cabinet, the Secretary of State for India might direct the Government out here to re-enact such measures as were formerly in operation for the protection of the health of the army, or such others as more mature experience should point out as desirable, and then wait attack from the other side before saying a word about the matter in Parliament. Then, if fanatics raised an outcry, the answer would come with overwhelming force, and if appeal were made to the old resolution of the Commons the answer would be equally complete.”

The Government chose to follow the “simpler” course recommended. Disregarding absolutely the resolution of the House of Commons, passed in 1888, Lord George Hamilton issued on the 26th of March a military despatch from the Secretary of State to the Government of India:—

“Regarding the measures to be adopted for checking the spread of venereal disease among the British troops in India.”

Now I need hardly point out that this is a very serious matter even on the face of it. That a Government department considers itself authorised to over-ride a deliberate resolution of the House of Commons, and to act absolutely in defiance of any such resolution, is a very grave approach indeed to a system of despotic government. It is quite time that those who believe in representative government at all, should examine how far such representation is a reality.

Now Lord George Hamilton, whilst expressly saying that

“In any measures which may be adopted there must be nothing that can be represented as an encouragement of vice,”

and again, that

"There must be no compulsory and periodical examination of women," nevertheless recommends the Government of India to adopt, and if they have not at present power to do so, to take such power by legislation, measures which must practically lead up to compulsory examination and compulsory registration. As a modification of the evils of male medical inspection of women, it is suggested that

"Female medical assistants should be employed under the direction of the medical officer in the examination and treatment of women."

Those who remember the origin in England of the evil system against which Mrs. Butler and her friends fought so painfully during seventeen long years, will remember in how apparently inoffensive a form the first beginnings manifested themselves. It is not possible here to go into those details, but I venture to warn my fellow women to resist the very beginnings of evil. To acquiesce in the restoration of this system in India is practically to acquiesce in the degradation of womanhood everywhere.

Rightly considered, the question with which we have to deal is one far graver than that of physical disease. The moral disease of which it is at once the symptom, and the outcome is a matter of far more serious import to the nation, whether at home or abroad. If indeed our troops in India are so degraded and demoralised as to make provision for their evil doings a necessity, it is manifest that they themselves are a standing menace to the integrity of the Empire and to the well-being of all subject races. Writing in March, I alleged that the time had now come to deal with the causes of this evil of masculine vice, and I wish again to repeat here emphatically what I then said, that the most influential of these causes is the double code of sexual morality recognised by English law and English social custom. It is absolutely needful to the moral health of the whole community that this double code be set aside at once and for ever: that profligacy in a man be regarded as equally degrading with profligacy in a woman, and that woman be set free from all the restraints and injustices which have hitherto kept her as the sexual slave of man. Economic independence, freedom to choose and determine the conditions of her own life, fulness of education, freedom of culture; all these and much more must be secured to woman.

But for the immediate purpose of dealing with our Army in India three or four things must be primarily insisted upon. If it be the fact that the number of married men, which under the East India Company was 20 or 30 per cent. has been steadily reduced to less than 4 per cent., it is quite time for a reconsideration and readjustment of this part of the question. If it be true that the great bulk of soldiers sent out to India are mere youths, often under eighteen, it is quite time that older men and a system of longer service should be secured to the Army in India. If it be true that the character of the commanding officer is closely connected with the singular fact that disease, which is alleged to be so enormously increasing on the whole, is yet decreasing, and that rapidly, at particular stations, is it not time that the moral character of officers as well as of men be primarily taken into account as a most important element in determining fitness for promotion? If it be true that a man who has spent much of his time in hospital from these disgraceful diseases may yet, if well conducted as a soldier in other respects when out of hospital, be discharged with a character described as "exemplary," is it not time that his character with regard to sexual morality should be taken fully into consideration in giving a soldier's "character"? With regard

to these and other measures for the diminution of profligacy amongst our troops, which it is in the power of the War Office to decide upon at once, I would refer the readers of SHAFTS to the Memorandum issued by the British Committee of the Federation for the Abolition of the State Regulation of Vice. I would urge everyone to write to Miss Forsaith, the Secretary of that Committee, 17, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W., for copies of the several papers recently issued on this most important subject.

The one hopeful sign in the present situation is that the reintroduction of the evil system is strenuously disapproved of by a very large body of the Indian Army officers themselves. If women wake up now to their full duty in this matter, they will have powerful allies in a quarter where such help has hitherto been little expected. The plain duty of women is to demand justice for their sex, whether in England, India, or in any of our colonies and dependencies. Upon justice to women will follow a high and noble sexual morality for men, and upon this high and noble morality will speedily follow the rapid diminution and ultimate extinction of this foul disease.

ELIZABETH C. WOLSTENHOLME ELMY.

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### Memories.

A GARDEN old, with fruit and flowers,  
Girt round with moss-grown crumbling wall,  
With quiet nooks and leafy bowers,  
And God's glad sunshine over all:

And God's deep peacefulness around,  
And Life's unrest far, far away;  
Nor aught to break the calm profound,  
To mar the blessed holy-day.

And God's best gift of all below—  
Long years of weary waiting past—  
Vouchsafed—all undeserved, I know—  
To crown with happiness at last:—

The gift of that one kindred soul,  
The better self, that each must meet  
E'er Life becomes a perfect whole,  
And all its harmonies complete.

O sunny tresses, true, true eyes,  
That light with love so tenderly;  
O joy of joys, O highest prize,  
The golden heart that beats for me!

And there we walk, my love and I,  
And dream the halcyon hours away;  
O envious hours, to hasten by!  
O ruthless Time, that will not stay!

\* \* \* \*

Dear heart!—it all comes back again:  
And through our days of sorest ill,  
Of trial, separation, pain,  
We have those dear, dear memories still.

C. E. TEMPLE.

## Reviews

*Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland.* By Olive Schreiner.

"Our Humanity," says Bacon, "were but a poor thing, but for the Divinity that stirs within us:" and as we have been reading lately in our morning papers the evidence extracted by the South African Committee inquiry and then turn for contrast and relief to a few pages of Olive Schreiner's latest work, we feel that so strongly has that Divinity stirred within her, that Trooper Peter Halket's story shall not have been told in vain, that the Union Jack shall no more fly over South Africa with a "black bar across it for the Chartered Company," and that men shall no more say, "There is no God in Mashonaland!"

It is worthy of remark that so compellingly has that Divinity stirred within the heart of the writer who brings such a sad but impassioned indictment against those who have had authority in Mashonaland and Matabeleland, that her thoughts have almost instinctively taken on them the language and form of phrase of him, whose Divinity shone out so clearly through his Humanity, that those to whom it was given to perceive but one side of truth, hailed him as the one and only personification of the Divine. There are some even now to whom this form of language is a stumbling block, who deem that the words spoken in pity and in love should not have been put into the mouth of a sort of latter day personification of the Nazarene, forgetting that his voice has ever echoed down the ages to set the captive free, to raise up them that fall, and to help all that are desolate and oppressed. Kings and bishops and proud lords have called themselves by his name, and have fought under what they have chosen to call his banner, but his compelling law of Love has been written but on the hearts of a few, and they often the weak ones of the earth. "What and if I should send my message by a woman or a child; shall truth be less truth because the bearer is despised? Is it the mouth that speaks or the word that is spoken that is eternal?" These are some of the words which Trooper Peter Halket thinks he hears addressed to him by that strange gracious Presence who keeps watch with him by the fire the night he is lost on the Veld. And these words seem to answer the critics and cavillers who say that Olive Schreiner should have given her message in some other form than that in which she has chosen to give it. "Is it the mouth that speaks or the word that is spoken that is eternal?"

Trooper Peter Halket is a young Englishman barely twenty-one of age, who has been drawn by the powerful magnets of love of adventure and love of greed to that dark continent, which for the time being welcomes and shelters all such spirits. He has taken service as a volunteer under the Chartered Company and has seen such fighting as can be seen by white men who work Maxim guns against naked natives, which form of fighting seems to him as he thinks over it to have the effect of "the reaping machine he used to work in England, and that what was going down before it was not yellow corn, but black men's heads; and he thought when he looked back they lay behind him in rows, like the corn in sheaves." The night when the story opens he has become separated from his Trooper companions, has lost his way and is camping out supperless on the veld by the side of a watch fire which he has kindled to keep away the wild animals. There he sits, hour after hour, staring into the fire and dreaming, building castles in the air (in his crude young hopefulness) of fortunes and honours which are to come to him in the future, as he had heard they came to other men. "All men made money when they came to South Africa—Barney, Barnato, Rhodes—they all made money out of the country, eight millions, twelve millions, twenty-six millions, forty millions; why should not he!"

Suddenly as the night wanes and he feels himself growing dazed with gazing into the glowing embers, he hears the sound of footsteps ascending the koppje on which he is encamped. Halket prepares to fire if the footsteps should prove to be those of an enemy, but he is reassured when in answer to his challenge of "Who is there?" a voice replies, "A friend." The stranger is made welcome by the side of the fire, and the conversation which forms the greater part of the book begins, one-sided at first, for the youth is not at ease with the silent preoccupied "far-away" guest, who seems to look at him with his mother's eyes, and to whom nevertheless he is compelled to lay bare his poor common-place embryonic soul.

"Are you a Jew?" asked Peter suddenly, as the firelight fell full on the stranger's face.

"Yes, I am a Jew."

"Ah," said Peter, "that's why I wasn't able to make out at first what nation you could be of; your dress, you know." Then he stopped and said, "Trading here, I suppose? Which country do you come from; are you a Spanish Jew?"

"I am a Jew of Palestine."

"Ah!" said Peter, "I haven't seen many from that part yet. I came out with a lot on board ship, and I've seen Barnato and Beit; but they're not very much like you. I suppose it's coming from Palestine makes the difference."

Seeing that the stranger did not take up the thread of conversation he went on after a time: "It wasn't such a bad life out here, when I was with a prospector who was hooked on to the company somehow; I only wish I was back there again. I had two huts to myself and a couple of nigger girls. It's better fun," said Peter after a while, "having these black women than whites. Whites you've got to support, but the niggers support you! And when you've done with them you can just get rid of them. I'm all for the nigger gals." Peter laughed. But the stranger sat motionless with his arm about his knees.

"You got any girls?" said Peter. "Care for niggers?"

"I love all women," said the stranger, refolding his arms about his knees.

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Peter. "Well, I'm pretty sick of them. I had bother enough with mine. . . . One girl was only fifteen; I got her cheap from a policeman who was living with her, and she wasn't much. But the other, by Gad! I never saw another nigger like her; well set up, I tell you, and as straight as that," said Peter, holding up his finger in the firelight. "She was thirty if she was a day. Fellows don't generally fancy women that age; they like slips of girls. . . . She'd got a nigger husband and two children; didn't want to leave them, or some nonsense of that sort; you know what these niggers are."

And so the confidences continue on the part of the youth; stories of hunted native men, of wronged native women, of a "spree up Bulewayo way when three niggers were hanged as spies and were made to jump from the branches of the tree and hang; one fellow wouldn't bally jump, till they gave him a charge of buckshot in the back, and then he caught hold of a branch with his hands and they had to shoot 'em loose." Then the one spark of humanity which the stranger was to blow into a flame shows deep down in the rough young trooper's heart—"I don't much care about seeing that sort of thing myself. Some fellows think it's the best fun out to see the niggers kick; but I can't stand it, it turns my stomach. . . . I've potted as many niggers as any man in our troop, I bet. It's floggings and hangings I'm off."

After this the stranger leads the conversation, telling the wondering Halket that he belongs to the "strongest company on earth," the company of those that love one another. . . . "We are the most vast of all companies on the earth," said the stranger; "and we are always growing. We have among us men of every race and from every land; the Esquimo, the Chinaman, the Turk and the Englishman, we have of them all. We have men of every religion, Buddhists, Mahomedans, Confucians, Freethinkers, Atheists, Christians, Jews. It matters to us nothing by what name the man is named, so he be one of us. . . . All earth is ours. And the day shall come, when the stars, looking down on this little world, shall see no spot where the soil is moist and dark with the blood of men slain by his fellow man."

Then the stranger lays on Halket the burden of a message which he is to take first to the English nation and after to the man to whom the English nation has, through the Chartered Company, entrusted so much power. "And if (when the message is taken to that man) he should laugh and say, 'You fool, a man may remake himself entirely before twenty; he may reshape himself before thirty; but after forty he is fixed. Shall I, who for forty-three years have sought money and power, seek for anything else now?' . . . Then answer him: 'Deep in the heart of every son of man lies an angel, but some have their wings folded. Wake yours! He is larger and stronger than another man's; mount up with him!'"

"And if he should curse yet further and say: 'There is not one man or woman in South Africa I cannot buy with my money! When I have the Transvaal, I shall buy God Almighty Himself, if I care to.' Then say to him this one thing only: 'Thy money perish with thee!' and leave him."

How Trooper Peter Halket tries in his simple way to become one of that Company to which the stranger belonged, and to spread the message he had received that night on the veld, by bringing "the kingdom in to that small spot where alone on earth his will ruled," is told in the second part of the book; as also how it fared with him as it usually fares with those who strive to bring the law of love where rules the law of hate. Halket pleads with his superior officer for the life of a wounded native, who has been condemned without evidence to be shot as a spy. For his pains he is ordered to be the man's executioner the following morning. During the night he decides he must stand by the unjustly accused native, come what may; he creeps up under cover of the darkness to the tree to which the prisoner is bound with leather thongs, cuts him free, and slips a bundle of food from his own arm into the man's passive hand. The freed man, with a glance of gratitude, disappears in the long grass, "but as he went the twigs and leaves cracked under his tread."

The Captain threw back the door of his tent. "Who is there?" he cried. Peter Halket stood below the tree, with the knife in his hand. The noise roused the whole camp: the men on guard came running; guns were fired and the half-sleeping men came rushing, grasping their weapons. There was a sound of firing at the little tree, and the cry went round the camp, "The Mashonas are releasing the spy!"

When the men got to the Captain's tent, they saw that the nigger was gone; and Peter Halket was lying on his face at the foot of the tree, with his head turned towards the Captain's door. . . . When the Englishman came, the other men, who knew he had been a medical student, made way for him. He knelt down by Peter Halket, "He's dead," he said quietly. . . . When they were alone the Englishman uncovered Peter Halket's breast. There was one small wound just under the left bosom, and one on the crown of the head, which must have been made after he had fallen down. . . . "A pistol shot," said the Englishman, closing the bosom.

"A pistol."

The Englishman looked up at the other with a keen light in his eye. "I told you he would not kill that nigger. See here." He took up the knife which had fallen from Peter Halket's grasp, and fitted it into a piece of the cut leather that lay on the earth.

"But you don't think—" The Colonial stared at him with wide open eyes, then he glanced round at the Captain's tent.

"Yes, I think that. Go and fetch his greatcoat, we'll put him in it. If it's no use talking when a man is alive, it's no use talking when he is dead."

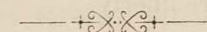
This is all the story of Peter Halket, Trooper, in the pay of the Chartered Company. 'Tis a story that we feel is written in tears and blood; and we in England who still believe in the name of Englishman as being synonymous with "the righter of wrongs," say under our breath "can such things be?"

Whilst writing these lines, a letter which appears in a morning contemporary dated March 20th, is brought under my notice; it is signed "Riviera" and opens with the following sentence: "One cannot read the South African Committee Inquiry without seeing that both Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Labouchere, in their tender zeal for the native races, utterly ignore the fact that nations and individuals alike require firm and compulsory training to fit them for the duties and enjoyments of life." The writer later on remarks, "Our nobility and gentry as soon as their sons have passed the age of childhood, regularly send them to certain British Institutions known as public schools, to have them taught to work. And there, these white youths, the hope and pride of our land, if they will not work are flogged (tell it not in Gath) till they do work to the satisfaction of their masters. The system falls hardest on those who wish to work, but are dense and stupid, and cannot quickly take in the lessons they are required to learn." . . . Is it possible that "Riviera" in defending this system echoes the thoughts and feelings of the best amongst Englishmen? Is it possible that he does not know that this flogging of our youths "who are dense and stupid, and cannot take in quickly the lessons they are required to learn," makes us in that respect a bye-word amongst other civilised nations who, with the advance of thought, have given up such crude and reactionary methods of cultivating mental powers and intellect? Is it possible that "Riviera" has no glimmering of the truth that brutality provokes and engenders brutality, and that the brutal training of the young which he upholds is responsible for the floggings, violations and hangings (not to speak of the wholesale destruction by dynamite), which he seems to consider form "the firm and compulsory training which is to fit the natives of South Africa for the duties and enjoyments of life"? . . . Alas! alas! "our Humanity were but a poor thing, but for the Divinity that stirs within us!" Emerson says of Napoleon: "If Napoleon is France, if Napoleon is Europe; it is the people whom he sways are little Napoleons." We may follow out this analogy today in the overshadowing personality of the man Cecil Rhodes, who so powerfully sways the imagination of a large, too large, a class of English men and English women. He is often compared, and with evident admiration, to the first Napoleon. Let us see what Emerson in his closing remarks in the Essay on Napoleon, from which we have already quoted, has to say about the career of a man, whose success during many years was intoxicating, but whose downfall in the end was crushing and complete. "It was not Bonaparte's fault. He did all that in him lay to live and thrive without moral principle. It was the nature of things, the eternal law of man and of the world which balked and ruined him, and the result in a million experiments will be the same. Every experiment, by multitudes or by individuals, that has a sensual and selfish aim will fail. The pacific Fourrier will be as inefficient as the pernicious Napoleon. As long as our civilisation is essentially one of property, of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be mocked by delusions. Our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in our laughter, and our wine will burn our mouth.

Only that good profits, which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men."

Olive Schreiner's story of Trooper Peter Halket and Emerson's Essay on Napoleon may, perchance teach us English men and women, if our ears are not choked with gold dust and diamonds, and our eyes not too dazzled with share lists, that "Only that good profits, which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men."

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.



### Clapham Maternity Hospital.

THE eighth annual meeting of the Clapham Maternity Hospital was held on Tuesday, March 30th, in the board room of the hospital. Lady Henry Somerset, who had been expected to preside, was, at the last moment, unable to attend, and the chair was taken by Mrs. Pearsall-Smith, who in her opening address expressed her warm interest in, and sympathy with, the work, and her approval of the system by which such work is placed entirely in the hands of women. The hospital, though small, is the only one in England, possibly in the world, which is carried on by medical women for the benefit of women patients, and, as such, has a special claim upon all interested in women's work, as well as upon all who believe in helping the poor to help themselves.

The business of the meeting was then proceeded with, *viz.*, the re-election as chairman of Dr. Helen Webb, and the election of three new members of Committee in place of those who had resigned.

The general report for 1896 showed an increase both in work and expenditure. 1,168 maternity cases had been attended during the year, 355 in the hospital and 813 in their own homes in Clapham or Battersea, each patient having received not less than ten visits. The audience was reminded that the institution also included three dispensaries, some distance apart, where women could see doctors of their own sex for themselves or their children free of charge. During the year 1896 there had been 5,025 such patients (15,666 attendances).

The accounts, which are kept on the system approved by the Hospital Sunday and Saturday Funds and audited each year by chartered accountants, show an expenditure, for all these branches of work, amounting to £2,230, of which only £123 was spent for management, while the receipts amounted to £2,111, more than two-thirds of which were the proceeds of the Nursing School and patients' payments.

On the ground, therefore, of the hospital being so largely self-supporting, the Hon. Treasurer earnestly appealed not only for aid in paying off the deficit of £116 with which the year closed, but for increased assistance in providing the one-third of the funds, for which the hospital is each year dependent upon the subscriptions and donations of any who are willing to "help those who help themselves." The Hon. Mrs. Talbot, wife of the Bishop of Rochester, and Miss Rodber-Horton, Guardian of the Poor for the parish of Lambeth, spoke in warm terms of the good work done by the institution, and strongly emphasised their approval of the principle of assisting cases of the kind, in such a way as not to pauperise the people.

A plea was brought forward, not only for further monetary support, but also for gifts in kind, all baby clothes, old linen and sheeting, and bottles for the dispensaries being most gratefully received.

Mrs. Pearsall-Smith then brought the meeting to a close, by urging all present to do their utmost to spread the knowledge of the much-needed work the hospital is doing, and by wishing it long-continued success.

### The Vivisector.

HE takes a living animal—  
A dog once sportive free—  
And binds it in his torture trough  
With reckless cruelty,  
And no kind hand is there to give  
The creature liberty.

"It cannot bite," the coward cries;  
He fears the unequal strife.  
The throbbing heart in vain appeals—  
He calmly takes the knife,  
And cuts and carves, in hopes to gain  
The secrets of its life.

Death comes not to the tortured one;  
'Tis not allowed to die;  
For fresh researches seem to prove  
His former *truth a lie*,  
And thus he mangles living flesh,  
To know the reason why!

And then he seeks the hospital,  
An oft-frequented place.  
With knife in hand and knitted brow  
He scans each anguished face,  
With hopes in some poor wail to find  
"An interesting case!"

No pity born of human love,  
No sympathy with pain,  
Who hopes for these in his cold breast  
Must ever hope in vain;  
The only good for him on earth  
Is *scientific gain*.

Knowledge thus sought we fondly hoped  
Would have the Church's ban!  
Alas! she's silent in the rear,  
Whilst Science leads the van.

\* \* \* \* \*

A. ASHDOWN.

### Omar Khayam.

I sent my soul through the invisible  
Some letter of that after-life to spell,  
And by and by my soul returned to me  
And answered; I myself am heaven and hell.

Translated by E. FITZGERALD.

THE ANIMAL PROTECTION SOCIETIES' DIRECTORY is a useful handbook to all interested in the welfare of animals. It comprises a Register of Societies, Homes and Institutions (English and Foreign) for the Prevention of Cruelty, and Promotion of Kindness to Animals, Press Guide, a list of Journals, Magazines and Periodicals devoted to Animals, Articles, Short Stories, etc., etc. Price 1/-, from the Publisher, T. CLEMO, 180, Brompton Road, London, S.W.

### A Peep Inside a Worsted Factory.

BY A FACTORY WORKER.

IN the majority of worsted factories female labour predominates, and although the phrase "factory worker" is generally understood to include both sexes, yet in this short description of the inside of a Yorkshire factory the definition will apply in the main to the women and girls. Most people outside of factory circles, possess very hazy ideas as to the manner in which wool is converted into cloth.

The first process which wool undergoes after it has been shorn from the sheep's back is called "sorting." Every fleece of wool contains six or perhaps eight different qualities, all of which require to be separated from each other so as to classify the goods. The wool used in worsted mills may be roughly divided into English and Botany. The term English of course explains itself, but though Botany wool came originally from Botany Bay, the name is now generally given to any wool which is sent from foreign countries. From the sorting-room the wool is taken to the washing-room, and there put through three courses of hot water with which is mixed a strong lye composed of potash, oil and tallow. The wool is stirred about in large bowls by men armed with huge steel forks, and by these means is thoroughly cleansed from all impurities. The next process is that of *carding*. A *card* is a large machine, which to a stranger seems composed of nothing but rapidly-revolving rollers and innumerable small wheels. The wool is placed by the girl in charge, on a board at the back of the card, and is gradually drawn through the rollers by the sharp teeth of the instruments. All the burrs and pieces of waste material are taken out of the wool as it comes in contact with the needle-like points which project from every roller. Naturally, in passing through the machine the wool is torn into small pieces, but instead of emerging at the other side in fragments, it comes out in a long "sliver," which, through an arrangement for the purpose, is wound into a large ball. In the carding department girls are employed to "feed," that is, to keep the back of the card regularly supplied with wool, and also to see that the balls come out evenly in front. But, owing to the dangerous nature of the machinery, men are employed to clean and oil it.

After the wool is thus made into large balls it is taken into the combing-room, and there several balls are put into one comb and all run together to make one thick sliver. The combing process is to draw the wool out to make the sliver as even as possible, and to take out all the short hairs. These short hairs which are left after the combing go by the name of "noil." This noil is sold as waste to be afterwards used for blankets and other thick woollen materials. Some masters prefer men as comb-minders, but at the majority of factories women are employed in this capacity. The process of combing is not particularly heavy or particularly unhealthy work, but a lot of steam is necessary to keep the wool moist, and that makes combing very warm work.

The next department is the drawing-room, not the drawing-room which a lady would naturally picture to herself, full of choice furniture and beautiful works of art, but a large white-washed room containing a lot of different sized "boxes" as the drawing machinery is called.

The drawing process is very simple, and consists of six operations. When the balls of wool are first brought from the combing-room, they are run through a box and then wound on to large bobbins or "rovings," each of which is then called a "slubbing." The slubbings decrease in size every operation, until at the sixth they appear as small rovings ready for

the spinning frame. There are very few males employed in the drawing process, just a few boys to do the heavy work and the overlookers. In the spinning room we find an element of labour not found in any other part of the factory, namely, the half-time element.

Boys and girls of eleven years of age are employed as spinners alternately. That is, one relay will work at the factory in the morning and go to school in the afternoon, while another relay will be at school in the morning and the factory in the afternoon. Every week this order is reversed. The process of spinning worsted is more complicated than that of drawing. The rovings which come from the drawing-room are made to vary in weight, and can be spun to any number of counts from 10's to 100's. The "counts" represent the number of hanks to the pound. Both warp and weft can be spun at the same time, the only difference being that the warp requires to be made stronger than the weft, owing to the fact that a great amount of pressure is put on it in the weaving process. When the weft leaves the spinning frame, wound on to small bobbins, it is quite ready for the weaver. Not so the warp. Instead of going straight to the loom, the warp is taken to the twisting-room, where the bobbins are placed in the twisting-frame, and two ends run into one, making by this process what is known as two-fold warp. This is done to make the warp still stronger for the weaver. The warp then leaves the twisting-room for the winding-room and is there wound on larger bobbins, which when full are placed at the back of a machine called a "creel," when between 500 and 600 ends are run off the bobbins on to a long "beam" which is now called a warp. The warps are then removed to the sizing-room, where they are "sized" or stiffened, and afterwards dried. After passing through the hands of men called warp-twisters they are ready for the loom.

#### WEAVING.

To witness what goes on inside a large weaving-shed is a sight not easily forgotten; a long, wide room on the ground floor, well lighted from the roof, and containing 700 looms and perhaps 300 weavers. The noise to a stranger sounds simply TERRIFIC. Visitors are often rendered temporarily deaf, and can hear the noise for hours after they leave.

It is a very busy scene, The weavers are moving about in their white hurden skirts, the overlookers carrying warps on their shoulders, the clatter and clangour of the looms themselves, all combine to make "the perfection of mechanism, human and metallic."

Quite a variety of goods are woven in a large worsted mill. Cashmeres, all kinds of linings, crepons, heavy coatings for suits and overcoats, mixtures of every shade for dresses, and all the new fashioned lustre fabrics. When the weaver has finished her share of the work, the pieces are taken into the piece-room, and carefully looked over by a man called in factory language a "taker-in." This man's sole duty is to look at every piece delivered to him, and to pick out any flaws, such as thick ends woven in, or broken ends not seen by the weaver. When the pieces have undergone this examination, they pass through the hands of the "menders" and "burlers," who remove all knots and straws and sew in the broken ends, after which, they are sent off to be dyed and finished, which completes them for the market.

So we see what various processes are necessary to convert wool into ladies' dresses and gentlemen's suits. The description of complicated machinery has been purposely avoided. Perhaps a few words about the factory workers themselves will not be out of place. They are

composed of "all sorts and conditions" of women, men and children. The routine of factory life is very different to-day from what it was when Robert Owen, Richard Oastler and Lord Shaftesbury spent their energies in agitating for factory reform. Our large factories of Yorkshire and Lancashire are not the infernos they were when Mrs. Browning wrote her pathetic "Cry of the Children." The hours of work are now limited to fifty-six and a half hours a week for women and young persons, and children; no overtime for males under eighteen. As a class, factory workers are neither better nor worse than other workers. True, it is said they are too fond of amusements, but this fact will cause no surprise to those who are acquainted, in ever so slight a degree, with the monotony of factory work. That there is a dark side to factory life no observant person can deny, but there is also a correspondingly bright one. If there are those who fall into sin or folly and disappear from the factory circle, there are also those who "wear the white flower of a blameless life," in spite of countless temptations. If there can be found girls who are careless of home ties, and who catch at the first opportunity to get away from home duties, there can also be found girls who nobly sacrifice themselves and their prospects without a murmur. It is to this latter type in any rank of life that the words of George Eliot are peculiarly applicable:

"The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so bad with us as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

P. E. MOULDER.

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IN *re* LEGITIMATION LEAGUE.—How often am I to assure my readers that I am not bound to agree with all that appears in SHAFTS. Sometimes, though very rarely, societies, etc., are made known that readers of SHAFTS may know of them and sift their ideas and objects to prove whether good or bad, helpful or hindering. I fear the Legitimation League is not a work of which much approval can be expressed, but SHAFTS must enquire into and prove, and SHAFTS hopes to do so by the help of its readers. As it is necessary that each woman, and all women should henceforth know what is going on around her, and be able to separate the tares from the wheat. Alas! how often this has been explained, and yet some misunderstand in spite of the plain statement in last month's Editorial.

#### OFFICIAL NOTICES AND RULES.

*The Editorial Offices of SHAFTS are at 11, Westbere Road, West Hampstead, London, N.W., to which all communications and subscriptions should be addressed. The nearest Railway Station is Brondesbury, on the Metropolitan Extension Line from Baker Street.*

*All articles, letters, etc., should be accompanied by the full name and address of the writers, not necessarily for publication.*

*All contributions must be clearly and legibly written on one side of the paper only. Where payment may be desired the MSS. should be so marked. The Editor will in all cases endeavour to return rejected MSS. if accompanied by sufficiently stamped and addressed envelope, but cannot accept any responsibility for the loss or miscarriage of any unsolicited contributions.*

*The Annual Subscription for SHAFTS is 3s. 6d. for the United Kingdom or abroad. All remittances should be made payable to MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.*



## Correspondence.

## HOW WOMEN ARE SWEATED.

*(Extract from a Private Letter).*

"KATE and I had a little adventure not long ago which we both think will interest you. An advertisement appeared in the local paper to the effect that ladies were wanted to paint in oil-colours. Here was a chance, we thought! We packed up some specimens, and started. Our first experience was some difficulty in finding the place; and, as we wandered up and down back streets, we were aware of groups of other girls in twos and threes with similar parcels to our own under their arms. At last a man, who had evidently helped other wearied searchers in their quest, showed us a narrow passage, hardly a street, leading to the wished-for destination. Up a flight of wooden stairs we toiled, but not alone, two or three girls had followed us. At the top, a small landing, a door to the left, marked "office," a flight of stairs to the right, down which two men came running. They had been interviewing applicants all the morning, and wanted some dinner (so did we). Would we wait? We agreed; and five of us sat by the office-fire, shading it from the two clerks and the boy, laughing and talking, and trying to get information out of the senior clerk. Some pretty good work was shown on a table in an outer office, and we were led to believe that this was what was wanted. Two other women arrived in the meantime, and, of the four we had so far seen, three were gentlewomen. There was no fault to be found, evidently, with the future association in the studio. The examiner came at last, and brought three or four male friends with him. This we did not like. Then the truth came out. The work to be done was daubing—daubing plaques by the dozen in brilliant colours, always the same design, from 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m., and at no fixed salary. The studio was not ready, but would be ready in a few days, when we could call and inspect it. Every name and address was taken down, and each was told that she could come and start work on the following Monday. Kate had two letters from the firm, but sent a cold reply in the negative, and the matter dropped. The advertisement appeared again and again in the newspaper at regular intervals. About a month ago we came face to face with one of our companions. She recognised us, and I asked for further particulars about the studio and work. She said she went on the Monday, worked there for a month, and then left. The head of the department was a young man. The salary was fixed at *seven-and-sixpence per week*. The hours were lengthened, and each girl was expected to work *from 8 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.* The work was wretched, and ruinous to an artist. Imagine any well-trained girl throwing away her talents and training in such a manner!"

SONYA MAYOR.

## A TRIBUTE.

DEAR MRS. SIBTHORP,—SHAFTS from the first has been so interesting and so very nicely got up, but it has now gained considerably by being in such a convenient form. I have been invalidated by the severe weather or you would have received this before. Yours is a painful yet happy task this month, to recount the deeds of the noble spirit who has just departed from among us; but whose admirable influence will ever remain, uplifting and strengthening; in spite of all detractors a bright star indeed she has been in the darkness. Ignorance and bigotry still hold sway; true, sincere love must ever follow her memory, and flow from her to us. How nobly and unselfishly she bore her trials during life, and her painful illness. May heaven reward her is and must be the prayer of all who knew her best.

I am glad to say all in this house have voted against vivisection. A lady canvasser called. Admirable indeed is the article in SHAFTS, "The Quality of Mercy," also that of Mr. Joseph Collinson. As many circumstances oblige me to be only a passive observer instead of an energetic worker, it is a joy to me to think of the work done and of the higher aims in "women" who (as an intellectual friend of my own observed to me), "are always falling into some bondage." A new and happier era is opening up and evolution doing great things for them.

I wish you every success.

Most sincerely yours, dear madam,

E. L. MARK.