

SHAFTS

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

Edited by MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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What the Editor means.

"May I reach
That purest life, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good infused,
And in diffusion, ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

GEORGE ELIOT.

BEFORE its next issue, SHAFTS will have passed its second anniversary. Its first number bears date Nov. 3rd, 1892. It was then sent forth weekly, and lasted so up to date February 25th, 1893. I shall never forget the hope, the joy, that filled my heart, when the long desired work was at last begun. The struggle has been very severe; but the hope and joy have never left me for one whole hour. There have been terrible moments, when the task seemed beyond my strength, and never one instant, in which I would willingly have given it up. Finding funds running short and unlikely to be replenished, there was but one plan, "Retrenchment."

SHAFTS had not known what it was, to have enough to do all that has to be done, to make a paper well known: but had not until then experienced the hardships it has since known. For some short time I hesitated in dread; then I resolved to publish monthly and to retrench in my already limited expenditure. I have been forced, in short, to reduce expenses over and over again; but I resolved that SHAFTS should not go down before obstacles. Human determination is strong to overcome, and now I hope and think the worst has passed. But just at present I have a crisis to surmount, and in order to surmount it I must make the paper smaller for three, or perhaps four months. Will my readers help me in this by their understanding and sympathy? Will they also help by each individual trying to obtain for me from one to five additional subscribers? With this aid I should be enabled to buffet the billows of the next four months, and ride safely over them, then I should be safe. Safe, so far as this, that SHAFTS would cover its own expenses. I neither expect nor desire to make money with it, only to be able to send it forth on its mission to speed swiftly the "shafts of light."

From all parts letters come giving me glad tidings of good done, of help given, of strength imparted, tidings full of joy. In such lines, lines of the higher moral life on the planes of spiritual force, SHAFTS has already succeeded beyond what I had dared to hope, though money is hard to get. If those who wish me success will help me now, I shall win, and

being free at least from such trying, harassing care, I shall be more and more able to give my best thoughts, my time and my devoted care to helping the thoughts and efforts of others.

To be just to SHAFTS, to the cause for which it labours, and to women whose future lies before them so full of radiant promise, I must not hesitate to say, I think that all women, members of Clubs, of Suffrage Societies, of Federations, etc., should take in this woman's paper, and so help its funds. Many kind pens have prophesied the "rich woman" who is to come to the help of SHAFTS. But the rich woman has not materialised. We want no one rich woman, if each reader will do her best. For instance—

I have three very poor women helping: one gets me a new subscriber at the rate of about once a month; another sends me halfpenny stamps, sixpence worth weekly; the third collects from friends in pennies, two shillings each week. These twenty-four persons she has herself interested in the matter. They are not known to me, and they do not know how much their kind help restores me. I want really £200 to enable me to go on with the freedom from worry so essential to my work. The rest I can manage, for SHAFTS is now more than promising, its final success is certain.

A course of lectures, six in number, will be delivered at the Pioneer Club, 22, Bruton Street, by the Editor of SHAFTS, on

WOMAN and Women.

Tickets for the course, 5s. Single tickets, 1s. 6d.

Dates, October 18th, 25th, November 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd.
Hour—5 to 6.30 p.m.

The first lecture was free and was given on October 11th.

The thoughts are for women, the money for SHAFTS. A short report of each lecture will be given here.

SHAFTS' Offices will be removed, but not from the building. This arrangement is necessary as part of "Retrenchment," the address will remain the same.

Visitors' days for the future will be during the last fortnight of each month, from the 17th to the close. Visitors can only be received from the 1st to the 16th of each month by special appointment.

The meetings at the offices of SHAFTS have been resumed, and will be held on every alternate Friday. Friday, October 19th, Miss Davis will open a debate on "The Coming School Board Election." Friday, November 2nd, "Readings from Selected Writings." Friday, November 16th, "Vegetarianism."

Pioneer Club Records.

THIRD AUTUMN SESSION, 1894.

Thursday Evening Lectures, Debates, Discussions, &c., 8.15 p.m.

TO BE OPENED BY PAPER OR OTHERWISE NOT EXCEEDING HALF AN HOUR. ONLY PIONEERS MAY VOTE.

Oct. 18th.—“What Amendment of the law is needed to secure the due punishment of Wife beaters?” Debate opened by Miss Sharman Crawford. Miss Shurner in the Chair. Oct. 25th. “That the attitude towards men taken by some advanced women is calculated to injure their best interests.” Debate opened by Mrs. J. A. Hobson. Mrs. Holroyd Chaplin in the Chair (Pioneers only). Nov. 1st. “Can realism in Literature be defended.” Debate opened by Miss Dorothy Leighton. Miss Clementina Black in the Chair. Nov. 8th. “The Simple Life.” Debate opened by Mrs. Norman. Nov. 15th. Reading of “James Lee's Wife,” by Miss Annie Matheson (discussion to follow).—Revell, Esq., in the Chair.

The Entrance Fee for Members is £2 2s. The Annual Subscription £2 2s. All Candidates for admission must be proposed and seconded by Members of the Club.

“At Homes” are held every Tuesday from 4.30 to 6 p.m. “Guest” Cards (for the friends of Members) can be obtained at the door from the Hall Porter at 3s. a dozen, or 4d. each. Members' Tea Tickets 2s. 6d. a dozen, or 3d. each.

Debates, Discussions, and Lectures each Thursday evening during the Session.

The Club dinner begins at 7 p.m. on Debate nights, and the charge is 2s. 6d. a head.

Members engaging seats for the Club Dinner are liable for the price of the same, if they have not notified their inability to attend before 4 o'clock on Thursdays.

Gentlemen are admitted to the Club Front Drawing-room only from 2 to 7.

Members having any cause for complaint are earnestly requested to write to the President.

Hot and Cold Luncheons from 1 to 3 p.m., Tea, Coffee, and Light Refreshments. Vegetarian Luncheons at 6d a head are being arranged for, and will begin at the end of September.

Dinners can be served at a short notice. Bed-rooms can be engaged by members at 5s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

Members may bring one guest only to Debates, and not the same guest twice in the same month.

The Pioneer Dramatic Society will give their first Reading (“The Tempest”) on Wednesday, October 31st, at 8.15 p.m. All Pioneers are invited.

The Library is now in working order, and a Librarian appointed, who attends at stated times to exchange books. Rules are posted in the Silence Room. Members' letters are cased in the hall and can be taken by those to whom they are addressed by simply looking for them. Members are requested to attend to this; also to observe the notices of meetings, etc., which are duly posted up.

The Debate, on the evening of October the 4th was opened by Mrs. Katherine St. Hill, F.C.S., and contained features of special interest. Very few persons know what palmistry really means, what it asserts for itself, whether it is a study likely to be fraught with benefit to the world, or a species of pseudo-scientific fortune-telling. Not many, even among the Pioneers, thoroughly understood its claims. Mrs. St. Hill gave a clear delineation of its teachings, as understood and believed in by Mrs. St. Hill herself and the Society to which she belongs. She recommended its study as a means of helping to the solution of many perplexities of life, the choice of a husband or wife, the education of children, the choice of friends, the selection of employées, etc. There can be little, if any doubt, that character, circumstances and avocations, all of which produce thought, and so brain-action, mark their records upon the hand as upon the face. Mrs. St. Hill evidently pursues her studies *con amore*, and possesses the power of interesting her audience.

Mr. Cotterell Tupp on October 11th, gave a more lucid and logical address on “The Logic of Women's Suffrage,” than usually falls from the lips of male lecturers. It reminded many of Mrs. Fawcett, in its clear incisiveness. The lecture was announced as “The Logic of Women's Suffrage,” and gave great satisfaction to those fortunate enough to hear it. On both occasions the chair was taken by the President of the Club, who on the former occasion spoke a few interesting words, on the latter told some very laughable anecdotes relative to the absurdity of excluding the vote from women, which was followed by the experiences of one or two Pioneers.

Mrs. Stopes, author of *British Freewomen*, Miss Grieve, Miss Sharman Crawford, and others, joined in the discussion.

OUR DUTY AS PIONEERS.

“I charge thee by all thou esteemest of worth
Around thee and in thee, below and above,

I charge thee to stand!
 . . . though upon thee the stains
Of travail and conflict, and over thee, pain's
Broad banner of dim, heavy purple; though wet
With the floods thou hast passed through to come to this
place;
For the foe is alive yet. . .

Those who stand in the van as Pioneers do, to forward the course of the world, must stand steadfast until Self lies dead, and they become like unto those whom

“Hunger or fulness or toil or repose,
Or glory, or shame, seeing the Highest, matters nought.”

It is well sometimes to look back upon the road by which we have come, to past times and past conditions, we learn much thereby.

Looking back—because of certain questionings—to the first report of the Club which appeared in this paper, of date November 3rd, 1892, I perceive with great pleasure that while advancing and improving we have held steadily to our first principles. I would advise all Pioneers to re-read that report. Here is a quotation from it:—

“Few of the evidences gathering everywhere around us are so markedly significant of the rapid advance of women, into the position befitting them as human beings, as the clubs which they have founded, and which are being successfully carried on. Of these there are several most interesting in their *raison d'être* and in its results. Latest of these, though not least, is the Pioneer, in the pleasant, cheerful rooms of which women gather to meet each other, to help each other, and to discuss the leading questions and principal progressive work of the day; together with many subjects, practical, scientific, physiological, and psychological; bringing also into notice, and obtaining recruits for, their own special branches of such work or study.

“The club is as free from bigotry of class, creed, or party, as human nature in its present imperfect conditions can pretend to be. The Pioneers do not profess to have yet attained perfection, but that is the name of the goal they see far ahead of them, and to which they direct their steps. To quicken these footsteps, which might otherwise lag, they endeavour to throw aside all that would encumber them on the way, and to overcome all prejudices. To say that no such imperfections exist would be untrue, nor would any Pioneer dream of making such an assertion; the aim, however, is to expunge any such errors of judgment and good feeling.”

The questions asked by many outsiders and some Pioneers, all singularly mis-informed, were, “What about the split in your club? How has it been settled?” What split? there has been no split. There has been difference of opinion. There always will be difference of opinion, wherever there are found two humans near enough to touch each others' atmospheres. It is a sign of life, a sign that people are in earnest.

Pioneers are unmistakably in earnest. What a nest of doves we should be were we always in accord, and we should *do* NOTHING. Pioneers are proud of their President, proud of their fellow Pioneers, but are very far from desiring that they should never cross swords with each other.

There are those who “hold up the flag till the day is done,” and those who let it drag in the dust. Those who overcome shall win “the crown of life,” which is invincible strength arising from unconquerable hope; giving birth to clear seeing, and gladness that cannot be quenched. Victory over hindrances will be ever the reward of those who know how to be determined in the right; for such resolve fore-ordains its own results.

No differences of opinion will alter the steadfast ongoing of the Pioneer Club, these have been settled as they ever will be settled; as such things always are settled, by the decision of the majority. Intelligent trust in, and reverence for those who for the time lead us, confers honour on both truster and trusted—

“Such leaders lift their times
Out of the limits of the night.”

Those who can trust and reverence others, are in themselves worthy of all trust and reverence. Such trust and reverence is due to the President of the Club, and loyally paid by the Pioneers, who see her

“On moving, temperately intent
On radiant ends.”

“Ratto” (A Photograph.)

BY AMOS WATERS.

*He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.* —COLERIDGE.

*O mighty Love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.* —GEORGE HERBERT.

CHAPTER V. IN PASSION.

THE dance-music was vibrating through every nerve of Mrs. Scalpinem, the flush of champagne was on her cheeks—her cheeks were close to the orchids, but closer to the waxed ends of McSiccar's magnificent moustache. It was the psychological moment in her life, the world of duty receded darkly away, peevish sick child, and glowering mummy with hatred in his hollow eyes and horror in his gruesome hands; the dance, the music, and the butterflies seemed distant, the world of beauty crowned with love and passion was ardent in plea and promise, the conservatory was voluptuously full of colour and perfume, there was a deadly ring of growing assurance in the whispers that urged her toward a cab through the moonlight, the night train for Dover, and the honeyed freedom of the Continent. God was rewarding her at last, but the evil spirit clutched her back to the squalor and tragedy of daily doom—so she thought as her hostess with pretty pretence at obliviousness, and volatile sympathy, invaded the delicious dream and dissolved the witchery with an accursed message that her child was dying. She went from ecstasy to misery—one backward look of helpless appeal—but the lady of the house knew the world very well, and was a little spiteful. McSiccar was effusively annexed, and made the best of his disappointment—he wondered if Mrs. Scalpinem would think any swear-words in French. She muttered some in compressed English, as she crouched miserably in her carriage and moaned at intervals. The coachman heard her, and credited her with maternal anguish.

The ominous summons found Scalpinem differently engaged. A telephone communicated between the house and the private laboratory, and when the whistle sounded the Professor was standing with his shirt-sleeves rolled up and pencilling memoranda—now and again referring to previous entries or a volume from one of the shelves behind him. When he applied his ear to the instrument, the message hissed into his very soul—or the substitute for his soul:—

“Much worse—delirium increasing—he is crying for a dog he has lost, and the doctor says you had better come at once.”

“A dog he has lost,” muttered Scalpinem. “My God, if—” His words were stifled, as with a fear he had never known before he rested his eyes on a table-trough. Just by the table the skin of Ratto was in a little heap. The Professor had not known about the invited guest, but he understood now, and—!

“My God!” he groaned in conviction. He did not believe in God, but no other word ever seems adequate in a supreme crisis for a philosopher even. He quickly washed his hands, and donned his coat as he made for the house. He entered the sick room with guilty discomfort. The nurse sat on the bed holding the child's hands and applying wet bandages to his forehead. The doctor took a pinch of snuff as Scalpinem moved toward him.

“The end is near. But the delirium is greatly accentuated by the loss of a little dog I have seen here the last few days. The nurse tells me she borrowed it, and that it has been

missing all afternoon. If it could be found—or if not some other—”

“I want Ratto—Billy's Ratto. Where is Ratto?” The shrill cry made the Professor shiver, and he looked half-questioningly at the Sister.

“One of the servants says she saw you pick up the dog on the lawn just after luncheon,” said she, with grave chilling precision, as if reciting some specially unpleasant instructions by the doctor. “I have to return it to-morrow—it belongs to a crippled boy who knew your son, and lent it to me for him. It would break the little fellow's heart if it were not found—but it must be found. Your son seemed to have so little to—to—” she hesitated, and the Professor winced:—

“Ratto, I tell you I want Ratto,” screamed the lad, as he struggled with the Sister. “Ratto, Ratto, Ratto,—Billy's funny Ratto!”

The doctor looked at the Professor with an expression of judicial investigation, blended with impartial appeal. Scalpinem beckoned him outside the door, and whispered with a lame attempt at confidential perplexity—

“The fact is I have just performed a slight experiment on a strange dog. I did not know of course—”

“Ratto, Ratto, Ratto!” the cry was feebly furious, and the doctor opened the door anxiously.

“I think you had better bring the dog, dead or alive. If this goes on there will be a vessel ruptured. Is that Mrs. Scalpinem? I shall be glad.” He closed the door as the Professor descended the stairs.

“Dead or alive!—death—bah!” The scientist was himself again. Half-way on the stairs husband and wife met. Something stirred within the former—what he knew not—partly perhaps a dumb yearning for help in his need; he placed his hand upon her white shoulder in silence. She recoiled as if stung and swept upward, like a magnificent vision of animal beauty, draped in dazzling sun-clouds. Then his dark face was grey with hatred, and his spirit was reckless awhile.

“Dead or alive!” he uttered scornfully, and the ghost of a hoarse laugh was grimmer than the grim room he stood in. “Dead or alive! Why certainly.” But he did not try to laugh again, the other effort was too dismal. He had purposed utilising Ratto for observations on the respiratory functions of the skin, and to that end had removed the skin with the exceptions of head and feet. Then finding himself without wadding sufficient to replace the natural covering—an unaccountable oversight, being in the main so scrupulously providential—he had dislocated both shoulders, watching Ratto's violent struggling for half-an-hour. His intellectual skill was focussed on the details of the autopsy, which disclosed the tearing away of the *petites tuberosités*, and of all the adjoining skeleton, with abundant flow of blood and serum.

The operations before death were simple and rapid—the excursion into Ratto's anatomy reflected faithfully the passing mood of the Professor, who was essentially an artist, and was full often at the mercy of his own morbid pauses or ineffectual dashes in the hope of a brilliant accident. What to an uninitiated spectator might appear to be trivial—or devilish,—meant to his inward craving the gambler's hazard, every fresh chance sublime with opportunity. Ratto had happened to die just when likely to be murdered in comparative mercy—the intricate examination of sundry vital avenues was elaborated after the last quiver of life had stiffened into extinction.

“Dead or alive!” Scalpinem was in no hurry—the words had a double meaning now, and the possibility he would not admit to be a secret hope, meant escape from the dilemma. The mutilated carcass of Ratto was unfasted and roughly stitched—the skin was seized, and with steady hand Scalpinem restored the dog to something of his original semblance. A few more stitches and a little rubbing

with a damp cloth, and Ratto was positively presentable. The eyes protruded undesirably, but pressure subdued the unlovely prominence, and the get-up was quite satisfactory. A sovereign, or so, for the dog's owner, and a gift to the Sister for her Order, would settle things comfortably. The doctor he regarded as quite safe—medicos are largely guided by the professors, and stand in awe of them.

CHAPTER VI.
HORROR.

Scalpelin opened the bedroom door cautiously, with the body of Ratto apparently nestling in his left arm. He glanced significantly from the Sister to the doctor, and the latter—thinking of a slight experiment with possibly a little blood yet flowing—motioned Sister Julienne aside to allow for Scalpelin's advance to the bed. The little fellow was quietly lying with closed eyes, and his mother knelt by the bedside, her attitude prayerful—although the odour of her sanctity was distinctly jockey-club. She rose as her husband drew close, and something of her scorn on the stairs flashed through her eyelashes for a moment, but meeting the doctor's glance she merged into her handkerchief. The Sister did not miss the by-play, she had not missed Scalpelin's warning look; these women can see behind them. Suddenly the boy opened his eyes wide again, and renewed his delirious cries for the dog.

"Ratto, Ratto, Ratto!"

"Here is Ratto," said his father, "I will take care of him."

"Give me Ratto." The eyes were alight with ecstasy, and the two little hands were lifted to receive the returned wanderer.

"Give me Ratto."

"Soon, soon," was the would-be soothing answer.

"Give him the dog." Mrs. Scalpelin spoke, with thin white lips, and an electric spark in either eye, putting one arm round her boy. The nurse advanced, instinctive of friction, the doctor, alert to hidden mischief, drew forward—the Professor was in a mild way hemmed in. The boy, fully aroused to Ratto's presence, pleaded again, and his mother's fund of irritation was increased by his persistence. She stood up with determination,

"Give me the dog." The accents suggested a razor edge. Her hands reached out imperiously—the hands McSicar had sworn should weave the threads of his destiny to her will. The Professor retreated: her rings gleamed like daggers, and the flashes were hypnotic; she stepped after him. Sister Julienne placed her hands on Ratto, and Scalpelin doubled and trod heavily on his wife's toes, who, with a little scream of pain and anger, wrested the carcass from him: she screamed again and stood transfixed with terror as Ratto's skin fell from her convulsive hands, and the mangled mass of bone and flesh collapsed on the white counterpane. The boy's eyes fearfully dilated, and he clutched at the air with a long low moan in his throat. The doctor, horribly bewildered, tossed the reeking substance from the bed, and was oblivious to all save the dying boy. Sister Julienne crossed herself—this experience was novel; the Evil One was no longer an invisible menace. Mrs. Scalpelin stood with the familiar loathing of her married life concentrated in the instant revolt of a brutal crisis—and opposite her a grey skull that grinned through a mist of putrid failure, and caricatured with misery every bloom in the paradise of her passion. To the world the face before her might be intellectually attractive, the old sensual strength faded into weary lines of the *spirituelle*—this latter so spurious to her whose eyes had penetrated his soul, and discovered no quality more immortal than the worms of rotting regrets. And he faced in his maddened despair a panting beautiful creature, his captive by the golden token,

the living symbol of mocking annihilation in all his constructions of life or science.

"You madman! You have got to the end of your tether at last. I wish I were dead." Her words were as a metallic-toned soliloquy.

"Damnation seize you!" He kicked the unsightly origin of disturbance under the bed, and sat moodily down. And so in this strange household of scientific culture the drama lurked, while a little pilgrim lovelessly slumbered on the verge of the unseen world.

CHAPTER VII.
DEATH.

The clock ticked more distinctly each receding moment. Time, vanishing time. *Tick, tick, TICK!* Every pitiless swing of the pendulum was significant of increasing menace. Four hearts were subdued without sorrow, yet unresigned, another was hovering about in final twilight. The Positivist doctor was fidgety with the problem of it all; less solemn, more squalid, seemed the Religion of Humanity. Sister Julienne was in a corner telling her beads mysteriously—she was pallid, tearless, and perhaps most lamenting because the child-soul would be lost as it groped in the darkness outside without a mother's prayers to wing it safely homeward. The mother was pallid and tearless also—the champagne flush was gone, but the dangerous sweetness of the evening had focussed a stinging spot of scarlet on either cheek. Misery, passion, and annoyance darkly struggled within her. The Professor assailed the psychology of the scarlet spots, and drearily wandered back in memory to another death-bed, and a pure woman's prayers and chastened tears—his mother kneeling by a babe that passed from her keeping. That scene was different. The blank in his life was more hideous than ever now, and he hated the intruders who condemned it as much as the woman who was the cause—or the effect of it. Finally, he was harassed and humiliated by the sensation that he had broken the law; that a sentimental Positivist, and a superstitious nursing Sister—prone to confessions!—judged the infraction inexcusable and brutal, if for no other reason that the body of the accursed dog had passed like a gaunt and bloody nightmare before the terrified eyes of a dying child.

Tick, tick, TICK: the current of life runs redly for four, the current of thought, if continuous, would strangely blend four emotional fantasias. Religion of Humanity—Hell would perhaps be well after all! Mother of God—what of that mother? *I shall be free—I shall be free!* I would it had been her carcass—damned dog!

Tick, tick, TICK. The current is swift and red for four. The fourfold eddy is vital—two circles run madly. A fifth is faint and wandering. The tickings pause as the clock on the mantel in mellow chimes announces midnight. Twelve registered hours deeply vibrate from a distant tower with solemn emphasis. The fourfold eddy slows and shudders as the last stroke and echo decline—the fifth eddy is further away than the echoes, it is far out in the night among the energies of the universe. Something is white and rigid on the bed; something is defined in ghastly fractures under the bed. A dead child and a mutilated dog remain in the shadow of mortality: one for the coffin, another for the scavengers. The mystery and beauty of life do not remain. Perhaps—but it was a most unprofessional perhaps that the Positivist doctor expelled just before he quietly took a pinch of snuff and reached his hat.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE HUMAN CRY.

The Professor stood with the doctor at the outer door, and offered his cigar-case, which was gravely declined. The doctor produced a pipe, and struck a fusee, which, as it

flamed, lit up a sternly perplexed face. The Professor looked anxiously over the dark wind-swept lawn, as he stammered—

"I may rely on your professional honour? What you may have seen or guessed—"

"Has nothing whatever to do with me—nothing. You had better reward that nurse into silence. For the rest, I care little about the *techniques* of the law affecting your experiments—if your work is necessary, perhaps restraint is irritating and cramping. But it seems to me that you have abused your freedom. For one thing should be clear to you after to-night—we cannot isolate ourselves and be a law unto ourselves. I mean,"—slightly pausing and speaking with sharper accent—"we cannot prevent our own cruelty from touching some aspect of humanity—"

The Professor shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and the doctor was angered by the movement.

"Let me tell you this, whether you know it or not, that humanity is a great fact, whether any God is behind it or not; and if you deliberately set aside in your own rooms every sanction that shields your own existence and welfare in the outside world, you will sooner or later defy the moral law for the last time; and there is a moral law which forces more punishment and misery on a guilty life than the laws of men can ever do. I have, perhaps, seen more secret human misery than you—"

"You have seen some to-night. You have seen the hatefulness of my blasted life." Pleading and bitterness struggled for the dominant note.

"Self-pity is not difficult—is there no other pity—for the dumb brute you have sacrificed to-day, for instance? Have you not seen how the circle of sorrow can widen from the slightest disturbance? You speak of misery concealed—have you ever cared to guess if any victim that shuddered under your knife was apprehensive of pain—ever agonised to speak in your alien language, and appeal for the mercy you hope for now? These creatures have our passions and pains, they have no share in our intellectual life, but they share the uncertainty and terror of death—may your death be less hideous than some you have devised! To me, all life is sacred—infinite so—and it is only by the cultivation of this sentiment that I see any redemption of our vicissitudes above the bloodiest anarchy—any hope of humanity ever being educated above the fear of hell."

"Cursed prig, with his humanitarian cant," muttered Scalpelin, as the doctor passed into the night; but he hesitated to return upstairs. *Life's night is upon me*, he had written—the darkness of that night was so different from the mighty calm that rounded down to the far horizon—the deep vault and the innumerable stars—and he, the spectator of the eternal immensity, frustrate and consciously guilty if not remorseful. The ages pressed their burden into his soul, and for the first time he was smitten with an inward challenge: *What right have you, poor fragment of mortality, to maim and murder innocent organisms to glut your ambition and glorify your pitiless mistress?* But he struggled to justify and whispered: *The good of mankind after all.* And the inward voice said with querying echo: *The good of mankind, after all?* And he did not answer.

Scalpelin turned reluctantly into the hall, a black figure stood there waiting—the Sister's work was done; she must not tarry for the dawn. He cleared his throat to speak, but she bowed low and was gone before thought could move his tongue. Still he was slightly relieved—the dark perplexity was renewed when he found his wife in a swoon in the chamber of death, and looking under the unconsecrated bed for what was Ratto, cursed the treacherous Jesuit in his heart. He needed, then, no advising that she had concealed a ghastly bundle under her robes, but he anticipated disastrous mischief.

There was no public scandal, however.

The Scalpelinems pass out of these impressions here, but

not out of the sovereign laws which interweave with immutable impulses. These govern the wide social order, from the beginning of goodness to the divided path in the darkness wherein some vicious departure may re-assert the ancient anarchy, and rend humanity in the slime once more. . . . It is not so long since I heard Professor Scalpelin discoursing on recent developments of micro-organic research. Incidentally, he lamented the absence in England of the larger freedom and more enlightened laboratories such as made science hopeful on the Continent. A blameless and respectable municipal magnate presided—his intelligence had been touched by the bacterial diagrams, which he understood as lucidly as the Hebrew alphabet—and sincerely hoped the time would come when Scalpelin & Co. would be established on the municipal rates to wrestle in research with those powers of darkness, bacteria. An additional twopenny in the pound would be cheap salvation. The audience applauded, and the Professor blinked quite blandly.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY.

Father Ambrose and Tom Grahame stood in the fresh morning sunlight with a flower-banked fence between them. The priest's face was unusually grave.

"Grahame, you have sometimes referred to what you (honestly enough, I know,) believed to be the cruel tortures inflicted by the Church on heretics. You have urged, too, that it was the legitimate result of belief in future punishment—that a temporary torture was excusable, in a sense, as a remedy against eternal pain. I hope you will come to know how much the soul is more than the body. But I want to ask you now, to imagine a little contrast. Supposing that the modern Church in the midst of all our education, philanthropy, and civilisation, racked and tormented a man to see whether a soul could be found inside him, what would you say?"

Tom looked cautious—this priest was subtle in "traps"—but he said decisively:—

"I should say it was monstrous."

"Good. Supposing yet further, that every Church took up with this question, and that crowds of men were destroyed every week, and further that the discovery of the soul in man was lost sight of, and that each Church knew in its heart that the soul of man could not be so discovered, but simply went on—murdering let us say—merely to show that the methods and observations of the other Churches were all fallacious—what would you say?"

"You know what I would say," answered Tom, with his straight honest look, "but what is it leading up to? There is something amiss?"

"There is. Will you step round a few minutes? I will see you in the Superior's room. Do not bring your boy." Tom went.

The room was tranquil, the peace of another world seemed to rest around the old-fashioned furniture, the framed Saints, the white dimity curtains with the flowers gleaming like a glimpse of paradise beyond. The motherly Superior greeted Tom kindly yet gravely. Father Ambrose stood at a side table with his hand on an object covered with newspaper.

"This is SCIENCE—here is your dog!"

Tom stood dumb, and his limbs stiffened. Incredulity, anguish, terror, pity, and passion conspired strange to bring marks of emotion on his face. The veins on his wrists and forehead stood out like whipeords. And from his deep chest at last the hidden workings swelled up through his throat in one hoarse thunderous cry:—

"Who has done this?"

The Positivist doctor was ushered in, and he stood by the door with calm relief in his heart—humanity was majestic again in the virile wrath and great love of Eternal Man.

"Scalpinem did this for Science," answered the priest. It was a vague triumph for Faith.

"Not for Science," said the doctor; "Science is Truth, but this evil deed is a lying libel—a brutal denial of Science. My friend,"—he advanced and placed his hands on the cobbler's shoulders—"my life belongs to Science, however humbly: the science of merciful healing. The man that did this wrong was mistaken—we must pity him to teach him pity; punishment would only extend his mistake. Your boy shall have another dog—his sorrows are beginning early, but all sorrow is consecration to the holy service of humanity. I am here to urge that it will be best to keep this quiet—best for all concerned."

Tom watched the doctor, conscious of a strong clear visioned nature—something of gratitude in his troubled heart that he had not to stumble between Scalpinem and the priest, and revolt maybe, from black science to blind faith.

Perhaps the good Father felt somewhat baffled. For he held that all ways led to Rome.

"Let us remember from now what is possible when men forget God" he said.

"When men forget the highest Good—Humanity, which pervades all and glorifies all," pronounced the doctor. "The faith of Humanity, the hope of Humanity, and the love of Humanity are my all-in-all. Let that thought touch the hearts of men, and they will care for and reverence the lowliest lives in all existence."

"Amen," said Father Ambrose, unwittingly.

"I think you are right," added Tom. "Poor old Ratto,—poor Billy!"

* * * * *

GOD—GOOD—HUMANITY! whichever is the greatest word, may we cleave to it and abide in its inspiration, that no gulf of cruelty or shameful hope may come between our supremest acknowledgment and our finest sensibilities of love and pity. God—Good—Humanity! the greatest word will sustain us in the hours of midnight travail, when the voices of soul and duty are in conflict with the clamours of the day, and our sovereign conscience is trembling in the balance of impulse, and our significant determination shall widen for good or evil on the morrow, into the solemn issues of everlasting destiny. God—Good—Humanity! by the greatest word we will choose to stand with the heroes, the healers, and the helpers—we will elect for the service of the Makers, and tarry not in the tents of the Destroyers.

THE END.

Mont Blanc.

Silent and awed, I watch each evening cloud
In billowy whiteness softly draw aside
And melt behind blue Jura's peaks, which proud,
But wistful, on fair Leman's shores abide.
Spell-bound I watch, nor note the passing day;
For, like the Holy Grail, the mystic quest
Only revealed to those who search and pray,
A snow-clad presence, pure from base to crest,
Mont Blanc arises like an astral form
Of Nature's chastest, highest, purest thought!
Now hid by clouds, now swept by stress and storm,
But ever setting outward ill at naught,
Keeping her own pure, calm and steadfast soul
To point us onwards, upwards towards our goal.

D. B. M.

Morges, August 5th, 1894.

Shakespeare's Heroines.

PORTIA, in *The Merchant of Venice*.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the popular boasts concerning Shakespeare's representations of women, an unbiassed mind must arrive at the frank conclusion that the poet had no abstract sympathy with free womanhood. Sometimes, however, his women practised very differently from the poet's preachings, and if he anywhere gives us a heroine who repudiates the milk-and-water virtues, it is assuredly in Portia. Her finest qualities are drawn forth not by the emotion of love, but by the dilemma in which, according to the quaint conceit of the play, her husband's best friend is placed. The men are incapable of unravelling it, and saving the life of Antonio, but Portia, without saying a word to anybody but her maid, dons a man's clothes and travels to Venice, to plead his cause before the Duke, and to outwit the Jew, who has cunningly plotted against Antonio's life, by the bond which assures him of the pound of flesh in case his loan cannot be repaid by a certain day. We may remark in passing that Shylock is represented, according to the prejudices of that period, as an extortionate and unprincipled Jew; but he is not without his wrongs at the hands of his Christian neighbours, and the fact that Antonio had been in the habit of calling him a "misbeliever", a "cut-throat dog" and spitting upon his "gaberline", was hardly likely to conjure up tender sentiments in the breast of the usurer.

Antonio, the victim of this terrible bond, has befriended Bassanio, a young man in need of money who has nothing but himself to offer, but who is beloved by the wealthy Portia. She, it seems, was by her father's will, the sport of three mysterious caskets, and was bound to accept the suitor who chose the right one without demur or ceremony. Such were the ideas of the past with regard to the rights of fathers in the disposal of their daughters' hands! For although this is part of the make-up of a drama intended to amuse, it exhibits in a certain degree the estimation in which daughters were held—and though marriage was considered the prime object of their lives, and ought certainly to have been one of profound importance to them, and a subject of serious consideration—they were "given away" in the approved fashion which still obtains in our state-church marriage-service, like children bundled from one person to another. Happily Portia obtains the man of her choice, who selects the apparently worthless-looking, leaden casket, which is the right one, and thereupon makes the one and only good speech he seems capable of. And she then and there rushes into his arms, and bestows herself and her entire fortune upon him with a childish abandon wholly at variance with the rest of her character. She makes the kind of speech Shakespeare delights to put in the lips of a woman when she addresses a man. She flatters his vanity by declaring that she is—

"Happier in this
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king,
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen of myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord."

After this elevation of Bassanio to the position of a minor deity, we are surprised to find that Portia, as a wife, makes her own plans, consults her own mother-wit, and acts much as she pleases. She is altogether too strong for the position of the feeble feminine worshipper of a masculine Grand Mogul, and the next scene opens with Madame Portia habited as a doctor of laws in the Venetian court of justice, very ably

arguing the case of Antonio, whose pound of flesh in lieu of the unpaid loan is now demanded by the revengeful Shylock. Admirably does this "unlesson'd girl, unschooled, unpractis'd" deal with her client's cause, so much so, that these descriptions of herself read on the whole as a joke!

"Do you confess the bond?" she enquires of Antonio.

Antonio: "I do."

"Then," says Portia, "must the Jew be merciful."

Turning to him she addresses him in the well-known and beautiful lines:—

"The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,
It is an attribute of God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God
When mercy seasons justice."

But Shylock is not to be moved by this eloquent appeal, and since Portia acknowledges the law cannot be altered, he prepares for his victim, and she adroitly exhibits his character in its true colours, by making him expose himself. She says:—

"I pray you, let me look upon the bond."

After reading it she declares its legal soundness, and offers thrice the money named in it to preserve Antonio's life, but Shylock refuses. Portia then cleverly leads on the Jew by telling Antonio he must "lay bare his bosom", asking for scales to "weigh the flesh". She says:—

"A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it."

Shylock exclaims:—

"Most rightful judge!"

Portia:—

"And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it."

The Jew is delighted, and it is in the moment of his exultation that Portia turns upon him in quiet triumph:—

"Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh':
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice, confiscate,
Unto the State of Venice."

On hearing this Shylock tries to obtain the money Portia previously offered to him, and which he refused, and Bassanio (who is in court and has not penetrated her disguise) exclaims, "Here is the money!"

Portia:—

"Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty."

A slight contrast this to her maiden speech, in which her "unlesson'd" mind is to be schooled by the skilled Bassanio's!

Then she pronounces judgment (for practically Madame Portia is counsel, advocate, judge and the entire court besides—the Duke is nowhere) in the heaviest terms. The Jew may prepare to cut the flesh, but if he cuts but the twentieth part of a scruple over the right weight, or sheds one drop of blood:—

"Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate."

As the flesh obviously cannot be weighed beforehand, nor cut without blood, she has the discomfited Shylock in her power. He pleads now for money. Portia replies:—

"He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice and his bond."

When the Jew sees he is defeated and exposed and can obtain nothing, he is anxious to decamp, but Portia stops him:—

"Tarry Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted by the laws of Venice
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st."

It ends in Shylock's being utterly routed, and signing a deed by which he leaves half of his money to his daughter, while the rest is forfeited to the state.

Thus closes a scene in which Portia displays a strength of character, courage and mental ability, and a command of the situation in supreme contrast to all that Shakespeare defines as "womanly" when he commences to describe womanhood, as we have pointed out, in set terms. One smiles to see him thus as it were give the lie to his own words!

Then follows the episode of the rings. Bassanio gives up the ring he swore to keep, to the young advocate at her urgent request, an act out of which she intends to make some diversion rather embarrassing to him. As she regains her home she says to her maid:—

"That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

We may note that she calls the house hers, notwithstanding that she made a present of it to Bassanio, and when she enters she issues her orders to—

"My servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence."

On the arrival of Bassanio she reverts to treasured gifts and says:—

"I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it, and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters."

When she finds he is without it, she informs him in the plain terms of the period that she will not continue to be his wife. He must produce the ring. Bassanio endeavours to excuse himself, and Portia, who has evidently gone up in her own estimation, tells him:—

"If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring."

Bassanio begs his fault may be pardoned, and finally Portia produces the ring and all the tale comes out. Portia is proud of the part she has played, and says:—

"Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully."

Apart from the absurd oration and flattery she gave to Bassanio on his choice of the casket, Portia shows herself to be a remarkably capable woman, whose career throughout the play is a running commentary on their folly, and a proof of the value of a woman's courage, cleverness and independence. It is she who makes all the good speeches, and utters the "choice thoughts" of the drama, while Bassanio blunders, hesitates, and generally shows himself to be cast in a weaker mould than his wife. The coarsenesses are fewer than usual and less disreputable. We owe Shakespeare a debt of gratitude for his portrait of a vigorous

woman, which he was led to paint in spite of himself because Nature has created her in all ages as a prophecy of the coming type.

Which is the more useful human being—the weakling who sheds tears and faints in an emergency, or the woman who preserves her presence of mind, and saves a fellow-creature's life? Portia is a splendid comment upon the emptiness of Shakespeare's special and "official" dissertations about 'woman.'

Photography.

THE Misses Gray, at 100, Westbourne Grove, two clever women, carry on a successful business as photographers. Their work excels in taste and artistic skill. The photographs taken by them have, we hear, given great satisfaction, and prove how eminently fitted women are for such a profession. What business or profession, we ask ourselves, are they not fitted for? They have begun to see this for themselves, they are in determined and active revolt. The result of this revolt will be such as no other revolt has ever yet produced. The Misses Gray and others are elevating photography into an art making it graceful and desirable.

MISS ALICE MODERNO is one of the leading advocates of Woman's Suffrage in Portugal, she is well known as a novelist and poet. Her poems having been translated into several European languages have made her famous in more countries than her own. Here is a translation of one of them, which however, does scanty justice to the original.

ASPIRATIONS.

In search of the Ideal which I've cried
To satisfy the yearnings of my soul,
I gaily climbed an azure galley's side
Where the rough seas of wide Utopia roll.

The sun, that beamed full bright for many a year,
But showed the pitiless extent of sea,
Until one morning radiant and clear,
Behold the ship cast anchor joyfully.

I hastened to the bow and saw an isle,
Far off, delusive, yet a stately pile,
And wondrous, raised by the Creator's hand.

I scanned the chart, but out the skipper came;
"Tis fruitless, for Chimera is its name,
Its city Dreams, from whence Love rules the land!"

MIDLE CHAMINADE, the well-known French composer, was born in Paris. She became inspired with the love of music at a very early age. She has always been a great lover of everything expressing desolation. Her favourite master is Schumann. Women composers are, she says, at a great disadvantage, because they cannot mingle with the population and study native tastes and individualities. She has often wished she were a man so that she need not be so hampered by woman's enforced reservedness.

AFTER an interesting yet sad account of the position of women in Japan the *Lady* remarks frivolously, "What a field for the British New Woman propagandists!" What a pity the *Lady* should be frivolous. Can she not take this great movement seriously?

Mrs. Catharine Weed Ward.

AN interesting and practically useful treatise on "Modern Photography for Amateurs" says:—

"During the last half-century, rapid strides have been made in the useful and fascinating art-science of photography, and amateurs of to-day are reaping the fruits of the labours of many bygone experimenters.

"About the second half of the sixteenth century, Baptista Porta, a deep-thinking Neapolitan, made the important discovery that the scenes outside his house were visible on the whitewashed wall of a darkened room, the image finding its way through a small hole in one of his window shutters. Thus, like many another valuable discovery, photography owed its birth to an accident. It was not, however, till nigh on 300 years later that it occurred to anyone that it was within the bounds of human possibility to render these evanescent pictures permanent.

"Amongst the first experimenters in this direction were Daguerre, the famous Parisian scene-painter, and Nicéphore Niépce, a clever mechanic living at Châlons-sur-Saône. Niépce died without discovering anything valuable, Daguerre alone achieving success; and by the introduction of what, even to this day, are known as 'Daguerreotypes,' was laid the foundation of modern photography. Thirty years later, Scott Archer gave to the world the 'wet collodion process,' as it was termed, which finally paved the way for dry gelatine plates—the boon of the professional and the joy of the amateur."

To a woman's paper, and to its readers, everything that speaks of progress is full of vital interest; specially so when that progress is the outcome of a woman's thought and action, or carries woman along with it: because thoughtful women know that the way of progress, whether in theory or practice, is hindered, so long as woman remains outside; hindered by whatever prevents the intellect and energy of woman from engaging freely and gladly, in that action which is the materialization of thought.

It becomes, therefore, an exceptional pleasure to a woman's pen, to recount for those who read the particular effort of any woman to lift the curtain of darkness which obscureth, and let the light of greater knowledge gleam upon eager untiring workers. More and more fully as the ages sound and flow, are we realising how the Spirit enters into all we do, how it is not on the material plane alone that work is done, how all mechanical ingenuity, all the works of art, all the discoveries in science, are the results of thought; the expression of the Spirit, the Higher Self, through the material. So all beauty hath immortal life and is a "joy for ever."

Miss Catharine Weed Barnes, now Mrs. Catharine Weed Ward, is the daughter of Emily P. Weed, who married the Hon. William Barnes of New York, U.S.A., and was herself the daughter of Catherine Ostrander, whose mother, Clarissa Montfort, came to America from France. This Catherine Ostrander married Thurlow Weed, whose family on the male side came originally from England, and the county of Yorkshire.

The memoir of Thurlow Weed, written by his grandson, Thurlow Weed Barnes, the brother of the Catharine of our sketch, remarks as follows:—

"During his boyhood and youth Mr. Weed worked for a blacksmith, and as cabin boy, furnace hand, farmer, compositor, and assistant editor. He was connected with a dozen different public journals, and was a volunteer in the army. We can hardly wonder, that when he went to Cooperstown in 1818, to claim the hand of Catherine Ostrander, her prudent relatives warned her to think twice, before she threw herself away upon this strolling journeyman."

The lady, however, evidently thought otherwise, and so gave to Miss Catharine Weed Barnes a grandfather, of whom she has every reason to be proud. The life of Thurlow Weed and those connected with him, who through him were brought into close relation with all the events of the most stirring times, in American history, is so full of interest, that it would be a pleasant task to go into it, but space forbids, and the subject of the present sketch, the granddaughter of Catherine Ostrander and Thurlow Weed, claims our first consideration.

Before everything else Catharine Weed Barnes was the daughter of her mother, that Emily P. Weed who married the Hon. W. Barnes of New York. Of this mother Miss Barnes, now Mrs. Weed Ward, speaks with great pride and affection, rejoicing in the memory of what that mother was, of all she owes to her, for help, inspiration, encouragement, mental, moral and physical training.

As a child Catharine Weed Ward "wanted to learn to do some one thing." She also was inspired with the noble, honest, desire, to earn her own living, and with the just and brave resolve to gain equal opportunities with her brothers. "I could not," she says, "see why my brothers should have education, public life, opportunity, any more than myself."

She was always a close student, and a keen observer, fond of books, ardently interested in life and its meanings, in humanity and its possibilities. Her parents were greatly interested in education, but socially Miss Barnes' idea of working for herself was looked upon as a species of mild lunacy. She minded very little what society people might think; her mind pursued its own train of thought, and quietly made its own resolves. Such natures usually carry their resolves, sooner or later into execution.

Vassar College was the first field of research for this ardent seeker after knowledge, but, her health breaking down, she had to leave it, as she expresses it, "half-way." She loved this school of her youth and has always been loyal to its memory. Here are a few extracts from a letter of hers to the Editor of the *Albany Times* entitled, "The Tribute of a Former Student":—

SIR,—I notice in to-night's *Times* an editorial entitled "A Plea for the Vassar Girls." Allow me to thank you for its manly and dignified tone, its honour for the great work of the College, and its well-deserved censure of those who are endeavouring to belittle the institution, which has done, and is doing, so much for American women.

As a former student, fully and keenly appreciating the noble legacy of Matthew Vassar, and realising what a step forward was the founding of that seat of learning, I cannot be so untrue to my sex or forgetful of Mr. Vassar's benefaction as to leave your editorial unnoticed. During two years spent within the walls of Vassar College, I learned to value more and more the privileges so bountifully given. Under the wise care of President Raymond and the thoughtful supervision of the lady principal, Miss Lyman, a royal woman, it would indeed be a "wild girl" who could brave the high moral tone of the institution. In their deaths the cause of woman's education lost unselfish, devoted workers.

Good, earnest, sincere work told every time and was never wasted. Every hour of careful study was recognised. Under President Caldwell and Miss Goodsell the high standard established by the first heads of the college has been maintained, and we cannot afford, men or women, to allow longer these unmanly and unjustifiable attacks to be made.

Vassar is not now the only woman's college, but the others are deeply indebted to her. She welcomes every new one gladly.

A man never proves himself so unworthy of manhood as when he seeks to discredit the work of woman, and the men who sneer at Vassar college and discourage its efforts to establish higher standards of education for our sex are unworthy to enjoy the society of cultivated and intelligent women. No generation can wear the garments of its predecessor.

Having broken down through too great eagerness, doing extra work, thus overstraining her powers, Miss Barnes learnt to proceed for the future on more careful lines; her great desire for self-support asserting itself continually, and inducing her to try to earn something by painting, etc. Both parents were writers, and from them and from her grandparents Catharine learned much, and inherited much that has helped her in her life of determined effort. Family reasons, however, prevented Miss Barnes going out to make a position for herself; her mother's health was not good and required the devotion of about twelve years of her daughter's life, which devotion this daughter gave without stint. Well was her devotion appreciated, and well was it deserved. It does not fall to the lot of every daughter to have the blessing of such a mother, and there are many daughters who cannot see and reverence the virtues and

powers of a loving, gifted mother, as Catharine Weed Barnes was able to do. This makes her memories of that beloved and revered mother a great solace and an abiding gladness.

Mrs. Barnes and her daughter enjoyed friendships and intercourse with some of the brightest spirits of a time abounding in bright spirits, the results of which remain, and form part of the daughter's spiritual environment. Mrs. Barnes was a woman of great ability, and exercised a wide-spread influence in Albany, New York. She also travelled much, and her daughter has in her possession letters written by her mother from London, Russia and elsewhere to an Albany evening paper. Remarking upon her visits to Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and the Tower, she writes:—

"They should be visited in connection, for they mark their historic eras of development and change: the Tower being the Norman side, the Abbey and Houses of Parliament the Anglo-Saxon side of English History."

Describing the Tower, she alludes to the Beefeater who approached them as:—

"One of the guides appointed by the authorities who had come masquerading down two centuries and appeared before us, as much a relic of the past as anything he could show us. After looking at him, and wondering whether an American could be found, at any price, to make such a guy of himself, we accepted him as a living model anachronism possible only in Great Britain."

The Arsenal, bristling with bayonets, and the gloomy Traitors' Gate, impressed this gifted lady in a different way to that in which it usually affects a Briton born. She was impressed, oppressed, and depressed with the horror of the whole thing, and says:—

"May Heaven keep us in America from the possession of such a building."

Amen to this, many will say. Writing later from Russia she notes the city of the Czars, St. Petersburg, and gives a high meed of praise to the great abilities of Catherine II., whose name, she says:—

"must always be intimately identified with the power and greatness of Russia. She recognised that no nation can ever fully develop itself by its own innate strength, but must have relation with other civilised nations, a truth just beginning to be recognised by China and Japan."

In spite of all that was more or less justly advanced against Catherine, II. which Mrs. Barnes, as a true woman, loving purity, and as a profound thinker, deploras, she writes of her with great justice as:—

"The greatest Sovereign that Europe has ever known."

Intellectually and energetically so it was, but we are beginning to realise that intellect is not the highest force, and that without moral force nothing can produce lasting results.

Writing to the same paper, Miss Barnes, herself, has given a very clear, succinct, and natural account of the Orthodox Church of Russia.

Miss Barnes took up photography in 1886, the suggestion that she should make it her speciality, having first come from her mother. When that mother, beloved so long, and so affectionately tended, crossed the boundary lines, Miss Barnes, in her desolation of heart, turned eagerly for something upon which to occupy herself, something to fill up the sad, slow-passing hours of her days, left so dreary by the absence of "one loved voice now mute." Then arose to her memory her mother's suggestion; she determined to carry it out, and to put all her ardour and strength of purpose into the work. Between this mother and herself had existed that close sympathy, which, when existing between mother and child, is perhaps the closest tie life can bring, and certainly the most fruitful in results. Miss Barnes had made herself proficient in many studies, both before and during her mother's illness. She had acquired great power of concentration, and it served her new purpose well. Success was not slow to come to her, her talents were soon recognised, more and more

generally, as time so well filled up, passed quickly on. Miss Barnes knew the secret of small beginnings; her first studio was an attic papered with printed rules relating to the work of art of which she has since become a mistress; her "dark room" was a bath room. Carefully, patiently and perseveringly she worked, awaiting the time she determined should come, when she should take her honoured place among those who had conquered many obstacles. Then she joined herself to the Society of New York Amateur Photographers, where she read such useful practical papers, that invitations came pouring in from other clubs, requesting her to give to them the benefit of her experiences. Like all technical societies, those of photography are reported as very exclusive, in any case in New York Miss Barnes was the first woman these societies had the good sense to acknowledge. She has proved, as so many have done, that it is the first step only which counts. She is now a member of many photographic societies in America and in Great Britain, and has read lately a paper on amateur photography at the World's Fair held at Chicago, which was greatly appreciated. She was one of the two editors of the *American Amateur Photographer*, and has not, we believe, resigned the post. She conducted departments in *Frank Leslie's Weekly* and in *Outing*. In reference to the latter we quote from her first editorial:—

"Those who have given careful attention to photographic affairs cannot fail to have noticed how greatly women are becoming interested in them. Interested, I mean, in the sense of actually taking hold of the work and accomplishing some that is really valuable. Photography has become such a force that beyond its interest as a fascinating recreation it has positive educational worth in more ways than can readily be mentioned, so various and widespread are they and so constantly increasing. One very good proof is found in the fact that any woman who goes deeply into the work and once tastes the keen enjoyment of feeling, has gained to some degree control of the situation, and never will allow it to be considered in an undignified light.

Let a woman pass through an exhibition of landscape paintings for instance, and she is not nearly so likely to carry away a good conception of the pictures as if she had tramped over the ground with a camera, carried a lot of even 5 x 7 plates, under divers difficulties it may be, developed them, and made the prints. "I had no idea," was said to me once by a friend, "that there were such pretty places near my home until you had photographed them." Those women who live among beautiful scenery or picturesque surroundings can find no more worthy and helpful recreation than making a record of them. If it were desirable to earn money what more pleasant way of doing it, and such views would command a sale. When I see the kind of pictures often sold at various points of travel in my journeys, it has seemed as if some apostle of good taste ought to arise in the educational interests of the travelling public, as not one photographer in fifty has any idea of a correct point of view. There is no reason in the world why women should not be able to explore the innermost secrets of this art-science, become expert chemists and mechanics as well as artists and designers.

"Photography, with its many arms, is reaching out in all directions, and no one can foresee all the possibilities of its future. It is the part of wisdom not to decry or seek to laugh it down, but recognise in some measure all it can be made to mean, and become as a new teacher in the intellectual advancement of woman, and, through her, affect everything she influences, which is to say, the world at large. That influence might better be for good than evil, and anything and everything which can tend to improve her mental grasp and judgment should be gladly welcomed by her. She possesses inherent in her organisation a wonderful power for hard work, but it needs to be guided so as to utilise and not waste its strength. She will find in photography an ever-widening field of interest, useful as well as pleasant to others beside herself, and in which she can hardly fail to gain a deeper reverence for what the brain of man can accomplish, still more the Power which created both that brain and the mighty forces of nature which it is able to guide at will. The world moves, and as long as those forces operate will new means be found by man's fertile brain to utilise them, and I firmly believe that in photography is latent a world of useful agencies which women should make it their duty to bring to light. It rests with them to improve their opportunities."

(To be continued).

THE REVOLT OF THE DAUGHTERS.

THE great difficulty in the lives of hundreds of daughters of the upper ranks just now lies in this: that they find themselves torn between two opposing impulses, and know not which they ought to follow. On one side are the habits of a child, and the assurance of everybody that the same habits of quiescence and submission ought to be maintained into womanhood. On the other hand there is the same instinct which we see in a baby's limbs to stir, to change its position, to climb, to run, to use in short the muscles and faculties it possesses. Every young bird flutters away from its nest, however soft; every little rabbit quits the comfortable hole in which it was born; and we take it as fit and right they should do so even when there are hawks and weasels all around. Only when a young girl wants to do anything of the analogous kind her instinct is treated as a sort of sin; she is asked: "Cannot she be contented, having so nice a home and luxuries provided in abundance?" Keble's fine, but much misused, lines about "room to deny ourselves," and the "common task" and "daily round" being all we ought to require, are sure to be quoted against her; and in short she feels herself a culprit, and probably, at least once a week, has a fit of penitence for her incorrigible discontent: I have known this kind of thing go on for years, and it is repeated in hundreds and thousands of families. I have known it where there were seven miserable big young women in one little house. It is supposed to be the most impossible thing in the world for a parent to give his son a stone for bread, or a serpent for a fish. But scores of fathers, in the higher ranks, give their daughters diamonds when they crave for education; and twist round their necks the serpents of idle luxury and pleasure when they ask for wholesome employment. . . . I feel intensely for the young spirits whose natural and whose noble aspirations are so checked and deadened and quenched through all their youth and years of energy, that, when the time for emancipation comes at last, it is too late for them to make use of it. They have been dwarfed and stunted, and can never either be, or do, anything greatly good.

In short, the complaint we women make against men, that they persist in treating us as minors when we have attained our majority, is what daughters too often can justly make against both their fathers and mothers. They keep them in the swaddling clothes of childhood, when they ought to set free every limb to its most athletic and joyous exercise. Dangers, of course, on the other side there are, of over-emancipated and ill-advised girls who sorely need more parental guidance than they obtain; but so far as my experience goes, these cases are few compared to those of the young women (ladies, of course, I mean, for in the lower classes such evils are unknown), whose lives are spoiled by *over-restraint in innocent things*.—From *The Duties of Women*, by Frances Power Cobbe.

A Call editorial speaks of the decline of the *Saturday Review* in London, when it found that people get tired even of scolding after a time. We wonder when the San Francisco public will be tired of scolding, and not think a writer clever because he can hurt. Talk of the author of a mono-poem! What shall be said of the writer whose popularity rests wholly on one ground—that he has new ways of saying mean things? Take out the sting, and no weapon remains, as in the paltry poisoned arrows of low savages.—*The Impress*. [This is splendid.]

Thought bath Power.

IN these days, every woman whose eyes are opened to the sorrow existing in the world, feels an intense longing to do something towards a mitigation of the misery; more and more daily are women, as individuals, awakening to the fact that their troubles are but samples of the troubles of their neighbours, that each heart knows its own sorrow, even though covered by a smiling face and cheerful manner. Every woman so roused, has a burning desire to help right things, no matter how little, only that she may feel her days are not wasted, and her life a failure.

How many women to-day are standing behind counters, sitting at desks, looking after the home, sewing, cooking or any of the prescribed fields where women are now living out their days. Living there without any brightness or encouragement; living because they cannot die.

What an impetus life would gain for those women, did they realise what a mighty force they possess in those possibly weak, possibly sick bodies, and in those narrow grooves. A force not wholly dependent upon the body, a force which has nothing to do with education, money or influence, but which can be exerted independently of any or all of these things; a force which nothing can withstand; which requires no means of transportation; which is always at hand, and can be put into effect immediately, nothing from the outside is absolutely necessary to set it in motion, but within themselves is the life of that force and its power to act. Even though the body be sick or diseased, that force may be exercised; though invisible, none the less powerful.

The power of thought has never been thoroughly realised by the many; that thought exercised supervision over the bodily conditions few have hitherto been led to understand, and that unexpressed thought can do anything in the way of real work, has been scarcely acknowledged.

But a change has come gradually, but surely; one after another, people begin to see what mighty possibilities lie behind and are contained in that little word "think." Every woman who reads *SHAFTS*, whose hands are tied, who has no time to herself, but is always at the call of others, let her be glad because she thinks, for therein lies her liberation, by means of which she can send grand and helpful messages into the hearts and minds of those who are *not* so bound but who need perchance more of that invisible cheer. If every woman knew that her thought of depression, of fear and woe, clung around her like a black garment, making anything like real work an impossibility, but that thoughts of brightness and hope would lift her to heights hitherto only dreamed of, she would hesitate before letting such grim visitors find a lodgement within her. How shall she keep them out?

First of all hindrances to be repulsed are thoughts of *fear*; our whole lives are bounded and filled by fear in some shape, until we are as dead to our splendid powers as though they did not exist. In order that the glory dreamed of may be ours, fear must be conquered; How? By realising the wonderful self which nothing need hurt, our thought self which can travel so much more quickly than our visible body. Finding such a refuge, from outside influences and environments, we grow courageous, reach out towards things which seemed far off.

Until we think about it, we do not realise how thoroughly we are under the bondage of fear. We are born and bred in fear. We bear and bring forth our children in fear, and nurse them upon fear. We live in it, breathe it with every breath, it is the food of our daily life, what wonder our hearts ache? Our thoughts are full of fear, what wonder, weighted by that gruesome thing, they cannot find the beauty of the universe. By turning our attention to the training of that invisible self, making use of it for the

purpose of carrying hopeful messages back and forth, instead of anxious, worried ones, we find that in some odd way we are thinking things never thought of by us before. We realise the wholeness of the universe, its beauty and its grandeur; realise that it belongs to us, that we can have our share of all that it may mean; we begin to know what it means to *live*, to work with a purpose because with the certainty that not one thought is lost, and that every glorious, powerful thought, sent forth into the world, can never be other than glorious and powerful no matter whether it be sent forth from the mind of a queen or a peasant, from the mind of an educated or uneducated person. When we know how to create the uncreated wondrous beauty by means of our thoughts when we use this power daily, hourly, we shall find our wings and lose all fear.

LAMIA.

What is Life?

This Life complex, what does it mean,
What am I now, what have I been,
This aching heart, this longing keen,
What is the end—Oh, God pray answer me.

This something which I cannot see,
This something which I *seem* to be,
This something which *cannot* be me,
For I shall die—Oh, God pray answer me.

From head to feet I feel its power,
Beneath its lash I fairly cower.
Again it seems the grandest power
Bestowed on man—Oh, God pray answer me.

Year after year thus passed away,
Leaving me sadder, day by day,
Till not the smallest sunny ray
Was left to me.—Then did God answer me.

A wonderful love was sent to me,
Wider, deeper than the sea,
A love which proved to be the key
To Life and Death—'Twas thus God answered me.

LAMIA.

ONE of the most interesting and suggestive facts in one great field of woman's interest is the new bicycle suit advertised by leading clothiers in the East, suits which are fashionable and expensive enough to satisfy one kind of woman, and short and free enough for the other kind. Full knee-breeches and a scant skirt no longer, are the distinctive feature of these costumes; and it speaks well for our women that they have not only sense enough to ride bicycles, but sense enough to wear garments which are appropriate to their purpose. The best taste calls for just harmony of dress to use. Our sense of beauty errs widely in the matter of clothes at best. Clothes are of all things relative; their beauty is relative beauty, depending first and absolutely on their use. The trailing garments, which are dignified and lovely in repose, become undignified and ridiculous in rapid motion, ugly in spite of themselves. Whereat many say "Trailing garments are beautiful—women should be beautiful—therefore, women should wear trailing garments. If rapid motion destroys the beauty of trailing garments, then women should avoid rapid motion." And, of a truth, most of them do! But the bicycle is changing all that, as also tennis, and all forms of wholesome activity.—*The Impress*.

Vivisection.

By MARY M'KINNEL.

"Not so long ago" says Mr. Marll Thornhill in his pamphlet on "Experiments on hospital patients,"—"it was proposed to legalise the practice of vivisection, and one of the arguments in favour of the proposal, the one that perhaps most influenced the general public, was that the horrible, the intensely cruel experiments of the Continent would not here in England be repeated; English physiologists, it was asserted, and asserted honestly, would not attempt their performance; nor English public opinion permit it. A generation has not passed, and these experiments have become of ordinary occurrence. They are performed without reluctance, and heard of without disapproval. It is possible that the same change of opinion that has taken place in regard to experiments on animals may take place as regards experiments on human beings." An ominous possibility truly, nay, more than that, already a probability, a near and very real danger, as the records of hospital practice, at least on the Continent and in America, in well-known instances have proved, and which is not without defenders of its claims in our own country, where already one medical man went so far as to state explicitly several years since, in a letter published in the *Standard*, "that hospital patients existed for the purpose of experimentation," they were, said he, "the *corpore vilia*, paying for gratuitous medical services, by affording in their persons a field for the experimental proclivities of their medical attendants"!

Dr. Seffingwell in his pamphlet on this subject has also said that "want of consideration to the human patients is invariably the case where the practice of the vivisection of animals prevails," and Dr. Rolleston in his evidence before the Royal Commission expressed a similar opinion. Can anything be more dreadful than the thought of human beings in their hours of suffering and weakness being delivered into the hands of men like these, who have become dead to the sense of their most sacred responsibilities? Yet, I think it is only a degree less dreadful to contemplate the loss, or lack, which the practice of vivisection seems to engender, of perception that the lower animals also have rights, which by the law of England are acknowledged, and that the first of these is the right to enjoy the untortured existence bestowed upon them by their Creator.

Happily, however, the medical profession is a noble one, whose ranks are filled to a large extent by men who know nothing personally of vivisection and who in practice habitually exercise the highest and most humane motives. If there are also some in its ranks who, while having convictions on this subject, for one reason or another have not yet found courage to confess them publicly, many nevertheless have done so, and the following letter addressed to Miss Cobbe in October, 1892, by Dr. Morgan Davies, L.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., late Surgeon to the London Hospital, shows that there is a widespread disapproval of vivisection in the profession. "Do not be misled," says the doctor, "by the apparent unity of the profession in this matter for I can assure you there is a great weariness of vivisection, and a growing impatience of the assumption of its chief votaries to dictate medical doctrines. There are thousands of most able men in practice whose scientific path is greatly obstructed and whose zeal is greatly damped by the present prejudice against *post-mortem* examination. In a word, all we want is clinical observation corrected by post-mortem investigation. I hold that we can well afford to dispense with vivisection, and I firmly believe we should get on much more rapidly without it." And now let us hear what some of those who have the best right to be heard on the scientific aspect of this subject say of vivisection, men many of them of the highest

eminence and renown in their profession, both in the past and present.

The late eminent Sir Charles Bell, before quoted, says further, in alluding to the vivisectional method of research: "Experiments have never been the means of discovery, the opening of animals has done more to perpetuate error than to confirm the just views taken from the study of anatomy and natural motions." Sir Wm. Thomson says: "Experiments involving such torture to so large a number of sentient and intelligent animals are not justifiable either by the object proposed, or the results obtained, or obtainable." The late Sir Wm. Ferguson, President of the British Medical Association, titular head of his profession, as well as its most successful operator, one also of the greatest anatomists, and its most widely employed practitioner, stated in his evidence before the Royal Commission that in his opinion *nothing* had been gained in surgery by experimenting on the lower animals. "An opinion," says Professor Lawson Tait of Birmingham, himself one of the greatest surgeons living, "which I entirely endorse." Professor Tait also urges against vivisection, that it has proved useless, and misleading, that in the interest of true science its employment should be stopped, so that the energy and skill of scientific investigators should be directed into better and safer channels. "I hail with satisfaction," he continues, "the rousing which is evident in the public mind upon this question, and I feel confident that before long the alteration of opinion which I have had to confess in my own case, will spread widely amongst the members of my own profession." He has also stated that he has received letters condemning the practice of vivisection from upwards of 200 medical men who have withheld their names from "*esprit de corps*, or the fear of being professionally boycotted." On another occasion, when commenting on remarks in the medical press, Professor Tait makes the following statements: "Mr. Sewill says I have no practical knowledge of vivisection; I wish to God that were true, I wish I could forget the awful things that I helped to do in the University laboratories, more than a quarter of a century ago, things that were published and received with *éclat*, things which led us astray and lost lots of human lives in receiving a proper correction." Later, in the *Times* newspaper, in November, 1892, Professor Lawson Tait again gave expression to his confirmed opinion and experience on this subject, an opinion the importance and weight of which can scarcely be over-estimated.

Many other eminent medical men, both on the Continent and in our own country, might be cited as holding, and having held, similar opinions on this question, as those now quoted, but it will be sufficient to give the names of only a few, such as—the late Professor Rolleston, the late Mr. Jolliffe Tuffnell, Dr. Samuel Houghton, Mr. George Macilwain, Sir Thomas Watson, Surgeon-General Gordon, Dr. Hoggan, and Drs. Berdoe and Clarke in England; and in the sister country, Professor Syme and the late Dr. Warburton Begbie, Physician to the Queen for Scotland.

It is now, however, to the higher and more deeply important moral aspect of the question, that I wish for a few moments longer to draw your attention, for Science itself stands second to this, or rather Science to be Science in the true sense of the term must be in harmony with morality, a link in correlation with, not in antagonism to the latter. How then, I ask, can vivisection be a fitting school for this? Man's moral and spiritual attributes are those which chiefly distinguish and raise him above the lower animal creation, those which ought also to give to the former their special claim upon his humanity, but if this part of his being is stunted in growth, or becomes perverted, while still intellectually superior, he becomes less than human, a demon in short, and society is demoralised. Could we have any school in which the former

can more surely graduate, than that of vivisection, where the student is taught to be deaf to the cry of torture, and blind to the dumb beseeching look of helpless creatures stretched there under the knife of the vivisectioner, and where the adept in this fiendish "art" approaches the already quivering flesh and irritated nerves with "joyous eagerness and delight,"—as one of their number has said—"to tear and wrack them afresh," for this is vivisection as practised in the laboratory in a thousand varying forms. Now one of the most trying difficulties with which the cause of anti-vivisection has to contend is the indifference, or passive opposition, of good, and in the main kind-hearted people, to these horrors, which they either ignore, or persist, without enquiry, in believing exaggerations; people who, with what has been wittily called a "flock of sheepish" tendency, follow the lead of the majority, without question as to whether it be right or wrong to do so, accepting, perhaps because of its very audacity, what Bishop Barry well defined as the "ultra sacerdotal pretension to infallibility in science," which vivisectioners would have not only the profession but the laity adopt blindly as their creed. It has been well said that this controversy "is not a question between the animal and man, but between man the spirit and man the brute. Are we deliberately to prefer our animal life to our spiritual life? Could our material existence here be even preserved a little longer through this means, is it worth the cost?"

Many have witnessed, and are witnessing, for this higher view of the question, *viz.*, that "we have no right to inflict torture upon innocent and helpless creatures for any supposed advantages to ourselves, and among those who hold with us, and have encouraged us strenuously to fight for this great cause, and noblest view of duty, are men and women of the past and present, the most honoured in our own country and others. The great and good Lord Shaftesbury said of vivisection, "It is an abominable sin." Ruskin says "These scientific pursuits are now defiantly, provokingly, insultingly separated from the Science of Religion; they are carried on in defiance of what has hitherto been held to be compassion and pity, and of the great link which binds together the whole creation from its Maker to the lowest creature."

That noble and brave hearted woman, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who for nearly a quarter of a century has stood in the forefront of this great conflict, says:—"No fact which science can reveal is worth acquiring at the price of selfishness and cruelty. To contend against vivisection is to contend not against any exceptional or transitory evil, but against those besetting sins of the age of which it is the outcome, selfishness and cowardice and the pitiless characteristic of cowards, over-estimate of the body compared to the soul, over-estimate of knowledge as compared to love. The obstacles we encounter on all sides, determined and unscrupulous opposition in some quarters, callousness and indifference in others; falsehoods scattered broadcast and greedily devoured on the *ipse dixit* of 'the doctor,' refusals to listen to the facts we could reveal, precisely because they are 'horrors' and would deprive the hearer of sleep, these things must not discourage us, when we dare to place ourselves, few and weak as we are, in antagonism to the very spirit of the age. Let us not then conceal from ourselves the fact that we have undertaken a tremendous task, and that vivisection is not only an 'abominable sin,' but a sin which has a profound significance." My friends, if there is one thing more hopeful than another for this great cause, it seems to me just this, that a woman has brought to it such advocacy as this, that good and thoughtful women everywhere are bringing to its support that moral force of which they are the chief representatives and guardians in this life.

Has it ever come home to you individually, how great is the influence which it has been given to each one of us to

wield in every cause on the right or wrong side of which we take our stand, how words and deeds apparently trivial and inconsequent may "extend in the social order like the circle of motion that widens from the centre of disturbance when a pebble is flung into a pond"? Let us take heed of that influence then, and its direction, and finally, let me remind you, in the words of Canon Wilberforce, when addressing the annual meeting of the Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection, that those who are working for this cause "are not mere enthusiasts, we are, not mere hysterical sentimentalists. I trust we believe that we are co-operating with the highest idea of God, and that is, that He is the self-evolving power of the eternal righteousness, slowly arighting the wrongs of the ages through the operation of the awakened hearts of men and women."

MARY M'KINNEL.

CRUELITIES IN SLAUGHTERING.

An important correspondence has been carried on in *The Standard* in regard to the awful cruelties brought to light in connection with the slaughtering of animals for food. The animals are flayed alive it is asserted. William Lisle B. Coulson, who has been a principal correspondent, makes in connection with it the following statement:—

SLAUGHTER-HOUSE CRUELTY.

To the Editor of "*The Standard*."

SIR,—Since my letter appeared on the above subject in *The Standard* on the 24th ult., I have received an enormous number of communications, all so kind, so touching, earnest, and imploring, that I am desirous the correspondence should have some progressive and practical termination. I have resolved, therefore, to get printed, in pamphlet form, the letters appearing in *The Standard*, together with a few extracts from the private letters received, relative to the question of these hideous cruelties; those wishing to be provided with these leaflets to send me some small donation to go to a fund I already have for the circulation of humane literature.

I would suggest that these leaflets, when despatched, should be kept on the writing-table, and enclosed in every letter written. Thus I hope to keep up the indignation that unquestionably exists at the gross cruelties going on in our slaughtering dens. Perhaps a few would afterwards consent to form a Deputation to the Committee of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and pray them to bring the subject before the Home Secretary. Friends of the speechless cannot, however, do better than, by the aid of money, strengthen the hands of that truly noble Society. But inspection, no matter how well it may be managed, cannot as effectively reduce cruelty as the curtailment of flesh eating. I am not a vegetarian, simply a food reformer, and that on humane and hygienic grounds.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM LISLE B. COULSON.

September 4th.

M.P.'S AND THE SUFFRAGE.

WE are informed that at the instance of the Parliamentary Committee for Women's Suffrage the following members of the House of Commons have put down Woman Suffrage Amendments to the "Period of Qualification and Election Bill," Mr. Mackie, Sir Pryce Pryce Jones, Mr. Cumming Macdonald, Mr. Naoroji, Mr. Conybeare, Mr. Seton Kerr, Mr. H. Foster, Mr. Seymour Keary, Mr. Allison, Mr. Atherley-Jones, Mr. G. Whitely, and Mr. Rentoul.

International Women's Union.

NEW VICE-PRESIDENTS AND FOREIGN COUNCILLORS.

Australia	Mrs. Wolstenholme.
England	Mrs. F. Macdonald.
"	L. A. Atherley Jones, M.P.
"	Mrs. Nessie Stewart-Brown.
"	W. Woodall, Esq., M.P.
France	M. Clifford Millage.
Germany	Fräulein Oberholtzer.
Italy	The Countess Marie Corniani.
Japan	Dr. Suganna.
New Zealand	C. D. Montrose, Esq.
Sweden	Mme. Hildgarde Heijkenskjold.
Switzerland	Mme. Geogg.
"	M. Charles Secrétan.

CORRESPONDING MEMBERS.

United States	Mrs. Banker
"	Mrs. Carrie Lerch.
India	Pundit Durga Prasad.

"Parliamentary Committee for Women's Suffrage," England; "Lega per la Tutela Degli Interessi Femminili," Milan; and "Women's Suffrage League," Sydney, have affiliated.

Foreign members are earnestly requested to get our Reports copied into foreign papers.

ENGLAND.

We hear from our colleagues of the Parliamentary Committee that seven M.Ps. have put down notices of a Women's Suffrage Bill for next session, and strenuous efforts will be made to include women in the Government Registration Bill.

INDIA.

Pundit Durga Prasad writes: "His Honour the Lieut. Governor of the N.W. Provinces has started an Association for the higher education of native ladies. It has been proposed to open a Zenana school on a large scale at the expense of Rs. 1,000 per mensem from the 1st January, 1895."

Mr. Prasad then details at some length the fearful suffering and cruelties endured by Hindu widows, concluding thus: "My learned and virtuous friend, Mr. Ganpat Roy, barrister-at-law, helps me and women greatly. But what can our little help avail the wretched creatures struggling in the shoreless ocean of misery. Will not our rich countrymen part with a little superfluity of their wealth to smooth the way of these custom-doomed miserable women to their grave. I appeal to them for a small fund to meet the expenses of our *Widows' Home*, and am willing to assist them in this misery-alleviating work with all my power."

DENMARK.

Mr. F. Bajer, M.P., writes: "During this year, unfortunately, the cause of woman has made no visible progress in Denmark. At the beginning of last session, Mons. H. Frier, one of the representatives of Copenhagen, and I, laid before the Chamber a Bill to give women the same electoral rights, and the same eligibility for the municipal or communal assemblies as possessed by men. This Bill was adopted by the Chamber (Folketing, Commons), but the Senate (Landsting, Lords) at once rejected it, adopting *un ordre de jour* declaring these rights would be as prejudicial to women as to Society. The Landsting have repeated what they did in 1888. In the Folketing a slight advance is observable, the Bill of 1863-94 adding eligibility to that of 1888 for electoral rights."

NEW ZEALAND.

Mr. C. O. Montrose writes: "The struggle for the enfranchisement of women in New Zealand lasted for a period of upwards of fourteen years, before justice and right triumphed. The principal objections raised against granting the Parliamentary Suffrage to women in New Zealand were as follows:

"1. That the majority of women did not really desire it. *Ans.* The proportion of women who were qualified to vote

but abstained from doing so was much smaller than in the case of male voters.

"2. That the women would be shocked and degraded by disorderly scenes at the polling places. *Ans.* The elections were the most orderly and decorous that had ever been held.

"3. That women would be dazzled by glib, showy candidates, to the neglect of less attractive, but more useful and practical candidates. *Ans.* The new Parliament is admitted on all hands to be far superior to the former one, morally and intellectually. Several very prepossessing candidates of shady moral character who had secured majorities at former elections were relegated to the bottom of the poll.

"4. That the Female Franchise would strengthen the Conservative party. *Ans.* The result has practically left the balance of parties unaltered. If anything, the Liberals have been slightly strengthened.

"5. That women would desire seats in Parliament. *Ans.* It is provided by the Act that women shall not sit in Parliament, and they have not evinced any desire to do so.

"Finally, it may be said that the result of the Female Franchise has completely dissipated the unfavourable predictions of its opponents, and that the influence now exercised by women in the choice of the law-makers of the country is already producing a salutary effect, in bringing about beneficial legislation affecting the home, the family, and the moral life of the nation."

UNITED STATES.

California. Mrs. Alice Moore McComas writes: "The Woman's Congress at San Francisco was a great success. It was good in its effect on the women and also in its effect upon the men.

"Those four wonderful sisters—once Tupper, now Galpin, Wilkes, True, and Maynard—were a great feature of our Congress. It is a pleasure to point to great women like them, and ask proudly, 'Has not their mother done something for the community?' She has, indeed; and so have they. They, too, are mothers, incidentally, but also something more."

N.B.—Mrs. McComas was herself several times heard in the Congress, her papers commanding much attention and interest.

Connecticut. Professor Howard Young writes of "the colossal impertinence of the self-constituted divorce commission of lawyers meeting in the United States to consider divorce without a single woman on the Commission. Wherever men consider such questions as divorce without the aid of women in the councils, it is a national wrong, and an international protest should be made."

PERSIA.

Mrs. Yoseph writes: "Persia is one of the hardest fields into which to introduce any changes. At present it seems as though progress has forgotten us, and has closed its golden gates to us, forgetting that we are the daughters of those noble mothers who taught their sons honesty and truth before any law was given in the letter. Before I return to Persia I hope, through friends, to get money to build a hospital for women and children, which we sorely need, where I hope to show and teach them something different from their own homes. For a population of twelve millions we have no hospitals or asylums of any kind, no doctors or nurses."

PRESIDENT'S NOTE.—I shall be glad to receive any contributions, however small, towards either the Widows' Home or the Hospital for Persian Women. Even among the poorest in England no such suffering is possible as depicted by our correspondents, and surely we, who have all the comforts of life, can spare a mite for those who need it so sorely and who are unable to obtain much help from their own countrymen in consequence of the prejudice against women's work.

WARNER SNOAD.

The Form of Woman.

THE recent correspondence in the *Daily Chronicle* on the subject of Rational Dress, and Mr. Havelock Ellis' *Study of Human Secondary Characters*, show in a marked degree the inability of some men to rise above sex-bias. In the former case, a man who dated from Oxford has had the temerity to assert that, from the artist's point of view, "the nether limbs of a woman are *all wrong*," that "the beauty of form of a woman is but a sorry travesty of the beauty of form of a man," and finally that "this fact has been recognised by the wisdom of ages, and hence the different forms of dress." He concludes by observing "a well-formed and handsome youth dressed in knickerbockers is a pleasant object to look upon; a well-formed and handsome young woman dressed in knickerbockers is a grotesque and unpleasant object to look upon, although it possibly may appeal to that lower quality of voluptuousness which is by no means to be confounded with a sense of beauty." This was plain speaking at all events, and elicited some crushing replies. No one, however, in those that were printed, seemed to have pointed out that the Oxonian's "wisdom of the ages" concerning women's dress was a piece of pure imagination on his part, as men of many races in past and present have worn skirts, while women have also exposed their entire forms among certain dark races. Some of these have been models of graceful figures, but it is needless to say none of them were ever compressed with stays, an invention which has produced all that deformity which the writer in question so ignorantly fancies is the normal condition of woman. There is not, however, a statue modelled from life, ancient or modern, which does not give him the lie, and if, for instance, he had taken the trouble to scan the figures of the women in male costume who figured recently at the ballet in Olympia, he would have found them, although largely exposed in outline, probably more perfect than his own, and by no means appealing to the voluptuous qualities he rightly enough distinguishes from a sense of beauty. So far from the natural figure of a woman being "a sorry travesty of that of man," it possesses a singular grace and dignity of its own which all must recognise who are not mere worshippers of what is called "male beauty." Each has its special perfections, but broadly speaking, the same general law of beauty governs both the feminine and the masculine form, and the most perfect of all is that which combines somewhat of both characters to a certain extent. Individual instances of deformity—women with hips disproportioned to waist and bust, and pot-bellied men with narrow chests, and rough and hairy skins, need not be taken into consideration. They are defective departures from the original lines of human perfection in form and appearance.

Mr. Havelock Ellis tries hard to be fair with regard to his comparisons, but he also falls into the astounding error of thinking that "women in all respect conform somewhat more closely to the child-type than do men." We should have said that it was just the reverse. It is the girl who differentiates more from the child-type as she approaches womanhood, than the boy. The average man retains much the same figure as he possessed at the age of nine or ten. The shape of the girl-child as a rule is very similar. The man develops generally in the shoulders, not always to any marked extent. The woman, on the contrary, develops usually in breadth of shoulder, undergoes marked changes in bust, and increases in width of hip. Untampered with, shoulders and hips balance each other, but the pressure of stays rapidly produces deformity during this period of growth. Nature has done no injustice either as to grace or dignity in woman; bad customs have, and if men, instead of writing foolish letters about the

figures of women, would cease to encourage the thoughtless among them in wearing what are called "*smart fitting frocks*," we venture to say nearly all women would possess figures which would make such observations as those in the *Daily Chronicle* more absurd even than they are now. For Nature's forms and artificial ones are two different things, although the Oxonian does not know it.

We may add, in conclusion, that it is this unceasing carping at women which has driven many of them to wholesome indignation, although it would be regrettable that this feeling should increase and go too far. It has been a serious stain on men who have never attained true manhood.

The Children.

NOW it is May and the air is warm with the Spring. The countryside is all one lush of green, and the song birds sing with all the sweet strength of Nature's music. It is well to hear them.—"Only for a little while," cries the weary toiler of Whitechapel, "only for an hour or so, let me see what is to be seen, let me hear what is to be heard, in this country you talk of,"—but the machines whirr on without ceasing, and the dreamer forgets his dream.

"What matter!" some will say.—"Is not your Whitechapel slave better and wiser while sticking to his work, and supporting his family?" "What!" says the practical politician, "would you make a farm labourer of a poor, nervous tailor!"

The question of how pure and natural lives may be enjoyed by those who do the hard labour of the world, remains unanswered. It must soon be answered by us, if not for our own, at least for our children's sake.

Yes, for the children's sake. Whose children are these one sees in Whitechapel this bright gay morning, with pale, yet often beautiful faces, looking up at the warm sun, that lights up their eyes without gladdening their hearts? Who are these little ones who grow old before their time. These are the future women and men of England. Do not sneer even if you know better than most people how political economy should be taught, O Doctor of all the sciences! Do not ignore this vast army of tiny starvelings, who never, never, will know the full joys of childhood: and whose innocence is deprived of the daily essentials to health in body and mind—free air, and wholesome fare.

Christian England, with all her painted churches, her highly paid ecclesiastics, her large organised charities, has not solved, nor seems desirous to solve, the question of the hour—How shall we teach the young to be pure and happy, and full of promise, when they are surrounded with all the impurity of poverty, and uncleanliness moral and physical.

The words, "Suffer little children to come unto me," are still preached, but we do not live up to that ideal except, perhaps, at Christmastide and on special occasions; meanwhile we raise up prisons and asylums, and think we will save Society by punishing and confining our malefactors, and to-day, here, in London, thousands of children are reared in crime, ignorance and ugliness. These are our future jail-birds, who might become wise citizens. How near-sighted we are with our pretended practicability: how painfully irresponsible, in our methods for rearing and educating the young.

NORMAN A. HILL.

The Cry of the Unborn.

"For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil."—Rom. ix. 11.

IT is an age of wrongs, or rather perhaps an age when wrongs of all sorts, real and imaginary, are brought publicly forward and eagerly discussed. We hear of the wrongs of the down-trodden millions; the wrongs of the outcasts and aliens; the wrongs of the labourer and mechanic; the wrongs of women and girls; the wrongs of waifs and strays; but to me there is a deeper wrong than these, more cruel and unjust, stretching farther in its fatal consequences, and inflicted on those who cannot raise their voice to claim the sympathy of a pitying public—it is the wrong done to children that are yet unborn.

We look around and see the sickly girl uniting herself with an equally sickly man. We know that in the families of both there are fatal tendencies to horrible disease. We see cousins marrying, when, humanly speaking, we *know* how fatal this will prove to their helpless offspring. And even worse. We see the nervous hysterical woman marrying a worn-out, vicious man. Do they think what they are doing? Have they any care for the awful suffering they are bringing into the world? Heredity. We may call it a catch word, cant, what we will. It exists, nevertheless, and the time has come when it can no longer be ignored. In the smiling, innocent baby may be the fatal taint that will wreck it, body and soul, in spite of all education and environment can do. It is but foolish talk to wilfully promulgate that taint, and then pray that suffering may be spared the child.

Let us be glad that the cant of children being sent from God to hapless and irresponsible parents is fast dying out. If we sow seed in a carefully prepared soil, water and tend it, do we wash our hands of the harvest? Do we say it is of God alone that we garner unwholesome grain, or reap but noxious weed?

Children do not ask to be born. Poor little souls, taken from the sweet dreamland garden, as the pretty German legend tells us, and forced into this woeful world. Of all great mysteries, surely this is the greatest; to struggle and strive and suffer here, and perhaps *after all* miss winning the eternal good at last. Yet people, not very bad people, will talk of the immense sacrifices they are making for their children, though these same sacrifices generally only consist in letting them have a share in the good things they themselves enjoy; but one would really gather that the unfortunate children had ruthlessly forced themselves on mother and father, and were literally taking the bread from their parents' mouths.

We may say that nothing nobler can be conceived than the creative power of bringing an immortal soul into the world, and training that soul for immortal bliss. But assuming, and it is a large assumption, that parents are healthy in mind and body, and free from any great moral taint in their blood, there are still many circumstances that should be well considered before they incur this great responsibility. A woman who openly says she hates babies does not scruple to become their mother. But baby will do very well brought up by the hand, or given over to some other woman, perhaps vicious, to imbibe, who can tell what propensities?

Or granted, a loving, self-sacrificing woman, with full maternal instincts, and these women are not rare. Will she be able to nurse and spare herself sufficiently, both before and after the child's birth, to do it full justice? Will she be likely to be able to watch over her little ones herself, or will climate or some other reason enforce a separation just at the age when they need her most? Are her nerves and temper suitable to cope with high-spirited or nervous children, who

will probably reflect her faults in an exaggerated form? And the father—can he be, humanly speaking, certain of providing for girls and boys, and educating them for the great battle of life? Are his moral habits those he would wish the children to copy? I am not speaking of what we call the lower orders, for these reforms must begin from above; neither will I do more than mention the awful curse of illegitimacy, bequeathed with its agonising consequences to so many a helpless child.

We have not all the same vocation, and not every woman is called to that of maternity. I do not disparage it, for it is a noble mission, but like all high callings it must be worked for, prepared for, lived for. Those to whom this sacred vocation comes must be ready to sacrifice life, and what is dearer than life, to be worthy of it.

Even now, there comes to me a cry, a wailing pitiful cry. Is it the cry of women—the pure woman insisting on the same standard of purity in man—insisting on having a voice in the making of laws, which she, as well as man, is bound to obey? Not so. Whatever are woman's rights or wrongs she always will be, as she always has been, a mighty factor in this world's machinery. Is it the cry of living children, oppressed, unjustly treated, ill-taught, ill-trained? Not so. There is burning indignation in that cry, and it is one that *will* be heard. The cry I hear is in a minor key from the far-off future ages, but is coming closer and closer, and gaining power as it slowly forces itself on the reluctant ear of this selfish world. It is the pleading cry of the children that are yet unborn.

EVELYN HUNT.

Correspondence.

[Writers are themselves responsible for what their letters may contain.]

PIGEON SHOOTING.

DEAR MADAM,—We who are fighting for the cause of animals must welcome every fresh expression of sympathy; so let me assure Mrs. E. Watts Phillips how glad I was to read her protest against the pigeon shooting. May I, without hurting her feelings, say how much I regretted the political ending of her otherwise admirable letter?

Our work is hard enough, and little help do we receive, and our one hope is to enlist persons of all classes and all opinions. We cannot afford to quarrel with any, but, as in the women's suffrage cause, we aim at avoiding all party politics and try to arouse the sense of right and justice in all.

Were it amongst the "noble lords" only that cruelty was practised, our work would be comparatively easy. But is it not true that we see it as well amongst the poor and the working people, only perhaps in different forms?

A friend to animals has described to me what she saw on the Bristol dock, where she went that she might be able to bear witness to the horrors of the live cattle traffic. Alone she went, and there amidst these rough drovers and the seething mass of agonised, bleeding and half-dying cattle, watched the scene of which words fail to tell the unspeakable horror. Who is responsible for this? Can any of your readers say?

Is it possible that the flesh of animals in such a condition can be wholesome for food? Then what is the effect on the men employed in this trade? We are so few and so weak, who are struggling against this. How are we to conquer when the trade is so profitable to the merchants who manage it?

M. E. J. WATSON.

[SHAFTS is strictly non-party.—ED.]