

SHAFTS

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

Edited by MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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What the Editor Means.

"Who loveth all things hath fear of none,
'Tis Love that maketh me brave."

ANON.

"All that is beautiful shall abide,
All that is base shall die."

BUCHANAN.

"ONCE in a lifetime is uttered a word that is not forgotten as soon as 'tis heard." Once, ever and anon with intervals between, there cometh to the earth some soul of divine mould, holding within herself, radiating forth from herself, divine truth; charged with messages of mightier and sweeter import than we hear in the mart, the Stock Exchange, the workshop, the drawing room, or any of the daily walks of life. Blessed are they who hear, who see, who receive the words so priceless, the gems so precious, which such souls bring. But we shut ourselves up, we are cold, and Love, the Divine, hath no place in our hearts, for Love is an out-giver. Here and there a few receive from all things the message divine, the truths that fill the being with light and strength, they receive and they outgive. But how few are these. Over the depths of our innermost thoughts a great stone is rolled. The great deeps of our being no one sees but ourselves, and, alas, for us, not even to us are they fully revealed. We write, we speak, but no one understands. For what we have written, what we have uttered, is not what stirs within us, it is but the faintest echo of an exceeding glory. We are dumb and deaf and blind to the glory and gladness around us. Could we but see and hear! Could we but express the longing, the rapturous whisperings from within, could we but understand each other! Dumb beasts pass us on the streets hardly more dumb than we, their hearts full of the shadow of the same questions, their eyes filled with the same passionate pain. They seem to look to us to solve some of the brooding half-formed askings within them, the WHY? of their lives of toil and suffering. And we? We look out far and away beyond ourselves for an answer to the ceaseless questionings. Yet we have that within us which will reveal all things; an oracle we seldom, if ever, consult, a Divine wisdom which we have not known.

Its voice tells us plainly enough could we but hearken and hear, that a life devoted to the service of our fellow-creatures, whether human or animal, is the true life, that we are placed, have placed ourselves here, for that purpose, that we must do all we find to do, and with all our might, while we keep firm to our principles, firm to what we believe to be the action called for. We must not mistake fancy or inherited opinion for belief; belief is not a thing of the surfaces, it lies deep, deep down within us, in regions of our wonderfully complex nature which we seldom investigate. How then shall we be firm? how be ever ready for the battle which ceases not, nor shall cease until the crown be won, for the struggle which shall not end till all freedom be attained? With loins girt for the race; with lights burning, to cast their radiance on the way; with strong hearts that stay not, though the way seem long; with unconquered and unconquerable hope that, leaving no path untrod, no

effort untried, keeps ever steadfast eyes upon the goal to be reached; that in the great deeps of its hidden glory *knows* what cannot be revealed; and so firm and true runs its unaltering race—every step of which tells, no attempt of which shall fail—with feet shod with peace, with holiness as it were a breastplate.

The thinkers of the world have passed the stage in which peace and holiness were supposed to designate weakness and cowardice; they *know* now that these qualities mean true power and strength. They have gazed upon the field where Self lies dead, that old Self which once seemed so grand a thing, that Self now seen stripped of the glamour which has hidden from their eyes the true nature of its ceaseless demands. Yet grand with a grandeur before unknown, for it has learnt to serve. They have become conscious that the glory reached through fields of blood, the glory that cost heaps of slain; is not glory but disgrace and shame; that they who conquer human folly, cruelty and wrong are greater than they who take possession of other lands, or reduce cities to smouldering flame. They have learnt to blush at the so-called fame of the world, and to lift only the sword of Truth and Justice, of Mercy and Love, against all that darkens human lives.

Truth is teaching us that all life is sacred; that every life has its own rights, that no matter how great the opposing force, all life works for, and converges to the stage ever beyond that on which it stands, that the higher the life, the greater are its duties towards the lesser and weaker lives below it, that inasmuch as we fail in understanding this and bringing its teaching into the actions we perform, we fail to find the upward track on which our feet must surely and firmly tread, in order to reach that goal where we can

"Be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,"

All over the country once more the bird catchers are at their cruel work. Much has been written, much has been done, yet the work is not stopped, and much I fear me, it will not be stopped until our song birds are destroyed.

Of all living creatures which are, or ought to be, the objects of our care and kindness, birds seem to occupy a special place of their own. Our pets, our victims, our tortured kin, from the saucy little Wren, the busy Tom Tit, up to the great Cormorant and Eagle they are objects of almost universal interest, so much of their lives is quite beyond our view. What do they see and what do they think, away up in the blue vault, where we cannot follow them, where our utmost conjecture may fall far short of the truth? We follow every living creature to its haunts, we spy and pry into their secret lives, but to a great extent the birds defy us: they soar often where even our guns, so skillfully prepared for slaughter, cannot follow them.

In winter, when snow and frost deprive them of their natural subsistence, close up to our doors, into our very homes, come the pert scarlet-breasted little Robins, looking at us with their bright black eyes that still hold the merriment of a summer past—the glad anticipation of a summer

to come. At least, so it seems to us as we watch this bright little creature hopping about on our kitchen floor, on table and dresser, picking her fill. Her keen, watchful eye does not lose sight of the open door, though, she is accustomed to us, and often pays us a visit. Upstairs are our canaries, which, being captured in other countries, we cannot let loose in this. How they sing! They know our footstep as soon as we enter the doorway, and hop to the door of their cages for the tit-bit we never fail to bring.

Never let us neglect them; never forget the little petting and acts of kindness they have learnt to look for. We have deprived them of their liberty; let us see to it that we supply them with what, if free in their own sunny land, they would obtain for themselves. While doing our best to make them as happy as we can during their captivity, let us work the harder to put an end to the practice of bringing them from their homes to lead caged lives in a strange land and an unendurable climate.

In the trees near our homes come the Blackbirds, Thrushes, etc., in the severe cold weather, instinctively seeking help where help can so easily be given—seeking food and water. How they shrink from us, too, these feathered beauties; they will not come to eat or drink until we are fairly out of sight. They do not trust us entirely—why? Perhaps from their point of vantage on poised wing those bright eyes have seen the pigeon shooting at Hurlingham, the partridge and pheasant shooting. Perhaps they have watched while strong men, full of life and the love of it, and liberty, for themselves, have snared away liberty and shot away life from these, their bright-hued timid, home-and-liberty-loving fellow-creatures. Perhaps they have seen the sneaking spreader of nets; or sticky perches laid by human creatures in whom the soul has not developed. There are, alas, many such.

They have perchance seen their struggling comrades seized and captured, as, full of compassionate wonder, they flew down to see, perhaps to assist, some already prisoned winged thing beating itself to pieces against the horrible wires.

Have they seen also, these human things, with undeveloped souls that sleep, as they tore off the feathers of other winged creatures while they still lived, so that human palates and human gluttony might be gratified? Have they heard their cries of agony then, or when cooped up in quantities in wicker coops, cramped, wearied, agonised with thirst they sent forth cries of pain that were screams of anguish untold?

Have they seen all or any of this, think ye? Yes; oh, no wonder they shrink from anything in human form.

If all or even a part of some of the revelations coming upon humanity be true, it will be an experience for some of us, when we are able to look back upon our lives as birds. How can we tell what they see and know? blind, besotted, wrapped up in self as so many of us are. What do they observe perched up aloft on resting wing, or from heights above us? What do they think or know of this great ball and its load of frivolity? What is their verdict on what they see—condemnation?

"Just in front of my pew sits a maiden,
A little brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure
And sheen of the sun upon that;
Through the bloom-coloured pane shines a glory
By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendour
That painted the wing of the bird.
The organ rolls down its great anthems;
With the soul of a song it is blent:
But for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.
The voice of the curate is gentle,
No sparrow shall fall to the ground,
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound."

ANON.

Continual appeals are made in behalf of birds, yet the destruction goes on. Societies for the protection of birds are

formed, yet everywhere we pass we find caged larks, linnets, thrushes, and smaller birds wearing out a weary wretched existence in cages; birds that can fly, whose very nature it is to fly, under the blue dome of air, across great space, are caged in narrow prisons where they can barely move, living in bad air, under wretched conditions, while people in their thousands pass by daily, see their sorrow and do nothing. All sorts of societies for the protection of animals are formed, yet horses are done to death in our streets, stags are hunted, hares coursed, rabbits torn to pieces, foxes destroyed with needless suffering, and cruelty is rampant everywhere.

The Hon. Secretary of the Chelsea and Pimlico Committee tells us that: "A memorial of over eight thousand signatures of inhabitants of Chelsea and Pimlico protesting against experiments on living animals being permitted at the Institute of Preventive Medicine, Chelsea Embankment, has been forwarded to the Home Secretary. The Memorial which had been commended by Mr. Whitmore, M.P., for Chelsea, to the careful consideration of Sir Matthew W. Ridley was the result of only a fortnight's exertions."

These brave women and men are steadfastly working to put an end to this awful, inexcusable cruelty, while on and on with persistent purpose the erection of the ACCURSED INSTITUTE proceeds.

Why are we afraid of words, why hesitate to say that no excuse can be made for the ignorance of persons on the subject of vivisection and its diabolical inventions of fresh and ever increasing torture, though the results, or rather non results, are well known to our medical men, and to many thousands of the community? What excuse can be made for the apathy of our legislators in regard to this worst of all cruelties? How is it that we can all enjoy life while day and night the horrors are enacted and re-enacted, and while all around us suffering never ceases, the suffering most dire, produced upon sentient things, most highly organised, by those whose very existence is meant to be the means of securing to these others peace and the joys life can give? Who will come to the help of the weak against the mighty, of Right against Wrong? First of all the manifest duty of the most would-be-ignorant among us is to find out the truth about vivisection. That discovery will start us on an endless path of endeavour.

Women's Emancipation Union.

The next General Meeting of the members of the Women's Emancipation Union will be held, by kind permission of Mrs. Langdon Down, at 81, Harley Street, London, W., on Tuesday, October 13th, at 8.30 p.m.

A Conference open to all workers for the woman's cause, will be held at St. Martin's Town Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 14th and 15th, at the five sittings of which important papers will be read and discussed on the place and work of women in Local Administration, in the Civil Service, in industry, in education and in political life.

A public meeting in support of the urgent claims of women to the Parliamentary Franchise will also be held on the evening of Thursday, October, 15th. Full particulars of the proposed proceedings will be forwarded to members and friends of the Union early in September.

The General Meeting is for friends and members only, of the Union, and the Conference will be open and free to all persons working for the woman's cause in any form, or interested in it. The evening meeting on Thursday will be free and open to all. Programmes of the Conference may be had from Mrs. Woistenholme Elmy, Congleton, or from the Editorial Offices of SHAFTS.

Friends are earnestly requested to note the days and keep them free from engagements.

Pioneer Club. 22, BRUTON STREET, W.

This column is taken by the Pioneer Club for the official announcement of debates, lectures, meetings, and other notices.

Not a grave of the murdered for freedom, but grows seed for freedom, in its turn to bear seed,

Which the winds carry afar and re-sow, and the rains and the snows nourish.

Not a disembodied spirit can the weapons of tyrants let loose,
But it stalks invisibly over the earth, whispering, counselling, cautioning.

Of equality—as if it harmed me, giving others the same chances and rights as myself—as if it were not indispensable to my own rights that others possess the same.

Who are you that wanted only to be told what you knew before?
Who are you that wanted only a book to join you in your nonsense?
WALT WHITMAN.

AUTUMN SESSION, 1896.

Thursday Evening Lectures, Debates, Discussions, etc., 8.15 p.m.

TO BE OPENED BY PAPER OR OTHERWISE.

Members must be at the Club to receive their guests.

Oct. 1st.—"That a professional career does not unfit a Woman for Domestic Life." Debate opened by Mrs. Ormiston Chant. Dr. Annie McCall in the chair.

Oct. 8th.—"The Law of Karma." Lecture by G. R. S. Mead, Esq., Mrs. Gordon in the chair.

Oct. 15th.—"The duty of encouraging British produce, and the best practical means of bringing purchaser and consumer together." Lecture by the Earl of Winchelsea. John Barker, Esq., to oppose. The President in the chair.

Oct. 25th.—"The aggressive policy of Germany towards the English in South Africa." Debate opened by W. J. Galloway, Esq., M.P. Mrs. Franklin in the chair.

Oct. 29th.—"That a School of Fiction would help our younger Novelists." Debate opened by Mrs. Meade. Mrs. Leighton to oppose. Miss Whitehead in the chair. Or: "Democracy—To what does it lead?" Debate opened by Miss A. W. Waters.

Entrance Fee, £3 3s. Annual Subscription, £3 3s. All Candidates for admission must be proposed and seconded by Members of the Club.

"At Homes" every Tuesday, 4.30 to 6, Music, first Tuesday in every month. "Guest" Cards (for the friends of Members) 6d. each. Members' Tea Tickets, 4d.

Debates, Discussions, and Lectures on Thursday evenings. Club Dinner (2s. 6d. a head) at 7 p.m., on Debate Nights. 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.

Members may introduce gentlemen as visitors to the Front Drawing-rooms and Dining-room to all meals except the Thursday Club Dinner.

Members having any cause for complaint are requested to write to the President or Election Committee.

Luncheons from 1 to 2.30 p.m. Tea, Coffee, and Light Refreshments.

Dinners can be served at a short notice. Bedrooms for Members, 5s., 4s., and 3s.

The List of Members is not published but may be seen at the Club by the intending Candidates for election.

For further particulars apply to the secretary, 22, Bruton Street, W.

E. L. MASSINGBERD, *President and Proprietor.*

The Club will remain open until the last week in August, for the purpose of entertaining the members of the Writers' Club, after which it will be closed during the month of September, and re-open for the first Debate on October 1st.

Several meetings are held by different societies in the pleasant rooms at 22, Bruton Street, by the kind permission of the President.

Among them the "Bond of Union" (Miss Frances Lord, President), holds a high place. The Autumn meetings of this Society will be held here in October and November.

Members of the Club are encouraged by this open publication of its debates, to study the subjects to be discussed, and to speak upon them.

Debates are now discontinued until October the 1st of this year.

Women Teachers in Boys' Schools.

ONCE again our attention is being drawn by one of the daily papers to the low-toned morality which more or less exists wherever large numbers of boys are housed together, apart from general society. As a consequence, many persons deeply concerned for the welfare of our schoolboys are putting forth proposals on their behalf, one suggests more good juvenile literature, another an increase of religious services, and a third thinks that parents if duly aroused could so arm their sons before leaving home as to very nearly make them vice-proof. But good as all these remedies may be and much as we hope they may continue to grow, we cannot fail to remember that they are old remedies and in their totality have been found not only wanting but a failure. These plans may be good for the branches of an evil but no lasting result can be obtained without striking at the root. As English people we know how to make radical change when we are once convinced of danger. For instance, when our commercial supremacy is threatened by nations who have outstripped us in educating their people, we set to work to educate ours and we do it technically when we have discovered that it is in *technique* we are deficient. And no one doubts the wisdom of this. But a state of things worse than commercial eclipse faces us when the morals of our youth are sapped in their school days; no nation can long remain supreme which does not apply drastic measures to it. Now some of us think that a most valuable counter-acting power lies ready to hand in the free employment of women teachers in boys' schools. This opinion is not only held by great numbers of women but by many disinterested men, indeed it can scarcely be otherwise when we hear from one of the wisest and most respected of our public school masters that the grave faults of schoolboys are largely due to their separation from the influence of mothers and sisters. If such separation at the most excitable and the least reasonable period of life be fraught with much danger does it not seem very desirable to bridge the gap by other valuable feminine association? Women class teachers for younger boys and women lecturers for many subjects with the older boys would introduce an element to schools of the most wholesome kind. Mentally, the women teachers would have the full respect of their pupils, which would greatly emphasize their influence in softening down masculinity proper. A keen observer of human nature was wont to say that no better friend for a growing youth can be found than a good woman older than himself. If this be so, how regrettable it is that large masses of our youth, when most in need of such friendship, are quite cut off from it. In the "good old times" (may they never return), there was some excuse for the monastic system, as a woman capable of advanced teaching was a phenomenon too rare to be so utilised, but now with our Girton and Newnham sending out yearly numbers of women, not only fitted for any educational post, but needing such work, we are truly culpable if we do not use them in this special way. There can be no fear regarding their aptitude, for the daughters of Mother Eve, the first teacher, cannot fail to have gained a special insight into all that the young need, from their intimate connection with them through all the world's ages. They are natural adepts in the art, whilst their high morals, their patience and their tact are indisputable. As all the world lies open to men it is not unfair to ask them to step out in large numbers from the profession in which women are by nature their superiors, and in the best interests of the children to let women step in. It is easy to believe that a moral regeneration of our boys' school would then begin which would well repay all the efforts of enlightened people, who for the last twenty-five years have struggled hard for the advancement of female education. That this improvement in women's lives should first and most improve children's lives is of all things the most natural.

J. M. D.

A Great and Feasible Reform: Musical Notation.

By E. L. YOUNG.

PART III. THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

HAVING provided for the happiness of all would-be pianists by the introduction of the keyboard notation, we may perhaps be asked if we have not forgotten the next-door neighbour, tearing his hair on the other side of the party-wall. Not at all; the same means will secure his happiness too. No doubt he, in his ignorance, would wish that music should be more difficult, more expensive, more rare, not that it should be so easy and so cheap as to become universal. But he is mistaken: self-interest is usually short-sighted.

In the first place, when his own personal neighbours are content, as they will be, with one quarter the practice they now require, he will have gained, even though music may have spread to regions where it is now unknown. At present the pianos are all found in the houses of the well-to-do: the nuisance is concentrated; in poorer neighbourhoods the cheerfulness of music next door would generally be welcomed. Fair distribution, of noise as well as of everything else, is what is wanted in this world.

Next, music in the home will kill music in the street: it is not those who play themselves who pay the barrel-organ.

Third, the quality of the neighbour's music will improve: wrong notes will be more rare, fresh pieces will be frequent and rapidly learnt. We shall hardly hear, as we do now, of fools practising from morning till night on the plan of taking each bar *seventy* times before going on to the next! It is this repetition—it is the stumbling and the bungling, the sharp that is perpetually forgotten, the beat that is skipped because the player is too intent on the notes to concern himself about time—it is these that drive us to distraction, much more than the actual amount of sound.

But there is better comfort still than all these put together, for the next-door neighbour of the future, and that is that the music of the future will be largely silent. This statement will probably not be believed at first sight, but it is none the less true.

To many people the phrase, "silent music," may appear a contradiction in terms. But consider the case of poetry. There was a time when poetry was no more imagined as silent than music now is. There is a time in each child's life when to read silently is impossible; a still earlier time when to think silently is equally impossible. But when the symbolism of words has become familiar to the child, then first it attains the power of connected silent thought. Later on the second symbolism, that of written signs for words, is a strange effort to the child, who cannot at first associate the written symbol with the faintly-imagined sound of the word, but must attach it to the more definite audible word before he can perceive its meaning. Then, in its turn, this second symbolism becomes as familiar as the first, often even more familiar; and so we come to the extraordinary result that to many of us not only the meaning, but even the melody of verse is better appreciated through the eye than through the ear. We would rather read a poem silently than hear it recited, finding it easier to look at words than to listen to them. Indeed, we hardly feel even that we are looking at them: it is the words that look at us, leaping out from the page like live things, rejoicing to be recognised, giving their message straight to our minds, without any conscious translation of symbols on our part.

Why should it be otherwise with music? Already, to the truly musical, the silent ideal of music is of more value than the mere sensuous realisation of sound; it is the soul, which alone makes the body desirable. The greatest of all composers was one who had lost his hearing, and those receive most from music who, like him, can go furthest in musical

thought with the least amount of aid from their physical ears. The ear is the road only to the mind, the means of bringing to it the material of thought which, once stored up, can be enjoyed in the underground railway, in the sick room, and through all the round of daily drudgery.

It must be acknowledged that audible sound bears a larger part in music than in literature; the bodily presence is more beautiful, and will always be desired, but only in its perfected form. We cannot expect that the silent gazing at a music-book will supersede altogether the need for performance, as it has done in the case of poetry; but we can and must expect that, with a simple notation, it will become the chief mode of study, preparatory to finished performance. Gradually the perception is growing among music-teachers that it is better to look at a piece and to think about it than stupidly to play it over and over, but the average amateur must spend years in study before he can begin to find the music in that way. The boasted feat of some of our great pianists, that they can prepare a piece for concert performance without playing a note of it, is almost beyond the conception of the average player, who would see nothing wonderful in the idea of an actor studying his part silently. Why should musical culture lag so far behind the literary in this respect? The fingers can move as easily as the lips, if the brain knows as well how to guide them. Notation alone prevents its doing so.

Doubtless little children will always need the actual sound to cheer them, as they now do in reading their first story-books; but their practice is short, and makes little noise; even if they make the lion roar, he roars as gently as a sucking dove! But as their minds grow more capable of musical thought, and their ears more sensitive to discords; above all as their teachers learn more truly musical methods; pieces will more and more come to be prepared silently, so that they may be played, first as last, without flaw, and satisfy the player.

And, more still; when all can play few will want to be played to; the false ideal of performance, which ruins so many fine talents, will disappear, and we shall see a revival of the earlier type of true amateurs (*lovers* that is), and of the simple chamber music they loved. So long as every player aspires to be a performer, even if only in the home, to be criticised, in the æsthetic jargon of the day, by an audience grown fastidious through the growing abundance of good professional performances, so long will music tend to become perpetually more difficult, more noisy, more full of startling sensuous effects. But when each plays for himself alone, as he now reads, then the demand will be for music that speaks more to the soul than to the senses; the quiet, easy, deeply-satisfying music that refreshes and not exhausts; the music that can stand on its own feet, without the need of every latest trick of technique to make it interesting.

Even this technique, however, is itself more affected by notation than will appear at first sight. A passage that is fully understood can generally be played. A musical child has always comparatively good execution, although his fingers are no more capable than those of his unmusical brother who is so handy with his tools. Compare the rapidity of a native and a foreigner in repeating such a verbal catch as "Peter Piper;" the foreigner may know, and even in a sense understand, the words, but an unconscious process of translation is going on in his mind which acts as a drag on his tongue.

And this is the answer to those who say that though the system does a great deal for beginners, it does nothing for the advanced musician. The advanced musician of the present day, who has the drag always on, can no more realise in detail what he would gain by removing it than could an ancient Roman arithmetician have realised all that Arabic numeration would achieve in arithmetic. It is we only who know both systems who can truly estimate the labour that would be wasted if every long-division sum had to be worked in Roman figures. The invention of algebra, which has

created the whole of the higher mathematics, is apt to appear to whoever has not studied it as a mere childish trick. As for that other reformed notation, alphabetic writing, how much could its inventors, bred on the cumbrous hieroglyphic system, have conceived of the unending blessings it would bestow? Ultimately, we owe to it, not only our literature and science, but our music, our painting, and our mechanical inventions—all, in fact, that raises our civilisation above that of the Chinese.

No thoughtful person, considering these facts, should doubt that music itself, as a science and art, will gain by an improved symbolism. Musicians, the highest as much as the lowest, are yet but human beings, with a limited brain capacity; their intellectual grasp must widen in proportion as they are freed from the maze of crooked symbols that now surrounds them. It is not we, of this generation, who can obtain this wider grasp; we have been trained to the obstacle race, and will hardly now learn to excel in the straight run; nor will our pupils even have the full benefit. But when a generation of keyboard musicians has trained a second generation of keyboard musicians, these looking back will know the difference between themselves and us, and their gratitude will be for those who helped to bring about the change, and their ridicule for those who stupidly rejected it.

Meanwhile the immediate benefit of the keyboard to an advanced musician is the saving of a certain amount of nerve tension. Watch a musician's face while he plays at sight in difficult changing keys: the difference in tension between his expression then and when he plays in C major is the measure of the toll he pays to the old notation every time he sits down to play. "The C major of this life—the resting place," Browning says; and the world has recognised the truth of the metaphor, thus showing that the main fatigue of playing is not due to music itself (that is a just payment for value given, and is the same for all keys) but to the useless obstacles that notation interposes between us and it.

I need scarcely refer to the saving of a composer's time, trouble and temper, in writing and in correcting proofs without sharps and flats, nor to the immense relief to a conductor of having every octave on every instrument presented in the same way. But I wish to suggest yet another gain to the music of the future, the gain that we shall gather genius from a wider field.

There is a ridiculous superstition that genius, like murder, "will out": because we can never hear of those that did not come to light we suppose there are none such. But if so there must be some magic connection between the birth of genius and the conditions of development, for we find practically that the two increase together. The conditions of any artist's growth are (not, certainly, the schoolmaster's idea of a "good training," but) wide acquaintance with the material of his art, a knowledge of the works of his predecessors, and abundant free practice in solitude. Painters may arise wherever there are visible objects, a wall, and a bit of chalk: but they develop only where there are picture galleries. Poets may arise wherever there is language: but they grow to ripeness only in those classes that have been taught to read. The area from which our musicians have been drawn has been hitherto a much narrower one, for they have been up to date much more dependent on their immediate environment for their acquaintance with musical sounds, and their access to the thoughts of other musicians. But give the world a notation which explains itself, and we shall see musical genius spring up, like poetic genius, in the most unexpected places.

What pathos in the description of Peter Ibbetson, sitting down to a volume of Beethoven's Sonatas, in the vain hope of teaching himself to read it. A few succeed in this difficult task; but does any one of these ever overtake the educated player? Self-taught musicians are inferior musicians: the handicap is too heavy on them; yet the average teacher does nothing for his pupil but interpret the notation to him.

So well is this known to the teachers themselves that many fear that a good notation would ruin their profession. But no one who has the capacity for doing more than point out wrong notes need fear this; really musical teaching will come into the more demand, in proportion as the notes themselves are easily mastered.

The readiest means that has occurred to me of achieving this first step, that of teaching the masses the actual notes of the keyboard stave, is to utilise the sol-fa teaching already given in our elementary schools, by providing and distributing a diagram (called the keyboard modulator), which combines the keyboard stave with the sol-fa letters. Any child who is musical enough to sol-fa a tune by heart (and there are thousands such in our Board schools), will be able, immediately on seeing this diagram, to play that tune in any desired key, on a piano or harmonium. The next step will then be to place the modulator and a sol-fa book side by side on the music desk, and to pick out new tunes at sight by glancing from one to the other; to avoid any confusion of eye in doing this, each scale has been distinctively coloured.

Advocates of the tonic sol-fa will perceive in this diagram a means of popularising their system as well as the keyboard, for it provides the one thing that has been hitherto wanting to it—an easy method of converting vocal into instrumental music. Sol-fa books are very cheap, and pianos and harmoniums are becoming more and more widespread, but the majority of poor children, on leaving school, even if possessed of both, can use neither, their school teaching not having carried them to the point where they could run alone. The keyboard modulator will continue what the school has begun, and will, at the least, enable these children to play and sing an unlimited number of simple tunes, which is all that most of them desire in the way of music. But wherever the least natural talent exists, the modulator will act as the thin edge of the wedge in introducing the keyboard system proper, and with it the works of the great composers, the true musician's food. What is needed here is the help of the elementary teachers to make the modulators known among the more musical of their scholars.

Four years still remain of this nineteenth century. In those four years we may see this system established beyond all chance of failure, if we choose to establish it. Lectures, free, to all who will listen; articles in all the papers; a library of manuscript music; a list of teachers willing to teach, and schools willing to accept it; private efforts among private friends, so as to get it tested in a small way in many places; finally, enterprise, to get music published in it, at a more rapid rate than a single publisher can produce it—these are the means by which it may be spread. Let many make each a little effort in its behalf, or let a few only join with me to give their whole strength to this one reform, and its own virtues will do the rest. Sooner or later it must win acceptance, for it combines truth with attractive simplicity; but let us determine that it shall be sooner, not later, and as we determine so it will be.

THE attention of readers is called specially to the article on Musical Notation in this issue, the last of a series of three. The subject is worthy of careful study, and will repay those who will give to it the attention it deserves.

It is a well-known fact to many among us that we have spent too much time, and given too close study, to the ways of learning, which seemed to promise enlightenment. We begin to see that there does exist after all a Royal Road to Knowledge; though there be few who find it. May this not be a suggestion leading thereto. It may be well in any case to give it our earnest consideration.

THE KEYBOARD MODULATOR AND SCALE CHART with explanation is on sale at this office, for the very simple charge of 2d. each copy. If bought in numbers of from four upwards, for distribution, a liberal deduction will be made.

Why should we Cultivate Individuality?

A GREAT writer says, "Where not the person's own character, but the traditions or customs of other people, are the rule of conduct, there is wanting one of the principal ingredients of human happiness, and quite the chief ingredient of social progress."

After contemplating such words as these, it must surely strike the reader that it should not only be the natural desire, but the duty of every human being to cultivate, as far as possible, her own individuality—this priceless gift, which is the source of all things, but which, like a flower if untended and uncared for, withers and passes away. Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do work prescribed for it, but a tree which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides according to the inward forces which make it a living thing. In studying the laws of nature we come to see that nothing has been created without a purpose, therefore these individualities which we all possess must be ours for some use.

Firstly, with regard to others, so much can be done by personal influence, that it becomes a duty to cultivate our individualities in order that we may help others. One often hears it said, "You cannot do that, it is wrong, no one else does it." "Individuality is a dangerous power to introduce into social life." Now to follow custom, because it is custom, is wrong. Of course, we can profit by the experience of those who have gone before us, but far from slavishly following that experience, it is the duty of each of us to see how far that experience suits her own individual case, and to use it accordingly. It is not by wearing down into uniformity all that is individual in us that we profit others, but only by cultivating our individual spirit. So we become ennobled, and in proportion to the development of her own individuality, each of us becomes more valuable to herself, and more capable of being valuable to others; "there is greater fullness about each existence, and when there is more life in the unit, there is more life in the mass composed of units."

We cannot help others unless they feel that we are really worthy of giving them that help, and without strenuous efforts it is impossible to bring forth our individualities, which must ever work, like the gloved hand, through our seemings. These two are quite distinct from one another, "personality" is merely the outward shell or covering for the "individuality," and when that individuality has fled, or lies inert, the "personality" is like the glove without the hand—useless.

And now with regard to the equally sacred duty which we owe to ourselves. This individuality is a priceless gift, which may be used, or left unused, as we will. Others may help, but they cannot actually develop us, the Ego must do this for itself, must be able to stand alone—for are we not all like islands independent of each other, though encircled by the same sea of sympathy, in which the currents of thought and motion flow unceasingly from one to the other?

We must not depend for nourishment upon the strength which may flow to us from others, but must cultivate an inward strength, sufficient to support our own life, yet leaving a margin large enough to enable us to give freely to others, without injury to ourselves. No human being has the right to make absolute laws for others, or to choose a course of life for another. If persons possess any tolerable amount of common-sense and experience, their own mode of laying out their life would be best, not because intrinsically it was best, but because it was their own mode, for in it they would learn better lessons, and gain greater strength, than they would have done cramped down in the path of life chosen by another.

How can we ever hope to reach the summit of the Mountain of Wisdom if we are always to follow the beaten tracks, which so often end in a dead wall? No—better far were it that we should strike out for ourselves, though but a narrow and small path, gaining more on this short journey

than could ever be gained by walking interminably along the well-known tracks—there are no highroads up the Mountain of Wisdom.

Many of our paths run parallel, only separated by a short distance, over which can be extended the hands of sympathy and love, so grateful to us all, and which can endure to the end, surmounting all obstacles. Yet, we retain our own distinct path, encountering and overcoming on it its own peculiar difficulties thus developing our individualities, and bringing them by every fresh effort nearer to the ideal of every awakened soul.

ELAINE SIMPSON.

Moral and Spiritual Development.

A BRIEF synopsis of the various lectures composing the Course given at 405, Oxford Street in connection with the Moral and Spiritual Development Department of the "Women's Educational and Industrial Union," may be interesting to our readers as showing a growing sense of the necessity for combining all practical work in the world of effects with some definite attempt at correlation with the world of causes.

The Course was opened on May 15th by Miss Whitehead, who read a most valuable and suggestive paper on "Browning's relation to Present Day Thought," bringing into clear relief the broad, horizon-like sweep of the poet's mind and his power of dealing with the peculiar problems of our nineteenth century. Browning was shown to be fully abreast if not indeed ahead of his times in both scientific and social questions, the especial points touched on in a rich field of enquiry were: the dawning in this our day of a truer sense of the relationship between God and man. A recognition of what constitutes a real equality of man and woman lifting it out of a mere sex question on to a broad human basis, and including in it also the relations of women to each other. On this Miss Whitehead dwelt with great fervour, pointing out how much had been and would be accomplished as women learnt more and more to sink all personal differences and jealousies, and band together in noble comradeship for the great aims that now stirred the hearts of all thinking beings. The lecture wound up by strongly urging that the Gospel of Joy is on a higher level of attainment than even the most noble endurance of suffering, that it should be diffusive indeed and all-embracing, and as such was destined in time to make of earth all that it was meant to be, and Browning's name, conjoined with that of Frederick Denison Maurice, was claimed as prophet and preacher of this Gospel and as such worthy of our fullest recognition and reverence.

Mrs. Besant followed with her earnest and noble discourse on "The Value of Ideals," which she held to be the lever of a race. She maintained the possibility of shaping the individual character to an almost unlimited extent, by patient and persistent thought-building in any given direction, and dwelt with marked emphasis on the power of Thought, which, in the interesting discussion that followed, appeared to be new to some of her audience. The wider spread this great doctrine becomes, the more certainly will its results begin to be felt throughout the whole of the race, for it is an influence none can entirely escape. Mrs. Besant urged for a more intense and whole-hearted endeavour to concentrate on Spiritual Ideals and carry them out to their ultimate, citing as worthy of imitation in this, those who set out to accomplish worldly aims and succeed through sheer force of will and determination.

Mrs. Boole, always original and helpful, propounded the question, "Shall the escape from monotony be towards inspiration or decadence?" holding that escape, one way or the other was inevitable, and that it was in the power of

Woman under the English Law.

THIS is the title of an interesting work by Mr. Arthur Rackham Cleveland, giving a summary of the social and legal position of Englishwomen from early Saxon times to the present. It is a shocking record of barbarity and injustice, of a trust wrongfully undertaken and shamefully abused. That women, from quite early till quite recent times, have been burned or boiled alive for offences for which men were only hanged; that they were not allowed to escape these fearful punishments by the "benefit of clergy" which offered a door of escape to so many male criminals from their lighter penalties; that public flogging was inflicted upon women for so many and such trivial offences that it would seem as if woman-flogging was philanthropically provided by the legislature as a standing public amusement; these are some of the features of fifteen centuries of male rule as chronicled by Mr. Cleveland.

The whole story forms a striking object lesson in the natural result of government of one class by another. An interesting illustration also of the mental colour blindness of males in respect of matters relating to women, is afforded by the author in his own person. For, strange to say, he repudiates the obvious moral of his own book, tells women that the way they are treated is no business of theirs, that they would not have done better for themselves if they had had the management of things, that they have had no hand in such ameliorations as have been made and that they can do no good by attempting to assist the progress of reform. He supports this advice by the astonishing statement that the laws have been unfair to women, not because they were made by the men, but because the men of the past, as well as the women were barbarians. That is to say that he expects us to look upon it as a mere coincidence that the barbarians who had the management of affairs happened to vent their barbarism chiefly upon the barbarians who were at their mercy. "It is very questionable," says Mr. Cleveland further, "whether woman has ever gained any great concessions by direct agitations." The evidence adduced in support of this opinion is the most negative of negative evidence, being simply the author's ignorance of any petitions or outcry raised by women in connection with certain reforms made previous to 1820. In the first place this evidence is highly unsatisfactory. That which is going on at present is sufficient to show that women may do an immense amount of hard work and even successful work in reform of the law and yet obtain no public recognition. Most people have some knowledge of the social change effected by the Married Women's Property Acts, but how many people have any idea that these statutes were the reward of many years of unremitting toil by devoted women? Even the Historian, Arthur Rackham Cleveland, is not aware of it. It must have been easier in the times Mr. Cleveland refers to, even than it is to-day, for women's work to be done in the background and for men to take the credit of it. But even if Mr. Cleveland is correct in assuming that certain barbarities towards women have been discontinued by men entirely of their own accord, it does not show that men are yet capable of acting fairly towards the other sex, nor does it justify Mr. Cleveland's advice to women to leave the work of reform solely to those whose unfairness has made it necessary, or his stigmatising those women who encroach on male prerogative so far as to ask for the redress of grievances which the majority of men eventually find to be just and equitable, as "an importunate section." The incontestable fact that all the grand reforms of the present reign have been won by, or at least have followed laborious and persistent "direct agitation" should count for a good deal more than Mr. Cleveland's random guess as to what took place in former times.

Another point on which Mr. Cleveland's readers ought to be warned is that he takes, (as most men do) far too cheerful

each one to give some impulse towards which direction it should tend. There was some portion of most work which necessitated monotony, but, that completed, there should be a place for the worker's sign manual as a child of God, even in so simple an example as the making of a nightdress by a sewing girl, where, seams and hem being completed, the trimming afforded an outlet for the taste and skill of the worker. Here was the *raison d'être* of feather-stitching, which, now penned into a machine-like monotony, originally gave scope for endless variety, resting the wrist by reversing its action, and giving play to the creative faculty inherent in all as a mark of their Divine origin. Mrs. Boole made use of a remarkable illustration in the Children of Israel, who under the leadership of their great emancipator, escaped from the monotony of Pyramid-building, and henceforth in their labours worked "every man as the Lord gave him skill."

The Rev. H. N. Haweis prefaced his lecture by a few words of hearty commendation and encouragement for the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, its aims and its objects; he gave genuine pleasure with his reminiscences of Tennyson, plentifully interspersed with reading and recitation. There were many invaluable gems of thought, which, imbedded in a discourse professing only to be interesting and amusing, possibly made all the more marked an impression.

The series was completed by an admirable discourse by Mrs. J. E. Brownlow, "On the Morals of Working for Pocket-Money." The information Mrs. Brownlow gave her audience was highly valuable and fully supported by statistics and blue-books. It dealt of course largely with economics, but on so broad and human a basis as commanded the deepest attention and respect, the main idea being to show that women, who to fill in their spare time, and add a margin to their income entered the arena with workers having a living to obtain, were one of the most fruitful sources of the peculiar evils attaching to low wages and an overstocked market. To evolve the conscience of these oft-times entirely unthinking individuals was the object of Mrs. Brownlow's mission which she fulfilled with entire and unswerving loyalty.

The whole motive of the Course so far (it is to be completed in the autumn), was to emphasize the value and the supreme necessity for personal and individual effort in each member of a community, if that community as a whole is to be raised on to higher planes of thought and action. This indeed should be the aim of every society purporting to aid the development and progress of mankind—entirely Holiness—wholeness of Life in each one of its members, then indeed will the union of all, be for the good of all.

A. M. C.

"Misdirected genius beats gunpowder hollow as an explosive."

"Love is at once the mystery and the absolute controller of the Universe."

"Love, mercy, and justice are the pillars of the Universe."
—PHELONS.

"Polish comes not to jewel or man by lying enwrapped in soft textures, but by attrition against the hardest substances and conditions of the outer life."
—PHELONS.

"Honour the Soul. Truth is the beginning of all good, and the greatest of all evils is self-love, and the worst penalty of evil-doing is to grow into likeness with the bad. For each soul changes, according to the nature of her deeds, for better or for worse."

a view as to how little still remains to be done. The granting of the franchise, the removal of a few minor disabilities and of the legal inability to fill certain posts, is all that is required, he opines, to place women virtually upon a legal equality with man.

I will instance an imaginary case (but probably one with many prototypes in fact) to show how serious some of these "minor disabilities are." "A" is a lazy, vicious husband, Mrs. A. has for many years, besides superintending the household, entirely managed his business, and out of it paid all the household expenses, and provided him with money to spend in dissipation. "A" assaults his wife in a way, which if committed upon another woman would be called a rape and punishable with a "lifer." But, it being only his wife, his crime is not punishable and she has no redress whatever. Her only way to protect herself from further outrage is to leave him, and if she does so she must leave to him the business and all the results of her many years' profitable work, and start life again penniless. If on the other hand "A" desert his wife, though merely for a whim, he can take the business that has been made by her and all that she will be entitled to will be a small allowance while he lives, after which he may, if he please, leave his property to a mistress and his wife to the workhouse. Every married woman living with her husband and not having private means is placed at his mercy by being unable to earn money without his consent. On another point I must differ from the author namely his opinion that the legal status of woman must of necessity be different from that of man, an opinion which he holds in spite of his recording that the position of woman was more favorable before than after the conquest because of the lack of legislation specially affecting her, a kind of legislation which, he truly says, when it did occur, rarely proved favourable to her. In fact it is almost universally true that legislation specially affecting women consists chiefly of laws to their detriment and, for the rest, of laws made to modify the pernicious results of the former class. The only way to legislate fairly is to blot the word woman out of our laws entirely and interpret the word man to mean both sexes.

Perhaps some day we may arrive at this simple, but unfashionable, solution of the sex question, if women will take Mr. Cleveland's advice and remain quite passive, not even presuming to point out to men what is just and equitable until the male mind has had time to grasp it of its own accord. But I fear that the experience of fifteen centuries will incline women to try to hurry up the male mind in the direction of civilisation and justice.

CHAS. M. BEAUMONT,
Hull.

A Day in a Worsted Factory.

BY ONE OF THE GIRLS.

HAVE any of SHAFTE's readers ever been inside a factory? If not they have no idea of its workings, but however hazy their ideas may be on this point they must know that before the work is made into suits and dresses as they are worn and bought, it must go through many changes. As it is impossible to notice all varieties of work in the short space allowed, I take what may be called the middle section, viz., the drawing department. A drawing-room in a factory is not what a fashionable lady would understand by the term. The wool has gone through about a dozen different operations before it reaches the drawers. To make things plain to my readers I must say something about this workroom. The room is about thirty yards long, twenty-five yards wide, and five yards in height. It is moderately well-lighted from

the roof. About a foot from the top of the room iron girders are placed, these serve a twofold purpose: with the aid of strong iron pillars they support the roof, and also the heavy steel shaftings on which are fastened the pulleys and belting that run the machinery. This room contains about 110 machines or boxes as they are called, which vary very much in size and make, the largest being about 8½ feet in length, 7½ feet wide, and 5½ feet high; whilst the smallest measures 5½ feet in length, 4 feet in width, and 5 feet in length. By means of these boxes eight different operations are conducted. Nearly thirty young women and girls, one overlooker, and one boy called a "jobber" are required to attend these machines; the girls look after from two to seven boxes each, the machines being merely driven by thick leather belts. Some of these belts are about 14 yards long, 12 inches wide, ½ an inch in thickness, and are rivetted together with brass rivets. The larger belts work the shaftings, smaller belts are used for the boxes and are connected with smaller pulleys on the shaftings; these are about 7 yards long, 2 inches wide, and ¼ of an inch in thickness, they are fastened together with leather laces. The smallest belts of all are only 5½ feet long and 1 inch wide, these are used for the spindles. The machines to the uninitiated are queer-looking articles; they are fitted with rollers, fallers, carriers, flies, spindles and bobbins. From the time the wool is received into the mill, to the time when it is taken away in the form of pieces or finished goods, it has to go through twenty-five or thirty different processes. Over a thousand men, women and children are engaged at our factory. Work commences at six o'clock in the morning; it sometimes happens that one is a few minutes late, but if the overlooker is a "good un" it is passed over without much being said. Many of us get to the mill a few minutes before six o'clock; these few minutes are generally spent in talk. At six o'clock exactly, a rumbling noise is heard, belts creak, machinery rattles, and then the overlooker comes down the room clapping his hands, that is the signal for all to commence work. Boxes are set agoing, and the work of the day begins, the jobber goes round to each box to oil the rollers and spindles, the overlooker also goes round to see that all is right. The wool is brought to the workers in big round balls, called tops, weighing ten or twelve pounds each; these are similar in shape to balls of string. Ten or twelve of these tops are placed behind the first machine, the ends pulled out, placed together, and then put through a guide; this guide consists of two pieces of steel about six inches long, which are fitted to the box and are about five inches apart. After passing through this guide the wool goes into two heavy steel rollers, then into the fallers; these fallers are long pieces of steel with two rows of steel pins or teeth. From these the wool passes into two steel rollers, through them into a steel funnel, then through more rollers into large tin cans placed to receive it. When the wool is placed in the guide at the beginning, it will be as thick as a man's arm, but when it reaches the last pair of rollers one yard will weigh about half an ounce. In this condition it is called a "sliver." After the cans are filled the sliver is broken off, taken away, and empty cans take the place of the full ones. As each set of tops is finished another lot is put in its place, and so the work goes on. The full cans are placed at the back of another set of boxes, fitted with steel rollers; but this time the sliver is run into big bobbins called "slubbings." These are like the ordinary thread bobbin in shape but considerably larger, the largest bobbins stand about 14 inches in height, and are about 9 inches across the top and bottom. Each process the sliver goes through makes it much smaller; in the last process, called the roving, it takes between 350 and 400 yards to weigh one ounce. The bobbins for this process are much smaller, and are about 6 inches in height, and measure 3½ inches across the top and bottom.

Most of the wheels are guarded to prevent accidents; of course, sometimes accidents do happen, but in five out of

every six cases the accidents are due to carelessness. Notices are placed in prominent parts of the mill forbidding the work people to clean the machinery while it is in motion; this notice is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. It is impossible to clean all parts of the machinery when it is standing, unless the boxes are loosed from each other, and this is not possible to be done. If accidents do occur when the hands are cleaning, the masters have the notices to point to, and say, they, the work people, have disobeyed the rules and have only themselves to blame.

The work specially dedicated to the "drawer" is to see that none of the ends at the back of the box break, and so cause the sliver to run smaller than it should do on to the front. Neither must the bobbins on the front be run too full. It takes from an hour to an hour and a half to run some bobbins full, others will be filled in half an hour.

To my mind the two most disagreeable things in the mill are, the odour arising from the wool and oil and the noise of the machinery. When at work one has to speak very loudly to make oneself heard; probably this is the cause of the majority of the factory hands having rather loud voices. In summer the heat of the room is from 80 to 85 degrees; in winter it is from 60 to 70 degrees, and is produced by steam pipes. On the whole the work is not very hard, though some of it is rather heavy. Wages vary from 9s. 6d. to 12s. per week of 56½ hours. It rarely happens that anyone gets fined; if any fines are imposed it is because we have become very careless and let a lot of bad work pass, but the fines are only small sums, 3d. or 6d. at the most. Sometimes we pass twelve or eighteen months without any one being fined. For five days the hours are from 6 o'clock in the morning till 5.15 p.m., with two stoppages for meals, viz., from 8 to 8.30 for breakfast, and from 12.30 to 1.15 for dinner. On Saturdays we stop working at 1 p.m. and have a half-day holiday.

I do not think there is anything really detrimental to the health of the girls in the work I have just described. Certainly they do not look as blooming as the country girls, neither are they the pale, delicate, puny creatures that many people would say they are; there are many fine, bouncing, rosy-cheeked lasses among them. No doubt the majority of the girls are what may be termed pale-faces, but in most cases the paleness is a healthy one and not a sign of sickness. I have always heard it said that women were weaker than men, I rather think, unless there is a very great alteration, that in twenty-four years time this saying will have to be reversed, for as far as my experience goes, I find many more sickly boys and youths in the mill than I find girls. In very many cases the boys show signs of becoming weak-kneed and crooked-backed. Probably this is partially due to the kind of life they lead; only too often they are seasoned smokers before they commence to work half-time at the age of eleven. About two-thirds of the work people live too far away from their work to go home to their meals, so they are obliged to bring their meals with them to the mill. Tea and coffee is obtainable at the mill, for which we pay ½d. per pint. Many prefer to bring their own tea with them, and for these, large ovens are provided where they can warm it and their dinners as well. We generally sit in groups to get our meals for about ten or fifteen minutes, the rest of the meal time being spent in various ways, talking, singing, reading, sewing, or knitting. Some of the girls are adepts in fancy work. Others get into a quiet corner to read. Among such may be found a great variety of literature: *Pearson's Weekly*, *Tit-Bits*, *Home Notes*, *Princess Novlette*, and various other weeklies. Among the more thoughtful you will find one of Mrs. Henry Wood's works, Annie S. Swan's, Archdeacon Farrar's, Sir Walter Scott's, and among the more advanced *The New Age*, *The Woman's Signal*, *The Woman's Gazette*.

We who work among the machinery have one great advantage over the brain workers, namely, that the work does not absorb all our thoughts, it is simply mechanical;

hence we have plenty of time for independent thought. As a rule factories in the country villages are looked upon as being more respectable than factories in the towns. Much, however, depends on the character of the masters, managers and overlookers. I do not think that the morals of the factory workers are any worse than other trades; honestly speaking I think they will bear favourable comparison with any of the trades and professions; neither do I see anything in factory life to cause people to look upon us as being the ignorant, degraded creatures that some people think us. There is no denying the fact that we factory workers, like servants, have for many years had to fight against a bad name given us by people who know nothing whatever about us. But I think this is gradually changing, for, as our voices are being heard through the medium of the press, people read, wonder, and then ask themselves if the factory workers really are the ignorant creatures they once believed them to be.

The Solidarity of Evil.

It is an interesting fact that we constantly find those two violations of the moral law, state protection of vice and vivisection, going hand in hand. They seem all but inseparable—where we have the one if the other does not yet appear, it lags not far behind, and if we get rid of the one and yet leave the other, the banished one speedily re-appears. This Government has given a new proof of this fact. That its members as a whole favour vivisection is well known, and from recent replies to questions in the House, it is evident that the system of state regulation of vice has also friends on the Treasury bench. It is from this point of view—an aspect especially important to your women readers—the certainty namely that where vivisection is sheltered and favoured there is danger ahead for Repealers, that I ask to be allowed to call attention to a recent proceeding of the Government with regard to the Act regulating vivisection. Up to the year 1895, much as successive Home Secretaries had tacitly carried out the vivisectionists' interpretation of the Act, supposed by a trustful public to control them, the returns of the Inspectors under that Act had been yearly published in time to be discussed while still various anti-vivisection societies were holding their annual meetings, and many weeks before the end of the session. In 1895 on the contrary, under the last Administration, the Inspector was allowed to get so much into arrears with his report, that the said annual meetings were over before it appeared. Thus it escaped the unpleasant handling and unveiling it generally met with at those meetings, but there still remained time for questions in Parliament. It has however been left for this Government to keep back the report till a few days before the rising of the House, thus rendering any questions impossible for this session. The excuse put forward was somewhat absurd; the Irish vivisectionists it was stated, had not sent in their returns. Twenty eight experiments took place in Ireland, against 4679 in Great Britain; and yet we are to believe that these twenty eight experiments blocked the way. If they did, it was a blocking that a couple of words from head quarters could summarily have removed. But on looking over the report on vivisection for 1895, I am not surprised those words remained unspoken; no doubt it would have been inconvenient had that report been pulled to pieces at annual meetings, and asked about in the House. That this view is not unique, is shown by a sentence in the *British Medical Journal* of August 22nd. This thorough going advocate of vivisection on foreign lines admits, that the report "shows that the Act under which the return is made, does not, perhaps, check scientific investigation so much as might be feared," and speaks of the "level headed sanity" of the Government in virtually playing into the hands of the vivisectionists. It is well this organ of the vivisection laboratory has at last confessed that the anti-vivisectionists are correct in maintaining that vivisection is virtually unrestricted in England, and that the Act is administered so as to protect the vivisectionists, and not their victims. But what is to be said for a Government which is responsible for this state of things: and which, so long as by doing so the vivisectionists may be aided and sheltered, is not ashamed to put forward an excuse which if it be real, does but prove its own utter incompetence? I am not, as you, Madam, are aware, a political opponent of the present Government, I therefore the more regret that it should damage itself by forgetting that eternal truth enunciated by Fox, that what is morally wrong can never be politically right. Politically it has made a grave *faux pas*: physiologically it is making an equally grave one, in imagining that what is morally wrong can ever be physically right. I hope your lady readers will think over this story, as the tendency it indicates points to danger for their sex,

W. W.

Women's Movement in the Netherlands.

I promised you, dear Mrs. Sibthorp, some particulars of the woman's movement in *my country*. But which is my country? Holland is my fatherland, Belgium the land of my habitation and affection; and as I like them both, work for both, and sympathise with both, I will include them both in this brief sketch and speak of both so far as I am able.

I much doubt whether I am the right person to give the fullest and most essential information. I am not in the centre stream of the movement and cannot be numbered among those who spend themselves in doing practical work—putting their shoulders to the wheel and pushing it forward with all their might. My path lies through the quiet groves of contemplation; and much of importance in connection with the work-a-day life of our movement, does not come to my intimate knowledge. Still I am ever on the look out, ever striving to appreciate those who are doing the work I am not so fitted for, and I will now try to put before you what I have gathered from my point of observation.

I see the awakening of a new and vigorous life among women, an ever-increasing interest in public matters, an ever-growing feeling of mutual responsibility. We too, in the Netherlands, have our valiant Pioneers; and if they differ here and there in views and opinions, they are one in striving after the great aim: the full emancipation of woman.

The centre of the movement in Holland has been and is *Amsterdam*. There, four years ago, the first club of women working to bring about the new order, was formed, under the name of "The Free Women's Club:" and there also, about the same time, was published the first emancipated Woman's paper—*Evolution*—a brave weekly periodical ever ready to fight for women's claims, and never fearing to speak its meaning clearly before both friends and foes. Though encouraged by the sympathy of many, this paper had at first a hard struggle for life; but having since become the organ of the Woman's Suffrage Club, it has now entered upon a new and vigorous phase of existence.

Some months after the publication of *Evolution*, another paper was started in Belgium, by a club of socialistic women, entitled *De Vrouw* (Woman), a fortnightly, representing the more ethical and educational side of the movement. Both papers are getting on well, and now, a new paper is announced for the end of this year, which will be the organ of several younger clubs.

Besides these papers by means of which the new ideas and ideals are being rapidly spread through the country, we have, of course, some more fashionable papers which, though not retrogressive, fear to go too fast, and are willing only to follow the movement where the Pioneer women have well trodden the new ways.

Flemish Belgium has no woman's paper. Some women read *Evolution*, some *De Vrouw*, most, no woman's paper at all. Some two years ago a Catholic paper was started in opposition to *De Vrouw*. It was called *The Christian Woman*, but so far as I am aware did not long survive.

French Belgium has its *Ligue pour l'Emancipation de la Femme*, which issues every three months a review tastefully compiled and neatly printed, and its contents show that the women in French Belgium think clearly and logically and can express their thoughts forcibly and well. French-speaking women in Belgium are not great readers, and the *Ligue* finds it most profitable to carry on its work by means of lectures delivered all over the country on all kinds of interesting subjects by its more active members. A registry for servant girls, nurses and governesses, and, I believe, a holiday resort for servants are among the practical results of the *Ligue's* work.

The Revendication des Droits Féminins, a paper which promised well when first started, is no longer published, and the club whose organ it was, though still existing, has never reached the importance of the *Ligue*. On the whole, Belgium is not a country where the Women's Movement is likely soon to assume such proportions as in England. Why? I don't know. The Belgian women are as well endowed with brain-power as the women of any other country, and in practical life, do very much of the work we wish to do. When a married couple has a shop or a coffee-house, it is in most cases the wife who superintends and controls. The husband keeps the books or amuses the guests, but the wife does the practical work, and does it well. In very large shops, young women, often mere girls, act as cashiers. In the mines, women do the same work as men, except that of recent years they are prohibited by law from descending into the mines. In the country, women till the ground as arduously as men, and of course partake of all other rural work. Indeed, wherever she has the opportunity, the Belgian woman shows herself to be a brave, active creature, equally fit for work as man; but of the Woman's movement she, in 999 cases out of a 1000, knows little or nothing. Is it the ladies' character? Is it the influence of the Catholic religion? It is difficult to say.

Holland, if not in the vanguard, is certainly not in the rearguard of the movement. As I have mentioned above, there is much life and movement in our capital. The members of "The Free Women's Club," with Miss Drücher and Mrs. School Uover at their head, are most active, they write and speak and give conferences in different parts of the country, they deal with all kinds of questions and at least stir up those who cannot, or will not, agree with all they say and do. The Woman's Suffrage Club, with its several subdivisions, is also

active, agitating by word and pen for that natural right of every citizen, be it man or woman, to take part in the legislation under which she or he lives. Then we have several other clubs which if not entirely women's clubs, yet depend for their existence principally upon the support of women, such as the "Club for forwarding the interests of women" at Rotterdam; that for "Moral Elevation of Women," at The Hague; and the club for women teetotalers at Groningen. They are all the outcome of the passion for liberty, independence, intellectual and moral development, which has taken hold of our women.

Much charitable work is being done by women for women. A well-endowed and large-hearted woman of Amsterdam, Miss Catharine Alberdingh Thym, is devoting herself unsparingly to the relief of homeless women, reduced by poverty or by the bad conduct of their husbands; she provides for them a shelter and a meal in exchange for a few hours of useful work (washing and mending clothes for other poor women), and tries to procure them permanent work.

Elsewhere charity takes the form of pure humanity and fraternity. Some of our best gifted and most devoted women, Miss Helene Mercier, gives all the thoughts of her soul and all her worthy life to the elevation of the inferior classes by educating them, by developing in them the passion of independence, of moral and intellectual perfection. Inspired by some of the most excellent English books, as for instance *All sorts and conditions of men*, it was she who conceived the idea of *Our Home* at Amsterdam, which a generous rich man made possible and to which some of our best men and women give all their efforts. In *Our Home* young and old people, boys and girls, rich and poor, come and meet as brothers and sisters, giving and receiving mental riches, instruction, pleasure. Again it was she, who, inspired by an article translated by myself from I don't know which English paper, studied the question of the best popular food and created kitchens, where the working family procures the best food for the lowest possible price. Again it is she who desired the town-council of Amsterdam to destroy some ugly, dirty streets in order to build healthy working men's houses. So she works and lives, our Helene Mercier. She is so very discreet, that she would be somewhat angry with me if she knew I had written about her, but she will forgive me if ever she knows, for the sake of the respectful sympathy I feel for her.

Of women's suffrage she does not make much; that is our only complaint against her. For the rest, every thinking and feeling Dutch woman is proud of our veteran Helene Mercier.

Another good and energetic woman, Mrs. Rutgen-Hoitsema created at Rotterdam, the first Neighbourhood Guild of our land. With a staff of younger, devoted women, she works hard for that cause, and it seems with success. I hope her example will be followed in other cities, for the Neighbourhood Guild seems to me the realisation of the best socialistic dreams.

At Amsterdam, a woman of high rank, Lady de Bosch Kemper, subduing all aristocratic prejudices, works with heart and head in democratic feminist directions. She devotes herself especially to the poor middle-class ladies, but has an eye and a thought for all that concerns womanhood, and its rights and claims.

At Middelburg a club of well-to-do ladies take part in the mighty life of our era by devoting themselves to Toynbee work.

At Groningen apart from the Women's Temperance Club, women of the higher classes work for the elevation of the people in a Christian, orthodox direction.

And then, most of us dream a dream which honours the woman of the nineteenth century; the protection—no, the adoption of the unmarried mother. For much as we hate dissoluteness of morals and slavery to the lower passions, as much we see the humbug of that morality which calls the girl-mother a fallen creature. The girl-mother can be the emblem of pure love and virginal trust in the beloved man, and the fashionably married woman can be the emblem of impure calculation and degrading life. Marriage is no safeguard for morality. And at all events, where the utmost sexual freedom is allowed to man, it is absurd that woman should be despised when she deviates from the narrow path of fashion. It is a grand, a beautiful protest, that of irreproachable woman against the duality of sexual morals. The victims of men's lust are still women, and the protest of blameless wives and virgins in favour of the victims and their children is the basis of the new, integral sexual morality of the future.

So we dream of a mighty band of mothers and women—married and unmarried—and in possession of a nice capital, in order to feed and educate the poor little ones, abandoned by a heartless father to a poor young mother. To save the little innocent children from hunger and neglect, perhaps from a violent death, and to give an example of the largest humanity—that is our aim. But the Band of Mothers does not yet exist, and many, too many, well-thinking men and women are against it, they fear it will only increase sexual immorality and the abuse of woman by man. They have not the same trust in better human nature as we.

In all those clubs, etc., socialistic women are in the minority. Of course, they wait, patiently, their emancipation from the hands of socialistic men. I fear they may wait long. Firstly, because it may be long before the world is socialistic enough to settle all matters in a socialistic way; and secondly because *socialistic* is not always

* I leave here the word *feministic* as we have not in English a word which quite expresses it. Also I leave some expressions not quite English as they are exceedingly characteristic and hold the attention.—Ed.]

From London to Edinburgh by Steamer.

"Scotland's Howes and Scotland's Knowes and Scotland's Hills for me, I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, wi' a' the honors three."

Once more I find myself en route to my beloved Scotland, a trip taken annually but always looked forward to with delight. We start 12 o'clock noon on Saturday the 25th of July, with most lovely weather and in the best of spirits.

The Irongate wharf from which the steamer sails is close to the Tower Bridge, thus enabling us to have a good view of that marvellous structure, as we steam slowly out of the docks. For a time all is bustle and excitement as we get our belongings down to the Cabin, choose our berths etc.

The kind Stewardess, Mrs. Goodman, is here, there and everywhere, helping and doing all she can to make us comfortable.

I was not quick enough in selecting my place at table, the knowing ones were before me, I consequently failed to secure a seat near the captain, as everyone tries to do, it is usually very jolly at that end of the table. We had just got ourselves nicely fixed and all our things in order, as the steamer neared Greenwich. We had time for a good look at that beautiful building Greenwich hospital before, at one o'clock, the luncheon bell rang and we flocked down to the saloon. After lunch we went on deck and soon after arrived at Gravesend. The steamer slowed for a few minutes while the pilot went off in a small boat.

We sailed in the "Osprey," belonging to the General Steam Navigation Company. The "Osprey" is a very large steamer with good accommodation and plenty of room to walk about.

She can find sleeping room for two hundred persons, while the ladies' cabin is the largest I have seen on any steamer taking this journey. The food is exceedingly good and well served. I cannot say too much for the great kindness and attention which we all received. From the genial and humorous captain to the curly headed and somewhat pessimistic-looking cabin boy, all was kindness and consideration.

We saw very little of the captain except at meals, but what little we did see, made us wish to know him better.

The entire staff seemed ready and pleased to do their best for us; it only required to wish for a thing to have it.

The waiting at meals is excellent. If I were inclined to pun I should say the waiting was perfect, and at the same time there was no waiting.

Captain Cotton was taking temporary charge in the absence of Captain Taylor. We could not regret this circumstance as it procured us the pleasure of meeting Captain Cotton.

Mr. Sutler, the chief steward is decidedly the right man in the right place; thoroughly up to his duties, thinking of everyone's comfort save his own, gentle and considerate to those under him, quiet and self possessed, good tempered and always ready to oblige. I saw him do many little acts of kindness, when, I am sure, he had no idea he was observed.

He told me he had done twenty two years' service, he must have commenced very young.

The second steward, Mr. Frank Ellis, is also very fit, very good looking, courteous and kind. The waiters are serene, silent and ubiquitous. May I suggest that a piano is much needed on board. It would be a great acquisition.

We pass out of Gravesend, the steamer going very steadily, and the air clear and delicious. We note old Tilbury Fort, where Elizabeth harangued her troops in expectation of the landing of the Spanish Armada. The river widens here considerably. We pass Sheerness and see part of the pleasant Kent country, also on the opposite shore, Southend. Soon after we sight the Nore lightship, the oldest floating beacon on the English coast, which is fifty miles from London Bridge. Passing the Essex coast, which is not interesting, sailing N. by E. we are off the town of Harwich. Fourteen miles northward is Orford Ness and three miles more brings us to Aldborough, where the poet, Crabbe, was born. In due time we pass Lowestoft, and ten miles further on is Great Yarmouth, the seat of the herring and deep sea fishing. We admire very much its beautiful quay. My thoughts, while in view of Yarmouth, are principally occupied with recollections of "David Copperfield" and "Little Emily" playing about on its sands.

At Cromer we leave the Norfolk coast, and, soon after, losing sight of land I go below, turn into my berth and find oblivion for some hours. During the night we crossed the big bay of the German Ocean, the Wash;—passed along the Lincolnshire coast, Goole and Great Grimsby on the Yorkshire coast, and after forty miles sailing N. by W. came to Flamborough, sixteen miles from which brought us to Scarborough of which we had a splendid view. The way in which the streets are built, amphitheatre fashion has a very fine effect from the water. The castle looked very imposing standing on its promontory, 300 feet above the level of the sea. Northward of Scarborough is Robinhood's Bay which looks very wild and romantic, just the kind of place to attract such a reckless and brave adventurer. Very shortly we reach Whitby with its fine old abbey, from whence sailed the abbess of St Hilda with her nuns to Lindisfarne.

"There with St. Cuthbert's abbot old
And Tynemouth's Prioresse, to hold
A chapter of St. Benedict
For inquisition stern and strict,
On two apostates from the faith,
And if need were, to doom to death."

One of these apostates was the lovely and hapless victim of Lord Marmion, Constance de Beverley.

Between Flamborough and the Farne Islands, even beyond, the steamer rolled somewhat.—Not sufficiently, however, to cause sickness. No one was sick throughout the voyage.—I asked the Stewardess what was the cause of the rolling. She said there was a "great swell" on the water. I don't like "great swells" nor any "swells" at all. I went on deck, however, and securing a camp stool, planted it as I thought, firmly on the deck. After having several times, had a narrow escape of sliding off my stool, I asked the Captain, who

synonymous with *feministic*. If the political, economical and civil equality of woman with man is proclaimed in the programme of all our socialistic parties, that means not that it is in the heart and the blood of all socialistic individuals. Therefore I mean that every socialistic woman should work, independently of her party, for her own sake. The world will not fare worse for it, if women be free before society be socialistic. I am so convinced of the soundness of women's heart and brain, that I am sure they are all socialistic without knowing it, or will become so as a matter of course. For socialism means only: the bringing into practice of the principles of Right and Love; in one word, the largest humanity and the purest altruism.

And then, according to the laws of evolution, capital and despotic might will be destroyed before they will have had quite time to demoralise woman.

So I urge all my socialistic sisters to be very, very good socialists, but still better feminists.

The anti-alcoholic movement becomes very strong in Holland, and women begin to take a lively part in it. Vegetarianism and anti-vivisection have also many devotees amongst Dutch men and women. In Belgium all of this is of no great importance. Many doctors are teetotalers and don't believe any more in the strengthening influence of heavy beers and fiery wines. But I have not yet heard of an earnest effort against the drinking customs of the whole Belgian people, except a brochure of Mr. Louis Frank. Who shall take that initiative in a land where there exists one cabaret for thirty six inhabitants (that is to say, thirty-six persons, women and children, as well as men)?

Vegetarianism does not charm very much the Belgian people, who are fond of what they call *la bonne fourchette*. How it is with anti-vivisection I do not know. But all events, it is not the women who interest themselves in the first place for these important questions.

Small as our Holland may be, it can boast of quite a selection of women whom I should like to call "flowers of intellect." As, for instance, Elise Haighton, one of our first champions for free thought and feminism, too; Aletta Jacobs and Catharine Van Tussenbeseck, two doctors of real merit; Miss Gertrude Wythoff, who had only an ordinary school training and got, three years successively, the first prize for mathematics competition; Cornelia Huyghens, a very good novelist; and Miss Ph. Nysman, an excellent translator of Swedish and Danish literature; Mrs. Stellingwerf and Miss Henriette van de Mey, well-known journalists; Mrs. Lapidoth—formerly Héléne Swarth, a poet who makes music of our Dutch, though she be a Belgian, and came here only as a full-grown child; Thérèse Schverse, a portrait painter of good reputation, and Henriette Rouner, whose cats and kittens are cherished all the world over. Etc., etc., etc.

Belgium can boast of Madame Alice Bron, not a first-rate feminist, but still a woman who is a credit to our cause. She is working for a complete re-organisation of public charity in Belgium. She goes into all more or less important localities of the country and gives conferences, and gathers signatures for a petition to the Government to re-organise completely the National Board of Charity. Her plan is as genial as it is generous, and when she succeeds no poor creature will die from hunger in the land of Belgium, and all that is shameful in poverty and immoral in its results will completely disappear.

For sometime a woman from the people, Emilie Claeys, was well known in Belgium for her activity, her natural eloquence, her sharpness of intellect, her broadness of mind and the undauntedness of her opinions. When she gave a conference the hall was overcrowded, and she had the approbation of the whole of the thinking public. But she has overwrought herself, and has been seriously ill, and is still very weak, and I fear it will be a long time before she can become again what she has been.

It is a woman who writes excellent novels and critics under the name of "Daniel Lesueur." Then we have some doctresses whose names I do not know, and the female members of the "Ligue" use the pen with very much talent.

In both lands we have some warm and sincere male feminists. In Belgium none less than Hector Denis, Louis Frank, Emile Vanderwelde. In Holland the Minister van Houten and other influential men. A new law of suffrage has been adopted this month, and it will bring in our Parliament some decided feminists. Our valiant pioneers in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Groningen, and the Prague, will leave them no rest, I suppose. At all events if the right of suffrage be not accorded to women in Holland before the end of this century, it will not be the fault of that brave little group of combatants.

And now I am at the end of my paper. If we cannot rival with England in force of movement, number of feminists and brilliant success, at least we are striving and battling with all our might, often drawing moral force and practical wisdom from the example of our sisters in England, who, I hope, will look with a feeling of sympathy on the two small kingdoms on the other side of the Channel.

With a sisterly greeting to all who are, through SHAFTS, in mental connection with each other.

Sincerely yours, NELLIE VAN KOL.

MARY J. HALL-WILLIAMS (M.D., Boston), will give a lecture to ladies on the first Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p.m., at 405, Oxford Street, London, W., entrance in Thomas Street (Women's Educational Union). Silver collection taken at each lecture. Ladies seen by appointment. Apply 40, Highbury Hill, N.

was standing near, to make the steamer be quiet. I told him I could see no use in a captain who could not make his steamer behave respectfully. He assured me she was not rolling at all, and called my attention to his own firm and upright attitude as a proof of it. He affirmed that if the steamer rolled he would roll off. Having, of course, profound faith in the Captain I could not doubt his word. Consequently, when, shortly after, I did, suddenly leave my seat for the deck, I was convinced that it could be no fault of the steamer nor of the "great swell" but entirely due to my own want of balance.

Some ten miles beyond Whitby, we are on the Durham coast and see Hartlepool to the South and Sunderland to the North. Sir Walter Scott shall describe the next fifty miles as he tells of the journey of the abbess of St. Hilda, from Whitby.

"And now the vessel skirts the Strand
Of mountainous Northumberland,
Towns, Towers, and Halls, successive rise
And catch the nun's delighted eyes.
Monkwearmouth soon behind them lay
And Tynemouth's Priory and bay,
They marked, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton Delaval.
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods,
They passed the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son.
At Coquet isle their beads they tell
To the good saint who owned the cell,
Then did the Alne, attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name,
And then they crossed themselves, to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore,
Thy tower proud Bamborough marked they here,
King Ida's castle, huge and square
From its tall rock look grimly down
And on the swelling ocean frown,
Then, from the coast, they bore away
And reached the Holy Island's bay."

"Proud Bamborough huge and square" is close to the Farne or Fern islands, a cluster of small islets, the largest being covered by a hundred acres. They have, however, wrecked several vessels notably the "Forfarshire" which was wrecked here on 5th September, 1838. Many lives were fortunately saved by the noble exertions of the heroic Grace Darling and her brave father. Their names live in the memory of the people, and ought so to live, with all other heroes, as long as history endures. There is a beautiful marble monument of Grace, in the pretty church of Bamborough, the figure is recumbent and beside it is placed a model of the car which she used with such good effect. All the Darling family are buried in the churchyard of Bamborough. Three or four miles N. by W. and we are at the Holy Island or Lindisfarne. In the abbey of Lindisfarne was held that solemn convale before referred to. The self appointed judges of Constance de Beverley held their court in a cavernous chamber of the old Monastery which is thus described by Scott.

"In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round
That rose alternate row on row
On ponderous columns short and low.

On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain,
Yet still entire the Abbey stood
Like veteran worn but unsubdued."

The chamber

"In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side walls sprung
The grave stones rudely sculptured o'er
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor,
The mildew drops fell, one by one
With twinkling splash upon the stone.
A cresset in an iron chain
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seemed to strive
As if it scarce might keep alive."

The poem goes on to tell, very beautifully how Constance was doomed to be walled, up alive, in that dreadful place and of how she tried to address her judges. I have not space to give any but a very short extract from it. After recounting all the circumstances of her connection with Marmion she concludes thus:—

"Now men of death, work forth your will
For I can suffer and be still,
And, come he slow or come he fast,
It is but death that comes at last.
Yet dread me from my living tomb
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome,
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance shall he take
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again."

Leaving Holy Island with its sad memories we also leave shortly after, the English Coast. A six miles' sail brings us to the mouth of the Tweed, on which stands the border town of Berwick. Berwick-on-Tweed is a most delightful place to visit, being so rich in historical and interesting associations. We round the Estuary of the Forth and passing Eyemouth, sight St. Abbs'

Head with its lighthouse 224 feet above the sea. Three miles from St. Abbs' on another promontory is Fast Castle. This Castle is interesting to all lovers of Scott as the tower of Edgar Ravenswood, in the "Bride of Lammermoor," called "Wolf's Crag." It was also a refuge for poor Mary Stuart after the murder of Rizzio. Soon after we see Tantallon Castle.

"And sudden close before them showed
His towers Tantallon vast,
Broad, massive, high and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows."

It is now in a complete state of decay, only the outer walls remain almost intact.

It seems a pity that the present owners do not care to restore, or at least, to preserve so noble a pile. Sympathy with the past would seem to be dead in the nineteenth century breast. The Bass rock, quite near Tantallon stands just in the mouth of the Forth. Its highest point is 379 feet. It is covered with multitudes of solan geese and other sea fowl. The rock was sometimes used for the imprisonment of Covenanters and others. Near Tantallon is North Berwick, a very fashionable watering place and inland about a mile, the curious round hill, called North Berwick Law 612 feet high. Ten miles from the Bass rock is Largo Bay, well known to all who love Scottish song.

"I cuist my line in Largo Bay
And fishes I caught nine,
That's three to boil and three to fry
And three to bait the line."

It was in the parish of Low Largo that Alexander Selkirk was born, the Robinson Crusoe, of world wide fame. We are now very near the end of our journey. We pass Kirkcaldy, and get a good view of the island of Inchkeith, and lower down Portobello, Fisherron, Musselburgh and Burntisland. Opposite Inchkeith, is Leith, the port of Edinburgh.

We were then midway between Burntisland, on the Fifeshire coast, and Granton, our landing place. We arrived in Granton harbour, about ten o'clock on Sunday evening, but remained on board all night it being too late for the steamer to put in. It was quite a new sensation to sleep in a harbour. We were all, however, quite pleased to remain longer with our kind entertainers.

Trains run close to the landing place, there is therefore no trouble in getting luggage to them. After breakfast I said good-bye with regret to the Captain and his staff, and thanked them for their kindness to me. I arrived in dear old Edinburgh at 11.30 a.m. Oh, the delight of being once more in the city I love so well. To climb once again to the top of Arthur's seat and the Calton Hill and view the beautiful city spread like a panorama beneath me. As I gazed I re-echoed mentally the enthusiastic outburst of Fitz-Eustace as he stood by the side of Lord Marmion drinking in the beauty of the country around Tantallon.

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land."

Then to Holyrood, and walking up the Canongate towards the venerable castle, I wave my memory wand. Instantly the old street is cleared of its present inhabitants and filled with handsome gallant cavaliers and lovely ladies, as in the dear old days long dead.

I hope that many people, next summer, will take this delightful water journey to Edinburgh. Given time, everything else is so enjoyable. One can move about, have nice company, and meals: also sleep. To all who may read this little paper I confidently recommend this journey and the "Osprey" as the means of transit.

I should like to suggest to the company that they publish a guide book. The absence of it is a great want.

And now goodbye to the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood
Land of mountain and the flood."

On the return journey I had the pleasure of meeting the Assistant Secretary to the company, Mr. Macintosh with his very charming wife. The passage being, as before, a very good one, I had several opportunities of conversing with them. Mr. Macintosh seemed to know something about everything. I enjoyed exceedingly the short intercourse I had with them both.

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NOTICES, MEETINGS, ETC.

MRS. ELMY'S most interesting contributions to SHAFTS will be resumed in the October number.

The lectures at Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, on the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 7.30 p.m., are now resumed for the winter and spring months. On next Tuesday, October 6th, "What do we mean by the Woman Era?"

The Editor of SHAFTS is "At Home" at 11, Westbere Road, Hampstead (via Brondesbury Station), on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month; and for discussion on "Present day Thought" on any lines, on the first and third Wednesdays.

Pioneer Club Records.

THE thoughts of each life create what we call character, and make the mental and moral qualities with which we are born. When a new soul arrives on this planet "out of the everywhere into here," it comes endowed with those characteristics and capacities to which it is justly entitled, by the totality of its thinking in past lives. Every great and noble life has behind it past lives of upward effort; every criminal life has behind it past lives which yielded to downward tendencies. By the thoughts of one life we determine the actions of another life; and we are born into a mould of our own making, in which we have to work, slowly modifying it as life goes on, by the same thought-power of the soul that formed it, dragged downwards or impelled upwards ever, by attractions of our own creation.

What we think we become: this is the law. Our destiny is in our hands—we are masters of our fate. In us ever lies the power of choosing whether we sink to the brute or climb to the God.—From *Bibby's Magazine*. "Thoughts of a Pioneer."

It is sweet indeed to look forward to the re-opening of the Pioneer Club, where thought is suggested, guided, strengthened and encouraged to free growth. For so great are the forces without us, and so subtle their action, that we cannot afford to linger or to let our thoughts sleep unguarded. Onward is our law. When we fully recognise the law of unfolding, we shall cease to think of human beings as special creations, and shall know what progression means.

"Seek," says Goethe, "within yourself and you will find everything, and rejoice that without there lies a nature that says 'yea' in answer to all you have discovered in yourself."

Within the bond that unites Pioneers, each is endeavouring with more or less of earnestness to do this, to find truth and act up to its teachings, great is the help each receives from all, consequently much more rapid is the progress made. This is what Christ meant when he said, "Wherever two or three are gathered together there am I." One lesson perhaps, above all others Pioneers are learning, namely, that "life consisteth not in the abundance of things possessed," that the individual is beyond computation, of more importance than her surroundings; and that distinctions of worth are the true distinctions, not those of wealth, or birth.

One of our most active Pioneer's sends me the following cutting from *The Evening News*, and asks, "Does this not also open opportunities for the action of Pioneers?"

"Reports from the Kentish hop fields in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, Maidstone, Tunbridge, Sittingbourne and Faversham state that many of the pickers who arrived in the district from London nearly a month ago are on the verge of starvation owing to the inability to find work or to make a living in the gardens where they obtain it. This is mainly due to the extraordinarily large number of pickers this year.

Prior to the opening of the season it was thought there would be a scarcity of hands, and a printed notice was circulated throughout the East End, which furnishes by far the largest number of pickers, stating that the hops were looking well, and that the vines promised a rich harvest. It also contained a statement that thousands of pickers were wanted throughout the whole of the districts named.

This resulted in a very large number of families starting for the gardens some weeks in advance of the usual time. On their arrival they found that the hops were not ripe for pulling, and that they would have to wait a week or more before they could hope to be taken on to work. Many of them were in a destitute condition, and the workhouses and casual wards were soon full.

Many harrowing scenes were witnessed, and the distress was unprecedented. When work was available it was found that only a very small portion of the pickers could be em-

ployed. Hundreds of others commenced to tramp back to London, and during the last ten days bands of them could be seen along the high roads from Maidstone, Canterbury and Faversham. During the recent storms they have had to sleep under hedges and haystacks, and have suffered the utmost privation.

The local authorities at various points on the route to London have had to render them assistance, and are even now engaged in finding temporary lodgings for some of the half-starved ones who are unable to tramp back to their homes.

At many of the gardens the pickers have been in almost a similar plight. The heavy rains which have fallen in the neighbourhood of Farleigh during the last few days have rendered work impossible. The tents erected for the use of the pickers in some of the fields are of the most wretched kind, and have proved of little use in keeping off the rain. A few of them have floors to them, and the soaked condition of the ground has rendered them almost uninhabitable. Added to this is the dripping state of the vines, and the impossibility of the pickers getting their clothes dried.

Yesterday a large number of the pickers arrived in London. They stated that there had been a number of strikes in Canterbury and Littlebourne. They also describe the condition of many of the families who had gone to the gardens as most deplorable."

Much may surely be done by a Club of women to right many wrongs.

The debates for the Autumn Session are specially good, and the lecturers well-chosen. I select three. Mrs. Ormiston Chant is one of those earnest workers, known all over the world and to all time, at whom the arrows of opposition are always levelled. This distinction she shares with the President and with many others.

Dr. Annie McCall is a steadfast Pioneer, and a teacher of many new things in the art of medicine and the science of health.

Miss Waters, who opens a very interesting debate, is a thinker of no mean power, and holds wide and progressive views on matters social and political.

For Shame.

You are not angered?
The blood stirs not
Within your veins;
Nor passion reigns
In surges hot?
The evil deed—the cruel word
Is by your placid ears
To placid heart conveyed;
Nor are the sluggish courses stirred,
Nor the red flush of righteous anger stayed
Within your cheeks—a holy flame.
Out on thee!—Shame—
For shame!

Leaps not the gleaming tear-drop
To your eye,
Nor fast the pulses of your heart
In anger bound and throb?
As if they fain would vault
Some barrier high
Of evil—loathed and hated—
No, calm and slow they beat
Their sluggish round,
Nor stir in impulse warm,
Nor in most holy anger sound
A battle cry—of throbbing blood—
Against unholy wrong.
Where is that righteous flame?
Out on you! Shame—
For shame!

—E. WARDLAW BEST.

Review.

WOMEN IN ENGLISH LIFE, by Georgiana Hill. 2 vols. Richard Bentley and Son, London, 1896.

THIS work will be welcomed by all who have interested themselves in the advancement of women, as one of the most important historical contributions on the subject which have been published in England in this century. Written in an able and dispassionate style it is thoroughly adapted for the public library, as a means of educating those who have thought least about the 'woman's cause,' and also as a valuable work of reference. But beyond this Miss Hill has so presented her varied information that while in many cases judgement is left to the reader, she makes it impossible that any other verdict can be given than one favourable to the ideal of woman as a human being with varied powers, gifts and influence which demand personal freedom for their full use and development. And while she does this, she so writes as to offend none whose opinions would be worth considering. To give an instance Miss Hill evidently favours the increasing custom of ordaining women to pastorates, and shows how the offices of women were encroached upon and abandoned by the church, and in a chapter on the *Martyr Periods* quotes the views of the Society of Friends on this subject with great force. None who reflect what a power for Christian living and social progress this Society has been, can resist the conclusion, *viz.*, that the true spirit of Christianity places man and woman on a religious and moral equality, while the modern Salvation Army offers a conspicuous example of good works undertaken by religious teachers of both sexes in full co-operation.

Miss Hill states that her object in these volumes is to show the place that women have held in our national life, from Saxon times down to the present day, and we think she has given an admirable outline of the subject. She divides her work into four periods, which review women in the days of feudalism, after the renaissance, during the last century, and lastly during the Victorian Era with which most of us are more or less familiar.

The ideas which prevailed until the present century dawned upon us, can only be gauged by such illustrations as the following. "Erasmus . . . introduces a conversation between an abbot and a learned woman. The abbot contends that women would never be kept in subjection if they were learned. They would become wiser than men. 'Therefore it is a wicked, mischievous thing to revive the ancient custom of educating them.' (vol I, p 141.) If women owed a certain amount of consideration and protection to the Church, on the other hand the Church taught their inferiority, and regarded the devotion of women to clerical interests as so much useful reserve force. Woman became the servant of the Church, never an equal co-worker and teacher within it. And the priest, who always feared knowledge, feared the acquisition of it especially for woman. 'For as long as they remained thoroughly convinced of their natural inferiority and of the duty of subservience, they could be reckoned upon as valuable aids to the building-up of the ecclesiastical power.'" (Preface).

Something of this spirit can still be traced even now. There are numerous elderly women who if they possessed the suffrage would vote in behalf of everything that would strengthen the church as a state institution. It will take another generation to enable women fully to imbibe that spirit of freedom and of mental independence, which although it has so largely influenced them latterly, has expanded too late to reach a certain portion of them which possesses considerable influence in country towns and in provincial life.

The most brilliant period with regard to learning seems to have been in the sixteenth century. "For sound scholarship and solid acquirements, the women of the sixteenth century may challenge comparison with those of any sub-

sequent period . . . Learned women were held in esteem. It was not thought unfeminine to speak good Latin, write correct Greek, or translate from Hebrew. It was reserved for a later date to show retrogression, and in the last century a highly educated woman was nick-named a 'blue-stocking.'"

But it is impossible to present an outline of this able work within the limits of a brief review. Its scope may be better realised by a glance at the list of contents, which embrace such subjects as *Learning before the days of the Printing Press*, *Women of the Ancient Guilds*, or 'Gilds' as Miss Hill prefers in old style to write the word, *Family Life after the Fall of Feudalism*, *Glimpses of Great Ladies*, *Heroines of the Civil War*, *Women and the Arts*, and chapters on every-day life, which are the products of a careful study of the times of which they treat, and a wide acquaintance with historical literature. In the second volume which chiefly treats of *Women in the Victorian Era*, we have an admirable series of brief histories of the progress of women in various departments, including education, literature, art, commerce, philanthropic work, medicine and political life, closing with the story of the now forty-year old battle for the suffrage. Many of the old struggles have been concluded, and the victories won. But the last mentioned still remains—success has not yet been attained in England—involving as it does one of the most vital achievements which can be made in behalf of liberty for women.

Miss Hill's volumes—a whole education for the general public on the question of womanhood and its higher aims—are worthy of all praise. And we earnestly trust they may furnish the wholesome stimulus to the movement she evidently desires.

There is only one minor alteration we should like to see made. Here and there the author uses the word "lord" in alluding to the husband of some lady of mediæval times, without note or comment. Originally "lady" ranked with "lord," the one thing meant nothing more than the other, but since the latter became embodied in the marriage service of the Church of England as a sign of the inferiority and subordination of the wife, it possesses a degraded sense, and is liable to be thus accepted by the general reader. We should like to see its use abandoned in the literature produced by the more thoughtful of women-authors. For words are powers, and their careful selection forms a part of the armoury of the writer.

The work is embellished with two good steel engravings, of Ann, Lady Fanshawe, who displayed great courage in the stormy time of the Civil War, and Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire (from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds), who exercised such a remarkable influence in political matters in the last century.

Miss Colenso and Africa.

MISS COLENSO says that Europeans have a perfect right to be in South Africa, but they must remember that the Africans have an equal right with the Europeans, and that they are in fact partners in the concern. At present their claims are overlooked. The English can bring their capital and their civilisation to the Africans who can thereby develop the land, but the Africans must be allowed their fair share.

Miss Colenso says that we must study the history of South Africa, and that it must be a care to us to find out how the late crisis may be prevented from recurring in the future. We have taken over the responsibilities and charge of South Africa; we stand for right and justice there; and that Africa can be our private property is a ludicrous idea. Miss Colenso gave lately a sketch of the history of the annexation of the Transvaal and the Zulu War, and justified Mr. Gladstone's policy after Majuba Hill, and incidentally re-

minded her audience that the present Colonial Secretary was a member of that Administration. Bishop Colenso wrote that the "cause of the Zulu war was the annexation of the Transvaal, to which we came by stealth." Miss Colenso says that our success depends on our being a just people, and we had had our prestige humbled by treachery and violence. We gave back the Transvaal to the Dutch, thus rising above temptations of revenge, and the Dutch repaid this by their magnanimous conduct in the late crisis. Miss Colenso denies that the Chartered Company are the protectors of the Mashonas against the Matabele people, and says that we must respect the rights of the African partner in the business as scrupulously as those of the European. "The scramble for South Africa" is a phrase which represents a lust of power and selfishness. "The elimination of the unfit" she describes as another phrase which means in plain English hitting a man who is down. If this is to be our policy, she says goodbye to England's greatness.

The Education of Women in Ceylon.

It will interest the readers of SHAFTS to hear that the work of the Museum School and Orphanage at Colombo, conducted under the able supervision of Mrs. Marie M. Higgins, is progressing very satisfactorily.

The Institution Buildings are erected on a site, donated for the purpose by Mr. Peter de Abrew, one of the warmest supporters of female education, and who not very long ago came over to London to advocate the cause. He is always actively engaged in furthering the work of the Institution. Its situation is in the Cinnamon Gardens, the favourite resort of every visitor to Colombo. After about half-an-hour's pleasant drive through Slave Island and "Union Place" from the landing jetty, the visitor comes to this educational establishment, and is warmly welcomed by its amiable principal, Mrs. Higgins.

She and her "little band of workers" first began their mission work in a *Bungalow* built with mud walls, palm leaf roof and mud floor. Cool as it is to live therein, under the scorching rays of a tropical sun, yet it has its disadvantages. During the *monsoon* rains everything is more or less under water. The mud floor is, then, not a very inviting place to make one's abode. Add to this the constant drip, drip from above! a palm leaf roof being always leaky in wet weather, you hardly find a dry place to shelter.

This Bungalow was for over two years the residential headquarters of Mrs. Higgins, her assistant staff and pupils. True missionaries, so unselfish and so devoted to the cause of humanity, they lived in this house, under the most trying circumstances, working to elevate the condition of a neglected class, until last August, when with the help of some kind friends, a few solid rooms were built to find them *only* dormitory accommodation. They are pretty, though small, with tiled roof and paved floor. The *verandah*, is cool with a mass of variegated foliage so rich and luxuriant! Here guests are received. It serves both as a sitting-room and library.

The old Bungalow, which is only a few steps from here, is used for cooking, dining, and as a schoolroom with its Industrial Department, where such lovely lace is made by the tiny and deft fingers of the little Sinhalese girls. Often the girls may be seen under the palm trees at their lace making. It is a picturesque scene indeed! Their work is much admired by visitors, and when their Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenberg and suite visited the Institution, they paid a graceful compliment to Mrs. Higgins, and expressed their great sense of satisfaction of the good work done.

Miss Allison, the matron, has a little pantry also in the old Bungalow, stocked with such nice sweets made of coconut and other Ceylon fruits. The girls are taught cooking

by her, and some of you will remember the most favourable comments made by some London journalists who tasted the jams, jellies, syrups and pickles made at the Institution and sent to London by a friend. Of course Miss Allison has also to contend against many obstacles owing to want of proper kitchen arrangements, range, utensils, etc. However, the results, under these circumstances, have been most encouraging.

A peep into the Industrial Department is very interesting. A kind friend has sent out from London school materials worth over £60, and the girls are most profitably employed utilising these articles. Among the things sent were a number of pretty dolls, and you can imagine how gladdened were their little hearts to receive them, and such gratitude they expressed to the kind donor!

There is a great want for the services of women teachers, and to supply this it is the intention of Mrs. Higgins and the Trustees of the Institution to train a batch of young women and send them out as teachers to village schools. One of these will soon be opened at a sea-side village, and more will follow when circumstances and means permit. To cope with the increasing work, a young lady assistant is coming out from the colonies to assist Mrs. Higgins.

The most important work now in hand is the building of a new wing to take the place of the Bungalow. Mr. Wilton Hack, of Australia, who is one of the Trustees of the Institution, has kindly offered to help with £150. This sum will not go very far—with a similar amount it will do. Will not the readers of SHAFTS come forward to help this most deserving Institution? If every reader and friend of female education sends a contribution, the editor of SHAFTS will kindly collect and forward the moneys to Mrs. Higgins to help build the new wing. A SHAFTS room in the new wing would be a graceful tribute to the services of the Editor of this Magazine, who is so nobly working for the cause of humanity.

PARION.

Correspondence.

A SAD REVELATION.

Dear Madam,—The following letter under this heading appears in the "Bridge of Allan Reporter" August 29th. May I ask you kindly to reprint it in your earnest paper.

Yours truly
Margaret Baker.

Sir,—“A Sad Revelation” gives the results of a very common mistake. When we remember that ministers and ministers' wives are like ourselves, men and women, we can understand their difficulties and disappointments belonging to them as to humanity. The fact that there is a large family and a miserably small income seems the true cause of the bickering, the outbreak of temper, and general discomfort and scandal. How can it be otherwise? Men and women, ignoring or unconscious of their limited amount of nervous force, keep on, all the time, pouring out this nervous force, with not the slightest attempt at economy, as if they had a permanent source of life-power ever on hand. Results tell in a crowded nursery of more or less irritable and irritating children, an ill-filled larder, an over-strained mother, an empty purse, a high-strung (or perhaps let us say more truly an over-strung) father who sees—literally sees—the clouds of poverty closing in upon his work, his life, his home. If he is a teetotaler he is generally less temperate than his neighbour who indulges in the glass that cheers; or it may be as intemperate all the same. “Temperate in all things!” Would to heaven that men and women could understand the word and its literal meaning. Self-control in all things—abstinence if needful—but self-control is even more educative and more difficult to acquire as a habit. If the medical practitioners of our age could realise their calling and the true intention of their life they would *teach* their patients the need, and the value, and the certain profit, in purer human delight, of self-control—in food and in drink, in work and play, but chiefly in the indulgence of sexual desire. Speaking on this subject some years ago to a young English curate who lived in a pure, unselfish life in one of the depressingly dismal manufacturing towns of Lancashire, he exclaimed, “If we were taught at school and college more about our bodies and less about our souls there would be fewer sad failures among young men and women.” Young ministers leave their studies,

ignorant of all that their nature requires—or indeed, of what their parishioners require. They are book-learned after a sort—they are crammed, more or less, with a lot of accumulated theories, more or less orthodox, or advanced or *mixed* regarding the written Word of God—while, all the time, they are densely ignorant regarding themselves as men or as animals (for in many the pity is that the manhood is very much of a dormant or half-awake element), and they set out to teach—God help them—to *teach*, when they have every need to be still at their mother's knee, learning the first duties of their kind. We all know many such human failures, in and out of the clergy. Let us repeat again that a minister is, first and last a *man*—the parson is mostly an added and artificial element, holding him up on a more prominent search-lighted hill of general observation, but not less dominated by the demands of his animal nature. The day will come, when no large families of more or less ill-developed children and restless neurotic parents will be the rule, but well nourished, wholesome, and harmonious families, where love and truth will be manifested in health and happiness. Why, if our farmers and stockbreeders, our fancy-fowl keepers, or our raisers of prize pigeons were to show as little wisdom and prudence in their work, they would soon find out their mistake. But the very idea of self-control in human breeding seems as unknown and unthought of as if it were a virtue to let passion rule and reason go blind, as justice is usually portrayed. No wonder the medical faculty have such a hard but profitable time trying to relieve a nation of nerve-exhausted men and women ready from this very exhaustion for every germ of disease to settle on them and "bring" also "forth abundantly." The man, the woman, who could stand this continuous and awful drain upon their vital force is becoming scarcer every year: and the children of such start handicapped in the race for want of their quota of life. Handicapped at birth, stunted through the whole of their rearing-time of the nervous force—of loving care, of tenderness—how can a mother give to each a fair amount of personal affection? The father seldom bothers his head about them—the children grow up somehow—often with less home-love for ten than might be safely given to four—and bye and bye parents wonder how their sons find their pleasures apart from the family, and daughters live in world outside of them—strangers or lodgers rather than members of one united home. A good woman said to me "I have only a son and daughter. I determined I should only have as many as I could with a very limited income and not very large amount of strength, bring up wholesomely: and I have given these all the thought and affection that I had to spare. I believe that a mother is unjust to herself, as a woman, who enslaves and burdens herself with more children than her judgment considers prudent. It is an injustice to the children and an injustice to the parents. If the husband is incapable of seeing with his wife, then she must act for herself even against his selfish desire or want of control." And when men and women learn the beauty of justice—which is the basis of true love—then there will be no need for woman to claim her *rights*. She will be the centre of light, as she has been of love throughout all time.

Yours, &c.,
AMOR ET VERITAS.

PROTECTION.

IN RE TU L'AS VOILA, GEORGE DANDIN.

DEAR MADAM,—May I reply to your correspondent on this point. The recent trial of Dr. Playfair's conduct evoked various expressions of opinion, mostly adverse to the doctor. One point, however, has not been much noticed—one motive ruling the conduct of the doctors more powerfully than any other, and that is "Sex Bias." It amazes and shocks even those of us who are fully awake to the existence of this powerful swayer of men's minds ever since Time began, to see how endless are the injustices committed through its influence.

Here is quoted an extract from the *Star* of the same date which needs no comment.

THE IMMUNITY OF THE MALE.

The doctor is a necessary evil. Like the poor, he is always with us. He brings us into the world and he sends us out of it. The lawyer and the clergyman are not nearly so universally indispensable. Not all men are litigants and churchgoers, but all men are sick and need to be visited. It is not surprising, therefore, that we were all painfully interested in the action for libel which Mrs. Kitson brought against Dr. Playfair and his wife, and which ended yesterday in a verdict for the plaintiff, with the unparalleled damages of £12,000.

The case really turned upon the question whether Dr. Playfair was justified in communicating to Sir James Kitson the conclusion which he had formed as to the plaintiff's misconduct. The jury not only found that he was not justified, but that his motive was malicious, and they

put their opinion of his conduct into terms of money. The public will agree with the jury that Dr. Playfair had no right to violate the medical confessional. He should have forgotten that he was a relative, and remembered that he was a physician. Instead of so doing, he forgot that he was a physician and remembered that he was a relative.

A curious feature of the case was its manifestation of medical camaraderie. The specialists, with the honourable exception of Dr. Spencer, came to the help of the specialist against the public. Sir John Williams and Sir William Broadbent went so far as to say in effect that a doctor was justified in betraying the confidence of his patient for the protection of his own wife and children. We are glad that the judge and the jury have stamped vigorously upon this astounding doctrine, and we hope that the profession will rearrange its ethics accordingly.

There is one aspect of the case which we commend to the attention of the courageous ladies who are fighting for the equalisation of the sexes. Let us imagine the present case, with only one difference, namely, the difference of sex. If Mrs. Kitson had been a man, would Dr. Playfair have spoken to his wife and to Sir James Kitson? And if he had done so, would Sir James Kitson in consequence have cut off the allowance of £400 a year? We say no. Everybody will say no.

One might ask, however—What protection does a doctor afford his wife and children by betraying confidence in such a case? Is not a wife and the mother of a family quite able to protect herself, and her children also if protection were needed in this instance, or any such instance. What is the meaning of all this cry about PROTECTION on the part of men? It is merely a survival of a need of savage times, a need upon which were founded and from which arose many injustices. The protected classes are often in more danger from their protectors than from any open foe.

Yours, M. S. BLAINE.

SPURIOUS SPORTS BILL.

MADAM,—Will you kindly permit me through your columns to appeal to the public in favour of Mr. H. F. Luttrell's Spurious Sports Bill, the object of which is to abolish the hunting, coursing and shooting of animals kept in confinement? There is no need at this time of day to argue about the character of tame-deer chase, rabbit-coursing, and shooting birds from traps, for fair-minded people almost universally regard these sports as spurious. Even *The Field* has declared that hunting carted deer "stands, strictly speaking, on the same footing as bull, or bear-bating."

Some years back the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prosecuted the staff of the Queen's buckhounds before the Beaconsfield magistrates. The action of course failed, because the law, though it professes to protect "domestic" animals from ill-usage, yet regards tame park deer as *Fera nature*. This absurdity Mr. Luttrell's Bill would in great measure do away with.

The fact that the humane Sovereign of these realms is the Patroness of the Society which instituted the prosecution above referred to, and at the same time is made, by existing arrangements, to lend her name to the Hunt whose doings were arraigned, reveals another anomaly which surely demands immediate attention. Her Majesty's sentiments on the subject of harrying the Windsor deer with hounds cannot very well be doubted.

Rabbit-coursing barbarities have been exposed again and again. The sport is promoted by publicans, and associated with betting and drinking and brutality of all sorts. As to shooting birds from traps, that is such a poor, mean sort of amusement that few could seriously defend it. Any advantage its affords could be easily secured by shooting at artificial objects.

The time seems quite ripe for closing these cruel diversions. They should be consigned to limbo, like the cock-fighting, bull-baiting, badger-drawing, in which a less educated and civilised age rejoiced. Mr. Luttrell has done a signal service to the cause of humanity, in introducing this Bill, and I trust it will receive universal approval and support.

Yours faithfully,

(REV.) J. STRATTON.

VEGETARIAN LADY—Great business experience—requires management of Vegetarian Restaurant, or Luncheon Rooms, or would co-operate in starting such a business in the city.