

SHAFTS

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

Edited by MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

No. 8. VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

PRICE 3D.

What the Editor means.

THE SKYLARKS IN AN EAST-END BIRD MARKET.

Printed by the Author's kind permission. (Borrowed by SHAFTS.)

Oh, the sky, the sky, the open sky,
For the home of a song-bird's heart!
And why, why, and for ever why,
Do they stifle here in the mart?
Cages of agony, rows on rows,
Torture that only a wild thing knows:
Is it nothing to you to see
That head thrust out through the hopeless wire,
And the tiny life, and the mad desire
To be free, to be free, to be free?
Oh, the sky, the sky, the blue wide sky,
For the beat of a song-bird's wings!
And why, why, and for ever why?—
Is the only song it sings.

Great sad eyes with a frightened stare,
Look through the 'wondering darkness there,
The surge, the crowd, and the cry:
Fluttering wild wings beat and bleed;
And it will not peck at the golden seed;
And the water is almost dry:
Straight and close are the cramping bars,
From the dawn of mist to the chill of stars,
And yet it must sing or die!
Will its marred hoarse life in the city street
Make any heart of you glad?
It will only beat with its wings and beat,
It will only sing you mad.

Better to lie like this one dead,
Ruffled plumage of breast and head,
Poor little feathers for ever furled,
Only a song gone out of the world!
Where the grasses wave like an emerald sea,
And the poppies nod in the corn,
Where the fields are wide and the winds blow free,
This joy of the spring was born,
Whose passionate music, long and loud
In the hush of the rose of morn,
Was a voice that fell from a sailing cloud
Midway to the blue above—
A thing whose meaning was joy and love,
Whose life was one exquisite outpouring
Of a sweet, surpassing note,
And all you have done is to break its wing,
And to blast God's breath in its throat!

If it does not go to your heart to see
The helpless pity of those bruised wings,
The tireless effort with which it clings
To the strain and the will to be free.
I know not how I shall set in words
The meaning of God in this,
For the loveliest things in this world of His
Are the ways and the songs of birds!
But the sky, the sky, the wide free sky,
For the home of the song-bird's heart!
And why, why, and for ever why
Do they stifle here in the mart?—RENNELL RODD.

The men with their nets and cages have gone from our close neighbourhood, but, alas, they are busy elsewhere and everywhere. The Bird Protection Society have kindly sent me many papers, which, while they show what is being done, show also how immense is the work to be done, and how much the hands of the Society want strengthening. Will not all the readers of SHAFTS and of the Humanitarian League's pamphlets, etc., join in this work, determine to put an end to this cruel persecution of the pretty singing creatures who make our fields and woods so gay?

It is saddening to read the pamphlet, *Lost British Birds*, and to see the drawings of the beautiful creatures once native to these isles, now no more to be seen, save, perhaps, one or more specimens at the Zoo. The little St. Kilda wren, adorning the front page, has been exterminated by these ruthless destroyers of Nature's lovely creations, these wooden-hearted ones who pulsate in gross darkness, and think through fog-filled brain chambers. Oh, these lost feathered lovers of ours, that would have spread glad wings in our land, but we would not, we will not; we permit ceaseless havoc to desolate their haunts.

I cannot do better than give here some extracts from some of the leaflets all should obtain and make themselves familiar with their contents.

"The saddest features in the case is that invariably the finest species are the first doomed: they have indeed been and are being selected for slaughter 'for the handsomeness of the same.' By placing side by side two sets of drawings, representing, in the one case, species that are gone and are going, and, in the other, such as are common, an excellent object lesson can be had. The greatly-reduced black and white drawings in this pamphlet give but a faint idea of the wonderful beauty of the types represented. Let the reader turn rather to the magnificent-coloured illustrations in Lord Lilford's work on *British Birds*, and look out these thirteen lost types, and as many others representing species on the verge of extinction—twenty-six in all: then compare them with the drawings of twenty-six predominant species, that are in no danger of extirpation. He will realise, as he never realised before, the greatness of the change which is going on in the character of our bird population. He will see that the noblest and most beautiful forms, all those which gave greatest lustre to our wild bird life, were first singled out for destruction; that the next in order of merit followed, and so on progressively; leaving only the forms that had no distinguishing mark, of smaller size and inferiority in beauty of shape or colour.

"We are told that many species are becoming rare, and that some are even in danger of extinction. This will be little short of a public misfortune, as no one will deny that country life will be robbed of one of its greatest charms if the songsters and birds of beautiful plumage, which now delight us, are destroyed. Unfortunately, our wild birds have numerous enemies. There is, in the first place, the Whitechapel bird-catcher. The neighbourhood of Wimbledon Common, where I live, is infested by these brutes with their traps and nets. The bird-catcher pretends that he is supplying a public want, by furnishing the poorer classes with pets, but, for one bird that is petted, twenty are cruelly ill-treated, and if the one that is petted could be consulted, who doubts that he would prefer his liberty and dispense with the petting? Then there is the cockney sportsman, who shoots at sea-gulls and every beautiful bird that comes in his way. I read not long ago of one of these gentlemen who went into Devonshire and shot all

the kingfishers on a particular stream. There appears to be little doubt that the number of these rare and handsome birds is diminishing year by year, and the same may be said of many other species, notably the goldfinch.

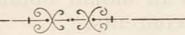
"Boys" are mentioned by Colonel Coulson who "pull off the birds' wings and legs, then chuck them in the water." "Not so much cleverness," says this friend of animals, "as goodness is wanted." Mr. J. H. Buxton pleads for the "owl so disgracefully hunted down."

Mrs. Brightwen suggests "talks with girls and boys." Let us adopt this plan. I am about to begin by forming a small band of young people for the purpose.

Mrs. Chapplin proposes "taxing caged birds everywhere." A capital idea.

I pause for the present, being short of space, but no pause or rest must we know. The destroyers are among us everywhere. Destruction, desecration, degradation, desolation, death by long torture, death most cruel, in every shape and form haunts our feet, fills our ears with cries, saddens our eyes, maddens our brains. Into every phase of life, even into his own man, brings his cruel destroying hand. There are so few to build for those who take a ruthless delight in destruction. What then? The few must find out what to do, and DO it, swiftly and surely.

I must here tender my heartfelt thanks to those who have sent me leaflets on the subject of bird catching, bird shooting, bird torturing in every way. Those who wish to help in this crusade may do so in *one* way, and that an easy one—purchase and distribute the literature published by the Society for the Protection of Birds. Form small bands among your friends, hold meetings, speak everywhere, and do not keep silence until the terrible cruelty and ceaseless massacre is stopped, and stopped for evermore, and, above all other things, MOTHERS TEACH YOUR LITTLE ONES AND GROWING-UP CHILDREN TO LOVE AND CARE FOR EVERY LIVING THING.



SPHERES.

I would not, nor if I had the power, would I permit custom or law to determine the sphere of any person. The physical constitution of woman seems to improve in proportion to the amount of outdoor life and exercise that she is permitted to enjoy. No human being has a right to pre-determine her work on account of her past constitution, but *she* has a right to determine that work *herself* under the general rule of helpfulness that I have stated.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

"PIONEER'S HUSBANDS."

A lady writes,—Since the starting of this Women's Club which is doing so great a work that it takes us all by storm, there has been much exercising of mind male and female, on the subject of "the husbands." How are they to console themselves while their wives are away? Where are they? Where can they go, ask many, while the Pioneers are holding their debates? May I answer, why not go and read the works of Mary Wolstencraft and John Stuart Mill to the wives of men who are frequenters of male clubs, and *not* Pioneers.

Yours, dear Madam, A PIONEER.

Choice Bits from Choice Pens.

TOLERANCE comes with age, I see no fault committed that I myself could not have committed at some time or other.

GOETHE.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find, in each life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

LONGFELLOW.

WHEN I was a young man I was sure of everything; but, in a few years, finding myself mistaken in a thousand instances, I became not half so sure of most things as before.

WESLEY.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

MR. RAREY, the great horse tamer, has told us that he has known an angry word raise the pulse of a horse ten beats in a minute. Think then how it must affect a child.

LUBBOCK.

ANIMALS and birds of all kinds are deeply sensible to kindness and to praise, they are eager lovers of freedom, suffer acutely from cruel blows and kicks, from want of fresh air, ill-drained and offensively-smelling stables, cages, etc., suffer even from harsh words, harsh sounds, irregular feeding, unwholesome and unnutritive diet, from anxiety, separation from familiar faces, places and companions. Think, then, of the lives we force upon them, and imagine their sufferings.

TREVOR.

To get a full orb view of any question pertaining to human wear we must have a stereoscopic view of it made by putting together views under the different angles of vision of man's and woman's eye. God has set the earth in families, and the "human family" at large cannot do better than to follow His example. The boys and girls who grow up in the same home should go to the same school, receive the same education, drink of in the same spirit, and conduct the work of the world together. In former times men and women were not herded into factories, but did their work at home, and it now looks as if the age of electricity will furnish us so much stored-up force that there may be a return to this more reasonable system under which the safeguards of the home are around the workers while they toil. During the period of her special duties as a wife and a mother I would not have a woman obliged to work for wages, for the work she is then doing is the most important that occurs on this planet. But before she is a mother, she is a daughter of God and a sister of Humanity, and when her little ones are fledged and flown there still remains the vocation or avocation for which her talents best adapt her, and in which, with the mellowing of character that her experiences have brought, she can be more than ever helpful to the larger family outside the four walls of her home.

FRANCES WILLARD.

IMPURE and corrupt thought means far more than licentious thoughts. It means, as well, the ugly hate-thought or dislike of others. It means the thought of gain at any cost to others. It means all fretting, discouraged, desponding, hopeless thought. It means long-continued grief at any loss. It means any thought which weighs down the spirit; what weighs on the spirit will always injure the body.

If your thought is all pure, clean, unselfish, confident and courageous, you are a value, and an increasing value wherever you go. People will always be glad to see you, they feel better for seeing you, you are as a fountain of health and pleasure wherever you go.

F. J. NEEDHAM (*New York*).

A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over others than this—that when the injury began on their part, the kindness began on ours.

TILLOTSON.

If a man is as wise as a serpent he can afford to be as harmless as a dove.

By JOSH BILLINGS.

Pioneer Club Records.

—Sweet ladies, you with beauty, you with wit:
Dowered of all favours and all blessed things
Whereat the ruddy torch of Love is lit;
Wherefore this vain and outworn strife renew,
Which stays the tide no more than eddy-rings?
Who is for love must be for you.

—The manners of the market, honest sirs,
'Tis hard to quit when you behold the wares.
You flatter us, or perchance our milliners
You flatter; so this vain and outworn She
May still be the charmed snake to your soft airs!
A higher lord than Love claim we.

. fair lady, your youth
May run to drought in visionary schemes:
And a late waking to perceive the truth,
When day falls, shrouding her supreme adieu,
Shows darker wastes than unaccomplished dreams:
And that may be in store for you.

O sir, the truth, the truth! is't in the skies,
Or in the grass, or in this heart of ours?
But oh, the truth, the truth! the many eyes
That look on it! the diverse things they see,
According to their thirst for fruit or flowers!
Pass on: it is the truth seek we.

(From *A Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt*.)

GEORGE MEREDITH.

MRS. WARNER, one of our Pioneers, has lately accepted the office of Poor Law Guardian, a work for which she is well suited by her discrimination, tact, good sense, and great kindness of heart. She thinks that the presence of women on Boards of Guardians will herald a new day for the poor and helpless, housed in our unions; but advocates every means of encouragement to independence amongst them. In her debate on the evening of October the 24th she showed clearly the need, the urgent need of many reforms, and pointed out the way in which they could be effected. She urged the necessity on the part of women Guardians of devoting much of their time to the consideration of the unhappy condition of the women in our workhouses, which is not understood by men, and so, productive of great suffering. She dwelt tenderly, yet with grave insight and wisdom, on the cases—of such frequent occurrence—of poor, unmarried mothers, convincing all who heard her, that here indeed was the most clamorous need for the authoritative interference of women.

The discussion following upon the debate was entered into by Mrs. Oscar Drew (a visitor) Mrs. Madeleine Greenwood, Miss Sharman Crawford and others. Much amusement was caused by a statement made—when alluding to the efforts put forth to obtain an arrangement for old married people to live together—to the effect that many of the women opposed it, declaring that they wanted some peace and independence, and were quite satisfied not to be with their so-called lords.

This opened a fresh vein of thought which stretched beyond the subject of discussion in the quietude of "Pioneer" meditations.

The President and several others thought it was not a question of sex, that women would help all.

Mrs. Sibthorp while agreeing that women *would* help all, was of the opinion that it decidedly *was* a question of sex, and asked was it not to protest against sex domination that we were gathered together in clubs, societies, etc.? Also were not the needs of women neglected everywhere, and who but women could alter this?

The debate was one of the utmost moment to all, and it was gladdening to see that several women Poor Law Guardians were present. A short article from the pen of Mrs. Warner, showing in what the work of a Poor Law Guardian consists, will appear in the columns of SHAFTS at an early date.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, on October 31st, put before an audience of "Pioneers only" a rapid yet very comprehensive and interesting exposition of his attitude towards "Music," an art which, he said, should be of interest to English women, if only for the reason that in the immediate future many good livings would be obtainable by such as possessed a knowledge of music. He believed a large number of women could achieve great distinction if they would seriously turn their attention to music. The art suited women, and he saw no possible reason why women should not produce musical dramas. Though England is not generally regarded as a musical nation, Mr. Shaw declared that "an almost boundless curiosity exists in this country about music. At social re-unions your hostess invariably asks, 'Can you sing or play?' and the request is backed up in the most enthusiastic manner by everyone else present. But this universal expression of interest in music is in the main curiosity merely to see the person play, and their curiosity in this respect satisfied, which is generally the case at the end of the second or third bar, the guests are just as anxious for you to stop as they were for you to begin. The English are, however, genuinely fond of music, and the eclipse of music in this country during the past 200 years has been due solely to the fact that the art had been turned into a new channel—operatic, and the English are not an operatic people."

Mr. Shaw divided music into two divisions: the composing of symmetrical sound forms, pleasing to the ear, and music with a dramatic purpose; proficiency in the one branch by no means implying as a necessary consequence proficiency in the other. Music, he said, had an extraordinary power of heightening the interest of the drama by reason of its capacity for expressing abstract feeling, and it was, he considered, in this capacity for giving expression to the abstract idea of pure feeling, that the special use in the world of good music lay.

The lecturer then stated that the whole material of music was now available to everyone with an ear, without requiring elaborate technical training, and gave a lucid survey (free from the technicalities which, it is to be deplored, are so often allowed to debar the listener who does not possess a knowledge of the technical terms, from a true enjoyment of addresses on this and kindred subjects) of the slow and struggling fight for recognition and approval by the public taste, of one combination of notes after another, until to-day the public will listen to any sort of combination one may like to make, provided it possesses some dramatic significance or sense. In cultivating one's musical ability, great stress was laid by Mr. Shaw on the fact that it is oneself and one's ear alone that can keep one right finally.

"The Novelist as Teacher" was discussed on the evening of November 7th; Mrs. Leighton opening, with the Viscountess Harberton in the chair. Lady Harberton thought the position held by the Pioneer in the chair was rather a hard one; as the etiquette required demanded silence on the subject of debate, silence on any other subject, and not too many words. She therefore compromised the matter by simply requesting Mrs. Leighton to begin.

This Mrs. Leighton did. She treated the very wide subject, in some of its aspects, very thoroughly, giving vivacity and great interest to her words and views.

She thought the novel was *the* great educator; that people were influenced by truths given in this form, when not easily touched by other means; that the novel as a teacher held a higher place than the drama. The tale-telling of old times had been principally love and adventure; this had given place to a great extent, in the present day, to the novel with a purpose.

She gave instances of the wonderful effect produced by some works of fiction when attacking certain abuses, and instanced the works of Charles Dickens, Charles Reade, etc., as written against the prison system, the convict system, lunatic asylums, poor law arrangements, and many other old standing British grievances. The insensate anger of Nathaniel Hawthorne's father against his son as a writer was mentioned, the old man declaring he might "as well have been a fiddler." "Yet," said the lecturer, with a fine touch of satire and triumph in her tones, "we have still *The Scarlet Letter*, and its effects live."

Robert Elsmere was mentioned, and his weary search for truth. Character, said Mrs. Leighton, was built up by what we read. The teaching of fiction was often greater than that of parents, the influence of books being as the nourishing agencies round the roots of plants and trees. She gave a sharp cut to certain kinds of artistic temperament, or simulations of it, meaning evidently the sham-artistic temperament of which we hear so much, and are deluged *ad nauseam*. She justly described it as shallow, fickle, and generally undependable.

The novel influenced spirit and feeling. What could have helped the slavery cause like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*? Walt Whitman's poetry was noticed. Poetry touched the soul at its best; fiction touched souls in all degrees of evolution. We lived in the midst of abuses which we did not see, until we came face to face with them in some book. Olive Schreiner was spoken of, as not exactly of the craft of novel making, but a personality speaking through a book [surely it is such we want, especially a personality so great]. Yet Olive Schreiner's book, *The African Farm*, had been the speaker's study, had been to her a guide, comforter, friend. Miss Burney and Jane Austen, speaking through fiction, had influenced us more than Mary Wolstenclraft. Novels possessed also, equally, the power to disseminate evil. Was Mr. G. Allen justified, she asked, in giving *The Woman Who Did*? Was any novel writer justified in giving forth what might do harm? Was the novelist responsible for setting forth error? She thought we should not lose reverence for old truths while seeking for new. The discussion was fairly well kept up.

The President said a word in favour of the Penny Dreadful, *The Family Herald*, etc., under exceptional circumstances; said she had enjoyed and learnt much history from the writings of Sir Walter Scott.

Mrs. Visger, having been asked by a friend "Why say what is not true, in order to teach?" had replied by instancing the story of "The Prodigal Son," etc.

Miss Whitehead thought people *gobbled* books now, were not so introspective as once upon a time; but every book gave out some influence. *The Woman Who Did* defeated its own purpose. She defended the artistic temperament and asked, "Who so ready to help as those imbued by it?"

Mrs. Kapteyn defended George Moore and his work *Esther Waters*, the purpose of which she clearly defined, spoke powerfully of George Meredith, of his works and of their wonderful influence.

Mr. Hunter thought we read too many novels; "after all it was all fiction." He recommended Biography, to which the lecturer replied later that there was often a good deal of fiction in biography. George Meredith was accused of making his "driving" obscure and of indulging in bad grammar. He was defended.

"We are at school with Dame Experience, and though it is true that by the solidarity of humanity we are born with a constantly greater fund of inherited, transmitted, experience, yet has the lesson of each one still to be learnt by himself or herself, and the mission of the life's purpose—the development of the self within—to be accomplished."

AUTUMN SESSION, 1895.

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

Nov. 21st.—"A Plea for the old-fashioned Heroine." Debate opened by Miss Adeline Sergeant. Miss Cooke in the chair.

Nov. 28th.—"This debate is now altered, subject not yet known. The President in the chair.

Dec. 5th.—"That a wholesome neglect is desirable for the modern child." Debate opened by Miss Henderson. Mrs. Morgan Dockerell in the chair.

Dec. 12th.—"Is the New Woman a Myth?" Debate opened by Mrs. Morgan Dockerell. Miss Whitehead in the chair.

Dec. 19th.—"Temperance Legislation." Debate opened by the President. Mrs. Ward Poole in the chair.

It is proposed to hold the next Evening "At Home," November 27th, at 9 p.m.

Subjects for Debate may be sent to the Convenor before Oct. 12th.

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. "Guest" Cards (for the friends of Members) 6d. each. Members' Tea Tickets 4d. each.

Ladies' Concert Society.

Miss Winifred Robinson begs to announce that the "Ladies' Concert Society" will give a series of four Chamber Concerts before Christmas. These Concerts will be short, each to last only one hour and a half.

Miss Winifred Robinson's Ladies' String Quartet will play works by Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Dvorák, Svendsen, etc. There will also be violin and violoncello solos and songs.

The concerts will be held in Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, (near Mudie's Library), at 7.45 p.m., the dates being at present fixed for November 9th and 23rd, and December 7th and 21st. One of these concerts has now been given. Tickets for remaining three 7s. 6d.

I have had the pleasure of being present at the first of these concerts. The music was excellent. The admirable time kept enhanced the harmony of delight produced in the mind. So effective was the singing, so sweet and in full accord the voices, it left only one thing to be desired; we could not help wishing that notes so dulcet and music so pleasing, could have been joined to more appropriate words than "*Love lies asleep in the Rose*" (whatever may that mean?); also the same remark applies to "*Dawn, gentle flower*." In listening to the violin and violoncello solos and quartet—we asked ourselves, could anything be more perfect? The ladies' voices were very sweet and full of sympathetic thrill, but oh! for better words! Miss Winifred Robinson's voice is full of music in speaking. I know not if she sings herself, we did not hear her that evening. It is to be hoped these ladies will meet with much encouragement, a generous response to the efforts they have made. Women should help each other, and they deserve a much greater meed of appreciation in a much larger audience than they had on Nov. 9th, though the hall was fairly full. We trust many will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing them. One excellent arrangement is, that the concerts are not too long. A delightful hour and half is spent, and everyone can reach home reasonably early, which adds to the satisfaction experienced.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

EMERSON.

Reviews.

Diana of the Crossways, by George Meredith. In relation to the Cause of Woman in Modern Fiction.

A LETTER which appeared in SHAFTS of May, 1895, of a modern woman, under the title: "Modern Fiction and the cause of woman," has awakened a desire in me to bring under the attention of the readers of that paper, a novel which I think deserves by its artistic skill and fine treatment of the subject, a front place in the fiction devoted to the modern woman's cause.

Diana! the very name is suggestive! suggestive of a keen, rich temperament, of a wide awake, soaring spirit, of a flexible, impressionable mind, of an ardent soul and a fair body! Which gifts divinely mixed, if only kept in balance, the gods might lead to happy issues!

But Diana was not the hunting goddess of placid Greece. Diana was a human being, not only a woman, but essentially a modern woman, a Diana of the Crossways, whose life had at its very dawning of womanhood to face the cruel difficulties and deceptions but too common a share of the most spirited and richly gifted maidens of to-day.

How G. Meredith loves the type, how he realises it, how he understands it, how subtly he analyses it!

How he tells her story, shows us her position, (p. 7) in the difficulties arising from an uncongenial marriage, how truly he says: "The position is one of the battles incident to women—their hardest." Shows this, shows her, yes, as perfect artist-showman, cool, but not cold; analytical, but rich in deepest sympathy; sceptical, but not without generosity; lashing society, our so-called civilisation, not her, the woman, for the risks she invites, the mistakes she makes, the race she runs.

His, the author's, sympathy is all with her, his plea all for her, Diana, not for

"the women of waxwork, the women of happy marriages or holy nunneries, nor the women lucky in their arts."

Here then we find in George Meredith a true champion of a womanhood too well equipped for life's work and life's joy to be satisfied with the ordinary state of captivity inflicted for so many ages upon her sex, and from which ever a few—now a daily increasing—number fight themselves free.

The opening chapter of the book is a kind of analytical, philosophical description of Diana's spiritual nature:

"The basis of her (Diana's) woman nature was pointed flame."

She says herself of life:

"When I fail to cherish it in every fibre, the fires within are waning."

"If I can assure myself of doing service, I have my home within."

"To have the sense of the eternal in life is a short flight for the soul. To have had it is the soul's vitality."

"Our battle is ever between spirit and flesh. Spirit must brand flesh that it may live."

Thus quoting from her own words, written diaries and notes, Meredith gives his readers at once the true glimpse of the soul, whose history is his theme. The chapter closes in a fervent plea for the true Art, in which philosophy will reconcile the real and ideal, each but too often misunderstood, and wisdom or philosophy will overcome the unnatural gulf of either crude realism or unstable idealism. For Meredith sees the coming of a tide (already reached so happily by himself, we might add) when:

"rose pink and dirty drab will alike have passed away, and Philosophy will help to create the true Art, when fiction will appear honourable, a fount of life, an aid to life, quick with our blood."

Verily, the truly sane in Art need not wait for revelation, while we have an interpreter like Meredith amongst us.

Now for our story, in which, in the second chapter, life itself displays its secret forces and latent possibilities.

We find ourselves at a ball in Ireland, and Diana, queen, a new bird, aged between eighteen and nineteen, Diana Antonia Merion—Tony to Lady Dunstane, who was Emmy to her, the noblest and truest friend any girl ever possessed, taking the most hearty delight in the impression made by the girl on this her first coming out. She is fascinating—no less to the old and sedate general, Lord Larrian, as to the more sprightly Mr. Sullivan Smith, and to the serious, minded radical, Tom Redworth, whose heart was for ever enchained.

The young beauty of Erin (for Diana was Irish) a fortnight after the ball crossed the Channel to become Lady Dunstane's guest in Surrey for some months; her own estate, "the Crossways," being just then inhabited by a family called Warwick, who, Diana reported:

"stick there to be near the Sussex Downs, for a nephew, who likes to ride on them."

Copsley, Sir Lukin Dunstane's abode, was a lovely place on the Surrey hills. There Tony and Emmy read books of all sorts, political, social, philosophical, romantic, and all knotty questions, the problems of the day, were eagerly discussed.

Here unfolds the beginning of that noble and lasting friendship between two women of a high and modern type, for the sketching of which we feel thankful, as in its faithfulness and refined intensity, it forms one of the most elevating elements of the book. Frail in health as the one was, living mostly in seclusion and quiet, the Diana of action and external life was like a tonic, like a flood of blazing sunlight to her. While on the other hand the life of contemplation and of longer experience of the older friend wisely tempered the too ardent spirit, so ready to try its wings.

Radicals both, they dreamed of reforms—of the repeal of the corn-laws, of home-rule for Ireland, of more freedom for women. Tom Redworth, a constant guest at Copsley, agreed, Sir Lukin sneered.

In the spring Diana went to the Crossways; she rode with the treasured nephew, Mr. Augustus Warwick, a "gentlemanly official"; she was taken from place to place, she saw a good deal of society, got weary and returned to Copsley for the winter. She had been in the upper social world of her time, of which Lady Dunstane knew enough to understand when, once, suddenly, Diana exclaimed:

"Oh, I have discovered that I can be a tigress." "Women have to fight," Emmy answered; "the cause is a good one."

"Her [Diana's] experience had awakened a sexual aversion of some slight kind, enough to make her feminine pride stipulate for perfect independence that she might have the calm out of which imagination spreads wing. Imagination had become her broader life, and on such an earth, under such skies, a husband who is not the fountain of them certainly is a foreign animal, he is a discordant note. He contracts the ethereal world, deadens radiance. He is gross fact, a leash, a muzzle, harness, a hood, whatever is detestable to the free limbs and senses. It amused Lady Dunstane to hear Diana say one evening, when their conversation fell by hazard on her future, that the idea of a convent was more welcome to her than the most splendid marriage. 'For,' she added, 'as I am sure I shall never know anything of this love they rattle about and rave about, I shall do well to keep to my good single path; and I have a warning within me that a step out of it will be a wrong one—for me, dearest!'"

I quote, and shall quote rather fully, because I feel that only by quoting these admirable bits in their own choice language, it will be possible to impress upon the readers of this paper the marvellous insight, the astounding depth of understanding of the character sketched, of human nature, which the author possesses: for with keen intelligence and deepest sympathy Meredith shows us clearly the threads out of which Diana's fate will be woven—her peculiar temperament, in all its shades and complexity and vividness, is made real to us and then are hinted the outward occurrences, the fatal circumstances, which lead it to tragedy and struggle.

The virgin soul revolting against the brutality it meets in the so-called upper-circle, is hunted bit by bit into the act which will mar its life. Even in Copsley, whither she fled, weary, for rest—she is not free from the intruder's insolence; another terrible shock robs her of her quiet happiness with the dear friend.

"The man who swore loyalty to Emma" insulted her. Horrible, loathsome, how she pitied the wife; this house, the abode dearest to her, was wrecked for her; she had to hide the blow to her friend at all costs, she did so bravely, but she could not stay; as soon as she could do so without raising suspicion, she was off to the Crossways.

Redworth, the true-hearted, might have saved her, but he lost his chance to make her his own, by futile considerations, holding that a man ought to offer a fortune to the woman he wished to become his wife! in the meantime Diana became "the Mrs. Warwick of our footballing world."

"That which weighs heavily in youth, and commits us to desperate action, will be a trifle under older eyes, to blunder senses, and more enlightened understanding."

The brilliant girl had shuddered under experiences. Some guide, some hold, some certainty, somewhere to rid herself of the atrocities flung at her beauty. Was that it? . . . which hurried her into the otherwise unaccountable deed?

"There must be a spell upon us at times. Upon young women there certainly is."

Mr. Warwick—

"a gentlemanly official, a conventional gentleman, excellent, emotionless, ordinary, with a head for business"—

mate of Diana! the fervent, the soaring, whose very heart throbbed with life's young forces! Was it a wonder that Mrs. Warwick, not less than Miss Merion, had admirers.

Lord Dannisburgh, one of them, a frequent guest, became an intimate friend; much older than herself, she trusted him, this friendship could not hurt; they talked politics, he was a State minister, and quick to notice her sound intellect and wit, he came to her for advice; she, feeling enlivened, enjoyed it, her mind craving for action of some sort.

She never goes alone to Copsley now—once she comes there with Lord Dannisburgh on his four-in-hand.

"She was radiant, her delicious chatter, her museful sparkle in listening, equally quickened every sense of life,

thus thought her friend, Lady Dunstane. But society gossip and husbands are apt to be jealous; Diana had risked too much; Mr. Warwick served her with a process.

"I leave the case and him to the world—Ireland or else America. You know me too well to think I would ask you to kiss criminal lips. . . . I feel the powers of life. Never have I felt them so mightily."

Thus she writes to her dearest friend, but Emmy objects, she must not run, it would raise suspicion, and she is innocent!

Redworth is sent to the Crossways to convince her of the necessity of staying—she struggles.

"Her brain was a steam-wheel throughout the night."

"My freedom, shall I sacrifice the one hope of freedom!"

Emma, her friend, urged her to stay, but

"they could not see the blessedness of freedom to a woman abominably yoked." . . . still

"A woman's brutallest tussle with the world was upon her. . . . Such are men in the world of facts, that when a woman steps out of her domestic tangle to assert, because it is a tangle, her rights to partial independence, they sight her for their prey, or at least, they complacently suppose her accessible. . . . The world prefers decorum to honesty."

And amongst this agonising reality of what the world is, the cry arose in Diana's breast:

"Let me be myself whatever the martyrdom, showing myself as I am, accepting martyrdom, becoming the first martyr of the modern woman's cause!" a grand position, but—was she holding the position by flight? . . . In the morning the struggle had passed . . . she followed Redworth to Copsley."

But she could not stay there long, she could not bear to be reminded daily of the shock which had helped to precipitate her to the fatal step which now roused such loathing in her; she had to deceive the true heart which wanted her near; but she pointed out the necessity of going to London to earn her independence with her pen. She had written before, she might be able to work for her living. So she started for London and began a new life. A pleasure it proved to be, this exercising of her brains, her pen.

"She could seem to herself a woman who had never submitted to the yoke." . . . "I get a sense of strength, I had not when I was a drawing-room exotic. Much is repulsive, but I am taken with a passion for reality."

Meanwhile the case proceeded—she would not allow her friends to intercede with Mr. Warwick to spare his wife, she had determined to be tried—she returned into society, where many friends awaited her and Lady Dunstane was indefatigable in acting goddess to her beloved Tony; many judged Mr. Warwick a lunatic for casting out so queenly a wife.

Diana poured out her heart to her friend, sparing neither herself, nor her husband, nor the world in her clear and cutting analysis of the case.

These five or six last pages of Chapter xiv. in the book ought to be read to fully realise how deeply Meredith feels the wrong and pain and despair of the position of women under the idiotic laws, conditions and assertions of an altogether artificial and hypocritical society-system.

However, Diana fearlessly works on, her first volume is published, it is successful and she receives a modest honorarium; finally the Plaintiff in the suit involving her name was adjudged to have not proved his charge. She was exonerated but not free.

Soon after she left England with Lord and Lady Esquart for the Mediterranean, and Dame Gossip related

"That the reason was urgent, inasmuch as she fled to escape the meshes of the terrific net of the marital laws, brutally whirled to capture her by the man, her husband."

Now follows Chapter xv, which with the preceding one unfolds with marvellous lucidity the inner-nature of the woman, essentially modern in her daring intellectual and emotional flight, nevertheless possessing all the charm of true womanhood; in all respects a danger to herself and others.

It is one of those chapters in which Meredith reaches the highest and the fullest expression of his characteristic genius. Where he is the poet, philosopher and consummate author in one, where all criticism is silent and the magic of the great artist thrills us with delight and admiration.

On the heights near Lugano, the lovely Italian lake, Diana re-awakens; a wondrous well of life stirs in her breast, vibrates in all the pulses of her being; with renewed vitality she enters a Paradise regained; her lost Paradise, her girlhood, seems to come back to her, for:

"Diana re-awakened after the trance of a deadly draught, to the glory of the earth and her share in it. . . ." (see the last page of chapter iv.) "A linnet sang in her breast, an eagle lifted her feet . . . the feet were verily winged."

Listen to Meredith's splendid understanding of that feeling of the loss of girlhood, so tragic in every married woman's existence.

"To be a girl again was magical. She could fancy her having arisen from the dead. And to be a girl with a woman's broader vision and receptiveness of soul, with knowledge of evil, and winging to ethereal happiness, this was a revelation of our human powers." Let them but leave her free, . . . freedom to breathe, gaze, climb, grow with the

grasses, fly with the clouds, to muse, to sing, to be an unclaimed self; dispersed upon earth, air, sky, to find a keener, transfigured self in that radiation—she craved no more."

Ah! is not there the knot, an unclaimed, independent self? oh, for the meaning of that. For is it not dependency which is at the root of most women's suffering? And do not the manifold claims, clinging so tightly to her way through life, hamper her continually, thus robbing her of that full expression of all sides of her nature, which is so essential an element for happiness and fruitfulness of existence?

But the whole page—the whole wonderful description of a woman-soul in the bliss of its deliverance—must be read, to realise fully the power of expression of an author, who in its highest inspiration writes so-called prose as a song. For in the whole episode thrills a music of redemption.

I know hardly any page in the other novels of Meredith which surpasses or even equals this page of descriptive psychology with its poetic vision of the human soul. *Vittoria*, *The Egoist*, *Richard Feverel* or any of the later novels, in none do we find a more striking testimony of that characteristic power of the author to show us the inward throbbing life, bending and unbending in the different phases of our existence through the external influences of nature and opportunity.

Moreover, we find here, like in all his other works, that conception of the beauty and glory of the life of the earth in its great joy, in its immense strength-giving and saving influence, on those who are able to respond—which is the very key-note of Meredith's art, lending, with his brilliant wit and philosophy, to all he writes that tonical quality, which raises his art amongst the highest utterances of our time.

The Diana of the mountain air, the Diana of Paradise regained ("of white simplicity in fervour" as Meredith says, and where was there ever a beautiful thing so beautifully expressed?) was however most perilous a woman for any young man to meet.

Percy Dacier found her so—"in her he hunted the mind and the spirit," not a mere woman, . . . she had ideas and could give ear to ideas, and thus commenced between the two meeting that morning on the heights near Lugano a relation, which for a long time remained chiefly an intellectual comradeship. GERTRUDE KAPTEYN.

(To be continued).

The Sorrows of Satan, or the Strange Experience of one Geoffrey Tempest, a Millionaire. A romance by Marie Corelli. (Methuen & Co., 36, Essex Street, Strand, London. 1895. 4s. 6d.)

Marie Corelli's pen of might has drawn for us a vivid description of her rich fancy's flight—the degradation through rebellious pride, and the descent into our sphere of an angel of light, and his transformation for the nonce into a cynical man upon town, who talks like a *roué*, worn out and disgusted with the life of society and all that it can yield; so utterly unworthy the seeking, yet seeking seemingly nothing better. Reading, the vexed soul cries out "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer! Son of the morning!"

The romance is symbolical. Self is the awful Devil haunting this world, and dominating with its subtle power, and its ultimate, awful Nemesis, the soul that gives it place, grovelling in the most sordid dust at times, at times gazing upon us with gleamings of a God. The Devil is clothed here with the gentlemanly character which, strange to say, is generally ascribed to His Sombre Majesty, in spite of his attributes of horns, hoofs, and a tail. Considering the sometime belief the idea is significant.

This Self as Satan, or Satan as Self—as you will, for perchance we have not fully grasped the author's deepest mean-

ing—comes to one Geoffrey Tempest, who but a few minutes previous to his visit was "alone in London, and well-nigh starving," and had endured the pangs of a poverty which he describes in these words:

"I knew the cruel meaning of the word hunger too well—the gnawing pain, the sick faintness, the deadly stupor, the insatiable animal craving for mere food."

"I had put my shoulder to the wheel, toiled early and late. I had turned my University education to the only use for which it or I seemed fitted—literature. I had sought for employment on almost every journal in London, refused, taken on trial, but getting steady pay from none."

Going on, this Geoffrey Tempest gives a further and anything but an encouraging description of such a life; such a description, in fact, as might be expected from the pen of one whose Self was arrogant enough, presumptuous enough, and assertive enough to appear in the form it did—a Devil; leading to the downward track. Yet was he not *all* wrong, he was no ne'er-do-weel; in many things a gentleman like the leader he chose, and showing withal glimmerings every now and then of a higher nature.

Upon his table as he enters his "lodging" lie two letters which, cold and dejected, he barely has interest to open at once, but they turn out to be harbingers of wealth, one containing the loan he had asked a friend for, the other news of a fortune which had just fallen to him. He is dizzy with his luck "something over five million pounds sterling." He stares at his surroundings; he can hardly believe it. He begins to realise it. Now is the time for *Self* to appear; its first footsteps are heard in the words he utters:—

"Good God! I, I, of all men to be chosen for this luck! By Heaven! if it is all true I'll make Society spin round like a top on my hand before many months are over."

These are his first words; not Thank God! which would mean much, but "Good God!" which means *nothing*. Not now I will help those who suffer as I have suffered, but I, I, I. The Self that made his trials so bitter, teaching him no beauty or goodness, triumphs now; comes nearer and nearer. It is the time when Self must show, and *Self* enters his room; the Prince of Darkness, disguised as "Prince Lucio Rimanez."

The two become companions and friends, and assisted powerfully by Self, now Prince Lucio Rimanez, slipping soon into the familiar Lucio, Geoffrey Tempest proceeds "to make society spin."

Lucio's talent for satire, malignant satire, is shown in the first few words of conversation, and comes ever to the surface though softened ever and anon by gleamings of a higher life, when the Devil retires for a few moments in favour of the Angel. An honest devil too, for he frankly warns his victims not to have anything to do with him. Yet even in this showing, Self,—though an infinitely higher Self—for upon man's rejection of him depends, he tells his friend, his own re-ascend into his native star. To say that a book of Marie Corelli's is well written is but a truism. This is in some respects specially good. Through the lips of Prince Lucio Rimanez, Sybil, and Geoffrey Tempest, the author gives society's follies and vices, its selfishness, its self-worship, its inanities, its irreverence for sacred things, its execrable silliness of wantonness,—the lash without mercy, but suffers nevertheless its victims to lash back again. Lady Sybil Elton is a study in herself. Beautiful, sought after, she runs the race society has marked out for her, or rather crawls its crawl, a crawl among deadly things; she disappears, not unstained, yet not without hope. Her story—her vindication, if so it may be called—written by herself, and the last, the very last glimpses we have of her, are perhaps the cleverest parts of the book, which is full of ability, exquisitely clever, exquisitely satirical, exquisitely beautiful, flashing on the

dazzled eyes like a gleaming sword striking this way and that, never, save in the case of women, striking without good need, but there, like the world itself somewhat merciless. Over and through it all, here and there, in and out, Prince Lucio's sword of flame sends its terrible thrusts, sparing no vice, no cunning, no pretence, however subtle, but sheathing itself ever, disarmed, in the presence of real goodness. The description of the visit of "Lucio" and Geoffrey Tempest to Mavis Clare is the most delightful chapter in the book. Her explanation of what she does with her "Reviewers" is splendid. The episode of Viscount Lynton is well told, it thrills as it is read. He commits suicide, dies weakly, after a weak, bad life; a great truth is revealed in Prince Lucio's words, she says:—

"Let him pay his debts in full, even to the soul he staked so lightly; let the man alone to make his own destiny; as he chose to risk everything, let him pay everything."

The Prince brings his shining sword of satire even upon the subject of woman's inferiority so glibly believed in by a blind, mad world, and gives this belief some home thrusts when speaking of Mavis Clare, the author whose books were bought without booming because of the soul that was in them, bought and read despite the "slating" and the "slander." The romance is well written, the idea well carried out to the close, and may be read from beginning to end more than once, with advantage, then kept to hand as a book of reference. I wish it were possible to give more of it here, for the sake of those who probably will never see it, or seeing might not fully understand, but no pen can describe it. Who can criticise a good work? It is simply beyond criticism. No one but the author can understand fully the delight of her work, though many drink deep of the same cup. And to such this book will bring exquisite pain and exquisite pleasure, so mingling as to create a light in the darkness. Some of its incidents can never be forgotten, many of its passages are worth hoarding, even in the memory. It has not been written in vain. It ends in a manner weird and peculiar, in perfect keeping with the matter which fills its pages.

Geoffrey Tempest standing in his later evolving, on the shadowed side of the street, opposite the Houses of Parliament, perceives a shadow cross his path, which observes, regards him, and passes on. Standing there he "sees him!" returned to his enforced haunts, after his hour of bliss so thrillingly described.

"I stopped," he says, "for a moment, to recover my startled senses. There, again I saw him!—the superb human form, the Angel's face, the haunting, splendid, sorrowful eyes!—he came with his usual ease and grace of step into the full moonlight and paused, apparently waiting for some one. For me? Ah no. I gathered all the strength of faith within my soul, and though I was wholesomely afraid of MYSELF I feared no other foe."

He watches—some members passing, greet the Prince.

"At last, just as Big Ben chimed the quarter to eleven, one man whom I recognised as a well-known Cabinet Minister, came walking briskly towards the House, . . . then, and then only, He I had known as Prince Lucio, advanced smiling. Greeting the Minister cordially, in the musical, rich voice I knew of old, he took his arm, and they both walked on slowly, talking earnestly. I watched them till their figures receded in the moonlight, . . . the one tall, kingly and commanding, . . . the other burly and broad, and self-assertive in demeanour. I saw them ascend the steps, and finally disappear within the House of England's Imperial Government—Devil and Man—together."

This last is not by any means the best paragraph in the book, but from it a tremendous lesson is learned, and a wish arises from the very heart of that lesson—a wish that the Cabinet Minister, whoever he may be, and you and I, dear reader of this splendid book, may learn through it to look upon, and to hold in check our greatest enemy, the enemy of mankind, that incarnate foe, our SELF in disguise. So

looking may we learn to unveil it, to know it, and to transform it into an Angel of Light.

M. S. S.

The Dog: Its Rights and Wrongs. By Edith Carrington. Price twopence. Two of the Humanitarian League's Publications.

DIRECTIONS are given in this book how dogs should be treated. We are appealed to—alas! that we should need it—to understand that dogs are not things, that they possess mind, character, personality; that they share our joys and griefs, are our friends. Are we theirs? Many instances are given of the fidelity and sagacity of these fellow creatures of ours—instances which shame our dastardly cruelty to them and to other animals, in permitting them to be cruelly treated, neglected, vivisected, so that we may derive real or imaginary benefit. It is a solemn truth that no benefit can come to us from torture inflicted by us upon others. No, what does come is the NEMESIS. The writer, who is not, by the way, too favourable to the feminine, states:—

"I have observed that the sympathetic faculty is better developed in the female than in the male dog; perhaps owing to the maternal instinct."

Yes, the maternal instinct is most probably the cause that all female animals are superior to the male in intelligence, sympathy, affection, in all spiritual qualities; the male excels in size—though not always—in gay colours, or hair, or strength. So here is an unexpected argument for woman.

The book contains eighteen illustrations, all very effective. One, of an uncropped dog smelling at a cropped one, is both ludicrous and pathetic. What fools are we! to know no better than to mutilate these creatures, or is it that we are wretches of cruelty, knaves as well as fools, who know evil and do it? Here is a lesson in a few words:

"Thoughtless people who give puppies to children as toys, inflict great wretchedness on the little doggies."

How many such cases have we all known. I have often wished I could have horsewhipped parents whom I have seen allow their children to pinch and pull little puppies and kittens, amuse themselves by tearing snails from their shells, by carrying them home in the shell and keeping them in tins, and many other wickedly thoughtless acts.

Miss Edith Carrington gives gentle and kindly instructions about taking the young puppies from their mothers. It should be done before they have time to grow, and out of the mother's sight, without her ken if possible. But the book must be read from cover to cover, no words can do justice to it. All I can say is, I would that every human being possessed so kind a soul and so faithful a heart towards animals as the writer of this little book.

TO ISABEL, LADY BURTON.

Your Hero did not wear the honours won,
But left, with earth in debt for labours' done;
And Heaven, who gave him such a mate for wife,
Thought that reward enough to crown his life.

GERALD MASSEY.

TO MANY WOMEN.

In every battle some must bravely fall;
'Tis only thus great victories are won:
A life dashed out against the prison-wall—
A Woman's life! may make the conquering call
That leads the Sappers and the Miners on.

GERALD MASSEY.

Tru courage is the knowledge ov right and the determination tew dew it. False courage is a willingness tew dew riong bekause others sa it iz right.

Girls and Education.

THE great factor in retarding woman's advancement is the system of Girls' Education. Until parents can see that justice should be meted out to their girls in the same proportion as it is to their boys, by giving the former the same opportunities of developing their intellect and talents as custom demands should be given to the latter—until then, woman's progress in the world will be crippled.

What a horrible system, what a short-sighted policy which says:—"Educate your boys, send them to college, and fit them for whatsoever profession or trade their inclinations and talents lead them to; train them so they may win freedom and independence, and be able to stand alone, but pursue an altogether different course with your girls. Let their educational period be of the briefest; 'tis only necessary that they should have a few tricky accomplishments, for their sphere is the home. For the boy no expense must be spared; for the girl every expense seems too much, for marriage is her lot—may, her duty even.

Then, can one wonder after such a course has gone on for centuries and is still relentlessly pursued even to-day, that girls blossom into women who become the enemies of progress, that they who have been oppressed in turn oppress, and sacrifice their daughters to the decree of society which says: "Marriage is a woman's lot; if she do not marry, then she is a failure"—even as they themselves have been sacrificed? Every girl should first have the advantage of as good an education as her brother; all the laws which govern life should be imparted to her; next, she should be specially trained in that study or industry for which she shows an aptitude; then and then only will she be a complete human being, equal to man, nay superior, for she will not be ruled by her passion, she will not deem those weaker than herself, either in mind or body, her fair quarry. Such a woman need not marry simply to gain a home; if love comes to her, and she marry (for she would think marriage *without* love dishonour) she will understand the step she is taking, and will be fully cognisant of the awful responsibility of bringing human beings into the world.

But the majority of girls are brought up in far different fashion to this. After their so-called education is over, they frequent society, and it is duly dinned in their ears that "Marriage is their portion and their duty, home their sphere, and their function maternity.

All hard truths and facts are sedulously kept from them, the evils of society are never discussed in their presence lest their purity be smirched, they must never hazard an opinion lest they be thought bold and strong-minded—in a word each one is placed in her corner, and must remain there. But if she rebel, yearning to mix with the busy throng which passes by her, woe to her! Ugly names are showered on her, and she goes back to her corner shivering.

She is told marriage will bring her liberty, and so she eagerly hails it, but alas! is grievously disappointed.

Her husband sneers at her poor attempts to enter into his business career, scoffs at her because she seems dull-witted, until she becomes one of the many fretful narrow-minded women, discontented with her own lot, and yet seeing in marriage the proper end to the chapter of girlhood.

What a miserable existence is hers! Her health broken perhaps, with child-bearing, her spirits dejected, her intellect—that divine gift—unused, all the cravings of her soul unsatisfied, with no strength to battle against her husband's petty tyrannies, and no courage to claim that same liberty and individuality for herself which her husband takes as his due.

And yet she, who has suffered from this hateful system of educating the boy, and letting the girl go uneducated, will

treat her own children in the same manner. Just as her parents have sacrificed her, in compliance with the usages of society, so will she in her turn sacrifice her own girls.

Here and there one woman will see the misery entailed by such a course, and will bring up her girls as she brings up her boys, but these are exceptions.

When it becomes a recognised thing to fit every girl, as every boy, to become a worker in the world, when parents foster their girls' talent, bringing it to the light of day, instead of hiding it as though it were a noxious thing, when all women work shoulder to shoulder in the grand march of progress, then will there dawn the birth of a new day, which will bring a new happiness, a new purity, and a new earnestness to men and women.

May that day be not far distant!

RICA HARRIS, INT. B.A. (LOND.).

The Why and the Wherefore—According to Annie Besant.

"What we think, we become."

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.

At birth, the soul is drawn to the nation and family fitted to furnish the physical body suited for the expression of the characteristics it has made for itself.

Thus each soul is responsible for its qualities, its powers, its weaknesses, and for the place and conditions into which it is born.

Circumstances, social systems, national destiny, all these are made by the totality of the thoughts of the souls incarnated into them, and can be radically altered only as the thinking which has caused them becomes changed.

Souls that are full of selfish desires, greedy, indolent, petty, must inevitably make for their future incarnations social systems that are unjust, selfish, competitive.

And they are also weaving subtle thought-forms that by-and-by will crystallise out into acts; for every evil as well as every good action has its cause in an evil or good thought.

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.*

PRESENTATION TO SIR JAMES STANSFELD.

NOTICE.

A Report of the proceedings on October 15th is being prepared, and will be ready shortly. Anyone desirous of having a copy can do so by forwarding 2d. (to cover cost and postage) to Miss Browne, 58, PORCHESTER TERRACE, W.

The Earl of Rosebery at Scarborough, October 17th, 1895.

"EDUCATE, EDUCATE, EDUCATE!"

YES, my Lord, we women of England are entirely with you on that issue—"Educate, educate, educate!" And we would "an we could" strengthen your hands. But though you were good enough to address your audience at Scarborough as "Ladies and Gentlemen," and to appeal to them collectively as beings able to form an opinion on things social and political, and to record those opinions at the Ballot Box, we fear that as far as the "Ladies" were concerned you were speaking ironically, for of what weight is *their* opinion one way or the other in your scheme of "practical politics"? Will not the "Ladies" (or rather we would say the Women) be, for all you care, still voiceless, still unrepresented at the next General Election? And yet, my Lord, bear with us awhile, while the great unenfranchised, unrepresented, throbbing heart of Womanhood takes up your watchword; and while we strive to tell you what we mean, and hope and aspire to, and what we fain would voice politically when we echo your words, "Educate, educate, educate."

We hold, we women, that *Ignorance is the only sin*; and it is that ignorance, and therefore sin, may cease to exist that we would make education, as we understand it, spread throughout the length and breadth of the land. We women would have our sons and daughters educated so that they may live the life of the body, of the mind, and of the soul, as fully, as wholly, as perfectly as possible. We would have them educated so that they may realise the solidarity of the human family, and may understand that one member, or one class, cannot suffer without the other members and the other classes suffering also. We would have them educated not to make a political majority for either Party, but—that an East End of London as it now exists, a loathsome cancer eating at the vitals of the body social, may become an impossibility!

My Lord, the present writer has been lately into some of the "homes" of the East End! Some of the kennels and dens and lairs, she would say, where our toilers snatch their food and their rest, and propagate their kind—and which to them represent all that the word "home" represents to us. She has seen there large buildings, specially constructed on more or less modern and scientific lines, for the housing of dockers and their families, in which *one room* represented the "home" of each family, such family often consisting of six or seven persons! She has before her now the mental image of one such "home," where a miserable looking wife was expecting daily to bring her sixth child into the world. The dimensions of the "home" were perhaps at the outside twelve feet by twelve; the husband, a docker, had had no work for nine weeks; four of the children were at school, and the family were existing on the wages of the eldest child, a boy of fourteen. Think, my Lord, what life in such a "home" means, what the conditions of birth and death mean in such space, amid such surroundings, and then repeat bravely once more, and we women will repeat it after you, "Educate, educate, educate!"

For you say, partly truly, my Lord, that the "State is ourselves" (that is, *we* would say, ourselves as represented by one sex); and, you say further, "when we are asking the State to do something, we are only asking the collection of the taxpayers of England to do that which we ask the State to do." *Some* of the taxpayers you should have said, my Lord, for many are disqualified by sex from deciding how the taxes they pay are to be spent. Well, we women want to say that we consider these East End "homes" as they exist now, the outcome of ignorance, because the people are not yet educated to know that they have a *right*, as workers, to a

better heritage; we hold that "the ignorant cannot be moral"; and, that the bringing into the world of swarms of wretched children, for whom there is no room, no space, no means of support, is one of the grossest forms of immorality of the day. We say "educate, educate, educate!" because we would have men and women taught to understand the nobility of their bodies, and the elevated responsibilities appertaining to the functions of those bodies.

We would educate because we would have men and women taught that their minds are to be receptacles not of "mere knowledge of scientific or historic facts;" but "of these facts co-ordinated into laws, and these laws made so much a mode of thought that they are the received rules of human action." We would educate because one breath of Divine Life is common to all us mortals, and that breath, that wind blowing whither it listeth, leads us to aspire; and it is only when we all aspire together that humanity as a whole will rise. We would educate because, as one of our most altruistic women thinkers has written, "Higher education is less a necessity than change in the aims and methods of education. A correct knowledge of human nature, its social needs and the possibilities of supplying these needs, is required—in short, physical facts, the laws of health, the history of the development of the race, and its civilisation." This is the "bread" of education, for lack of which our sons and daughters are living starved and stunted lives, and it is the duty of the State to see that the so-called educators, whether lay or clerical, are not offering a stone to those who cry for bread. The writer, when making one day one of her dreary "East End" rounds, talked with a Roman Catholic Priest, and asked him if his one ray of hope did not lie in the children whom he came across in the schools, and whom he was able thus to influence? His reply was, "We seem to be able to influence them more or less whilst they are in the schools, but as soon as they leave they fall back into old ways; the force of their surroundings is too strong for them." Perhaps, even with the best intentions, a stone had been offered to the little ones instead of bread; for it is not only the children that require education, but we would have the priest educated, and the capitalist educated, and the statesman educated, until ignorance, and therefore sin, dwell no longer in the land.

Neither is it, my Lord, with our thoughts fixed on the next general election, that we would educate, but in the hopes of a not too distant future when the inequalities of labour and of social life shall be less great; and we would quote to you the words of another thoughtful writer on questions of educational and social reform: "If all social reform be, as I am convinced it is, the outcome alone of increased morality, and if morality be a matter of education and of knowledge, then all real social reform can only proceed step by step, with the slow, often hardly perceptible, process of popular education."

Nature, let us remind you, my Lord, gave to all human beings a parent of either sex, doubtless considering that their joint knowledge and influence would be beneficial in all questions bearing on the training and education of those human beings. Social and political customs have partially warped this arrangement of Nature's, and the counsels of the male parent predominate in the State. We women, we mothers, have for long been unfaithful and indifferent to our trust, but the voice of one of our true teachers and educators of the day has sounded in our ears, and we have laid aside our unfaithfulness and indifference, and we ask that we may once more have a voice in the State on social and educational questions, which are of equal importance to every woman and every man in the land.

"There is no suffering," says Ruskin, speaking to women, "no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies

The Rights of Babyhood.

THE recent revelations in the *Sun* have, I hope, had the effect of awakening some interest and arousing consternation in those who do not realise what traffic in child suffering is going on in our midst, and in impressing on those concerned in it that strong and tender hands are being stretched out towards these poor unloved ones, who come into the world, unwanted by their natural protectors and left to the heartless creatures who are to be found ready to take a babe for a sum down. Coroner Hicks wrote to the *Sun* suggesting various practical remedies to the present state of things; he said, "One of the first and most important points is that there should be more checking of Birth and Death Certification. The Coroner should be the Superintendent Registrar for the district, and all certificates should pass through his hands. Every birth should be registered including still births."

He considers that death from (a) neglect, (b) of children dying in houses registered under the Infant Protection Act, and (c) all deaths of illegitimate children or nurse-children should not be registered except on a coroner's certificate. The opinions Mr. Hicks expressed are not only his own but those of the Coroners' Society, which numbers 200 members, and of which he is Secretary. As a further contribution to this controversy Lady Henry Somerset writes, that "the whole question of the rights of babyhood wants serious consideration. Another thing is that a man should realise the responsibility of the potentiality of fatherhood." As our law at present stands in England, it appears to me, that far from there being any sort of discouragement to the man who is the father of an illegitimate child, there is every encouragement; the child is, in Christian England, left absolutely without protection. In the case of an illegitimate child born in the workhouse infirmary, usually no effort is made, even privately, for the father to be made to bear his share in the support of his child. I will give one instance of this, taken from a metropolitan workhouse. In one year 117 unmarried mothers entered the infirmary, of these *two* only received any sort of help from the father in the year. The class of women who have illegitimate children is largely recruited from those who are morally incapable, and therefore being unable to protect themselves should be protected by the State, and no protection could be as effectual as the punishment of the father of the child, first of the publicity, secondly of the share in its support.

In 1890, in one workhouse, with an average of 900 inmates, there were twenty-six feeble-minded women, of whom twelve were unmarried mothers.

To help to stem this terrible tide of poor, neglected babes, one thing is wanted before anything else—an alteration in our Poor Law system; that is to say, instead of leaving all the shame and burden to fall on the unhappy girl, let her equally guilty partner share it; and this could be done if we followed the wise example of Scotland, where steps are taken in this direction on the following lines:—"A girl who has been betrayed, or a wife deserted by her husband, can appeal to the minister of the parish, who is entitled to grant a certificate of poverty. This secures the services of the Agent for the Poor, an office taken in turns by the writers, *i.e.*, solicitors pleading in each Sheriff's Court, and all the forms of law are at once put into operation to compel the father to pay alimony under the penalty of imprisonment. All this is done without the girl or deserted wife paying one penny."

Another important help towards the better care of helpless, unwanted babes, would be to follow the law of France, in the department of the Seine, quoted in *The Child's Guardian* lately. There, no woman is allowed to take in a child to nurse until

with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy, in their own struggle; but men are feeble in sympathy, and contracted in hope; and it is only you who can feel the depth of pain, and conceive the way of its healing."

My Lord, we women, we feel our responsibilities as you as a statesman feel yours, and we say with you again "Educate, educate, educate!" but give us a voice as women and as tax-payers, to decide with you men what form that education shall take; for verily, if we women are longer made to hold our peace in the State on questions social and political, the very stones shall cry out.

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

Special Letter.

IS THIS RIGHT?

MADAM,—I wish to call the attention of your readers to a class of Appeal which is being constantly sent out for "Female Missions to the Fallen." In these Appeals two objectionable features stand prominently forth, in the absence, firstly, of the names of any women on the Committee which deals with "Woman's Mission to Women;" and in the absence, secondly, of any sense, in the minds of the gentlemen composing the said Committee, that the responsibility for the existence of what they are pleased to term "fallen women," does not rest on women themselves. A body of gentlemen, forming themselves into a Committee for the stemming of prostitution, present a most praiseworthy spectacle; but consistency requires that they should begin with the conversion of their own sex, who are the buyers, instead of with the conversion of mine, who are the bought. Such a Committee, calling itself "Man's Mission to Men," would command the respect which is always given to a fearless facing of facts; whereas a body of gentlemen calling themselves "Woman's Mission to Women," begin by raising a smile. The smile fades away into sad earnestness as I read the peculiarly inappropriate language of the Appeal, which, while it brands the most helpless of the victims to men's vices as "wretched creatures," who are "a curse to those around," still speaks in utter unconsciousness of blame attaching to any but the women, and tells me, as if it were news, that "the nightly state of our towns is disgraceful!" Of course it is, and who makes it so but the men who turn our streets into women-markets, where the poverty-stricken are tempted by offers of gold?

I have delivered myself on this wise many times by letter to the gentlemen who send me these Appeals for funds. That I have produced no effect upon them is evidenced by a fresh Appeal reaching me this week. I therefore issue an Appeal myself, to the women who read your paper, not to subscribe to any such misnomers as men's "Woman's Mission to Women," the very mention of which suggests a flavour of cant. If women would stop the supply of funds they would be doing something to stop the continuance of hopelessly irrational methods of dealing with prostitution; methods which are, moreover, not only irrational, but injurious, tending, as they do, to focus public reprobation not upon the tempters, but upon the tempted.

Yours faithfully,

CLARA EVELYN MORDAN.

29, Bedford Place, Bloomsbury.
Nov. 12th, 1895.

I am prepared to say to every rich man out of every ten, make the most of your money for it makes the most of you.

she has proved to the authorities—(1) to be healthy, respectable, and sober; (2) to have a house with necessary furniture, including cradle and fireguard; (3) to be willing to submit to weekly inspection, and (4) to carry out the rules imposed for the treatment of infants. Out of 3,996 infants put out to nurse last year to women under these conditions, only 247 died. There is not a county in England which could furnish such a low baby-farm death-rate.

When we women have votes, let us make it our first endeavour to get the existing law altered, and champion the cause of these, "the scurf and mildew of our streets."

Let it not be said of women with regard to these little ones what St. Paul said in bitter condemnation of himself:—"And when the blood of the martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death."

MADELEINE GREENWOOD.

The Quail.

(Continued.)

(Translated from the Russian by EDITH HODGETTS.)

MY father was right, the little quail closed its eyes and died; but while I stood and watched it I could not help crying.

"What is the matter?" asked my father, laughing.

"I feel sorry for her," I answered; "she did her duty and got killed for it. It is unjust!"

"She wanted to be artful," returned my father, "but Trezor was by far the most artful of the two."

"Wicked Trezor!" I thought to myself; and even my father struck me as being cruel this time. What artfulness was there? It was love for her children. If she pretended to be wounded in order to save her young, Trezor had no right to catch her.

My father was about to put the quail into his game bag, but I begged him to give it to me, and after putting it carefully between the palms of my hands I breathed on it gently, thinking that it might perhaps recover. But it did not move.

"It is useless," said my father, "you will not bring her to life again. See how her head droops."

I took its beak gently in my fingers, and lifted its head up, but the moment I took my hand away the little head fell again.

"Are you still sorry for her?" asked my father.

"Who will feed the young ones?" I asked in my turn.

My father looked at me earnestly.

"Do not trouble yourself about them. Their father will look after them and find them food. But stop," he continued, "I believe Trezor has again come to a stand-still. I should not be surprised if he has found the nest! Yes, look, here it is."

So it was. In the grass about two steps from Trezor's snout lay the nest with four tiny quails in it, all huddling together and nestling close up to one another. They stretched out their little necks, breathing quickly as though they were trembling. Some feathers were beginning to make their appearance, but their little tails were still very short indeed.

"Papa, papa!" I cried loudly, "please call Trezor away, or he will kill them too."

My father called the dog and then walked off to some shrubs hard by, where he sat down and commenced to eat his lunch. But I remained near the nest, for I did not feel inclined to join my father; I had no appetite. So taking my pocket handkerchief out I placed the quail on it.

"Look, my poor little orphans," I said, "this is your mother. She sacrificed herself for your sakes."

The young birds, however, only continued breathing as hard as ever they could. I then ran up to my father.

"I wish you would make me a present of the quail, papa," I said.

"Certainly, my boy. But what will you do with her?"

"I want to bury her."

"Bury her?"

"Yes, near her little nest. Please give me your pen-knife, and I will dig her a little grave."

My father looked astonished.

"What, so that the young ones might visit her grave?"

"No," I answered; "but I have a wish to do it, I don't quite know why. It will be so much nicer for the poor little thing to lie near her nest."

My father did not say a word, but handed me his knife.

I immediately set to work and dug a little grave; and after having kissed the quail several times, I placed it carefully in the hole and filled it up again with earth. Then I cut off two twigs, peeled them and made them into a cross, tying them together with a blade of grass, and stuck it into the earth over the grave.

When my father and I were leaving the place I turned round many a time to look at the little cross, which, being white, was visible from a distance.

That night I dreamt I was in heaven, and thought I saw my little quail sitting on a small cloud, only she was as white as that little cross which I had made, and on her head she wore a tiny crown of gold. This seemed to be her reward for sacrificing herself for her young ones.

After the lapse of four or five days I again accompanied my father and Trezor to the very same cluster of shrubs. I found the grave by the help of the little cross, which, though it had turned yellow, had not fallen down. But the nest was empty and no trace of the young ones was left. My father, however, assured me that the old cock-quail, their father, had taken them to another nest, and was looking after them.

A little later we saw an old quail fly out from the bushes a few paces from us, but my father did not attempt to fire at it. This time I thought to myself—

"No, papa is by no means cruel."

But the most extraordinary thing of all was, that from that day forth my great love for sporting vanished; I thought no more about the gun which my father had promised to give me. It is true that when I grew up I sometimes went out shooting, but I never made a good sportsman. For instance: one day I set out with a friend on a shooting expedition. We had not gone far before we came upon a quantity of underwood where grouse was known to be. The hen bird flew out—we fired immediately, and though we managed to hit her she did not fall. She flew off accompanied by a number of young ones. I was about to go after them, but my friend stopped me saying—

"No, don't go, but let us sit down and entice them back. They will very soon return."

My friend was a splendid whistler and could imitate anything.

So we seated ourselves behind some bushes and he began to imitate the kind of whistling which is peculiar to grouse. And immediately one of the young ones turned round and came towards us, then another, and so on, until we saw the mother herself coming softly after her young. I lifted my head up to see better, and saw the old mother making her way through the tangled grass as quickly as she could, though she was bleeding from the wound which we had given her.

She was evidently anxious for her children's safety. What a brute I thought myself!

In another moment I sprang from my seat and clapped my hands together as loudly as I could. The old bird at once flew away followed by all her little ones. My friend, I need hardly say, flew into a terrible rage and called me every possible name he could think of.

"You have spoilt all my sport for to-day, you young donkey!" he cried.

And from that day it became more and more difficult for me to kill and to shed the blood of those poor innocent little birds.

J. S. TOURGUEVIEV.

Report Second Annual Meeting of the Parliamentary Committee for Women's Suffrage.

NOVEMBER 2ND, 1895.

THE Second Annual Meeting of the Parliamentary Committee for Women's Suffrage was held on November 2nd, at 4, Paper Buildings, Temple. Mr. Sharpe, the member for North Kensington, took the chair. The President of the Society, Sir Richard Temple, Bart., M.P., was unable to be present. Mr. Drucker, M.P., and Mr. Rentoul, M.P., were unfortunately detained elsewhere, the former through illness.

The CHAIRMAN: Ladies and gentlemen, you are aware that the question of Women's Suffrage is one of very wide-reaching importance, and one which is fortunately separated and severed from party politics. (Applause.) As you know, you have good and strong friends on both sides of the House. In my own division of North Kensington I may say that it has many warm advocates. I view the question from a political light, and I gave my adhesion to it some time since. I feel that my countrywomen are worthy of being trusted. Whether Conservatives or Radicals I feel sure that they will be, at all events, of a wise and moderate tone in political matters, and will strive to maintain our old constitution.

Mr. ATHERLEY JONES, M.P. rose to move the adoption of the Report which had been read, and said that he would have much pleasure in moving the adoption of the Report, which would include also the adoption of the Treasurer's Report; and he would especially draw attention to the fact that although the financial position was not quite as rosy as could be desired, the clear way in which the facts had been placed before the meeting by the lady responsible for the balance sheet, and the very decisive tone in which she had spoken as to requiring subscriptions, pointed to the fact that she would make a most efficient treasurer. With regard, he said, to the General Report I hardly think that it requires my observations to commend it to your support. It fully and clearly sets forth the work of this Society in the past. But notwithstanding that on the surface it does not appear that success has been very great, because we have not passed the Women's Suffrage Bill, nor had an assurance from Her Majesty's Government of the present, or in the past, that they would promote the Bill, there is no doubt that under the surface a great stride has been made in this cause. And I have the feeling that a large portion of this success is due to the energy of this Society, I think I ought to point out that one feature to which this Society has devoted itself with marked success is the going down to the House of Commons, and there striving by talking to members to bring them to see the subject from our point of view, and the consequence is that by no means

a few members of Parliament have become devoted to the cause. This Society works on the principle that taxation and representation should go hand in hand, it demands that the conditions under which men hold the Franchise should be extended also to women. It is asserted that where women bear the burden of taxation and pay rates for local purposes and taxes for imperial purposes they should also have the Franchise. I am certain that this Society has done well because it has proceeded on those lines, and it has the support of all political people. It has the support of Liberal Unionists, it has the support of the Conservative party, and I know of a large number of members belonging to the party with which I have the honour to be identified, who are strongly in favour of the movement. But the Society has not merely done a great deal of good by recruiting its forces from among the ranks of the members of the House of Commons, it has brought pressure to bear upon the constituents, and it has induced them to take steps to communicate with their members and urge them to take an interest in this movement. There has therefore been a great deal of advance made by this Society in winning over Members of Parliament to the cause. Another good work is the holding of meetings, and we know that many recruits have been gained by these meetings. Of course the great thing is not the gaining of recruits, but to induce a curiosity and interest on the part of women to the movement; and no doubt a great deal has been done by meetings in that direction. And the object of the Society has been to win over not only people whom some may consider eccentric, but we have endeavoured to gain the ordinary English woman; and we have found that these meetings have been a good way of getting people to associate themselves with the movement. It has been adverted to that the funds of this Society are not large. It has been thought well, and wisely so, not to go in for a high standard of subscription, but to keep the subscriptions small, and the subscriptions being small and the work of the Society large, it is necessary that the amount of subscriptions should be increased by an increase in the number of members. And this increase will no doubt largely be secured by drawing-room meetings and public meetings generally, by which new recruits are found. A great debt of gratitude is due to the members of the Committee, to Miss New, your Chairman of Executive, for the time she has given to the work; to your Secretary, Miss Cozens, for the energy she has displayed in a somewhat ungrateful work, because of the disappointments associated with the movement, and for the untiring zeal which she has displayed. I am very glad that this Society has been established upon so lasting, and, as I believe, successful a basis as that upon which it rests now. It has a future before it; it is a young Society, and requires your energy and co-operation in order to make it a stronger Society than it is now. I am very pleased to have taken a part in it.

Dr. ALICE VICKERY rose to second the adoption of the Report, and said: Ladies and Gentlemen, I have been very much interested in hearing from Mr. Atherley Jones an account of the work done by the Parliamentary Committee during the past year. I have felt what a very great work this Society does, and that the holding of meetings in the House of Commons is especially valuable, because it influences members in the questions which arise in the House of Commons in reference to the position of women. I hold very strongly that there are two principal ways in which we have to work: the first one is by having a Society in the House of Commons itself to bring pressure to bear upon the members; the second is, by acting upon the outside public. And I would like to suggest that the plan should be tried of getting a number of smaller societies in different parts of the country

and in London to work in conjunction with this Parliamentary Committee, because whatever is done in the House of Commons needs to be backed up by the country. It is no use working in the House of Commons alone; you must have the country at the back. And therefore it would be exceedingly valuable if women would work up societies throughout the country and in London, and from these societies letters should be sent and communications made to members who are connected with this Parliamentary Committee. We ought to make a very strong effort during this next Session of Parliament, so that whatever measures are brought forward, whether dealing with the extension of the Suffrage or with women's work in various ways—such as the regulation of women's work, the Factory Act, and so on—nothing should be able to be passed through the House that hinders adult women from working in any way in which they think proper. I have always thought that interference with adults' work in any way whatever was most unjustifiable, and in any House of Commons entirely composed of men such an interference is an outrageous idea. (Applause.) If it should be desirable at any time to introduce regulations with regard to women's work, it should only be done in a House in which women had their voice, in which women had helped to choose the men who should deal with these things; but it is a monstrous thing, that though women have had nothing to do with the election of representatives, that the labour of women should be interfered with. And I think, and am glad to be able to think, that the feeling among women themselves is growing very strong on this matter, and they do not feel disposed to submit to the fact that this question should be brought forward and they not have their voice in saying what its measures should be. I therefore feel very grateful to Miss Cozens and to those who work with her, for the work they have done during the past year. I am sure we shall have a very good work done during the Session to come, and I hope we shall have women taking a more active part throughout the country in order to build up a strong body of public opinion in the background, upon which Miss Cozens, and those with her, can fall back in the work they have to do. It is now only a question of tactics we have to do with. We are all agreed upon the general question, and upon this question we must bring pressure to bear upon the members of the House. I think we have a prospect before us now, and I hope that in the near future we shall see the work done.

The CHAIRMAN then put the motion to the meeting, which was carried unanimously, and the proceedings terminated.

Read *Why Women Should Vote*, by the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D., New York.

Winchester.

THE ancient historic city of Winchester is easily reached in about an hour and three-quarters from London by the South Western Railway, and contains sufficient objects of interest to occupy a visitor there for an entire day. On leaving the station, a few minutes' walk, partly through the somewhat quaint High Street and past the city cross, erected in the reign of Henry VI., brings one to an avenue of fine trees, leading to the west door of the Cathedral. This front is in perpendicular Gothic; it was rebuilt in the fourteenth century, and was finally completed by William of Wykeham. The entire time taken in building the edifice was more than four hundred years—in fact, from the Conquest to the Reformation, and it is said to be the largest Cathedral in England.

The massive Norman columns and vaulting shafts, and the groined roof in the nave are very effective; the first noticeable tomb of importance is William of Wykeham's, within its elaborately-carved chantry, and was built by himself. On the opposite side of the nave is a very curious old font, which is believed to have been brought from Constantinople during the early crusades; it is carved in black slate stone (somewhat resembling dark oak), and has groups of grotesque figures around it, representing incidents in the life of St. Nicholas. In the north aisle there is a conspicuous monumental brass to the memory of Jane Austen, who belonged to this county, while in the south transept a slab in the floor marks the resting-place of Izaak Walton; the Cathedral, however, contains so many noteworthy tombs and memorials that it is only possible to refer to a few of them. The choir stalls are very fine, being carved in Norwegian oak, and were placed here in the thirteenth century; between their rows there is a plain-looking tomb without inscription, which is generally considered to be that of William Rufus; over the side screens are six mortuary chests, containing the bones of kings and saints who had originally been interred in the crypts, including some remains of Kings Canute, Egbert, and Ethelwulf. The reredos dates from the fifteenth century, having been commenced by Cardinal Beaufort; it is of elaborate design, and contains many carved figures of saints and bishops, besides decorative carvings of various kinds; one notices a blank space which formerly held a large crucifix with statues of the Virgin and St. John on either side of it. Above the altar is a fine painting by West, of "The Raising of Lazarus;" the east window was put up in the sixteenth century, but has been damaged by its comparatively recent restoration. The tomb of Hardicanute is in the Presbytery aisle, and in the eastern aisles there are tombs of several of the earlier bishops of the Cathedral, including the chantry of Cardinal Beaufort, which is very richly decorated, as is also that of Bishop Fox, underneath which, is a realistic carved corpse, as a reminder of what awaits us all.

The Chapel of the Guardian Angels contains early historic tombs and Queen Mary's chair; her marriage having taken place in the Cathedral. On the walls of the Lady Chapel there are some antique paintings, executed 400 years ago, illustrative of the miracles of the Virgin—a plan near by, describes the various subjects depicted in the series. There are also some thirteenth century frescoes of the Passion, in the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. In the crypt under the high altar is an old Norman well from whence the water for baptisms was procured. When leaving the Cathedral one is confronted with large bronze figures of James I. and Charles I. within and on either side of the west door. It is noticeable both here and at Salisbury how few stained windows there are, especially in the nave, as compared to other English cathedrals, and particularly that at Canterbury; the close gateway there is also more impressive than the one here. Close by this are the old Cheyney houses, with well-timbered fronts, one of them being the episcopal court house. On returning to High Street we see the Guildhall, a modern building within which is the city museum, open daily and containing amongst other things the Winchester bushel and standard measures of Henry VII.'s time, also a 500-year-old warder's horn from the castle, and a collection of pre-historic remains. There is a full-length portrait, painted by Lely, of Charles II. in the Council Hall.

If we turn to the right on leaving the Guildhall, we cross a bridge and come to Old Cheesehill Rectory (now a furniture dealer's), in Cheesehill Street. According to the inscription over the doorway it is "the oldest house," and certainly its appearance is indicative of antiquity. Retracing our steps over the bridge, and descending to the side of the stream,

we have a pretty walk, though not by the shortest route, to St. Cross, going through fields and along the banks of the river Itchen with trees all the way and a chain of hills in the background.

The present buildings of the almshouse of St. Cross are newer than the foundation, many of the sets of rooms having been destroyed in the seventeenth century; but the Beaufort Tower remains, and the church is 700 years old. The brethren all wear long black gowns, to each of which a silver cross is attached. This latter is laid on the coffin of a brother when he dies, and is then given to his successor. There are now about sixteen brothers who have come from all parts of England (this being by no means a merely local charity), and they are each allowed the privilege of residence for a female relative as housekeeper.

The architecture of the church is chiefly early English and Norman, its interior columns are very massive; in the chancel and the morning chapel are some fine specimens of Renaissance carving in wood. The east and west windows are modern, but there are some borders in the north windows of stained glass of an early time and of rich colours. In the south transept we see dimly the remains of a fresco of the Descent from the Cross, the most distinct portion of which is the housetops of Jerusalem. The brother who shows one round directs attention to the bird's beak (eagle) in one of the transept windows, and to a curious triple arch outside the church. In the old hall, and former refectory, there is an ornamental roof and an ancient musicians' gallery at the end; also a raised hearth in the centre of the floor, with nothing approaching a chimney, where a fire is still lighted on what are called gaudy days; there is an early German triptych on the east wall; above the entrance there is some stained glass in which the English arms and the fleur-de-lys are joined together in one. We are shown black leathern jacks of Cardinal Beaufort's time, likewise his candlesticks, salt-cellars and a pewter dish; the latter hangs in the kitchen which boasts an immense fire-place, chains for joints to swing on, and a buttery hatch, also Beaufort's chair. We finally see the cloisters wherein is an antique stone table, and crossing the closely shaven lawns in the quadrangle we pass out through the porter's lodge, where we are presented with the wayfarer's dole of bread and a horn of beer. Twenty minutes' walk along the Southampton Road brings us into High Street again, at the upper end of which stands the west gate of the city.

The great hall of Winchester Castle was commenced in the thirteenth century, and the English Parliaments sat there for about four hundred years; it has lately been restored, and the roof was done on the old lines; the supporting columns are of marble and the windows are very fine. There is a Round Table which is said to have been King Arthur's; it is decidedly a most ancient relic and of historic interest in any case; the hall was Crown property until the seventeenth century, and now belongs to the county as its public hall.

Want of space necessitates a brief description of the college, founded by William of Wykeham; its gateways are adorned with statues of saints, the chapel contains stained glass windows, and the east one, though modern, is worthy of careful inspection. The reredos has been restored, but the old ceiling remains, and the tower has been rebuilt with the former stones; the cloisters are ancient and their rafters in good condition.

The chantry chapel, refectory or hall, schoolroom and kitchen are interesting in their different ways; there is a painting two hundred years old, of "The Trusty Servant," which is exceedingly quaint. I think I have said sufficient to show what a pleasant day can be spent in this grand old-world city, and how it repays the time devoted to it.

F. J. C.

Correspondence.

[The Editor is not responsible for any opinions expressed in these columns.]

CLEARLY TO SEE.

DEAR MADAM,—I noted the "Exemplary sentence on a mother." If a few men were sentenced to death for the crime of bringing disease and death on women by enforced maternity, women whose children coming so rapidly are born without constitutions, it would surely be more truly exemplary. The sentence ought to be appealed against. This week I talked with a woman who has what she calls a good husband, what the world indeed would call a good husband, sober, hardworking, who gives her his salary.

But the woman's life has been, and is, a hard one; beyond words more hard than her husband's. She has already had ten children. Picture this of itself, ye who know even a little of the condition of things which must be for her. Picture besides, washing, cooking, cleaning, sewing, in all their endless details. Added to the weary list, she makes all their clothes, and is often up sewing till 3 or 4 a.m. finishing off work, which were she to rest would not be done. Think of all the other details in the bringing up of children, besides the nursing of them. She is never free long enough to recreate her own strength. This condition is all the more terrible that it is so general, it is caused by gross ignorance on the part of both parents, among the lower classes. Is it not often so also among our cultured classes? Is there not with both an entire incapacity for self-control?

Married persons should endeavour, when possible, to occupy different rooms. Surely it is not less awful to do these things than to speak about them. Surely we are bound to enquire into these matters for the sake of our common humanity, and to check the ever-increasing tide of a population already being decimated by starvation, improper nourishment, dangerous employments; lives of shame being the consequence; lives of dissoluteness and endless woes, for which we can find no remedy. Annie Besant, driven to despair by the sufferings of women, spread the knowledge of means of prevention as a temporary relief. Now she sees the necessity of learning the greater knowledge, *self-control*, a virtue much required by men. Is there any true reason, or noble reason, in all the universe of God why women should be subject to man in this or in any other matter? Are we for ever to let the evil of over-reproduction go on? Woman alone can stop it. Woman must see to it, and that right speedily.

Sometimes women are themselves to blame. I fear it will be long before men and women will learn to lead unselfish lives, thinking of their offspring rather than of their own passions, respecting themselves; meanwhile all suffer, the mothers most of all.

Yours very truly,

A. G. W.

A WORD FOR AGE.

DEAR MADAM,—To attempt to go over all the subject of "distinctions of age" would make much too long a letter, and I shall confine myself chiefly to one point. This point is, the way in which the terms "old women" and "old grandmothers" are used to express contempt, and as synonymous with "ignorant fools," or something of the kind. This is to be heard at public meetings, and not from men alone. And it is to be found, as we all know, in literature, in that of the past, just as in that of the present day—a demonstration of that chivalrous consideration, which, we are told, women

are now in danger of losing! Can the people who thus show the contempt in which they hold age in woman, and those who listen to them with approval, be aware that it is their own mothers whom they are trampling on?—their mothers, who, during all these best years of their lives, have toiled and thought, and sacrificed themselves for those who, in their age, scoff and mock at them. Millions of mothers have, in their age as when they were young, done everything in their power to promote their children's happiness, and yet those for whom they have toiled, and to whom they have given life, have allowed age in woman to be made a by-word of scorn! Of course there are differences amongst those advanced in life, as in every other division of the human race; but, so far as I have been able to see, age gains in patience and long-suffering—having so much more to bear, and it often has a greater charity and toleration than youth ever possesses, as well as wider sympathies. I might speak of its greater knowledge—for it can scarcely be maintained that people grow more ignorant as they advance in life—and of its courage. We all know Hans Andersen's story of the bed-ridden old woman who was thought to count for so little, and who set her bed on fire that the light might draw the crowd off the ice and away from destruction, for she alone heard the storm coming. The writer of this story had perceived that courage and the power of heroic self-sacrifice are not confined to the young and stalwart.

To an American woman on her eighty-fifth birthday it was said:—

“And we who meet to-day
To celebrate thy age, exclaim instead,
How beautiful thy youth! which only fled
To come afresh, from heavenly fountains fed,
And on the years an evening splendour shed!”

A few who are near may see, but the many scoff. I have been told that I take this scoffing at age too seriously, and that people do not mean anything by what they say. I am willing to believe that they do not realise what they are saying; but I think efforts ought to be made to cause them to realise it, and to let them know how their harsh words sound in the ears of those to whom age—or its memory—is dear.

I would only say further, that it sometimes appears to be thought that if age is in possession of a fire-side, and worsted with which to knit, that these ought to suffice for its entertainment. Now, age may be beyond caring much for pleasures in themselves; it is certainly beyond struggling after them, but it is never beyond feeling pleasure when younger people wish it to share in their enjoyments as far as possible. If people would reflect on how much all who have reached an advanced age must have suffered and sorrowed in the course of their lives, and on what those must feel who know that their strength and physical powers are failing, and must every year fail a little more; surely all who have human hearts at all, would rather try to brighten the darkening path of the aged than to darken it further, either by mockery or neglect. Anything like scoffing at age, or want of consideration for those who have given so much in love and service, are points on which I felt I must try and say something, because I think of my own mother now away from me.

Yours truly, H.

[Will the writer of the above beautiful and sensible letter, please remember that the name and address must always be sent with the letter, in confidence to the Editor, if not for publication. May we also remind our correspondent that age deserves not only consideration, but the most profound respect from those of youth and middle-age, not only because the years are many, but because it is a condition of greater wisdom—that is, if the years have been held in trust to do good work well, and

it is of such we at present treat. Especially is this the case with women. Look at our best women workers of the present day. Where among the young can we find the equal of those women whose years are many, as time counts, but whose spirits, strong, buoyant, and brave, take no note of time, and who, with head erect, eyes lit with hope, and hearts aflame, do the work of the world's advancement so well, that youth, looking on, seeing, takes heart again, and strives to follow where these lead. But the question of age concerns all, and men grow old as well as women, and sooner, as a rule, than women. Beautiful is the shedding of the years on the heads of women who, clear of thought and vision, lead the world from the ways of strife, slavery, sin, and death. No decrepitude comes to them, their lamps never go out.—ED.]

BIRTHDAYS, AGE.

DEAR MADAM,—I feel I must write after reading your valuable paper, for it is so to me, very.

I think I must have lived in a very bright atmosphere (London), for I never dreaded getting old, but longed for my twenty-first birthday as one of the signs of womanhood, and thinking it grand, I never thought of getting old; indeed, I tell my boy (seventeen) that there is some mistake in my register, for I am quite young. I maintain it is our fault if we grow old—a pillow fight with our sons, living pictures, music, and anything bright will keep us young. I object, and have always objected, to the expression, “laid on the shelf;” no woman with a brain ever is on the shelf. She may have to keep herself, and why not? I have met so many married women on the shelf that I am surprised at them, who will agree with all and everything their lord and masters say, and have met so many noble single women. I never dreaded being single myself, and have always talked to young girls in that strain. We do want to exercise our own individuality more. I am right glad light is coming to some men's minds, and, in conclusion, thank God for our Editors with their splendid talent to rouse up the feelings of indignation against all wrong. A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

[Yes, it is not marriage nor yet a single life which makes a woman noble, it is her own soul.—ED.]

THE WOMEN'S VEGETARIAN UNION.

DEAR MADAM,—I shall feel grateful if you will kindly make known through your valuable paper that Dr. Jinda Ram will address the Members and Associates of the Women's Vegetarian Union at the Pioneer Club (by kind permission of Mrs. Massingberd), on Friday, December 6th, from 4.30 to 6.30 p.m. It is earnestly hoped that all who belong to the W.V.U. will do their best to be present upon that occasion. Dr. Jinda Ram is the apostle of female liberation in India, and his address will be on “Women's Education in India.”

I shall be pleased to communicate with anyone wishing to know more concerning the work of the W.V.U. and its General Agency Department. Thanking you in anticipation.

ADRIENNE VEIGELE,
Hon. Sec. W.V.U.

The Pioneer Anti-Vivisection Society

OFFERS a Prize of £7 for the best leaflet upon “The Danger to Hospital Patients in the Practice of Vivisection.” Also a second Prize of £3 for the best leaflet upon “The Danger of Inoculations.”

All particulars on application to Hon. Secretary, 86, Blenheim Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

It is dreadful easy to be a phool, a man kan be one and not know it.