

SHAFTS

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN AND WORKERS.

Edited by MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

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What the Editor Means.

"I charge thee to stand, though bedewed by the sweat
That is blood, armour hacked, and upon thee the stains
Of travail and conflict, and over thee pain's
Broad banner of dim, heavy purple, and wet
With the floods thou hast passed thro' to come to this place:
For the foe is alive yet, and nothing of grace
Must he have at thy hands till thou smite him to death."

"An ancient nation is being slowly slaughtered at the foot of Mount Ararat. Fifty thousand victims were stretched out under God's sky in the slow circle of a year; women—pure, devout, and comely—suffering two deaths, a living and a dying death, little children poised on the bayonets of Moslem soldiers, villages burned, starvation and pestilence the common lot. On the other hand, four hundred millions of professed followers of Christ, with seven millions of soldiers who take their rations and their sacraments regularly; statesmen who kneel on velvet cushions in beautiful cathedrals, and pray 'We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord;' diplomatists who can shape the wisdom of a throne, and shade the meaning of an ultimatum, but neither statesman, diplomat, nor soldier has wit, wisdom, or will to save a single life, shelter a single tortured babe, or supply a single loaf of bread to the starving Christians on the Armenian hillsides; vested interests are against the only will in the Empire of Turkey, and all the wills of all the Christian nations cannot move it one hair."

FRANCES WILLARD.

ALL around us the Armenian question is being discussed in varying tones. Out of the tumult one purpose dominates, which seems to be, that whatever may happen, England must not suffer. Some are for war, if war must be, others for peace *with honour*, others for peace at any price. Woe unto those who make war and strife among men. Woe also, unto those who cry peace, peace, when there is no peace. Is there peace among the Armenians? Can there be peace in Turkey while the land is held under the rod of a coward, assassin and imbecile? Hard words are spoken of this ruler of Turkey; are they true words? Our English statesmen have been called cowards; are they such? Whatever diplomatic reasons there may be for extreme caution in dealing with this Armenian question, there can surely be no reason to justify any nation in quietly remaining inactive while another small nation is being outraged, tortured, done to death, kept alive in unendurable torment, more especially, surely, when that other nation is of the same faith as is professed by the nations expected to interfere. It is as manifestly our duty to stop horrible cruelty and decimation in another nation as it would be to stop it in the house of our neighbour, and as no personal consideration could justify us in non-interference in the one case, no consideration can justify it in the other. There remains only the fact, that, between nations, larger issues are at stake, and in proportion greater prudence must be employed in the means taken. Cannot Cyprus be given up, is not that England's manifest duty; cannot England give her word of honour that she has no thought of gain and will not enrich herself in any conflict to which decided action might lead? England's name, alas, is tarnished with broken faith and unfulfilled promises, tarnished by the records of cruelties, akin to those of other nations; but is this a reason why she should sit with bowed, craven head, shrouded in dishonour? Are the cruel acts of her own past to keep her

ever down in the dust? It were nobler, surely, more true to the deathless spirit existent within her, to rise *from* the ashes of the past to a career of mercy, truth and justice, and the making of an unstained honour for the future of her national existence?

There can be no doubt in any sane unprejudiced mind, that outrage and massacre must be stopped wherever practised. How to do it is the question to be considered, and that without delay. Every hour of delay heaps upon us more and more, the worst of all crimes, Blood-guiltiness; also brings us more deeply under the dreadful domination of CRUELTY, which fills the atmosphere around us with its deadly influence the effect of which upon ourselves we shall not know until it culminate in sorrow most dire, unless it be now met and resisted. In these awful horrors women are as usual the chief sufferers. Are there among English women none to declare that the nation to which they belong must go to the help of their tortured sisters and brothers. The papers have been filled with protestations of how *men's* souls have been stirred. Are we to understand that the English nation is composed only of men?—or that though there be women in the land, they are mere soulless blocks, unable to move save as they are moved. It is a disgrace to women that they allow without protest this everlasting reiteration of words, which attribute noble sentiment to only one half of the nation. It is an absurdity which would be laughable were it not so monstrous. It means something, however. What does it mean? Not that translation which men have given it. Another! a stupendous other, and it must be the steadfast work of women to find out that other. Meantime the Armenians are waiting at our doors with long cries, with eyes of agony, with hearts of anguish unutterable. Who is to help them, women, or men, or both? England alone? or England in combination with other powers?

At this time of atrocities so awful, we may well ask are such persons human? If so, what are human beings? Do we stand on the summit we have supposed ourselves to occupy? or have we yet to learn how far away from such a summit we really are?

While England hesitates, and shrinks from making a straightforward move in the call now made upon her and all nations in power, it might not be amiss to ask, how do we ourselves stand in respect to cruelty, injustice, and tyranny? What is our position with regard to our poor, our women, our men, our animals, our morals?

First and foremost as being so productive of awful results, we have in our streets millions of starving, homeless women, who sell their honour for bread. We have millions of wives, supposed to be in a place of honour, whose lives of enforced maternity, of subjection to the sensual passions of men, to the needs or supposed needs of men, are less excusable than those of the victims in the street. We have millions of women whose every noble impulse, whose every intellectual effort, is crushed under the load of cooking, washing, scrubbing, sewing, mending, baking, ironing, general cleaning, nursing and tending of children—a load far beyond any necessity, and laid on them through the selfishness of others. We have men and women goaded to madness by poverty and

its accompaniments; till its outcome, crime, sends them to prisons, in which seldom is it remembered that the inmate is a human being; and never is the temptation well considered. We have suicides; deaths not self-inflicted, the outcome of hunger, cold and want; we have animals tortured day and night, with the most horrible ingenuity that the debased imagination can invent; we have rabbits coursed and torn to pieces by our working men, hares, stags and foxes hunted and torn to pieces or preserved for a further chase by our gentlefolks, and legalised under the name of SPORT. More still, we have horses done to death in our streets; animals, birds and fowls conveyed from place to place and slaughtered under circumstances of excruciating suffering for purposes of food. We have our song birds trapped and caged; many sold for food all over the country, and all these with no one in power to hold out a staying hand. Is all this needful? Have we any excuse to offer for *this*, but a small part of the indictment, against the country we vaunt as the land of the free. Well may we shrink and bow our heads in craven fear when called upon to go forth to the defence of our cruelly slaughtered fellow Christians. Christians do we call ourselves? Woe unto us, whited sepulchres, hypocrites. Woe unto us because of the unburied bones of our tortured and dead.

We need not delay our movement to the rescue, while we ask these questions and contemplate our shame. Let us take the mote out of our own eye by all means, but let us take it out as we march, while our feet hasten, while our hands are stretched out and our voices utter the protest our swords shall enforce if need be. In this action every soul must join,

"For the deeds we do together are what saves the world to-day,
By the common public life we stand or fall,
And our fraction of the sin, of the office we are in
Is the sin that's going to damn us after all."

Women's Educational & Industrial Union, 405, OXFORD STREET.

A COURSE of Lectures in connection with the moral and spiritual development department will be given on Wednesdays, commencing October 14th, at 8.30 p.m.

The Lectures for the second half course are as follows:—

October 14th (4 or 4.30 p.m.), "The Women of India: their true position in History and Religion," Swami Vivekananda; October 21st, "The Women of Palestine: their life of to-day," illustrated by models and photographs, Miss Kate Sachs (late of the C.M.S.); October 28th, "A Humanitarian Age," Mr. Washington Sullivan; November 11th, and 18th, "Shelley's Relations with Women," the Rev. A. Leslie Lilley.

Tickets, 2s. 6d., 1s., members half price. May be obtained of the Secretary, Miss A. M. Callow, at the above address. Afternoon tea, 6d.

AN EASY WAY OF LEARNING MUSIC.

THE attention of readers is called specially to the articles on Musical Notation in these columns, in a series of three, May, June and September, 1896. The subject is worthy of careful study, and will repay those who will give to it the attention it deserves. It is a well-known fact to many among us that we have spent too much time, and given too close study, to the ways of learning, which seemed to promise enlightenment. We begin to see that there does exist after all a Royal Road to Knowledge; though there be few who find it.

THE KEYBOARD MODULATOR AND SCALE CHART with explanation is on sale at the office of SHAFTS, 11, Westbere Road, West Hampstead, N.W., for the very simple charge of 2d. each copy. If bought in numbers of from four upwards, for distribution, a liberal deduction will be made.

Pioneer Club.

LONDON, 22, BRUTON STREET, W.

THIS column is reserved for the announcement of the lectures, debates, discussions, meetings of other societies, or extra lectures and meetings, which take place regularly, or may take place by arrangement at the Pioneer Club. For (possibly) the announcement of any change in the constitutions or locality of the Club, or any other matter it may be deemed advisable to give notice of.

Tuesday afternoons are reserved for social gatherings of members and their friends.

On the first Tuesday of each month, a programme of music, singing and recitation is arranged, to which also guests may be invited.

AUTUMN SESSION, 1896.

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

TO BE OPENED BY PAPER OR OTHERWISE.

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

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

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

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

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

Nov. 5th.—"That the English kitchen is the Valhalla of false Gods." Debate opened by Mrs. Norman. Miss Rust to oppose. Mrs. Leighton in the chair. Or: "What constitutes Sanity." Discussion opened by Miss Holden.

Nov. 12th.—"That it is expedient to give increased help to the Voluntary Schools on condition of greater efficiency and Audit of Accounts." Debate opened by Mrs. Russell Cooke. H. J. Gibbs, Esq. to oppose. Mrs. Morgan Dockrell in the chair.

Nov. 19th.—"Recent attempted encroachments on Individual Freedom." Debate opened by A. Sieveking, Esq. Miss March Phillips to oppose. Viscountess Harberton in the chair.

Oct. 26th.—"The Humour of Women." Debate opened by Barry Pain, Esq. Mrs. Brownlow to oppose. Mrs. Holroyd Chaplin in the chair.

Dec. 3rd.—"The Immorality of a pocket money wage." Debate opened by Mrs. Brownlow. Miss Heather Bigg to oppose. Miss Balmorie in the chair.

Dec. 10th.—"Women and commercial enterprise." Lecture by Mrs. Headlam followed by discussion. (Women only.) The President in the chair.

Dec. 17th.—"The case for Christian Socialism." Debate opened by the Rev. T. C. Fry, D.D. J. H. Levy, Esq., to oppose. Mrs. Brownlow in the chair.

Among the Pioneers are workers for women suffrage, for the constantly rising needs of humanity, and for animals. Women rich, women poor, and women who "live contentedly between" these conditions. There are women advanced to the very limits of the times, and women who still hug the delusions of the past; women who are slowly awakening, and women who see ahead of them the shining gleam of the illimitable distances; women who cannot see beyond to-morrow's dinner, and women who feel the scales dropping from their eyes. There are old, young and middle-aged teachers who sit humbly at others' feet and learn; and would-be teachers who forget to learn and are therefore but blind leaders; teachers who have just found out that a teacher needs more to be taught than any other. In short the Club is a gathering together of human beings, living human lives, all ranging themselves to every note in the scale of earnestness; all seeking more or less the light they have found needful. The results to be produced by the gathering together of such women, future years will declare.

What is Marriage?

THE word marriage is a somewhat indefinite one, being used in different senses. Its most usual meaning may be defined as "The association of a man and woman for sexual cohabitation in manner approved by the custom of their country." But even when the word has been defined the difficulties of its use are not yet overcome. Marriage in this sense has different meanings in different countries, at different periods and by different religions.

And apart from these differences it must be remembered that in our own country and at the present time marriage is the effect, not of one, but of several distinct ties. For instance, there is the natural tie, that of affection, which may bind a man and woman in a union stronger and more complete than any bonds which the Law can forge.

Indeed, so long as proper affection exists between a husband and wife they are independent of marriage laws. The law cannot unite those who are already united. The aid of the Courts is not needed to settle disputes where no disputes can exist.

In Paraguay, when legal and religious marriage was abolished by the dictator, Francis, the abolition made little if any difference in the domestic life of the people, who proved practically that husbands and wives can be faithful and happy without having made public vows, or entered into legal bonds.

Then there is the religious tie, which varies, of course, according to the conscience and creed of the parties. Thus a Roman Catholic wife might be debarred by her conscience from obtaining divorce under circumstances where the law would grant it.

There is the tie of custom. The marriages of deceased wife's sisters are instances of this tie existing without the religious or legal ones. Social opinion so far recognises such marriages as to give them a binding force which it would need a bold man to disregard. And there is the legal tie.

Hence it is essential to any clear discussion of marriage that it should be well understood in what sense the word is used.

The object of this paper is to explain the nature of the legal tie, and the word is hereafter used by me to signify the legal tie only.

It will assist in comprehension of our present marriage laws if we remember that marriage amongst our Saxon ancestors was originally a mere sale of the wife to the husband for so many cattle or other goods.

The formalities attending the transaction and some of its incidents have since been modified, but in substance marriage remains the same—a sale of the woman to the husband, the chief difference being that nowadays the wife sells herself, instead of being sold.

The husband by the transaction acquires a property in the wife, the price he pays being an undertaking to provide her with a maintenance so long as he and she both live.

The property acquired by the husband in the wife gives him the right to the use of her person—a right which he may exercise by force without being liable to prosecution for rape. If the wife were to defend herself by leaving him this would constitute such a breach of the contract as to forfeit her right to the consideration money.

The wife must live with the husband at whatever home he chooses. The wife's work, unless he permits her to carry on a separate business, belongs to the husband, so that if she acts as his clerk or housekeeper she acquires no right to remuneration; if she assists in or entirely manages his business, she acquires no right to any share of the profits.

The maintenance which is the consideration for this sale is of a somewhat indefinite nature. Until this year the wife had no direct means of enforcing it, unless deserted. It may consist only of the bare necessities of life. Its amount is not affected by the wife's conduct, whether her work is worth more or less, or nothing, her rights are still the same, being the consideration not for her work but for her sale. And the

right to maintenance ceases on the death either of herself or her husband. As in a sale of land certain covenants are usually either expressed or implied, so there are implied covenants in marriage.

Both parties are held to covenant not to desert one another, or to commit adultery or cruelty. It is worth while to notice the difference between what constitutes desertion by the owner and the owned. Desertion by the husband means to go where the wife *cannot* follow him. Desertion by the wife means to go where the husband *does not choose* to follow her.

Breach of either the essential terms of the contract or of the implied covenants will be a ground for entire or partial rescission of the contract, an aggrieved wife being released from her husband's control, or an aggrieved husband from his liability to maintenance; and since the law has given up trying to enforce specific performance of the contract of marriage, such partial or entire rescission is the only penalty for breach of its terms. Promise of marriage bears the same relation to marriage that an informal contract for the sale of land bears to the conveyance, and an action for breach of promise of marriage is similar in principle to an action for breach of such an informal contract.

It is important to notice that the terms of marriage are invariable. A man and woman who do not like these terms and wish to improve upon them, can only do so by avoiding legal marriage.

It is true that marriage may be accompanied by settlements of property, by either party in favour of the other, or by any agreement as to financial matters, and the sale of the wife's person on the one hand or the undertaking for maintenance on the other, are considered valuable considerations for the purpose of supporting such agreements, but it is certain, whatever effect, for instance, an agreement to make the wife a partner in the husband's business might have in constituting a debt from husband to wife, neither this nor any other agreement would free the wife from the husband's rights over her person, nor the husband from his liability for maintenance.

It should be observed, however, that marriage by our law is not compulsory. People who live together as husband and wife without a marriage ceremony, are doing nothing illegal. But any agreement made by them to bind one another to continue cohabitation, or setting a price on such cohabitation, would be void. It is only in its own way that the law will recognise sexual intercourse as a matter of bargain and sale.

The effect of omitting the ceremony of marriage will be in some respects advantageous to both parties. The man will avoid incurring the risk of having to maintain the woman after she has turned out to be unworthy of his assistance.

On the other hand, the woman loses her right of maintenance but retains her freedom. Her person is her own property, and she retains the right to guard it from being made the toy of depraved passions. Her work is also her own property, and she retains the right to exact a fair remuneration from the man she lives with for all she does for him, or to earn her living elsewhere, without his consent. She is also entitled to the custody and control of her own children, which the married mother, except under special circumstances, and by a special order of a court, is not.

I have already pointed out that where two people are bound by affection, it makes no difference to them whether the legal bond of marriage exists or not; but when affection has ceased to exist, then the mistress is, in law, as superior in position to the wife as a free woman compared to a harem slave.

But, of course, in comparing the effect of marriage with non-marriage, it is important to consider not only the position of the parties but also of their children. The difference in law between legitimate and illegitimate children is considerable compared with the differences made between them by social opinion.

The legitimate child has the right to a bare maintenance (not to the luxuries and comforts that he generally receives), as against both his parents, whatever his age, whilst unable

to maintain himself. But it is a right which he has no means of enforcing without the intervention of third parties; for instance, the Poor Law Guardians. And, on the other hand, this right is balanced by a corresponding liability for the maintenance of his parents.

The illegitimate child has neither the right nor the liability as regards his father, but his mother is entitled to apply for an order against the father, if the latter neglects his natural obligations, to contribute towards the maintenance of the child until an age (sixteen) at which he may be presumed capable of earning his living.

The most important legal advantage of the legitimate child is the right to share in his father's estate if the latter dies intestate; but since a father may, by his will, either defeat the rights of his legitimate child or provide for his illegitimate one, it is evident that this advantage is only occasional and accidental.

To sum up, if marriage were to go out of fashion, as it might do without any change in the law; and if, as would be the natural consequence, extra-legal unions were recognised, and illegitimate children generally acknowledged, the practical difference to the great majority of people would be none whatever. Those who now live together from motives of affection, religion, or regard for appearances, would still do so, and the rights of children would be then, as now, far more effectually maintained by affection, and by respect for public opinion, than by law.

But in that minority of cases where dissensions or cruelty occur, the injured party, to whom the marriage law now gives no protection, would be able to protect herself or himself by separation and would usually be able to obtain far more equitable terms of separation, as to financial matters, than under the present system. CHAS. M. BEAUMONT.

The Picture.

AN ALLEGORY.

ONCE, in a certain hall, there hung a beautiful and marvellous picture, where all people might see it, and which had the power of inspiring them with grand and noble thoughts to help and encourage them in their daily toils and temptations.

One day two friends entered the hall, one fair, the other dark. They came hand in hand to see the masterpiece, and to feel the joy of its inspiration. After gazing a little while in silence, the fair one said, "Is it not wonderful?—the form so graceful, the colour such a pure and lovely green?"

Then a change came over the face of her friend, who replied, "Why do you say green? Can you not see that it is to the exquisite blending of the many shades of red that the picture owes its wonderful colour effect?"

Said the other, "How can you say such a thing? You are trifling, and I should never have thought that you would trifle on such a sacred subject as this picture. It is green, and nothing but green, and you know it."

The dark girl looked a little scornful, and said, "I should advise you to have something done to your eyes; why, you must be colour-blind, anybody can see that this painting is red; and the form is rugged and awful rather than graceful."

Then the wrath of the first speaker rose still higher, she maintained that she was right, and accused the other of a wilful desire to mislead. Their tones grew louder and louder, the fair one getting every minute more angry, the dark one more scornful, and soon they ceased even to look at the subject of their difference, but stood there quarrelling with aching hearts and distorted faces.

Meanwhile, a tall figure approached them, and laid a hand on their shoulders, saying, "Hush! poor misguided children, you are wrangling about that which you cannot understand. Listen now to me, for I have been especially chosen by the artist to expound that picture. I tell you not to trust to your own eyes, but only to mine, and I tell you that you are both wrong. The wonderful work is blue, all blue. Oh that

people would cease looking for themselves and rest content with what I can tell them. To me has been revealed the true colour and form and the meanings of them."

Even while he was speaking and the two friends were listening in doubt and self-distrust, there strode up to them another figure, dark and sombre, who exclaimed, "Cease thou to mislead these children! Is it not enough that thou art in error thyself, for which thou must surely suffer torment, but thou must needs go up and down, spreading error among others to their everlasting ruin? Know ye that the form in this picture is terrible, and the colour black. It is impious to say otherwise, and ye are possessed of devils to say it is red, or green, or blue. Therefore tremble, and pray that this falsehood may depart from you."

Then the souls of the two women were much troubled, and their minds were perplexed.

They looked around them, and saw that many people were gathered in front of the picture, and that these were divided into many groups, gesticulating, shouting, and quarrelling. For the most part the people did not wait to look up themselves, but listened to the leaders of the first group they came to, and if these said "The colour is green" or "It is yellow" they answered "Yes," and joined the group, shouting with the rest. Some looked hastily on the picture and then said to themselves, "It is blue" or, maybe, "It is brown," and forthwith their voices were added to the tumult.

The two friends shuddered as they further observed that men fought, and killed their fellows for shouting a different colour from themselves. They saw mothers weeping because their children had left them saying, "We have looked at the picture, mother, and it appears to us quite different from what you say it is." They saw people stand on the threshold of the building, and they heard them say, "There is nothing beautiful in here; it must be some hideous falsehood to cause all this strife and misery. We will none of it." They saw them turn away again with bitter disappointment in their faces, and contemptuous words on their lips.

Then the two friends looked at one another sadly, and the impatient one said—"We will leave this place at once, never to enter it again. It has loosened our bond of friendship, and now, alas, we must go our ways and do our work apart as best we may."

"No, no," said the other, "do not let this separate us, who were never separated before. This picture, it is true, appears one thing to you and another thing to me; but let us still come and look at it together unheeding the noise of strife; and so perhaps we may feel its beauty sink into our souls as it did when first we entered here. I cannot understand how you can see the opposite of what I see; but, oh, let us trust one another a little."

Her friend answered with shining eyes, "You are right; we will try."

So they went out to their work, returning often hand in hand to gain courage and joy from the study of the great masterpiece.

Once, while they were gazing in silence, unheeding the conflict around them, they caught the sound of a wonderful voice still and small, which said—"Oh children! my children! why will you strive and suffer so needlessly? Can you not learn each your own lesson with joy, trusting one another until your eyes are further opened. Poor little souls! you are refusing the joy that is meant for you all. The united strength of all is so sorely needed to fight the powers of selfishness and cruelty and to gain the higher levels to which all must attain."

The friends said to one another, "That is the voice of the artist; we shall one day understand our differences."

Not long after this the two women were changed, and became invisible to those they loved. But, though unseen they were often present. One day they went together to see the beloved picture; and then, at last they understood what before had puzzled them. Their eyes were opened, and they saw that both of them had been right.

Said the fair one, "Ah, now I see the wondrous red of which you spoke." The other replied, "Yes, we both were

right, and all these others, who truly looked were also right. See the marvellous blending of all forms and colours into the beautiful and harmonious whole. What happiness to see it!"

And they stood long, drinking in the beauty with a deep rapture they had not known before. The name of that picture was Truth. APIS MELLIFICA.

An Hour with the Blue Butterflies.

BLUE flowers growing in the smooth, sweet-smelling turf, blue stones, looking like jewels thrown carelessly down, lying here and there, blue butterflies flitting from flower to flower, and over all the blue sky!

From a distance, from the village below, the Downs look greenly purple, but when one is on them blue seems the prevailing colour. Golden dandelions and hawkweed are scattered among the blue and tiny white flowers, white and pink-tipped daisies grow here, but blue, varying from the delicate blue of the harebell to the royal blue-purple of the thistle and rampion, is the colour with which earth's robe is most splendidly embroidered upon the lovely Downs of Sussex.

It is a glorious morning, late in spring, or indeed early in summer, as tired by my walk I throw myself down on the turf, and speculate as to the cause of this wonderful blueness. I am high up—far away the sea is shining in the sun; the sea is blue, and fades away into the sky. The villages below and the large town in the distance, all are enwrapped in a blue haze. There is something, a breath, a thrill, a vague, shadowy, spiritual feeling in this glory of colour which calms and invigorates me. For it is a *glory!* Blue alone would be cold; lightened and warmed with the sun's radiance, the sense of light and rest is inexpressible! My friend takes out her book and begins to read, but soon gives up the attempt and sits gazing out to sea with wistful eyes, while I think of Longfellow's poem, "O gift of God! O perfect day!" and think that at last even for my restless, troubled spirit, it is enough "Not to be doing, but to be!"

Presently out of the "happy throng of thoughts" I have one concerning the dainty blue butterflies hovering about us, and adding their touch of gentle life to the stillness of the scene. So I proceed to unfold it to my companion, who seems strangely silent and still.

She has been watching the tiny blue things, and has been speaking of the harmony of colour in which they have their part, and she also has been wondering as to its cause. That there is some scientific reason for it, I know, but not the reason itself, so Dame Fancy whispers one to me, and I pass it on to my companion for her consideration.

"Thousands and thousands of years ago," I say, "the flowers here were all white, like this tiny one under this leaf. But the blue sky was always above them, no tall plants or grasses to shade them from its glory, and so, from always reflecting it, they too became blue as the sky above them. Were they content? No! they longed to reach the sky, poor things, and so all day they sighed, and all night, instead of sleeping, they tried to grow taller, tried to leave the earth and reach the sky. And at last they cried out to the sun and said, 'Thou art strong and dost rule over all things. Give to us wings as the birds have, that we may reach the sky!' The Sun did not answer, so they cried again. Again and again, all day and all night long, they cried, until, at last, the dark clouds gathered round muttering that as the butterflies were not content with the life given them, and would not grow quietly in the place marked out, the Sun would grant their desire, and give to some of their number what they had prayed for, wings.

"So to the strongest and most discontented, wings were given, and one day they left the green earth, and flew away, up, out of sight, into the sky. The rest of the flowers waited silently and eagerly, until the evening, when, tired and scorched, the winged ones returned, crying, 'Oh, sisters and brothers, live patiently here below. The sky is so bare and the Sun so terrible that we cannot approach it. See! Our

wings are scorched and we can never fly high again, and we would not if we could! All the kind, gentle breezes, and the Sun-rays that we can bear, come to us here, on this earth. Up there the wind is strong and carries us along with it; and if one could beat through it, beyond is the terrible glory of the Sun!' so the flowers were content, and the butterflies rested until their wings were healed and strong again. Now they never fly high, and they spend their lives down here among their sisters and brothers, the flowers."

We were silent for a time, and then my friend said in a low tone, as if thinking out loud, "Yet—if I had been one of those butterflies, I would have gone on and on, never caring if the light and glory shrivelled and scorched my wings, so that I reached the Sun at last."

"And suppose," I said, "your wings were quite burnt! What then?"

"Then," she answered, "I should have fallen, dead! The fall would have killed me! Better to die than stay and be ever content with this earth-life!"

One of the butterflies flitted by. Was it fancy, or did I really hear a tiny murmur, sweet, yet discontented.

I look at my friend as she sits, still gazing out to sea.

When God's time comes she will fly and "not be weary," and her wings shall bear her on and on until she sees God's face, whatever that may mean, but it must be in God's time, not before! And so, although my heart failed me for one moment, as I thought of the terrible flight through the fierce wind, cold, and heat, I am able to hope, nay, to know, that all will be well with us all when we take our flight higher leaving this earth below. G. ANDREWS.

Women's Suffrage in Liverpool.

At the conclusion of the British Association Congress held in the above town, a meeting on the Enfranchisement of Women, under the joint auspices of the Liverpool and Birkenhead Women's Suffrage Societies, was held in the Pictorial Hall. The Rev. J. O. Bevan, examiner of schools for the College of Preceptors, occupied the chair, and an excellent and most comprehensive address was given by Mrs. Charlotte Carmichael Stopes, in which she showed the privileges which women had formerly enjoyed, and urged her hearers to agitate for a renewal of these ancient rights. She considered the question of Women's Suffrage to be even more important than any of the subjects which had been before the British Association, and that this remark received no sign of dissent from her hearers is a fact to be noted, in an audience composed largely of members of the above-named association.

A discussion followed, in which Mr. J. Brough, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Philosophy at Aberystwith University College, and Miss Harriet Johnston, took part on the affirmative side, after which the following resolution was proposed by Miss Wilson, seconded by Miss Diemore, and carried by an overwhelming majority:

"That the Parliamentary Franchise is a matter of pressing importance to women, and should be granted to them on the same terms as it is, or may be, granted to men."

Mr. W. C. Clothier moved an amendment:

"That the Franchise being granted to women would not lead to the domestic peace of households." The amendment was lost, only five voting in its favour; and hearty thanks to Mrs. Stopes, and a brief reply from the lecturer, brought the proceedings to a close.

An amusing mistake (whether accidental or of set purpose we know not) was made by the reporter of the Liverpool *Daily Post*, the account of the meeting stating that Mr. Clothier's amendment ran thus:

"That granting the Franchise to women would not lead to the domestic peace of householders."

We cannot help surmising that our reporter was not only a wit, but was in favour of the original resolution, as the mistake is rather too *à propos* to be entirely unpremeditated!

Pioneer Club Records.

"The first thing one notes," says Mrs. Farnham, "in looking to the old dispensation on the subject of woman, is the declaration never yet contradicted by sentiment, reason, or science, which places woman at the head of the organic creation, viz., that she was the last created member of it—its crown and perfection. And among all the forms of life which our knowledge of natural science and the laws of modification have enabled us to produce, nothing transcending her has ever appeared. New fishes, insects, birds and beasts, have come into the scale; new sub-varieties of the human appear as the more marked varieties mix; but Woman stands always at the head in organic gifts and perfections. The biblical statement (a man's account too by the way) implies that she was doubly removed from crude nature, in being made of matter already refined by its employment in the structure of man. The creative energy rested, we are told, after producing Woman, rested in the repose of a climax attained."

Most thinkers at this period of the world's history take a view more consistent with reason in regard to the theory of creation than those of a time gone by. But what this Genesis account, and in fact, what any and all of the old writings show so plainly, is, the *idea* of woman existent in the human mind, notably in the male mind, for most of the writers of the earlier periods were males. It is really the profound conviction of a woman's superiority which his mind has conceived and cannot lose, which makes a man fight so hard against her claim to a free and fair field; for each man feels that, opportunity given, nothing can stop woman's progress; each man has a tolerably good idea to what such progress will lead. A blind selfishness in most cases, working against themselves though they know it not, causes men to cry out, to agitate, to utter the most ridiculous assertions, false to all truth and reason; though men deem themselves of all living creatures the most logical.

Such thoughts occur to us in the re-opening of the debates of a club of women, among whom are many who strive, who have striven, in season and out of season, through many long and weary years for that key to opportunity, the Suffrage; yet have striven in vain, owing to the *weak cowardice* of men, fearful of losing all, should another share it; and the *weak toadying* of women to a seeming power which they are not wise enough to see that it rests with themselves to overturn. And so both keep back the day of awakening, the day of grace which shall come nevertheless, and prove to all how foolish were their fears, how blind the surface beliefs which had no place in their inner consciousness; no place in those deep depths of being, where only truths can be assimilated. It is the earnest hope of many Pioneers that the Club may grow in power as the seasons pass, till each Pioneer shall become in herself a mighty moving force for the upholding of Truth and divine Love; the destruction of every form of error, ever creative of despotic tyranny.

The debates were renewed on the first of this month, and the Pioneers welcomed as lecturer on the occasion Mrs. Ormiston Chant, a woman well known as an ardent worker in the cause of the advance of women, in the cause of Purity, and of Temperance. She had elected to prove "That a professional career does not unfit a woman for domestic life." In reporting a speech we miss sorely the expression, the action, which points so surely what is said; Mrs. Chant's words were listened to with the gravest attention.

She said, a professional career did not mean simply doing public work. After sixty years of unparalleled progress there were now very few professions that were not open to women. When a woman could preach three times on every Sunday in the year and be paid for it, she might claim to be a professional preacher. The great mistake had been in not settling first how far domestic life was compulsory upon every woman. It might be said a professional career did not unfit some women, but others; it was bound to unfit some, otherwise they would not be fit for their professional career. She had had the great advantage of not having been a rich woman. Often after three not short sermons on the Sunday, she had done domestic work on the Monday morn-

ing. She believed in the value of manual labour as an offset to overstrung nerves.

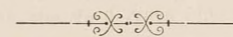
It would have been an abominable thing on the part of the Almighty to have given to woman eloquence, musical genius, the gift of painting, etc., if the laws of her being were to restrain all exercise of such powers. What did domestic life imply for unmarried women? It need not necessarily mean anything more than the roof-tree under which were gathered those tender and beautiful sentiments which make us beautiful creatures in our out-door life. In mixing among middle-class women she had often thought how many a splendid professional had been lost to the world, and also a much-to-be-desired companion for both husband and children because the fine brain and delicate hands had been used up in work which could have been quite satisfactorily done by a person of lesser capacity and more suited to her work. She thought both boys and girls should be made capable all round and able to do *anything*, domestic or public, that came in their way. Home was the place in which everything that was most beautiful in the human character was cultivated, to be later poured into the world beyond. She had known many cases where it would have been better had the mother of the family had a profession into which to throw her energies. A brilliant, tender and affectionate mother was often at a discount through not having some outside channel into which to turn some of her powers. If the strength of a great character was confined within too small a place and the wide outlook narrowed down, it was bound to have an undue influence on the weaker characters with whom it came into daily contact. Stified in domestic affairs, order and cleanliness at last often became a mania, and it was forgotten that the human being was inexpressibly of more value than any carpets, tables, chairs, etc. The work of the house required to be looked at from the outside as well as from the inside. From the point of view of the education of the domestic woman, an outside experience would be found to be a great educator.

There is perhaps nothing in this world so disastrously wicked as to bring up the girls of a family without a trade or calling of some kind at their command. No doors should be shut upon women who wanted to follow a professional career. After all the greatest work in the whole world was that of moulding and training the citizens of the next generation. The strongest impressions of life were imprinted upon the heart before the age of seven. It was not worth while, unless calamity compelled it, that the child should be dominated and moulded by any other than the mother, the life-giver. She thought as greater advantages were given to women, that incapable and incompetent mothers would grow fewer and fewer in number. No mother could be really incompetent who was deeply imbued with the value of her children. It was the soul, at the back of things, that lifted or oppressed humanity. In the house there must be somebody to keep things up to time, but this person need not be the mother. If the mother were successful in her profession she could easily secure a timekeeper for the home. A professional singer she had known, brought up a family of six or seven and gave them all an education and a start in life, with the proceeds of her work, such as it would have been impossible for them to have received if the small earnings of the father had been all they had had to depend upon. Again, how much better that the mother should have command of some source of revenue in the event of the death or disablement of the father, than that herself and her children should be rendered destitute. Deeper down than the relations of mother and father, wife and husband, sister and brother, there was a great meaning underlying our being on this planet, and our education by this life. This marvellous mysterious wonder was the training of the human soul that has come from somewhere, and has some destiny awaiting it to be fulfilled. The next life of each soul will be the outcome of its doings in this. Her thoughts had come to her by living and loving and being in earnest. How could we reconcile all the facts of existence

if we did not know consciously and unconsciously, that there was this wonderful fact of the progress of the soul. The feminine part of the household never started the ideal of comfort for themselves, they had to take that which was shaped for them. Now that women had become sufficiently free to understand what freedom meant, they would no longer be oppressed. She concluded by asserting that domestic life must be suited to the professional career, and not the professional career ruined to suit the domestic life; brains, like milk, were apt to go bad if not used.

Mr. Mead, on Oct. 8th, brought before the Pioneers that subject above all others the most interesting—the condition of the spirit after what seems the death of the body, the ending of one stage of evolution.

The second of the opening debates of the Autumn Session was greatly saddened by the news of the illness of the President. The feelings evinced by the Pioneers, showed, not only how greatly the President was beloved, but how disastrous would be her loss to the Club; we dared hardly ask ourselves what might be the effect of such a calamity, but the thought lay in every heart. And well might this be so, for in its founding, and now, the Pioneers owe more to the founder than can perhaps ever be fully understood. Strange as it may appear, none know better, nay, nor so well as the doers of such noble deeds (as this creation of a club for women), what the final and full outcome of their acts may be, and perhaps not even they, for one noble deed creates another, and up the shining heights of progress we go, never realising how far we have gone, until suddenly turning round in a luminous pause, we see afar down the way up which we have toiled, the first movement made by some one, or some few brave hearts from which have sprung overwhelming results, we behold all around us, results which have filled our lives with light, liberty, truth. Let us not fear to praise too much, or to send forth too freely, the grateful aroma of our hearts to those who help the world on its way, for praise ungrudgingly given and truly felt, honours and ennobles those who give as well as those who receive.



Many Things.

Mrs. FLORENCE HORATIA SUCKLING sends forth to the reading and lecturing Humanitarian world a great boon in the shape of a series of lectures on the cat, and we believe, other animals. These before us are simply capital. Written, not as complete, but to help those who wish to lecture on animals. Nothing could be better than this idea, and the way in which it is carried out in this pamphlet. We are told of many noted persons who held the cat in high esteem, among these, Petrarch, Cardinal Wolsey, Rousseau, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Johnson, Madame Henriette Romer, the famous cat painter, Turner, Richelieu, Cowper, Sir David Brewster.

Extracts have been made use of from the works of Mrs. C. Bray, Miss E. Carrington, Canon Erskine Clarke, Mr. J. Colam, Mr. G. B. Nicholson, also illustrations from the *Animal World* and *Chatterbox*. The book besides being invaluable as a help in lecturing, will prove equally invaluable for being read aloud to children by their mothers during that exquisite time known as "The Children's Hour." Well shall it be in the future of our cruel world, for those children who shall be so instructed by their mothers, and well also for the animals who may come into their care. Have we such mothers?

All lovers of animals ought to read *Three Reasons for Humanity to Animals*, by Frances Power Cobbe; printed by Pewtress & Co., 28, Little Queen Street, London, W.C. It is an admirable article, delivered in the first place as a lecture, interesting and touching in the extreme. Whoso readeth let her understand.

Mrs. M. S. Wolstenholme of Dulwich, N.S.W., has just published a pamphlet entitled *Woman Suffrage, a refutation and an appeal*, in the title page of which she styles herself "A citizen who has no vote." It is well worth reading, and full of new and noble ideas. Mrs. Wolstenholme was for some time the editor of a woman's paper called *The Woman's Voice*, a capital little paper, but doomed as so many women's papers are, to expire for want of money. This sort of thing is a disgrace to women, who ought to do their very best to help any paper working for the help of woman and working so well. Until women are not only ready, but eager to support and uphold the existence of such papers, their progress will be retarded, because they cannot be ready for the light that comes to waiting souls.

Leaflets are being issued in London and the provinces, under the title *Registration, Women Occupiers and their Votes*. It is published by the Hon. Sec. of the Paddington Women's Liberal Association, Miss Annie Brown; 5s. per 500, postage 9d; 1s. 1d. per 100, postage 3d; 7d. per 50, postage 2d. Larger numbers lower prices. It ought to be largely bought by women who can afford it, and distributed.

A National Council of Women has been formed in New Zealand of which Mrs. K. Sheppard has been elected president.

New Zealand is the first country in the world which has witnessed a number of organisations of enfranchised women evincing an intelligent interest in political subjects and planning what is really a "National Council of Women" at which public questions are to be debated with a view to general enlightenment and the advancement of the country's best interests. The series of meetings mark an epoch in the movement of women towards full political rights, and will be, to a certain extent, prophetic of the time when women will have a recognised position in the councils of every civilised nation. The delegates attending the Convention will be women of the best type, chosen for their intellectual powers and their mastery of public questions.

With regard to this Convention, a writer remarks—

"With the composition and objects of the Convention we have entire sympathy, and we anticipate the best results from its deliberations. In arranging the programme of subjects to be considered, the women have shown a commendable freedom from all narrowing influences either of sex or political party. Only a small proportion of the subjects set down for discussion are purely women's questions, and though the titles of some of the papers to be read are suggestive of advanced Liberalism, we have no doubt that the matters will be debated quite apart from their bearing upon party politics, and that every shade of opinion will have free expression and a respectful hearing.

"It cannot be charged against those who have organised the Convention that they have formed a low estimate of the mental power and capacity for work of the representative women of New Zealand. There are three sittings for business on all the six days save two, when mild relaxation is proposed in the form of a garden party to take the place of an afternoon session, and a conversazione to close the series of meetings on Saturday evening. This is an example of severe application to business which speaks well for the probable influence of women's earnestness and tenacity of purpose in the field of politics. May the result justify the anticipation!"

The series of books published under the title of *Animal Life Readers*, is calculated to do an immense amount of good. Were mothers to make such books as these and *The Animal's Friend*, *Animal World*, *Animal's Guardian*, familiar household reading, we should hear less of vivisection in the next generation, for we should produce an army of generous, determined crusaders who would soon oust it from the land. Read *The Animals on Strike* and the rest of the series.

A SERIES of lectures (free), by Margaret Shurmer Sibthorp (editor of *SHAFTS*), will be given at Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C., on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month, at 7.30 p.m.

SHAFTS Women in Council meet at the office of *SHAFTS* on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in each month from 3.30 to 5 p.m.

Reviews.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE VACCINATED, by Joseph Collinson. (Published for the Humanitarian League by William Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C. H. and H. Bonner, Took's Court, Cursitor Street, E.C. 1896.)

We earnestly recommend this book, and hope it will be read carefully and with an unbiassed mind by vaccinators and anti-vaccinators. It contains much that will confirm and instruct those working against this evil, loathsome practice, also will furnish them with arguments ready for use on the subject. Many persons honestly opposed to this custom and having thought the matter over carefully, often find notwithstanding a difficulty in expressing their opposition reasonably at the right moment. This book will help them. It is calmly and dispassionately written, and should be kept as a text or handbook, a ready-reference. Mr. Ernest Bell in his position as preface writer says some wise things. Sarcastic truly, but nevertheless true. We cannot do better than quote from them:—

"There seems to be much conflicting evidence on both sides which certainly should not be left to mere experts to investigate, but the fact that the medical profession 'almost to a man' was for so many years in favour of vaccination is surely a rather strong indictment against the practice. It is contrary to universal experience that any large body of men should be unanimous in choosing that which is right merely because it is so, and the medical profession is especially famous for its differences of opinion on all questions.

"The eager advocacy of the *British Medical Journal* is also an unfortunate fact for the vaccinists, as that journal seems instinctively to get on the wrong side where moral questions are at stake. The case of cholera inoculation, which is somewhat similar to the vaccination for small-pox, is an instance in point." He concludes: "It seems highly desirable that the question should be temperately discussed, and if possible that the whole matter should be investigated by a Commission composed of persons of wholly unbiassed minds, who have nothing to gain or lose by their decision either way, and who should take ample time—say, not exceeding six years—to make up their minds." And makes the following admirable suggestions: "In the meantime, is there any reason against allowing those who like vaccination to be vaccinated, those who like re-vaccination to be carefully 'protected' annually, and those who do not like either to be left alone? If any little casualties should happen in either party they would be pleased to bear them for the sake of their principles, and the opposing party would, in either case, find consolation in the thought that there were a few foolish people less in the world. As to the children who, in either case, have most to suffer, I fear that in this matter, as in many others from birth upwards, they have, and must have, to suffer for the folly and ignorance of their parents."

Mr. Collinson exclaims, "What it costs to be vaccinated!" He gives us some of the costs:—

"There is the cost of parents' self-respect and happiness, when compelled to submit their children's purity of blood to a foul, stupid contamination. The cost of ill-health to the child, frequently permanent, the moral cost to the nation, the cost of countless sufferings inflicted on lower animals by the twin sciences vaccination and vivisection, for we may be sure that for every human who is compulsorily inoculated, some non-human has been the subject of murderous experimentation."

It is humiliating, painful in the extreme, to think that people have accepted for so many years vaccine matter as coming from the cow, and have never asked themselves how is it that cows in such numbers suffer sufficiently to supply this loathsome matter to our use.

Mr. Collinson is a frequent, honest and sincere writer against many abuses. If he does not succeed in destroying wrong doing as fully as he desires, and as speedily, he may well console himself by the reflection that to none of us

is that reward of work given; also, that he is certainly sowing seed possessing within itself a life-power sufficient to defy all influences threatening its growth, and certainly sooner or later his efforts will culminate in results, surpassing perhaps, even his own hopes, wide and far reaching as they are. For we never destroy merely. In all destruction there is the reaction of creation, and we may rejoice in the certain hope that out of the death of this universal and miserable mistake of cure by inoculation, shall arise a new power of life capable also of slaying that hideous giant Vivisection! whose noxious life is so closely associated with inoculation.

Mr. Collinson closes his thoughtful essay in words not to be lightly passed by; they demand "the immediate abrogation of the iniquitous penal laws enforced by the Acts of Parliament of 1853-1867 and 1871, together with the disestablishment and disendowment by the government of the practice of Vaccination."

He goes on to say:—

"Parliament has no right of assault whatever, under pretence of the Public Health; nor any the more against the body of a healthy infant than, as Professor Newman says, against the body of a healthy man" (or woman we suppose). "To forbid perfect health is a tyrannical wickedness, just as much as to forbid chastity or sobriety; no lawgiver can have the right. The law is an unendurable usurpation and creates the right of resistance."

OUR SISTERS IN COREA.*

Mr. A. Henry Savage-Landor has lately presented the world with collection of his adventures, sketches and views generally on that poor little bone of contention, the land of Corea.

"By gracious permission," to use his own words, he "humbly" dedicates "this work to Her Majesty the Queen." Seeing that the bulky volume is dedicated to a woman, one is naturally not a little surprised to find women treated by the author (whenever he condescends to speak of them at all) in a flippant, sometimes absolutely coarse, and always wholly inadequate manner.

In his preface he warns his readers that he is not a literary man; he heartily endorses his statement—he is not! Had he also told us that the predominant note in the whole book was the great A. Henry Savage-Landor, we should again have met on common grounds of agreement.

He "trusts" however, that he has succeeded in telling his story in "a simple and straightforward manner." Very simple, Mr. Landor, so simple indeed, that on reading your naive reflections on the women of Corea, one laughs, and wonders how much longer men will make themselves ridiculous on the one subject they think they are most competent to judge, and which is at the same time the one subject that men of the Savage-Landor type are utterly unable to cope with.

Having given us in four previous chapters a rough sketch of the man of Chosen and his clothes, the author now thinks it "proper" to describe the "weaker" sex. In the matter of dress, as he is ignorant of the intricacies of feminine habiliments, he begs for indulgence in his attempt to give us an idea of the Corean "female." Not that you are to suppose he devotes much time or paper in describing their position, ways and dress—oh dear no! women are such an unimportant item in the history of a nation, that magnificent and superior beings, like Mr. Landor, must be forgiven if they do not spend too much valuable time in delineating them.

The dress, as he observes justly, is very curious. The women wear huge, padded trousers, similar to those of the men, their socks also being padded round with cotton-wool. Over these they wear a shortish skirt tied very high over the waist. A tiny jacket of white, red or green, completes the wardrobe, one great peculiarity of which is, that it leaves the breasts completely exposed, a strange and unpractical custom.

As for the Corean damsel, *vide* Mr. Landor—"taking the average maid, she cannot be said to be worse in Corea than she is in other countries. When she is pretty, she is as pretty as they make them, and when she is ugly, she is as ugly as sin, if not worse." On the whole, he considers the pretty ones are also graceful, and approach nearer, even than the Japanese women, to European ideas of feminine beauty.

One very strange custom is the privilege accorded to women of walking about the streets of the town, paying calls, etc., after dark, while the men are confined to the house, and until lately, were severely punished if found walking about the streets during the women's hours. Unfortunately, the women who take advantage of this gracious permission, run a great risk of being devoured by tigers

* "Corea, or Chosen, the Land of the Morning Calm." By A. H. Savage-Landor. Published by Heinemann, 1895.

and leopards, who climb the rampart walls easily, and prow about the city after sunset. So that, after all, this, their only time of relaxation, is practically useless to them.

The woman has no name; when single, she goes by the name of So-and-So's daughter, and when married, of So-and-So's wife.

She "has somewhat (?) of a sad and dull life, for from the age of four or five, she is separated even from her brothers and brought up in a separate portion of the house, and from that time ideas are pounded into her poor little head as to the disgrace of talking, or even being looked at by humans of a different gender. The higher classes, of course, suffer most from the enforcement of this strict etiquette, for in the very lowest grades of society the woman enjoys comparative freedom. She can talk to men as much as she pleases, and even goes out unveiled, being much too low a being to be taken any notice of; the upper classes, however, are very punctilious as to the observance of their severe rules. The Corean woman is a slave, she is used for pleasure and work, she can neither speak nor make any observations, and never is she allowed to see any man other than her husband, even to the present day a husband would be considered quite justified in the eye of the law if he were to kill his wife for the great sin of having spoken to another man than himself. A widow of the upper class is not allowed to re-marry, and if she claims any pretence of having loved her late husband, she ought to try to follow him to the other world at the earliest convenience by committing the jamun, a simple performance by which the devoted wife is only expected to cut her throat or rip her body open with a sharp sword."

He then gives two incidents as illustrating the violent temper of the women of the lower classes: the first describes a fight between a soldier and another man, in which the wife of the latter came to his assistance, and succeeding in knocking both her husband and his opponent senseless, and nearly lamed the author himself for trying to interfere; the second tells how Mr. Landor was painting a sleeping child, and the mother rushed out of an adjoining cottage and tried to take her child away from the interested crowd, who were not willing to have the portrait thus interrupted. When at last possessed of the child, she, "following the little ways that women have, even in Corea, proceeded to scratch the faces of all within her reach, and I myself came within an inch of having my eyes scratched out of my head by this infuriated parent, when to my great relief she was dragged away."

He graciously admits that all women are not like that in Corea—"In fact, the majority of them may be said to be good mannered and even soft in nature, besides being painfully laborious. You should see the poor things on the coldest days and nights of winter, smashing the thick ice in the rivers and canals, and spending hour after hour with their fingers in the freezing water, washing the clothes of their lords and masters, who are probably peacefully and soundly asleep at home. You should see them with their short wooden mallets, like small clubs, beating the dirt out of the wet cotton garments, soap being as yet an unknown luxury in the Corean household." They "constantly have to break the ice that is continually forming round their wrists. The women who are better off do this washing at home.

. . . If a woman in our country were sent out to do the washing under similarly trying circumstances. . . . I have no doubt she might be tempted to ask for a divorce from her husband for cruelty and ill-treatment; but the woman of Chosen thinks nothing of it, and as long as it pleases the man whom she must obey she does it willingly and without a word of complaint. In fact, I am almost of opinion that the Corean woman likes to be made a martyr, for, not unlike women of other more civilised countries, unless she suffers, she does not consider herself to be quite happy (?). It sounds funny and incongruous, but it really is so. While studying the women of Corea, a former idea got firmly rooted in my head, that there is nothing that will make a woman happier than the opportunity of showing with what resignation she is able to bear the weight and drudgery of her treatment. If to that she can add complaint of ill-treatment, then her happiness is unbounded."

Speaking of children, he says—"It must be known that in Corea, just as here, boys are much more cherished than girls, and the elder more cherished than his younger brothers. . . . The mother, practically from the beginning, is a nobody in the household, and is looked upon as a piece of furniture or a beast of burden by the husband, according to his grade, and as an ornament to the household, but nothing more by her own sons. . . . The women never take part in any of the grand dinners and festivities in which their husbands revel, nor are they allowed to drink wine or intoxicants."

The author's delicacy of language is at times overwhelming. He speaks of having been invited during some former travels in Japan, to take part in the public bath of the village. To his surprise, on accepting the offer, he found three women up to their necks in the boiling tank which constitutes the Japanese bath. He thus expresses himself on the subject, "What! thought I, panic-stricken, am I to bathe with these three—old lizards! Oh, no, not I, and I made a rush for the door," etc.

As in most other Eastern countries, the marriage ceremony takes place between mere children, though they do not live together until the age of puberty is reached. "The practice of having concubines is a national institution and of the nature of polygamy. These second

wives are not exactly recognised by the Government, but they are tolerated and openly allowed. The legal wife herself is well aware of the fact, and though not always willing to have these rivals staying under the same roof, she does not at all object to receiving them and entertaining them in her own quarters, if her lord and master orders her to do so. There are nevertheless, strong-minded women in the Land of Cho-sen, who resent the intrusion of these thirds, and family dissension not unfrequently results from the husband indulging in such conduct. Should the wife abandon her master's roof in *despair*, he can rightfully have her brought back and publicly spanked with an instrument like a paddle, a somewhat severe punishment [even Mr. Landor admits this], which is apt to bring back to reason (?) the most ill-tempered and strong-willed woman. Such a thing though, very seldom happens, for as women go, the Corean specimens of feminine humanity seem to be very sensible, and not much given to jealousy or to worrying their little heads unnecessarily about such small failings."

Divorce, it appears, is not an easy matter to obtain. The principal causes are—"infidelity, sterility, dishonesty and incurable malady. These faults apply . . . only to women . . . Against the men the weaker sex has, unfortunately, no redress." Also, if a man can prove that he has had intimate relations with a woman, even against her own and her parents' wishes, he has a perfect right to take her to his own house, and make her a wife or a concubine.

"Adultery until lately was punished in Corea with flogging and capital punishment. Now the law is more lenient, and wives accused of such a dreadful offence are beaten nearly to death, and when recovered, if they do recover, are given as concubines to low officials in the palace or at some of the yamens."

There seems only one exception to the terrible and degraded condition of the women, and that exception is the Queen of Corea. Such an ascendancy has she over the mind of the king, that he has only that one wife, is compelled to keep on his best behaviour and not get into trouble. Her Majesty the Queen of Corea is said to be much in favour of the emancipation of her women subjects. Death to some of the cruelty, vice and degradation of the country, if this is so; its death-knell will be sounded by the Queen starting the crusade of the New Woman.

Mr. Landor indulges several times in a pathetic wail over the jealousy, spite and bad influence generally of the women. The ministers, he says, are simply ruined by the rapacity of their concubines and women of bad character; and many an intrigue ending in fatal consequences is the underhand work of some "female fiend."

Apparently the reason of all this has never entered the author's astute mind. Women have brains, Mr. Landor, in spite of the efforts men make to crush them out of her, and if they are degraded bodily and mentally, those brains still work, but work for evil, not for good. You complain that the Corean woman is so often "a devil." If you think that the treatment they undergo develops the angelic side of their natures, you make a terrible mistake which is apt to recoil on your own head. Such treatment produces, and will continue to produce, devils, working to their own (and what touches you and such as you more nearly) your own irremediable undoing.

Some modern writer has compared the subject of women to a piece of rare and eggshell china, which requires the greatest delicacy and refinement in handling. Never have I realised the truth of this comparison so acutely as now, and most earnestly do I hope that in future Mr. Savage-Landor will leave the subject of women to worthier hands.

After having commented on scenes of cruelty, disease, misery, vice and degradation of every form, and scarcely one relieving touch of cleanliness and virtue—commented with the utmost flippancy, callousness and refined coarseness, if such a thing can be, the author concludes with this paragraph:—

"Poor Corea! A sad day has come for you! You, who were so attractive because so quaint and so retiring, will nevermore see that calm which has ever been the yearning of your patriot sons! Many evils are now before you, but of all the great calamities that might befall you, I can conceive of none greater than an attempt to convert you into a civilised nation!"

LOVE-FUGUE, by Tod B. Frost, issued by the Roxburghe Press, is one of those books which teem with unhealthy sentiment, which writing of Love professedly, mistake passion for that higher, nobler emotion; which professing to see and to find Love Divine, Immortal! Love soaring far aloft in purer air, grope about with blind eyes in darkness and dust, and so find only passion—wearing for a time the semblance of love, to delude unfaithful seekers—but known full well to those who, lifting their eyes ever above themselves, see afar off the good they desire and come ever nearer to it. It seems a pity to waste good English, to waste time, trouble and ability on such a work as this, saying nothing meantime of the danger lurking behind.

A TOWER IN THE DESERT, by Virginia D. Young (Arena Publishing Co., Copley Square, Boston, Mass., 1 vol., 1896).

The author of this book prefaces the tale by a dream. This is well; is not all action worthy the name preface by the dreams that come

Correspondence.

THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.

DEAR MADAM,—The law has hitherto protected from cruel usage, those animals which are "domestic," such as horses, asses, oxen, sheep, swine, goats, dogs, and cats. Ducks, geese, and other tame birds are considered also to be covered by the statute. It is proper of course, that these creatures should be shielded as much as possible from barbarity. But what about wild animals? Have they no rights as well? It would appear that "fighting or baiting" a wild creature, in a place kept for the purpose, is illegal; but under other circumstances an animal, if wild, may be beaten, bruised, burnt, and maltreated in any conceivable manner, and no prosecution can be set up in its defence. The victim, having no rights, must bear whatever brutality is meted out to it. In reference to a case of alleged cruelty to performing lions at the Aquarium, the Home Secretary (Mr. Asquith), admitted in the House of Commons, in May, 1894, that a recent decision of the judges upon the subject seemed to him to put it in the power of anyone for gain or otherwise to inflict whatever torture he pleased upon animals not legally regarded as "domestic" without any liability to prosecution or punishment.

Now we surely have here a pretty state of things for a Christian country to contemplate. The law which gives some animals protection from cruelty, and leaves others exposed to every species of barbarity is a senseless, base, and utterly unjust law. For, in the nature of things, a creature which is wild has the same claim to merciful consideration as one that is tame. As matters now stand, the law punishes a person who sets a dog at a cat, but allows the poor otter to be worried with impunity with any accompaniment of savagery. If a dame should convey her poultry to market with their heads hanging downwards, she would be liable to a prosecution; but weasels, rats, hawks, magpies, etc., may be caught in toothed steel traps and left to die a lingering and painful death. Why this difference? Cats, ducks and geese are property, weasels, rats, hawks, and magpies are not, they are only vermin, and by a trick of the imagination we shut them out from our sympathies, and have no prickings of conscience for so doing. But looked at from the standpoint of justice, this procedure is quite wrong. It won't stand examination for a single moment. Duty bids us deal out justice to sentient creatures all round. Their being wild or tame, noxious or harmless, makes no difference at all on this head. Would that this view of man's obligation were more fully incorporated in legislation. The goal, indicated above, is that which Mr. R. Holt Hutton had in mind when in his report, as a member of the Royal Commission on Vivisection, in 1876, he said:—"I strongly desire to see the scope of Martin's Act extended so as to include creatures of all kinds." Let humanitarians pull together, and strive for the accomplishment of this great and beneficent end.

(REV.) J. STRATTON.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

DEAR MADAM,—Can any of the readers of SHAFTS supply me with information on this point. I wish to collect information as to the kind of classes which technical education committees have found most popular and successful amongst women. I shall esteem it a favour, and it will help my purpose considerably, if some of the readers of SHAFTS who have had anything to do with these classes will kindly give me an account of their experiences in the pages of your paper, describing what they have found most useful and popular amongst the women of their several districts. Such information would be useful to many besides myself. Might I also suggest that some one should write a short article on the duties of a chair-woman. Many amongst us find ourselves embarrassed by ignorance of the formal modes of procedure at meetings, simple though they may be.

Very sincerely yours,
A. MONTAGUE.

A LETTER QUOTED.

DEAR MADAM,—Permit me to send you the following, and to ask, if I may, why women write as this one has evidently done, so as to deceive other and thoughtful women into believing their letters to be written by men?

ON BEING A WOMAN.

(To the Editor of the "Spectator.")

SIR,—Being a woman, and a woman who, from the very nature of her work in the world, is using direct power, it is with considerable interest that I have read, in the *Spectator* of August 29th, the article entitled "On being a Woman;"—with interest not because of its truth, but because it reveals how utterly incapable the writer—evidently a man—is of understanding a true woman, or really appre-

ciating her uniquely great work in this world. And first I will take the liberty of pointing out a few most contradictory statements in this masculine idea of "being a woman," which to my thinking convict the writer of the fallacy of his own old-fashioned notions. In the opening portion it is said, "The life of a woman is passed in settling an everlasting succession of details," and yet later on she is described as "an invaluable adviser to man,"—we must therefore conclude that to advise man is a "mere detail." Again, the sage remarks:—"The narrowness of a great number of women comes from a perpetual contemplation of minutiae. Their eyes are out of focus for the larger events of life." Yet, afterwards we are told that—"To many a great man the advice of an Egeria, even an Egeria of an obviously inferior intellectual calibre to himself, is almost essential." Now if a woman's life be spent merely in the settling of a succession of details, then man's life and work, which it is even here admitted she guides and directs, must be one of the "mere details," which unfortunately in many cases it is, though the writer of "On Being a Woman" would be the last to admit the fact.

But the article is illogical throughout, and in the course of its development shows that the writer is not one of the favoured few who can, in any sense, realise the position he strives vainly to assume, for he fails to grasp even the outer fringe of a true woman's life, and as for the inner depth—the true life—well, he has evidently never been admitted into that sanctuary, for the article from beginning to end deals solely with the natural life, the spiritual life being ignored either as a thing that is not or as something not worthy of note. Then, again, as to direct and indirect power;—man alone, we are to believe, possesses direct power, woman having only indirect power through man; in other words, influence, a very much inferior quality in the writer's estimation. Yet he likens man to an elephant, and woman to the *mahout* who guides and governs its brute force, herein unconsciously giving us the truth,—*viz.*, that man possesses brute force, woman divine influence. Which, I ask, is really the greater and most lasting power?

But enough of man's idea of "being a woman," and one word, in conclusion, on woman's inestimable birthright. To be a woman is—to a true woman of to-day—a blessing beyond all price. Her womanhood alone links her truly to the mother of the human race, but moreover to the mother of our Lord. It links her to those true and noble souls who never "forsook him and fled," and almost guarantees to her a knowledge of the eternal verities that is utterly unknown to man except in so far as he obtains such knowledge from woman. The world as God made it was very good; the world as it has become under man's direct power is not good; the world as it may become under woman's indirect and, I predict, direct power too, is yet a thing of the future, though it will come in spite of man's refusal to acknowledge his utter failure and recognise that the old order of things is rapidly passing away never to return; that the woman of to-day does not exist merely to perpetuate the race; that she is an individual soul possessing an individuality as highly organised and as great as man's; that she is man's equal, though no comparison between the complementary parts of a perfect whole be possible; and as all-powerful in this world, which she invariably recognises to be God's world, as man, who, unfortunately, too often vainly endeavours to make it his own world, and is even blind enough to believe that he is master of both it and all that therein is—woman included—sad mistake, which he invariably has to acknowledge in sackcloth and ashes. If men would try to understand and appreciate a true woman they would not so easily become the dupes and the abject slaves of the bad. With apology for the undue length of this epistle.—I am, Sir, &c.,

EDITH SHARP.

[To this, as it seems to us, extremely sensible letter, the *Spectator* adds the following irrelevant note:]

[Our correspondent is herself in error. The author of the article is a woman, a married woman, and a very able one.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

[In rising out of the masculine plane on to the feminine many stages may have to be passed. In becoming a woman, a human being does not always leave the masculine behind. She may retain much of it and through more than one incarnation, ere she reach the feminine plane. Of such are the women who resent more an attack upon a man than one upon a woman, who are more interested in men than in women; who love the opposite sex better than their own, who defend men with warmth, who toady to men, but cannot enter with enthusiasm into any work for women. These hold *party* ever to be of more importance than Woman Suffrage, or any question affecting women. They make excellent politicians, but mistake expediency for truth, in short they are still working for the masculine, under the influence of which they still remain. Of such is the writer of the letter to which your quotation is a reply. They also will pass upward to that highest of planes on this earth life—the perfected feminine plane. Meantime they help somewhat to retard that evolution which *nothing* can stop.—Ed.]