

1802-1884 Author

You remember Descartes's
view who held that they
were simple machines?
But this point does not
affect the argument: as
against us. If animals
do not feel. *Ca dit quæstio.*
if they do. *Vivisection*
is free from these word-forms
of suffering.

With renewed thanks
I am very faithfully yours
Jas Colton Monson.

CLAIRVAUX,
30, FITZJOHN'S AVENUE,
HAMPSTEAD,
N.W.

Feb 6. 1885.

E. D. Girdlestone Esq.
Dear Sir.

I am much obliged
to you for your kind letter
and still more for your
admirable and exhaustive
Essay on Vivisection. Your
survey of the subject is
the most complete I know.
and as a matter of fact
there is no reply possible

bit: except on founded
in ignorance and prejudice
I doubt the bona fides
of these people and so
do you I am glad to
think.

I only attempted to
heat a small corner
of the subject in my
article in the Fortnightly.
and as I had not seen
your pamphlet. I was
not aware that it had
been hitherto brought
before the public. If I had

seen your brochure I
should either not have
written or referred to your
views.

Some years ago Mr. G. A.
Rowell gave me his sum-
mary - which you quote
from. He was an original
old fellow. but under a
strong bias, I thought. I
am not so convinced as
you and he that animals
are to a great extent
incapable of pain. tho'
they express it in ways
which seem to us bizarre

John Cotter Morison, whose library is now being dispersed, was one of the brilliant men that did not do as much in life as he should have done. He spent a great many years in collecting materials for a *magnum opus*, but the years went by; he was asked to write this and that—"Macaulay," for instance, for the "English Men of Letters Series"—with the result that he was diverted

from the chief work of his life. He was one of the most learned men of his time, and he had clear convictions—leaning generally to Comtism—which ought to have found fuller expression.

He was the son of the Morison of pill fame; and this left him all his life with an ample competence. Though a Greek scholar, no man looked less like one. He was a short thick-set man, with a strong face—a little militant in appearance—the more so as the nose looked as if it had been severely bruised in a particularly determined prize-fight, but the dominant expression was sweetness and gentleness. He had beautiful blue eyes—brilliant, open, and tender. The story of his death was curiously pathetic. He knew a great deal about medicine among his other encyclopædic knowledge; and he was the first himself to discover that he was stricken with fatal illness. He used to tell of the first day he learned the no longer evitable truth.

He weighed himself on one of the weighing-machines on an underground station; discovered that in a few days he had lost several pounds; and then knew that the game of life was up. With the cheery cynicism of the stoic he accepted the inevitable with the greatest calmness. He was always astonished, and, so far as a gentle nature like his could be so described, rather exasperated, if his friends took the least notice of his illness. Even three days before his death he insisted that people should talk to him about ordinary subjects in the ordinary way, exactly as if nothing particular were going to occur.