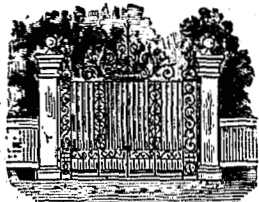


**Outside the Gates.**

**A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.**



BUT forty miles from the centre of town, where all yesterday such anxious hours were spent—so full of seething uproar, of disquieting news, of choking indignation at the wicked knavery and the shocking results—that London seemed like the London that Swedenborg saw in hell, so foul with sulphurous fog was it—so fetid with the war fever, you will mark that the Londoners of the infernal regions, were just as satisfied with their conditions and quite as eager to keep up the "blood and thunder" tone as any in our capital to-day.

Looking out from my latticed window here is looking into another world, a world of harmonious greynesses, the grey green of the rolling meadow melting into the subdued russets and purples of the nearer copses, and these tints passing through infinite gradations into the bluer tones of the distant hills, *estompé* on the light uniform grey of the sky, no note of bright or blatant colour anywhere to break the mild placidity. Hobbling in crab-like progress across the field, comes the bent form of an aged native—"old Master Hedsor," crippled with the agricultural labourer's fate—rheumatism: Still every morning he crawls through the fields, up through the copses, over my meadow, where he has always immense difficulty in negotiating the wire fence, and so home to his cottage, or hovel—or den—a home no American would house an animal in—having made a long round before it is light in London.

The monotony of color undoubtedly exercises a hypnotic influence, lost in staring vaguely at it, the time passes and without conscious or connected thought through the medium of the optic nerve all the nerves are soothed, stilled, and comforted, it might pass into the comatose condition of some kinds of Fakirs, but that a couple of small brown cherubs skim up to their nests under the eaves, and the white pigeons who have been taking note of the musing philosopher from the adjacent tiles now fly over and try to crowd in at the open window, whereupon there is an outbreak of chirps, chuckles, and remonstrance, and little brown heads pop out everywhere, for these old roofs are full of birds, there never was such a place for feathered folk, and even on this day of late Autumn they have been singing lustily. But the Spring is their great time, of course, and then there is the finest and fullest orchestra possible, with high up in the air, the larks, then the thrushes and linnets and finches take the trebles, the cuckoos accentuate the contralto parts, the whole affair "animated" with the falsetto crow of the lordly pheasants, while the nightingales make no bones of singing all day as well as all night.

How good it is to awake to such exquisiteness, after the nightmares of yesterday! Tap—tap—here enters the early mail, chiefly consisting of appeals for subscriptions for the families of those who are appointed to die to make a holiday for—whom?

Across the country—unnaturally quiet, because those who should be about in it have been sent to the front—a dull booming sound recurs at short intervals. It comes from the great military camp, where gaudily gilt

and befeathered men are busily trying what engines of destruction will do the *best* work, and annihilate most population of another country. . . . Alas! alas! and at this selfsame hour, all alone on that grey and distant veldt despairing women are arming to defend their homes and their children.

Well, there being no gardeners left hereabouts, the rest of the world must take care of itself for a space—it will probably prove equal to the emergency—while this small oasis receives attention:—

"The storm has passed, the sun shines out,  
The softened gravel paths may harden;  
The chance so long denied has come about  
I weed my garden.

What colonies! armies of rascal roots!  
Such upstart poppies, daisies, dandy-darden,  
Presuming seedlings, riotous offshoots  
Invade my garden.

My pigeons white coo on my tiles,  
With a smart robin perched as watch and warden,  
My dog lies sleeping in the porch the whiles  
I weed my garden."

EMILY CRAWFORD.

**Women Uitlanders.**

MR. ASQUITH'S justification of the war is instructive to women. Speaking last week at a meeting in Northumberland, he took as his text Mr. Gladstone's great words "there is nothing more demoralising to a community than passive acquiescence in unmerited oppression."

Mr. Asquith said, that there was but one topic which at that moment absorbed their minds and their anxieties. No other interest could distract our attention from the unfolding of the vicissitudes of war, and while we felt, every one of us, patriotic pride at the gallantry of our troops, we were moved at the same time by sadder emotions when we thought of the blood that was being spilt.

If ever there was a community which, being deprived of

**THE MEANS OF CONSTITUTIONAL REDRESS**

according to all those canons we had been in the habit of applying in other cases, was entitled to the ultimate right of insurrection, it was the British majority in the Transvaal.

Largely through the criminal folly of the Jameson Raid, which paralysed whatever was progressive in the Government of Pretoria, and gave free play to all its most reactionary elements, insurrection was rendered as impossible as constitutional agitation. The governing body, the Oligarchy they had been called, were enabled by the lavish use of resources, mainly contributed by the disarmed majority, to equip themselves with a fighting strength, with which we now saw it took 60,000 of the best troops of the British Army to cope. What was the condition of our fellow-subjects in the Transvaal? They were

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