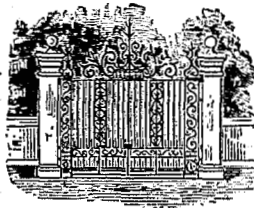


## Outside the Gates.

## WOMEN.



Women have done well in the Cambridge Honours' Lists. Not only did Miss A. E. Bennett, of Girton, come out in the list of Wranglers (equal to 13), there being twenty-one Wranglers in all, but they have been very successful in the language tripos. In the first class ten are women and four are men. In the second class five are women and there is only one man. In the third class five are women and six are men. Three men are allowed the ordinary degree.

At an inquest last week upon Louisa Gregory, a single woman, fifty-six years of age, at Bethnal-Green, a sister of the deceased woman said that eleven years ago she was left a legacy of £150, and had been living on the capital ever since. She was still in possession of ten shillings. Medical evidence showed that the body of the woman was terribly emaciated. There was not a particle of fat anywhere. Death was due to exhaustion, from phthisis and want of food.

When General De Wet arrived at the local concentration camp, after the surrender of 850 Boers at Wilgeboom, near Winburg, a remarkable scene took place. An arch had been erected by the inmates bearing the inscription, "Welcome to our Braves," and the women served the burghers with tea and cakes, waiting upon them and most hospitably entertaining them. When General De Wet arrived he was surrounded by thousands of men, women and children, clamouring to shake his hand.

He mounted a table, and, speaking first to the women, expressed his hearty thanks to them for the way in which they had supported the Boer cause throughout the war, both on the veldt and in camp. Had the women not been so staunch the burghers would have been compelled to give in long ago, but their determined solidarity had encouraged the burghers immensely. He did not wish to belong to a nation whose women were not staunch. The general concluded his speech with the words:—"As a Christian people, God now demands us to be faithful to our new Government. I heartily thank my sisters for their allegiance and faith in our cause. Let us submit to God's decision over myself and my people, and I beg you to serve our new Government faithfully, with myself and burghers."

An interesting wedding last week was that of Miss Flora Shaw, formerly colonial correspondent for the *Times*, and a brilliant journalist, and Sir William Lugard, High Commissioner for Northern Nigeria. The ceremony took place at Madeira. It will be remembered that Miss Shaw gave evidence at the House of Commons inquiry into the circumstances of the Jameson Raid. She has also visited Klondike.

## A Book of the Week.

## THE CONQUEROR.\*

Mrs. Atherton has written a biography of Alexander Hamilton, interspersed here and there, with pages of fictitious conversation.

It is a fact of which perhaps one ought to be ashamed, but it is to be feared that it is a fact none the less, that the average English reader, unless he or she be a student of American history, has never heard of the personality which looms so large in these pages.

The method adopted by the writer is very partially successful. Political pamphleteering is not interesting reading, unless one is vitally concerned in the various tariffs, financial schemes, and provisional constitutions which were the absorbing interests of those days of the birth of the American Republic. That Hamilton was a great man, and did much for his country, nobody will deny. His life, however, gives one a very unfavourable impression of the character of American public men of the day. It is more their sordid petty spites and low intrigues that strike one unpleasantly, than their badness on a larger scale.

The main facts of the life of this man—patriot we can hardly call him, since he was by birth a West Indian creole—are decidedly romantic. His mother was married, almost a child, by her own autocratic mother, to a man who brutally ill-used her. She escaped from this odious person—he was a Dane, John Levine—and some few years afterwards, fell deeply in love with a young Scot, James Hamilton. In those days there was no divorce, and as her first husband was still living, Rachel Levine deliberately made up her mind to brave public opinion, and live publicly with James Hamilton as his wife. The eldest son of this union was Alexander Hamilton.

All this part of the book is vivid and interesting. The description of the fair islands and the planters who lived there in such state; and the story of Rachel's romance, are well done. It is disappointing to find that her love for the man for whom she sacrificed so much was not as strong as her pride; and that, when she found that though he was an excellent husband, he was a poor man of business, she lost all interest in him, and the loss of their fortune seems to have broken her heart.

Mrs. Atherton's idea of the ideal man is very much like Ouida's. To expect such a one to be content to love one woman is, of course, quite ridiculous. "Religion, in a great mind like Hamilton's" she tells us, "is an emotional incident," and love, apparently, never reaches the mind at all, but remains on a somewhat lower platform.

The book is a very voluminous one, and no doubt the correcting of the proofs was arduous; yet it seems a pity that this was not done more thoroughly. On page 78 we come upon the following:—"the boy for whom the sacrificial body had *been lain* on the altar." And on page 111 "his story was sufficiently thrilling, but not to be compared with *that of the planter's*." Two grammatical lapses of an elementary kind for which the former writing of this author had not prepared us.

The book contains a mass of information, and is

\* By Gertrude Atherton. Macmillan.

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