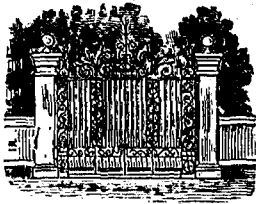


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN delivered the Convocation Address at the quarterly meeting of the Chicago University. A large audience was present, including men and women students, in their academic dress. The subject of Lady Aberdeen's address was "University training and its effect on the home," in which an eloquent tribute was paid to the benefits following upon the higher education of women. The Countess spoke both fluently and gracefully, and was warmly cheered at the close of her address.

Adeline, Duchess of Bedford has presented a handsome altar cross, candlesticks, vases, and Indian rug to the chapel attached to the female convicts' prison at Aylesbury.

A meeting of the Society of Women Journalists was recently held in the room of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, M.P., presiding, at which a lecture on "Political Journalism" was delivered by Mr. Herbert Paul. Those present included the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker, president; Sir John R. Robinson, the Hon. E. Blake, M.P.; Miss Stuart Hardy, Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. Arthur à Beckett, and Mrs. Jack Johnson, the very able hon. secretary. Mr. Paul first spoke of the duties and qualifications of a journalist, whose primary duty was not so much to display knowledge as to dissemble ignorance. The object of a journalist who wrote leading articles was essentially and solely criticism, which should not be merely negative, but largely positive; not analytical, but largely suggestive; not mainly depreciatory, but mainly, if not exclusively, appreciative. Some rules for the guidance of leader-writers were suggested, and the lecturer expressed satisfaction at the fact that the practice of interlarding English writing with French words was not now so common as formerly, remarking that the use of French words in English composition did not show so much a knowledge of French as an ignorance of English. Comparing the present with the past, Mr. Paul remarked that journalists went to prison less and dined out more than they did at the commencement of the Queen's reign.

The reprieve of Catherine Kempshall for the murder of Mr. Holland, a Liverpool merchant, was welcomed by every feeling woman. This sad case has not received the notice due to its importance in the press, but alas! when do questions of real importance to women receive such notice? The *Daily Mail*, in welcoming the reprieve, says:—"The delinquencies of an unfaithful lover cannot fail to meet with public reprobation, but that they should be regarded as constituting a justification of homicide is not for one moment to be entertained."

We of course agree with our contemporary, but in judging of this poor woman's actions we must not

forget her terrible provocation, and the fact which came out in court, and which was slurred over by counsel on both sides, that not only did the murdered man prove faithless to his mistress, but he deserted her after having *injured her physically* for life, sowing the wind of the whirlwind of resulting insanity, which ultimately swept him into his grave.

As women learn to understand the true significance of this terrible cruelty, it is not surprising that insanity should result. We cannot affect any sympathy with the human being who commits what should be regarded as a criminal act, almost worthy of death, but our deepest sympathy is aroused for his unhappy victim, who, tainted and insane, has to linger out her wretched life in a Criminal Lunatic Asylum.

A Book of the Week.

"THE WELL-BELOVED."*

THIS book forms Vol. 17 of the "Wessex Novels." It has for frontispiece a beautiful etching of the Island of Portland, in which the scene of the story is laid, and it is also provided with a map of "Wessex," which will enable enthusiasts to identify with ease the various features of the "Tess" country. The preface gives the most lovely and tempting description of the rocky isle, of which—with shame I confess—I had heretofore thought merely as a stony waste, with a convict station upon it. But, Mr. Hardy assures us, the presence of the prison is "hardly discoverable."

" . . . Yet perhaps it is well that artistic visitors do not come, or no more would be heard of little freehold houses being bought and sold there for a couple of hundred pounds—built of solid stone, and dating from the sixteenth century or earlier, with mullions, copings, and corbels, all complete. These transactions, by the way, are carried out and covenanted, or were till lately, in the Parish Church, in the face of the congregation, such being the custom of the Isle."

One result of the book will certainly be to send some of us touring to Portland in the dawning bicycling season.

The tale itself is disappointing, in spite—or perhaps because of—its delightful setting. Mr. Hardy's genius, great as it is, must stop short somewhere, and even he fails to interest us in the career of a young man who, at twenty, falls in love with a girl, jilts her, at forty falls in love with her daughter, whom he would have married but for complications of a character for which the curious marriage customs of the island seem to have been partly responsible, and finally, at sixty, falls a victim to the charms of the *grand-daughter* of his first love, who very naturally decamps with a somewhat less decrepit suitor on the morning of the wedding-day. The disconsolate lover of the three Avices is forced to fall back on marriage with the woman for whose sake he had jilted the original Avice in his salad days.

Mr. Hardy calls his book the study of a temperament, and the temperament of Jocelyn, the hero, is to fall in love many times, and to love nobody very long. This exceedingly common male quality would hardly seem deserving of very careful study, but a deep

*"The Well-Beloved," by Thomas Hardy. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

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