

Mrs. Cronwright Schreiner (Olive) will open a debate in June, at the Pioneer Club, and it is hoped that it will deal with South African politics.

We are glad to observe that Madame Sarah Bernhardt is using her influence to protect Paris theatre-goers from the maddening obstruction of the *matinée* hat. The *Daily Mail* reports her to have said:—

“To begin with, it is hideous, and I do not understand how any woman with any taste can show herself in the theatre with such a hat. I tried myself,” she says, “to suppress women’s hats in the orchestra seats in the Renaissance. I organised a special service of women, paid them myself, in order that there should be no fees asked of the patrons. The maids were told to be polite, and ask courteously of the women to give up their hats. Do you think that was successful? Not at all.

“My hat?” said these amiable spectators. “But why? I would rather go elsewhere. Give me back my money.”

“All of this made a noise,” continued the amiable Sarah. “The corridors were in a commotion, and the stories reached the management. In brief, I was not upheld by the Press, and I was obliged to renounce this reform.”

The Madame Sans-Gêne of Miss Ellen Terry at the Lyceum is a most invigorating presentation, and Sir Henry Irving scores an immense success as Napoleon. We would advise all nurses to see this play, only we feel sure the majority will do so as soon as they can obtain seats.

We think that the following paragraph contained in Lord Salisbury’s instructions to Mr. Hardinge concerning the abolition of slavery in Zanzibar requires explanation:—“It has been pointed out that if the proposed abolition were to extend to the women of the harem and to the connubial system upon which the Arab family is founded, an opposition would be aroused that would enlist upon its side the stubbornest and most cherished convictions of the Arab nature.”—“Upon one point her Majesty’s Government entertain no doubt whatever, viz., as to the inexpediency and injustice of interfering with the family relations of the people.” Will the women of England rest content with a so-called abolition of the legal status of slavery in Zanzibar and Pemba, which does not contemplate that the proposed abolition shall extend to the women of the harem?

The “Nonpareil” Dressmaking Association, Ltd., is a training school for dressmakers and teachers, established on the principle that teachers and pupils participate in the profits. It is affiliated with the National Union of Women Workers. The principal of the association is Mrs. E. Anstead Wood, 17, York Place, Baker Street, W., and all information may be obtained from her. We hear that Mrs. Wood makes a speciality of nurses’ uniform dresses, and has given much satisfaction to those nurses from whom she has had orders. Special attention is given to the cut and fit of dresses, and Mrs. Wood claims to be able to make a perfect-fitting bodice without fitting or alterations. Ordinary gowns are supplied from £2 2s. Daily instruction is given to ladies in dress-cutting and making.

A Book of the Week.

“THE JESSAMY BRIDE.”*

FOR so prolific a writer, Mr. Frankfort Moore has been silent a long time, and we eagerly welcome his new book. It proves to be not only a new book, but a new departure also. This is a curiously various writer; it seems hardly possible that the same hand should have given us “The Sale of a Soul,” “Phyllis of Philistia,” “The Secret of the Court,” and “Dr. Khoomahdi of Ashantee.”

The new venture is into the times of Johnson, Garrick, and Goldsmith. It purports to be, in fact, the hitherto untold love-story of Oliver Goldsmith and Mary Horneck, whose sweet face, with that of her radiant sister, Mrs. Bunbury, still smiles at us from the canvas of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

If Mr. Moore has one pre-eminent gift, it is that for sparkling dialogue; and the opening scene, which describes one of the celebrated dinners, where Johnson was the great dictator, Boswell sat trying to draw him out, and getting snubbed for his pains, and David Garrick and Oliver Goldsmith contributed wit and literature in unstinted measure, is full of good things.

What a delightful society that was! How one wishes one could have peeped in, or upon one of Sir Joshua’s select little-supper-parties, where the beautiful Angelica Kaufmann, and Dr. Burney, father of the authoress of “Evelina”, and the Hornecks, and a host of others, flashed and sparkled, while the courteous, deaf President “shifted his trumpet, and merely took snuff, and his sister, dear simple, country-bred body, sat mystified at the head of her brother’s table, understanding perhaps one word in ten of the whole conversation, and surrounded by people she very likely saw never in her life before.

It is in a most lovable light that the author shows forth Goldsmith. The tale hinges round the production of “She Stoops to Conquer.” Immortal name! And it was to have been “The Mistakes of a Night,” had not a chance phrase of “The Jessamy Bride” inspired the author. Colman, the manager was convinced—why, it is hard to say—that the comedy could in no case succeed. The actors were dissatisfied with their parts; Mrs. Abington, the first Lady Teazle, threw up the part of Kate Hardcastle, an error of judgment for which she never forgave herself. The account of poor Oliver’s state of mind on the night of production is most sympathetically given. One’s whole heart warms to the generous, foolish, spend-thrift little genius, and we soften into an infinite pity over his love affair.

The character of Mary is not amplified, nor, indeed, very clearly suggested. She moves through the book as the woman whom Goldsmith loved, and who, in her girlish generosity, fancied she returned that love. Perhaps the most charming scene in the book is that in which Dr. Johnson discovers the love verses in the poet’s desk, and sets to work to explain to him how worse than folly is his delusion. The mixture of apparent cruelty and real benevolence in the old doctor is wonderfully well done; so is the final scene between Oliver and his Mary, but it is too long to quote. One mourns that success came to the generous

* “The Jessamy Bride,” by Frank Frankfort Moore.

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