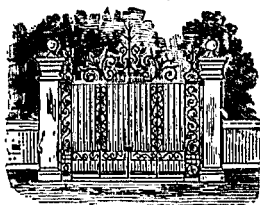


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



It is stated that arrangements have been made to permanently preserve the tone of Her Majesty's voice. The latest type of phonograph will be sent to Windsor Castle, and into this instrument Her Majesty has consented to speak a certain message, which will be permanently preserved on the cylinder, and kept in the British Museum.

The Association for Promoting the Education of Women, Oxford, has recently issued a report which shows steady progress, both in the amount of work done, and the increase of facilities for the higher education of women.

The council has commenced, in default of degrees, to grant to its women students certain diplomas and certificates which testify to the residence and examinations of the holder. During the past year two diplomas have been awarded to women who have passed the full Bachelor of Arts course under the same conditions as undergraduates, while fifty certificates have been awarded to other students.

We doubt the wisdom of women consenting to accept any substitute for the degrees which they have earned, and to which they are without doubt entitled. The time has come we believe for women to demand their rights, and we would suggest to the women students of Oxford and Cambridge that, though we do not desire to see a repetition of the vulgarity of the male undergraduates of Cambridge this year, yet a public demonstration by the women students, in which they expressed clearly and forcibly their sense of the injustice and degradation to which they are subjected, would be a more effective method of placing their grievances before the public than the quiet acceptance of valueless makeshifts.

The Frances Mary Buss Memorial Fund amounts to £2134 16s. 6d., including the donation of £200 from the Clothworkers' Company to erect a memorial window in the North London Collegiate School. The sum of 150 guineas has been spent on a bust of the founder to be placed in the Camden School. These two parts of the memorial were completed some time ago. There remained, after the payment of all expenses, £1717 18s. 8d., which has been invested in Midland Railway debentures, in the names of the official trustees of charitable funds, to found a travelling scholarship for a woman who has taught in a secondary school or schools, and is a fully qualified teacher. Trustees have decided to award the scholarship biennially, beginning in May, 1898. In that year, and in 1900, the scholarship will be £60, but afterwards it will amount to £80. Candidates are to hold a university degree or its equivalent, and also some certificate of efficiency as a teacher, besides having taught not less than five years in a secondary school.

Those who had the privilege of knowing Miss Buss, or who have had the happiness of hearing her describe her own travels, will not doubt that it would be impossible to perpetuate her memory in a way which would be more after her own heart.

## A Book of the Week.

### "HIS GRACE OF OSMONDE."\*

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT has apparently taken a leaf from "The Ring and the Book." Like the author of that immortal poem, she has elected to tell her story over again, but from "the other person's" point of view. Her last book, "A Lady of Quality," may be described as "*Elle et lui*"; in the tale before us it has become "*Lui et Elle*."

There will probably be much diversity of opinion as to how far this method is admirable. For myself, I feel reluctantly bound to own, that, to my own individual taste, the book is a failure, but, in a case like this, individual taste is everything; and those who felt Florinda Wildairs to be so essentially a creature of flesh and blood, that they welcome any new light which may be thrown upon her character and proceedings, will probably hail this history of the life of the man who was eventually her husband, as a most delightful continuation of their interest in her.

The book opens with the birth of the heir of the house of Osmonde. This takes place in the reign of the Merry Monarch, and we are told that his Majesty would have been the possessor of the charms of the lovely Duchess, had she not been as good as she was beautiful, and very much in love with her husband. There is a village of devoted and loyal tenantry, who appear to exist for the purpose of ringing the church bells at every family anniversary of their beloved Duke and Duchess. In the lordly castle, the lovely young mother, whose eyes are "like purple pansies," in the lap of every conceivable luxury, is bending, with her superlatively handsome and entirely virtuous husband over their infant son. It is very like a pretty Christmas annual. But the trouble is, that having begun at the highest possible pitch of youth, rank, wealth, beauty, and happiness, it is difficult to manage a crescendo note. It would be an interesting study to count the adjectives employed by the authoress in the course of this novel. The hero and the heroine are both miracles of health, stature, beauty, muscle, rank, social importance, courage, and true love. "This one heaven-born, unconquerable thing," the "full roundness" of whose throat "rose from among her laces bound with a slender circlet of glittering stars," wore "on her high held, imperial head," a "wreath of roses red as blood."

This is only one of the occasions when the peerless hero meets her. So distressed does the author become to impart variety to her store of descriptive words, that she calls lustre "lustrousness," gratitude "gratefulness," and compulsion "compellingness."

Is there not a fall here from our memories of "Through one Administration?"

Very few adjectives were lavished upon that wonderful Bertha, upon the entirely convincing Arbuthnot, upon the never to be forgotten Philip. They spoke for themselves. The dialogue of that book was a thing to be remembered—brilliant, incisive, terse, throbbing all through with life and reality—entirely convincing, altogether admirable.

There is no dialogue, properly so-called, in "His Grace of Osmonde." Only a flood of epithets, of titles, of brocades, of fiery steeds, of noble mansions, of grateful peasants. It is never real for one moment.

\*"His Grace of Osmonde." By Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. (F. Warne & Co.)

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