

## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.

Sir Arthur Bigge has sent the following telegram to Mrs. Fenwick, the wife of the engine-driver who was killed during her Majesty's journey from Scotland:—"The Queen is greatly shocked to hear of the terribly sad death of your husband, and wishes to express to you her true sympathy in your sorrow." We hope that this poor widow will receive a practical proof of the Queen's sympathy in a suitable pension.

THE Congress of the Women's Liberal Federation, and the meetings of the Women's Trade Union League, and the Women's Co-operative Guild were all most interesting gatherings, and prove that women are beginning to realise the need of discussing subjects of public importance and of combining to protect their own interests. There was a very large attendance at Westbourne Chapel at the Liberal Federation Meetings, when resolutions in favour of exempting parents who had conscientious objections to vaccination of their children, of Local Veto by direct popular vote, and other resolutions bearing on temperance were passed. The report of the Departmental Committee upon the pupil teacher system, the question of slavery in the Islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, and the forced labour in Cape Colony were also discussed, and resolutions passed upon them.

THE Women's Co-operative Guild decided to recommend its branches to contribute a penny per member to its Convalescent Fund, which has, during the last year, sent 23 members of the Guild for beneficial holidays. They also passed a resolution denouncing the use of yellow phosphorus in the manufacture of matches, and that of poisonous glazes in the Potteries. Mrs. Slack, of Accrington, read an interesting paper on "Co-operative Productions," which was followed by a lively discussion.

THE Annual Meeting of the Women's Trade-Union League, which was held at Mrs. Tennant's house in Bruton Street, was an interesting one. Lady Ribblesdale presided, and spoke of the social importance of better organisation among working women. Canon Gore protested against the Government's action in depriving women workers of the power to see that their instructions were properly carried out, and Mr. Birrell, M.P., and Miss Tuckwell gave interesting addresses.

WE are glad to learn that the members of the Women's National Liberal Federation, who are really in earnest about Women's Suffrage, have made up their minds to go down to Durham and work for that candidate who will be prepared to give the pledges they require. In the event of both candidates doing so, they will support the Liberal candidate.

THIS is business, and the sooner we have a Society of eloquent and earnest women, for this special purpose the better. Miss Balgarnie would be a splendid President, and we women who believe in the policy "of the pocket," or in other words, in the truth that we shall gain men's support, when it carries along with it their self interest—will rally round her—many of us have useful pens and tongues to place at her disposal.

## A Book of the Week.

### "THE ADMIRAL."\*

MR. SLADEN has achieved distinction in his charming romance, "The Admiral," inasmuch as he has written a historical novel, and has, according to the inexorable rule nowadays, put it into the mouth of an eye witness, and yet his book is entirely his own, and one feels all through that he owes nothing to Stanley Weyman, or Conan Doyle, or the kailyard host. His book is in no sense an imitation; it is his own—every line of it—and it has the rare charm with which extreme care and fidelity to history can invest a romance.

The hero is no other than Horatio, Lord Nelson, and the period, the year of his splendid victory of the Nile.

The author has devised a wonderful way of putting the man before us in his habit as he lived. The hero of the tale is, of course, Nelson himself, but the element of the unexpected is introduced, no romance will charm without it. By means of the love affairs of Katherine Fleet, and Will Hardres, two extremely young and enthusiastic persons, who "belonged to the grand old race of East Kent squires, who brought up their sons to fear nothing and hate the French, aye, and brought up their daughters to be the wives and mothers of men who should sail the salt seas till too stiff with age or wounds to climb to their quarter decks."

To Will Hardres and Thomas Trinder (the narrator), in after years, when the stirring days of the Admiral's glories are things of the past, comes a Mrs. Hunter, who turns out to be the same woman who sheltered poor Lady Hamilton in her last moments when she found her destitute. She brings some manuscript books, in which Nelson kept a journal, and offers them to Will at a high price. Will and his friend inspect the volumes, believe them to be genuine, and purchase them; and the book is partly composed of extracts from these supposed journals, supplemented by the narration of Captain Trinder. The great ability of Mr. Sladen, in the manufacture of these journals, cannot be too highly praised: they are real works of art. The spirit of Nelson, both personal and political, breathes from them throughout; several times in their perusal I paused, and recollected myself, having been tricked for a while, completely into the belief that they were genuine.

The picture of Lady Hamilton is a fine one; it is just the kind of woman one would imagine her—her faults, her beauties, her manner to her hero, his infatuation, his purity of purpose, the inevitable end, and the thoughts by which he justified it to himself, are all typical of the man, the woman, and the age.

The accounts of the Battle of the Nile, of the flight of the King and Queen of Sicily in a terrible storm, and of the Admiral's danger in the lonely castle of Favara, are admirable. Mr. Sladen has so steeped himself in the history of the time, and so permeated his soul with the glories of Palermo and the Mediterranean, that really there runs through his book a gleam of "the light that never was on sea or land."

It is a book too detailed, too careful, too deliberate, probably, to make a very great or a very pronounced success in this slipshod age of readers of snips and extracts. But, to the great public who are still uncorrupted by the fungus of modern journalism, the masses and masses of educated persons who are still

\* "The Admiral." By Douglas Sladen. Hutchinson and Co.

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