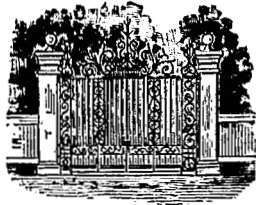


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



THE Queen and her sayings and doings are on every tongue, and her determination to visit Ireland has caused immense satisfaction in the United Kingdom. We have never been able to divine the reason for the unstatesmanlike attitude of the Queen's advisers in preventing her paying the same honour to the sister isle as her visits to Scotland confer. But the obtuseness of the "brutal Saxon" is a very real factor in our dealings with other nations, and the sprightly Celt has very little in common with the dour Scotch and dominating English.

The Queen has visited Ireland on three previous occasions. Her first visit was in 1849, when with the Prince Consort and four of her children, she had a thrilling reception as the Royal Squadron steamed into Kingstown Harbour. Nothing could have exceeded the tumultuous enthusiasm on that occasion. "Oh, Queen dear!" exclaimed an old dame, "make one of them Prince Patrick and all Ireland will die for you." As a matter of fact the next son of Her Majesty was named Arthur after the Irish Duke of Wellington, and Patrick after the patron saint; while in later years the same Royal son became the Duke of Connaught. The next visit of the Queen to Ireland was in 1853, when Her Majesty opened the International Exhibition in Dublin, and the third occasion was in 1861, when the Prince of Wales was in training at Curragh Camp.

The London Press appears to "lay it on" somewhat too thickly when eulogising royalty in the abstract—with their eoniums of the Queen, in particular, we have no fault to find—but compare the tone of the Press of sixty years ago, and it will be found even more grovelling. We happened to be shown a fine old coloured print in the salons of the Misses Woollan in Brook Street, a few days ago, and found it backed up with a newspaper of the year 1837, containing an account of the visit of the "sweet and lovely young Sovereign" to the Guildhall, and writing of the "Queen's Sacred Person." In this same year, upon the occasion of Her Majesty's first prorogation of Parliament, an evening paper, in describing the appearance of Her Majesty, has the following very funny passage: "Her emotion was plainly discernible in the rapid heaving of her bosom, and—in what else does the reader suppose?—why, *the brilliancy of her diamond stomacher!* which sparkled out occasionally from the dark recess in which the Throne was placed, *like the sun on the swell of the smooth ocean as the billows rise and fall!*" We need hardly remind our readers that the *moon* was at its full last night." So apparently after all the taste of the press has somewhat improved.

Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons have received the following letter from Sir Arthur Bigge, in response to a request for her Majesty's acceptance of a copy of the late Mr. G. W. Steevens' book:—

"Please convey to Mrs. G. W. Steevens, the thanks of the Queen for the copy of her late husband's book,

'From Cape Town to Ladysmith,' which she has been good enough to forward through you for her Majesty's acceptance.

"At the same time I have to express the Queen's sympathy with Mrs. Steevens in the sad loss of her husband, cut off in the midst of his brilliant and useful career."

We feel greatly flattered that in the last chapter the editor, Mr. Vernon Blackburn, quotes from the *NURSING RECORD*, much which we wrote in the short obituary notice of the irreparable loss of George Steevens.

A Parsee lady, Miss Piroja Banagi, has lately distinguished herself as the first Indian lady to take the M.A. degree at the University of Bombay. Before this notable high-water mark had been reached, academic honors gained by women had been limited to some half-dozen Bachelors of Arts. In a very different direction, another member of this same family has also worked out a career for herself, the graduate's sister, Miss Dhangai Banagi. Her gifts are artistic, and after spending several years as a student in Europe, where she was fortunate enough to become a pupil of Bonnat, among other great French masters, her work was admitted to the Salon des Champs-Élysées. She, again, was the first Indian lady to be thus distinguished.

Only three American ladies have attained to the great honour of receiving public thanks from the Congress at Washington. The first of these three ladies was Miss Dolly Madison, who, in the year 1814, on the occasion of the English entering the White House at Washington, saved the original of the Declaration of Independence. The second lady to receive the honour in question was Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, in the year 1878, because she had presented to the State the celebrated painting by Frank Carpenter, representing President Lincoln and his Ministers signing the proclamation of the emancipation of the negroes. Thirdly, the Congress has thanked Miss Helen Gould for the care she (during the Spanish-American war) shewed for American soldiers and sailors.

## A Book of the Week.

### NEMO.\*

It has not been my good fortune, hitherto, to have read any works by this author; but this one is so good of its kind as to inspire an expectation that the others may be equally worth reading.

The story is simple enough, but well put together, and the types of character in a small country town, to which we are introduced, are all well done. The character of Mrs. Burnett, for instance, the solid, respectable tradeswoman, whose sole object in life is to stand well with the Chapel "Connection," but who knows in her heart of hearts that, if she has money enough, she can lead the Connection by the nose—minister and all—this is a sketch from the real life of the Provinces! So is the pretty, vivacious flirt, Charlotte Flower, who likes to be kissed and made love to, but is, in the main, true to the very ordinary young man on whom she has set her heart.

\* By Theo Douglas. Smith Elder and Co.

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