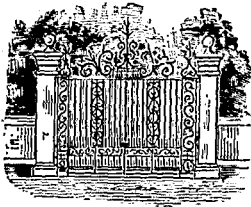


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



WITH regard to the wreaths for the Queen forwarded to Windsor Castle, the names of the senders will be entered in a book and kept as a record.

The *Law Journal* says: "The question of the constitutional position of a

Queen Consort once more becomes of interest. The status of a Queen Consort always differed from that of married women in general. She was considered in law as a *femme sole*. By an Act of Henry VIII., passed in 1540, she was empowered to take grants from the King, and to sue or be sued in her own name, with the addition of 'Queen of England.' The power of acquiring and disposing of property conferred on her by that statute was confirmed by 39 and 40 George III., c. 88, ss. 8 and 9. The Queen Consort is a 'public person,' and the Courts take judicial notice of Acts of Parliament relating to her. She has a separate Court and ceremonial offices and officers distinct from the King. She appears in the Courts by her own Attorney and Solicitor General. Although she is only a subject, the compassing or imagining her death is high treason. Provision was formerly made for her by certain reservations and rents out of the demesne lands of the Crown, and out of what was known as 'Queen gold'—the portion of any sum paid by a subject to the King for a grant of office or franchise. But this matter is now regulated by statute."

Mrs. Burney, president of the National American Congress of Mothers, has cabled to King Edward and Queen Alexandra: "The mothers of America extend their sympathy for the loss of a mother whose nobility and purity of character added a dignity to the motherhood and strength to the homes of all nations."

The low level of salaries was a grievance referred to at the annual meeting of the Association of University Women Teachers at Bedford College, Baker Street. It was stated that the number of applications for teachers was slightly in excess of those received the previous year, but the appointments made were two less—namely 151, as against 153. This was due to the low salaries offered by public schools, which made it difficult to fill posts where high qualifications were demanded, while the pay was considerably below that expected by teachers who possess those qualifications. There was also a tendency in public schools not to engage teachers over thirty. The salaries offered by private schools and families are, however, fair, and the secretary urged members to take up such work.

What to Read.

- "Queen Victoria: a Personal Sketch." By Mrs. Oliphant.
 "Life of Her Majesty Queen Victoria." By Millicent Garrett Fawcett.
 "An Englishman's Love Letters."

In Memoriam.

Losing Her smile, and letting fall our tear,
 Ask we how best we may her name revere?
 Can we by mourning garb, or flower-wrought wreath,
 Best show our grief, best signalise Her Death?
 Is it by funeral pomp, by silken pall,
 By Sceptre, Orb, or Crown Imperial,
 By arms reversed of troops in long array,
 By crowds in silence stretching far away,
 By the sad following of Her Royal Race,
 In which ev'n Kings are proud to have a place?
 No! not all these, symbolic though they be,
 Can best immortalise Her memory!

Tribute, above all other, is to tread the paths She trod,
 To justly do, to mercy love, and humbly walk with God.

E. GILBERT HIGHTON.

February 2nd, 1901.

Women's Odes to Queen Victoria.

From the "Morning Post."

This is no Queen, that was, and is no more;
 No mere anointed Monarch! from a Throne
 On this poor planet, wafted to a shore
 Where the Eternal Spirit rules alone;
 And no mere mother, wife, or faithful friend—
 Tho' all of these in her one name combined
 To make it blessed—but from end to end
 Of her vast Empire, a Tradition, twined
 About our hearts from earliest infant years;
 An Influence we felt when Right prevailed
 Over the blackness of enshrouded spheres;
 A Hope we turn'd to when all others failed
 And died in darkness! Greater deeds were wrought
 By reason of her greatness; greater good
 Grew of her proven goodness! Soldiers fought
 More bravely, knowing that they shed their blood
 To drive the foe from lands that own'd her sway
 Or plant her standard under alien stars,
 And shipwreck'd sailors, watching the last ray
 Of daylight sink below the Ocean-bars,
 Have pray'd for her; while in the loneliness
 Of desert-solitudes, beyond our ken,
 The "Great White Queen" has been evoked to bless
 The lower lives of simple savage men
 Who knew her only as an honoured name,
 Half Human, half Divine—the type of all
 They sought for in their gods, and fed with flame
 Upon their altars! Can the velvet pall
 That covers what is mortal hide away
 For evermore and stifle in its folds
 All that was born because she saw the day,
 Or quench in darkness what her memory holds?
 Here, whilst her crape-bound banner beats the air,
 And each sad hour some sadder record brings,
 Our hearts determine that she shall not share
 The cold companionship of vanished Kings;
 And in her England, tho' the great bell toll
 And all the world go sable-garmented,
 Save to the irksome travail of the soul,
 She that a Nation mourns for is not dead!

"VIOLET FANE."
 (Lady Currie.)

British Embassy, Rome, January, 1901.

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