

(only fledged this year, too!) after an excellent simulation of prostrate, heart broken penitence, soars joyously away,—to make love to his neighbour's wife."

Any reader who has experienced the joy of sitting alone under a hedge and watching a "tatie-bogle" surrounded by crows must appreciate this paragraph.

"The White Poppy" is an apotheosis of "blessed blank oblivion, happiest gift of the gods." "Tactful forgetfulness (says our author) makes for happiness, and the wise man prays for a good digestion and a bad memory." The young will doubtless scoff at this desire for the White Poppy of forgetfulness, but those of us who are old enough to realise what is truly a "sorrow's crown of sorrow" will thankfully turn from the scarlet and purple flowers of memory to the "pallid petals of our white lady of consolation."

The second part of this little volume is called "The Golden Age." The first paper tells of the sort of wondering pity that children feel towards their elders, who "having absolute licence to indulge in the pleasures of life, could get no good of it." The remaining five essays are all concerned with children and their imagination. "The Burglars" is pure comedy—and very good comedy too. After reading "The Golden Age" the reader will feel very sorry for young people born in London, reared by Kindergartens, and educated by High Schools and Xmas lectures at the Royal Institution.

The Pagan Papers, though slight, are very suggestive, and make one desire ardently (if only the weather gods prove propitious) to start early in April for a week's country holiday, and search for the great god Pan far away from the haunts of literary men, down in the reeds by a river.

A. M. G.

"MOLLY AND HER MAN-OF-WAR."

SOME of our readers who remember Miss Arabella Kenealy's "Dr. Janet of Harley Street," with its vigour and thoughtfulness, leading up to the death from *delirium tremens*, which has been characterised as "one of the most powerful situations in literature," may be disappointed, at first, to find in "Molly and her Man-of-War" little of a serious nature. But the book is so light, bright, and amusing from beginning to end, that such a first feeling should disappear rapidly before the breezy energy of its humour, and its charming "go." Nurses whose lives contain so much that is sombre, will find a cheerful tonic in the healthy laughter to be got out of its diverting complications.

The first few chapters are not equal in literary merit to the rest of the book, but the matter is interesting enough to lead one on.

Madcap Molly and her cousin Nan are coasting in the Mediterranean, and the book concerns itself with their adventures; which assume a sentimental aspect when, at Leghorn, the girls, who very candidly acquaint the reader with the fact of their good looks, fall in with two American war-ships, the *Terrapin* and *Greenback*.

The Captain of the *Terrapin* is the "man-of-war" who confers the title on the book, and he it is who gives a new turn to the "Irish fun and frolic," for which the fascinating Molly is remarkable.

By a chapter of accidents Molly and Nan paying a visit to the *Terrapin*, are not received with all the deference these exacting young women regard as their

eternal due. They leave in a huff, and a story is maliciously circulated to the effect that one of them was forcibly, and against her will, kissed by the American Captain; whereupon this gentleman is promptly cut by all the respectable inhabitants of Leghorn.

Mr. Barabbas Jenkins, the British Consul, who represents Mrs. Grundy rather than Her Majesty the Queen, addresses an inflated protest to the Captain, who, with the girls, repairs to Mr. Hudson Bay, the Consular and twangy upholder of a womanhood emancipated by his Stars and Stripes. After a few preliminaries:—

"Miss Molly O'Brien?" the Consul said, inquiringly.

"I am Miss O'Brien," Molly replied, bending her flushed, vivacious face towards him, "and it is a wicked falsehood, all of it. Nobody thought of such a thing as kissing me. I am sure such a notion would never have occurred to Captain Digsbee."

"I should say not," the Consul commented respectfully, arranging his papers.

"And he would not have dared," she added, excitedly.

"That's so," the Captain interposed.

Just then his and the Consul's eyes met, whereupon they looked quickly in opposite directions. The Consul wiped a smile from his mouth with his long thin fingers.

"I should have kinder fancied it," he said quickly, studying the ceiling with marked interest.

There was a pause, during which Molly fanned her heated face with an imposing-looking parchment she had abstracted from the Consul's table.

"I presume," Mr. Bay insinuated presently, "you've not a notion who it is has been camping on your trail?"

This remark was addressed to Molly, but as she was not, in those days, as fully acquainted with the eccentricities of the American tongue as she is now, she failed to understand.

"I beg your pardon?" she inquired.

"You can't tell who's been impaling you?"

Then she "caught on," as the Consul would have said.

"No; but there's absolutely no foundation for it—not a shadow or a ghost of truth in it," she protested.

Captain Digsbee fidgeted a little.

"You told me, you know —," he began.

"Yes, I know," Molly interrupted unconcernedly, returning her improvised documentary fan to its place on the table. "I daresay I did tell you things just for a little *passer*, but I reckon we'll let those slide; I presume the Consul isn't wanting any frills."

You should have seen the men's faces as she brought this out, with the most delicate and charming of nasal intonations. I thought I should have died of fright as I heard the Consul's bass inimitably reproduced in Molly's treble. But the Consul showed no sign beyond a momentary twitching at the corners of his mouth. He continued gravely committing her deposition to paper.

Mr. Jenkins, who is characterised by Nan as "unspeakably detestable," being florid, common, and irritatingly self-consequent, assists later at the interview, and by his fixed determination to hear no explanations, and to treat the whole company as prisoners in the dock, succeeds in getting himself admirably fooled by the innocent-seeming Molly.

The court scene is about the best in the book.

We learn from an American reviewer the dramatic fact that the fine old warship, the *Keersage*, which has played so prominent a part in American history, and was recently tragically wrecked, is the self-same gunboat which figures here as the *Terrapin*, on whose decks so many of the scenes of "Molly and her Man-of-War" were enacted.

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