

**A Book of the Week.****THE PASHA.\***

This is a novel which seems to me to be attracting considerably less notice than its merits deserve. It is a most interesting and striking tale, told by one who evidently knows most intimately that of which she writes.

Miss Hugh Pryce has actually, I am told, been herself a governess in a Turkish family, and her evidence is of quite peculiar interest at this particular crisis, when Abdul, the despot, has just issued an order forbidding Turkish families to have English governesses.

Some of us may remember the immense flutter caused in the circles of novel readers when Marion Crawford first published his "Mr. Isaacs," in which a cultivated oriental falls in love with an English girl and wishes to marry her. Since then we have grown more familiar with the question of mixed marriages, and that of Lord Coventry's daughter with Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh has more or less established a precedent. The question was treated with ability and common-sense by Mrs. Henry Norman in her clever story "The Crook of the Bough." Miss Hugh Pryce is very fearless. She acknowledges the difficulties, but she believes them not to be more than good sense and true love combined—a rare combination—may successfully combat.

Magdalen West, companion to Sophie Jackson, a rich English girl, touring in Constantinople, is with her, in a caique on the Golden Horn when they are run down by a steamer. Sophie is drowned, but Magdalen, who can swim, is rescued by Ahmed Ilderim Pasha, who happens to row past soon after the accident. The Pasha, fearing that the girl will succumb to cold and collapse before he can get her to her hotel, takes her to his own house, where his mother and the other ladies of the harem are very kind to her. Very soon arrives from England a Mrs. Pringle, Sophie's sister, a narrow-minded provincial woman, quite ready to believe that if Magdalen did not actually plan the boating accident, she at least left Sophie to drown, in order to get her money, which Sophie had often talked of leaving her. An unsigned will to that effect is indeed found, and Mrs. Pringle seizes eagerly on everything she can, against Magdalen, to justify herself in totally ignoring her sister's express wish. The fact that Magdalen has stayed a night in Ilderim Pasha's harem, is to her ignorant mind equivalent to her having forfeited her reputation. Poor Magdalen, cut to the heart, and finding herself stranded in Constantinople, literally without the means to get back to England, is only too glad to yield to the Pasha's suggestion that she should become governess to his younger brother. This she does, and finds the harem life by no means intolerable. Then the young brother is sent to school in England, and the Pasha, when Magdalen talks of going, confesses that he has fallen in love, and wishes to make her his wife.

Miss Hugh Pryce more or less holds a brief for the Osmanli, and knows the bad side of the Armenian character. She is, however, most open-minded, and her book is strangely interesting reading.

She removes one great obstacle to the union of

\* By Daisy Hugh Pryce. (George Allen.)

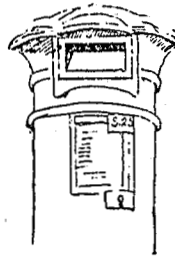
Magdalen and the Pasha, by making her heroine not a Christian, as is indeed, by no means unnatural now-a-days. It is a curious touch, to make Magdalen, the Unitarian, engaged to a Mahomedan, stipulate that if she should die she may be buried by the English chaplain, in the name of that Christ whom she denies. But this too is natural.

Magdalen's Turkish wooer sticks to his guns, although he wishes to marry a European. He tells her plainly that after marriage she must see the face of no man but himself. Her chief counsellor is an English governess, a most enlightened woman, who urges her to accept Ilderim. This she does, reluctantly and without love, and the result threatens tragedy. But we will not give away the course of a most interesting story. It may be against our instinct, but the writer has certainly known how to state her case, and Ilderim gives one the impression of being drawn from life.

G.M.R.

**Letters to the Editor.****NOTES, QUERIES, &c.**

*Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents*

**WORKHOUSE NURSING.**

*To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."*

MADAM,—I do not intend to enter upon a controversy, but merely to ask you to allow me to state a fact, with regard to Dr. Toogood's letter, to which my attention has been drawn. In writing to him on the subject of the Workhouse Nursing Association, I said I was thankful to find that a member of our Committee, Dr. Humphreys, was advocating a plan I had long considered as the only practical remedy for the care of the sick in the smaller infirmaries. It cannot possibly matter who first promulgated this idea.

But I must add, as knowing the Association for twenty-two years, that the accusations against it are utterly unfounded.

Yours faithfully,  
LOUISA TWINING.

Oct. 7th.

*To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."*

MADAM,—In your issue of October 5th Dr. Toogood makes the following extraordinary charge against me. He says, "Through the courtesy of Miss Louisa Twining I have been able to confirm that which I had previously suspected—viz., that Mr. Humphreys has annexed and labelled as 'my (Mr. Humphreys) scheme,' the plan formulated by Miss Twining, and published by her in July, 1901."

Your correspondent has discovered a mare's nest, and his imagination has supplied the necessary local colour. There is not the slightest connection between

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