

proposed graceful words of thanks. Tea was served in the green and white dining-rooms, where fine Whieldon figures and mezzo-tints met the appreciative eye, and very good music attracted those present to the studio, Mr. Aspirall's beautiful style of singing charming all who heard him. Amongst the collectors present we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crisp, who possess the finest "Armorial" porcelain in the world; and in whose collection of soft paste Lowestoft is to be found the historic "Judas" bowl. The Society includes Mr. Philip Norman, Society of Antiquaries; Mr. Henry Burke, Herald's College; Mr. Alfred Trapnell, of "Bristol" fame, Mrs. Hume, whose fine collection of "Pinchbeck" would be difficult to beat, and Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, who is the proud possessor of the three double-handled Lowestoft loving cups, known "in the trade" as the "Rosebery Cups."

A brass has just been placed in Eversley Parish Church to the memory of Miss Mary Kingsley, the well-known traveller, who died in Cape Colony last year. The brass is bordered with black marble inscribed with a text from the Koran in Arabic, a translation of which is as follows:—"We beseech the Lord of the Daybreak to preserve us from the perils of the day and the perils of the night." This is the "Traveler's Amulet," worn on a piece of parchment by every Mahomedan when on a journey. The following is the chief inscription:—"To the glory of God, and to the beloved memory of Mary Henrietta Kingsley, traveller and author, daughter of George Kingsley, M.A., and Mary, his wife, and niece of Charles Kingsley, some time rector of this parish. Born 13th of October, 1862, in the parish of Islington; died 3rd of June, 1900, at Simons Town, Cape Colony, where she was ministering to the needs of the fever-stricken prisoners taken in the Boer War, and buried at sea with naval honours. *Talent de bien faire.* This brass was erected by her brother, Charles George Kingsley, and her uncle, William Bailey, and her cousins, Maurice Kingsley, Rose Kingsley, and Mary St. Leger Harrison." *Talent de bien faire* was the motto of Prince Henry, fourth son of John I. of Portugal, a favourite hero of Miss Mary Kingsley's.

A Book of the Week.

THE FIERY DAWN.*

Miss Coleridge, after a silence of four years, has given us a successor to "The King with Two Faces."

Her new book is a marvel of style and finish. It is vivid, terse, full of action, full of romance, full of finely-drawn and contrasted characters; and yet—and yet—

What is it that we lack? Is it that we feel the author's searching after manner so keenly that the matter now and then escapes us? Is it that the struggles of the Duchess of Berry, in the reign of Louis Philippe, to put her own son on the throne, belong to a period which leaves us cold? Is it that the cryptic style of writing leaves us too often entirely in the dark, during two or three chapters, as to what the part we are reading has to do with what has gone

* By M. E. Coleridge. (Arnold.)

before? Whatever it may be, the book leaves a curious impression of dissatisfaction.

The style is, consciously or unconsciously, modelled somewhat upon that Victor Hugo of whom all the characters rave. It is entirely episodic. We pass from one scene to another, with no word of comment as to the impression left by each scene upon the actors in it. The sentences are short, strong, meagre—the reader must earnestly extract from each its utmost meaning, must strain the memory to adjust events in due order, to draw conclusions, to read inferences. None of this trouble will the author condescend to save him. Like Carlyle's French Revolution, which is glorious reading to him who has the entire history of the French Revolution at his finger ends, but, considered as history, is merely stupefying, so this chronicle may be intelligible from the historical standpoint to those who are *au fait* with the France of the period; to others it is a dream, across the stage flit figures which tantalize by their poignant capacity to interest, and appear no more. Berryer, for example.

Lucien Sylvestre, minor poet, is perhaps the hero. Madame la Duchesse de Berri is undoubtedly the heroine. It is hinted that the father of Lucien is *feu* M. le Duc Berri. Lucien is the protégé of the wholly charming Marquis de Civrac, who seems to be a survival of the old *haute noblesse* of France. But, in fact, the whole atmosphere of the tale refuses to adjust itself to the nineteenth century. There is a perfectly charming scene in the beginning of the book, in which the petulant young Lucien goes to the Marquis to beg him to return to him the manuscript of a poem which he has solemnly agreed to let him keep for seven years. The reason of this request on the part of the Marquis is that he has realized the crude greatness of the poem, and does not want Lucien to publish it as it is, but to wait until experience shall show him the places in which it is lacking—until he has loved and sorrowed and learned life. It has been put into Lucien's head by his friend Blum, the socialist, that the Marquis is playing him false; and he goes to Morfontaine to demand the restitution of the MS. The whole of this chapter is exquisite; but it breaks off, as everything in the book breaks off, and we are whirled to other scenes and different interests.

The Duchess is an extraordinary achievement. Whenever she appears she dominates the stage. We know why men devoted themselves to her cause. Whether she is disguised as a peasant boy—Petit Pierre, or whether she is receiving a deputation of her supporters, she is Duchess from head to foot, and the art of the novelist, who can greatly show the great, must itself be of the highest order.

G. M. R.

Coming Events.

Friday, November 29th.—Reception by the Society of American Women in London of the Delegates to the International Congress of Nurses at Buffalo, U.S.A. Speeches 3 p.m., Mrs. Glynes, Acting President, in the Chair. Reception, tea, music, to 6 p.m.

Saturday, December 7th.—Social Gathering of the League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses in the Medical Library.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)