

officers have sent a reply, stating that the only condition on which they will withdraw their resignations is Miss Clarke's retirement from the institution. They also intimate that they will continue to attend to their cases in the institution up to January 15th only.

Madame Sarah Grand's views on "Mere Man" are well known in England. Recently she has been lecturing on the subject in the United States. Max O'Rell has replied to her with a few remarks on "Mere Woman." Here are a few gems from both:

MAX O'RELL.

The most religious woman will postpone an interview with her Maker for an appointment with her dressmaker.

The woman who is constantly blushing must be terribly well informed.

The American man is practically the slave of woman.

Education is to women very often what wealth is to men. It does not take a woman long to become a parvenu in the matter of education.

Women should have two great aims in life—trying to be beautiful and succeeding in being pleasant.

In England woman is practically extinct.

SARAH GRAND.

When you meet a man who describes himself as a "mere man" you would always do well to ask what he wants, for since man first swung himself from the bough in the forest primeval and stood upon his two legs he has never assumed that position for nothing.

The kindnesses of men are oftener the outcome of their own satisfaction than their desire to please.

Women are further advanced morally than men, more ready to respond to ennobling influences, and when those influences are absent from their minds they suffer.

Men are educated to be public-spirited, but not in the matter of marriage, and this is a mistake.

## A Book of the Week.

### A NEST OF LINNETS.\*

So fascinated is Mr. Frankfort Moore by that period of English History which he has already exploited in "The Jessamy Bride," and "The Fatal Gift," that we find him here again in the Bath of the Linleys and the Thrals, of Mrs. Abington and Horace Walpole.

The hero and heroine of his story are Richard Sheridan and Elizabeth Linley, that pathetic beauty whom Sir Joshua Reynolds immortalized as S. Cecilia.

At this period of his career, young Sheridan was but one-and-twenty; and the object of Mr. Frankfort Moore is to show how, in the Bath of that day, the young fellow culled from experience the seeds of his future dramas. The engagement of his beloved to a man more than old enough to be her father, is the germ of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, the fire eating Major O'Teague the prototype of Sir Lucius O'Trigger; while for such characters as Mrs. Candour, Lady Sneerwell and Snake, he had only to stroll about the pump-room any day in the gay city, to meet them deep in their neighbours' reputations.

Richard is able by a fortunate chance, to save the life of Mr. Long, the fine-natured and generous old man who has induced Elizabeth Linley to engage herself to him, solely in order to save her from the

torture of singing in public, which she loathes. During the encounter with two foot-pads, in a lonely suburb of Bath, Mr. Long sustains a slight wound in the hand. Next day it is all over Bath that Dick Sheridan and Mr. Long have fought a duel. The various versions of this duel and its result, as chronicled by the Bath gossips, make very amusing reading.

Then comes on the scene Mrs. Abington, the brilliant, beautiful actress, deliberately bent upon captivating Dick, and bound to succeed had his heart not been wholly occupied by his deep and lasting love for another woman.

Dr. Johnson and Boswell, Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke, flit through the pages, but only as shadows. Somehow, as a picture of the life of those days, the book fails to convince, spite of its wit and epigram, spite of its brisk movement, its duels, its abduction.

The best bits are those that show the character of Mr. Long, the old man who has all his life remained faithful to the memory of the girl who died upon the eve of his union with her, and who was buried in her wedding gown. This man, strong of purpose, brave, simple, honourable, is worthy of more sustained treatment than the author is able to give him in these pages; and this Mr. Moore himself seems to have felt, if one may judge by the exquisite little Afterword, supposed to be written by him, after witnessing the happiness of the married lovers, and which is by far the most perfect thing in the book.

The story will not add materially to a fame now well established, neither will it detract from it. It is a work of industry rather than a work of genius; but it is by a practised hand, and probably few of Mr. Frankfort Moore's admiring readers will be able to detect the lack of spontaneity which prevents it being really a fine book.

We may mention, by the way, the author's curious dislike to Boswell, based apparently upon the poor little gentleman's failure to appreciate his beloved Oliver Goldsmith at his true value.

G. M. R.

## Verse.

Where'er great pity is and piteousness,  
Where'er great Love and Love's strange sorrow stay,  
Where'er men cease to curse, but bend to bless

Frail brethren fashioned like themselves of clay;  
Where'er the lamb and lion side by side

Lie down in peace, where'er on land or sea  
Infinite Love and Mercy heavenly eyed

Emerge, there stirs the God that is to be!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## What to Read.

"Caroline the Illustrious, Queen-Consort of George II., and some time Queen-Regent; a study of Her Life." By W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A.

"The Tragedy of Francis Bacon." By Harold Bayley.

"The Potter and the Clay." By Maud Howard Peterson.

"Mousmé. The Sequel to 'My Japanese Wife.'" By Clive Holland.

"Great Lowlands." By Annie E. Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee Hamilton).

\* By F. Frankfort Moore, Hutchinson.

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