

bread, and therefore do not know where the shoe pinches, is, "Look before you leap."

Frauenlob (Praise of Women) was the name with which, on the invitation of the Kaiser, Countess Stolberg-Wernigerode, president of the German Women's Union, christened a new cruiser which was launched on Saturday at Bremen. His Imperial Majesty is getting on.

## A Book of the Week.

### AUDREY.\*

Miss Johnston's publication of a new novel will be received with delight by all who appreciated her vivid pictures of American life under the old English régime, before rebellion was talked of in the colony of Virginia.

She seeks no fresh ground in her new book; but it is marked by as strong an originality as were "The Old Dominion," and "By Order of the Company."

The whole setting is admirable. Marmaduke Haward, the son of a rich Virginia planter, is one of a little band who set out to cross the great range of mountains, never before crossed by white men. The Deputy-Governor of Virginia leads this gay and enterprising picnic; and the party makes a mid-day pause near the lonely farm of a pioneer, to cook their good things, and to toast the beauty of Molly, the young daughter. Marmaduke Haward is young and susceptible, and of no greater virtue than the average young man of his rank and time. After the cavalcade has ridden on, he makes an excuse of a sprained ankle, in which none of the merry party believe and rides back with his negro servant towards the isolated homestead, in order to improve his acquaintance with Molly. But they lose the way and are benighted. That very night the pioneer's home is attacked by Indians and the whole family murdered, with the exception of the little girl, Audrey, who escapes and hides in the growing corn.

Guided by the flames to the spot, Haward finds the desolate orphan, and, moved by a spirit of remorse for his contemplated treachery, frustrated in so ghastly a manner, carries the child away with him, and makes up his mind to be responsible for her upbringing. In those days, in Virginia, the community made rough provision for the terribly numerous class called orphans, by establishing a court which handed over the poor children to persons deemed suitable, who had a right to what service they could extract from them, in return for some kind of keep. Among a cruel, half brutal population, it may be imagined that the orphan's lot was an unspeakably hard one. Determining that Audrey shall be better cared for, Haward hands her over to the childless Parson Darden and his shrewish wife, to whom he makes suitable provision for her maintenance. Then he sails to England in the "Golden Rose," and forgets his ward, who grows up in the degraded household of the low-minded and intemperate Darden, as do heroines of fiction in such circumstances—pure as a lily, innocent as a snowflake, poetical, imaginative, a lover of nature, a dreamer of dreams, a wild thing of the woods.

It is of course possible that Audrey would have so grown up, but it does not strike one as very likely.

\* By Mary Johnston.

She was the child of poor, uneducated parents—she was brought up under influences almost wholly bad. She went about, apparently, in a chemise, a short skirt, and her bare feet; yet we are asked to believe that when for the first time, at a minute's notice, she was put into a ball-gown and taken to a ball, she played the great lady to admiration, and afterwards became a great actress.

There is something unreal about the figure of the girl—something unreal in the clearness and detachment of her judgment concerning the man whom she loved with all the force of an untouched nature. But, given the fact that one can accept Audrey, the book is a wonderful one. Angus Maclean, the Scotch Jacobite assigned servant, Marmaduke himself, with his nature of mingled great and base, the Parson Darden, Hugon the half-breed, Colonel Byrd, and, in fact, all the characters that move through the pages are vivid, and typical of the age they lived in. We see the Virginia of King George the First before us, we feel the impulses that moved the dwellers therein; and this is genuine Art.

G. M. R.

## Verse.

### TO A CHILD.

I wish thee, child, a joyous heart,  
A spirit gay;  
A soul in which fear finds no part,  
Gloom holds no sway.  
I wish, whate'er be thy distress,  
Thou may'st remain  
Strong in the faith that happiness  
Shall conquer pain.

ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

*Westminster Gazette.*

## What to Read.

"Last Words." By Stephen Crane.

"Thomas Carlyle: A Brief Account of His Life and Writings." With forty-six Portraits, Illustrations, and Facsimiles of his Handwriting.

"The Dark o' the Moon: Being Certain Further Histories of the Folk called 'Raiders.'" By S. R. Crockett.

"Princess Puck." By Una L. Silberrad.

"Michael Ferrier." By E. Frances Poynter.

"Rolling Flax; or Summer Days in Little Russia." By Sinclair Ayden.

"The Ghost of the Englishwoman." By John Houdart de Lisle.

## Coming Events.

*April 10th.*—Lord Hillingdon presides at the Festival Dinner of the Metropolitan Hospital at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole.

*April 28th.*—Sir John Cockburn presides at the Annual Festival of King's College Hospital at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole.

*April 30th.*—Annual Ball in Aid of the London Hospital Convalescent Home at Tankerton, at the Grafton Gallery.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)