

imprisoned in a tower, or to be hanged by the neck for her ideas. She is always ready to translate her ideas into acts.

#### A DAY OFF DUTY.

It is more than likely that most nurses resident in London have at some time visited Richmond; but it is not equally safe to assume that all of them have ferreted out, and looked at, the many places of interest in the quaint old town.

The expense incurred on a day spent there is very slight, the return fare from town only amounting to 1s. 3d.; and, except what is spent on food, no other outlay is necessary.

About a minute's walk from the station one reaches the "Green," a large plot of grass enclosed in a square of very fine old houses. In one corner of the Square stands all that remains of the old Palace, a residence that was much in favour with the rulers of Great Britain in by-gone days. Very little can now be seen of the famous building; indeed, except for the remains of an old archway it is difficult to believe that there is any of the original Palace left at all. Still, the archway is genuinely old, and the Royal coat of arms, although battered almost out of recognition, revives the faith of the sightseer.

Overhanging the archway is a window which is said to have been that of the room in which Queen Elizabeth died, and from which the signal (the dropping of a sapphire ring upon the grass) was given by Lady Scrope to the messenger waiting below when the Queen breathed her last; the signal thus given allowing the horseman to start immediately for Scotland, so as to be the first to convey the news of the Queen's death to King James, her successor. The old-fashioned court through the archway is very quaint and pretty, and gives one a fair idea of the former precincts of the Palace.

Leaving the "Green" the visitor should proceed through the main town, up the hillside to the Terrace, which is the fashionable promenade ground of Richmond. From the Terrace the view of the surrounding country is superb, stretching as it does over six counties, and embracing in its sweep many notable places as well as an exquisite view of the valley of the Thames.

The Terrace Gardens are very beautiful, and slope directly down to the river; they were formerly the grounds belonging to Buccleuch House, which was some years ago the property of the Duke of Buccleuch.

At the summit of the "Hill," and just outside the gates of Richmond Park, stands the famous "Star and Garter Hotel," and it must be confessed there is practically nothing to say about it. The Hotel is so brazenly modern, having been entirely rebuilt about thirty years ago, that it is only by turning one's back on the pile, and dreaming the tales one has read of it, all over again, that any romance can be got out of the place.

Wick House, which was built for Sir Joshua Reynolds, stands quite close to the Hotel; the house commands a magnificent view, which seems to have inspired the famous painter to execute one of the few landscapes he ever painted.

The beauties and points of interest in Richmond Park are numerous, and it would take more than one day to do them thoroughly so as to fully appreciate all that one should look at.

LUCY M. RAE.

## A Book of the Week.

### PROPHET PETER.\*

This is a noticeable book; noticeable in many ways. The English is at times slipshod, but the style is forcible.

Throughout there is nothing exaggerated, nothing strained, in this history of a perverted ability and a diseased egotism. The author has apparently, like most people, not sufficiently studied psychic phenomena; there appears to be the usual confusion between clairvoyance and second sight—two gifts which are rarely found in the same subject—but apart from this, the delineation of Peter is masterly.

Mrs. Crump, widow of a well-to-do flour miller in the village of Dunstall, is a narrow, rigid, but extremely good and conscientious woman. She rescues and adopts the little son of a disreputable mountebank. The child's dead mother was a clairvoyante, and at about eight year's old, Peter shows signs of inheriting her gift, or her misfortune. Mrs. Crump, austere, ignorant, full of religious fervour, believe that the child has a call from God, and carries his case to the epicurean vicar, Mr. Vieuxbois, who is an excellent study of a type of clergyman now disappearing, fortunately for the Church such men serve, or fail to serve.

The woman's ambition is to train the emotional child for Holy Orders; the vicar cannot conceal his frank horror at the idea of a village child aspiring to such heights. Had poor Peter been through the mill of a public school education he doubtless would have found his true level, and what was real in his prophetic claims would have survived the ordeal. But the vicar's culpable apathy throws Mrs. Crump into the arms of the Dissenters. It is easy for the imaginative Peter to invent visions of angels, when all his ramblings are greedily seized upon by a following of untaught rustics. He starts conventicles, holds revival meetings, and become a thorn in the side of the vicar and his curate, Giles Horriester.

The women of the tale are less satisfactory than the symmetrical and well-thought-out study of Peter. The Vicar has a niece called Gwendolen Lasseter, a reincarnation of the utterly non-moral modern woman, selfish, hollow, insincere, craving only for excitement and novelty. That such a girl should have engaged herself to the curate is inconceivable. She would have been surrounded by men—there was absolutely no reason why she should have accepted the ugly, stupid, middle-aged man. Nor is her feeling for Peter any more intelligible.

Eve Storming also is disappointing. In her childhood she is perfectly delightful, recalling strongly the heroine of "The Light that Failed." But she grows up a good, energetic young housekeeper, with no lingering suggestion of the originator of that mystic and captivating formula—"Ching fitty pong song tong song non."

The book is really and strongly original, and the treatment of the culminating episodes leaves little to be desired.

G. M. R.

\* Mayne Lindsay, Ward, Lock, & Co.

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