

laid to rest, with every mark of honour which the city could accord her, the presence of thousands of citizens bearing eloquent tribute to the universal respect of the departed.

For a Grave.

Pansies first and violets blue,
While our thought is full of you,
While they name you soft and low,
Lest the heart should overflow.

Roses in a little while,
When we learn again to smile,
When our sorrow finds relief
In the sympathy of grief.

Lilies last in later years,
After time has dried our tears,
Such as Brother Lippo paints
In the hands of happy saints.

BY RENNELL RODD.

A Book of the Week.

STARVECROW FARM.*

It came at last—that red-letter week when there was a new romance by Stanley Weyman! Careful artist, great writer that he is, he will never give us scamped work, he will never publish until he has a tale to unfold, complete in all its wonderful, intricate machinery of adventure, ripened with its careful, sometimes subtle character studies into a masterpiece so finely balanced, that most people fail to note that it is balanced at all, and talk of him as a chronicler of rollicking swash-bucklers.

If one were asked whether Mr. Weyman is the more charming when he writes of England or France, what should we answer? Let us take his present contribution to our pleasure, and own that he has seldom been more happily inspired than by the Lake District.

We open with an elopement; and nothing could be more charming, more stimulating to the interest, more replete with suggestions of more to follow than this sketch of the emotions, doubts, and pretty pride of Henrietta, goose, but no fool, in all her nineteen year romance and folly, eloping with Alan Stewart, from nobody knows where, sooner than be the wife of Anthony Clyne, who is middle-aged, a very bad love-maker, and—crowning offence—has been married before. The match was arranged by her brother and guardian, and it well beseeemed a young lady of spirit to fly with so handsome and opportune a lover as Stewart. But, even as they drive together in the post chaise, we have glimpses of her charm, her boundless inexperience, her lover's dubious honour. Our hearts are beating fast for the vehement, sweet creature by the time they reach the inn at Newby Bridge. But Henrietta, after all, was not born a Damer for nothing. She had self-respect, whatever else was lacking, and she put herself at once under the grudging care of the forbidding landlady—one of the best-drawn characters we have had from this pen.

In the morning Henrietta's lover was missing! And it presently transpired that he was being shadowed by Bow Street runners for conspiracy and sedition. Bad enough this, one would think, as the end of the

* By Stanley Weyman. (Hutchinson.)

pretty rebellion of nineteen, and the dawn of a wedding morn! But far worse was to follow. The authorities wanted information about the defaulter from his companion, who surely ought to know; and this the girl, loyal to the end, in spite of her terrible disillusion, refused to give. The development of the heroine's strong individuality, as stress of circumstances purges away her girlish, headstrong folly, is subtly done. How one does love Henrietta throughout! Captain Clyne comes on the scene and bails her. But he has now to avenge himself for the affront put upon him by this Miss, who has dared to jilt so great a man within a week of marriage. He sends his chaplain, a pitiful kind of person called Sutton, to the girl, with a message that this man, knowing the circumstances, is yet willing to marry her and hide her disgrace by shelter of his name. Of course the good Anthony, having no idea of the latent strength of character and depth of feeling of his sometime betrothed, has no idea of the deadly wound he is dealing by this horrible suggestion. A curious foundation this out of which to extract a romance. But the author does it, with care and thought and trouble and skill, till there is no laying down the book till the last page is reached. Only one thing mars the symmetry of the wonderful whole. The plot demands the introduction of a child, and a child is no good as material with Mr. Weyman. His children are simply lay figures. The scene which ought to be the most pathetic, the most heart-wringing in the book, where the girl sits, in a horrible underground den known as the "Smugglers' Oven," with the lame child in her arms, expecting only death to them both, quite fails in its effect owing to the author's absolute helplessness in face of the psychic problem of a child's probable utterances or a woman's way where a child is concerned. G. M. R.

Silence.

Still-born Silence, thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart,
Offspring of a heavenly kind,
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' th' mind;
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery.

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

What to Read.

"My Lady Clancarty; being the True Story of the Earl of Clancarty and Lady Elizabeth Spencer." By Mary Imlay Taylor.

"Queens of the French Stage." By H. Noel Williams.

"A Dictionary of Saintly Women." By Agnes B. C. Dunbar.

"A Waif's Progress." By Rhoda Broughton.

"The Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon the Second): A Biography compiled from New Sources of Information." By Edward de Wertheimer.

"The Beautiful Lady." By Booth Tarkington.

"Ruth Gwynnett, Schoolmistress." By Moxice Gerard.

"Holona." By Mrs. H. O. Forbes.

Coming Event.

October 14th.—Hospital Saturday in London.

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