

will no doubt be taking their rightful share in the intellectual and social progress of their country, while preserving the charm which is peculiarly their possession.

Book of the Week.

PRINCESS PRISCILLA'S FORTNIGHT.*

If only the talented and delightful lady who writes these alluring books would give us some name to call her by, of a somewhat less portentous length than fourteen deadly syllables! The one thing that mars whole-hearted enjoyment in reading her book is the awful thought that, when asked who wrote it, you must reply, after carefully drawing a deep breath, "The author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.'"

But when you have once got over this fence, and are free of the Garden, so to speak, what a reward awaits you! "Princess Priscilla" is not so screamingly funny as were the adventures in Rügen—perhaps it would not be fair to expect that. But funny it is, and in some places quite distractingly so.

Princess Priscilla is a fair maiden, brought up in a court, and considered to be a model of propriety. She has imbibed, from the dear old *Hofbibliothekar*, notions of a life which shall transcend the life of courts, and of going to find one's soul, à la "Paracelsus." When her marriage becomes a thing definitely considered, she finds that some desperate measure is certainly needed. With the trusty and absolutely devoted Fritzing, she starts in pursuit of her soul, and anchors in what Fritzing considers a likely harbour—in Somersetshire.

I do hate to betray the secret of a delicious book like this, and I do not mean to give away the Princess and her quite natural adventures. Of course, Fritzing is made to behave in a very foolish and impossible way as regards the dwelling he selects for her grand ducal highness. But then, if Fritzing had been a common-sense person, he would never have eloped with his Princess in pursuit of her soul. He has pretty nigh all the virtues except common-sense; and the havoc which he and Priscilla work between them, in a happy and peaceful village in one short fortnight, is simply amazing, though one feels it to be quite possible. Much wisdom is, as usual, scattered among the humour with which T.A.O.E.A.H.G.G. so plentifully seasons her pages. This one passage absolutely demands quotation.

"Mr. Dawson was a bluff person, and something of a tyrant, for he reigned supreme in Symford, after Lady Shuttleworth, and to reign supreme over anyone, even over a handful of cottagers, does bring out what a man may have in him of the tyrant. Another circumstance that brings this out is the possession of a meek wife; and Mr. Dawson's wife was really so very meek that I fear, when the Day of Reckoning comes, much of his tyranny will be forgiven him, and laid to her account. . . . 'This man was handed over to you quite nice and kind,' one can imagine Justice saying in an awful voice; 'his intentions to start with, were beyond reproach. Do you not remember, on the eve of your wedding, how he swore with tears he would

be good to you? Look now, what you have made of him. You have prevented his being good to you by your own excessive goodness to him. You have spent your time nourishing his bad qualities. Though he still swears, he never does it with tears. Do you not know the enormous, the almost insurmountable difficulty there is in not bullying meekness, in not responding to the cringer with a kick? Weak and unteachable woman, away with you!'"

Here is a deep truth, lightly garnished. There are many such to be had, by reading the Princess Priscilla. It is positively charming. G. M. R.

What to Read.

"Catherine Grace Loch." A Memoir. By Surgeon Major-General A. F. Bradshaw, C.B.

"Counsels and Ideals from the Writings of William Osler."

"The Memoirs of Thomas W. Evans: Recollections of the Second French Empire." Edited by Edward A. Crane, M.D.

"Peter and Alexis." By Merejkowski.

"Descartes: His Life and Times." By Elizabeth S. Haldane.

Coming Events.

December 16th.—Her Royal Highness Princess Christian opens new buildings of the Hampstead General Hospital.

December 18th.—Hospital Sunday Fund. Meeting of Constituents. Mansion House.

December 19th.—The Duchess of Sutherland and the Countess of Huntingdon's At Home at Dickenson's Gallery, 114, New Bond Street. Articles in silver and copper made by the Potteries Cripples' Guild will be on sale, 3.30 to 5 p.m.

A Word for the Week.

Lord Curzon's Farewell to India.

A hundred times in India I have said to myself, "Oh, that to every Englishman in this country, as he ends his work might be truthfully applied the phrase 'Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity.'" No man, I believe, ever served India faithfully to whom that could not be said. All other triumphs are tinsel and sham. Perhaps there are a few of us who make anything but a poor approximation of that ideal. But let it be our ideal all the same to fight for right, abhor the imperfect, unjust, or mean, swerve neither to the right hand nor to the left, and care nothing for flattery, applause, or odium and abuse. Never let your enthusiasm be soured or your courage grow dim. Remember when the Almighty has placed your hand on the greatest of his ploughs, in whose furrow the nations of the future are germinating and taking shape, to drive the blade a little forward in your time, to feel that somewhere among these millions you have left a little justice, or happiness, or prosperity, a sense of manliness or moral dignity, a ring of patriotism and dawn of intellectual enlightenment, or sense of duty, where it did not before exist. That is enough. That is the Englishman's justification in India. It is good enough for his watchword while he is here; for his epitaph when gone."

* By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden."

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