

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE GOVERNOR OF ENGLAND.*

Miss Bowen has added yet another volume to her already long list of historical novels. This time clothed in the picturesque detail and glamour that she knows so well how to impart, we have the closing scenes of the reign of the martyr King, and Cromwell's Protectorate. It is to the latter that the writer's sympathies are given, and though she strives to give true balance between the twain, the Puritan cause undoubtedly is her own.

The romance which must always attach to the reign of Charles I. is indeed not difficult to build upon; but it takes a Marjorie Bowen to draw tender pictures of the relentless regicide.

The scene in which Henriette Marie prevails with the King to sign Strafford's death warrant is a good specimen of the work in which the book abounds.

"She found the flint and tinder and with deftness and expedition lit the lamp of crystal and silver gilt which stood on the King's private bureau. As the soft, gracious flame illumined the room, the King, who was leaning against the tapestry like a sick man, looked at once towards the fatal paper, and beside it the pen and ink dish ready.

"It is well I love thee," said Charles, "otherwise what I do would make hell for me. Oh, if I had *not* loved thee, never, never would I have done this thing." . . . He snatched up the warrant with trembling hands. "Send some lords to me," he cried, "I cannot sign it myself—get it done—bring this most hateful day to an end."

He sank on the chair on which her tears had fallen, and stared at the paper clutched in his fingers, as if it were a sight of horror. Henriette Marie hastened away to tell the waiting deputies of the house that the King would pass the Bill, and as she went she heard a cry intense enough to have carried to the Tower where my lord sat waiting the news of his fate.

"Oh Strafford! Strafford! my friend!"

Cromwell's domestic life is charmingly told, and especially fascinating is Elizabeth, whose early death is full of pathos.

"At sixteen Elizabeth was married and was now Mrs. Claypole.

Neither in dress nor manner was she a Puritan. Her piquant bright face, with eyes slightly languishing and mouth slightly wilful, seemed more to belong to the now exiled Court of Henriette Marie than to the household of the leader of the Roundhead army. . . .

Elizabeth Claypole, Lady Elizabeth now, slept that next spring in Whitehall; the first night she lay on a bed with blue satin curtains, brought by Henriette Marie from France.

That first night she dreamt dismal things. Often had she heard an account of the execution

of the late King and listened with horrified and reluctant ears now as she sat up on the great bed. She pictured all too clearly—the slender figure in the pale blue silk vest, with the George on the breast, and the hair gathered up under a white silk cap. She thought she saw him glimmer across the dark, looking down at his feet—he wore the wide shoes with silk roses which had gone out of fashion since his death.

"I am not going to be happy here, she kept saying to herself.

The next day she did not leave her bed, and before long it became known that the Protector's favourite daughter was stricken with a nameless lingering illness."

We must again congratulate Miss Bowen on a highly finished work.

H. H.

VERSE.

Take a dash of water cold,
And a little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in the morning air.
But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play;
Let a wise old book and a glance above,
Complete a well-spent day

COMING EVENTS.

September 26th, 27th, 29th and 30th—Territorial Force Nursing Service, City and County of London. Lord Cheylesmore and the Committee of the Imperial Services' Exhibition, Earl's Court, invite members of above Service to visit the Exhibition with their relatives, free of charge, on above dates. Apply for tickets to Miss M. C. Goodhue, 14, Ashley Gardens, London, S.W.

September 29th.—Nurses' Missionary League: Valedictory Meetings, University Hall, Gordon Square, London, W.C. 10 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

October 1st.—Nurses' Missionary League: Lecture, "The Duties of a Matron in a big Hospital abroad." By Miss Amy G. Lillingston, L.R.C.P. *Chairman*, Miss A. C. Gibson (formerly Matron Birmingham Infirmary.)

October 3rd.—Meeting Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 3.30 p.m. Tea.

October 6th to 10th.—Annual Conference National Union of Women Workers.—Annual Meeting of the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, 8th and 9th inst., Assembly Rooms, Hull.

October 23rd.—Central Midwives Board Examination, London, Birmingham, Bristol, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

November 3rd and 10th.—Medico-Psychological Association Examinations for Mental Nurses.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Build character, gain knowledge, seek wisdom cultivate happiness, and serve always.

* By Marjorie Bowen. Methuen & Co., London.

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