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REVIEWS.

Under Five Reigns. By Lady Dorothy Nevill. (Methuen. 12s. net.)

We ask from a writer of memoirs not only acquaintance with but knowledge of people. We ask for characteristic anecdotes and illuminating comment. According to the publisher's announcement, Lady Dorothy Nevill's "memories are probably inexhaustible." I wish they were not, or that she had written in some other fashion than that condemned by Carlyle as "tipping up the shafts." I have read her "reminiscences" hoping (alas! in vain, as Lady Nevill would say) to see the great Victorians in undress. But every man cracks his shirt-front as he bows to Lady Nevill, and passes on to oblivion with dissipated family; and, even John Burns appears in Court dress in these pages! Lady Nevill has known Cobden and Bright, Disraeli and Chamberlain, and a host of other politicians. Yet she can comment as fatuously as any Anti-Socialist lecturer. Speaking of Dorsetshire, she says that on a certain estate the aged women were allowed to collect the dead wood blown from the trees by storms. This privilege has been denied them by the new squire, and oblivion with a dignified creak of the boots. Even John Burns appears in Court dress in these pages! Lady Nevill says firewood. Lady Nevill says "they were not, or that she edited them in some other case of cruelty known to me in a state of nature, for apparently such captures are of no use to the plant, and assuredly not to the wretched butterfly, or moth, or fly." This is the opportunity for a profession of optimism. "Alas!" says Lady Nevill, "there is much suffering and cruelty in the world which seems to us meaningless and unnecessary; but over all, human intelligence is but finite, and in all probability everything is designed for the best." Alas! it probably is! The discerning reader will not expect any more illuminating comment on the men mentioned in this book. Albert Burne-Jones, breechings of a writer of memoirs. She quotes the familiar story of Byron dining with Rogers, and refusing everything but potatoes drenched with vinegar. She tells a story of a Florentine monk which every reader of Browning knows;} I offer her white beans. I got "chestnuts.

Historical Vignettes. By Bernard Capes. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

I suppose that Mr. Capes does not use the word "vignette" in the original significations of a flourish of vine leaves, but in the sense which modern photographers have made it mean a small portrait of the head and shoulders. It is strange, then, to find Sir Richard Weston, in the story of "The Lord Treasurer," depicted in his shirt, and warming his buttocks before the fire. Jane Shore is shown in penitential sheet, and blushing as the wind uncovers her knees; and Mr. Capes strips Lady Godiva of her reputation as well as of her raiment, for, in his story, she lies naked and unconscious before the altar while the stuff of the Virgin parades its pudency for the benefit of the populace. Literally considered, his stories are not "vignettes." But Mr. Capes does not intend us to take his title too seriously, for his "Fouquier-Tinville" is admittedly a "fancy." Without the admission, I should not have supposed that a story of a head just severed from the trunk seeing itself stuffed into a rag-picker's umbrella was historical; although it might have been a "vignette." But what can we think of a Napoleon who makes a compact with a little bronze statue, whereby he is to become a god in ten years, or the compact lapses? The fact that this statue is animated like that of the Virgin in "Lady Godiva," suggests that Mr. Capes is acquainted with the story of Galatea. His erudition is to be admired, but it must be admitted that his use of it does not illuminate our knowledge of Napoleon. It is difficult, too, to understand why it should take ten years to make a god of Napoleon, during which period he scarcely knew failure, and, when his divinity was secured and the compact renewed, three years should suffice to bring about the overwhelming disaster of Moscow, his complete ruin occurring three years later. I did think of suggesting that Mr. Capes should marry this statue to that of the Virgin in another "historical vignette"; but his breach of contract with Napoleon must have prejudiced so respectable a lady against him. If, however, this prejudice can be overcome, they should be married speedily; so that they may live happily ever after, and be heard of nevermore.

Leaving this line of criticism, which has ended in a proposal of marriage, let me try another. It is interesting to notice how Mr. Capes has controlled his historical figures by the use of his supernatural machinery. He raises the ghost of Princess Sophia to slay George the First: the ghost of Jane Seymour's nurse worries Henry VIII.: to death with the sound of her wheel spinning the flax for his shroud: the soul of the Huguenot, shot by Charles IX., embodies itself in a black crow, and frets the monarch to a death not recorded in history so that it may destroy his soul on its way to Paradise as Napoleon's really devilsed on a compact that was broken after its ratification, the triumph of Louis XIV., collapsed when he discovered that the charm to which it was due was the Blessed Host, a charm which, acting according to instructions, he had placed in hundreds of places with a pin. If these "vignettes" are intended to be public for her grandchildren. I, at least, am not impressed by the long list of celebrities mentioned in these pages, and, alas! the book is nothing more. "Ouida, as is well-known, was devoted to animals. I think that most literary men and women have kind hearts." I have not, and I hope that Lady Nevill will recognise that I am not a member of "that indulgent public," which is pleased with anything published over a title. I expected wit, and I got quotations; I expected anecdotes, and I got "vignettes." Lady Nevill expected approval. I offer her white beans.
portraits, I must advise Mr. Capes to look to his camera. At present, it emphasises the resemblances and obliterate the differences, a fault pardoned enough when confined to our unworthy sex, but not to be tolerated by that other sex which prides itself on the difference between its members. But Mr. Capes' ladies are very unjustly treated. I would not prevent the sins of the flesh, while Fair Rosamond and Leonora of Toledo, for similar lapses, are assassinated. Maid Marian and Margaret of Anjou escape outrage; but Mr. Capes forgets to punish the faithless Duchess de Guise (which was his right). It is a frightful thing to find that caused her husband's death by succumbing to the fascination of Royalty, receives neither shame nor suffering. This is strange, for in every other particular the heroines of melodrama are made to suffer. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Capes' machinery failed to provide the customary fate of penance or assassination. Lady Godiva, being more of a legend than a lady, suffered nothing more than a swoon for her breach of the proprieties; the statue of the Virgin, as I have said, solemnly paraded the town on horseback, and shrivelled the eyes of the peeping priest. Mr. Capes concludes "Lady Godiva" with this strange resolution: "Divine beauty, and that cannot be the contenting of his own spirit," which here came a ridiculous trope, since no one expected lightning to make a noise. He says of "The Chaplain in White Tower": "One might have counted his ribs, and never guessed at the dreams of surfet that wantoned over them." The psychologists should be pleased by Mr. Capes' localisation of the dream-organ. He speaks of "an immense hush," "a soundless blink of lightning;" a ridiculous trope, since no one expected lightning to make a noise. He says of "The waters of the Glynne, which here came tumbling in a little weir smooth as a barrel of glass," he says, when it is clear that he should have used a smooth word like "moving" or "gliding" to fit the sense and the scene. But Mr. Capes is not an artist. His tricks are too few and too obvious. These kings haunted by the memory of mistresses and massacres; these compacts with the devil; this convenient sun that only rays a crimson mistresses and massacres. As stories, the tricks of the melodramatic writer do not appreciate the value and meaning of words, a few instances will prove. He speaks of "a soundless heat." He can spoil a description of a scene of "perfect pastoral quiet" with one word. "The waters of the Glynne, which here came tumbling in a little weir smooth as a barrel of glass." He cannot help becoming what he does become; he is Man? By Mark Twain. (Rationalist Press. 2s 6d. net.) The "secret work," the "gospel" of Mark Twain, is not very amusing; I can find only one joke in it: the joke is this: "Fleas can't be taught anything that a Congressman can." Perhaps there is another joke. In the preface, Twain says: "Every thought in this book has been thought (and accepted as unassailable truth) by millions upon millions of men, and women. Why did they not speak out? Because they dreaded (and could not bear) the disapproval of the people around them. Why have not I published? The same reason has restrained me, I think. I can find no other."

By Dr. H. Campbell.

The State and the Doctor. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans, Green and Co. pp. 276.)"
in the United Kingdom. Their function is to visit the destitute poor at their own homes; but the cases they are actually called upon to treat are almost entirely confined to the aged and the chronically infirm, who are for the most part beyond the pale of medical help. Many of their patients, again, we suppose, are children of filth and squalor which are quite incompatible with effective treatment. The treatment they receive, indeed, is generally summed up in a bottle of medicine; it is not regarded as part of the duty of the parish doctor to educate the habits of life which make for decency or which obviate disease. Many, moreover, refrain from applying to him on account of the stigma of pauperism which attaches to those who seek his help.

The authors bring out many interesting facts regarding the free "institutional" (as distinguished from "domiciliary") treatment of the sick poor. They consider that the treatment of the sick in mixed workhouses—i.e., in those having no separate infirmaries—is nothing short of a scandal. Not only are these workhouses unprovided with a resident medical officer, but they have not even a trained nurse, the patients being chiefly looked after by pauper assistants. In London and many other large towns, however, the workhouses have infirmaries separate from the pauper departments. In the parish workhouse, they are in several respects inferior to the hospitals: the proportion of doctors and nurses to patients is much less, and there is no attempt at special departments; moreover, the exclusion of students, the absence of scientific laboratories, and the fact that no annual scientific reports are published, all operate negatively on the medical staff in that they fail to supply a stimulus which is found in hospitals. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the Poor Law infirmaries are becoming more and more popular, an increasing amount of surgery is being done there, and they are indeed fast developing into rate-aided hospitals.

Besides these infirmaries a large number of municipal or isolation hospitals for various infectious fevers have sprung up within recent years. They contain as many beds as the whole of the endowed and the voluntarily supported hospitals.

The writers, I think, rightly condemn the mammoth supported hospitals. The proportion of doctors and nurses to patients is much less, and there is no attempt at special departments; moreover, the exclusion of students, the absence of scientific laboratories, and the fact that no annual scientific reports are published, all operate negatively on the medical staff in that they fail to supply a stimulus which is found in hospitals. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the Poor Law infirmaries are becoming more and more popular, an increasing amount of surgery is being done there, and they are indeed fast developing into rate-aided hospitals.

The writers strongly advocate a unified State service and State medicine which shall embrace the Public Health and the Poor Law medical service. The latter service, in spite of its costliness, they regard as practically useless, "with its stigma of pauperism, its deterrent tests, its consequent failure to get hold of incipient disease, its total ignoring of the preventive aspect of medicine, and its lack of co-ordination between domiciliary and institutional treatment."

The reader will find this work as interesting as it is valuable. Every medical man and every Guardian should study it.

* * *

By E. B. d'Auvergne.

* Home Life in America. By Katherine G. Busbey. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

This is an interesting book about an interesting people. I am very glad it has been written. When I told my friends what a horrible place America was they would not believe me; they said I had been reading Dante. Mrs. Busbey's book will restore my reputation for veracity. She and I—though she is an American—appear to have looked at her countrymen through the same pair of spectacles. Opening the book at random, I learn that "the guest who dares to drop into an American home unannounced is a very courageous individual, and even expects the host or hostess, after feeding the performer, to pay for the privilege of eating at hotels and restaurants rather than expect a welcome if they happen to be in time for meals but cannot announce their coming." Quite true. I recollect having been invited by a New York family to come down on Sunday to a little cottage they had bought at six miles a week before. At the University of Pennsylvania I was entertained one evening by a party of students. I can only say that if the refreshments they might have offered me were as poor as their talk, I am glad I came away hungry. An American woman quoted by our author epitomizes the national view of hospitality thus: "We cannot ask our friends because we are not indebted to them, and when we do entertain we try to take in as many as possible to whom we are indebted, and maybe we have invited some who don't want to do it, and it costs!"

The American takes no pleasure in social intercourse, and his idea of an American home is expressed in display and excitement. The secret of this attitude, is briefly, that Americans take no interest whatever in each other, and are purely secondary products. Mrs. Busbey admits that the American woman "has an almost a greater tendency to sexual emotion and (like our neo-Platonists) thinks babies "rude." She marries only to have "a good time," and her good time consists in dressing like a cocotte and acting like Mrs. Grundy. There is no childish people! They go through life, never knowing that they are such by nature, and all the wrongs of nature are their own with their toys. The men occupy themselves frantically with business, that is, amassing the means of enjoying themselves without any idea how to use them. The American does not go to a hotel for old-fashioned comfort and simplicity and refinement. He goes there when he has money and he wants the impression that he is making a noise spending it. To me it seems that the only reason for going to a hotel is to get food and shelter; but I am bound to say that the American view is common enough here, and I perceive with amazement that to many of my countrymen and countrywomen the mere consciousness of being in a hotel is a sensation of rapture.

Mrs. Busbey has not drawn a flattering picture of her compatriots. The American "home" (!) she admits is nearly always dishevelled; there is no pride or interest in housekeeping; the richest class despise the advantages of a college education for their daughters, the college girl generally becomes an "educated drudge"; American children are odious and ill-bred; there are no manners, no cordiality, no lofty ambitions; love is talked of as "mawkish sentiment." The reviewer is able from his own observation to endorse every one of these charges. Poverty is looked upon as shameful, and the people's paltry ambitions are summed up by the paltry word "to show off." And more than all, "in the pronouns of our language — as flats" the proprietor is obliged to insist on a periodical inspection by an expert in verminology called "the bug man!"

Yet this silly, sexless, soulless people has undoubtedly its weight in the world. It is highly specialised. The American is a business machine. As such is formidable. His genius is not the blossom on the deep-rooted tree of passion and instinct—not human nature moulded to the form of mediocrity—"the trick well learnt"—as it is learnt by the performing dog. The American millionaire teaches us that we have only to extinguish our emotions and our instincts and we shall become as he is. The American woman, too, we cannot count. She has no sex instincts and no sex consciousness. She does not want a vote: give her a new frock and an English peer.
Still, the American is there, in occupation of a large and fertile territory once inhabited by higher races. Not for these, however, would the white man make money, but he can also fight; and any attempt to dispossess him seems foredoomed to failure. All civilisation can hope for is his absorption by the German, the Irishman, or the Chinese.

Mrs. Busbey's book is excellent and well informed throughout. The whole idea and execution of the series is to be commended. There are one or two amusing misprints to be signalled: "Newport as far as typography goes is almost treeless"; perhaps T-less is not in the air yet. But as a matter of fact, few real Americans would expatriate themselves because their automobile roads were bad. I wish they would, for it sounds as if it were a painful process.

True Stories of the Past. By Martin Hume. (Eveleigh Nash. 35.)

Major Hume does not appear at his best in this, his last and posthumous work. He was too earnest and conscientious an historian to be a good story-teller. Truth is often stranger than fiction, but it is still and posthumous work. He was too earnest and conscientious an historian to be a good story-teller. Truth is often stranger than fiction, but it is

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's "holy of holies," nor to draw deductions unfavourable to her biography. When a person who writes has spent a longish life chasing round (to use Mrs. T. P.'s words), has made a marriage that brings her into contact with all sorts and conditions of people worth chasing, and has developed an unpardonable mania for collecting evidences of the many and various spoils of the chase; when she has buried herself, so to speak, beneath a mountain of accumulated souvenirs, her object will be obviously to rescue herself in order to demonstrate to an admiring reading world what a grand, picturesque, and lovable

Thus in Mrs. O'Connor's records we trace how she was born in Virginia. Though her father was a slaveowner she sat on the opposition bench, so to speak, as an abolitionist. She spent her early life in America, and early detached herself "chasing round" Abraham Lincoln. In the last and posthumous work. He was too earnest and conscientious an historian to be a good story-teller. Truth is often stranger than fiction, but it is

One sees the continuous see-saw between conflicting natures. As to the author's misreading of her character, it is noticeable in one fact. Mrs. T. P. O'Connor might have made it abundantly clear throughout she has written her book to prove that she is a large-hearted, generous, and grateful person. And she nearly succeeds—in disappointing it. Not once does she acknowledge the immense debt of gratitude she owes to her husband for his indirect cooperation in the production of her book. That she is so indebted is beyond argument. For if Mr. T. P. O'Connor had never honoured her with his name, to say nothing of his hand and heart, together with a large share of his circle of friends and acquaintances, her experiences would have been vastly different, and it is safe to say the present book would not have been written, much less published. Summed up, it is for the most part an amusing story of how "I Myself" made the most of my opportunities as a girl. Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. That she is so indebted is beyond argument. For if Mr. T. P. O'Connor had never honoured her with his name, to say nothing of his hand and heart, together with a large share of his circle of friends and acquaintances, her experiences would have been vastly different, and it is safe to say the present book would not have been written, much less published. Summed up, it is for the most part an amusing story of how "I Myself" made the most of my opportunities as a girl. Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.
There are many ways of doing the Cornish Coast. There’s Mr. Salmon’s way, which is a way for making travel unnecessary. All that one has to do is to buy Mr. Salmon’s book and let Mr. Salmon’s experience—the distant, the ancient, the immediate, the remote, the local, the national, the provincial, the world-wide—do the rest. How does his experience go? Historically, the author just escapes the title of “Hibernian commentator.” He has carefully read the history of the district and packed his pages with reliable historical facts. Perhaps the least satisfactory of the characters of the play is a certain baron who possesses a lovely but depressed daughter. In order to cure her of her melancholia and to make her merry and bright, the baron is advised to try a remedy said to have been prescribed by Hippocrates, and give her a strict course of buffoons. The author of the present book appears to be in a tearful condition that also requires a judiciously applied course of Follies or Grotesques by way of an antidote. She starts off with a fit of the blues, the first chapter is written in the Bashkirtseff manner, the second in the style of an artistic photographer, and one who unfortunately fogs his plate with facts—historical, geological, botanical, but not with the eye of a painter or poet, but with the eye of a painter or poet, but with a rich glowing fringe of russet that dissolves in painted roofs encircle the waters of Sutton Pool. From Looe to Fowey, Falmouth to the Lizard, from Mount’s Bay to Bude and Morwenstow, seeing all the details of the old architecture—and there is the unarchaeological person who will yawn at such information. Then there is the economic person who wants to know what everything costs—and there is the happy-go-lucky person who is deaf to everything except funny stories. Mr. Bradley has endeavoured to meet the difficulty by adding something to please everybody, with the result that he comes perilously near pleasing no one. In fact Mr. Bradley’s industry and good nature have got the best of him, with the result that he has introduced a great deal of interesting first-hand observations of the district—as suggested in the many excellent photographs—does not carry Mr. Salmon to the Cornish Coast. By Arthur L. Salmon. (Unwin. 6s.)

There are many interesting bits of history belonging to Plymouth that make fascinating reading. For instance, one may stand upon the Hoe and watch east and west the twin arms of land, Mount Edgcumbe and the promontory, put on the fresher, sweeter garb of a younger world, while Drake’s Island fronting the picturesque Tamar, changes to St. Nicholas Island. Landward the threatening citadel disappears like some enchanted phalanx. The reach of the Hoe yachting club and bathing place, and upon it, lighthouse and monument, fade away. The upreaching, far-stretching town shrinks till nothing of it remains but a quaint little town of 1,500 houses, whose gabled and pinnacled walls are crowned by the waters of Plymouth Sound, with a rich glowing fringe of russet that dissolves in the waters. The waters of Sutton Pool are gathered every notable seaman and navigator, commander—all who have defied the threatening citadel disappears like some enchanted phalanx. The reach of the Hoe yachting club and bathing place, and upon it, lighthouse and monument, fade away. The upreaching, far-stretching town shrinks till nothing of it remains but a quaint little town of 1,500 houses, whose gabled and pinnacled walls are crowned by the waters of Plymouth Sound, with a rich glowing fringe of russet that dissolves in the waters. The waters of Sutton Pool are gathered every notable seaman and navigator, commander—all who have defied Mount’s Bay to Bude and Morwenstow, seeing all the details of the old architecture—and there is the unarchaeological person who will yawn at such information. Then there is the economic person who wants to know what everything costs—and there is the happy-go-lucky person who is deaf to everything except funny stories. Mr. Bradley has endeavoured to meet the difficulty by adding something to please everybody, with the result that he comes perilously near pleasing no one. In fact Mr. Bradley’s industry and good nature have got the best of him, with the result that he has introduced a great deal of interesting first-hand observations of the district—as suggested in the many excellent photographs—does not carry Mr. Salmon to the Cornish Coast. By Arthur L. Salmon. (Unwin. 6s.)

The Avon and Shakespeare’s Country. By A. G. Bradley. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.) I had not read much of Mr. Bradley’s book before I began to wonder whether the author had ever read the fable of the “Mole and his Mate.” Mr. Miller is a typical of him, with the result that he has introduced a great deal of matter which he might have kept out. How many readers will be interested in the sightseers to Warwick Castle are taxed at 2s. a head (this is a fact for Socialists to meditate upon). How many desire to hear the author’s speculations as to how a twentieth century “Aunt” would dispose of the thirteen sons and daughters sculptured on a seventeenth century tombstone in Eckington Church; or to listen to his lamentations on the decline of the prize fighting spirit.
at Rugby, a place which he mainly associates with Arnold and Tom Brown's Schooldays. On the other hand there are features that might have been emphasized. The hand should have said more about the dedication of Tewkesbury Abbey, and about its interesting decorated window forming a link in the progress of tracerie. The early Norman turret of Bredon Church is a landmark in architecture deserving more notice. Again, the tower of Evesham Abbey stands out in one's mind, and should stand out in Mr. Bradley's book also, as an unusually fine example of exterior panelling. Mr. Bradley has aimed to write a book essentially for the general reader, as distinct from one intended solely for the historian, archaeologist, or any other expert. The result is an historical-archaeological-ecclesiastical-truly-architecturoal-performance. A little more attention to essential details would have made the journey from Tewkesbury to Rugby following the Avon, more highly attractive. The thirty coloured illustrations by A. R. Quinton are adequate and add to the value of a book that will serve as a proper historical and descriptive guide.

* * *

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