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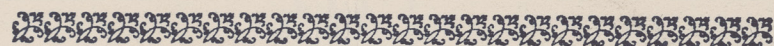
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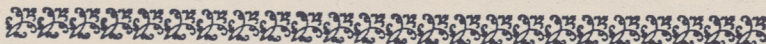
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MENTION "THE LANDMARK"

*In case you did
not see it*

A MAN FROM CANADA

By ST. JOHN ADCOCK

I CONFESS that I am never quite happy with a biography in two volumes ; yet I recognise that the first biography of a great man who has led an active, a full and a long life cannot always adequately be given within smaller compass, and the one thousand four hundred pages of Mr. Harvey Cushing's admirably written "Life of Sir William Osler" not only contain nothing that is superfluous but are everywhere vital, everywhere alive with interest. But there are some great men, not too many of them, men of such fine character, such charm of personality, so interesting and inspiring in themselves, so significant, apart from their high achievements, that you want to have them not in large books on the library shelves but in those intimate, small volumes that you can carry about with you and have always at hand. And it is a sure tribute to the skill and the power with which Mr. Cushing has done his work to say he makes you feel that Sir William Osler was one of those rare spirits. All the details in these volumes are essential to the student of Osler's career, they show the influences that went to his making, how after hesitations he found his true work, by what strenuous toil he acquired the profound medical knowledge that made him one of the most famous of modern physicians. There was no compressing all this ; it had to be told with some amplitude. But how good it would be if, this done, Mr. Cushing would now give us a close story of Osler himself, a study of the man, in some such little book as Izaak Walton wrote about John Donne ; for there was that in Osler which made him worthy of a place among that limited company of great men whom we love to enshrine in little books. He delighted in Izaak Walton, and even more in Sir Thomas Browne, whose deep religious instincts and something of whose quaint whimsicality were also his ; and in his last illness he was re-reading Lamb and wrote in one of his notes : "How I should have liked to get drunk with Charles Lamb !" and every lover of Elia will understand his having that feeling, and open his heart to him, and know he was too human to belong exclusively to any profession.

There are parts of the biography that will probably make a more special appeal to those of Osler's own science, but you may have as little acquaintance with medicine as I have (and that

is not much) and yet find it aboundingly interesting. His family history, the vivid sketches of his father and mother, the account of his early years, "near the edge of the wilderness," in Upper Canada, his schooling, his boy-friends and his adventures of those days, all these and their significances are woven into a picturesque narrative and quietly reveal in how many traits the boy was father of the man. You follow him through his experiences at the McGill Medical School, through his growing absorption in medicine and the development of his gifts; his busy and varied life in the United States as lecturer and as physician in American hospitals; his studies at Berlin and Vienna; his settling in England as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, through the notable services he rendered in the War, the tragedy of his son's death in action, which broke him down though he bore it with characteristic courage, and soon after to the closing scenes of his illness and death. So far as his strenuous, crowded life and his achievement could be summarised in a few lines, Mr. Cushing has perfectly epitomised them near the end of his last chapter:

"He advanced the science of medicine, he enriched literature and the humanities; yet individually he had a greater power. He became the friend of all he met—he knew the workings of the human heart metaphorically as well as physically. He joyed with the joys and wept with the sorrows of the humblest of those who were proud to be his pupils. He stooped to lift them up to the place of his royal friendship, and the magic touchstone of his generous personality helped many a desponder in the rugged paths of life. He achieved many honours and many dignities, but the proudest of all was his unwritten title, 'the Young Man's Friend.'"

The whole story of him told in this book most literally justifies every word of that. He was, moreover, and very specially the children's friend, and some of the most delightful of these pages tell of his relations with the small children of his circle; his letters to them, written sometimes when his hands were full of serious business, are as irresponsibly fantastic and charmingly playful as any of Stevenson's or Lewis Carroll's. Incidentally, there are pictures of or anecdotes about Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Henry James, Kipling, and others, which I should like to quote, but I have room only for this of Whitman. Soon after he went to Philadelphia, Osler had a telegram from his friend, Dr. Bucke, asking him to call on Walt Whitman and let him know how he was:

"In the afternoon I crossed the Delaware River ferry, and in a 'clean, quiet democratic street' I found the little old-fashioned two-storey frame house. A pleasant, middle-aged woman answered the door, to whom I showed Dr. Bucke's telegram. 'He will be glad to see you—anyone from Dr. Bucke. Mr. Whitman is better to-day and downstairs.' The door opened into what appeared to be a room, but I had no little difficulty at first in getting my bearings. I have seen what the tidy housewife calls a 'clutter,' but nothing to compare with the front room, ground floor of No. 328 Mickle Street. At the corner, near the window, the head and upper part of a man were visible—everywhere else, covering the floor, the chairs and the table, were, to use his own description, 'heaps of books, manuscripts, memoranda, scissors, proof-sheets, pamphlets, newspapers, old and new magazines, mysterious looking literary bundles tied up with stout strings.' The magazines and newspapers, piled higher than the desk, covered the floor so completely that I had to pick my way by the side of the wall of the room to get to the desk. I thought of Professor Teufel's room in 'Sartor Resartus.' With a large frame, and well-shaped, well-poised head, covered with a profusion of snow-white hair, mingled on the cheeks with a heavy long beard and moustache, Walt Whitman in his 65th year was a fine figure of a man who had aged beautifully, or more properly speaking, majestically. The eyebrows were thick and shaggy, and the man seemed lost in a hirsute canopy."

I shall say no more than that, long as it is, I have been unable to skip any page of this biography of a great and very lovable man.

Medicine plays a large part in Mr. Sinclair Lewis's new novel, "Martin Arrowsmith," and the story of Martin's bacteriological studies, his big experiments, his continually baffled search after knowledge and reality, is brilliant comedy touched with the pathos of broken hopes, the struggle against difficulties that seem insuperable. and the joy of seeking and finding, and even when a discovery turns out to have been just anticipated by another seeker, of going on with a new hope on a new search. From the outset, Martin scorns the student who makes a trade of medicine and simply wants scientific skill for the sake of the cash he may get by it. His story is the biography "of a young man who was in no degree a hero, who regarded himself as a seeker after truth, yet who stumbled and slid back all his life and bogged himself in every obvious morass." His charming, practical, companionable little wife being dead, he carelessly marries

the wealth and social position he had never wanted, and is being harried and strangled and ruined by it till he runs away into the wilderness to work in his own way and save his soul. A very different story from "Babbitt," but every whit as clever and with a deeper human note.

One of the most careful and entertaining of guide-books is Mr. Clive Holland's "Things Seen in Normandy and Brittany"—it gives an intimate account of the people, their manners and customs, and of all the places that should be visited in those two ancient duchies. Its attractiveness and serviceability are enhanced by a good map and numerous photographic illustrations.

Under the auspices of the West Virginia Folk-Lore Society, Professor John Harrington Cox has made an exhaustive and very interesting collection of "Folk Songs of the South"—old ballads and songs, largely based on local history, superstitions, legends, sung by the ballad singers of West Virginia, and often handed down traditionally in their families from the early years of last century. They have the simple directness and narrative power and occasionally the natural, rugged poetry of our old English and Scottish ballads and are a valuable addition to the folk-lore of the Southern States.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH. "The Life of Sir William Osler. By Harvey Cushing. 2 vols. Illustrated. (Oxford Press). "Things Seen in Normandy and Brittany." By Clive Holland. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Seeley Service). "Folk-Songs of the South." Collected and Edited by John Harrington Cox. 25s. (Oxford Press). "The Muse in Council." By John Drinkwater. 7s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson). *Fiction*: "Martin Arrowsmith." By Sinclair Lewis. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape). "The George and the Crown." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 7s. 6d. (Cassell). "Cling of the Clay." By Milton Hayes. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton). "Week-Ends." By F. W. Thomas. 2s. 6d. (Putnam).

"Speaking with a full sense of responsibility, I believe the greatest international factor for the peace of the world is good relationship between the English-speaking peoples."

Mr. ALANSON B. HOUGHTON.

American Ambassador-elect to the Court of St. James'.