

A Book of the Week.**"WINDYHAUGH."***

ONE has hardly anything but unstinted praise for the new book by the author of "Mona MacLean." Dr. Todd's first book was delightful, though being a first effort, it was somewhat uneven. But "Windyhaugh," really hardly falls for a moment beneath the level of excellence.

The tale and the telling are both so good.

The childhood of the heroine, who bears the cumbersome name of Wilhelmina,—one wonders how the author had the patience to write down the four portentous syllables so often!—is admirably done, and not overdone. The character of her father, George Galbraith, is quite wonderfully good. Mr. Darsie and Mr. Carmichael are excellent, and the poor lady whom George Galbraith marries during one of his periods of low water,—the lady who keeps the stylish boarding-house in Harley Street, with "trails of smilax" on the dinner table, and who declines upon a lodging-house in Bayswater, which, managed on the same lines, is anything but a success,—is a study of whose truth to nature there can be no doubt.

The hero is not quite so convincing.

It is perfectly natural and likely that a clever young fellow, thrown purposely into the society of a pretty unsophisticated girl, should tell her he loves her, and then suffer from the inevitable reaction, when he reflects that he did not intend to marry for years yet, and that the pretty child is by no means intellectually his equal. When we join to this the two facts that he is pretty certain that Wilhelmina's father purposely entrapped him, to get the girl off his hands, and that the local dressmaker succeeds in uglifying the poor child most successfully in a going-away gown profusely trimmed with steel and badly cut, one does not wonder that the depression of the bridegroom is such as to raise grave doubts in the mind of the poor little bride, and that, when she accidentally finds a letter in his coat pocket, she should read it, and promptly take herself off. This is, as most people will remember, the opening situation of Mary Fenwick. But no two books could be more unlike in the working-out. Mary Fenwick had more experience in the ways of the world than Wilhelmina, and she and her husband agreed that appearances must be kept up. But the young wife of Harley Brentwood wrote:—

"He might try to persuade me to come back; but that is surely the one thing that even God could not ask of me."

"Why," truly cries the author, "why had no one ever told her that—even when she loves—a woman must hold herself so dear, so dear, if a man is to value her enough for his own soul's good?"

Harley does not ask his wife to come back. I do not think his behaviour in the case is quite natural; he submits not even to know where she is; and he knows that her income is but forty pounds a year.

However, his behaviour gives his young wife her chance to mould herself, and royally she takes advantage of it. In the course of her discipline, she is obliged by her author to become an agnostic and to re-capture her lost faith; and this phenomenon, or this assumption that every intelligent person must go through a phase of unbelief, is growing, perhaps, a

* "Windyhaugh." By Graham Travers (Margaret Todd, M.D.) Author of "Mona Maclean." Blackwood and Sons.

little monotonous to the reader; one feels that scepticism is getting to be something like the measles, can't be avoided, but is not so serious if you get through with it in your youth.

Wilhelmina, having been made perfect through knowledge and suffering, her husband—so like a man—steps in, and gathers this perfect blossom and wears it for evermore. It is the wholesome, the natural, the probable conclusion, and yet it leaves one feeling that Harley Brentwood got more than he deserved.

The book is full of thought of no mean order. It teems with bits one would like to quote. It is a strong book, a healthy book, an interesting book, and should make its mark at once.

G. M. R.

WHAT TO READ.

"The Correspondence of Princess Elizabeth of England, Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg." Edited, with Preface, by Philip C. Yorke, M.A.

"Life of Richard Cobden." By the Right Hon. John Morley.

"The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell." By R. Barry O'Brien.

"Tolstoi—The Grand Mujik." By G. H. Peovis. With a prefatory note by F. Volkhovsky.

"The Castle Inn." By Stanley J. Weyman.

"The Adventures of Francois," Foundling, Thief, Juggler, and Fencing-Master during the French Revolution. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.

"Bismillah." By A. J. Dawson.

"Windyhaugh." By Graham Travers (Margaret G. Todd, M.D.)

Coming Events.**MEDICAL RELIEF.**

Lectures at the Portman Rooms at 4.30 p.m.:

November 11th.—The Poor-Law Infirmary, Dr. T. D. Savill; Nov. 18th, "The Lunatic Asylum," Dr. Rayner; Nov. 25, "District Nursing," Miss Amy Hughes; Dec. 2, "Sick Insurance," Mr. F. G. P. Neison; Dec. 9, "The Provident Dispensary and Provident Nursing," Dr. J. B. Hurry. Prospectuses may be obtained of Mrs. Hill, 19, Park Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W.

November 15th.—Half-yearly Meeting of the British Home for Incurables, Cannon Street Hotel. The President, Earl Amherst, will preside.

THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

November 19th.—Meeting of the Members of the Professional Sub-Committee at 20, Upper Wimpole Street. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Convener, will preside, 2.30 p.m.

November 26th.—Meeting of the Committee of Arrangements, at London House, St. James's Square, by the kind permission of Mrs. Creighton. The Countess of Aberdeen, President of the International Council of Women, will preside, 10.30 a.m.

December 7th.—Opening New Wards at the West London Hospital, by H.R.H. Princess Louise.

December 7th.—Ball at the Holborn Town Hall for the benefit of the Royal Free Hospital.

December 12th.—Festival Dinner at the Hôtel Métropole, in aid of the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge will preside.

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