a time there was a fellow lodger, most unwelcome to Hayward, in the shape of Lord Gerald Wellesley, an effete part time architect and former honorary attaché, soon to succeed suddenly as ninth Duke of Wellington, on the death in action of his nephew, the previous duke. By contrast, the book really comes to life again with the arrival of the first draft of *The Dry Salvages*. Here as elsewhere, Eliot gives the impression of revelling in obscurity for obscurity's sake, but editing it gave Hayward an opportunity worthy of his acute literary powers. Eliot effusively recognised this and wrote 'I cannot find words to express a proper manifestation of my gratitude for your invaluable assistance'.

In 1946 he moved back to London, to the flat in Carlyle Mansions which he would share with Eliot for the next eleven years. The arrangement worked harmoniously at first, but eventually broke down under Hayward's increasing physical helplessness. Eliot too spent some time in the London Clinic. In 1957 he abruptly married his new secretary, Valerie Fletcher, in a secret ceremony and decamped from the flat, giving Hayward no more than forty-eight hours' notice. By any standards this method of deserting a helpless victim was cruel beyond measure. Plainly there were grave faults on both sides. Hayward's friend Christopher Sykes, a clever if erratic man, may have the last word. 'If he was one of the most courageous men I have ever known, he was also one of the most treacherous and mischief-making.' Smart only mentions the mischief in general, without details. But this is a remarkable and engrossing book about a very clever and determined man.

Conservative Heroes

Allen Mendenhall

Forgotten Conservatives in American History, Brian McClanahan and Clyde Wilson, Pelican Publishing Company, 2012, $26.95.

Growing up in the South, I used to hear folks say, 'Give me that old-time religion.' Although that old-time religion had all but vanished by the time I was born, I knew exactly what was meant by it. In *Forgotten Conservatives in American History*, the authors seem to be declaring, 'Give me that old-time conservatism', a conservatism fearful of an expanding federal bureaucracy, opposed to military adventure around the globe, enthused by free market economics, wary of reckless nationalism, and loyal to the principles of liberty.

Amid the flurry of books lately published on 'conservatism', why would we need one consisting of biographical vignettes of landmark conservative Americans? McClanahan and Wilson say that it's because the labels 'liberal' and 'conservative' have been divorced from their traditional meanings.

If, as the authors claim, 'words are themselves weapons in the eternal campaign of designing men to achieve power and exploit their fellows,' then it is essential for a label like 'conservative' to correspond with the person it defines as accurately as possible. What does it *mean* to be conservative and what does conservatism *look like*? The answers to these questions will differ from person to person, but the authors emphatically disagree with the neoconservative establishment that is all too happy with bloated government.

The book provides profiles of American thinkers who have defined, and ought to continue to define, conservatism. These men are the exemplars; they show us what conservatism means and looks like; they supply the images and ideas that inform the concept. They share certain values, principles, and practices. From their commonalities – which include a commitment to limited government, laissez faire economics, private property, decentralization, a sense of place and locality, and non-intervention, we can infer what 'conservatism' means, and (according to McClanahan and Wilson) that it is mostly compatible with libertarian thought.

There are sixteen portraits, some of families and paired thinkers, others limited to individuals, ranging from James Jackson and John Taylor of Carolina to James Fenimore Cooper, Grover Cleveland, H L Mencken, William Faulkner, and Mel Bradford. The list is not meant to be exhaustive and the authors are concerned about *forgotten* conservatives whose legacy requires restoration. What links these thinkers, as McClanahan and Wilson make clear, is their agreement with conservatism as it was defined and described in Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind*. (Although focused exclusively on American figures, *Forgotten Conservatives in American History* is like a miniature version of Kirk's more extensive tome.) Kirk's traditionalism and exercise of the moral imagination guided McClanahan and Wilson in their selection of subjects.

This book is valuable not so much for the details it reveals about its subjects – the chapters are too short for great depth – but for what it reveals about the conservative tradition in America which, with its individuals, has been forgotten.

The authors, *à la* Kirk, suggest that the tradition has to do with valuing prescription, which represents 'established custom and wisdom' as opposed to

'rational speculation'; that it ought to approach change (which is inevitable) with caution and sobriety; that it ought to honour the Constitution and heed the warnings of the Founders, at least those who were suspicious of centralised power and reluctant to engage in irresponsible and unnecessary warfare; and that it ought to respect and celebrate the variety of human experience rather than coerce individuals into designed, compulsory schemes of uniformity.

Conservatism is even richer and more complex than one excellent description can provide for, and that is precisely why the authors take issue with the popular and vulgar understanding of conservatives as ideologues who embrace 'Machiavellian tactics against opponents and against the American people', who glory 'in big government', and who fervently plan to 'project American armed force around the world, the national debt be damned'. Such associations are the fault of the neoconservatives, although conservatives of the Kirkian stripe are, in some respects, to be blamed as well because, out of neglect or passivity, they let those with meaner motives appropriate the 'conservative' label.

McClanahan and Wilson are not willing to part with that label. Rather than finding another word for their tradition, as others have tried to do – I am thinking of such groups as 'traditionalists', 'paleo-conservatives', 'porchers', 'Burkeans', and so on – McClanahan and Wilson hope to take back what is rightfully theirs. One gathers that they would baulk at Francis Fukuyama's recent advice in *The American Interest* that so-called 'conservatives' ought to begin looking to Alexander Hamilton and Theodore Roosevelt for inspiration.

How strange to suggest that conservatives ought simply to pick figureheads whose non-conservative ideas represent good short-term political strategies rather than to extend already established conservative beliefs and conventions. Fukuyama apparently thinks that conservatives can sustain conservatism by rejecting it. In light of this disjuncture, McClanahan and Wilson's tenacity brings great relief and sincere hope.

McClanahan concludes with an essay describing his experience as a graduate student. More than anyone else, graduate students, particularly conservative ones, would profit from this book. McClanahan and Wilson have provided several portraits of understudied conservative minds, and students can now expand these portraits into more extensive studies or dissertations. If only we had another Kirk to enlarge this corrective project into an American conservative genealogy of the likes of *The Conservative Mind*. That the *Forgotten Conservatives in American History* was published at all suggests the possibility remains.

A Disappointed Prodigal
Penelope Tremayne

House of Stone, Anthony Shadid, Granta, 2012, £14.99.

Anthony Shadid, who sadly died just before *House of Stone* reached the bookshelves, was a distinguished American author and journalist: foreign correspondent for the *New York Times* and Baghdad bureau chief for the *Washington Post*. The book has received unstinted praise in the USA, one reviewer calling it 'an unforgettable meditation on war, exile, rebirth and the universal yearning for home'. This is rather over egging the pudding for he and his family, the Shadids and Samaras, had come to America as voluntary settlers; they were not exiles or refugees. He certainly writes vividly and nostalgically about 'the hills that drew my ancestors from Syria in their exodus many centuries before'. They came from the Yemen, and 'when we think of home, as origin and place, our thoughts turn to Isber's house'. But Isber (the author's great-grandfather, whom of course he never knew) did not build that house until the 1920's. When Shadid saw it in 2006 it had long been in ruins and his cousins and relations still living in Lebanon did their best to persuade him not to rebuild it. At times he seems to muddle dates or generations, telling us at one point that tiles for Isber Samara's house and those round it had all been imported from Marseille, which 'in the 1800s suggested international connections and cosmopolitan fashionableness' – qualities which he emphasises that Isber yearned for. In the eighteen hundreds Napoleon and Tsar Alexander I had already agreed that the Levant should belong to France, and no doubt many hopefuls imported much more than tiles into Beirut. But Isber, born in 1873, did not make his fortune until 1918 selling grain at top prices to a war-riven and starving population.

Shadid says that when he first walked through Isber's door, he felt no connexion with the place; it must have developed as he worked, for he fills the next three hundred pages telling us how strong and deep it grew. He gives detailed descriptions too of Isber himself (with bright blue eyes, which apparently proves his Yemeni descent) his wife and relations. Some of these had been among the first of the family to emigrate, reaching Oklahoma and Kansas around 1894, where they began as pedlars and labourers, and worked their way up to become shop keepers, owners and merchants. They were Orthodox Christi...