

him, or could ever the least respect him, nor could I forget his conduct on certain occasions to my Angel". Lord John Russell at his death was also characterized in tart fashion: "He was impulsive, very selfish, vain, and often reckless and imprudent". The Queen had a mind of her own on public affairs. It was at her direct intervention that Luxembourg was neutralized, and she more than once demanded that this or that bill be carried through. The numerous letters from or to Gladstone and Disraeli exhibit the contrast between their attitudes, Disraeli believing the final decision on matters of policy lay with the sovereign, Gladstone expecting her to be guided implicitly by his counsel. With a mixture of loyalty and gallantry, Disraeli sometimes laid on thick his flattery of "the ineffable charm" of the Queen; but the letters of Gladstone are formal and business-like, quite in keeping with the manner which led the Queen to say that he spoke to her as if she were a public meeting.

In the correspondence of a private nature the most amusing and appealing letters are those exchanged between the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The volumes open with his marriage to Alexandra, of which the Queen gives an engagingly maternal account. "Bertie", we are told, "looked pale and nervous." The Queen, in deep mourning, watched them drive away from the Castle, and reflected: "It was so like *our* driving away twenty-three years ago to Windsor, amidst the same crowds and shouts of joy." But poor Bertie, the future Edward VII, appears usually in an unhappy light. He was forbidden the honorary colonelcy of a Russian regiment which he coveted. He was given severe annual "jobations" by the Queen on his love for

racing, and plaintively begged her that "whatever ill-natured stories you may hear about me, I trust you will never withdraw your confidence from me till facts are proved against me". He never went to the small tracks; he protested, but only to Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood. The poor prince repeatedly asked for "some useful employment", and when Gladstone's plan for making him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was pronounced undesirable, he wished some alternative. But we find his request in 1864 that he might be allowed to see the dispatch boxes as training for his future kingship brusquely refused by the Queen.

Less and less frequently does the Queen come back to her private grief; to her lamentation that "now *all* that bright, happy time is past, and I am alone, a poor unhappy widow! The *Cross* is our badge, and we must wear it *bravely!*" We see her an industrious and conscientious public servant; a ruler who, if never brilliant, had a plenitude of hard common sense; a woman with simple tastes but a wide variety of interests; and above all a person of very firm convictions. These qualities, and the vastness of the issues she touched, give her letters a surprising degree of color and interest.

The Letters of Queen Victoria, Second Series. Edited by George Earle Buckle. Two volumes. Longmans, Green and Company.

## THINGS MILITARY

By Thomas Boyd

"**W**ARRIORS in Undress" by F. J. Hudleston has the air of having been written by some college professor who is out on a literary lark. The book is composed of a number of

sketches of military personages of bygone days: the Duke of Wellington; Frederick Augustus, Duke of York; Garibaldi and Baron von Steuben. There is at least one footnote to every page, and an obscure reference and a literary allusion to every paragraph. Mr. Hudleston writes in a crackling, flurried prose of which the following is a fair sample:

Putnam, a name still well known in the United States, though it has, I think, died out in England, when a quiet farmer at Pomfret — a pleasant rustic name if you do not pronounce it Pontefract — exasperated by a wolf who had "got his goat", or to be exact, a large number of his goats, not to mention sheep, pursued what the news letters of the day, in reporting the episode, called, no doubt, "the vulpine marauder", into its lair and, holding a torch in one hand, shot it with a weapon, probably a blunderbuss, held in the other.

So with sly little jests, bushels of commas, dashes and footnotes, Mr. Hudleston sets out on his junket. Writing of von Steuben he says little that is not generally known. Doubtless the Colonies owed as much to von Steuben as to any other man for their freedom from Great Britain. As drill-master of the Continental army it was his job to turn farm hands into straight backed soldiers; and he was so successful that our whole tatterdemalion soldiery was leavened. Accepting this task under the agreement that he was to be rewarded only if the Colonies were successful, von Steuben received a small farm from New Jersey and 16,000 acres from New York. Mr. Hudleston spices these facts with quips.

Mr. Hudleston is genial also toward Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, the person who reformed the British army, instituted the Royal Military College, and laid the foundation for the present Directorate of Military Operations and Intelligence. But when our skylarking author comes to Wel-

lington he lashes out with some viciousness. The gallant and admirable seeming victor of Waterloo was the meanest kind of martinet, the lowest sort of snob, criminally vain and overweening, whose habit it was to make mistakes for which he ordered that other officers of his staff be shot. . . . And Garibaldi was a futile, ridiculous old man whose awkwardness, stupidity, and cowardice lost many men for the French on whose side he was supposed to be fighting in 1870.

Mr. Hudleston calls his rather diverting collection "Warriors in Undress". It has a portentous sound that is not particularly suited to its serio-comic, gossipy manner. The title leads the reader to expect a book more after the fashion of "Fix Bayonets!" by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., U. S. M. C.

During 1917 and 1918 Captain Thomason was a junior officer of the First Battalion, Fifth Regiment, U. S. M. C., which made up a part of the Second American Division of regulars. He took part in attacks at Belleau Wood, Soissons, St. Mihiel and Champagne, and found time and inclination in those wearying days to fill up a sketch book with drawings which, now greatly supplemented, illustrate his prose accounts of those experiences. They are extraordinarily vivid, these sketches. The finished drawings have a solid, substantial quality; and angles are used with eerie and stunning effect. You will look in vain for the conventionalized soldier in these drawings, but you will find in nearly every one of them something that lights up the scene of war and its participants with a livid and unforgettable illumination.

Now and again Captain Thomason pictures hand to hand combat and bayonet duels. His battalion, or at

least his company, must have been more bloodthirsty and warlike than most outfits. Very rarely in the pages of "Fix Bayonets!" are the marines of Captain Thomason's acquaintance willing simply to take a prisoner. They much preferred to — and frequently did — slaughter him after he had held up his hands. Another notable characteristic of this battalion of marines was their reliance more upon the bayonet than the Springfield rifle or Colt automatic, the reader gathers. It requires, to put it mildly, exceptional courage in a man to risk killing an armed enemy at a distance of three feet with a bayonet when he could have been shot to death at twenty paces with the ball of a thirty-thirty.

Warriors in Undress. By F. J. Hudleston.  
Little, Brown and Company.  
Fix Bayonets! By John W. Thomason, Jr.  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

## OPTIMISTIC PHILOSOPHY

By Woodbridge Riley

**L**UDWIG STEIN'S "Evolution and Optimism" is a model in the way of popularizing philosophy. It takes up the modern movements and makes them perhaps clearer than they are in themselves. It is like a map of a river system in which the haphazard affluents and tributaries are left out for the sake of emphasizing the main features. The title also is somewhat too simple. Some of the philosophers studied, like von Hartmann, Count Keyserling, and Friedrich Nietzsche, are not ordinarily considered optimists, nor can they be considered strictly idealists. As the author himself puts it, idealism offers the most ornamental frames for the various views of the world; but we have not been accus-

tomed to consider the men just named as framed in gilt.

However, for sheer brilliancy of style this work is in refreshing contrast to much of the muddy metaphysics of our day. It presents portraits of modern "heroes of thought" in order to show that such a book as Spengler's "The Decline of the West" with its talk of the "metaphysical bankruptcy" of the Occident is not true. On the contrary, the assets of recent speculation are considered greater than its liabilities, while America, with its social optimism, is the chief depository of the funds of progress. Yet to put Hugo Muensterberg among the Americans is somewhat far fetched. His "eternal values" were largely borrowed from the bank of Hegel and Company, a house which had much worthless paper on its hands in the way of the blank categories of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. In fact, Muensterberg's metaphysics, even when presented by his own powerful personality, always struck one as highly artificial. He worked the triadic rhythm of Hegel for more than it was worth. There were four and twenty categories in his system just as there were four and twenty rooms in Emerson Hall where he happened to be teaching — in short the whole affair was one of mere coincidence.

With Muensterberg's colleague, William James, things were quite different. The horror of Hegel with his "hollow god" of dialectic drove James to that form of pragmatism which descended from the high heaven of metaphysics into the very dirt of reality. So the author rightly represents James as an independent Yankee who considers the new world as no longer a philosophical colony of the old. Consequently when the pragmatist is criticized as confining himself to the