

the situation [we should now say the *dislocation*] of Ney's corps. This officer did not know the Emperor's plan; the order for a general movement, which was always sent to all the marshals, had not been communicated to him, and if he had known it the Emperor would not accuse him of the crime of treason. He was the victim of a great injustice; he was blinded by an honorable sentiment. He was not French; the love of country could not keep him." The truth probably lies between these two opinions. Jomini was not exactly a mercenary; he joined finally the side where he felt better appreciated. He entered at once on his new functions in a dilettante and cosmopolitan spirit; he did not show an indecent ardor against France, and took no part in the operations of the French campaign of 1814 and 1815. At Vienna in 1815, at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, at Verona in 1823, he appeared as military adviser on the staff of Alexander. He afterwards joined the Emperor Nicholas in 1828 in the campaign against Turkey, and his good advice had much to do with the issue of the war.

We need not speak here of his efforts for the reorganization of the military institutions and establishments of Russia. In 1837 he was intrusted with the military education of the son of the Emperor, and on this occasion he wrote his '*Précis de l'art de la guerre*,' a dogmatic résumé of his first works. He also wrote several memoirs on the defence of Russia and the 'Military Policy of Russia.' He was favorable to an alliance between France and Russia, seeing in this alliance a safeguard against the naval predominance of England and the Continental supremacy of Germany. Jomini ended his days in Paris on March 28, 1869.

The two volumes now published by Col. Leconte are a masterly account of the Russian invasion. They are perfectly impartial. The faults of Napoleon are indicated, as well as the faults of the Russian generals. The somewhat dry and cold narrative of the strategical movements assumes after a while a dramatic and tragic interest. All the science of Napoleon was baffled by the resolution of the Russian Emperor not to treat with him. In vain did Napoleon sacrifice thousands and thousands of lives, in vain did he outgeneral his adversaries, he could not get the price of his victories, he could not obtain a peace. Russia did not behave as Austria and Prussia had done; the "Grand Army" was engulfed in her solitude and her snow. It is very interesting to see how Jomini, though he is chiefly interested in strategical and tactical efforts, understands what may be called the moral side of war. He renders full justice to the French army, but he also does justice to the heroic character of the Russian soldiers and generals. The scenes of desolation and horror which he describes are all the more powerful in that they are very accurate and technical. The literary man is never felt; the soldier writes, so to speak, with his sword. Jomini proves very clearly that the cold was not the great cause of the French disaster, and he gives as many as fifteen reasons for it. The last might perhaps suffice: "Finally," he says, "the Russian nation distinguished itself by unexpected efforts, and the Emperor Alexander showed a character which nullified all prevision."

THE NEW GERMAN ARCHITECTURE.

PRUSSIA, August 25, 1886.

THOSE who remember the Germany of twenty years ago may recall with a little effort the image of the newer streets of that time in the large towns. We refer to a certain well-defined class, not to be found everywhere, for the Germany of the days before 1870 had, to an extraordinary degree, the habit of doing up her old things and

making them as good as new, and there were many cities, not the least known either, where a new house was scarcely to be found. The old gable fronts, disguised by plaster and gray paint, were quite fine enough and new enough for the homely lives that found shelter behind them. Nor do we mean such a royal creation as Munich, where the modern part resembled an atlas of architecture filled with coarse and lifeless reproductions of all the recognized styles; we mean the rows of houses that might be seen anywhere where a prosperous town had naturally spread beyond its ancient borders. We need mention no names: a few words will serve to refresh the memory of whosoever has known the originals.

There were two or three general types determined by local causes. In some places the traditions of good brick building had been more or less preserved; in others, where either ground or money was more abundant than usual, the houses, surrounded by gardens, were of a suburban-villa character; but on the Rhine or on the Spree, on the shores of the Baltic or at the sources of the Danube, there was everywhere to be found a third type, the true representative of domestic architecture in Germany for the greater part of the nineteenth century. The street lines were unbroken by gables, turrets, or steep roofs; the flat brick walls were covered with stucco painted whity-gray, on which all ornaments were moulded—pilasters, architraves, panels, friezes with masks and garlands. It was the method of the confectioner, who dribbles his meaningless figures over the icing of a cake, and the effect was equally enlivening; the decoration, clumsy and at the same time pinched, gave no variety to the dead uniformity of these fronts. Nothing could be more depressing to the spirits than to have to walk, day after day, between such houses on the one hand, and on the other a gutter where Coleridge might at any time have refound his "two and seventy stench." There was, to be sure, a grim sort of consolation in knowing that the inside of the houses was even worse for the eye than the outside. There were, very likely, on the walls paintings of the various German schools of the period, and we will not say that they were all bad, but they were invariably surrounded by furniture whose only virtue was that there was seldom much of it; in such as there was, the ugly and the tawdry were so nearly balanced that one could never tell which predominated.

Well, they have bravely changed all that. The traveller who returns to Germany after a long absence finds an endless series of surprises awaiting him. A better system of drainage has banished the smells from many towns of ancient bad odor, and the stranger, whose nose is not outraged, can give himself unreservedly to the pleasures of the eye. He recognizes, with a shudder, some of the old familiar streets, but he also finds that new wealth has created entire new quarters, and that a new spirit has directed their construction. At first glance it might seem as if the recent architecture here were cousin-german to that under the invocation of Queen Anne in England. Both unite brick and stone in their façades, both affect gables and high roofs; but it is soon seen that the relationship goes no further. The demure, slightly old-maidenly graces of the Queen Anne style, with its thin mechanical decoration, would ill serve the impetuosity, the exuberance of the present æsthetic feeling in Germany, which has a sensuous delight in richness, in the display of force, and does not shrink even from the theatrical. The new architecture is in every respect, with a reserve or two to be mentioned hereafter, the exact opposite of that which preceded it. That favored an unbroken sky-line, this lifts into the air contours as varied as those of an Alpine range; that allowed no color save that of dust, this wears motley; that gave you

flat surfaces with projections so insignificant that a strong shadow was never seen, this pushes relief even to exaggeration. We need not say that the gain in character, in richness, in picturesqueness is immense.

The architects of to-day have, almost without exception, taken their motives from the works of the German renaissance. Mr. Fergusson would have had his readers believe that the portico of the town hall at Cologne is the only monument of renaissance art in Germany worth mention. We fancy that Mr. Fergusson was simply repeating here a well-worn trick, and sought to hide his want of knowledge under an air of contemptuous superiority. Had he lived to see the beautiful work of Fritsch ('*Denkmäler der deutschen Renaissance*'), he might not have liked the architecture of the period, but he would scarcely have ventured to ignore it. In fact, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries endowed Germany with many buildings that are none the less worth studying because they are utterly unlike anything produced in those centuries in France or Italy. There were points of contact, it is true. That which a Primaticcio built for Francis I., or that which a Giacomo Bolognese built for a Duke of Brunswick, would equally belong to Italian work of the time; but as for the native architects, they seem to have drawn from Italy little more than a renewed impulse and a host of details that they treated after their own fashion. They welded their reminiscences of foreign art with the traditions of their own Gothic, with the requirements of a northern climate and northern ways of living, and, finally, with their own sense of what was fit and seemly. The result was that they transformed renaissance art, as they had Gothic art before it; more so, in fact, as the Gothic had been borrowed from a land where the conditions more nearly resembled their own than did those of Italy. In each case the race character impressed upon the style the same peculiarities: an immense amount of ingenuity in the invention and complication of details, an always limited sentiment of beauty, of grace, and proportion, often giving place to the grotesque, the clumsy, the absurd, but, by way of compensation, a certain raciness and picturesqueness that sometimes lent a distinction even to ugliness.

As a whole, the style was, along with the Romanesque of the Rhine provinces, the best thing that the art of building has ever produced in Germany. Who has not admired, in the old streets of Brunswick, of Hildesheim, of Cologne, of Nuremberg, the noble roofs, the richly sculptured façades, with their gables, their oriels, their pinnacles, their turrets crowned with fantastic belfry-like tops, the nameless air of poetic feeling that betrays in their architects the countrymen of the poets who sung the legends of their rivers and forests? The architects of to-day have drawn from the right source, and some of the new streets they have given us may vie with any of the old ones in the play of light and shade, in the variety and vigor of their features, in the wealth and quality of the ornamentation, and in their thoroughly Teutonic character. Their details may have been borrowed from right and left, but they have become acclimated; the whole has nothing of the exotic about it. One sees nowhere any attempt at transplanting a Roman, a Greek, a Byzantine, or a Venetian building; whatever may be their faults, the architects of to-day are at least cured of that folly.

This efflorescence of building simply means that the country, after having for long decades practised perforce a régime of plain living and high thinking, has suddenly begun to grow wealthy. It has got money, and it spends it with the delight in lavishness of a *nouveau riche*. It is amusing, when one recalls the excessive homeliness of the life of these people in the days

before the last war, to see them now in the most dashing equipages, the finest clothes, the most sumptuous houses. It is no longer the American, but the German, who sets the champagne corks a popping at the tables d'hôte on the great lines of travel. The French *milliards*, along with the rapid development of commerce, have affected the Government and the municipalities as well as the people. Court-houses and post-offices, theatres, railway stations, town-halls, all reveal the same relish for splendor that marks the private houses. The architects have been intoxicated by their opportunities. They seem to dream of such impossible architecture as many Italian painters of the last century loved to paint, and to try to realize their dreams when, on waking, they find themselves surrounded by orders to spend money. No wonder that their elevations so often err on the side of richness. One would be puzzled to think of an architectural feature which is not to be found on certain façades. Caryatides, pilasters, columns, panels, pictured friezes, balconies, *loggie*, turrets, oriels, gables, pinnacles, and we know not what beside, are all there. What is more, these details are designed with a vigor and relief that testify as to the force of the artistic impulse. Here, also, there is exaggeration. One sees rusticated basements like those of the Pitti or Strozzi palaces to sustain only a single modest story of thirty feet in length. Still, in general, the bold relief of ornamental details is one of the most pleasing features in the architecture of the present.

In one class of buildings the impulse seems thus far to have secured but insignificant results. We have not seen a single new church that could be called a success. Neither in the Rhineland, where the beautiful Romanesque churches of the eleventh and twelfth centuries offer incomparable models, nor in the north, where the brick architecture of a somewhat later date affords examples of easy adaptation to modern wants, are the new ecclesiastical structures—though in the style natural to each district—other than artistic failures. We leave it to others to seek for the causes of this exception; we simply state the fact.

If a public building here do not practically answer the purpose for which it was intended, it is certainly not through want of precautions. The Prussian paternal rule extends its solicitude to many matters that an American would think better left to the care of the parties interested. A large town decides that its growth demands a new general railway station in place of, and at a distance from, existing stations that impede the traffic of its central parts. The plan, which includes a network of new streets, with open places and other embellishments, cannot be acted on till it has been approved by the central Government at Berlin. The same would be true in the case of any public building. The erection of private houses is everywhere in Germany controlled by the municipality, as far as regards certain principles of construction; in some places, at least in the case of streets and sites that figure prominently in the general aspect, the design for every new house must be submitted to the town authorities. We fancy, however, that these content themselves, as a rule, with ascertaining that the proposed building will not be a disgrace to its neighbors. At any rate, the supervision is not of a character to remove the responsibility of the new architecture from the architects and their patrons any more here than in less favored lands.

Perhaps, however, it would be more just to charge the excesses of design which we have signalled against the Teutonic race as a whole than against any individuals in it, for they have distinguished every period of architecture that Germany has ever known, with the single exception of the Romanesque, and even then only in the re-

gions about the Rhine. Everywhere east of that river *tours de force* and over-ingenuity, with bad taste and spoiled Gothic work, were the besetting sins of the renaissance times. Another defect of the present architecture, the pinchbeck character of a good deal of its splendor, is equally to be reproached to the people at large. Many a basement story that looks almost fortress-like in its layers of huge blocks, cut in facets or left rough-hewn, is in reality more ridiculous than terrible—those blocks are only plaster. There are plenty of sculptured columns in artificial stone, many a wall whose mock bricks may peel off in large flakes with the first hard frost. It is not easy to change the Teutonic nature: it loves finery, but it loves it cheap. Now, as always, the *Nachgemacht* is the deadly enemy of beauty here; in fact, the growth of luxury seems to have developed the hideous parasite to proportions unknown before. Never were houses and shops so full of coarse, clumsy, tawdry copies, or, worse yet, downright imitations of every conceivable sort of art industry—sham tapestries, bronzes, Oriental stuffs, and so on. It is evident that the eye of these people never will be so educated that the imitator will not know how to satisfy its demands.

It will readily be inferred that in most of the architecture of which we have written, the greater number of the ornamental details must not be looked at too closely. The builder and the house-owner have both aimed at securing a general effect, and with that they are content. Exceptions in the way of really delicate artistic work may, of course, be found here and there. We noticed over the entrance door of a house at Düsseldorf a head of Mercury in full relief, with a smile that reminded us of a certain lovely group by Carpeaux that adorns the Pavillon de Flore at Paris. It may be doubtful whether such details are strictly architectural or not, but they will hardly hurt a good building, and they make a bad one interesting.

Correspondence.

A GIFT OF DANTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The late George John, Lord Vernon, whose important contributions to the knowledge of the 'Divine Comedy' are well known to all its students, published in 1858, in a large folio volume, a textual reprint of the first four editions of the poem. These editions are of such rarity that it is probable that hardly more than two or three libraries contain them all, and a copy of any one very seldom occurs for sale. To the student of the text of the poem this volume, which was most carefully edited by the late Mr. Panizzi, is of very great value. The four texts, printed side by side, represent four manuscripts, and supply most important material for judgment in regard to the various readings that are found in every canto.

Lord Vernon's last labor in the field to the cultivation of which he had given himself, was the compilation and arrangement of an edition of the 'Inferno,' with elaborate commentary and illustration. It was brought out two or three years after his death by his son, Augustus Henry, Lord Vernon, in three magnificent folio volumes. The copies were very limited in number; they were not offered for sale, but were distributed, by the liberality of Lord Vernon, to public libraries and to a few private persons.

Some copies of both of these works still remain undistributed, and the Dowager Lady Vernon proposes to offer them to the libraries of certain selected public institutions.

The copies of the three volumes of the folio

'Inferno' are in sheets, and, to make vol. iii complete, impressions of some of the plates must be printed.

The conditions on which the copies are offered are, that the recipients in each case shall undertake the expense of binding the sheets, of printing the impressions from the plates necessary to complete vol. iii, and of packing and carriage. The total expense involved in the above conditions (exclusive of the carriage, which will, of course, vary in each case) is estimated at £2.10 if the four volumes are sent out in sheets, and at £3.10 if they are sent bound in the same manner as those originally distributed by Lord Vernon."

This liberal offer has been or will be made by circular to various public libraries in the United States. It is hardly possible that it should not be gratefully accepted in every case; but as there is a chance that the worth of these books may not be known to the custodians of all the institutions to which the offer may be made, I venture to ask you to allow me, as one who has profited greatly by them, to bear my testimony to their importance to the scholar of Dante, and to express my hope that this opportunity of obtaining works of such essential value may not be lost by any library that is favored with it.—Very truly yours,

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

CAMBRIDGE, September 20, 1886.

LAND RECORDS IN INDIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a member of the Civil Service of India permit me to correct a slight mistake in your review of Dr. Hunter's History of the Indian Empire.

You state (p. 180), "By the English system of legal titles the rights of each cultivator are recorded in a language he does not understand." This is not the case. In districts where Kanarese is spoken the accounts and records are kept in Kanarese; where Maráthi is spoken they are kept in that language, and so on. Members of my service are required to be perfectly familiar with the vernacular of their division, in order, primarily, that they may be able to overhaul the accounts and records of the villages in their charge.

As to their being "virtually inaccessible" to the cultivator's inspection (as you say they are, two lines lower down), why, they are as accessible as the British Government can possibly make them—that is, the accountants are compelled to keep them in the "chávdí" (which may be translated very roughly as the *mairie*) of the village, to give each cultivator a detailed account of the rent payable by him to Government long before it is due, and to give him a proper receipt after he has paid it. The cultivator is slow to exercise his rights in many cases; the accountant is almost always a Brahman, and often the only one in the village; and then, too, the cultivators are particularly shy of challenging authorities of any kind. Still, much is being done to alter all this by the system of making European revenue officials examine the accounts and receipt books themselves, and in the presence of the cultivators. Rome was not built in a day, and it should be recollected that the peoples of India have first to be given rights, and then to be educated into appreciating and exercising them.—Respectfully yours,

WALTER F. LORD.

LONDON, September 7, 1886.

THE NO-RENT PANACEA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Seeing that Mr. Henry George's theories in regard to land are liable to receive political endorsement from 30,000 in New York city, and