

As he loses no opportunity in his book to present himself as an ultra-royalist and an extreme conservative, who regards everything that smacks of free government with scorn, so he is easily convinced by a Southern clergyman that negro slavery was a very good thing for the blacks as well as the whites. He saw in the Southern army an organization of exceptionally God-fearing and brave men commanded by heroes, while the Northern army was, in his eyes, only a cowardly rabble led by blockheads and braggarts. There was, to him, no limit to the inexpressible contempt in which the Southern soldier held the mean-spirited Yankees. He found in the Southern troops not only more earnestness and temperament, but also more intelligence. He speaks even of the "indefinable difference" existing between a "people's army" in the true sense—meaning the Southern—and "troops raised by conscription," mercenaries, meaning the Northern army; being apparently ignorant of the fact that the Union army was, even more than that of the Southern Confederacy, mainly an army of volunteers—a "people's army" in the truest sense. He mentions with especial satisfaction that he was "joyfully welcomed" as a "Prussian," while the "Germans" were held throughout the Union in low esteem—mainly, as our author thinks, because the revolutionary movements of 1848 were still sadly remembered, and the Forty-eighters, thoroughly despised at home, were admitted to this country because our Government was—as we must infer, much to its regret—obliged to admit them. And now some of those despised Forty-eighters were, "to the astonishment of all sensible people," elected by their countrymen as military leaders. His disgust at this fact is so great that he repeats with evident relish the report attributing the Union defeat at Chancellorsville to the alleged misconduct of the German regiments. "To convince the reader," he says, "that I am not exaggerating, I quote here the report of a Union paper about the battle"; and then he quotes a sensational newspaper tale, the gross and unjust exaggerations of which have long been exposed and set right by historical criticism.

The Confederate defeat at Gettysburg was to Major Scheibert not a real defeat, but merely a miscarriage of a bold attack, after which the Union army might have met with an equally disastrous repulse had it been reckless enough to follow up its success. And so he goes on throughout. Returning to Charleston, he observed the operations of Gen. Gillmore, and formed the opinion that ironclad vessels are in a fight much superior to wooden ships, and able to run unharmed by land batteries; and that rifled guns have a very destructive effect upon masonry, but not upon well-constructed earth-works. On the whole, it appears from his own account that the Major may have brought home with him very entertaining tales of the American war, but very little information of real value, historical or other, unless we call valuable a report he gives of a conversation he had before leaving Virginia with the President of the Confederacy. It is worth quoting verbatim:

"I paid my respects to President Jefferson Davis," he says, "and was so cordially greeted by the head of the Confederacy that I saw in what manner Gen. Lee had spoken of me. The President made upon

me a very strong impression. The genuine gentleman and Christian appeared in everything he said, as well as his zealous endeavor to keep the war within the limits of humanity. Like Lee, he showed himself a nature in complete equipoise. Posterity will pass upon this eminent statesman a judgment different from that of his strongly prejudiced contemporaries. At the close of the evening reception he took me into a private room, and, after we had thoroughly discussed the chances of the war, he requested me, when passing through Paris, if my time permitted it, to seek an audience with the Emperor Napoleon, and, as a military man by profession and a member of an entirely disinterested state, to explain to him the situation of things and the staying power of the Confederate army. 'If the Emperor,' he said in substance, 'delivers me of the blockade—and that he can do by a mere stroke of the pen—I guarantee to him the possession of Mexico. In 1842 [sic], with an army of about 12,000 men, we forced that state to submit to our will, our soldiers being accustomed to the climate and the mode of fighting of the Mexicans. We can do the same thing again at any moment, since the advantage gained by the raising of the blockade, which saps our vitality, would enable us to detach a corps of 12,000 to 20,000 men without feeling it much.' I promised to do what I could; but in Paris I received a pressing order from Prince Radziwill to come home; the short period of my stay in Paris was therefore not sufficient for me to go through all the diplomatic formalities which, even for a private gentleman, are connected with such an audience. But who knows how Providential it was that I could not discharge the highly important mission which I should have been glad to carry into effect!"

Had our author had his audience with the Emperor, he would no doubt have found that Louis Napoleon, who at heart would greatly have liked to break up our blockade, had reasons for abstaining from the attempt which the eloquence of this private envoy would not have been able to shake. But it is interesting to know that Jefferson Davis was ready to throw to the winds all reverence for the Monroe Doctrine which he may once have cherished, and actually to invite, with an offer of military aid, a European monarch to possess himself of an important part of the American continent.

The second half of the volume is devoted to the author's experiences in the Schleswig-Holstein war, in the war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria, in the Franco-German war of 1870, and in various garrisons. It gives entertaining and in great part pleasant pictures of army life, and the reader cannot but regret to see the once so jovial officer of engineers in his old age reduced to eking out a precarious existence by resort to literary drudgery.

An Onlooker's Note-Book. By the Author of 'Collections and Recollections.' Harper & Brothers. 1902.

Every one who read Mr. Russell's former book will welcome a second instalment of his wit and wisdom. In this case, wisdom has come to predominate over wit. The author deliberately preaches on certain texts, and moralizes much throughout his writing. The book is composed of papers which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* during the year 1901, and the number of subjects treated, to judge from the titles of the homilies, is very great. But, with the exception of some historical essays, which throw light on the interior of the British Constitution, the subject really examined is that part of the population

known as "society." Of this heterogeneous body Mr. Russell is himself a member by birth and by education, and he speaks from his own knowledge and observation. He is not a cynic, nor a pessimist. He has a kindly nature, and bears with him a broad mantle of charity. His tone is rather that of Horace than of Juvenal or Swift. He feathers his shafts with humorous anecdotes, and does not point them with malice. All the more startling and painful is his arraignment of the vices of a decadent age.

The more obvious vices of fashionable society, Mr. Russell says, are "its utter irreligiousness, its worship of money, its frantic extravagance, its indifference to all moral issues, its cynical absorption in pleasure and self-indulgence and self-seeking, its impatience of restraint, privacy, and decorum." Lord Melbourne, after listening with indignation to a sermon on Christian duty, exclaimed: "Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life." His opinion is carried out in the practice of the "smart set." "It keeps the sphere of its private life absolutely free from the invading forces of religion." Sunday is completely secularized. What part of it is not devoted to exercise and games of chance is given to eating and drinking. The account which Mr. Russell gives of the food consumed by men and women of social position in England recalls the stories of the gluttony of the Romans under the early emperors. Of course, such life breeds parasites as a decaying carcass breeds maggots, and the description of the arts by which they get a start in their career, and force and beg their way on, would be entertaining were not the subject so repulsive. Society, as Mr. Russell paints it, consists largely of ignorant, superstitious, unscrupulous, and selfish people, living, or desiring to live, beyond their incomes, and trying to make up the deficiency by any expedient, fair or foul; gambling, speculating, and betting being the most common.

In one respect there has been an improvement. In spite of the incessant drinking, in which women participate, there is little open drunkenness. The quantity of liquor consumed is not less, but it is not so strong. And Mr. Russell takes pains to point out some wholesome forces which he is confident will some day renovate society. But, as a whole, the society which he describes is repulsive. We may laugh at it, as he tells us stories of its follies and its sins; but we would rather be entertained with a pleasanter subject. The influence of Queen Victoria was conservative and refining. If society degenerated during her reign, what will it become under a successor whose private life has been far from pure? Decorum has gone, manners are disappearing, chivalry is a name of the past, we hear no more of the "chastity of honor," for both words are old-fashioned.

After all, has there been a decadence? Thackeray depicted 'Vanity Fair,' half a century or more ago, when Mr. Russell was beginning to open his eyes, and he told us much the same story. He did not draw comparisons with a golden age; but the golden age of Mr. Russell must have been about the time when Thackeray was writing the 'Book of Snobs.' The vices of society have become more prominent, because wealth,

and with it luxury, have so greatly increased. The change in the system of travel is enough to account for the diminution of privacy. Parasites have not changed their nature since the time of Persius; and they increase in periods of luxury, as weeds flourish when the soil is enriched. Mr. Russell has unwittingly made his picture too lurid; his colors are stronger than he thinks, or laid on without regard to the effect of contrast.

The most instructive, if not the most entertaining, part of this book is that in which the claims of the English peerage to antiquity are scrutinized, and those of the House of Lords to political equality with the Commons are exploded. If aristocracy means the rule of the best, Mr. Russell says, we may safely affirm that it never existed in any place or at any time. The most virtuous men do not dominate their fellows. If aristocracy means the rule of the best born, then there is little of it in England; and of the special virtues of the English aristocracy, Mr. Russell says: "My firm conviction is that the less said about them, the better." After the battle of Tewkesbury, Disraeli observes, a Norman baron was almost as rare a being in England as a wolf is now.

"When Henry VII. called his first Parliament, there were only twenty-nine temporal peers to be found. . . . Of those twenty-nine, not five remain, and they—as the Howards, for instance—are not Norman nobility. We owe the English peerage to three sources—the spoliation of the Church, the open and flagrant sale of honors by the elder Stuarts, and the borough-mongering of our own times."

Every one knows what sort of people Charles II. made peers; and there were 108 peers created by the Stuarts. There are dukes and earls descended from William III.'s Dutch valets; but what of that if a Howard is a "hog-ward"? William Pitt added no less than 141 names to the peerage, and the process goes steadily on.

"Lord Salisbury conferred a peerage on a political supporter who was said by his detractors to have begun life as a 'bus-conductor, and by his friends to have been largely interested in a carriers' business. But he was understood to have paid ten thousand pounds to the party chest, and his money was as good as another's."

It might be well enough to make peers for life; but the House of Lords has succeeded, without much to countenance them, in establishing the principle that the King's writ, summoning a man to Parliament as a baron, "ennobles the blood." Nevertheless—and Mr. Russell writes as a Liberal—he declares that the House of Lords is, next to the crown, the most popular institution in the country. In this judgment and in those on the monarchy, which we can but mention as valuable, we are content to follow him. It is books like this that explain influences, ignored by the ordinary historian, but without knowledge of which history is unintelligible.

A Grand Duchess: The Life of Anna Amalia, Duchess of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, and the Classical Circle of Weimar. By Frances Gerard. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902. 2 vols., pp. 582. With 42 illustrations and portraits.

In view of the dearth of English works upon Weimar as a whole and apart from

the single life of Goethe, Miss Gerard's attempt is certainly worthy of recognition. How far it has actually succeeded in reproducing the substance and spirit of classic Weimar is another question. Whoever would treat thoroughly such a subject must have two preliminary qualifications; the first is a general knowledge of the political condition of Germany after the Thirty Years' War; the second is a sympathetic familiarity with the tardy growth of modern German art and letters. In neither of these lines can Miss Gerard be said to be truly at home. At more than one point her ignorance of general principles has betrayed her into misconceptions and even into misstatements. For instance, who that knows his German history would contrast "time-honored Göttingen" with "the more mushroom University of Glessen" (p. 153)? What student of German literature would call "Götz" "the product of a somewhat unhealthy sentimentalism" (p. 117)? Why speak of Mme. de Staël (p. 285) as a German? At page 190 we read that the Duchess Louise "had been educated in a school of strict propriety, such as then prevailed all over Germany." Yet (p. 291) we read of "foreign courts, and especially those of Germany, possessing a very low standard of morals." Had our author used the term "ceremony" or "etiquette," she would have spared her readers some *Kopfschmerzen*. To mangle the words of Goethe's "Egmont" (pp. 205-206) is almost lese-majesty. We read (p. 506): "Goethe, at this period of his life, was absorbed in scientific studies, thus leaving unemployed those higher mental gifts which had been given him to use, not to bury." This is exploded conventionalism of the worst sort; it ignores Goethe's expressed declaration of the signal value of scientific study in *his own spiritual growth*. To translate "Die Mitschuldigen" by "The Culprits" (p. 318) is another ancient error.

At times the author's method is perplexing. Thus, her account of the *Tiefurter Journal* (p. 378, *seqq.*) is anything but lucid. The author has a trick of anticipating events, so that we read on page 403 of the patent of nobility conferred on Goethe in 1781, while on page 404 we read of the Swiss trip of 1779. The most provoking feature of the author's manner is her inveterate disposition to indulge in asides and superfluous comments. For example (p. 276), after quoting Merck's letter, in which he thanks Fate for having bestowed upon a poor wretch like him four weeks of golden days, our author adds: "Very nicely put, friend Merck." One must be a De Quincey, to pat one's friends on the back thus. We have not had the leisure nor the patience for adding up the number of times "the deadly parallel" has been drawn between the Weimar dames and the Gorton girl; indeed, we have not always been certain which party was intended to be favored. At any rate, our view of comparisons is that of Mrs. Malaprop.

The book is carelessly put together. The note to page 49 refers us to an Introduction which nowhere appears. A like fate has befallen the portrait of Karl August at the age of eighteen, mentioned on page 172. On the other hand, we have an Appendix on the Grand Ducal Library not announced in the table of contents to volume II. Misprints, both English and German, abound; some of them obscure the meaning—for instance, the inscription on the Goethe house, opposite

page 418. Some of the illustrations seem to us superfluous in a work upon Weimar.

Nevertheless, in spite of its faults, the work offers much reading that is pleasant and profitable. The author knows her Germany of to-day, and has caught enough of the old-time spirit to awaken our sympathy. It is pleasant to wander through old Weimar and Tiefurt, to awaken the echoes of the illustrious dead. It is worth the while to study the growth and fortunes of that truly great Duchess Anna Amalia, her trials and successes, her never-flagging vitality. It is especially valuable to have this study of a great woman by a woman. No man, however learned, could have entered so spontaneously into the spirit of Anna Amalia and her court. If we get the men of those days somewhat in the pettiness of their domestic foibles, that is only inevitable in the tableau. We should not forget that the great Weimar poet himself concluded his *magnum opus* with the observation: "Das Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinan." Thusnelda comes to her own, and Frau von Stein is heavily discounted; with this we are well content.

British Rule and Jurisdiction beyond the Seas.

By the late Sir Henry Jenkyns, K.C.B. With a preface by Sir Courtenay Ilbert, K.C.S.I. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1902.

Colonial Government: An Introduction to the Study of Colonial Institutions. By Prof. Paul S. Reinsch. The Macmillan Co. 1902.

To students of questions of public administration the "preface" contributed by Sir Courtenay Ilbert to Sir Henry Jenkyns's treatise will be as significant as the book itself. It is a biographical sketch of a man whom it would scarcely be an exaggeration to call an ideal civil servant. After a distinguished course at Oxford, supplemented by a brief period of practice at the bar, Jenkyns was appointed in 1869 to the post of Assistant Parliamentary Counsel. In 1886, on Lord Thring's retirement, he was promoted to that of Parliamentary Counsel. In February, 1899, he retired, and in December of the same year he died. He helped to draft the legislative measures of British Governments for thirty years, including Forster's Education Act and Ballot Act, the Army Act, Gladstone's Irish Church Act, Irish Land Act, and Home Rule Bills, the Local Government Acts, and Sir William Harcourt's Finance Act. His work was by no means mechanical. When called upon to prepare a bill, he would first make himself a complete master of the subject in all its bearings, would embody the results of his researches in an exhaustive memorandum, would discuss the proposals that had previously been made for the solution of the problem, and would suggest practical conclusions, indicating the arguments for and against each alternative course. There are in existence over sixty volumes of confidential papers containing these memoranda. Sir Henry Jenkyns's criticism was constructive as well as destructive, for he possessed the imagination which could forecast the actual working of any particular scheme. His services were rendered to the ministry of the day irrespective of party. Mr. Bryce describes the author of this volume as the most powerful arguer he ever knew; Mr. Balfour calls him "a most acute critic of