

paradox, and yet a truth, to say that had she learned less she would have known more." R. H. Horne comes in for a dispassionate judgment: "He scarcely, I think, deserved to be called a genius, though he had his flashes of inspiration." Mr. Espinasse and Mrs. Crosland agree in their estimate of J. A. Heraud as an egotistical and grandiose person, though he was a fine critic. Mrs. Crosland's account of her visit to Miss Mitford is certainly one of the most amusing stories in her volume of a thousand good stories, but it is too long to quote.

Both these books are admirably written and condensed in style, especially the latter. For lovers of literary biography and anecdote they are a veritable mine of good things. It is to be deplored that Mr. Espinasse did not see fit to furnish his bulky volume with an index; its paper and printing are exceptionally fine.



The Moltke Memoirs¹

These volumes are convenient in size, and paper and type are good, especially in the book of "Letters," but we look in vain for an index—a surprising lack. More surprising still is the omission of Moltke's portraits, while those of his brother and sister are of poor quality. The two volumes of "Memoirs" include early essays on Holland and Belgium, Poland, France, and the Eastern Question; speeches in the Reichstag and in the Prussian Landtag on strategic canals, the postal and railway service, municipal fortifications, tax-exemption of soldiers, military pensions, and the constitution of the army; to which are appended memorial letters, closing with Curtius's eulogy. The translations are fairly well done, though German idioms do not always find English equivalents. Instructive as are the essays, the speeches, delivered a generation later, are still more so, giving us an exact picture of Moltke's politics, and of his constant exposition of an inseparable connection between civil and military interests, just as his admirable work, "The Franco-German War," shows as exactly the uncompromising conqueror. Moltke was no youthful Alexander or Napoleon; he was sixty-six years old before he directed his first campaign. But in estimating his transcendent services let us not forget the strong foundation of military organism upon which he built—a foundation laid by Scharnhorst, Stein, Clausewitz, and Roon. At forty-two Moltke was only a major of the general staff, but he was already an adept in every military knowledge, whether of language or history, geography or mathematics, political economy or inventive science. It is in the introduction of inventions, indeed, that the nonagenarian Field-Marshal gave lessons to the world, and in particular to the present youthful ruler of the Fatherland. Since the day when Moltke revolutionized the method of feeding soldiers by introducing condensed food supplies, the nations have been quick to examine and adopt new inventions in equipment and armament, whether of balloons, light-weight uniforms, smokeless powder, air-guns, or bullet-proof cloaks, while railways and telegraphs exist as much for strategic as for commercial purposes. Only the other day the German War Department decided to use aluminum dishes in the army, and to advise that helmets be made out of the same metal.

Moltke was no dashing trooper like the Dessauer or the Red Prince. His services were not, like theirs, matters of impulse, no matter how timely, for his military ideal was one of head rather than of heart. In order to be lastingly successful, campaigns must be the result of long and patient years of application under severest discipline. And who so fitted to inaugurate, arrange, and enforce that discipline as the greatest military organizer, instructor, and strategist the world has ever seen? For him there existed no proud knights in armor; only patient, hard-working students. Intellect had conquered mere brute force. Militarism was a fine art.

As one reads these speeches, the spare and slender figure,

as unlike the traditional Teuton's as possible, the lean, hungry, Cassius-looking, yet Sphinx-like face, with its strong jaw, its firm lips, and keen eyes, come to mind as vividly as when the writer used to see the venerable chief daily in Berlin. It is, however, in the volume of "Letters" that we learn to know the man rather than the soldier, though so inwrought was his fiber with the soldier-instinct that the two may not be severed. Memoirs are cold; letters warm. We cannot open anywhere upon an undelightful page. Is he traveling by night *incog.* in Germany? In the carriage a Turkish conversation is in progress between two Armenians returning from the Leipsic fair. Moltke joins in the chat in their own language, telling the men of their villages and mountains in which he had a command, and from which they had long been absent. Is he contrasting cities? He puts the case in a nutshell as between Stuttgart and Munich: In the latter capital everything has been done by the King; in the former, by the inhabitants. He says of Schaffhausen: "One might as well try to describe music as a waterfall." That was to be expected from the devoted listener to the classical concerts of the Joachim Quartette in the Berlin Singakademie. But when he gets to Italy, it is astonishing how this man, about whom silence hung as a garment, should suddenly break forth into the most enthusiastic as well as exact description. Of more moment still are his words on men and life. Of William I.: "Our old King may have a hard trial before him; however, it is to be hoped that sound common sense will conquer the pride of our neighbors." Of Frederick the Noble: "He bears his sufferings with a wonderful manliness." Of the Papacy: "It tamely ends its tenacious life in voluntary exile." Of permanent peace: "Surely nobody will deny that in proportion to the progress of morality, humanity in warfare has increased. With the advance of civilization it may be hoped that the employment of this last resort will become more and more rare; but no state will ever be able to dispense with it entirely." Of success: "The value of our life on earth will not be judged by the success but by the purity of our endeavors, and our perseverance even where there was no visible result." Of his beloved Marie: "I do not doubt that she will greet me in another life, when these sufferings are ended, as she did at the station when I returned from the campaign in 1866, and I often long for this time.—I must send you my last wishes for Christmas, although for us it will always be connected with a time of sadness. The Lord took Marie to himself on the day when salvation was brought to mankind."



We have already quoted one of the many anecdotes of soldier life from Mr. William Forbes-Mitchell's *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*. There is a certain fascination of the horrible that clings to the memories of the Cawnpore atrocities, the retreat from Lucknow, and the other great events in the Indian Mutiny. The present author was a private soldier, and later a non-commissioned officer, in the Ninety-third Highland Regiment in those thrilling times. He took part in almost all of the severe fighting with the sepoys, and had every possible opportunity for obtaining evidence at first hand. He tells his story in a plain, soldierly way, and, apart from the extraordinary interest of the events recorded, his narrative is made readable by its great wealth of incident and anecdote. Some ideas generally entertained about the Mutiny are flatly contradicted, and the few remarks made about the causes of the revolt against British rule—or rather the rule of John Company—are so significant that one would gladly hear the author at length on this subject. The account of the storming of Secundrâbâgh is a spirited and exciting piece of writing. After that battle Mr. Mitchell went into a mosque in the middle of the night with a naked native lamp in his hand, and walked into a loose pile of gunpowder up to his ankles. He soon discovered that he was in the center of a magazine, with tons of powder, loose and in kegs, and hundreds of shells all about him! He clasped the wick of his lamp firmly with his naked hand, putting it out at the cost of a bad burning, and staggered out, with, he says, literally knocking knees and hair erect. Such was one incident of the eventful life of a soldier. Of the Cawnpore massacre Mr. Mitchell says positively that Nana Sahib would never have ordered it had it not been for the importunities of a favorite, once a slave-girl, who not only persuaded him to give the order, but herself furnished the two

¹ *Essays, Speeches, and Memoirs of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke*. In 2 Vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$5.
Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke as a Correspondent. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

butchers who did most of the slaughter. The story of this atrocity goes far to excuse some of the subsequent acts of vengeance by the British; certainly some of these latter acts stand sorely in need of excuse. We are glad that Mr. Mitchell confirms the often-denied story of Jessie Brown and the bagpipes at the relief of Lucknow. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

The fine portrait of *General Winfield Scott* which serves as preface to the biography by General Marcus J. Wright in the "Great Commanders Series" brings out wonderfully well the honest, leonine, and somewhat grim character of the great soldier. It has almost been forgotten now that Scott was once a defeated candidate for the Presidency, but his military exploits in the Mexican War will hold a place in history second only to the achievements of the "Great Commanders" who took up his staff of command when the Civil War confronted him in his old age. No previous writer has made it so clear that the country was under an enormous debt to General Scott at the outbreak of war, although Mr. L. E. Chittenden's book of reminiscences has laid emphasis on the facts—facts which at the time were not everywhere understood. A Virginian like Lee, when put to the same test with Lee, Scott placed country before State without the slightest hesitation. The story is told that when he was approached by secessionists, who wished to offer him the command of Virginia's forces, he stopped them in the middle of a sentence, so that, as he said, he might save them from offering him a deadly insult. In the firmness of his attitude he never faltered, and his stand unquestionably saved Washington. Had President Buchanan followed his advice to strengthen the forts in the South, it is more than likely that war might have been averted. Among the interesting personal anecdotes told by General Wright (now, we believe, for the first time in print) is that the Duke of Wellington followed Scott's Mexican campaign most minutely, marking on a map each day's movements. When he saw that General Scott had arrived at "the rim of the basin of Mexico," Wellington exclaimed: "Scott is lost. He has been carried away by successes. He can't take the city, and he can't fall back on his base." But he did both! A most interesting chapter on a subject that has never before been adequately treated is Scott's connection with the removal of the Cherokees from Georgia. Altogether, General Wright's book must be ranked as the best of the excellent series in which it appears. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Readers of *The Outlook* have not forgotten and will not forget the fresh and helpful work, both in prose and verse, of Mrs. S. W. Weitzel, so long known to its readers under the *nom de plume* of "Sophie Winthrop." Mrs. Weitzel's death, after a long illness, in southern California has been followed by the publication of a modest collection of her verse brought together by Mr. Weitzel in memorial of a woman of rare gifts and rare character. Mrs. Weitzel had a genuine insight into life, a profound sympathy with all those who share in its experiences and bear its burdens, and a fresh and attractive style. This little volume of poems, *From Time to Time* (A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York), is notable for its earnestness of mood, its spiritual fidelity, and its intellectual freshness and force. Mrs. Weitzel was one of those whose thought found its value in its fidelity to life and it would be difficult to find any piece of verse from her pen which does not in one way or another touch upon the deeper experiences of humanity. Pure thought, high aspiration, and a considerable gift for musical expression characterize this memorial volume, of which the best thing that can be said is that it not inadequately expresses the spirit and the life of its author.

The Gist of Whist is the expressive title of a "concise guide to the modern scientific game," prepared by Charles E. Coffin. We learn from the author that the system known as the "American leads" has now been solemnly indorsed by the great English authorities, and must hereafter be adopted by all truly scientific adepts at Mrs. Battle's favorite game. The exposition of the laws of induction and inference laid down in this manual is admirably clear and exact. But what happens when a good player of the old school and a mathematical reasoner of the new type are placed together as partners? Is there no middle ground between "bumblepuppy" and the inexorable law of science? Is whist a game, or a profound study? (J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.)

Biblical Essays by the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Durham (Macmillan & Co., New York), contains a series of valuable essays, some printed from lecture notes, others reprints. They all relate to questions in New Testament criticism, such as the authenticity and genuineness of St. John's Gospel, the structure and destination of the Epistles to the Romans, the date of the later Epistles, etc. They constitute a valuable addition to the scholar's library, but are so fragmentary that their value will not extend beyond a limited circle.

Literary Notes

—Mr. Henry Mills Alden, who is a descendant of John Alden of Mayflower fame, has been editor of "Harper's Magazine" for twenty-seven years.

—The country place of Mr. Stockton, at Convent, N. J., is called "The Holt," and that of Mr. Cable, at Northampton, "Stayawhile."

—Professor Sloan, of Princeton, who has long been collecting material for an exhaustive life of Napoleon, has about finished writing it. The "Century" is to publish it serially.

—A new edition of Mr. Hardy's "Wessex Tales" is being issued in London. The present edition of his "Tess" has reached twenty-three thousand copies.

—The first edition of the "Plymouth Hymnal" is already exhausted, and the second edition will soon be issued from the press. No changes will be made except the correction of a few typographical errors, which in spite of care crept into the first edition.

—The second volume of the "Orations and Addresses" of George William Curtis, edited by Professor Norton, just published, is filled with matter relating to Civil Service Reform. The third, also in press, contains historical and memorial addresses, including the one on Lowell, delivered in 1892.

—The doorkeepers of the Senate Chamber often find it necessary to be purblind. One day some years since people were astonished to see Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on the floor instead of in the galleries. The doorkeeper afterwards confessed that Senator Evarts had introduced the Doctor, with a wink, as "my new private secretary."

—There is to be a new French review of the highest class, which is to be published fortnightly, and in a general way to resemble the "Revue de Deux Mondes," but to depart in some respects very widely from that admirable publication. The "Revue de Paris" is to be more like the great English reviews. It will omit the old-time chronicle of art, literature, music, and the drama, and will discuss the questions of the day by the hands of the foremost writers in Europe.

—The Columbia University Press, which was incorporated in 1893, with the consent of the Trustees of Columbia College, announces that it has made an arrangement for a term of years with the publishing house of Macmillan & Co., by which they will act as publishers and agents of the Press both in America and Europe. The Columbia University Press has been formed to issue, on the model of the Clarendon Press, publications containing the results of original investigation and scholarship of the professors and graduate students of the University and of other scholars. The Columbia Press is fortunate in having made an alliance with the Macmillans, who represent the university presses of Oxford and Cambridge, and who rank among the foremost publishers in the English-speaking world.

—Hardly less famous than the journalistic success, hospitality, and philanthropy of the late Mr. Childs was his remarkable library. Its chief treasure, and the one in which its owner took most pride, is the only manuscript of a Dickens novel outside a museum; namely, that of "Our Mutual Friend." Among other manuscripts are those of Thackeray's "Lectures on the Four Georges," of Sir Walter Scott's "Chronicles of the Canongate," of Bulwer's "Godolphin" and "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and of a tragedy by John Howard Payne (author of "Home, Sweet Home"), entitled "The Italian Bride." The play was written for Charlotte Cushman, but was never performed. Another curious manuscript is that of a poem by Major André, "The Cow-Chase," in which he satirizes General Wayne's unsuccessful attempt to capture a British post on the Hudson River in 1780. A large folio volume of great historical interest contains portraits and autograph letters from every President, from Washington to Cleveland.

—Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" casts a large shadow before, especially as we are told that the heroine is interested in such work as is being done in New York City by the East Side Club and the College Settlements—such work, indeed, as Mrs. Ward herself is doing in London. Says the (London) "Literary World:" "The current reports about Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel are unauthorized and incorrect. The book is in no sense a study of Socialism, though the background and atmosphere of the story are very much supplied by some of the social questions of the period which now come so practically home to each one of us. It is the history of a woman, and will be called by her name. It is expected that the new novel will have finally left the author's hands by the middle of February, and that it will be simultaneously published in England and America about the first week in April. Mrs. Ward's last novel, 'The History of David Grieve,' has been a remarkable success, the circulation having already reached a total of from 130,000 to 140,000 copies in the various copyright editions."

[For list of Books Received see page 335]